

SWEET PASSIONS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmhmhm~! This batch turned out quite nicely if I do say so myself!”

It wasn't all *that* unusual to find the alchemist, Cagliostro, in such high spirits, though sometimes it was difficult to tell if it was authentic or not. She was typically putting on a façade, attempting to exhibit an aura of girlish cuteness at all times to play up the charms of the young body that she had fashioned for herself. What she'd been doing in this moment seemed to more or less align with that presentation, as she was moving a tray of chocolates from the counter and into a fridge.

Although it *was* odd. Why was she making chocolates in her alchemy lab? Valentine's Day *was* coming up, but this felt like something you would generally do in a *kitchen*, no? Well, perhaps if these were regular chocolates. **“Theoretically, upon eating one of these, someone should be put in the *mood* for the season. Of course, they'd need a better form to celebrate. Teehee~!”**

But as was the case with Cagliostro, even the most *normal* looking of activities ultimately ended up being part of what would amount to a very *abnormal* experiment.

“Huh? Why send someone a *singular* chocolate?” One of the sibling co-captains of the Grandcypher, Gran, had awoken that morning to a rather unusual sight. There had been a small, pink bag tied to the *inside* of his door with no note or *any* indication of who had sent it to him attached. The only thing inside of this bag was a *singular* chocolate

shaped like a heart. “**And since there’s no note, I wouldn’t even know who to thank.**”



But he did suppose that it *was* almost Valentine’s Day. That explained why he had likely *received* a chocolate, and he wasn’t one to waste a good chocolate. It didn’t even cross his mind that it might be poisoned or from an otherwise nefarious source – because in his mind? The only people who could access his room were the crew members that were closest to him, and they would *never* do anything to actively harm him.

Technically, he was right. There was no *poison* in the chocolate, and it certainly hadn’t been left there to harm him. Well, depending on what your definition of ‘harm’ was. It wasn’t going to hurt or kill him, but that also didn’t mean that there would be no consequences if he ate it, so—

GULP!

...he ate it, and without a second thought at that.

It didn’t take him long at all to wonder if that might have been a bad idea. “**Oh, *that’s not sitting right...***” Maybe a piece of chocolate first thing in the morning *hadn’t* been the best of ideas, but it was a decision he had ultimately made. That said, it was bad for him for reasons that hadn’t even registered just yet... even if there *were* warning signs. It was just that those warning signs weren’t especially obvious to the man himself.

As he glanced over at the bathroom door to consider if he should enter in case something *happened*, the eyes through which he gazed at it were slowly *changing*. The shapes of those eyes shrunk slightly, both in width *and* height – but this correlated with a brightening of brown irises to a blue instead. “**Actually, the *feeling* is kind of *going away...* Eh?**” What was happening with the sound of his voice? It was going up and down, preventing him from keeping a consistent pitch.

Because Gran wasn’t certain of *what* was causing his, he raised a hand to his throat to rub at his neck. The subtle regression of his Adam’s apple while doing so escaped his attention, as did the swelling of his *lips* that afforded their pinkened forms a naturally glossy look that hadn’t existed prior. “**It’s like... I sound like a *woman!***” The rise and fall of

his pitch had ended but ultimately remained on the *higher* end of the spectrum. High yet, somehow, *soft*. And familiar in a way?

The captain wasn't wrong in that his voice sounded far more like a *woman's*, though. He hadn't seen his own reflection to realize just how much it was beginning to *suit* him, though. Swollen lips and smaller eyes were only *two* of the changes that had affected his face. There was also a smaller nose, rounder cheeks, and even thinner brows that now carried a light lilac color. It didn't just look like the face of a woman. It looked like the face of a woman he *knew*.

“Hey!?” Gran was actually crying out about something else, but the lilac that permeated through the young man's eyebrows had begun to seep into the roots of the hair on top of his head in the meantime. It forced its way throughout *all* of the brown, and once it had all been painted in this color? It *grew*. Longer, thicker, softer, and silker. It tickled his shoulders before falling *far* past them. Past his shoulder blades and even his ass, while his thickened bangs were brushed *over* his left eye until it was completely obscured.

