

FRIEND OF THE TREES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“The air in Lumacie always smells great!”

Lyria exclaimed as she stepped off of the ship alongside the captain of the ship, Djeeta. Lumacie was an island of great importance to the main crew of the Grandcypher. It was a place that they had visited early on in their journey, a group of forested islands that were under the protection of the primal beast, Yggdrasil. The primal in question was a staunch ally of the captain and had even appeared aboard the ship in numerous forms in the past. She was also one of primals that Lyria frequently summoned in battle.

And so? They made a point to visit whenever they were in the area. Usually they would have brought Rosetta with them, but with the shakeups in the crew recently she was no longer a consistent member of the crew. It was possible she was already *on* Lumacie, which would have made for a nice surprise if they were able to bump into the *both* of them. **“You brought the spring water we collected for her, right danchou?”**

“Yup!” Lyria had asked, and Djeeta had replied as they set out on their little journey. It was about a thirty minute walk from where they had docked to the tree that Yggdrasil considered her home. During their last outing, they had found a unique spring on one of the other islands they had visited and had decided to bring the primal a sample. If she liked it, then they’d bring her some more in the future.

Things proceeded as normal as they journeyed through the forest. Every time they made the trip, the path they took was solidified more and more as they wore the path down. It wasn’t *too* involved, consisting

mostly of a trek through the dirt. There *were* parts of the path where trees had fallen or they had to cross a river, but they had taken steps to make those hurdles easier to cross during their past trips. But when they were about halfway there? Something strange happens.

“Danchou!? Something’s—!?” Considering how alarmed the Girl In Blue sounded, Djeeta had fully expected her to finish that exclamation. Being the captain, she had naturally taken point in front so that Lyria could proceed safely. But when she turned to look after her words had suddenly been cut off, she was all the more concerned to find that Lyria was no longer *there*.



The captain froze. **“Lyria?”** Had she gone off the path? No, that didn’t make sense. The girl had definitely been *right* behind her, and there was no other path for her to disappear down. Not to mention how *alarmed* she had sounded just before. Something had definitely gone wrong. **“Lyria!?”** Because she hadn’t moved *past* her, it was safe to say she hadn’t gone in that direction. Assuming she *had* moved and hadn’t been teleported.

Fortunately, because of their lifelink she at least knew that Lyria was still *alive*. And she could tell that she was still close.

“Shoot!” Naturally, the first place to check would have been where Lyria had last been seen. Djeeta took a few steps back to examine where she was pretty sure Lyria should have been standing when she had disappeared into thin air. There weren’t any drag marks on the ground or anything like that, and she couldn’t see footsteps going off the crude trail that they had been using. **“Maybe she really *was* teleported...”** Which meant that she’d be harder to find. She weighed going back to the ship to petition help, but before she could...

“Chirp! Chirp!”

Something ended up pulling on her hair. **“H-Hey!?”** The blonde woman was startled but hesitated when it came to swatting what was clearly a small bird that had landed on her head. **“Where did you come from?”** She raised her palm to hope that maybe the bird would jump to it, and it *did*. It was small enough to sit in her palm fully and was both fat *and* blue. That blue reminded her of Lyria’s hair, strangely enough, but there was no way that couldn’t be more than a coincidence.

The bird appeared to be acting *strangely* though. It was frantically chirping as it hopped around her hand, moving almost like it was its first day using those little legs. It made sense that Djeeta wasn't considering the possibility that it really *was* its first day, and that the fat little bird was actually the missing girl she was looking for. The moment she'd cried out, Lyria had actually felt Yggdrasil's power spiking, and the next thing she knew? She'd become a bird. The obvious issue was that all she could do was *chirp*! She couldn't tell Djeeta what had happened to her!

“You’re really energetic! But I’m looking for my friend... Maybe you’ve seen her? Her hair is the same color as your feathers, little guy!” Lyria *really* wanted to correct Djeeta's use of 'little guy' there... even though it was technically correct. She didn't realize she had become a *male* bird. But that didn't matter in the moment. The primals power hadn't *actually* calmed, and as long as it remained that way it was a threat to the captain, who had only escaped its effects thus far because of her existence as the Singularity.

