

LIVING VIEWS

COMMISSION STORY

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“You’re not going to forget the rules, are you?”

“How *could* I? You’ve explained them like five times now.”

It was rare to find the two youngest members of the infamous group known as the Stellaron Hunters *actually* acting their age for a change. Well, perhaps it wasn’t all that rare to find *Silver Wolf* in a position like that. She was just as much a girl in her late teens as anyone else her age. Perhaps even a little *too* much, because the hacker was endlessly sassy and spent most of, if not *all* of her life in front of a screen in some form. But that was just how things were for her. Those experiences had shaped the talents that made her such a valuable asset to Elio.

On the other hand, it *was* rare to find Firefly choosing to partake in something that would have been a much more befitting activity for a girl of her age. Her appearance aside, she was an artificially created soldier that only had a limited amount of time to live. She had been taken in by the Stellaron Hunters because of her overwhelming combat strength, but also to give her a home in a universe where many would reject her.

But the background of *neither* of the girls mattered in that moment. They were both within their own rooms aboard the ship that the Hunters utilized as their base of operations and were speaking over a device the both of them were wearing. A virtual reality headset. **“Well, don’t blame me when you eat my dust, got it?”** It had been Silver Wolf’s idea. To play a VR fighting game that involved real motions.

The reality of the situation was that she wanted Firefly to lighten up a little. The younger girl was worried about her, because in her own words

Firefly's life was a 'single-player action high difficulty speedrun'. It was probably because of her lifespan, but it always felt like she never took a moment to slow down and be *normal*. At least through a game, she could offer her that opportunity once in a while.

“Eat your dust? Don’t underestimate me, Silver Wolf! This isn’t really *your* type of game.”



...Even if Firefly's taunt *did* get under her skin a little. **“Don’t forget games are my wonderland, you— Eh?”** Before she could finish that sentence, all of the electronics in her room flickered on, off, on, and then off again. It was pitch black for a second, at least until the red emergency lights in her room came back on. **“Crap...”** Had they used

too much power between the two of them? The modern VR headsets *were* extremely power hungry.

She slipped the headset off with the intention of looking around, but as she lifted it off her head? **“Youch!?”** A sharp static shock was received, or at least she *felt* like one. Silver Wolf didn't really think much of it initially and tossed the device off to the side and onto her bed. But after taking a few steps towards the door? She began to feel a little... *tingly*. Had the VR headset delivered some manner of strange electrical frequency? If so, she assumed she could shrug it off in a second. And she did!

The issue was that this tingly sensation was only a warning sign of something greater, and the girl was about to become subjected to those greater issues. Issues that would compromise the integrity of her favorite outfit in a number of uncomfortable ways. **“Huh? Is something else wrong?”** She just *had* to ask. Because it felt like her clothes were riding up her body?

Silver Wolf looked downward at herself and squinted. *Yeah*, the base of her crop top was closer to the base of her chest than it should have been. And were the belts around her thighs too low? Not to mention her arms appeared to be jutting further out of her sleeves, and her gloves and boots were beginning to feel... a little... tight? **“Wait...”** She did her best to remain calm and turned her attention *away* from her body for a second.

She had a theory, but she needed to reference her surroundings. All it took as a quick glance for her to conclude: **“I’m growing taller?”** The reason she didn’t sound all that *alarmed* was because she didn’t actually see it as a *negative*. How often had the hacker cursed her shorter stature? She was essentially fully grown and had only peaked at a meager 4’11”, so to acknowledge her growth was to acknowledge a fantasy being fulfilled.

“Hm... 5’2”? 5’3”?” When the sensation of her vertical uprising finally came to an end, the girl attempted to guess what her new height was. She was *close* to being on the mark, but she had to add an additional inch. She was actually 5’4”, and that growth had led to her hands and feet growing bigger too. **“Ugh...”** Big enough that she had to kick those boots off and remove fingerless gloves that were much too restrictive around her larger palms.

Okay, so she’d gotten taller. That was a good thing, right? And because of the nature of her outfit, she hadn’t suffered *much* clothing malfunction, at least when it came to her vertical growth. The issue with *that* small relief was that her growth *hadn’t* concluded. It was just going to manifest in ways that were a touch... *plusher*? As Silver Wolf soon realized upon looking down again.

Her gaze had been guided downwards by a combination of sensations relate to her clothing. Her crop top and jacket felt a touch *tight*, but exclusively around her *chest* where she felt somewhat *heavier* than normal. **“Uh...?”** By peering down, she was treated to a firsthand view of her cleavage deepening. Her once small breasts were *growing*, fat stretching their skin as her nipples turned plump and even more sensitive than normal. It was unsurprising, seeing as how her tits had nearly *tripled* in size.

