

NEW YEAR, NEW STELLARON

BIG STORY #35

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Caelus did *not* like how his evening was trending.

Perhaps he should have known better? Perhaps he should have just stayed with the Astral Express for the night? It *was* New Year's Eve, after all, and they were having a party in one of the train cars. But he'd been tricked. Silver Wolf of the Stellaron Hunters had sent him an invitation several days prior asking if he would like to attend a *different* New Year's Eve party, one being hosted in one of the many extravagant halls of Penacony.

That alone hadn't been enough to get him to agree. As much as he liked Silver Wolf, he didn't exactly see a night at a New Year's Eve party alone with her as an exciting event. She'd probably just be on her phone the entire time anyways! But he'd been baited. *Oh, and Firefly will be there!* That made things a little different. Caelus was very close friends with Firefly even despite their brief stints together in Penacony. He'd been interested in spending time with her and getting to know her a little better.

"...So why am I sneaking around the party by myself?" The humanoid Stellaron had been left with nothing by lament in the end. When he'd met up with the two Stellaron Hunter girls he learned the truth about this invitation. Because the Trailblazer had become so infamous in Penacony, it was only natural that he'd be permitted at even the most highbrow of events even *without* an invitation.



Which was exactly what the Stellaron Hunters had been banking on. Firefly and Silver Wolf had been given a job by Elio to infiltrate this party to steal an item of importance, but they hadn't been given invitations and needed time to figure out *where* this item was being stored, which meant at least one of them needed to get in legitimately. **"I'm so sorry!"** Or so Firefly had said when she realized Silver Wolf had tricked him. But before long they'd been separated.

It had taken Caelus some time to break away from the crowd. Everyone had been clamoring to meet *the* Trailblazer. But eventually he had found a small conference room in resort the party was being hosted in that was otherwise unoccupied. He took out his phone. No correspondence from Firefly or Silver Wolf. Hopefully their work was proceeding as planned and Firefly hadn't been caught.

Silver Wolf wasn't even *in* the resort and was instead operating from a resort down the street. According to her, parties weren't 'her thing' even though neither Caelus nor Firefly had attended dressed up. There hadn't been a dress code enforced at all. **"Well, Firefly's in. Maybe I can just hide out here until I'm done?"** It was certainly a nice *thought*, but the young man wasn't aware of something important. Someone was onto the Stellaron Hunters' plan.

And as a result, he'd been *infected*.

In fact, he'd been infected since he'd first stepped foot in the building. It was a smart virus. It would be a problem if anyone saw it taking effect, so it had waited for the Trailblazer to end up in a place where he was isolated. And now that he was? Well, the speckles of purple within his otherwise golden gaze certainly weren't a trick of the light. If that's all it had been, then this purple surely wouldn't have *spread* – swallowing the gold whole until the entirety of his gaze was purple. And removing his status as the *Stellaron* in the process.

"I feel a *tad* restless though for some reason." Perhaps on the subconscious level, he *did* realize that something was amiss. But those

cast under the effects of a memetic virus didn't typically recognize it unless it had been explicitly pointed out to them. It affected their perception of reality so that the unordinary became ordinary. And perhaps that was why Caelus didn't so much as bat an eyelash as his locks of silver hair tickled the peak of his gaze. Were his bangs longer? It wasn't *just* his bangs, actually. His hair had been growing in general, tickling his shoulders and slipping past them while the silver softened to a bubble-gum pink.

This hair was equal parts beautiful, feminine, and weight – that latter reality making very questionable as to why he hadn't noticed, though the virus' effects *were* the answer. “*To attend such a party is quite dull...*” There was a higher pitched softness to his voice now, and it gradually came to better match the shape of his face while the Adam's apple below smoothed away.

Caelus' face slimmed on the whole, both sides connecting upon a narrower chin as the lips above them puffed up into cuter, swollen forms. Between his cheeks, his face was decorated by a button nose that also rested between purple eyes that were now smaller and cuter themselves, with lashes dancing like butterflies whenever he blinked. None of which even occurred to him for a second.

