

ANNIVERSA-RECALL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Another year had gone by in a flash.

Didn't it *always* feel like that, though? The twin captains of the Grandcypher, Gran and Djeeta, had rendezvoused on the deck of their sailing airship early that morning to discuss that very fact. It had been eleven years since the twins had met Lyria and set out on their adventure, and in that time they had all aged... *a little bit*. That was a subject best *not* talked about, honestly!

The entire crew of the Grandcypher would be having a party in the dining cabin later that night. *Part* of the reason for the meeting between these three was to finalize their plans for this event – each of them had a particular task to take care of, after all. But there was also a little bit of reminiscence to be had too. **“Okay! Now that all of that is sorted out...”** The blue-haired Lyria had actually been the one to speak up first. **“A lot has happened over the past half of a decade, huh?”**

Gran, the brown-haired brother spoke up first. **“Do you mean like when we had to foil the plans of the immortal Phoenix?”** An incident that took place about a year prior that led them to unearthing more information about Lucifer courtesy of his second creation, Raziel. She had joined their crew in the end, and she was *certainly* a character. Still, she was more than welcome.

“Or what about when the Moondwellers tried to invade!?” The blonde-haired sister, Djeeta, chimed in next with a smile. That had been some years back now, but they had fought alongside the Society and had encountered the Girl in Red, Yatima at that time. Even *she* had returned to serve as a crew member of the Grandcypher recently.

Lyria was the last of the three to reminisce, and picked an occurrence from two years prior. **“Or what about when we calmed the Wedge of Casualty?”** It had been a case that had involved the Six Dragons, and things had looked pretty bleak for a time there. But it hadn’t *all* been bad. They’d learned of Orologia, the one who had helped care for the two siblings when they were children. And they had *also* joined the crew. The Grandcypher attracted all kinds, really!

“So many of our allies are so long lived. I wonder how they feel?”



When the three finished their meeting, they had all set out to accomplish their own individual tasks in preparation for the party later that night. Tasked double checking the attendance list, Gran had returned to the office that the trio had been using as their base of operations. Invitations had been handed out a week prior and *most* of the potential attendees had gotten back to him. But he was supposed to check on the ones who hadn’t if the invites hadn’t been returned to the office yet.

“Looks like I need to check on... Sandalphon? Odd that he’s the only one to not RSVP.” Was it really *that* odd? The primarch could be pretty antisocial. Still, if that was the case then he probably would have at least sent the invitation back saying he wouldn’t attend. **“*He can be so intimidating though...*”** Gran blinked. While it was true that Sandalphon *could* be intimidating, he’d gotten used to him. Those words almost felt like they didn’t belong to him in the first place.

Which was... technically true. Those words didn’t really match up with what Gran would say at all, and there was a reason for it. He’d come under the effect of an item without knowing it. All *three* of the people in attendance at that early morning meeting had been. And it was affecting them all for similar reasons, yet in vaguely different ways. The young man was experiencing it already, and there were both mental *and* physical aspects to it.

That previous slip of the tongue had come courtesy of the mental side, while the physical side was slightly harder to notice from the outset. This came courtesy of Gran’s *clothing*, which concealed most of the

earliest signs. He wasn't wearing the usual armor pieces, but he did have his big brown pants and blue hoodie on. This did a good job of hiding his muscle mass, which was tragically diminishing as the seconds wore on. Before long as all, there wasn't any notable to his musculature to his body at all. It all was thinner and looked *weak*, but he actually hadn't become physically weaker at all.

“*Lord Sandalphon* is...?” Gran attempted to reconsider his feelings about Sandalphon in the wake of what he had murmured moments before, but in doing so he ended up saying something even more alarming. Since when did he attach ‘Lord’ to the primarch’s name? Only the archangels that served under him did that. It was odd, but it actually didn’t register with Gran himself.

