

THE VEGAPUNKERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



- > Hey, you were also sent the same e-mail, right?
- > The one from Vegapunk? Yeah, it's weird. Is someone playing a prank on us?

Kay was going to continue that conversation with Axel over Discord, but before he did, he wanted to reread what had been sent to him that had prompted him to reach out to Axel in the first place. After all, up until that moment it had been a completely normal day. Though, to be fair, he still wasn't sure if what had happened in the past ten minutes really made the day all that *abnormal*. It was probably just a silly prank being enacted by one of his friends – maybe Joseph?

But a little more context was probably necessary, right? Honestly, it wasn't really all that exciting. He had received an e-mail claiming to be someone named 'Vegapunk', undoubtedly referring to the ingenious scientist from One Piece. Which made him a *fictional character* and not a real person. There was absolutely zero chance that the sender could have been the *real* Vegapunk. So, because both himself *and* Axel had both been tagged in the e-mail... it was probably the work of a shared mutual.

Further evidence of that could be found in the contents of the e-mail. **"I'm looking to expand my network of Vegapunk satellites into your world. Congratulations! Your transformation will begin shortly!"** Kay reread it aloud this time. The two of them kept their ties to the transformation fiction community quite tight lipped, not letting anyone know who didn't *need* to know. Which, again, meant that the

sender was someone who knew them well enough to at least know *that* much.

> Well there' s no way it' s legit for obvious reasons. We got the e-mail like ten minutes ago and nothing has happened.

Axel had taken the temporary silence on Kay's part to keep on typing. The 'obvious reasons' he'd referred to was undoubtedly the fact that transformative fiction was just that, *fiction*. People couldn't *actually* be transformed in real life without some kind of surgery, and even that had limitations that mean that it didn't *really* count. Of course, there was a flaw in his friend's logic that he felt the need to point out for a chuckle.

> True. But 'shortly' isn' t a defined time. Who knows how much or little time that could ACTUALLY mean.

He'd *expected* a quick retort, but that retort never came. About a minute passed while Kay tried to check only to see if someone else had gotten one of those e-mails, but Axel didn't reply at all in the time. "**He must have just gone to the bathroom or something...**" Kay mumbled to himself, unaware that something had *happened* to his friend. Something that was about to happen to *him* as well. And when it began? It certainly *wasn't* discreet.

The man found himself tugging at his hoodie awkwardly all of a sudden, and then at his pants. It became annoying enough for him to comment. "**What is going on with my clothes!?**" He had felt the need to *adjust* them; they felt a little too *tight*. In fact, he could feel his hoodie and the shirt underneath it slipping *up* so that the base of his tummy was bare? And now his ankles were exposed? "**What in the— Huh!?**" It finally became enough that he bothered to look down and, uh...

Was the floor not *significantly* farther away than he remembered it being? He looked up and around in a panic, finding himself adjusting his glasses seconds later as they slipped on his nose. It wasn't just the floor. Everything in his room, things he was used to seeing every day, seemed to much closer to the floor. But it was more like *he* was much closer to the *ceiling*. "**There's no way I'm getting taller, right?**"

Kay's shock was understandable on its face alone because people didn't just *grow*, but it wasn't just a matter of implausibility. He'd *already* been almost six feet tall, but he was getting *taller still*? He must have been *over* six feet, and yet he continued to grow. The ceiling got closer and closer, and his clothes, well... *RIIIIIIIIIIP!* Perhaps it was unsurprising that it couldn't bear the burden of a body that hadn't just been growing vertically. His legs were longer than the rest of his body by

a fair margin, and his hips ended up flaring outward while his waistline dipped in *significantly*. It was the sides of his pants that had torn, spit by the width of those hips. Even his head grew to remain consistent with how tall he was.

And how tall *was* he? 6'8" when he stopped growing. It wasn't a height that was *impossible*, but it was definitely extremely unlikely. **"Does someone want me to join the *Lakers* or what?"** He found himself removing his glasses with arms that protruded a ways out of sleeves that had once covered down to his wrists and setting them down. Because his head had grown, his nose had too – they didn't sit comfortably on his nose and ears anymore, but... Wait, could he *see perfectly* without them now?

"Still, this is *highly improbable*." While not incorrect, Kay's word choices were a little *odd*. They just weren't *him*, and his voice glitched in a sense as he said it. It was like a voice crack, but it just sounded like an entirely different voice. Like the voice of a *woman*. Mind you, with the way his shirt and hoodie had practically become a *crop top* and his pants more akin to long shorts with how tall he'd become, you could definitely make out that the curvature of his body had begun to lean more towards the feminine.