But that *wasn't* what he was worried about in that exact moment. He had cried out because it felt like his feet had been pulled out from under him. Which, actually, *wasn't* what had happened at all. He'd drawn that conclusion because his eye level dropped; it was only natural that he would think he'd fallen, because what *else* could cause that? Nothing, at least if you were applying common sense to the possibilities. The issue was that common sense did *not* apply. **“Wait, I didn't fall, but...?”**

His blue sweater felt like it was three times larger all of a sudden, and his pants had fallen down to his ankles? **“It's almost like I'm...”** He looked around. Everything seemed bigger, which could only mean—**“SMALLER!?”** Such was the truth. The man *had* shrunk significantly, now only a meager 4'5". It definitely wasn't a normal height for an adult *human*, but he could think of two races that had extremely short adults. It was just... with one of those races, only one sex was small. And seeing as his voice sounded so high...

It was only once Gran had taken a moment to process this height drop that he realized the weight pulling on his scalp, and the hair obscuring his left eye, was part of his compounding issues. **“This hair... my voice... Are these Narmaya's? This is a touch bizarre.”** A *touch*? It was far more than *that*, and the young man didn't normally *speak* in such a delicate way. But the woman he'd thought of *did*. Right, the *woman*.

“Mmn!?” He could hardly keep his attention trained on one issue before another arose. In this instance? It felt as if the weight of his body

was being pulled into two different directions at the same time – both forward and backward – according to different places on his body. This was because *fat* began to amass, bestowing upon him the traits that any *woman* would naturally possess. Take his ass, for example. It pushed up the back of his oversized sweater while his thighs burgeoned around a dick that stood *erect* considering how stimulating this all was. This swelling flesh was *extremely* sensitive.

Though this stimulation was *far* more pronounced from the source of the forward pull. Upon a chest where no weight had been present before, above a waistline that was now soft and had been sucked in, it almost seemed as if all that missing weight was being forced into his *chest* instead. Nipples became large, swollen, and erect; their rubbing against his sweater the source of a great deal of arousal while he struggled to keep smaller, manicured fingertips from groping them. “**A b-bosom...**”

Gran probably would have just called them ‘tits’ if his mind wasn’t being affected.

Before long, an enormous set of *J-cup* jugs had lifted his oversized hoodie to reveal the bottoms of his swollen ass cheeks. He may have been very short, but his gratuitous proportions by and far made up for that. Yet, he noticed a new problem. “**N-No, not my—!?**” *She* had been trying so hard not to touch *herself*, and yet a hand pressed against the front of her pelvis just in time to feel what remained of her bulge, a mere nub, disappearing into a sensitive, open slit between her hefty thighs. “**I’m a woman!**” Why did it feel like she was declaring the obvious?

Her head was encumbered again before long. Not because of her ears, which began to peek out behind purple hair in bovine-like, pointed shapes. But instead from what was growing from her *skull*. A pair of brown horns that curved forward. Gran already expected as much, because she had already figured out she was becoming a Draph woman. And she knew the identity *of* that woman. “**Oh my...**” But despite how foreign these growths *should* have been, their weight felt entirely normal after a moment.

All at once, her hoodie then tightened *against* her body. The material lightened in some places and darkened in others, forming a short, black dress with a white apron fashioned into the front. It had a *very* low neckline to show off her abundant cleavage, while heart-shaped decorations appeared on her waist and bangs. Aside from her new black mary-janes, the sight of her long, thick hair braiding itself into purple bow bindings was rather captivating.

The Draph woman blinked a number of times, clearly and understandably dazed by everything that had just befallen her. The fact that she wasn't supposed to be *Narmaya* was a fact that was still fresh in her mind. **"I'm not... but...? Oh dear..."** But it was difficult to fight against her baser recognition that she *was* Narmaya. Her short stature, horns, and gigantic tits all felt like traits she had lived with her entire life. **"Perhaps if I keep it in my mind. That I'm not... not...?"**



What would Djeeta think if she saw her? Her own sister? But no, Djeeta couldn't be her *sister* like this! No, her feelings were much different. *Djeeta is so cute. Djeeta is so brave. Djeeta... Djeeta... Djeeta...* She just couldn't get the other captain out of her mind, and she was soon swallowed by her pining. **"Right! I'm going to the kitchen to make chocolates for Djeeta!"** Until she'd completely forgotten the one thing that she'd told herself to remember.