And making matters even stranger? His frame was continuing to change beneath his clothing. ‘Thinner’ and ‘smaller’ were two adjectives that felt repetitive to utter, if only because that was a common phenomenon with what was happening to him. His waistline slimmed away, and the man’s hands and feet even became more petite – though simultaneously graced with lengthened, manicured nails and a softness that hadn’t been present before. They were downright *maidenly*, and nothing that was happening to his body otherwise contradicted this.

Gran’s stature did a downwards slide. **“*Huh?*”** And it briefly seemed to register with him that this was the case, as her vocally questioned this... though his voice sounded a little *off* somehow as he did so. It was *higher*. Yet, that wasn’t really as alarming as the drop in height that his body suffered. *Five inches* were shed, dropping the young man down from 5’7” to 5’2”, and this lead to his hands and feet getting smaller still. His shoulders narrowed as he shrunk, but his hips? They actually *widened*, flaring out a few inches so that his gait was even more feminine than it had been before.

“Odd... What was I doing? Was it something related to Lord Sandalphon?” The captain could tell something was wrong... kind of. He felt like his own will was being *muffled*, tied up and smothered by another. It was compelling him to say these things that he didn’t want to, but he also couldn’t stop it. At times the line between his own will and this new one was too blurry to even make sense of it. But he felt very... *smart*? Despite the relative ignorance towards his body’s transformation.

The more time wore on, the more like a woman he became. His face was already softening, and puffer lips communicated the womanly hum of his voice much more fittingly by contrast. His eyes became fuller in size, but their browns also lit to a sky blue in the meantime, nestled between lengthened eyelashes. Gran’s face ended up smaller, cuter, and prettier

as a whole. But it also ended up framed by lengthening brown hair that spilled out like water over a waterfall, becoming full, fluffy, and reaching the center of his back.

No explicit confirmation was really needed about what was going on with *her* sex, but it was explicitly confirmed in the only way it really could be. “*Mngh!?*” The voice *she* groaned with was very *sensual*, courtesy of her genitalia making the irreversible shift from a cock and balls to a woman’s pussy. Her pubic hair at least rearranged into a nice little bush, but this ultimately triggered the final set of changes to her figure beneath clothing that was already clearly too big for her.

Some of that space was used up, at least, because the woman’s transforming body was finally applying *weight* in the place that made a woman, well, a *woman*. Take her thighs, for example. They began to expand beneath her brown pants. Her skin was pulled tautly around added fat, while any hairs grown not only on her legs, but *all* of the exposed skin on her body were shaved away. Once her thighs were appropriately thickened, the extra fat was appropriated to her cheeks instead, which bloated out into a curvy rump.

Once her lower body’s changes had finished, her pants tightened against her body and thinned into a pair of skintight, black, toeless tights.

And then it was her upper body’s turn to gain weight. It wasn’t surprising that *all* of this weight poured into her chest. Mounds bloated beneath puffing nipples at first, but they quickly evolved into mounds, which once again evolved into *mountains*. Not only did her new breasts surge forward, but they became so weighty that her chest could barely contain them, with her cleavage window narrowed by breasts so big they pushed up against each other beneath her sweater.

They were comparable to her head in size before long, and that became even clearer once her hoodie tightened, forming a white leotard underneath a white shirt with a black V-shaped neckline and golden trim. A hat appeared atop Gran’s head, while her arms were clad with black armor. It was a very *regal* outfit that made sense for her new role. And it would have made even more sense if her new *wings* weren’t withdrawn.

Deep down, *Raziel* could tell that something was wrong. She understood that she wasn’t *supposed* to be Raziel, but that was a pretty moot feeling in the grand scheme of things. She couldn’t stop herself from behaving as the real Raziel might, wanting to do the things the real Raziel would, and reminiscing on memories that the real Raziel possessed. Even her affections towards Lucifer felt incredibly strong and unbelievably

personal – like she really *had* held onto those feelings for over 1000 years.

“Huh? What am I doing in the captain’s office? I RSVPed the day we got the invites!” Rather, she looked around with confusion, evidently barred from reacting to what had just befallen her at all. She seemed set on continuing her day as if nothing was amiss and only saw a problem with *where* she was all of a sudden. More proof that Gran’s recognition was little more than a very quiet voice in the back of her head.