His wider hips and narrower waist certainly highlighted this already, but as his *already* tight upper wear began to feel even *tighter*, well, he had to change his perspective on what was happening. **"Uh... Why is my chest... getting *bigger*?"** That wasn't hyperbole or anything of the sort. Looking down, it was clear that what he was wearing had tightened because 'padding' was forming around his chest. Well, it was more like it was growing *within* his chest, softening his flesh as nipples became larger and erect. Nothing indecent could be *seen* with those two layers overtop of them, but their *D-cups* could certainly be *felt* – especially when sensitive nipples rubbed against the cloth.

"Only women have... Wait." A thought *did* strike him, just in time for the sound of his voice to permanently shift to that alternative pitch that kept glitching in and out before. A voice that sounded far more like a woman's complimented a face that increasingly appeared the same. His lips swelled until they were plump and perky, while his nostrils narrowed and his eyes rounded until they were cuter with longer lashes. That face was shorter on the whole, and overall, it gave off an eerie impression. Almost like it had been photoshopped to appear more 'anime' despite being real.

This was all related to yet separate from the epiphany he'd had. **"Am I really becoming a Vegapunk satellite?"** Kay had been so eager to mock the idea before, but considering his height, voice, and... well, his

boobs, he was having a difficult time thinking that *wasn't* what was happening. One Piece characters had overly dramatic heights for the most part, and the satellites were a mix of men and women. Was he becoming a new satellite then, or...?

The context clues leading to a conclusion regarding that question were building. His irises lightened to a bright orange, and that color was then shared with his short hair. It didn't remain short for very long though, as it began to lengthen *and* thicken. It didn't grow *terribly* long – chin length at most – but it was a wild and untamed mess with strands going over which way. “**Orange...?**” His bangs ended up covering his right eye, which made it easier for him to tell. *Which Vegapunk had orange hair again?* He was trying to match it with how his voice sounded.

“**Mngh!?**” Disaster struck *her* though, prompting her to keep over in a way that highlighted just how short her hoodie's sleeves were versus how long her arms were. If it wasn't obvious from the change of pronouns, her genitalia had been completely reverted; she was reacting to her once-cock and balls shrinking and pulling up into a new pussy, one that wasn't actually connected to a womb? That was something Kay couldn't have possibly noticed visually, that while she looked and *felt* human, her internals had changed to suggest she was more akin to a mockery of one. “**Well, I'm definitely female...**”

It took Kay a moment to pull herself up again. The weight of her chest was already a little distracting as is, but she felt the already pronounced tears in her pants rip further. “**Uh... Wait, is my ass fatter?**” Her manner of speech teetered between overly casual and intellectual at times, but regardless, she was right. Maybe it was because her sex had changed, but the cheeks of her buttocks had fattened and pushed out into a heart shape to make better use of her wider hips, whereas her thighs thickened a little in slight. The new tears allowed that fatty flesh to seep through, bulging past the restrictive fabrics.

“**Could it be that I'm becoming—!?**” She *had* figured it out, but she was cut off by the sight of her clothing *glowing*. It shone brighter, with the light eventually covering her body, and when it ended? “**Oh. Yep. Certainly Lilith!**” The woman was wearing a light pink bodysuit that showed off her body's curves and hugged her breasts neatly. ‘Punk-02’ was etched over her left breast in a red font, but it was partially obscured by an open, purple jacket with puffy sleeve sporting yellow clasps. She was wearing matching, purple boots that could best be described as ‘astronaut-core’ too, having latches in the shapes of giant 2s on the sides of their blocky forms. Finally? She was accessorized with black gloves and a large, black earpiece with an antennae over her left ear.

“Hello? Did that *actually* just happen to me? What the heck!?” Punk-02, otherwise known as simply *Lilith*, was one of the six satellite bodies that Dr. Vegapunk had created. She was a 6’8” tall woman that embodied his aspect of ‘evil’, even if the woman didn’t seem particularly *evil* at the time. There was good in her, and that good had been enhanced because, well... **“I-I really turned into one of Vegapunk’s satellites!? I’m a woman...”**



Deep down? She was *still* Kay. Kay’s memories and motivations still existed beneath the surface, and it was more like Lilith’s body and personality had overwritten those of who she had once been. **“But it’s not like I’m *connected* to that old man or something. Weird...”** At the very least, she was thankful that her clothing had changed too. Somehow, she felt like she was going to have a *very* hard time finding clothes that fit her as a living One Piece character.

