

SECTION DYNAMICS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Soukaku? Make sure you’re keeping up.”

The diffused energy of yet another defeated Ethereal glowed in the air as Tsukishiro Yanagi sheathed her blade for what was roughly the third time in the past hour. As a member of Section 6, she was far more than merely *accustomed* to dispatching with Ethereals within the Hollows, which were pocket spaces that appeared in the world to destroy and corrupt anything and everything that was trapped inside.

But you couldn’t *remove* a Hollow once it had been created, which led to humanity living alongside them and the monsters that they produced. That was where Section 6 typically came in, as protectors that would defend the people of New Eridu City when necessary, whether those that threatened them were Ethereals *or* other people. The tall, pink haired Yanagi and the young, blue skinned Soukaku were in the dead center of the Ballet Twins’ Hollow with permission from Victoria Housekeeping.

They just weren’t there for any typical reason.

“Comiiiiing!” The young, horned girl ran up the nearby stairs to Yanagi’s side with an energetic cry. **“Is that device thingy working? I didn’t really *feel* any different!”** Soukaku provided a window into their real purpose. They had little devices strapped to their arms. Test devices that were meant to increase the ether capabilities between two agents that wore the matching piece. **“Maybe if we turn it up!”**

“Soukaku. There are specific guidelines we need to follow in order to—” Yanagi had memorized the instruction manual. Increasing the potency *too* much too quickly would lead to ether feedback, which

could have detrimental effects. “**Soukaku!?**” But the older woman had underestimated the curiosity of her younger companion. Soukaku was *already* playing with it, and both devices began to spark. “**Quick, take it off!**”

But it was too late.



“**Ugh... What?**” Only about a minute had passed since that moment, but Yanagi had essentially been unconscious during that time. She could remember the devices resonating in a way that launched the two in opposite directions, knocking the older woman through a nearby window into one of the skyscraper’s *many* rooms where the force of the impact had temporarily knocked her out. “**Soukaku!?**”

She ran back into the hallway, dismayed to find that she couldn’t see the girl that was essentially her little sister or daughter *anywhere*. But the hallway was long, and the lobby was nearby; it was possible she had just been launched into a different location. “**Wait, the device? It’s broken?**” It took her a moment to recall the synchronization device she had been wearing. It looked like it was completely fried.

And she felt oddly *hungry*? Yanagi was generally able to keep her impulses in check, but her stomach had let out a *terrible* roar. It reminded her of the sounds *Soukaku*’s stomach tended to make.

“**Odd... I’m fairly certain I ate before we left?**” In the grand scheme of things, she supposed that being a little hungry wasn’t *really* a big deal. She could probably just ignore it and push on without much difficulty. Yanagi had worked while starving in the past. And yet? Something bubbled up from within her. “**BUT I’M HUNGRY!**” It was such a childish outburst, and the woman herself couldn’t fathom how she had let it slip through her typical façade.

When she gasped with surprise, the Agent had raised a hand to cover her lips. But doing so only provided her with *more* cause for alarm, as she bore witness to something being awry with her *skin pigmentation*. It was just upon the tips of her fingers at this point, but... *those fingers were a bright blue*. The exact same blue that she saw every single day of her life. “**I-Isn’t this the color of Soukaku’s skin?**”

Such a bright blue couldn't be found in the skin of any normal human, but an *oni*? Well, that was a different story altogether. After examining herself in a panic, she found that it was *only* the tips of her fingers that had been affected... yet the color seemed to be trickling down her fingers and into her palms like food coloring added to a glass of water. What could have been causing this? Yanagi didn't really *need* to ask. Only one thing had been attached to both of them recently.

She glared at the broken device upon her shoulder, utterly incapable of being able to tell that the dark pink eyes that she was glaring at it with darkened even *more*. To a familiar crimson red that found themselves surrounded by thinned eyelashes around a much more circular design. Yanagi's eyes were bigger and *cuter* now, making her seem all the more *youthful*?

“Let's not overreact... Maybe my skin isn't *actually* turning blue? Maybe its all in my head?” Even the speaker herself was left to dismiss this line of thinking as a little *too* optimistic, though. The blue was now working its way up her arms, and she'd had to roll up one of her sleeves to check as much. But why would the synchronization device give her Soukaku's blue skin? Mind you, this question was only about her skin because it was all she had been able to notice... *thus far*.