The front of her shirt had been yanked inches forward, and it felt like they’d pop out of the fabric if she made a sudden movement. **“They’re so big. But its strange, something about this feels a little familiar.”** The Stellaron Hunter let out a cough. *That* was a weird voice crack. Her voice had sounded a little *softer* for a moment there. **“Wait, it wasn’t just my tits, was it? Ugh, these voice cracks!?”** What had seemed like a strange crackling phenomenon devolved into a permanent sound.

“Testing... Testing...” Silver Wolf’s eyes narrowed. She’d heard this voice before, and not from her *own* two lips. But her changed voice had pulled her attention away from her *growth*. She’d remarked that it hadn’t *just* been her tits that had grown, and this was correct. Her ass and thighs had grown a little bigger themselves, with fat peeking over the belt of her shorts. Shorts that had their front buttons pop off

because her hips had widened! The belts she wore around her thighs were digging uncomfortably into them now that they were several inches thicker, too.

All of this could only really lead her to a singular conclusion. **“I’m turning into Firefly!?”** Did that explain what this strange *burning* sensation underneath her skin was? Was it that woman’s medical condition flaring up? *That* made her worry a little, but this *must* have been reversible somehow. She clicked her tongue, running a hand up to touch her hair.

The drill curl that her ponytail was usual tied into was tickling her shoulders, namely because that drill shape had come undone. The hair was loose, and a darker silver had consumed not just the hair closest to her roots, but had eaten up much of the blue the ends were dyed in too. Her ponytail remained, but it was loose with tips of a dark green. Naturally, this was the same hair color that Firefly possessed.

Naturally, her face was stripped of its original identity in the final moments. Small, narrow eyes rounded as her silver irises came alight with vague hints of pink and green. Her nose grew and her lips swelled up, all while her face took the general shape of the older Firefly. She still *looked* youthful, but she had to be at *least* five years older chronologically.

“Uh... Just what the hell am I supposed to do about *this*?”

The way she was acting was still very much *Silver Wolf*, but her appearance was anything but. From head to toe she looked *exactly* like *Firefly* and even spoke with her voice. **“Ugh, this is all so damn uncomfortable.”** That was no surprise, really. She was taller and curvier, even though Firefly’s figure wasn’t astounding or anything. Her usual outfit was holding on for dear life, but it also wasn’t like she had any clothes in her room that would fit her now.



As she considered asking Firefly for something aware, a theory suddenly clicked. **“Huh. If I turned into Firefly, then is it possible that Firefly...?”** ...Turned into her? Was this situation straight out of a fantasy light novel? If so, what could have even caused it? Well, there was only one potential culprit in the

end, wasn't there? The VR headset. The game. This had all happened right after the power shortage, and the lights hadn't even come back on yet. At least she could kill two birds with one stone.

“The breaker is by Firefly’s place. Guess I should just go check.”

Getting there with her shorts giving her such a deep wedgie was going to be a *literal* pain in the ass, though.



“Huh? Silver Wolf?” Firefly had been just as concerned with the power turning off suddenly as Silver Wolf had, but she hadn't had enough common sense to take the headset off right away. She wondered if it was some kind of prank Silver Wolf was playing to win, because she was always ‘cheesing’ her games. It was technically one of the girl's shadier skills, but Firefly actually *respected* that side of her. Being able to do whatever it took to win was an admirable trait.

But after roughly thirty seconds of nothing happening, she finally gave up and lifted the headset off – **“Ow!”** – receiving the very same shock that her younger peer had on the other side of the ship before realizing it hadn't just been the headset that had gone out. *All* of the power in the ship had gone out aside from the emergency lights. It was a good thing they had been stationary at the time. **“What do I...? Eh?”**

She felt a little tingly all of a sudden. Was that normal?

Firefly was uncertain, but the tingling sensation subsided a second later. It must have just been a side effect of the shock? But it was odd... Her *condition* wasn't bothering her like it typically did. That usual, burning discomfort had either faded, or her senses weren't picking it up. That *wasn't* normal. **“Wait, something is wrong, isn't it?”** It was *far* more than a hunch. Much more tangible proof was making itself known to her.

It affected her *figure* first and foremost, and it was through these specific changes that the Stellaron Hunter began to try and comprehend

the fate that was in store for her. **“My chest is getting smaller?”** She arched a brow, not panicked but clearly concerned. A hand was brought to press against her bosom, where the cloth of her dress had been feeling looser, and the cups of her bra appeared to be supporting nothing in particular. Little by little the fat that made them reasonably large had been diminishing, and when all was said and done? They had to be around *three* sizes smaller. A pair of *A-cups* that probably wouldn’t grow much larger on their own.

Firefly admittedly didn’t care *too* much about her figure, or she hadn’t in the past. These days there was someone special to her that she was looking to impress, so for her breasts to be so much smaller so suddenly left her a little *conflicted*. That conflict only grew as it occurred to her that her body was *continuing* to do the exact opposite, though.