And there were satellites that were *much* bigger than even Lilith. She was on the smaller side!

But wasn’t she forgetting something? **“Ah! Axel!”** She flew back into the seat of her desk to type at him, though she found she had to slouch at her new height even *with* her monitor raised all the way. **“If I turned into Lilith, then what the heck happened to *him*!?”** Was that why he had gone silent? Well...

He was having an even more difficult time than *she* was.

I obviously hadn’t believed a single word in the e-mail that Kay and I had jointly received. Even if there was a plausible chance that the *real* Dr. Vegapunk had sent it to us, there wasn’t a single reason in the world that he would only have contacted Kay and I. We weren’t particularly exceptional in any way, and considering our interest in transformation, well... On the off chance that it *had* been real, I might not necessarily have minded. All of the Vegapunk girls were quite attractive, right?

Albeit... quite large. Some even larger than your typically tall One Piece woman.

Our conversation had gone as far as him joking about the plausibility of the e-mail's message. We were both just kidding around, and I *had* planned on giving him a zinger back. But I was *thirsty* and wanted to grab a drink. I headed off to the kitchen to grab a can of soda, or I *would* have if not for a strange feeling that struck me when I was just shy of the door. I felt weirdly... *heavy*? Something that felt *extra* weird when it occurred to me that there was pointedly *less* of me.

“...That e-mail was fake, right? I’m not actually going to transform, right?” I was asking that like I hadn’t noticed irrefutable proof to the contrary. And that proof... was my *stomach*. Despite my body feeling heavier, the gut I was used to gazing at when I stared down was *lessening*. My t-shirt first flattened but then became baggy as the front became completely flat – unbeknownst to me, even erasing my stretch marks in the process. But it was *strange*.

My belly button elongated a little bit, and the sides of my waist *really* pinched in along with my ribcage, making me – **“GASP!?”** – in shock. I couldn’t *see* what was happening under the shirt, but that *didn’t* feel *right* at all. Curious as I was, my eyes went wide in *direct* response to what felt like not just my boxers wedgie-ing the hell out of my ass, but it almost felt like my *pants* were digging in as well. **“Seriously!?”**

I had to turn my back and neck to look over my shoulder, but my hands reached down to grab at my ass at the same time. Fingers sunk into flesh that was *much* ampler than I’d expected considering my weight loss, but it was also *firmer* than my old, flabby but had been too. The indentation of my ass crack was plain, and it seemed almost like the seam running between my cheeks was about to split; all because my rump had developed into a heart shape. Unfortunately...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

“...Whoa.” I subconsciously kicked myself for not sounding *nearly* as alarmed as I should have as the back of my pants finally split *along* with the backs of my boxers, allowing my cream-colored cheeks to spill out with a bounce. It was my *hips* that had caused it to happen, widening almost *six* inches and both popping the front button and yanking down the zipper in the process. The woes of my lower body didn’t even stop *there*, because my thighs fattened in a similar vein, leading to even *more* tears. **“Guess I can’t deny that something is happening.”**

And it wasn’t exactly *comfortable*. My pants were digging into my swollen flesh where it hadn’t torn through, and my thighs had ended up so thick that they were practically crushing my cock. Or, at least, they did for a brief passage of time before— **“Mmn!?”** Well, my cock ceased

to be. I'd been turned into a *woman*, not that there hadn't been a plethora of signs that this had been inevitable. Even setting aside the womanly shaping of my lower body, I'd been vaguely avoiding addressing the fact that the sound of my voice had heightened... and sounded a little more indifferent than usual.

It wasn't just a matter of sounding that way, though. I'd been so alarmed at the beginning of the transformation only to end up *feeling* indifferent about it. "**If I'm becoming a Vegapunk model, then isn't there one who sounds like this?**" If I could see my own face, I definitely would have known for sure though, because my changing voice had come with a changing *face*. Structurally, it was a little odd that while my belly had become overly thin, yet my face ended up looking *fuller* after the fact.

The result was a combination of both my cheeks becoming chubbier and the shape of my face pulling longer *horizontally*, giving me a somewhat unconventional face shape for a real living, breathing person. My lips were pulled longer to fill this wider face, but they also swelled up until they were nice and pouty beneath a nose that widened in kind. Freckles dotted themselves underneath eyes that shone with blue, taking that unusual, anime-but-real-life-filter appearance that Lilith's had just in time for blush stickers to appear on my cheeks.

