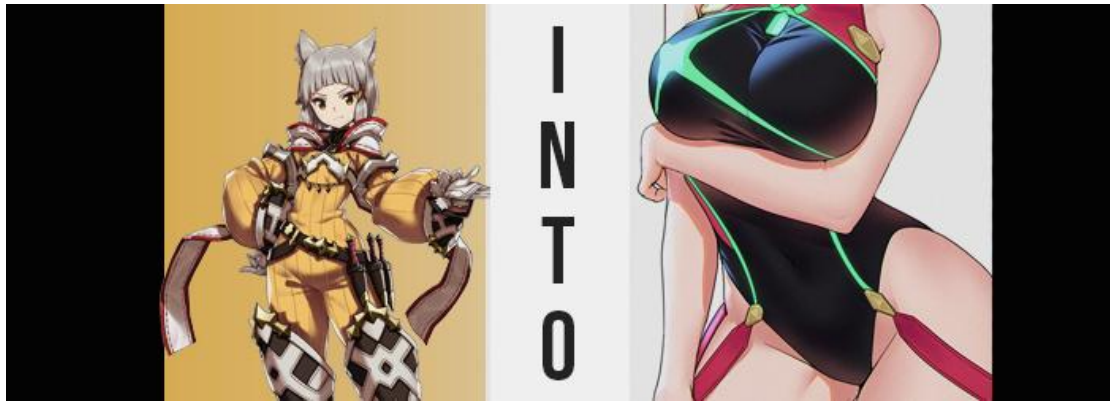


REPLACEMENT SKINSHIP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How long had it been now? A year? No, maybe closer to two.

It had already been *that* long since Rex's journey with all of the others had ended, and even less time had passed since they had all ultimately made their current *arrangement*. In the wake of the final battle, Pyra and Mythra had separated once more allowing them to live their lives as individuals. They *both* loved Rex, and Rex loved not only the both of them, but Nia as well. Feelings that Nia *also* returned. How could it have gotten even more complicated?

Pyra and Mythra also had feelings for Nia, and Nia for the two Blades. There was only a single solution that made sense if *all* of their feelings were mutual, or at least that was what they had concluded in the end. There was no law in their world that dictated you could only take a single partner, and so in the end? The quadruple ended up entering a polyamorous marriage. They all shared each other's company, both emotionally and intimately, and lately there had even been talk of consummating their marriages.

"How would Rex even *handle* three pregnant Blades?" Nia laughed to herself alone as she considered the implications of this. He'd grown and matured a lot over the course of the past two years, but he was still childish enough in his own way. The cat-eared Blade was only reminiscing about it all at the moment because they had finally taken the time to go away on their *honeymoon*. **"Who even *packed* these bags? They're a mess!"** Rex. It had probably been Rex.

Funnily enough, it had been Rex's idea to take them to a beach resort. They had already checked in and been shown to their shared room, but

the others had gone off exploring the resort properly while Nia had volunteered to remain behind and unpack. The four of them were staying for an *entire* week, so there was no point in leaving their stuff bundled up in their bags. Especially when their room came with a dresser and drawers included.



Nia had already gotten through the bag that had included their underwear and bedwear. The smaller one she was investigating now? It seemed to include their more *specialized* attire. She was going to ignore the three strap-ons that were included – because of course, if the three Blades ever needed to please each other, they needed to rely on tools – and just shoved them into the lowest drawer for later.

“I’m glad he’s thoughtful enough to pack them, but why did he pack them with the swimwear?” He probably could have afforded to stick them into a different bag at *least*! There was no point in really complaining about it, though. Rex wasn’t in the room, though she might give him an earful when he got back with the others later. **“I think I’ll pack everything back up again when we leave.”** Lest a very unfortunate and irritated Mythra had to unpack the bags at home and lose her mind due to his poor organizational skills.

Once she put all of the *bedroom* stuff away, she finally found their swimsuits at the bottom of the bag. Rex’s trunks were on top. New, from the looks of things. While underneath was some *not so new* swimwear. **“...Why did he pack *these*? What was the point of us going out to buy new ones a few weeks ago?”** The swimsuits that Nia *had* found were the ones they’d all owned two years ago. It wasn’t *really* an issue because as Blades it wasn’t as if Pyra, Mythra, or herself had *grown* at all in that time. But she knew the other two had been excited to show off their new swimsuits.

She sighed as she pulled out hers and Mythra’s and deposited them gently into an open drawer. **“I guess it isn’t impossible he just packed the new ones in a separate bag. I still have two to get through, after all.”** All would be forgiven if *that* was the case. But when she moved to remove Pyra’s? There was a small *literal* snag. A *literal* one, since the nylon of the one piece got caught in the bag’s zipper and *ripped*. **“BLOODY HELL!”** The entire chest tore, making it *unsalvageable*. Now she was *really* hoping that Rex had packed two pairs of swimsuits per person.

