

AMAZONIAN SWELL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The sting of defeat was certainly a painful one.

To be fair, the encounter that had led to this mentality within the mind of the penguin Laguz, Neve, hadn't actually *been* a loss. With her pirate crew docked at a port in Tellius, she had gone along with a small group of her peers to scavenge for supplies in the nearby woods. While they *did* carry coin, if they could collect things like minerals or lumber to bring upon their ship then it gave them an additional means of bartering whenever they stopped in to get supplies. There were settlements that didn't necessarily have the manpower to collect these things themselves, after all.

Occasionally they'd run into things like bandits while on land, but her crew had always been good at dealing with encounters like that. The Laguz girl may not have been *as* an effective of a fighter as everyone else, but bandits were still small potatoes! The issue was that on this particular trip they'd bumped into more fearsome opponents. They were a tribe of warriors that the crew had never seen *or* heard of before. At least beyond warnings from the locals to 'be careful'.

Claiming to be the 'Amazons', a tribe of woman had jumped them in the woods. They were all tall, muscular, and *powerful*. They sported scars and serious expressions and had warned Neve's party to leave. Everyone else had been reluctant to listen to their warning, and so there had been a fight. It *hadn't* been one that had ended in defeat. While there were no casualties on either side, they had managed to push the Amazons away and they had ultimately fled.

So, why then was she cooped up in her camp tent sulking over a magic tome that night? It wasn't that they had lost that was bothering Neve, it was more a matter of her *contributions*. She knew she wasn't as seasoned of a fighter as the others, and she certainly wasn't as strong as some of the bruisers regardless of whether or not she was transformed. Against more seasoned opponents like those Amazons, she felt like she'd been holding everyone back more than being of any help. Someone had even had to rescue her at one point!

"If I can recall correctly, there was a spell in here that could... Aha!" Because she was so depressed over it, the young woman wasn't really thinking as straight as she probably should have been. No one in a healthy mental state would think to turn to magic to cheat their way into strength, and not *just* because it was unethical. Magic could give you things, certainly, but depending on what you desired there would likely be a cost. That was why it was largely only used for combat, because asking for anything else from it could be dangerous.

Five minutes passed, and in that time Neve had concocted the magic circle that she needed to cast the spell she had been looking at in the ground beneath the tent she had set up near where they were gathering. Ritual magic required a little bit of preparation, but if this one worked then she would theoretically become stronger. Even so, she briefly hesitated out of concern for her own wellbeing before following through. The circle glowed a crimson light with the woman at the center, and before long she—



Well, she didn't know *where* she was. But she *definitely* wasn't in her tent anymore. She was *outside*. Based on the trees surrounding her, it was likely the same forest her crew was camping out in. There was the scent of a nearby fire, along with the banging of drums... and the orange glow cast between the trees confirmed that the time aligned with what time it had been when she'd cast the ritual spell. So... **"Why?"** Why had a spell that was supposed to 'make her stronger' sent her elsewhere in the forest?

"...Maybe I shouldn't hang out here to ask those questions,

though." There were people nearby, and she didn't know *who* was there for sure. But on the other hand, she had a bad feeling. At best they were likely bandits, and at worst it would likely be those *Amazons* – who she assumed would *not* be happy to see her within walking distance of their camp, she could only imagine.

And so? She took off. The woods were thick in this area, but she felt like she was a pretty good navigator. Either way, she just needed to make some distance between where she had appeared and the Amazon's camp. She could figure out the way home from there, and since the forest bordered the ocean it probably wouldn't be *too* hard if she followed the coast in a worst-case scenario. And yet... **"H-Huh?"**

Before long, with the sun almost completely set, she found herself back in the exact same place that the magic had teleported her to. She'd gone in a straight line; she was *certain* of that much. So how was it possible that she'd circled back? Not to mention that the odds of her ending up at the *exact* same spot felt very unlikely. Close, perhaps, but not standing in the identical spot.

It was almost like something *wanted* her to be there.

If only she'd noticed the replicated magic circle beneath her feet.

"Should I try going in the same direction...?" If she was *going* to leave, then she probably didn't have a choice. The Amazons didn't necessarily seem smart enough to lay something like a magic trap, and in fact they had struck Neve as quite dull and muscle-headed when they had fought earlier in the day, so she could only chalk it up to her own navigational skills being duller than she thought. Which... was surprisingly on the nose. It *was* technically fate that had brought her back to the camp, but something had happened to her ability to navigate that hadn't quite clicked with her. She wasn't looking for the same signs she had been taught to. The things she had been looking for had been more rudimentary. Almost like someone who had spent their life living off the land rather than studying methods to improve navigation through shared knowledge like books.