"**...But she's really...**" I'd had a thought but stopped short of finishing it as my hair tickled the sides of my cheeks and shoulders. It grew longer but also lightened to a yellowish blonde that supported what I had been about to say. Its length eventually reached just above my ass in the back, with chin-length hair on the sides framing my face. It was a strangely cute hairstyle considering how *mature* my body looked. In fact, if I looked younger, I'd only slid back earlier into my *mid-twenties*. "**Scientifically, could my body even fit in here?**"

The words I quietly murmured to myself were a mismatch for what was happening to my body. My shirt was finally pushing forward, after all, prompted by the weight that stretched skin and fabric around what quickly became a pair of *G-cup* tits. They were new additions to my body, sure, but I felt a strange sense of comfort about it all... aside from the discomfort from my clothes, anyways. And unfortunately, *that* aspect of my transformation had to get a whole lot worse before it got better. "**Wait... not again!**"

Everything I was wearing felt significantly tighter again, like it was digging into my skin. And my room began to look smaller and smaller. "**Crud... I guess this was going to end up happening if I was becoming that one.**" I knew what the outcome would be, so with an out of place *yawn* I got down onto my knees. I was growing, but this

time it was my *entire* body. Even resting on my knees, my head rapidly approached the ceiling, but because this growth retained my new proportions?

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

My clothing had no choice but to tear and tear until scraps fell to the floor. The flesh of my thighs and ass blasted through my pants and undergarments first, while my shirt hugged my tits tightly and eventually slipped to show my nipples before the fabric succumbed, allowing those tits to escape while I used my hands to tear away the rest. The woman I was becoming was *not* small. She wasn't even a normal human size. Case in point? I was already *over* ten feet tall and continued to climb.

Essentially naked now with even my pussy and short bush of blonde pubes bare, I inched away from my desk towards the center of my room to try and avoid knocking anything over. **“Ugh. I need to lay down.”** The floor beneath me creaked under my growing mass and laying on my side didn't help much. I just *continued* to grow, with my body gaining *another* five feet until I was 15'10” – almost *sixteen feet* tall. My naked body occupied almost the *entirety* of my room, and I had to make sure I didn't bump into anything else I would crush it.

“Well... Better than nothing.” That was all I could really say after the room filled with light and once faded, I found myself dressed. It wasn't anything fancy, just a purple bikini bottom and a matching, cropped turtleneck top with 'PUNK-06' written on the front in orange. I wore an open, orange hoodie over it with thick, black gloves around my hands, and I had a pair of the same unusual boots that Lilith wore. They were just orange and had 6s on the sides instead of 2s.

They clashed with my bright blue leggings, which were latched on by a series of black belts that made it look like they were striped. I also had a similar ear pierce over my left ear, although my head was also complimented by red goggles and a pair of black hair ornaments that bound my blonde hair into twin tails. Not that it mattered, because I couldn't turn around to see them!

“I should probably get out of this room, but ugh...” Considering I was 15'10” if I stood upright, that *wasn't* happening. The rest of my voluptuous body was to scale with my height. There was no way I was walking or even *crawling* through the door, and the creaking in my floorboards made me a *little* worried that it might give out underneath me. But *whatever*, I was more than durable to survive a fall like that.

Given no other choice at my size, I'd essentially curled up while laying on my office floor. I could still see the computer monitor since it was only a foot from my face, but it was so *tiny*. I could only really see that Kay had said something else. As much as I wanted to tell him that I had actually become *Punk-06*, more commonly known as *York*, but... "**My hands are way too big to type on a keyboard, huh? Sigh...**"



Like Kay, I was still *Axel* on a fundamental level. York embodied Dr. Vegapunk's 'greed', but she embodied sloth and gluttony a great deal as well. All she did was eat and sleep, at least until it was revealed later in the story that she was a *traitor*. "**I guess it's a good thing I'm still – YAWN – in control then, huh?**" Because I could keep those darker impulses in bay, whatever that meant on Earth. Because didn't my new appearance cause a lot of *problems*?

Assuming I got out of my house, how were people going to react to a fifteen-foot woman? I was basically immune to all conventional weaponry if I was attacked, so... "**Maybe I should figure out a way to reunite with Lilith and the others? ...Lilith, huh?**" Kay's name had been replaced with that in my subconscious, and there must have been *other* satellites, right? So, if I could find them...

"YAWN... Whatever. I'll figure that out after a nap."

Being curled up like that... It was pretty comfy!