Matters seemingly got even worse when she struggled to get it out of the zipper's mouth. Pyra's swimsuit was *already* damaged, but shaking it was the only way to loosen it! It in turn shook the bag and the contents still stuck inside, and with one good shake? Something knocked against her hand. A small, round object was in the bag? Was it another sex toy that he'd snuck in there!? Unfortunately for Nia, she didn't much of a chance to check. Seconds after her hand was struck?

There was a flash of light, and both *whatever* that object had been and the swimsuit had just *disappeared*.

“EH!? And now it's *gone*!?” If she tried to look on the bright side, then at least she wouldn't have to explain to Pyra how she had ripped it. She might be able to pretend Rex hadn't packed it in the first place, thus absolving her of any wrongdoing! But even Nia *knew* that would have been in poor taste, and she didn't want her marriage with any of the others to be based on any lies – big *or* small. **“But then how am I going to explain that it just *disappeared*?”** Honestly, she was probably getting too worked up over nothing. The others would believe her even if the story *was* a little outlandish.

Nia had been kneeling on the floor to sort through the bag, but she stood up once Pyra's swimsuit had gone AWOL. What had she even bumped into? Maybe it had been some sort of teleportation stone? Could the swimsuit have been teleported somewhere? But then how could Rex accidentally pack something like that? Even if he didn't know what it *was*, why put a stone in their belongings? Of course, Nia was on the wrong track. After all— **“WAIT.”**

The young woman *finally* noticed. She had thought that it was a little breezy when she stood, and when she finally looked down? She noticed. Noticed that she was *naked*. **“WHERE DID MY CLOTHES GO!?”** The Blade girl had *definitely* been wearing them as recently as when she unpacked the first two swimsuits. She could remember seeing her sleeve when she reached to grab Pyra's swimsuit, too. Had *her* clothes been teleported away too!? Maybe because she'd touched the stone at the same time?

“Ugh, it's a good thing I packed spares. I hope I can get that outfit back...” It was her favorite one! It fit her small... curves... perfectly? The timing couldn't have been any better. Or *worse*. Nia's posture had begun to slip forward beyond her control. *She* wasn't leaning forward on purpose; it was more like her upper body was *heavier*? And thanks to the fact that she was now *naked*? She could quickly tell *why* it felt that way. **“M-MY CHEST!?”**

...Nia wasn't very good at keeping her reactions tempered.

In her defense, in this case it was *definitely* warranted. As a Blade, Nia wasn't exactly expecting her body to develop any further regardless of how long she lived. But what was happening before her very eyes ran contrary to that belief. Her chest was *growing*! Her tits were *ballooning*, filling with what she could only assume was the same fat that would fill any woman's breasts. They doubled in size, tripled, each cup size forcing her to pull her back up even more while her nipples grew in kind. **"Th-They're huge!"** They were almost as big as her *head* before they finished growing.

Almost identical in size to Pyra and Mythra's!? The woman cupped them. They certainly *felt* as hefty when she held their weight, and she'd always been a little jealous of how big their own chests were. But they must have looked *ridiculous* on her, since she was a lot shorter than her wives. There was another aspect of her body where this was just as true, but she was way too distracted by her tits to notice.

To notice that her *ass* had swollen too. Her tits were right in front of her, so she clearly had noticed them first and foremost, and yet without any clothes to tighten around them, she *didn't* notice how the cheeks of her ass had been filling similarly. They pushed out behind her with a hefty, glossy jiggle that forced her hips to part and her knees to buckle in kind. And this weight also applied itself to thickening thighs – all once again comparable to Pyra and Mythra's build.

There was another aspect in which that physical similarity could be noted too. **"W-Woah! Hey!"** Nia felt a little off balance again, this time not because any aspect of her body was growing *heavier*, but it *was* because of her body. Nia noticed quickly. **"I-I'm getting taller!?"** Not substantially, but she *did* grow about four inches taller. Enough for her to notice, and enough for her figure to not look quite *as* ridiculous. Mind you, this meant that her figure was— **"I look just like Pyra and Mythra. Whoa!"**

The Blade finally put two and two together. Had her prayers been answered? Had she been blessed with a body just like the bodies of the women she thirsted over occasionally? Well, hopefully she wasn't turning *into* one of them! What would they say when they saw her? Would they be into it? Would Rex be into it? Nia saw this all as a *good* thing, at least initially. But then she looked *down* at her supplier form again.

"Huh? What are these specks though? Why is my skin so... weird? Is it some kind of side effect?" Seeing as her head was naturally attached to her neck, it was difficult for the woman to get a

closer look at what was happening to her skin. But at least on her breasts? She could make out *black speckles* of a sort. They were few in number at first glance, but the more she stared at them? The more numerous they became. It was as if she was watching the lines of a coloring book slowly fill in, but they were filling in with a dark, shiny... *fiber*. And the 'lines' were the shape of her changed body.