To be fair to him, changes to the face were difficult to see without a mirror. Even if he'd felt his bones narrow or his lips inflate, there was no guarantee he'd even explore the reasons why. Where he *didn't* really have this excuse was when it came to his height. “*Oh?*” For but a moment there *appeared* to be an expression of recognition. He'd sensed *something* was amiss. But beyond a tilt of his (now) cute little head, it didn't seem as if it had *fully* clicked.

And it definitely *should* have. Caelus was a fairly tall guy that stood around the 5'10" mark. Or he *had*, anyways, because a fall from that pedestal was what had awaited his body at the virus' behalf in that moment. One, two, three, four, and *five* inches all melted away, leaving him standing at 5'5" in the end. There were side effects to this as well, for his hands and feet became small, delicate, and free of any blemish whatsoever. “*I do feel a little dizzy.*” No doubt a side effect of the man's height dropping so dramatically so suddenly.

Although there *was* a secondary culprit. One that had sent a rush of blood to *her* head as she fumbled about in clothes that were now a little too big for her. The length of her cock had diminished into naut, before caving into her pelvis altogether (conveniently pulling shrinking balls along with them) where a woman's pussy took proper shape. The rush of blood to her head accompanied a shudder, but she didn't acknowledge that her sex had changed. It was actually quite the contrary.

Why would she question being a woman when she'd *always* been a woman?

A refined and delicate woman. And yet a woman who wouldn't pull her punches as needed. That was the image of herself that Caelus now carried in her mind. So, she didn't question it at all when her body *continued* to change to not only match that mental image, but make sure that her figure was as abundant in the right places as any woman's would be. Perhaps a little *more* abundant than that, in fact.

The swell came on quickly, all while the width of her waistline and the bulk of her muscles was all sapped away so that she appeared increasingly dainty. What was lost in *some* areas was eventually compensated in others, however, for just above this pinched in waist? A chest that had been flat once upon a time began to puff up beneath a top and coat that were much too big for her now. But that worked out for the best as those mounds *ballooned*, gradually shaping into a pair of perky *E-cups* that pushed the shirt up and out.

“Heavy...” Caelus at least acknowledged their weight under her breath, but her back muscles adjusted near immediately to compensate – and she felt all the more comfortable carrying it. The same could be said about her lower half, too. The woman's hips were pushed wider above her new pussy as her ass and thighs expanded in kind. They filled in pants and boxers that had been at liberty of sliding off with her original height loss, thighs swelling until they were wider than her waist and her butt formed a heart shape that felt befitting of someone with hair as pink as hers.

You couldn't really make out much of her figure change initially with Caelus' old outfit in the way. But the memetic virus had corrective measures for *that* as well. Piece by piece her men's attire disintegrated into nothingness, revealing a skimpy, pink party dress had appeared on her body underneath. It had an open back and revealed the sides of her tits, while pink heels ultimately lifted her up off the ground overtop white thigh highs that left those thighs *bulging*. By the end, her hair was also pulled up into a side bum, and a pair of wings decorated her back.

The memetic virus had done its job well.



Not only had the woman's body undergone such a dramatic change, but even her clothes had been prettied up. She looked as if she *belonged* at this party, like she had gotten all dolled up to attend it. And according to her new memories? That was exactly right. *Dorothy* had been looking forward to this party for some time now. **"A glorious New Year's gala... It was fortunate that we were invited."**

While there surely existed a realm where this woman had been of synthetic design, she was wholly natural here. Hailing from the planet of Arkdea, she and her peers had been invited by one of Penacony's sponsors due to a musical mind among them. She'd be performing at the event alongside Robin later. **"But strange. Where is she? I don't recall seeing her at the party."** Well, she wasn't going to find her alone in a conference room.

But the woman she was searching for was still back at the hotel.



