

DAUGHTERS OF CALYDON

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“It’s about what? Ten more minutes until we get to
Blazewood?”**

A young woman in the passenger seat of the shared vehicle between two siblings asked the driver, a young man with silver hair that was *naturally* her brother. **“I didn’t take you to be that impatient today, Belle. Haven’t we driven up this way enough for you to know how long it takes now?”** As always, Wise spoke as the calm and collected voice of reason compared to his younger sister, Belle. The two of them formed a secret Proxy group known as *Phaethon*, responsible guiding Agents through the incredibly dangerous Hollows.

“I *know*, but I’m worried! In terms of clients, the Sons of Calydon are the farthest from home! We have to go all of the way out to the Outer Rim. I just wish there was a faster way!” Phaethon’s presence had been requested after a mysterious incident had stolen away two of the boar Thiren that worked alongside Lucy of the Sons of Calydon. Apparently, they had ended up lost in a Hollow – so Wise and Belle had been called on for assistance.

Wise kept his eyes on the road. **“Hm... Is that all that’s bothering you? It couldn’t be related to all of that time you’ve been spending with Caesar lately, right? She’s been dropping by late at night to pick you up recently, if I’m recalling correctly...”** Not that Belle’s romantic life was any of his business, he

was just trying to squeeze out of her if there was anything ‘official’ to report.

“Wh-What do you mean, Wise!?” It was a question that the younger sibling clearly had *not* been expecting based on how red she turned. But she was given a much needed out by an unwanted interruption as she looked forward at the rode and saw the light distorting ahead of them. **“Wait! Watch out!”** But her warning came too late. That distorted light opened up into a brand new hollow!

...And Phaethon’s vehicle drove right in.



“BELLE!? Where are you, Belle!?” Wise couldn’t believe the bad luck that they had just been subjected to. A Hollow had opened on the road ahead of them, and the bubble had possessed a notably strange color. There weren’t many *hot pink* Hollows out there, if any. The moment their van had flown through its border, the passengers were teleported into random locations *in* the Hollow through rifts. Basically, the siblings had been separated.

The young man was walking along the side of the rode all on his lonesome. **“I can’t get into contact with Fairy, and Eous must be in the van still...”** So, he had no easy means of finding his sister. Not to mention the most glaring issue: that neither of them were trained combatants. If they were attacked by the monsters that tended to roam the Hollows, Ethereals, they’d be in some real danger if Ether Corruption didn’t get them first. There was a motorcycle on the side of the road, too. But he didn’t know how to drive it.

Much to their benefit, however, there *were* no Ethereals in this Hollow. But it *was* unusual. It had some very strange properties that were applied to the people trapped inside. But only if the number of those people was a multiple of two. Otherwise, it wouldn’t work at all. And in this case? There were actually *six* people trapped inside. So, there were three pairs altogether. But Wise wasn’t tied to his sister in this sense. He didn’t even know this was a rule of this Hollow, much less did he have any context regarding *what* exactly it would do.

But with context or not, it *was* doing what it was supposed to. “**Hm... How do I find her? Coming up with a plan should pose no problem to me!**” Wise was by no means *incompetent*, but he also wasn’t the type to boast aloud about just how competent he might have been. Those words were a little too *smug* and were accompanied by a strange change to his physical state. His silver eyes practically *ignited* with a foreign color. A fiery red had possessed his irises, while his pupils were inverted to white instead of black.

That was hardly the only *color change* that his body was destined to undergo, either. Much like how he couldn’t exactly observe his own eye color to realize it had changed, his hair wasn’t really long enough to make out that its silver was being altered, brightening not to the same red of his eyes but instead a bright blonde that contrasted with his new eye color well, but didn’t really seem fitting according to his appearance otherwise. It wasn’t even just the hair on his head (brows included), because his pubes had thinned and lightened to the very same shade.

“**Whoa!?**” While that bike wasn’t his own, the man suddenly found himself grabbing onto the closest handlebar with one hand, fortunate that the bike was parked properly, in order to support his weight. He’d felt a little bit *dizzy* all of a sudden, and while he towered over the bike at first? Before long, it seemed like he would soon be standing shoulder to proverbial shoulder with its handlebars, and the position of the arm holding it became more horizontal as this became truer.

Wise had always been significantly taller than his younger sibling, standing at 5’7”. But that wasn’t the case any longer. Not only was his height rapidly unraveling, leaving his pants to grow baggy around his waist, elbows, and torso, but his hands, feet, and even his skull were diminishing in size to boot. “**That was weird. I feel different, but surely I would realize if something had changed!**” *Would* he?

That was a question because not only had he dropped all the way down to a meager *five feet*, but his voice sounded significantly higher, and his face significantly *younger*, now that the shrinking he *didn’t even notice* had come to an end. Rather than an adult, he looked like he was around *eighteen* or so instead. His clothing was so baggy that his jacket had slipped right off of his shoulders and fallen onto the side of the road, too.