Nia's eyes went wide suddenly, and she fell onto her *side*. She wasn't able to lift her arms or her legs, much less open her mouth. Even her breathing began to slow, bringing about fears that resonated with the dulling of her heartbeat. She couldn't turn her neck to look down at her body. To tell just *what* was happening to her. All she could really do was try and *feel* as her vision began to slowly darken.

But would she have even believed her eyes if she was able to? Her torso was darkening at an *alarming* rate now, the patches of black blending together. No, it was more like those patches were being *stitched* together. Because upon closer inspection? The darkened skin *wasn't* skin at all. It was a woven tapestry of interlocking nylon fibers. Like her skin itself was becoming *clothing*.

As it painted over her nipples? Those nipples smoothed away. A similar phenomenon occurred with her slit and ass crack as the black covered *them* as well. It wrapped around the interior of her cheeks but didn't quite spread around the outer edges. In fact, her arms and legs didn't change colors at *all*. Not *all* of the changed skin turned black, though. Some of it was bright green, like in an X pattern that ran over her right tit and stretched to meet stripes that straddled her hips vertically.

There was also a splash of *red*. Red that painted her collarbone and proved one patch down the right side of her waist. It was a little thicker than the black and was separated from her breasts by a horizontal stripe of bright green that ran below it. *What's happening to me? I feel so... empty?* The light in Nia's eyes had dulled. Her heart had stilled. But she wasn't *dead*. Her conscious persisted even as her breasts *deflated* and the nylon that had wrapped around them tightened. As her limbs seemed to disappear. And by the time her vision had been erased entirely? Her *head* was gone.

Only a swimsuit was laying disheveled on the ground where she had rested.

But just as Nia had resolved to be consumed by this darkness? There was a flesh of light and the woman's vision returned. It was just... odd. Almost like she could see *too much*, like she was seeing the room around her from a hundred angles simultaneously, yet her 'mind' was able to parse these views all at once regardless. This allowed her to make out

the shape of her own body. To recognize that she *must* have just been... Pyra's missing swimsuit, fortunately repaired. She was disoriented further by yet another flash of light. This time? Her surroundings changed. She was within a dark room? No, she recognized the scent.

She was within the bag she had just been unpacking, her 'body' now folded neatly.

Nia was in a precarious position both figuratively *and* literally. She had no eyes to see, nor a nose or mouth through which to breathe, but her consciousness had not waned. It may not have been enough to say that she was still *legally* 'alive' because she had no heartbeat, but she definitely was alive *enough*. Even though she had become a perfect replica of Pyra's inanimate *swimsuit*.



She could see through the gaps between her 'body's' fibers, and she could also smell the air and *taste* the things she came into contact with, like the inside of the bag she now occupied. *What am I supposed to do!?* All she really *could* do was sit there, folded up and alone with her thoughts. She was a piece of clothing, after all, incapable of communicating, much less *moving*. And so? She waited.

“Hehehe! Good thing I snuck back before the others! But where did Nia go?” Almost an hour had passed before Nia finally heard a familiar voice. It was Pyra's. She must have come back to the room without the others? This was good though, right? Maybe she could somehow communicate with her that—!? **“Huh? Did Rex pack the wrong swimsuits? That's okay!”** Pyra felt like a giant peering down at her in the bag, but that wasn't what had cut off the swimsuit's train of thought.

Pyra hadn't hesitated to grab and pull the swimsuit out of the bag. The woman's fingers against her nylon body caused a pleasurable, electric sensation wherever she touched, and her folded form *unfolding* brought arousal all the same. **“I guess that's okay though! I want to head to the beach before the rest of them!”** Being a Blade, Pyra didn't *need* to strip. Her Core Crystal shimmered for just a second, and then she was just *naked*. Nia had seen her in the nude plenty of times in the past, but not from *that* angle.

And certainly not from the angle of her body being ‘opened’ so that Pyra could slide her long legs and thick thighs through her leg holes. Nia felt her body ‘snap’ as she was pulled up into Pyra’s ass crack in pussy, allowing her to feel the woman’s warmth and taste any lingering sweat. She was pulled so tightly against her tummy that she ate the indentation of her bellybutton, and when pulled against Pyra’s huge breasts? She could feel her erect nipples pressing into her.

It was intimate. *Incredibly* so. And it made Nia feel oh so good. If rubbing up against someone else’s body as a *person* could be arousing, then that sensation had been multiplied by one hundred as an article of clothing. It made the swimsuit hard to think, much less complain. **“There we go! It still fits! Now, off to the beach!”** But would she feel the same way later?

When her head cleared when Pyra removed her, and she had sand stuck to her nylon?

At least she’d be seeing a *lot* of use for the next seven days!