And as she stood there, a little stunned as she considered what it was she wanted to do, her *body* began to change. It began discreetly, so you couldn't *necessarily* blame her from not noticing initially. Take the Laguz woman's *ears*, for example. Penguin or not, she still had the pointed ears that many of the Laguz tribes possessed. Or, well, she *did*. The issue was that the tips of these ears were shortening *and* rounding until they were no different than the ears of any old human out there. And if she had tried to use the Laguzstone that was bound to her ankle on an anklet from that point on? *It wouldn't work.*

Not that Neve was really thinking of trying out her Laguz form in the process. That was another problem. Turning into a giant animal probably would have made her navigation easier, and under normal circumstances it would have at least crossed her mind. But it *hadn't*, almost like she'd *forgotten* that she could even transform at all. **“But... I need to leave. Or... I *do* need to leave, don't I?”** Was that even a question? She knew deep down that she *did* have to leave! The Amazons would kill her! ...*Right?* In her confusion, she dropped the magic book she'd been holding onto the ground.

The woman clearly wasn't in her right mind anymore. Something was affecting her *memories*, which made it increasingly difficult to recognize changes in her own *body*. Take the complexion of her skin, for example. It was *darkening* to a rich, almost caramel color that really stood out against the white bandages that were wrapped around her arms, shins, and feet for protection. *But* it was also a little more than a mere color change. There were scars that were etched into her flesh that were even darker, with most of them on her arms as if she'd used those arms to block blades numerous times in the past. And then there were the *heavy* callouses that developed on her fingertips, positioned like she was accustomed to swinging around a heavy axe or something of that nature.

Sniff, sniff. **“What is that *smell?*”** Well, it wasn't like she didn't know *what* the smell was. Neve was a member of a pirate crew; she knew the scent of body odor well. But she was always meticulous about bathing herself so that her own didn't get that bad... and it certainly had never gotten *that* bad. The air smelled like someone hadn't bathed in three days while constantly exercising. Unfortunately... it *was* her own body that the scent was coming from. Particularly from armpits and a bush that had *thickened* with dark, sandy blonde hair.

This naturally wasn't the ex-Laguz's natural hair color. Or... it *hadn't* been, at least. Because while she internally 'realized' that *‘Oh, that smell is me. That's normal.’* when that *wasn't* normal for her at all, that same sandy blonde found her hair. It started from her roots and bled out to the tips, not only changing the color but making it coarser and oilier – playing into the fact that she likely hadn't taken a proper bath in a while. It *grew*, too, falling well past her shoulders and to the base of her back where it looked like the tips had been chopped off by a sword.

“Ugh... Something's *wrong*, but...” There was an uncanny deepness to Neve's groan as she placed her head in her hand, seemingly overwhelmed by everything. The issue was that she could no longer place what this 'everything' even entailed. Did she smell weird? No. This was a normal smell for a proud warrior. But *was* she a 'proud warrior'? These thoughts conflicted with reality, making it difficult for her to

parse anything. It certainly didn't help that her *intellect* was steadily dropping. There was no way she could use a magic tome now... she didn't even know the *first thing* about magic!

Would her memories realign with the state of her body? It was more like her *body* was the thing realigning with changed memories instead. Her yellow tunic shirt was steadily being lifted as her head remained in her hands, her disposition unchanged by what seemed to be not only her *shirt* rising higher on her frame, but her shorts beginning to ride up her crotch as well. Neve had *been* a girl of average height, but she had rapidly shot up like a weed until she stood at a *staggeringly* large *six feet* instead.

“Grr...” Neve also wasn't usually very... aggressive. She certainly wasn't the type of girl that would react to confusion or discomfort with a *growl*, particularly not one with a voice that was so *deep*. As it turned out, because she was holding her own head like she had a migraine, her hand was actually concealing her face. She was unknowingly hiding her changing facial features, which broadened a *considerable* amount as she grumbled, and her clothing felt increasingly ill-fit.

Her caramel-colored lips swelled *into* her palms, not only thickening in size by widening in length, too. Her jaw became strong and chiseled, while her nose was defined as long and sharp in between thinner cheeks. Really, the only aspect of her face that *was* preserved was the red of her eyes, and even then their shapes narrowed until she possessed a hard and piercing gaze beneath *very* bushy, blonde eyebrows. It all made her look serious. Serious and *old*, like a woman in her *thirties* at earliest. She had *been* eighteen!

