

# PARTY REPLACEMENT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hm? Is this the formal invitation for that party?”**

The sixteen-year-old Masachika Kuze had been sorting through his mail when he suddenly came across an unusually shaped envelope mixed in. Well, it wasn't *unusual* in that it was strange, just that it was *very* clearly shaped like a card instead of being a traditional envelope. **“Good thing it came today. I need to go pick her up in a few hours.”** He'd only *just* got home from school, it was already 5pm! But what was this party even about?

It wasn't for Halloween, Christmas, or anything like that; it was the middle of the summer, after all! In actuality? The local naval base had decided to hold a beach party for anyone interested, and those invitations had been extended to the students of Seirei Private Academy so long as they sent in an invitation request. Parties weren't typically Masachika's scene, but... His crush, Alisa, had put him up to attending the function. It wasn't a *date* or anything like that... Or *was* it? He wasn't really sure.

Either way, the two of them had been talking during lunch about how their invitations hadn't shown up yet despite the event being later that evening. It was a Saturday night, so the fact that it was at 8pm didn't matter as they didn't have school the next day. Plus, there were going to be fireworks and things like that once it had gotten dark! It was the perfect night for—

**“We cordially invite you to our Summer Bash down at the Naval Base. However, due to a staffing shortage, we'd like to bring you on as volunteer Ship Girls instead. Please bring this**



**invitation with you, Gambier Bay? ...Huh?"**

After opening the envelope, he'd found the invitation within and decided to read it aloud. Masachika's tone became increasingly skeptical the more he read on. **"...Ship Girls? Wait, that's not even the weirdest part. I'm not going to the party to work."**

It wasn't a surprise that he didn't know what a 'Ship Girl' was. It was the base's best kept secret. A fleet of girls outfitted with special technology that allowed them to skate across the seas, armed with weaponry in the case of an enemy attack. They were created through an advanced scientific process, and as a result they were even a mystery to most branches of Japan's own government.

**"Maybe I should reach out to Alya...? I'm going to be annoyed if she just received a normal invitation, though."** Masachika tossed the card down on his desk with one hand while reaching for the phone in his pocket with the other, but... Well, something *invisible* had gotten onto his hands after touching that card and was spreading both across his body and *into* it through his orifices. Not only could you create Ship Girls through genetic science, but...

Nanomachines were *another* option.

He went to reach for his phone but ended up stopping when he caught sight of the hand that he was doing the reaching with in the first place. Considering the nanomachines had spread from the invitation to his hands first, it made a great deal of sense that his hands would be the first to change, but... He didn't have the context that he should have had to worry about anything at *all* just yet. **"...Huh?"** He *watched* his own fingernails lengthen slightly and could *see* those fingers and palms slum into they were smaller and more delicate.

Like the hands of a *woman*? That was the only comparison he could aptly draw. **"What the hell?"** It had happened to both of his hands, and he could even see his wrists narrowing to boot. **"Did I not get enough sleep last night? Did I drink something that was spiked?"** Because in Masachika's mind, the only explanation for what he was looking at was that it was a *hallucination*.

Unfortunately for that fragile mind of his, it *wasn't* a hallucination, and it *wasn't* isolated to his hands alone, even though he didn't really have any reason to suspect otherwise just yet. This was only the case because now that the nanomachines had secretly coated the boy's body, they

were spreading their work over different areas. And the area they worked on next? Well, that was his *face*.

**“No matter how I look at *it*, this is a pretty *convincing hallucination...*”** Masachika himself was distracted by turning his hands over in front of him. Those cracks in his voice must have just been a trick of his imagination! They surely weren’t related to his Adam’s apple smoothing away, nor his lips bloating a couple of inches while his cheekbones rose and his jaw *widened*. ...Okay, so it totally *was* related. That was just a small piece of what the nanomachines were doing though, all in favor of making him appear *feminine* like his hands, but also *older* and more *foreign*.