His clothing was so baggy that it was difficult to see, but there was a *lot more* at work underneath the folds of cloth that concealed his naked form. Take Wise’s waistline, for example. It slowly pinched in ever so slightly, while on the flipside his hips appeared to widen an additional two inches so that his gait was much more sprawling despite how much

shorter he had become. It gave his silhouette something of a more feminine shape.

Which was something that felt *very* intentional with the changes that followed. Take the boy's *thighs*, for example. With his hips widened, there was a sizable gap between them. That gap didn't fill in completely, but it *was* filled in slightly as the weight of those thighs expanded, becoming a little softer, chubbier, and girlish. In a similar vein, his butt cheeks puffed out behind him to make good use of his hips' new gait. Or would it have been more appropriate to say *her* hips?

"Ngh!?" A chill ran up the *girl's* spine and she made a weird noise as a result. ***"What in the world was that!?"*** Or so Wise barked, evidently unaware of the reality that his genitalia had just undergone a very sudden shift from the masculine to the feminine. Even her pubic hair had shifted position, sitting neatly above her young and properly cared for pussy. ***"Ugh, this isn't the time to end up distracted!"***

The sensation of her pussy forming had been *vaguely* arousing. Enough to make her nipples erect beneath her shirt. Though those nipples gradually set the stage for her chest as a whole to swell, filling flesh rippling vaguely as a pair of perky *B-cups* were established upon her short and youthful body. Was there hope of them growing bigger in the future? Probably *not*. ***But at least I'm still bigger than Piper by one inch!***

In the blink of an eye, the changes that have been sowed were made all the plainer because of a sudden and dramatic shift in her outfit. The girl's lips parted at the sensation, though those lips were fuller and glossier upon a face that was much more pointedly effeminate. Her cheeks were puffier, her red eyes bigger, her lashes longer, and her nose smaller... All coming together to make her the spitting image of a member of the Sons of Calydon. Even her blonde hair *grew out*, wavily reaching the center of her back while thickened bangs framed her face.

Though, that hair was promptly pulled into a leftward leaning side ponytail thanks to her costume change. It absolutely *screamed* 'biker chick, from the raised, leather boots with golden studs to the matching studded shorts with white furred trim and jacket overtop a black crop top with a silver design imprinted on the front. There was a spiked helmet on her head with the Sons of Calydon emblem in the front in gold, leather gloves around her fingers, and a red pig snout mask hanging around her neck with silver tusks.

She was the spitting image of one of the members of the biker gang.

“Of all the places to end up... There’s nothing cost effective about getting separated in the Hollow!” *Luciana de Montefio*, or *Lucy* for short, resumed following the side of the road while swinging her almost comically oversized baseball bat in her right hand. She *had* been Wise, but the teenaged girl had no recollection of that. She could only recall ending up getting caught in a newly formed Hollow while waiting for Phaethon nearby with one of her fellow Sons of Calydon members.



Hopefully Phaethon wouldn’t charge extra for this. Lucy was basically the Sons of Calydon’s strategist and financial advisor at this point, despite being the youngest and snappiest member. Her borderline tsundere personality could make her difficult to read sometimes. **“So, now I have to find Woody, Bricky, and Phaethon.”** Lucy sighed and shook her head, placing her spare hand on her hip. Woody and Bricky were her missing thiren friends; the whole reason they were in this mess.

At least she could see a gas station down the road. Maybe she’d find someone there?

Good thing her bike had ended up in the Hollow with her!



“I can’t believe a Hollow just *appeared* in the middle of the road without Fairy even noticing.” There *was* someone at the gas station down the road. *Belle*. She actually hadn’t been teleported very far away from her brother but had chosen to remain within the gas station’s shop where she deemed it to be safest. She didn’t have any survival tools at her disposal, nor any means of defending herself. It was less likely that an Ethereal would find her inside a building. There was an abandoned truck outside, but she didn’t have a license to drive something of *that* size.

With nothing else to do, she’d drawn up a sign to put on the gas station’s door to let her know that someone was inside, before taking to wandering around the

shop. She was anxious and naturally concerned, but also just as energetic as she usually was. That was what ultimately made her next gesture so odd. “**YAAAAAAAWN!**” A big yawn that was paired with an even bigger stretch. It was odd because that singular yawn felt like it had just sapped away all of her strength.

“Why am I so tired all of a sudden? I could really go for a nap...”

The sudden fatigue was *part* of it, but it wasn’t the only sign that something was amiss. As she lowered her arm from the stretch, she couldn’t quite say that she felt any *better*. Normally you stretched to relieve tension in your muscles, right? But she didn’t feel like she had relieved anything at all. Rather, things felt even tenser and *more fatigued* than before. “***It’s a right pain, being this age... E-Eh!?***” She was in her early twenties, so why talk like a *grandma*?

Sniff, sniff! “**What’s that smell? Is it me?**” By the time she lowered her arm, she was acutely aware of a pungent *scent* in the air too. It prompted her to give her own armpit a whiff, which led to her eyes widening with surprise... revealing much more easily that her dark green gaze was lightening towards a brighter, yellowish green instead. “***Smells like sweat and oil.***” *Which ain’t strange at all considering my profession.*

...Profession? Since when did being a Proxy involve getting sweaty and smelling like oil? Normally, she just sat in front of a computer! But while this explanation did strike her as odd, she soon forgot that she’d found it strange in the first place. All while more began to transpire with her body than a mere change in eye color alone. And unlike what happened to her brother, her own transformation didn’t involve many *gains*. Mostly *losses*, really.