The archangel gave a little shrug and summoned her book into her hands. **“Well! I suppose I have some time to record new information in the Sefar Raziel before the party! Should I note down this unusual experience? I’m not sure what good this information will do me in the future, though. Oh well!”**



Unlike her brother, Djeeta’s role in the party preparation had involved taking stock of inventory. It was early enough in the morning that the dining cabin, kitchen, and adjoined storage rooms weren’t being used just yet. Lyria had work in the former two rooms, while Djeeta was busy in the latter. The kitchen storage room *was* used for food, but it was also utilized for holding furniture and decorations for when the dining area of the cabin needed a little freshening up.

She knew what she was there for. She needed to find the bags of decorations in the back of the storage room and figure out which ones they were going to use. But something made her pause as she made her way towards the back of the room. **“*Hm? What is that?*”** The way the young woman had asked the question felt kind of stiff and robotic. And what made it stranger was that she realized she had been asking about something... obvious. It was a spare dishwasher that they had stashed into the back room. **“That was weird...”**

Things were about to get weirder, though.

There were, in fact, already some pretty dramatic signs of it arising. Individual strands of the young woman's head were *darkening*, and not towards a dirty blonde or even a brown as you might expect the hair of a woman of her natural hair color to turn. No. Instead? It was a dark *red*, vibrant of hue but abundant of shadow. They were only a few at first and they *definitely* stood out, although just as much because the dyed strands were *growing*. Not one or two inches longer, but spilling out past her shoulders, the center of her back, past her butt... and to the backs of her knees. A task that was slightly harder than you might expect, because had passively grown an additional inch in the process.

The crimson that stood out midst her forest of blonde as a series of irregularities only multiplied, with the phenomenon jumping from strand to strand as if they were trees amidst a forest fire. This led to it all growing it out unevenly for a time, with the growth even affecting her bangs as some messily spilled between her eyes. "**Hm? My hair?**" Between the weight of it and some *literally* dangling in front of her eyes, it was difficult for Djeeta to actually ignore.

Ignorance and acknowledgement were different things, however. She hadn't been ignorant and had acknowledged her hair had changed, but she didn't seem to acknowledge it as incorrect. On some level she *did* subconsciously think 'wait, that's not right', but all that came out of her mouth, and through thinner lips at that, was an "*Oh*". This set the stage for just how much she would react throughout her transformation. *Not much*.

Djeeta seemed to be much more fixated on the other things in the storage room. Objects that had been familiar to her before felt very *foreign* to her now, and she couldn't remember just what they were called *or* what they did. Her gaze as she looked around even *widened*, revealing how her brown irises were darkening to the same color as her hair, with her pupils inverting to white. There was something almost *eerie* about them. That was without even considering their glass quality that made them seem *artificial*.

"**A-A-Ah?**" The young woman displayed an unusual *hitch* mentally, or at least that was how it seemed. Her mouth opened and closed several times, with her body spasming out in the meantime. Djeeta was changing just as much *internally* as she was externally. The hitch had come courtesy of her brain taking a new, digital and electronic form. Her skeleton weighed heavy as it turned to steel, and with her blood becoming something more akin to a reddish *coolant*? The skin of her body darkened to the color of red-tinted ash.

By the time she recovered from her mental incident? Her expression had turned blank, and it looked a little *off*. There had been early signs that her face's structure had been shifted like her thinned lips, but it was more apparent now. Despite being an inch taller, her face demonstrated far more *youth*. She looked closer to Lyria's age, and if not for her height and figure she might have passed for a 'red Lyria' altogether. While her height wouldn't become any more similar to the Girl in Blue's, however...

Her figure inherited some similarities. The front of the girl's dress was a pretty good example of this. Her chest was clearly *compression*, and two cup sizes fell from her ashen bust before long – similarly removing some of the puff from her nipples in the meantime. A little lower and her waistline and hips narrowed as the abs softened away from her torso. Fairly, she didn't need them to be strong as someone of an artificial form.

