

MARRIED TO PHAETHON

FEBRUARY 2026 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’ve been spending so much time with Lord Phaethon recently... Both of them!”

Vivian Banshee had been absolutely through the moon as of late. How could she *not* be? Ever since she’d been able to meet her heroes, the Proxy pair ‘Phaethon’ that she had idolized for a long time now, every day had felt so much lighter! They’d been spending a *lot* of time in Yunkui Summit as of late, but Wise and Belle had finally come back to their home at Sixth Street for the foreseeable future. She’d been visiting them like... every day!

“But I’ve run into something of a conundrum, haven’t I?” For as much as she loved *both* members of Phaethon, if she was going to pursue her romantic interests then she was going to have to choose one, right? There was no way they could *all* be together. Namely because they *were* siblings, so that would have been a little *odd* for the pair of them if she’d ever proposed dating them at the same time. Not that she *hadn’t* considered pursuing a polygamous relationship with them.

The young woman was simply mumbling to herself as she approached Random Play. **“I just wish I didn’t have to choose which Lord Phaethon to be with... I wish I could have both of them forever!”** Vivian, however, was being watched by someone. A seedy looking woman in a cloak with ties to The Exaltists, or at least what remained after they had effectively been eliminated via the efforts of Phaethon and their Yunkui Summit benefactors.

She had been tailing Vivian for a while and possessed an unusual, wish-granting power. And hearing the name 'Phaethon'... she just couldn't help herself.



“...What? When did I walk into here? There’s *no* way I could have...” Around the same time as Vivian walking to Random Play, Wise had been running some errands in the nearby shopping district while leaving Belle in charge of the shop. He’d walking into what he’d *thought* was a convenience store, but after passing through the door? He’d found himself somewhere *unlike* where he had expected to turn up. He wasn’t in a store at *all*.

Instead? He was in what looked like a dressing room of some kind. Not the sort you’d see backstage at a show or something, but based on the fancy décor and the elegant look of it all, it felt more like... Well, he wasn’t sure *where* he’d ended up, but it somehow gave him *wedding* vibes, with the door he’d walked through leading into an equally fancy, equally marble-floored hall. **“H-How?”** The man *did* have the sense to check the hall, but before he could?

The door closed in his face, trapping him in.

“Well, this isn’t getting any *less* weird...” Wise mumbled to himself as he attempted what was obvious in this situation and went to turn the doorknob. Unfortunately, this gesture was done to no avail as the knob didn’t budge in the least. **“Is it *locked*?”** He naturally wondered as he looked down at the doorknob itself with his fingers still wrapped around it. Only for his attention to be suddenly pulled *away* from the knob itself and onto the fingers that were gripping it.

He didn’t say anything at *first*, staring at his hand with the vague confusion of someone who wasn’t quite sure what he was looking at. He knew his own hands better than anyone, of course, so that was how he could tell that they seemed to be slightly *off*. He didn’t recall his fingers being quite that dainty, nor his nails so long and... well manicured? He became doubly certain of all this when he pulled his hand away and turned it over. **“Even my palm... *both* palms.”** Because the same absurdity had been replicated in *both* of his hands.

To be fair, it also affected his *feet* even if it wasn't quite *as* obvious. Wise's sneakers were just a little *too* big for his feet all of a sudden, with the lengths of his tootsies regressing just a few inches and his toes themselves gaining nails that were trimmed expertly. This made his balance just a tad uneasy, but not so much that he couldn't correct it almost immediately. But Wise? He was focused on his *hands*. **"Why do they look like this? They almost look like a *woman's*!?"**

It was hard for him *not* to notice the sound of his own voice crackling up in pitch, but it came secondary to a sudden and substantial *drop* in his eye level that made him think he was falling, at least for a moment. But falling wasn't usually accompanied by the feeling of one's clothes becoming looser, no were you usually incapable of standing up to the same height again. **"W-Wait... did *I* just get smaller!?"** It was only by a couple of inches, and he was still pretty tall, but it was still noticeable.

If I was too tall then I wouldn't fit in my dress, right?