And skipped out of Gran's room towards the kitchen.



"Mm? Djeeta?" The Girl in Blue, Lyria, had found herself in a situation very similar to Gran's on that very same morning. It was different in that she had been sharing a bed with Djeeta the night before though, and she was confused when she awoke because the captain that she'd been cuddling up to was no longer there. **"Knowing her, she must have gone to the deck to watch the sunrise..."** She would have gone if she'd been woken up!

After showering and getting dressed, the girl noticed something pinned to the wall above where she had been sleeping. **"Hm? What's this?"**

There was a tiny, pink bag pinned with one of Djeeta's hair pins. Djeeta must have left it there for her? Which left Lyria believing it was a gift. She hastily unwrapped it to reveal a singular, heart shaped chocolate inside. **"Oh! Did Djeeta make this for me? How sweet!"** With all of the contextual clues, this conclusion *did* make the most sense.

And Djeeta *had* pinned it there. But she hadn't made it *nor* gifted it to Lyria.

GULP!

The regret that Lyria felt was near instant, for her stomach became rather *active* in ways that, like Gran, left her wondering if she'd somehow gotten sick. “*Uhm...*” She placed a hand over her dress to press against her tummy. *Should I go see Katalina about this?* “**N-No?**” Katalina *was* Lyria's best friend, but not even *she* overshared about things like indigestion. It was extremely strange that Katalina had come to mind in that moment, actually. And it *had* happened for a reason.

A reason that didn't have enough context clues to really support its conclusion just yet. The girl's attention was yanked away by something far more concerning just seconds later either way. A very *strange* feeling had washed over her, one that was uncomfortable but not *painful*. It was as if every part of her body was being *stretched*, and what she felt was the tension of *being* stretched that she was sensing.

“**Wh-What's happening to me!? Oh, Katalina...**” It was once again *not* the right time to be bringing Katalina up. After all, it finally occurred to Lyria that what she had been feeling was her *body growing* – something that *definitely* shouldn't have been possible without the involvement of a force like magic or alchemy. It was the *latter*.

Looking down, she was privy to the sight of her skirt lifting off her hips; hips that were flaring outwards to the sides along with her shoulders as she steadily crept upwards. It almost felt unfair that her 5'0” height could rise up to 5'3” over just a few seconds when most people hardly grew much over several *years*. Yet, with longer fingers and bigger feet among what had transpired? “**Did I just get... taller?**”

A deepened voice contributed to what was visually obvious in a way that Lyria herself hadn't pieced together. Not only was she taller, but she looked *older* too. Her facial features reflected those of a 22 year old woman and were gradually not even reflective of her own identity. Take her lips, for example? They certainly filled in like an adult woman's would, but their shapes curved in a way that wasn't representative of how an older Lyria *would* look. Not did a pointier nose, or perhaps far more obvious, narrowed blue eyes that lit up with a *bright red* instead.

But she *did* look a lot like *another* crew member.

“**I bet Katalina likes taller women.**” And how could she have possibly *gotten* taller? It felt like such a silly thing to believe! Even

though, in the meantime, her child-sized dress was becoming an increasingly dangerous health hazard due to reasons that should have been *just* as unbelievable. Because flesh was building upon a broadened chest, stretching the skin beneath nipples that were being held back *by* her dress. “**Urgh!?**”

The woman’s reaction felt strangely *aggressive* for how Lyria would normally act, because she effortlessly tossed the big, golden broach from her chest and *tore* her neckline down to alleviate this tension and allow the flesh of her *tits* to bounce into proper, *D-cup* forms above her narrowed waist and widened hips. Those were undoubtedly the tits of an adult woman, and her crimson gaze didn’t even reflect an iota of surprise.