"Alright. Check the storage area in the back. I need a snack, so I'll BRB." Silver Wolf exhaled after getting up from the crappy desk she'd been borrowing in the Penacony hotel room they'd rented. It was just down the street from the resort that the Curio they were searching for was being stored in, and unfortunately, they had a policy about modifying the room's interior according to the

rules of the dreamscape.

Firefly had yet to find what they were looking for even *with* Silver Wolf helping her navigate. But work or not, a girl had needs! They'd stored a number of drinks and snacks in the inn room's small kitchenette area, and she quickly slipped over there to grab something. **"Considering how important that Curio is, I'm surprised we still got in that... easily?"** Now that she was saying it aloud, hadn't it been a little *too* easy?

Crap!

Had they walked into a trap? It *was* a little too convenient, but there also weren't any signs of it just yet. Still, as the guide she felt as if it was her responsibility to consider the possibility. And it was a possibility that had *already* taken route. Because the memetic virus didn't *need* to make physical contact with someone. Silver Wolf didn't *need* to be at the

party. Simply speaking with someone who was already infected was enough. Like, say, *Firefly*?

In fact, there was clearcut evidence that the hacker had already been infected. She was just ignorant to it like Caelus, and so it proceeded unhindered by any startling realizations on her own part. Though, much like Caelus' own transformation, the earliest changes would have been the most difficult to notice without being clued in anyways. Like, for example, who made a habit of staring at *their own skin*?

Few people did, and as Silver Wolf rummaged around in the inn room cupboard, she wasn't exactly focused all that much on her arms and hands. Rather, she was focused on what they were reaching for. A bag of chips; perfect! **"Anyways, what else should I snack on?"** Had she *been* paying attention she might have noticed that the pigmentation of her skin was *off*. It wasn't as pale as it normally was, with melanin enriching her skin color so that it surpassed a tan and darkened to a more ashen shade instead. It wasn't just her hands and arms and instead infected the entirety of her body's skin.

Oddly, after searching so hard for those chips? She ended up tossing them in the trash *right* after closing the cupboard. **"Snacks? I really should watch my figure!"** That *really* didn't sound like her. She wasn't a young woman who cared much about beauty standards. Silver Wolf was a hacking, gaming gremlin that just ate and drank whatever she wanted! But the memetic virus was *already* elevating her personality and memories into those of *someone else*.

Was the change in her mental state linked to her hair? Not directly, but both *did* appear to change around the same time. Her hairdo lost its ringlet curl at the back, shortening a touch as the silver darkened to blue with a violet undertone. Similarly, the blue highlights at the tips changed their color as well, albeit to a coppery gold that better matched the purple of her hair's bulk.

Instead of fixating on snacks, she instead opened the minifridge and pulled out a bottle of water in a more aggressive display. She took the cap off and began to *chug* it, tilting her head back while the cool beverage slipped down her throat. Although, *as* she chugged? The lips that were wrapped around the bottle's spout began to engorge, swelling to nearly *triple* their original size while simultaneously lowering so that they were farther away from a growing nose. Little by little, her ashen face appeared *much* more mature.

And her eyes brightened to a shimmering blue within lengthier eyelashes.

“HAAAHH!” With the entire bottle of water downed, the woman slammed the empty plastic onto the counter while exhaled with what sounded to be a *significantly* deeper voice. It made her sound more mature, like a woman in her late twenties. But her matured face *already* suggested as much. **“That was just what I needed before I warm up!”** Warm up? Warm up for *what*? Silver Wolf herself didn’t really *know*. It just felt right to say. Like she didn’t *need* to know to *know*, at least.

What was in store for the young woman next was a *climb*. Short as she was, if she really was becoming an adult then a growth spurt had *clearly* been in order. And it was a growth spurt she received, seeing her limbs and torso lengthen *extremely* quickly. It was fortunate that the girl’s top and shorts were detached so that there was little to no tearing as she climbed from just under the five foot mark all of the way up to 5’6”. Though enlarged hands did find themselves tugging at the base of a crop top that could barely cover her small chest now.