In the meantime, her clothes hadn't continued to tighten because she'd been getting even taller. Instead, her body had been *broadening*. Some of that broadness came courtesy of bones lengthening, like how her shoulders lengthened until they were wider than hips that had even lengthened in kind. But from there? The damage was done by *swelling*. Something that, when you heard the word, you'd naturally think of fat.

And some of that weight *was* fat. Her already tight tunic was pulled up further as the weight of her bosom expanded, her modest cup size *doubling* until they became a pair of *E-cups* that were being pinned down by a top that was nearly at its limit. It was *clearly* in danger of tearing with how broad her torso had become, and bigger tits definitely didn't help. **“What am I even wearing!?”**

Neve's memory degradation had gotten so bad that the clothes she had put on that morning confused her. She lashed out with a swing of her arms, and that alone was enough to not only tear the sleeves off of her

tunic but also split the back of her shorts as well. Although her shorts *did* have a little help from a bloating of her ass. It burgeoned out into a heart shape that seemed a little too *firm* for a woman of her age and fitness, but then what if...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The woman had inhaled sharply, given little choice my how tight the tunic still clearly was around her chest, but when she finally exhaled again? She did so with great force, and it was accompanied by a swell of *all* of her body's muscles. What had once been slim and soft all expanded, practically shredding everything that she had been wearing into tatters that fell to the ground as arms tripled in size until they were as thick as a small tree, her thighs rippled until they were *twice* as strong and muscular as those arms, and her tummy became so shredded that you arguably could shred cheese on it.

Abundant pecs likewise finally force the tunic to split both down the front and at the sides. Her body's bulk had practically *quadrupled* in just a matter of moments, so it wasn't surprising that she'd been left naked from the expansion obliterating what had already been clinging on for dear life. You could see how muscular and worn her body was, but also how dirty and sweaty it was from being a proud and unrelenting warrior.

This remained true even once the circle that was unknowingly at her feet flashed and she found herself clothed once more. Those clothes just... *didn't* cover much. It only really consisted of a red bikini-style armor top with golden clasps tied to a fur pelt collar, with a matching belt and loincloth. You could see the straps of a *thong* grappling her hips from beneath the cloth, and she had golden armlets on either wrist – not to mention the necklace with several bear teeth around her neck. Otherwise, she was accessorized with gold hoop earrings, crimson sandals, and her hair was pulled into a braided ponytail.

“Hmph.” *Nevarra* had very little interest in being on the camp's perimeter. It wasn't her usual post, but in the battle with those outsiders earlier in the day, some members of the tribe had sustained injuries – including the *Amazon* that usually patrolled the perimeter. It was no matter, though. Someone would come to relieve her of her post soon, and not so that she could join in on the obvious merriment happening back at the camp. Instead, she had to head out for more training.



Their leader was understandably agitated by their loss, even though they had managed to get *one* of them.

In fact, Nevarra herself had been the one that had felled her. The spoils of that battle had been hers, like the Laguzstone anklet that barely fit around her thick ankle, or the magic tome she *remembered* bringing out with her to read on patrol that she'd dropped on the ground. Too bad it didn't make a *single* lick of sense to her, so in the end she'd just attached it to the loincloth's belt around her waist. Maybe someone else in the tribe was smart enough to understand? She had been a member of the Amazons for a while now, but she still didn't know *everyone* well enough to know who could take it.

While waiting to be relieved from her post, the woman walked in a circle in the small clearing she had been standing in. Everyone had been worried about those pirates attacking, but that didn't really appear to be a threat. They were likely cowards that feared the dark. But as she paced? The woman's heavy, dragging footsteps ruined the magic circle that had brought her there, unknowingly destroying her only possible means of returning to normal, as slim as the chances had been with her unaware in the first place. **"There you are. I must go train."**

Until she was *finally* able to leave that boring old job. She wanted to use her *strength*!

"Oi! You said she ain't here, but there are 'er clothes, ain't they?"

The next morning, Neve's pirate crew had *definitely* noticed her absence. They'd looked all over for her because she was an important part of their family, but what they found in the end wasn't encouraging. Shredded clothes, and a soiled magic circle with big footprints in it. Yet there were none going *away* or *towards* the circle. It had slurped up her clothing scraps from the other side and brought them to the camp, and it seemed damage to the circle had been replicated on both ends, but even so...

The pirates had *no* idea what to make of it!