What good are they if they can’t catch Katalina’s eye? Katalina. Katalina. Katalina. Try as she might to focus on what was happening to her, the woman’s mind was always sharply pulled away by thoughts of that gorgeous knight. Once her friend, but now as someone whose very image was stirring things both in Lyria’s heart *and* between her legs. What burned was an intense passion that had easily crossed the line of *obsession*.

And it allowed the final stages of her transformation to fade into existence without any pushback. Strands of blonde swept through her hair from her roots all of the way down to her tips, yet those tips *unwound* so that they were no longer impossibly long and merely reached her *ass* instead. Which, incidentally, was the last remaining physical bastion of her previous identity.

“**Ugh.**” Once again showing off a worse attitude than normal, Lyria picked at her exposed panties rather than tearing them off outright. They were digging into her widened gait before, but now they were pushing into the crack of her ass. It was really no surprise as to *why* that was, at least not when her flat butt had swollen into a bonafide *cake*. This peach-shaped ass was much too large for her undergarments, which were now cameltoeing her pussy in the front to the point where you could see long, blonde pubes peeking out from behind the fabric.

In the end, she breathed a sigh of relief as all of this discomfort just *disappeared*. Or at least that was how *she* saw it, but the alchemic reaction within the chocolate had seen it fit to replicate a new outfit over her body. A short, sleeveless, black dress overtop grey tights and black heels made up this outfit’s bulk, while a white jacket with a crimson collar, trim, and furred edged rested over her shoulders. A feathered black hairclip and floral headpiece left her hair worn in a ponytail, too.

A festive outfit picked out for Valentine’s.

“Ugh, I’d rate that chocolate a 7/10.” Or so *Vira* mused to herself while pacing about *Djeeta’s* room. She’d long since succumbed to the twisting of her mind as *intense* and *intimate* feelings towards *Katalina* had swallowed everything about her previous identity. She’d moved on from feeling ‘weird’ and instead thinking about the task at hand: preparing the perfect Valentine’s gift for her *beloved* *Katalina*. She would stop at nothing to make sure that *everything* was *perfect*! And if anyone ruined that, well...



The blonde woman *did* suddenly pause as she had an epiphany, though. **“Wait a moment. Why am I in the captain’s room again?”** Her memories were still a little *spotty* in places, including the past ten or so minutes. *Vira* was certain she could recall getting ready in her own room and had made plans to work on baking chocolates. Why would that bring her to *Djeeta’s* quarters, however? **“Surely I wasn’t thinking of asking the captain for help?”**

Not when this was something she *had* to do on her own.



Lyria’s initially billing of where *Djeeta* might be had actually been right on the money. After getting up early and finding two pink bags wrapped around her door, she had pinned one bag over *Lyria’s* spot on the bed and stuffed the other in her pocket. She’d gone to see the sunset with *Vyrn*, but he’d flown off to fetch them ‘snacks’ from the kitchen – where he’d likely run into *Narmaya* and *Vira* at that point. **“He sure is taking a long time, though.”**

Djeeta was a little peckish. She was on the deck entirely alone, breathing in the cool morning air. But she had skipped breakfast. Was there anything that— **“Oh, the chocolate!”** The captain had already peeked into the bag to confirm there was chocolate inside, but she was holding onto it for the right moment – which seemed to be *this* moment. So without thinking much

of it at all, she reached into her pocket and pulled the chocolate out of the bag.

GULP!

The very same gurgle plagued Djeeta's tummy upon consumption of the alchemic treat. **"That's probably not good."** It was just a hunch, but only for a few seconds before that hunch was *immediately* backed up by hard evidence as she found herself pulling her bangs away from her eyes. **"...Wait."** Her bangs *could* be long, but not *that* long, and she kept them perpetually swept to the side. Yet these hung *between* her eyes and were tickling the tip of her nose? Not to mention the color of their blonde was *wrong*. It leaned vaguely into a greenish hue.

And it was affecting far more than just her bangs. A ticklish sensation on the nape of her neck and her shoulders guided a hand up to check, and even in the short amount of time that had passed before that point? She was already able to pull forward hair that fell down past her chest once guided over her shoulder, and it was *continuing* to grow with this new color in tact. **"Did the chocolate do this!?"** That was the only possible explanation, wasn't it?