“Reboot successful.” Djeeta's voice sounded more like a robot's voice for a moment, and while it remained a little deeper? The hollower quality at least faded after informing absolutely no one about what she had just done. This appeared to occur in tandem with her ass and thighs thinning until they were similarly lean. Still feminine, but more like a maiden's than a woman's. Her eyes remained wide as she resumed looking around, though smaller, ashen fingers explored the left side of her head. Had that deep *indentation* been there before? No. It was more like a *socket*. She was missing a *component*.

The captain's pink dress and outfit in general finally altered its design. Most of it pressed tightly against her skin, cloth darkening to form a sleeveless, black leotard while her thigh high boots became matching, toeless and soleless thigh high leggings instead. Matching gloves with clawed fingertips found her arms, and the spikes of a crimson, crystal crown stuck out from the back of her head. But she was still missing *him*.
“Alan.”

“There are so many



things in here that I have never seen before." The robotic manner of speech that the ashen-skinned, red-headed young woman spoke with was very much by design. *Yatima* was not a woman of flesh and blood. She was an artificial intelligence that had once been fused with an Automagod, an inorganic being that had developed her own emotions and desires. She had only recently traveled to the Skydom and become a member of the Grandcypher's crew.

That was while all of the overly mundane things in the storage room stood out to her as interesting. A dishwashers, a microwave, a barstool; Yatima understood what none of these things were, and her natural curiosity distracted her from that vague understanding at the depths of her digital memory. That, perhaps this might not *actually* be her own life.

**"I wonder if someone could explain them to me if I asked?
Why is Alan not attached?"**

She needed to find him. He was *necessary*.



"Hm... I wonder if I could put this up somewhere? Would it match one of the decorations Djeeta is picking out?" In the meantime, Lyria had been in the dining area – essentially the cafeteria section of the dining cabin – pushing tables around. While the party wasn't until the evening, if they tried to move the tables during the day then there would always be people sitting in them. It sounded like a lot of work for such a small girl, but the tables had wheels installed!

She had more or less finished her task and was waiting for Djeeta to finish hers so that she could ask about the item in her hand. A bright blue gemstone that she had found in her room that morning. She wasn't sure where it had come from, but it was pretty! Lyria had even brought it to her meeting with the captains earlier on. She'd actually meant to ask them about it but had gotten caught up in the reminiscence.

"A beautiful stone, befitting of the glory of the blue skies..." She stared down at it, not considering just how oddly *poetic* she sounded as she said it. She ended up setting the gemstone down to work on other tasks, but she suddenly felt oddly compelled to make herself more useful. For Gran and Djeeta's sake specifically. It was strange. She

had always been protective of them, but not like this. These feelings was somehow more like the feelings a *parent* had for their *children*.

A shimmer swept through Lyria's eyes, introducing a touch of violet to her irises as the mental reconditioning took hold and her old persona begun its compartmentalization process. Her eyes went wide in that moment as her body began to adjust to what was an overwhelming surge of *power*. "**H-HUH!?**" The girl could feel it *surging* from within her, and it burned with such a strength that her dress and jewelry was all eviscerated. This onset of strength was so great that it interrupted the compartmentalization process of her mind, stunting the process rather substantially.

Lyria was far too aware of what was happening to her and would remain that way throughout. "**I-I'm naked!?**" She had no choice but to cover her small chest with one arm and place the other hand over her crotch if she was going to retain her modesty. She *was* alone, but if anyone walked in, she was going to be *very* embarrassed. While this was her immediate concern, one rapidly turned into *numerous* as she realized there were other things amiss – most with her body's *figure*.

"**A-And now I'm shrinking!? How curious...**" For how panicked she was, that moment of calm at the end was unusual. But it definitely wasn't as unusual as the realization that her height was collapsing. The Girl in Blue hadn't even been tall in the first place, being just shy of the 5' mark, But the inches peeled off until she was 4'8" instead. A height that felt a little mismatched, at least depending on the age she was going to end up becoming.