But that short amount of extra time she had been afforded was running out.

There was no point in time where Djeeta might misconstrue that something actually *was* awry once it began to affect her, however. Because it ultimately targeted her in a place where the idea that change had come was utterly undeniable. After all, so long as she was in her right mind, it was a little difficult for the captain to ignore the combined sensations of her clothing feeling tighter and her eye level *lifting*.

“W-Wait a second, am I *growing*?” The young woman panicked as this unlikely reality came to her attention, which lead to the bird clumsily hopping off of her hand before flying around her frantically. **“Uh...”** She didn't really have it in her to worry about that when her body was so clearly *changing*, however. She'd been about 5'3" before, and she didn't really grow *that* significantly.

But it was still significant enough that the skirt of her dress lifted off her hips, her thigh high boots were almost pulled down to her knees, and her arms were jutting farther out of her sleeves. If anything, having grown to 5'6", she was lucky their trip to Lumacie had been for leisure, so she hadn't been wearing any of her usual armored pieces like the gloves. **“Why... did I just get taller? Is this related to Lyria's disappearance?”**

The blue bird began to chirp while flying around Djeeta, indicating that this was correct. Too bad that Djeeta had no means of discerning the context behind it. Even as the woman mouthed this realization, her

mouth *itself* had even begun to grow. Not *taller*, of course, but her lips *did* rise in thickness to almost double their original size, ending up plump and supple before stopping beneath a nose that was a little smaller. Djeeta didn't realize that this was happening, nor that his face's shape had lengthened. Her eyes felt *heavy* and she soon found she couldn't keep them completely open. They sagged under the weight of lengthening *and* thickening lashes that lightened in color until they were a minty pale.

And by that point? She was practically *squinting*.

It was just enough for her to see through, hiding that the irises underneath had brightened to a minty color themselves. "**Weird... Why can't I keep my eyes open?**" But the more she thought about it, the less she seemed to care. She *could* see with her eyes the way they were, so why bother? Besides, didn't her voice sound strange? It was so sweet and soft, so unlike... Or had it not *always* been that way? She certainly sounded a little *older*, which she clearly was. She must have been around *twenty-five* now.

While she contemplated what *was* or *wasn't* strange, the same greenish white that had painted her eyelashes, and then eventually her eyebrows, had begun to seep into her *hair*. Once her existing bob had been entirely painted in its color, it began to lengthen and thicken so that it was soft, long, and fluffy, cascading well down her back as the lengths of it found themselves *intertwining*? They formed braids all on their own, tied just past her ass by green ribbons while the bangs at the sides of her head curled slightly. A *nest* of all things appeared on the top of her head.

And that next gave the blue bird pause. It felt strangely *tempted* to rest inside.

"No, wait. I'm definitely *not* supposed to sound like this! I was... looking for someone, right? In the forest? Well, surrounded by so many beautiful trees, I'm sure they're safe!" There was something about the forest that soothed Djeeta's panic. She felt very *endeared* to her surroundings, almost like she felt a great *kinship* towards it. Of course, she was no tree herself, but what if she was the closest thing to it?

The bird chirped when she felt it. A power similar to a primal beast's was welling within Djeeta? Just as Yggdrasil's power off in the distance had begun to wane. Had her captain absorbed whatever was going out of control? But didn't that mean she was becoming a primal beast herself!? **"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!"** Unfortunately, it naturally fell on deaf ears because Djeeta didn't *understand* birds.

Instead? Her physical form continued to adjust according to those primal power's desires. She already didn't look a *thing* like the captain she had been before, but aside from being taller? Her figure had remained consistent with how it had been before. That was to say that it was still slightly above average at best. "**Oh!?**" The sensation of her attire tightening further eventually caught her attention, and she ended up looking down just in time to see the neckline of her dress stretching farther and farther away from her collar.