"*Dress*?" In what world would he be wearing a *dress*? Then again, his hands seemed to be... feminine... and his voice kept cracking to *sound* like one. But how was that possible? It wasn't like he could be a—**"*Mmn!*?"** —*woman*? And yet that was *clearly* what *she* had become when, all of a sudden, her cock and balls pulled up into her new *slit*. **"*I'm... a woman*?"** She didn't need to double check. She just felt like she *knew*. There was even a part of her that felt like it was *normal*. **"*That's... not...?*"**

But that wasn't the only thing that she strangely felt like was 'correct' all of a sudden. Wise wasn't thinking a thing about how the pitch of her voice had shifted into that higher pitch permanently. It didn't even look all that out of place on the woman's *face*, which became more feminine and beautiful as the seconds ticked by. Crimson seeped into eyes that became wider and more expressive, with lashes that lengthened beneath thinned eyebrows.

Her nose became smaller, while her lips bloated until they were full-on *thrice* their original thickness. Plump and kissable, they were more reminiscent of the lips of a popular camgirl or something like that. With thinned cheeks, there was a narrowed beauty to it all. Serene, with droopy eyes that left the impression that she wasn't especially emotive. That said, those eyes ended up separated by strands of *black* hair that crossed between them, part of a darkening and lengthening of silver locks that *cascaded* down her back until they reached to the backs of her knees. They made her look all the more beautiful.

“Of course I’m a woman. A woman on... my wedding day?” Was Wise supposed to be the blushing bride, then? She wasn’t yet *dressed* for the part, but she also was *lacking* in too many areas to be considered a *full* woman just yet regardless. These were ‘issues’ that were still in the process of correction though, and a flaring out of her hips a number of inches while her waist slimmed was the first sign of it. Almost like her figure had preparing for something... *more*.

And there was very little suspense when it came to *what* it had been preparing for. **“...Huh?”** All things considered, the woman’s expression of surprise as she suddenly stumbled forward by an immense weight pulling her forward was somewhat... subdued. Wise had never really been all that expressive, but this was *too* inexpressive even for her. If she’d been in her right mind, his shirt lifting because fat had pooled into his chest so quickly that her chest had inflated into a pair of *I-cup* tits with nipples bigger than her eyes filled her t-shirt to capacity.

By the time she *barely* managed to correct her standing orientation (and only because her back muscles had strengthened to allow it), her lower half had filled out in kind. This led to already tight pants tightening further, the front button popping off as fat from her expanding ass cheeks pooled up and over her waistband. Boxers were wedged into her crack *and* her pussy, and a fattening of her thighs to split the stitching on the sides of the legs so that flesh could bubble through the cracks didn’t help either.

But... **“Right. My dress...”** The next time she looked down at herself, there were no signs of clothing malfunction at all. That said, while she *was* calling it a ‘dress’, could the white lace that now covered her body *really* be called one? A floral pattern wrapped around the lower outsides of her breasts, shielding her nipples while leaving the rest exposed, from which an open skirt hung while leaving a window to show off what looked like a thong-strapped bikini bottom along with her tummy bare.

Garterbelts hung from the thong straps, but connected to a lower skirt that hung from her thighs to the floor, hiding the white heels underneath. A detached collar and lace sleeves helped frame her upper body, while a wedding veil hung from the back of her head with a plethora of flower decorations worn among it. After looking at herself, she looked at the room around her.

“Look at me... A blushing bride.” *Winter*, a name that felt ill fit for a woman with long, *black* hair, approached the mirror in the changing room with a series of small yet graceful steps, as if she was testing out the heels she was wearing on her feet. She *did* look incredibly beautiful, and the dress was tailored to her liking. That was to say that she *liked* showing skin. She worked in one of New Eridu’s brothels, and not

because she didn't like it. **"To think even someone like me could end up in a happy relationship."**

Well, it wasn't a *conventional* one according to the standards of some. A brothel woman married to not only one other brothel woman, but *two*? Polygamy wasn't illegal in New Eridu, but there were some that frowned upon it. Not that she *cared*. If she had shame, she wouldn't have worked the job she did in the first place. **"I hope the other two look as beautiful as I imagined..."** She wondered monotonously with a little head tilt.

She was getting a little aroused just *thinking* about how hot they probably looked!



