

JUST A REGULAR GIRL

BIWEEKLY STORY #177

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Firefly knew that she shouldn't have returned to Penacony.

After her third death, she hadn't exactly been in a very stable condition. It had taken her almost the entire duration of the Astral Express's stay on Amphoreus to recover from her adventure on Penacony in the first place, and now they had gone off to Planarcadia. The woman had sacrificed a lot during her last mission, but she had still come back content despite the state she had been in. She had been able to protect the person she cared about and had found some answers about what she wanted for *herself* as well.

But no sooner than she'd recovered *enough* did Elio provide her with a new mission. Firefly didn't really have an issue with it. It was better than continuing to lounge around in her preservation pod while outside of SAM and considering she had been sent back to *Penacony* of all places, that meant she had more freedom than if she'd been asked to go somewhere else. She could actually explore outside of her suit.

"I've never been asked to pretend to be a student before..." The Stellaron Hunter had even been a little *excited* about the job she had been given. It was just for the sake of gathering information. Elio had wanted her to check Penacony's social pulse after the shakeups within the Oak Family, not to mention the incident with Dr. Primitive shortly after. Looking to kill two birds with one stone, she was asked to go undercover as a new student at Penacony Paperfold University College.

Elio had arranged a dorm room for her and everything, so that was where Firefly had gone first after synchronizing her dream self with the Land of Sweet Dreams. It had been easy enough to sneak in unnoticed,



which worked out in her favor because her next action was to concoct a disguise. This was something that was done easily enough within Penacony, where altering one's appearance was as simple as willing it. All she had to do was dream of herself as a model student and the dreamscape would deal with the rest.

But she didn't really need to dream *that* hard. She just needed to change her clothes. No one at the school should have had any record of her identity or her exploits. **"I think it should be fine if I just think of myself as a *regular***

***girl*, right? Well, one in a school uniform, of course!"** Firefly knew the procedure. There was a certain thought she needed to dream first, and then...

Yet something went wrong.

Firefly herself noticed it, but it was difficult to describe. It was like there had been an intrusive thought... but those were usually still your *own* thoughts. She'd heard this thought in her own voice but had been unable to parse it. All she knew was that she felt *dirty* somehow after it crossed her mind. And that worried her. **"...Is that going to affect the process?"** Because something was *off* about that too. Those changes *should* have been instant. She should have just been dressed more like a student of Paperfold University College now that she'd expressed her desires. But something *had* begun to happen.

It just wasn't instant, nor was it happening where she had expected it to. If she had been looking at, say, her *hair*, then she might have realized that there *were* differences that were beginning to show themselves. One by one, the strands of her silver and green-tipped hair brightened to *blonde*. It was a golden yet *faux* blonde, like someone had applied hair dye to mask its original color. And while this *was* technically true? The hair underneath was *not* its usual silver but was instead *black*. In fact, her pubes darkened to an undyed black as if to confirm this, even though her brows were dyed like her hair.

"Maybe it didn't work...? *Obvs* nothing is... happening?" No. Firefly had *definitely* heard that. A word – or more specifically an abbreviation – that she hadn't *wanted* to say but had slipped out

through her lips anyways. Lips that were unknowingly puffing out in size a little bit, almost like they had been stung by a bee. A pink gloss spread across them just as her headband disappeared atop her head, allowing her blonde hair to then be tied into a side ponytail by a pink tie that matched a pink hairclip appearing in the left side of her bangs.

Even as the young woman blinked with confusion, her eyes became *stickier*. Mascara thickened, making her lashes appear fuller and heavier while the shapes of those eyes were altered. **“Obvs? Like ‘obviously’? That sounds like something Silver Wolf would say...”** She clearly didn’t recognize that her gaze was narrowing, not that it would be an easy thing *to* notice. Her hooded eyelids were ironed out, becoming monolid by design instead while they curved into a more *Asian* almost shape. *Japanese* by Earth standards. The next time she blinked, her silver gaze was replaced by a bright blue instead.

“Obvs I’d say obvs! W-Wait, no...? Ah!?” Perhaps it was because the corrupted dream’s power had seeped into her vocal cords, but her voice sounded *higher*, which she *did* recognize. Her face’s shape was rounding still at this time, making her look all the more Japanese while a shortened nose led to wider nostrils instead. She was very *pretty*, but she also looked *younger*. By the time pink blush had applied itself to her cheeks, she didn’t look any older than *eighteen* when she had been an adult prior. **“Why does my voice, like, sound like this!?”** And why could she not correct how *vapidly* she was speaking!?

What scared her the most was that there was a part of her that kind of wanted to lean *into* it.