The young woman continued to examine her hair, running her fingers through its weight as her mind began to wander. This hair was *heavy*, but it probably shouldn't have been weighing down on her so much that she couldn't *concentrate*. This was merely a side effect of the alchemic brew used *in* the chocolate, in part because much like the other two, a new identity was slowly being implanted into the captain's mind. As if related? Her brown eyes lit up with a bright crimson that differed vaguely from Vira's – something that was doubled down on with her eyelids taking narrower shapes than those of Lyria's transformed state.

"My head feels so heavy, so why does everything feel so much lighter?" It actually should have been quite obvious to Djeeta why this was the case. After all, her clothes were feeling loose in some very specific locations, and she was looking down at the hair that *overlapped* with one of those locations: her chest. The neckline of her dress was flattening, shrinking inwards without as much heft within it to maintain that moderately deep cleavage that the woman possessed. Her breasts were *shrinking*, and her nipples became less puffy along with them.

In no time at all? The sized of her perky tits had been *halved*.

And, unfortunately for her, her bosom wasn't the only area affected by this loss. Since she was wearing a skirt, it wasn't *particularly* obvious that her hips were narrowing, or that her thighs and ass were tightening

closer to her bones. But her *panties* did begin to hang rather loosely without the usual gait of her lower body to support them. By this point? Her hair had grown so long that it now was collecting on the deck below her, tangling around her feet.

Even *more* of it pressed against the ground even *after* the hair growth concluded, but in this case it was because of Djeeta's stature. Her 5'4" height regressed, but *certainly* not as dramatically as her brother's had during his transformation into Narmaya. When everything was said and done? She had dropped down to 5'1", just an inch taller than Lyria used to be pre-Virafication.

"MMF!?" But this was when something *strange* happened. While the others had seen their clothing transform at the tail end of their transformation? In Djeeta's case, her pink dress had suddenly split into a dark purple sweater overtop a matching crop top, and microshorts that left her thinned legs, shoulders, and midriff all entirely exposed. Cat paw-shaped socks covered both of her feet, concealing how her toenails were darkening *and* lengthening until they were about four inches long *each* – and clawed at the tips.

There were now purple bows in her hair that tied the bulk of its length into one tall, thick, braided tail that was now hoisted a singular inch off the ground. But all of this? It *wasn't* what had muffled the woman's ability to speak. It was, of all things, a *golden pacifier* that had appeared between thinning lips. Try as she might, she couldn't open her mouth wide enough for it to fall out, and pulling on the purple cord affixed to it didn't amount to much.

At first, Djeeta's expression was naturally confused by its appearance. But that shock gradually faded as the rest of her face conformed to her new identity. Thinner cheeks, a smaller nose, and vaguely bushier brows gave her an entirely different racial profile. And if that wasn't already apparent enough? Through all of the windows that allowed you to view her bare skin now, you could see the pigmentation of her skin darkening until her natural complexion was of a much more exotic tan.

"Oh, right. It is almost that day where the mortals give one another 'Coco', isn't it?" It was strange to watch *Helel ben Shalem* 'talk', mostly because it didn't *look* like she was talking at all. That golden pacifier was rooted firmly between her lips and could not be removed. **"Ah, the piece I just had was quite delicious. I wonder if I would be able to procure more?"** She tilted her head to the side to express her curiosity.

...But how had she eaten it with that pacifier in her mouth?

Shalem was such a *calm* individual that the few doubts she held regarding her identity had long since been subdued. Even if those doubts *had* remained, they would have been pushed aside over *other* priorities. Like the pursuit of the taste of more delicious chocolate on the top of her tongue. *That* was when she smelled it. A sweet scent wafting up from the stairs that led to the deck. “...**The kitchen?**” It seemed like she had a new destination in mind, though...

Seriously? How was she going to eat it!?



All Cagliostro had left to do after observing three successful experiments was give herself a pat on the back. But why stop with only three? “**I suppose I could hand out *more* of these little ‘gifts’ tonight! I’d like to see if there are any trends regarding who becomes who. Teehee~!**”