“Ah!?” She squeaked with surprise seemingly out of nowhere. She probably wouldn’t have realized otherwise, because she was wearing a dress with a skirt that meant that any changes beneath said skirt would be difficult to recognize. Yet her white panties slipping past her thighs tipped her off. **“Did my butt get smaller too!?”** It *had* thinned but so had her thighs. So much so that her hips had even narrowed several inches. This altogether led to her underwear sliding *right* off.

This left her loins feeling a little *drafty*, but that was hardly her main concern at that moment. **“What *could* even be *causing* this? Was it the VR— My voice!?”** So that *hadn’t* just been a voice crack earlier, huh? Firefly’s distress was building, namely because she could *recognize* this voice with which she was speaking. It was *very* familiar; the voice of someone she knew well. **“There’s no way…”**

But there *was*. The varied colors of the woman’s eyes were fading, leaving her irises as a plain, monochromatic silver instead. Those eyes slimmed and narrowed in shape, but this was just part of the broader changes to her face. Changes that forced the shape of her maw narrower, shrank her nose, and even thinned her lips so that she looked smaller, cuter, and *younger*.

A lighter silver returned, this time affecting a completely different region than her eyes. It *did* paint her thinned eyebrows first, but before long it began to seep outwards from the roots of the hair atop her head. It stretched about halfway down the full length of her hair before this silver turned a dark blue instead, and from there it was a matter of changing *style*. Her hair thinned, but it also began to curl. Into a mess of drill ringlets that could be pulled into a singular drill.

“Am I turning into Silver— Whoa!?” Firefly had been on the mark of course, even without a means of checking how her face appeared (and

she had bigger things to worry about than her hair). If there was *one* major difference between how she now appeared and the form that was in store for her? It would have been her height. Yet that was promptly corrected, prompting the *girl* to cry out with surprise upon being possessed by the sensation of vertical decline.

More commonly known as: *shrinking*. Her limbs and torso compressed downwards, bones merging into themselves and narrowing where necessary. One inch, two inches, three inches – they all peeled off of her, bringing her down to a meager height of 4’11”, which was incidentally the same height as the friend she had been thinking of during her previous assessment. This more or less confirmed it to be true.

If her diminished figure had already left her clothes to rest too loose on her body, then that height drop certainly *hadn’t* helped things. The skirt of her dress now covered her *knees*, her sleeves had swallowed tinier hands with blue polish now on their nails, and her thigh highs had slipped down above shoes that were *far* too spacious for toes that were much too itty bitty for them now. It seemed like a change of attire was in order, but at least everything was covered up.

Because she *looked* much younger, even though she was now technically *eighteen*.

“**Eh? Eh? EHHHH!?**” She’d more or less acknowledged it as it was happening, but when the tingling feeling *finally* came to an end? Firefly had a much more *condensed* freakout – this time through *Silver Wolf’s* voice, as she had become the younger girl in body and sound alike. “**H-How did this happen? Why did I turn into Silver Wolf!?**” She didn’t know what even *could* have caused such a change. A Curio perhaps? Regardless of the how, she couldn’t comprehend what to do *now*.



Of all the priorities, her thoughts immediately turned to Stelle. She’d been making great strides with her as of late! She felt like they’d been close to dating! But now she was younger and smaller – what would Stelle think!? “**W-Wait, that shouldn’t really be my priority right now, should it?**” This likely *wasn’t* only a one way street. Was it possible they’d swapped, and Silver Wolf was now in her—

“Hey!? So, we really *did* swap, huh?” The fingerprint reader of her door must have been used, because the door slid open and— Oh, that made sense. Only her own finger could have opened that door, and in came a woman who looked identical to who she was *supposed* to be wearing Silver Wolf’s clothes. That... didn’t look comfortable. **“I have a ton of questions. Do I have to deal with your lifespan now? Is this going to affect my work? But first: clothes?”**

Firefly stood there stunned for a moment, her usual dress hanging loosely off of her new body. **“Oh! Right, clothes. Should we just swap, or...?”** Thinking about what Silver Wolf *usually* wore, she wasn’t sure she was comfortable revealing that much skin. Silver Wolf was already digging around in her wardrobe, but she clearly skipped the underwear section. **“H-Hey! Dress properly if you’re going to be in my body! And that means covering up!”** Regardless of who was in who’s body, she didn’t want her skin being shown off! How could she face the Trailblazer later if that ended up being the case!?

“Oh yeah? Are you going to make me, pipsqueak?”

“Pipsqueak!? This is your body, you know!?”

“Aww, you look so cute when you act like that, shortie!”

Whether or not they could reverse this in the short term, it really did seem like Firefly had drawn the *short* end of the stick. Both literally and figuratively.