

TO-GYA-RU

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. If this doesn’t work then I’m going to need to figure something else out...”

Momo Belia Deviluke felt like she was at her wit’s end. For almost a year now, she had been trying to make her Rito Yuuki Harem plan a reality. It was a plan that was more or less *exactly* what it sounded like. The alien princess dreamed of an ideal future where Rito managed to take *many* wives at once. He was a popular guy, after all, and even Momo was a little bit interested in him. And she didn’t mind the idea of sharing him with other girls. There were fun things to do *with* other girls, after all.

It was just... her plan wasn’t working at all! It didn’t matter what traps she set up, or what girls she tried to push at him! **“Is he just the world’s stupidest human, or what!?”** It certainly wasn’t a matter of him being too *pure*. She’d witnessed and been subjected to the lewd situations he just *magically* found himself in time and time again. Momo was convinced it was on purpose.

So, she had resorted to a *new* idea. After digging around in Lala’s workshop, she had managed to ‘borrow’ a device that created ‘dream capsules’. If she understood the instructions, all she had to do was make a wish when using it, and the device would create a capsule that would grant it when someone came into contact with it. She decided to test it on Rito and Haruna first. And what wish had she infused the capsules with? A desire for them to get *much* closer. If it worked, she’d make ones for the other girls too. But there was a slight problem.

Lala’s inventions tended to *not* work as intended.



It was a quiet Sunday afternoon and Rito Yuuki had made plans to go to the local mall with his childhood friend, Haruna Sairenji. **“I’m here a little early, I guess. Maybe I should take a second to take a leak?”** The teenaged boy had forgotten to go before he left, and it would only take a second. Since the bathrooms were by the entrance, he ended up slipping into the men’s room to do his business. Before long he was washing his hands, and after drying them?

He stuck one into his right pocket. **“Huh? What’s this?”** Only to find something inside of it that he didn’t remember putting there. He’d stashed his wallet in his left pocket, but he definitely hadn’t put anything in the right one. From the feel of it, it was small and round? Well, pulling it out was the easiest way to figure out what it was. Or it *should* have been, at least. **“Eh!?”**

But the second he pulled it out of his pocket? There was a blast of pink light, and it just *wasn’t* there by the time it faded.

“What was that? It was *totes* weird!” ...Totes? Why had he said ‘totes’? Rito didn’t really consider himself to be current with even the slang of the kids his age, at least not enough to use a word like that. Either way, something *strange* must have ended up in his pocket. Was Lala testing a new invention on him again? Between being turned into a girl and being turned into a pair of *panties*, he’d definitely had a number of unusual experiences because of her in the past.

It seemed he was right on the money. In fact, one of those experiences was being replicated before his very eyes. Except... it was usually more *instantaneous*? He could feel it happening. He could feel how his cock and balls, perhaps the most treasured parts of his biology, shriveling up between his legs. The emergence of *her* pussy? It wasn’t *that* bizarre to a girl who had spent time pretending to be ‘Riko Yuusaki’ in the past.

“Did she create a new invention that turns people into girls?” Rito sighed to herself, hardly even batting an eyelash at how the weight upon her chest appeared to build, as the front of her shirt was pushed forward by a pair of *B-cup* breasts. Her waistline slimmed and her hips widened, just in time for her butt to perk up and her thighs to thicken a little. She even lost a couple of inches of height while her face vaguely feminized and her hair grew longer. **“Why did it, *like*, take so long though?”**

And why was she speaking so *vapidly*? Word usage aside, there was something about her tone that just made her sound *dumber*. Nonetheless, she had a point. Rito's transformation into Riko had never taken quite that long before, and even then? She still felt a little *weird*. Like the effects of that invention were still ongoing? But she looked *just* like Riko always did, right? ...But that was operating on the assumption that she was *just* becoming a girl.

It was typically just a matter of her becoming a girl version of her boy self, but she hadn't noticed that it was actually going *beyond* that. She didn't like checking her girl body because she was always worried that she might be seen as a pervert, and even then, she had to consider she was *still* in the boy's bathroom. She didn't even want to look at her own reflection! But if she had? She probably would have noticed just how clear the differences were.

Her hair gave it away before anything else. Even as a girl, Rito's hair was still pretty short and normally retained its original, brown color. But not only were some of the strands of her mane a reddish pink, but the ones that had changed in color grew *longer* in turn. They grew, and grew, and grew some more; until each one individually reached her thighs behind her. The phenomenon eventually dyed and lengthened *all* of the hair on top of her head, with her bangs now hanging between her eyes.

“Why'd Lala use one of her... thingymabobs on me anyways? It's *sooo* not cool!” Did the girl not hear herself? Hear how *dumb* she was beginning to sound? A word as simple as ‘invention’ felt too hard to recall, much less say. And even what she'd learned in school the past few years... was that knowledge just *gone*? The loss of what amount to her *IQ* might not have been tied *to* her eyes, but the *dumber* she came across? The closer their colors lightened to a pale *amber*.