Well, there *was* a pretty early hint. She definitely *wasn't* becoming younger – this was a fact that made itself known due to the fact that she began to very unusually *top heavy*. "**O-Oh?**" Her deepening, sultrier sounding voice also made this theory sound more believable. With her arm crossed over her chest as it was, there was no mystery regarding what the weightiness was all about. She was watching her chest *expand* before her very eyes, pulling her posture downward once it became clear that they weren't swelling to any normal size. At least not for a *human*.

"**What am I supposed to do...?**" Lyria felt pretty lost in that moment. Her arm was *already* struggling to cover up her nipples, and her breasts had only grown to C-cups. Their jiggling weight surged over the top of that arm and her fingers eventually slipped away from the farthest nipple – revealing just how big and puffy it had already become. They eventually became so large that there was no point in trying to cover them anymore once they nearly rivaled her *head* in size.

Tits of that heft on a body of that height... **“Am I becoming a Draph? No, perhaps it’s better to say this body was modeled *after* one. But how do I know this?”** It was definitely a fair question, but the answer to the initial question definitely explained the elephant in the room. Draph women were generally shorter than 4’8”, but Lyria had been developing one’s figure regardless.

In fact, she was continuing to *thicken* in various ways. Her muscles had strengthened to accommodate her hefty breasts with her shoulders widening a few inches in the process. But their greater width *paled* in comparison to how dramatically a similar phenomenon affected her hips. They practically *popped* out, swinging roughly *six* inches wider as the flesh nearby expanded to make use of this greater gait. Fat poured into her thighs with such abundance that they thickened to a width that was similar to her waistline’s, and her ass swelled into a pleasant heart shape behind her.

“This body is so mature. *Maternal*, in a way. But wasn’t that the intention? It’s all so... strange.” Old memories and new ones had merged together, making what was happening to the *woman* easier to comprehend and accept, but in a way that alarming in its own right. Her body was now one of a Draph woman in her early 20s, and her face was finally conforming to this reality beyond the simple eye color change she had experienced prior. Take her nose growing larger, or her eyes parting wider (at the cost of the weary, dark circles that emerged under those eyes). She licked at thickened lips with little concern, simply accepting it as reality.

Just as she hardly batted an eyelash at the sight and sensation of her *hair* changing too. It darkened as it *thickened*, blues mixing with an onset of red that fused into a rich and vibrant purple. It shortened, no longer touching her ankles but instead just reaching her ass – but the compromise was that the length that remains became very thick, wavy, and messy. It was all so weighty that the *growth* from the sides of her head that was *not* hair was hardly felt. The emergence of forward-facing, copper horns that were ribbed and were angled slightly down past her shoulders.

Lyria now had a Draph’s general biology, but these weren’t the horns of a Draph. They were the horns of a *dragon*.

She sighed with relief as the whole *nudity* issue became much less of an issue, even though she hadn’t cared *as much* ever since her new personality had settled. Nonetheless, a golden leotard and matching gauntlets and clawed, armored gloves were a welcome change. The leotard was designed like a cage around her huge tits, showing the bodysuit underneath – at least as long as her new lab coat was being

worn on her shoulders like it presently was. Whereas loose bandaged covered her head and were wrapped messily around her neck.

“My control over causality and the flow of time can’t explain this, can they?” It was funny. This new *Orologia*. Had retained the same amount of acknowledgment towards her past life as Raziel and Yatima had, and yet she was able to comprehend just how her life had changed *much* more clearly. **“If I cannot explain it, I suppose I can’t reverse it. Was it that stone?”** She glanced at the stone on the table. It seemed to be the likely culprit.

In fact, she could make assumptions about *much* more regarding this situation than that. She had likely *swapped* with the real Orologia. Meaning ‘Lyria’ wasn’t missing from this world. She was a victim too and would act as the real one should have. How many had been affected? Until she understood things better, it was best to leave it alone and not alarm anyone. If anyone would believe her in the first place.

“Of course, in the worst case? It might be better if no one ever realizes.”

If it was unfixable, she would just keep it to herself.