"Uh... I was behind the counter just a second ago, right?" Although she hadn't been a *fan* of being locked up in the video rental store while *Wise* got to go out and do all the shopping, Belle was still an obedient little sister when she wanted to be. It wasn't even so much *obedience* as it was the fact that she'd lost at a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors. Who even throw rock every time!? Regardless of the reason, she *should* have been bored out of her mind behind that front counter.

But she *wasn't* all of a sudden. She wasn't even in the store!? **"It's like the whole place just changed around me all of a sudden!? Huh!?"** Belle had seen weird stuff like that before in the Hollows, but she'd been in the city! But it looked more like she was on the set of an old *wedding show* or something – or at least in one of those fancy dressing rooms that were typically reserved for the brides. It looked like there was an exit, but before she could even peek at it?

BAM!

The door slammed shut.

Belle, slightly stunned by this development, blinking numerous times before responding with a “...**HEY!?**”. Much like her brother, she was quick to learn that the door *was* locked after running over to check, and like her brother she was due for a transformation of her own. But *unlike* him? Her own didn’t start something as noticeable as her hands... namely because her hands were already feminine in the first place. Maybe her fingers crept out a little longer, and the nails extended slightly, but the young woman wasn’t even looking down at her hands.

Instead, her attention was pulled away from the door entirely by a sudden *tightness* within her bra of all places. At first, she’d thought it was just sitting incorrectly and had reached back to try and adjust it from behind. But when that made things *worse* and she cast her attention down *towards* the chest that was causing her all of her issues. She... “**What the—!?**”

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The collar of her shirt suddenly *split* open before she could properly react to the sight of her own, modest bosom *swelling* with great speed. The fabric of her graphic tee was pulled apart in the front, and the strap of her bra *snapped* as creamy flesh peeked more and more into view. Her nipples eventually slipped out, each one relative in size to one of her *eyes*, but while these tits were basically as big as her head, they certainly *weren’t* as big as Bailey’s. They were *very* slightly smaller.

“**What the hell is *with* these things!? They’re *huge!* *Squeezing a cock between them would—* E-Eh!? Why would I even say *that!*?**” That was a *very* good question. Belle was an adult and she had perverted tendencies, but she also wasn’t *that* perverted. She didn’t think about dicks like... *every*. In fact, she leaned more in the other direction! But such a *lewd* comment was *way* too far for her. That spout of confusion was almost... dizzying.

And in a way, that worked to the transformation’s benefit. While she was *trying* to pull herself away from those more perverse thoughts, her fingers both pulled at the fabric that still contained some of that flesh and even played with her breasts a little. She handled them like a woman that was *very* accustomed to dealing with a bust of that size. Like she’d had breasts of that mass her *whole* life.

Just like she had a big... *ass*? *That* was what the woman didn't *seem* to notice. It wasn't just her jugs that had been swelling. The fat in her rump ballooned, lifting the back of her skirt and chewing up her undergarments while that fat bled into her thighs as well. The legging on her left thigh dug *into* this expanding flesh but was eventually pulled down ever-so-slightly as Belle's limbs unknowingly stretched a tad so that she gained about *two inches* of height.

Between her fat ass and her thicc thighs, her hips had really been given no choice but to spread themselves wider. It was an expansion that led to her knees pointing inwards passively, because her gait had grown nearly *five* inches while her waistline... well, it didn't remain *as* narrow. But it didn't really *widen* either. The slightest bit of chubbiness gave her a little tummy bump. "**I... Who...? What...? Marriage!?**" And was her voice a little different? Deeper, yet it somehow carried even *more* energy than it usually did.

Belle was *clearly* confused beyond repair. If she was getting *married* then the room she was in would make sense, right? The more certain she became of the idea that she was in the midst of her *very* special day, the *pinkier* the colors of her eyes became. They also narrowed in shape, with longer lashes fluttering whenever she blinked. Her nose grew slightly longer, and her lips bloated as if they were bee stung. It all came together to give her face a very *different*, more mature appeal that didn't look like Belle at all.