Rito's eyes weren't *alone* when it came to changes on her face, however. Her irises might have brightened, but they were more visible thanks to widening eyelids. She licked her lips briefly because they felt a little *sticky*, too. The taste of strawberry greeted her tongue? Lip gloss? When had she...? But her lips were also *fuller*, her nose more angular, and her cheeks leaner. She still had her mother's DNA in her, but she didn't really look a *lick* like Rito did facially. She even looked older. Closer to twenty, probably.

The teenager blinked, her eyelashes growing thick with mascara in the meantime. **“Huh? Is something else *totes* wrong here? Mm... But what could've even *been* wrong?”** The girl wasn't just *dumber*, but she seemed to be becoming unwilfully ignorant to what was even happening to her body. On some level she registered it – a reality where

her body's height was growing until she was slightly taller than she had even been as a boy. But she just *couldn't* piece two and two together.

This naturally affected the sizing of her outfit. Her shirt now lifted slightly to show off the base of her tummy when you factored in her height and the fact that she'd previously grown breasts otherwise. But it then lifted *higher* and *higher*, the material wrapping *around* her breasts. Breasts that *ballooned* with additional weight, with nipples puffing up too. Before long? They must have been *G-cups* at *minimum*, her shirt now only big enough to just *barely* cover her nipples.

"Hmm... Nope! Must be nothin'!" Rito, thinking something might have been weird, hummed to herself for a second before deciding it wasn't. Her big tits? She could remember using them for *all kinds* of naughty things! Just like her parting hips had been spread so that she could wrap her thickening thighs around *fat cocks* and even a man's head once. The sides of her pants tore so that swelling flesh could peek through them, just as the back of those pants split thanks to her swelling, heart shaped ass.

The girl's body was *very* lewd. And she knew it. It had always been that way.

But she wasn't *dressed* for this new role. At least not yet. The cloth that remained on Rito's body began to stretch and change color. They eventually became a white, button-up shirt that wasn't even large enough for the top buttons to be done up. Her cleavage was *totally* exposed, and you could make out the black lace bra she was wearing underneath. It matched the black thong under her pleated, blue, plaid skirt. With a choker around her neck and a heart-shaped necklace dangling into her cleavage, she was otherwise accessorized with black socks, maryjanes, and clips that parted her bangs before two tiny buns on her head's sides.

She was dressed like a buxom gyaru gal.

"O-M-G! Just *what* am I doing in the boy's room? I thought I totes broke this habit after I met my bae!" *Risa* Yuuki had a lot of memories of that mall bathroom. She'd taken money from men in exchange for sexual favors in the past year, ever since she'd turned eighteen. Her big, pillowy tits made for a good fleshlight, and she'd even spread her hole if the price was right. But she'd recently met a hot guy around her



age that the gyaru had fallen head over heels over!

If a guy caught her in that bathroom *now*, they might expect her to do what she used to. **“I made a prommy to Ryoma-kun that I totally wouldn’t do that, though!”** He got so jealous! He was such a cutie! Risa naturally left the men’s room before she got caught. Besides, she had *just* remembered why she had come to the mall in the first place. **“Right! I was gonna meet my bestie, right? We’re having a shopping date~!”**

And, as always, they would be meeting in the girl’s room to gossip first!



Haruna Sairenji had incidentally arrived at the mall *right* as Rito had gone into the men’s room. Thinking *she* was the one that was early, she had coincidentally arrived at a similar idea. She was just going to slip into the girl’s room to check her hair and clothes. It was a little windy out, so she was worried that they had gotten a little disheveled during the walk. **“Everything looks fine... That’s a relief!”**

Even though she had scrutinized her reflection in the bathroom mirror tirelessly, she still reached into the purse that she had lifted onto the counter to grab her compact to look more closely. But while searching around inside the purse with her hand? Her finger grazed a small capsule that Momo had slipped in at some point. Haruna herself didn’t notice it, but she *did* notice the flash of light that flashed from the interior.

“Huh? What was that?”

Haruna was aware of Lala’s identity and her *hobbies*, but she wasn’t as experienced as a *victim* of her testing as Rito had been. Even though she’d noticed the light, it wasn’t enough for her to assume Lala was behind it. And technically? She really *wasn’t* behind it at all. This was all according to *Momo’s* plan. She probably should have tested it on a stranger *first* though, if Rito’s fate had been any indication.

In fact, the girl’s fate was hardly all that different. She didn’t need to undergo the process of becoming a girl *first*, but her ultimate fate would be similar. After all, it had been Momo’s wish that she get closer to Rito, and who could be closer to a gyaru delinquent than *another* gyaru delinquent? So, it didn’t take long at all for her body to begin to *conform* to that new reality.