Those latter two traits became more apparent as a bright blue seeped into his eyes to overwhelm their original browns. His eyelashes fluttered longer as he blinked, and they seemed to even stretch wider as those lids themselves became creased and the corners parted so that they didn’t quite appear Japanese. No, when you looked at his very *maidenly* face now, he looked much more like a twenty-or-so year old *American* woman. **“*Maybe I can nap it off? But the party... Eh?*”**

It took a sentence or two for Masachika to notice, but what he had originally dismissed as some offhanded voice cracks before... Well, it certainly seemed like that was *just his voice now*. It was the voice of a young woman, and one whose sentences kept trailing off into... **“*English?*”** Not just his words, but his thoughts. When did it happen? When had he stopped thinking in his native language? He still *knew* Japanese, but it was like he had to translate in his head before he spoke.

Once again, there was a visual symptom related to what was happening to him mentally. One look at the boy’s hair would have set off some red flags, because there were strands that clearly didn’t match up with his usual brown. They had brightened much like his eyes, but unlike that blue? They glowed a bright blonde, enhancing the idea that he might be ‘American’ as the color not only jumped from hair to hair, but each recolored strand eventually grew, and grew, and grew some more.

**“*Huh!?*”** The tone to the boy’s voice was peppy as he chirped with surprise. The weight of his growing mane was difficult to ignore, especially as it thickened and tickled his neck. He grabbed a handful of the blonde and pulled it over his shoulder *just* as it stopped growing, but by that point? It was a voluminous mess that reached the center of his back. **“*Even my hair is changing... I really don’t get how this is happening!*”**

It had to be a dream, right? But how could *she* be dreaming when she had to— **“*Wait, since when did I start thinking of myself as a***

**girl!?”** It wasn’t *just* a mental change, as she soon realized. As her thighs involuntarily rubbed together and his 5’8” height slipped down a meager 5’4” comparatively. **“A-Am I really a girl?”** She wasn’t even sure *why* she asked when there wasn’t anything between her legs anymore. Well, aside from a bush of blonde pubes on the front of her pelvis that had been neatly trimmed.

**“And I’m smaller...”** As much as she hated to *think* it, was any of this *actually* a problem? Time was running out and she had to get to her *job*, right? And that job was the whole reason she was becoming a girl in the first place! It was to fulfill that job that her hips wedged a little wider, and why her hips and ass swelled with supple weight so that she had a shapely bottom and smooth, hairless legs within oversized pants.

If her newfound femininity wasn’t an issue, then there really wasn’t a need for her to overreact to her waistline pinching in, was there? Nor how that weight was seemingly pushed upwards into a chest that, while once flat, soon jiggled into a pair of mounds that inevitably grew into a pair of perky *C-cups* that pushed her uniform shirt forward. No, if her body wasn’t a problem, then... **“I need something else to wear. I can’t wear this to the beach party!”**

Luckily, the nanomachines were good for more than body transformations and mental tampering. Her uniform suddenly lightened, and before long? Her uniform jacket had become a light green khaki jacket buttoned up over a black spaghetti strap top that was tied at its base. You could see her belly between that and a bikini bottom that matched her shirt, but green khaki was worn overtop of it like a skirt with a pouch in front. What really brought the look together was the black bandana in her hair and green hair ties that kept her flowing, blonde locks in big pigtail... all complimenting matching, green flipflops.

**“I’m really a girl... Ah! I’m also American, aren’t I!? Is that why English is coming to me so easily!?”** One glance in the reflection of her room’s television was all *Gambier Bay* needed to understand the full extent of what had happened to her. She’d turned into a *really* pretty girl, but her blonde hair and blue eyes, not to mention the *shape* of her face... There was no denying that she *wasn’t* a Japanese girl. She’d started passively thinking in English because she was a native English speaker now? **“None of this makes any sense!”**



The irony of her being more foreign than Alisa was had been lost on her, though.

The invitation *had* to be behind it! It should have been frustrating, and Masachika Kuze would have been pissed! But... while it was kind of disorienting, Gambier Bay didn't really seem to mind? **"Well, if it's just for the party then I guess it isn't really *that* big of a deal? Besides, look how cute I am! Hmm... Am I a little older though? Either way! I don't have to pick out an outfit!"** She *was* a little curious about what she looked like underneath her clothes, though...