But it was *so much more* than 'simple' color changes... even though her *hair* had become subjected to one of its own in the meantime. Strands of silver had lightened amidst a head of hair that was otherwise pink. They were few at first, but the color quickly spread to its neighbor, and then to that hair's neighbor, and so on, until her entire head of hair was the same shade. If that wasn't already bad enough? The long length that she took great care in maintaining became short and choppy.

Yanagi wasn't thinking much about her hair, and she briefly couldn't see it anyways. **“*H-Hey!*?”** There was a sharp crack in her voice as she cried out, blue hands reaching up frantically to try and catch the falling glances that had provoked that cry in the first place. They'd just *slipped* off of her nose all of a sudden, and trying to slide them back into place led to the same result. **“Is my nose... smaller?”** That would explain why her glasses wouldn't sit properly, and she couldn't see as much of it as she used to be able to.

But what she *could* see was *blue*. Her nose was blue, rounded cheeks were blue, and even thinning lips were blue. The woman curled her torso to the side to examine her hips. *Blue*. So, it had spread over her body's *entirety* now? **“*SO BLUE!*”** She had to *cough* to pull herself out of her most recent outburst, where she found herself smiling a big, familiar smile. Because her face was nearly identical to her favorite oni girl's, short of looking a little too old.

But there was more than enough time for that to be corrected. In fact, it had already *begun*. Yanagi was growing restless, which was *odd*. Even in the direst of circumstances she managed to keep her cool, but she was idly shaking her leg and tapping her own arm due to a growing energy that she just couldn't seem to expend. As she did so? Her thick and curvy silhouette began to lessen, leaving her Section 6 uniform to gradually become much too big for her.

“UHHH!?” However, the strategist only took notice of it once the front of her blouse became a little *too* loose. The cups of her bra were growing emptier and emptier, leaving the fabric around it to dangle around it. This was because her *abnormally* large tits, well... they weren't so abnormally large anymore! Their orb shapes had collapsed, and her nipples had shrunk. Skin tightened around what eventually was left as a pair of *A-cup* boobs. But at least they were perky!

Yanagi herself didn't seem to see it that way though. **“My big, bouncy boobies! Uh... No, I gotta sound more smart! More int... int... intelijello? UGH, WHATEVER! I'M STILL HUNGRY!”** *That* wasn't it! Why did she sound so dumb? And no offense to Soukaku because she wasn't educated, but she sounded like *her*! Distressed over her faded chest, it didn't even strike her that her plump cheeks and thicc thighs had lessened to much less ample forms too. Even her hips had narrowed to about *half* their original girth.

It almost felt like a miracle that her skirt hadn't slipped from her waist from that alone, but it *did* end up doing so just moments later. **“NOOO!”** The woman had to catch the skirt with her own two hands when it finally slipped, albeit courtesy of her entire body now *shrinking* at an alarming speed. She tripped out of the heels that became *far* too big for shrinking feet, dropping from 5'7" to around the 5' mark in just a few seconds. But more than that? Her facial features softened further, making her look like a girl around *fourteen* or *fifteen*.

Soukaku's age!

Her blouse now practically acted like a gown, and she *had* to let her skirt and panties drop. Which kind of worked out in a sense, because something peeked out from the base of the blouse in the back. A blue appendage that was about as thick as a crayon whipped back and forth, eventually growing a black arrow tip at the end roughly ten inches later. It was a *tail*. **“Eugh!?”** A tail that matched the blue-based, black-tipped horns that emerged from her forehead.

The girl *almost* tripped over the clothes that had fallen around her ankles, but was spared because they... *disappeared*? All of her clothes

were, briefly leaving her in a set of plain undergarments that fit her bare essentials. But she was soon clothed in a *new* Section 6 uniform. One that fit her. Along with a bunch of stickers on her legs!

“Wah!? Even my clothes, too!?” The new *Soukaku* threw her arms out with surprise. The Section 6 uniform that hadn’t fit her properly at *all* as she’d turned into a familiar small, blue oni girl had now tightened into the very same one she helped the *original* Soukaku put on every day. And that was a fact that highlighted something important about her transformation. Her body had changed, and try as she might? She couldn’t stop *acting* like Soukaku. But deep down? She knew that she *wasn’t* Soukaku. She could still remember that she was Yanagi.