“H-Huh!?” The feeling had been so subtle at first that Haruna had been able to ignore it to a point. Her brassiere felt a *little* tighter at first, but then it felt *too* tight. That was the feeling that finally got the girl to lower her chin, looking at her bosom both directly *and* within her reflection in the mirror. It was... bigger. No, it was *still* growing bigger! The straps of her bra were digging into her back more and more intensely as the once small mounds upon her chest stretched larger and larger. Eventually? **“EEP!?”** That strap unhooked, allowing this new weight to bounce free.

Just because her tits weren't being held back by her bra anymore didn't mean that she was in the clear, though. Her blouse only had so much room inside of it, and it retracted to show her belly as it wrapped around what ultimately amounted to a pair of *F-cup* tits. **“Whoa. I'm fucking huge.”** Huh? **“Wait. Why the hell am I talkin' like this?”** Her tone had gone dry, and the way she was speaking was casually crude? She sounded like your stereotypical uncaring teenaged girl.

“Fuck! Is it not done yet?” Haruna knew that this was how she shouldn't be *talking*, much less thinking, but she couldn't correct herself. Her ability to resist was slowly deteriorating. Her mind was numbing. Her memories were becoming *confusing*. All while her body continued to change to match the image of the perfect sexy gyaru. Makeup was *already* forming upon her facial features. Features that swelled, such as her lips, or thinned like her eyes or nose. Mascara spread across lengthier lashes that surrounded eyes that had narrowed and brightened to an icy blue.

She didn't look like *herself*, really. Like the slightest bit of her DNA had remained, but it had manifested to make her appearance seem all the more erotic. Much like her tits, her ass ended up swelling too. Those blooming cheeks chewed up the perimeter of her plain, white panties and lifted her skirt, which also allowed a pair of thighs that soon jiggled with a thunderous weight to show. The final nail in the coffin of her build came courtesy of her *height*. Haruna's spine and limbs stretched so that she rose a few inches taller, but ultimately stood just shy of Risa's height.

“Not done...? What the hell am I even, like, talkin' about?” The moment her irises had glazed over with blue, she lost track of what was happening to her. The memories of a new life were being painted over her old one, just as her body had been completely aged up to *nineteen*. All that was really left was a recoloring of her purple hair. Her roots turned blonde, almost making it look like her natural purple was a dye job, and that impression grew even stronger as it eventually swept through to the tips. From there? It lengthened all the way down to the center of her back.

‘Haruna’ squinted her reflection in the mirror. “**Hah? Why’m I wearing such an ugly fit?**” Was she on her way to *church*? The teen only looked away for a second, but when she looked back? She was wearing an outfit that was almost *identical* to Risa’s. The only differences were that you could see that her bra was *pink* through her shirt, and the thong she was wearing matched in color. Her hair was also tied into a ponytail, with pink hairclips on the left side of her head. A beige sweater was tied around her waist, and she had white socks and brown shoes instead of Risa’s all-black footwear, too.

“**Ugh. I know we’re besties and all, but did Risa-chan really hafta drag me out to the mall today? I was totally gonna fuck the brains outta my bf this afternoon.**” Hanae Sairenji pulled a tube of lipstick out of her gaudily decorated purse that was filled to the brim with makeup, accessories, and even *condoms* so that she could apply it in the mirror while wearing a sour expression. “**And to think she was a bigger slut than me just a year ago. Hah!**”

Even though Hanae was speaking pretty cruelly, she didn’t really *think* that way. She really did see Risa as her best friend. They were even closer with each other than they were with their boyfriends. They fooled around with each other sexually sometimes, too. But they liked to poke at each other at times. That was just what gyaru’s did, right? “**Oh. There you are. Would it fucking hurt ya to be on time for—?**”



Hanae had noticed Risa’s reflection in the mirror and had turned to greet her bestie the way she knew how. But the moment their eyes met? They both *froze* for a second. Hanae seemed to know *who* Risa had been, and vice versa. It was like the fog that had buried their old memories had been temporarily lifted, but only when they were together. “**So, it fucking happened to you too, huh? But why can I think properly now. All my memories were of being a gyaru bitch two secs ago.**” Evidently, the Haruna deep down couldn’t *act* like she used to.

“**And I can’t stop acting like some total dummy bimbo! I forgot I was some lame dweeb-ass boy until like, just a sec ago!**” Nor could Risa act like the boy she had been before. She still sounded like an airhead, and she couldn’t bring herself to use her old name. “**Do you, like, think it’s ‘cause we’re together? Does this mean we’ll forget again if we leave!?**” The two tried to *not* test that theory,

staying together the rest of the day as they unwantedly spoke about everything from boys, to sex, to even having some *fun* together.

But once the day eventually ended and they had to go their separate ways? They would forget about their old lives again.

When Momo went to school the next day, she had *expected* to find Rito and Haruna even closer than ever. In a way? She *had*. There were two new girls at her school that had their last names, and everyone seemed to think that they had *always* been there. Everyone except Momo, at least. She observed them. When she observed them together, they acted a little differently than when they were apart. The way they were talking... They really *were* Rito and Haruna! But this made Momo realize something *horrible*.

“I... already set up those capsules in the belongings of all the other girls!”

Uh oh.