Her cheeks burned red from what she first *assumed* was frustration because she didn’t understand what was happening. It was only moments later that she realized while she *was* heating up because of ‘frustration’, it wasn’t the sort of frustration that she had thought. It was much more *needy*. Much more *sexual*. What eventually tipped her off was a dull aching in her *breasts*. **“Why do my tits feel so... mm... full?”** That little moan she’d slipped in there wasn’t helping her case at *all*.

Referring to them as ‘tits’ and describing them as ‘full’ were also tells that something was slipping with her mind. Her vernacular wasn’t just becoming more vapid, but *dirtier* as well. But, when it came to her chest, maybe ‘tits’ *was* a better word for them... what with how *big* they were becoming. Firefly’s chin was pointed directly down, her blue eyes watching the front of a dress that *should* have been form-fitting... not quite *fitting* her *form* as she expected it to.

There was no need to question *why* she had decided to describe them as ‘full’, not when you could see that her breasts were absolutely *ballooning* to the best of her ability within her top. “*Oof!?*” The noise that the girl made when she felt her bra *snap* in the back had a vague playfulness to it, even though she ended up stumbling forward and the front of her current dress tore *right* down the front so that her creamy, still expanding cleavage could be exposed. And there was a *lot* of it.

The *old* Firefly might have hesitated to even *look* at her deepening cleavage, but a mixture of her changing personality and shifting libido led to her sinking her hands *into* them. Hands that ended up finding pink, stick-on nails attached to them. “*These things are fuckin’ huge! But... they’re no bigger than normal, right? If they were any smaller, then...*” The girl suddenly found herself dizzy by thoughts and memories of *using* those breasts. Not for anything SFW, but instead for rubbing down cocks and dildos. “*I wouldn’t have as much fun with ‘em!*”

Jiggling her own tits and tweaking her own nipples wasn’t really *helping* when it came to satisfying herself, but it *did* keep her eyes trained up top. Well, it wasn’t like she could look lower with a pair of *H-cup* tits in her face, was it? She’d had to tear more of her dress just to let her girls *breathe*! Her massive mammaries were *distracting* though, and that was all she needed to stop herself from thinking about the massive *wedgie* she was developing!

The wedgie was kind of *helping* in a way, though? The front of her panties was being rubbed into the lips of her pussy, which had actually become a little fatter in the lips department. The wedgie wasn’t because her pussy was a little more swollen though and came courtesy of a combination of her *ass* and *hips*. Not unlike her bosom, weight *surged* into the cheeks of her ass – inflating them into a bulbous heart shape that would *definitely* bounce if you slapped them. These cheeks were so big that they both lifted the back of her skirt and forced the cloth of her undergarments into flossing her deepened crack.

But more space had been *needed* for these big cheeks, so her hips had been forced to widen several inches to accommodate that. It wasn’t long before the waistband of her panties *snapped*, but by that point the cloth had dug into her booty so much that only the front slipped off slightly on the right side. If anything, it just drew attention down to her *thighs*, which like her buttocks were stretched with a generous helping of soft tissue. The skin that surrounded them was pulled so tightly that they ended up sporting a sheen. A beauty mark also developed on her inner left thigh.

“...Eh?” While she was still rubbing at herself, Firefly became baffled by the fact that her nipples had been covered again. The first few buttons of her uniform blouse were undone, and her tie was hanging loose, but was anything actually different? **“That’s fuckin’.... weird.”** Why did she feel like she’d just been wearing something else? But she had her big, pink, leopard print lingerie on, her uniform skirt, sweater tied around her waist... It all seemed pretty normal? Pretty *regular*.

“Ooookay. What was I even doing? I’m obvs skipping class again, but...!”

In a way, you could say that the eighteen-year-old *gyaru girl* was *just an ordinary girl*. She didn’t have any talent for battles; she wasn’t smart and wasn’t really good at much otherwise. You couldn’t get much more ‘ordinary’ than that. But *Fuuka* was good at things that most people wouldn’t find ‘ordinary’. Sucking dicks, licking pussies, ‘bouncing on it’... Her talents when she came to sex were *unrivaled* among her peers, which had allowed her to coast by despite her deficiencies elsewhere.



Fuuka had *been* confused, but she suddenly remembered why she was back in *her* dorm in the middle of the day. **“Oh, right! This is the time of day where sensei comes on by, right~?”** Every Tuesday afternoon the teaching assistant from her class came over to pay her a ‘visit’. She was serving him sexually in exchange for passing her under the teacher’s nose, which was a strat she had been using for a long time. Nobody really seemed to care, so why not get away with it for as long as she could?

“Tits? Huge. Ass? Fat. Pussy? Clean.” Hands ran to each of the body parts she mentioned to grab them playfully, and then she fixed up her disheveled uniform just a bit. **“I think we’re good to go! Man... I love being just a regular girl!”**