That was a problem that would only get *worse*. Very dramatically so, and very promptly to boot. **“Gah!?”** It was one of those changes that not even the victim could help but notice even if she couldn’t properly process it due to the virus’ effects. But her small bust practically *exploded*, lifting up the base of her crop top so that darkened nipples could clearly be seen becoming puffier themselves. The woman’s tits grew and grew, gradually forcing her posture forward as they rivaled her head in size, her nipples bigger than her own eyes.

Balance was restored in a sense, but only because her lower half began to *pull back*. Silver Wolf’s hips were stretched, finally snapping the waistband of her shorts as the front button flew off. This offered a little more room for this newfound source of balance – her ass – to swell to an abundance that well surpassed Dorothy’s. Before long, her ashen cheeks had pushed over the waistline, chewing up the base of a pair of shorts that were now uncomfortably *stuck* to her thick booty while expanding thighs made it practically impossible to slide them off with taking a pair of scissors to them.

Fortunately for her, that wouldn’t be necessary. The memetic virus saw to her outfit too, disintegrating what had been worn and replacing it with something new. A pair of white booty shorts with thin, vertical black lines and a matching, collared crop top that showed the depths of her darkened cleavage made up the bulk of it. Though she wore a bulky, white coat overtop, black knee-high socks, and silver heels. Her hair remained tied into a ponytail, whereas jewelry decorated her arms, hands, ears, and even a strap that read *NOISE* around her left thigh.

This name, *Noise* almost felt a little *too* fitting for an intergalactic diva, but that was *exactly* the type of woman that the little hacker had ended up becoming. **“The producer went to great lengths to get me this gig, so I need to make sure everything is perfect.”** The idea of ‘having a snack’ had been aborted, and Noise had returned to the desk that she had using before. But not to use a computer. There wasn’t even a computer *there*. Rather, a vanity mirror and a plethora of makeup offerings were laid out.



Stealing a Curio? She didn’t even *know* that a Curio was present in that building. She didn’t care, either. As a diva and a songstress, all that she cared about was performing her music to an adoring crowd. And Noise knew that this show was even *more* important than normal. So she sat her thick ass back down in front of the desk (jiggling in the process) and began to apply her mascara. **“I’m performing with *the Robin* tonight, so I need to make sure everything is perfect!”**

It would be the perfect start to the new year if it gave her a burst of popularity!



Firefly’s hand patted against a wall after stepping through a doorway. **“Where is it? Oh, there!”** Following Silver Wolf’s navigational instructions, she had finally found a storage room that could potentially contain the Curio they were looking for. But it hadn’t been illuminated and so she’d had to find the light switch. Once she managed to light it? She slipped inside and closed the door. **“Now if I was a Curio, where would I be?”**

She walked past shelf after shelf but quickly concluded that what they were looking for probably

wasn't in that room. **“Silver Wolf? This is just a normal storage room. I don't think the Curio is— Huh?”** An attempt had been made to contact her teammate, but the channel was all static at first. And then it just shut off completely. **“Silver Wolf? Are you there?”** That was strange. Maybe it was a technical issue?

Well, if the technical issue in question was Silver Wolf's computer disappearing, sure.

Now cut off from witnesses and allies alike, the memetic virus got to work on its final victim. Though, the order the changes took place in certainly didn't unfold in the same way as the others. Rather, Firefly was tipped off rather early on. **“E-Eh?”** Because it was her *clothing* that changed first. In the blink of an eye, she had found herself standing there in a silver party dress. It was sitting *much* too low on her average sized bust, threatening to expose her nipples with one wrong movement while the skirt trailed upon the floor.

She felt imbalanced on heeled sandals, and was uncomfortable with loose bracelets and a necklace that didn't belong. The fact that the skirt's left side was slit open so that you could see the entirety of her hip and leg on that side certainly didn't help. **“What just happened? My clothes... They're... They're... *Correct.*”** It seemingly didn't matter in the end what she did or didn't notice. The memetic virus took root in the young woman's mind, and so she ultimately didn't question it. Not her clothes, nor hair that had been braided at the side with a headband lifting a pair of 'vents' in the top.