**"Well, maybe *she* can help me with that! I guess I need to go pick her up if we need to get in before our shifts start, though..."**

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**"*HUH!?*"** Alisa Mikhailovna Kujou – otherwise known as Alya – had been just as surprised as her (prospective) boyfriend when she read her own invitation. They had waited until the last minute to send her not a proper invitation to the party, but instead a request to have her work? She also knew nothing about 'Ship Girls' or what that meant, but she also wondered if maybe the invitation had simply been sent to the wrong address?

The name used for her at the bottom had been *Shigure* and not Alisa, so it was possible!

**"Perhaps Masachika received the same invitation? Well, even if not I can't exactly say *no*... I wouldn't want him spending more time with any of the other girls..."** They were practically on the cusp of ending up in a relationship, so Alisa possessiveness was at an all-time high. Until they made it official, she *really* didn't want any other women trying anything with him. Little did she know that he was now a cute, blonde American woman, so that probably wouldn't be happening.

She placed her own invitation down beside her phone, sharing Masachika's idea of texting the other partner about it. But her own card had been coated with the same mischievous nanomachines, and they had *already* coated her. While her hands had *already* been altered? Because she had naturally *already* was a girl, her nails growing ever so slightly and her fingers becoming just a *little* bit thinner weren't all that easy to notice.



But either way, she *still* didn't manage to touch her phone before something pulled her attention away, it was just a touch more *dramatic* than her hands looking slightly cuter. "**U-Uh!?**" Alisa threw her arms out to the side suddenly, only because her mind registered that she might have been in danger because it let like she was *falling*. It quickly occurred to her that this *wasn't* the case – but instead that her above average 5'7" height had decided to *drop* so that she was all the more average comparatively.

5'4". Within seconds that was the height that the teenager stood at, and she didn't have the foggiest idea as to *why*. "**What in the world...?**" If not for the fact that the loss of those three inches had led to her hands slipping into her sleeves, her skirt covering her thighs, and her leggings slipping, she would have considered what she believed to have happened an impossibility. "**I... shrunk, did I?**" Even faced with something unbelievable, she did her best to try and keep up the air of someone composed.

Though, it quickly dawned on her that while she had shrunk, not *every* part of her body was shrinking. Some aspects of it were... doing the polar opposite! "**E-Erm...**" Alisa didn't think to question her stutter, nor the growing softness in her voice as her blue eyes were cast directly down. Not that she wasn't *already* examining her shorter body, but she'd refocused on her *chest* of all places.

"**That's... not...?**" Possible? Could she really say that after her height had dropped so suddenly? Regardless of the plausibility, that didn't change that she watched the top buttons of her uniform blouse fight for their lives as the fabric was forced forward. Her bra felt *unreasonably* tight, with the straps digging into her back. But no buttons popped and no straps snapped, because while her breast *had* grown? It was only a singular cup size. They were certainly *fuller*, but not abundantly so. "**My bosom is larger...?**"

Those words were strange for two reasons. The first was in how quiet she was, because Alya wasn't the type to whisper unnecessarily. She was bold and vocal. The other was her choice of wording. Saying 'bosom' instead of 'breasts' felt a little too PG, even for her. But the mental adjustments weren't all that obvious when she was thinking about how her *body* was changing. Even then, she wasn't catching *everything*.

If she *had* been, she would have caught that her lower body had fared similarly to her upper half. Weight was gained to make her shorter form curvier, but not so much that it was especially noticeable. Her thighs clearly swelled an inch or two thicker, and the cheeks of her ass perked

up with a subtle jiggle, but the aspect that made it the most noticeable was that her panties fit a little more snugly.