Of course, that *was* the intention. Locks of silver hair spilled down from her head as it lightened *and* lengthened. It thickened in waves as it spilled down her back and then branched out into a pair of spiraling drills that reached just past her ass. Her bangs *also* lengthened and curved off both to each side and down to her nose. "**Of course! Today's a very special day, isn't it! I'm even dressed for the part! ...And for the fucking after!**" Was that really a priority? It seemed to be for her!

As it turned out, her claim that she was *dressed* for the occasion was rendered true within seconds. While her dress was clearly designed to match Bailey's, it was a long and flowing gown that at least covered her lower body. There was no glimpse as her ass, crotch, or thighs, but her *tits* were very much on display as the flowery pattern only really covered her nipples. She wore the same heels as Bailey, had a veil, and had translucent cloth covering her shoulders. She looked a lot more innocent than she *felt*, that much was certain.

Because the thought of getting married made her feel pretty *horny*.

“Hehehe! It’s our wedding day! Our wedding day~!” Compared to Winter, *Bailey* was the much more *playful* bride in their polygamous relationship. She always brought the *energy* and was like the heart of the trio. As an example of this, even though she remembered taking all that time to dress up in her gown, and was even sporting heels, she was still bouncing around the room with a playful smile upon her face. Of course, every hop and skip that she took led to her largely exposed bosom bouncing around freely.



But she *was* a brothel girl and had been since she’d turned eighteen. If something like that bothered her then she would have been *pretty* bad at her job. Between the three of them, they’d made so much money over the years that they were also *retiring* and living comfortably after their wedding! ...Which was good, since now that they *were* getting married, they didn’t want to sleep with anyone else anyways.

“It’s almost time to walk down the aisle~! And then we’ll have even more fun after!”

Bailey had been *practicing* her three-way techniques.

“LORD PHAETHON! I’M—!?” Vivian’s short walk to Random Play had come to an end, and she’d barged through the front door with her usual greeting and a hand in the air. The issue was that when she had barged *through* the door and caught herself on the other side, her footsteps had echoed against a marble floor and the door she had walked through had *slammed* behind her. **“I’m... I’m... Where the hell am I!?”**

She dropped her parasol in all of the confusion and looked around in a panic. **“This is... the wedding hall, isn’t it?”** Of the three, she was the only one who had been there before. Because she was wealthy and had connections, Vivian had been inside before. But it was a pretty decent trip from where Random Play was located. It should have taken at least *thirty* minutes by car to get there! **“Th-This doesn’t make any sense! It isn’t like I’m...”**

...Getting married?



‘It isn’t like I’m getting married’ should have been a no-brainer statement with zero room for doubt, and yet Vivian found herself pausing after thinking it. She *had* just been thinking about marrying one of the two Lord Phaethons, but that obviously shouldn’t have amounted to much of anything. And yet, in the end, she couldn’t deny it. That there was an *itch*. A voice in the back of her head telling her: *But today is my wedding day!*

The voice’s ring came with a change that neither Wise nor Belle had experienced, namely because they couldn’t *possibly* have. After all, of the three, only Vivian had pointed ears; *had* being the keyword. Because the moment she began to question her presence in that chamber was the moment their lengths showed signs of shortening and rounding until,

eventually, they were no different in shape or size than any regular person’s ears.

“**No, no, no! *I-I’m not here to get married!***” Or so she *stammered*, which really wasn’t like her at *all*. Vivian always carried herself with confidence even if she was facing dire straights. She normally wouldn’t be taken so off-guard by something like that! But, in the meantime, the changes to her appearance had begun to grow more severe. Her piercing, crimson eyes were some of the first to succumb as their reds brightened to a pastel pink, framed by eyelids that made her eyes appear larger, more expressive, and somehow *cuter*. Even though she wasn’t necessarily getting *younger*.

In fact, the rest of her face shunned the idea that she was becoming more youthful entirely. Her lips proved this, as they thickened into full and kissable forms that had a very mature swell and shape to them, nestled between cheeks that looked fuller and wider. Her nose was longer too, and while it did make her look like she might have been *slightly* heavier than she actually was, she was still undeniably a woman in her twenties.