This wasn't, of course, for no reason. "**Hm~?**" Djeeta was uncertain. Was this 'wrong'? Was the view of her own cleavage supposed to be so *big*? She *watched* as the fabric not only stretched farther but even *tore* down the center thanks to the breasts that they were *trying* to contain, which had *clearly* already doubled in size. They *continued* to grow past that but eventually became so large that her dress was of no help keeping them hidden. They soon *bounced* out into plain view, showing it wasn't just a matter of the orbs growing to *H-cups*. Her *nipples* were now larger than her eyes! ...Or they would have been if she could open them.

Even the blue bird chirped with surprise at how big her captain's tits had become!

The woman tapped her chin with a longer, thinner finger. "**These are heavy!**" They certainly were, because they were *huge*, and they rendered her balance slightly off as she leaned forward from their heft. But she ended up finding her footing again, although unbeknownst to her it was because she had become more *bottom* heavy at roughly the same time. The woman's skirt had already been lifted even higher thanks to her engorged tits lifting the dress up, but...

Her hips parting wider by a number of inches left the band of her panties to begin digging into them just moments before their cotton was forced to slip into whatever crannies she had below the belt. This meant giving her a wedgie as the back of her panties slipped within paled cheeks that grew into a heart-shape with a sudden bounce, while that pull force their front into the lips of her pussy... which was now incidentally shaved. "**Uncomfortable...**" was all she could murmur while her thighs bloated to be as thick as her waist was wide – plush enough to make the *perfect* lap pillow while forcing her boots down *past* her knees.

Dressed the way she was, there was no way she felt *any* comfort at all. In fact, she'd been feeling a growing compulsion to *strip*. Because what she was wearing didn't fit? In a way, sure, but whatever shame she'd possessed before was *gone*. She just didn't want to wear *anything* in the first place. "**Oh!? Wait...**" That was why she sounded both relieved *and*

unsatisfied moments later, when the rest of what she had been wearing was replaced. It just wasn't replaced by *much*.

It was a dress that resembled a *wedding gown* in ways, purely white with a top that could have been called a bikini if not for the fact that it was loosely connected to a long, frilly skirt that reached her ankles. She was barefoot now, and the skirt had a slit on the left side that showed everything from her hip to her foot and ultimately revealed that she wasn't wearing underwear at *all*. The dress was decorated with white flowers along its spaghetti straps. It was inconvenient to wear *anything*, but at least it *barely* counted as a dress?

A couple of leaves had even ended up in her messy hair... how had that happened!?

“Oh, there you are, cutie!”

After her mind took a moment to ‘reset’, *Trina* ended up gazing at the forest of Lumacie surrounding her with fresh eyes – including the little blue bird that had been flying around her. **“But you look so tired, though! Why not take a rest?”** With the gentleness of a saint, she plucked the bird right out of the air and guided him onto the nest that had appeared atop her head, where he hopped out.



Of course, this male bird *was* still Lyria, and she had been *extremely* panicked by the sight of her friend turning into an unfamiliar yet tall and busty woman before her beady avian eyes. Making matters worse, while her powers were still faint, she could still sense primal beasts. And wasn't this woman giving off a similar feeling? She didn't even appear to be aware that she *had* been Djeeta anymore!

But when the nest had been offered to her? Something in the bird's mind *broke*. All of his worries melted away, and he hopped onto the nest like any bird might with a chirp. **“That's a good boy!”** Once the bird was settled, the new primal woman took a moment to breathe in the fresh air and soak in the sun as if she was a plant herself. **“The weather is so nice... Perhaps I should become more exposed?”** Trina didn't *like* wearing clothes, not even her pretty new dress.

And so, without any protests from even the bird? She slipped out of what she was wearing and stretched beneath the rays of the sun that slipped in through the trees above. She hadn't expected to have a guest,

but once Yggdrasil's powers calmed and *she* sensed an unfamiliar primal nearby? She act naturally relocated to try and see who it was. "...?" In her adult form, the primal peeked out from behind a tree, having shrunk herself down to normal size. A pretty woman... and one that was naked!?

Of course, Trina sensed her power in return. She turned to look at Yggdrasil with a smile, that slight turn enough to make her huge tits bounce from the motion. "**Oh, hello there! Do you love the trees as well, miss? Or were you... enchanted by my appearance? I could help get you *more acquainted* if you'd like?**" With a bird sleeping on top of her head!?

"...!?"