**“But maybe this is alright? I-If I have to work tonight, then... B-But I didn’t want to work?”** Much like Masachika, Alya’s thoughts slowly twisted so that she was willing to work at the naval base’s party that night. Though, it didn’t even occur to her that her face was changing – that the Russian sharpness of her father’s genetics were slowly being erased from her appearance so that her face was rounder and cuter, with poutier lips, a wider chin, a shorter nose, and... Well, while her eyes *did* remain blue, their shades darkened a touch and their almond shapes took on a much more classical, Japanese shape. She looked much more like what you’d expect a traditional Japanese beauty to look like.

Not a girl – no, a *woman* that was half Russian. Because that was the other half of it. Those features were clearly more mature. One look at her would suggest she was a Japanese woman in her early twenties, not a teen. **“Huh? My hair...?”** And the surprises kept coming. The *length* of her hair didn’t really change much, but she eventually noticed the bangs that hung between her eyes turning *silver*. Her hair thinned overall while this color possessed it, painting even her now shaved pubes in the same shade of dark chestnut. Most tragically of all? Even her ahoge flattened away as the sides became a little messier.

**“Oh! The mirror.”** It had taken Alya *that* long to remember she had a full length mirror in the corner of her room, and once it occurred to her, she quickly moved over to have a look at herself. At first, doing so had been a little difficult because her clothes were a little too big (though not around her chest and butt), but their weight wasn’t an issue at all by the time she actually *reached* that mirror.

Her school uniform was *gone*, and the cool air from her AC unit tickled all of the exposed skin of her body because she’d been stripped down into a blue bikini that had a homelier flare, accessorized by matching flipflops, a short and open white shirt, and a white half-skirt that was connected to the bikini bottom. Her brown hair had even been tied into a braided ponytail underneath a cute, straw sun hat.

**“Um... Is this alright? I must be a little older and... entirely Japanese.”** *Shigure* could not deny these facts as she stared at her own reflection, and she undeniably spoke of them in a much more passive voice than how she would have spoken as Alya. Like Gambier Bay, she couldn’t find it in herself at all to get riled up. It was just something she accepted, and funnily enough? Between Masachika and herself, *she* was the more Japanese one at that moment.

She couldn't help but admire her body in the full-length mirror of her bedroom. There was a cuteness to her face, but she felt a little erotic only being dressed in a bikini in an unfamiliar body. It wasn't a *bad* look; it just wasn't *her* look. **"I-I suppose... if this is temporary, it's fine. But how am I going to explain this to Gambier Bay? I—?"** Shigure practically bit her own tongue. She'd meant to say Masachika, and even thinking of him she pictured... a blonde American woman!?



**"MISS SHIGURE, ARE YOU READY TO—  
WHOA!?"**

Much to the Japanese woman's surprise, the very blonde woman she had pictured crashed in through her bedroom door but seemingly froze after seeing her in a swimsuit. She didn't *need* to ask, and she wasn't certain if she could. She just knew... that woman was Masachika, wasn't she? And she was very attractive? Shigure blushed. It wasn't the time for that! **"G-Gambier Bay! Are you wearing that to the party? Are you sure you wouldn't like to dress down more?"**

**"D-Dress down more?"** Was that an invitation!?

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After meeting up, the two Ship Girls had gone to the party as planned. They were a great help when it came to filling in the blanks of missing Ship Girl personnel that the naval base had required, because most of their usual Ship Girls were out on missions – including the real Shigure and Gambier Bay. They helped greet guests and even partook in some of the festivities themselves, but...

The next morning? Both Alisa and Masachika awoke to find themselves back in their own bodies without any recollection of the party at all. It was Sunday morning, and they had the whole day ahead of them. Yet, the two of them texted each other with the same thing in mind. The both of them wanted to visit the Naval Base for some reason? Not to mention Alisa had the vague feeling that she had been *satisfied* at some point the day before?

But if they returned to the naval base... Well, the nanomachines were still present in their bodies. They had simply deactivated to return them to normal. If those two youths showed up to the base and showed even an inkling of understanding about the existence of Ship Girls?



Well, they'd be joining their ranks *permanently* as a *different* pair of Ship Girls.