Which made it all the more horrifying in a way. Or at least it *would* have been horrifying if not for that middlemost detail. **“I bet I could fix the device things and change us back!”** She was still Yanagi deep down! She *should* have been a big smartypants! But the newest rumbling of her tummy pulled her away from that pretty quickly. **“Eugh, I’m sooooo hungry! I can’t even think straight!”**

Without thinking much about *where* she was going, she started to wander towards the lobby. And she was surprised to find the instruction manual for the device in her coat pocket.

Why did it look kind of *tasty*?



“Owwie... Did that stupid arm thingy do that!?” It took about as long as it had taken Yanagi for Soukaku to stir after the synchro device had suddenly gone haywire. Because her body was so small? It had been flung *much* farther. Her body her cleared the entire hallway and landed in the lobby where she’d momentarily been winded and knocked out and winded. But thankfully? The oni was made of tougher stuff than that.

Once she’d come to, she rolled over and pushed herself up onto all fours to try and catch her breath. She was immature and sometimes beast-like in her behavior, so this more or less tracked.

She hadn't even spared a thought to the fried device that was still clinging to her arm, even though she'd been quick to blame it for suddenly being thrown into another room. **"Where's Yanagi!? I'm hungry!"** It *had* to be snack time *now*, right?

Though, now that she was thinking about it? She didn't really feel *that* hungry!

More like... *heavy*!?

"Ack!?" Still on all fours, the girl found herself pointing her chin down as much as she could to get a look at her *chest*. It had always been small, and she wasn't really mature enough to care about it being small. Yet she was 'treated' to the sight of uniform blouse being *forced* open by a swelling weight beneath them. A weight that could *only* be her breasts. **"Why are my boobies getting so huge!?"**

Her wide eyes were pointed directly at her cleavage. She would have sat up if she *could*, but now that her bosom consisted of a pair of D-cups at this point? Their weight was pulling her down against her hands and feet on the floor. The button-up top was being pushed open farther and farther, revealing more and more cream-colored flesh that— Wait, *cream* colored?

Soukaku blinked several times. It was true! The bigger her boobs became, the less blue they were! They swelled so big that they must have been just as large as her *head*? And at the very least her nipples, engorged greatly but still barely covered by the edge of her top, had pressed into the ground beneath her. **"This is so *weiiiird*! They're all big and pink like Yanagi's!"** Naturally, she didn't know quite *how* on the nose she was with *that* claim.

With her chest so big and heavy, the girl was grappling with more than just the weight of it. She couldn't see *past* her vast cleavage with her current posture, but... **"And why do I have a wedgie!?"** There were things happening *behind* her that she probably would have liked to see. Her breasts weren't the *only* part of her body that had been expanding. Much like Yanagi wasn't *only* known for her boobs.

She was also known for her big ass. Something that Soukaku was developing in *spades* at roughly the same rate as her breasts had grown. In a similar fashion, the blue of her complexion lightened as her cheeks grew larger, and her teen-sized panties were gradually flossed between cheeks that were lifting *and* pushing back her skirt. The full, heart shape that developed looked *just* as out of place as her tits on her 5' tall body.

As her thighs pinkened and bloated in a way that forced her hips nearly six more inches apart, her silhouette became even *more* surreal. “**I need to calm down and thing this through carefully...? H-Huh!?**” Why had she sounded so *calm* and *eloquent*? That wasn’t like her at all! It was way more like the woman whose boobs, ass, and skin color she had— *Oh*. The part of her brain that had matured and was becoming more analytical appeared to understand now.

And she was right. The blue in her face pinkened while her facial features were altered. Her lips puffed out two inches, her nose grew a little larger, and her cheeks thinned. All beneath eyes that both narrowed *and* lightened from crimson to a reddish pink instead. “**Why is it so hard to see all of a sudden?**” Her eyelashes fluttered longer beneath thinned brows, all in all presenting the girl with a much more *mature* appearance that matched her enhanced curves. She looked more like a woman in her late twenties now.