The issue was that she didn’t look like *Vivian* at all. Like the other two, she looked like *someone else*. And this trend continued into drilled hair that straitened under the whims of both silver and bright pink. It was as

if the outer layer had been dyed with a different color than the underlayer, with the silver coating and hiding the pink as her bangs parted at the side and hung straight between her eyes. That hair even reached past her butt behind her.

“I-I feel... weird? Is that right? S-Something’s wrong, right? Even my voice...” An onset panic attack was the *last* thing that the woman had needed in that moment. It was once again very out of character for her to get that worked up in the first place, but she couldn’t exactly ignore how soft and meek her tone had become. She was worrying about... *a lot* of things now. *What* was happening to her? *Was* something happening to her? ***Am I still going to fit into my dress?***

The last question was actually *strangely* relevant. The shape of her face had already suggested she might not be as perfectly trim as she knew herself to be, but that was effectively confirmed as the cloth of her dress around her tummy was stretched. Her belly bloated into a very slight belly bump that hung about two inches over her pelvis. It loosened the cloth that was wrapped around it but likewise appeared to force her hips farther apart in the process. Because, well, her belly wasn’t the only part of her body that would gain weight.

“H-Heavy... Tight...” Vivian muttered two related complaints to herself under her breath but seemingly stopped questioning where those complaints *might* have been coming from. It should have been obvious that she had gained a little weight, but she was also thinking about how her panties were digging into her butt. She just wasn’t considering that it was *obviously* because her ass cheeks had suddenly *exploded* in size, lifting her skirt as they blossomed into a heart-shape and practically swallowed her panties whole. Her thighs didn’t shy away from succumbing to a similar transformation, rubbing up against each other within seconds despite her widened hips separating them for a time.

There was a part of her that wanted to bite down on her lengthened, manicured nails. But she stopped herself. ***Don’t do it! I worked hard to grow those out for today!*** And it was her special day! She didn’t want to throw out all that hard work right in front of her goal! **“H-H-HEY!?”** She lost her opportunity to go in for a nibble anyways, namely because she somehow *lost her balance* and stumbled forward several steps as the sound of fabric ripping filled the air. She only just barely caught herself and righted her posture, but when she did?

L-cup tits bounced bare, escaping from the tatters of what had once been her dress’s top along with the snapped bra that *had* been holding them. They had ballooned so suddenly and so immensely that her clothing hadn’t stood a chance, and now each breast was roughly 1.5 times the size of her head! But that felt *normal* to her. What wasn’t

normal was them being *exposed*. “**E-EEP!? Wasn’t I dressed!? I’m so self-conscious!**” She felt confident with her breasts at work or when she was with her partners, but at such a random moment... showing off her nipples was so *embarrassing*!

Which was why it was probably for the best that it was only temporary. Well, they weren’t exactly *completely* covered, but her *nipples* were, at least, by the white wedding gown that clad her. Her tits were basically *entirely* exposed because the dress lacked shoulders or even straps, with a layered skirt that covered her right thigh but not the left. Lace, white thigh highs gripped her thickened legs and were tucked into white heels, while a pink gemstone hung from a lace collar on her neck. Finally, she had the most colorful of the veils when it came to the three girls. Long and lace, she also wore it with a pink rose and a silver tiara with pink gemstones.

Showing that, of the three, Vivian had become the center.

“**I-I can’t believe it! It’s really happening... W-Wow...**” Of the three women, *Veronica* was probably the heart of the relationship. She was the one that had fallen in love with both Winter and Bailey first, and it was through her that they had fallen in love as well. She had a rocking body and was *very* shy despite her work, but there was no one more honest and passionate than her. *Especially* when it came to love. “**I-I should make sure everything is perfect! I-It has to be perfect!**”

Veronica could already picture Winter walking down the aisle with her usual aloof expression, and then Bailey practically skipping down it without a care in the world for how disheveled they became. But that was part of their individual charms! She loved every little piece of them! “**Okay! I think everything looks good! I just need to wait for the right time to head to the marriage hall... A-And it’ll be my happily ever after!**” No more sleeping with randoms for money, no more worrying about money at all!

Just her and her two wives! She was so lucky that she could have them both, *and* that they weren’t related!

“**...Wh-Why did *that* cross my mind!?**”