Correct. *Right.* This was the dress she'd put on for the party, right? But had it always been so *big*? It definitely didn't seem to fit her properly. Wasn't the issue her body though? *I remember being bigger somehow.* The thought *did* cross her mind, but it didn't become a reality until she decided to lift her chin and finally look away. But once she *did* look away? That abundance that she could vaguely recall didn't waste a single moment *swelling* into place.

The cups of the silver dress, with its impossibly low neckline, had clearly been designed to be worn by a woman with a very *huge* pair of knockers. Firefly's own chose to answer the call in the end, for their skin began to *stretch* beneath the sparkling fabric as fat poured into the deposits that already existed. They jiggled and bounced, thickening, erect nipples beginning to jostle the cups of the dress as they slowly filled them out properly. D-cups, E-cups, F,cups – though sizes themselves would have been *significantly* bigger than Firefly's original C's, yet they didn't stop until they were *J-cups*.

On the other hand, these hefty tits weren't even *alone*. The skirt of her dress swung out to the right, while her bare hip pushed out a visible amount through the open slit on the left. Those hips expanded until they were *inches* wider than her shoulders, but they had expanded for good reason. The space between her legs had been needed. Her thighs were prompt with the demonstration of this, swelling thicker and plusher while it appeared her waistline was narrowing. Before long? A single thigh was thicker than her waist, the skin pulled so tightly that it had a natural shine to it.

The *back* of her dress was pushed out in kind, too. Fat that was too much even for thighs that appeared to be impossibly thick passed around the insides of her legs. "*Hm...*" It felt a little like her skin was crawling, which prompted a questioning sound from lips in a voice that came across as a little more *mature* in sound. But she ended up shaking her hips for a moment to dissuade that odd sensation, seeing to it that the expanding cheeks of her ass jiggled about while *quadrupling* in size. Like Noise, she was now a tits girl *and* an ass girl.

Firefly's height wasn't really affected much. She gained an inch, but the skirt of her dress had already been lifted a touch off the ground by all of the *abundance* her figure now sported. The woman's expression had also dulled as her gaze traced the storage room. "*Why am I even here? I feel like I was searching for something.*" What that was felt like it was on the tip of her tongue. But she just couldn't grasp it. Was it an object? No. It was a *location*, wasn't it?

Nonetheless, as her gaze shifted about the room? Her resting expression became a little more serious and her facial features appeared to mature. There were places where this was easier to notice, such as lips that jiggled into a pronounced pout at roughly twice their original size. But much of it was more subtle, such as the narrowing of the woman's eyes or the flaring of her nostrils. Still, the blue of the ocean itself stole away the silver from her irises. And that wasn't even the only place where this blue emerged.

Whether it was the hair atop her head, or a thickened bush of pubes above her pussy, it all came awash with this same vibrant color. While the style of Firefly's hair had already been altered along with her clothing, at the very least it did shorten ever so slightly at the end. Her bangs became straighter, too.

"*Wearing such an elaborate dress about... I'd rather be at the pool.*" *Helm* tugged at the skirt of silver gown, paying no mind to how much her body had changed simply because she couldn't even remember changing in the first place. She had been invited to this party as a member of Noise's entourage – of which Dorothy was a member

too. But the blue haired beauty had no interest in mingling with strangers. She was a woman of the sea!

That was actually how her mind had processed why she was now in a storage room. “**And that door didn’t lead to the pool. Where is it?**” Such a big resort *must* have had a swimming pool, right? She yearned for the waters, and *any* waters would do. She certainly wasn’t dressed to take a dip, but with everyone else at the party who said she would have to be clothed? “**I need to hurry and find it! Time is running out.**”

Regardless of where she wanted to be, she *had* to be there for Noise’s performance.

And she would be. Leaving the Curio safe and sound for the foreseeable future.