“**I think... I can stand up?**” With a deeper voice, the *woman* contemplated whether or not she could now adjust her posture. Slowly but surely she managed to rise up so that she was standing on her knees, but without a bra her tits bounced about distractingly. One leg went up, and then the other. She did it! She was standing! But that only highlighted just *how* weird she looked proportionately. She looked like a shortstack. “**Success! But...**”

One whose hair was becoming more vivid in color *and* growing longer. Before long, her messy silver hairdo had become cotton candy pink and reached halfway down her back.

At the very least, she wouldn’t be plagued by this odd body shape for long. A uniform that *already* did not fit her maturing body was compromised further courtesy of her vertical size jumping upwards. Her limbs and torso stretched, bringing her up to the same 5’7” height that Yanagi stood at while enlarging her feet, hands, and head to remain proportionately correct. “**And now I’m as tall as her.**” It was certainly getting hard for her to deny the truth here.

The woman’s vision was blurry, but she could still make out general shapes and colors. Soukaku didn’t *need* to see to tell that her top was now lifted up so that her bellybutton was bare, or that her skirt was so short that you could see her panties cameltoeing her loins (pink hairs peeking out and all). She began to pull at these clothes with an uncomfortable expression.

Her clothes were going to be a problem, but wasn’t she *forgetting* about something? After all, her tail had been stiffening behind her. Inch by inch it was pulled back into her tailbone until nothing was left of it at all.

It was completely smooth above her ass, just as her *forehead* was rendered smooth thanks to retreated horns. Her oni traits were *gone*. “**Oh, thank goodness.**” She’d just been relieved to find her Section 6 uniform swapped out with the one of the woman she’d swapped bodies with. It felt odd wearing a *bra*, though. She didn’t wear one normally!

The pink haired woman pushed up her new glasses on the bridge of her nose. “**This is all so strange. I’m not used to being so... intellectual.**” The new *Yanagi* was still Soukaku deep down, just like the opposite was true, but it was a little harder to grapple with going from being an idiot to being *smart*, rather than the other way around. Yanagi was plagued by a number of existential questions... and the burden of the weight of her chest. How did Yanagi carry such a heavy load around all the time!?



Of course, she could speak more eloquently and understood basic concepts better now, but she wasn’t smart in the way the real Yanagi was. That more technical knowledge was still stored within the oni girl that had almost arrived at the lobby too. “**If I’m Yanagi, then is it possible that...? Well, if that’s the case, there must be a way to reverse this somehow. If I could have a look at the manual...**” But it wasn’t in the breast pocket of her new outfit. It *had* been in her old one.

“YANAGIIIIIIII!?”

Her old voice cried out from nearby while referring to her with her *new* name. The new Yanagi sighed at just how clumsily the old one was running in her new Soukaku form. Was that how she always looked? How... silly. But, at the very least, she could see that the girl was waving the instruction manual about. Maybe they’d had the same idea? “**Could you please not call me that, Soukaku? We aren’t...**”

“Eh!? But you just did it too! I can’t help it!”

Yanagi sighed and rubbed the bridge of her nose with irritation. That *legitimately* seemed to be the case. Another issue that they would probably have to tackle later. “**...I suppose so. But look. I think we can repair the devices and change us back. You have the knowhow but probably not the skills, while I have the**

opposite. Can you explain the contents of the instruction manual to me so that I can...”

MUNCH, MUNCH, MUNCH!

The older woman had closed her eyes and raised her index finger in a know-it-all way when she’d begun to pitch her idea, but she ended up stopping mid-explanation once the sound of Soukaku chewing something filled the air. It certainly wasn’t beyond her to sneak a snack into a mission, but it to eat it so brazenly in front of— “**SOUKAKU, NO!?**”

GULP! The oni swallowed what had been in her mouth. “**Huh? What’s wrong, Yanagi?**” What was wrong was what she had just *eaten*. Because in the girl’s right hand? She was holding the instruction manual with a *big bite* taken out of it. There was no way they’d be able to read what was written in them now! Soukaku looked between the book and Yanagi. “**I bet they have another, right? We can just look when we get back, hehe!**”

Yanagi didn’t even have the heart to tell her that there was only a single copy.