This was observed in the woman’s figure early on. While her loose and rather oversized clothing did a good job of disguising it, Belle was a pretty buxom woman for a height of 5’3”. She had a perky butt and a sizable pair of C-cup breasts that would have been D-cups if they were just a couple of inches wider. But there was no hope of *that* ever happening, not before this transformation and *especially* not after.

“**Hm?**” Because Belle found herself idly tugging on her shirt. A shirt that felt emptier and emptier against a bra that felt incredibly loose all of a sudden. From the perspective of someone who *wasn’t* being brainwashed by the Hollow, it was clear that her breasts had been shrinking. Skin tightened against her body as much of the fat of her teats was lost, and yet? They weren’t as perky as you’d expect from a woman of her age, either. By the time they diminished to their final, B-

cup forms, there was a bit of sag that would have been more typical of a woman that was *at least* ten years older than Belle was.

Her chest wasn't really alone, either. "**That's weird.**" The woman was pulling at her skirt because it felt like it was slipping a little, too. Not only was the fat of her ass lessening so that her cheeks were still pronounced but not *as* pronounced, but her hips crunched a little narrower and her thighs, while not losing any weight per se, seemed a little *jigglier*? Their youthful perkiness was gone, just like what had happened with her breasts.

"**Oi!?**" The sound that Belle made with sudden surprise as she caught the nearby counter with her hands came about because it *felt* like she had tripped. But the truth of the matter was that she'd just lost *four inches* of height over just a few seconds. She'd been shrunk down to 4'11", meaning that more of her body was swallowed up by the cloth of now oversized garments. It did a good job of disguising how splotches of black oil had appeared in spots on her skin. Not that the scent was bothering her anymore anyways.

She let loose a carefree sigh as she continued to tug at her outfit, utterly unaware of the fact that her head of dark blue hair was thickening and growing out, curling behind her past her shoulder while bangs fluffily fell above her right eye. The only reason the bangs on the *left* didn't do the same was because her hairclip transformed into a floral tie that bound those bangs up into what looked like a flower. All of this before the dark blue was lost, washed through with a natural blonde that was a little paler than Lucy's.

"**Getting separated out here's a lotta effort~**" The next time she spoke, her voice was pointedly higher but very *droopy*? Like she was yawning and speaking simultaneously whenever she spoke and like she didn't seem to care about much. What felt more laborious than anything was moving around in clothes that didn't fit her, and that was presently being *adjusted*. But it didn't wipe the tired expression off a face that looked less and less like the Phaethon sister. Unless Belle had *always* had a small face with a *big* forehead and fuzzy, triangular brows. Sleepy eyes sat above a tiny nose, and thinned lips wore a perpetually bemused expression.

She looked younger, but it was the *opposite*. She was *middle aged*, just like her lack of perkiness suggested.

The woman didn't really *dress* like she was older, but with her body still seeming youthful overall, she didn't really need to. That was why the black crop top with biker studs and matching black shorts suited her, as

did the big, puffy, detached orange pant legs and grey boots did. Or the white detached sleeves with orange gloves.

“Oh~ That a motorcycle I hear drawing closer? Must be Lucy~” The ears of *Piper Wheel* definitely didn’t betray her. She could hear a bike getting closer and closer, which was something of a relief. **“Sigh... Guess this means my break is over. Oh well~”** It *was* a relief, right? While Pipe looked like she might have been around Lucy’s age, the truth of the matter was that she was actually *much* older. She was a middle aged woman who didn’t grow all that much after her teens, and so she’d always been blessed with this youthful appearance instead.

Which made her one hell of a strange looking trucker woman.

Though, speaking of the truck... **“I should hop in before she gets here so we can look for the others.”** She *slowly* began to saunter out the door, only noticing the sign that she had put up there before transforming after she turned to make sure the door had closed properly. **“Eh? Maybe my vision’s getting old with age, but ain’t that the Phaethon girl’s handwriting? Was she here?”** That would be one target down, but what about Lucy’s thiren friends?



They’d have to ride out to see, she supposed.

Later that night, all six of the people that had been trapped within the hot pink Hollow returned to Blazewood safely. Lucy and Piper had managed to reunite with Wise and Belle, and from there they had hunted down Woody and Bricky, the piglet thiren. The thing is, while this all *appeared* to be normal? It very much wasn’t. That Hollow they had been trapped within had disappeared after they escaped, for one.

But none of the people that escaped were the same as those who had entered. Wise and Belle had become Lucy and Piper. Woody and Bricky had become Wise and Belle. And Lucy and Piper? The poor gals had been turned into the piglet boys. Not that any of them realized, and they wouldn’t. But what became of this Hollow?

It would reappear elsewhere in New Eridu before long.