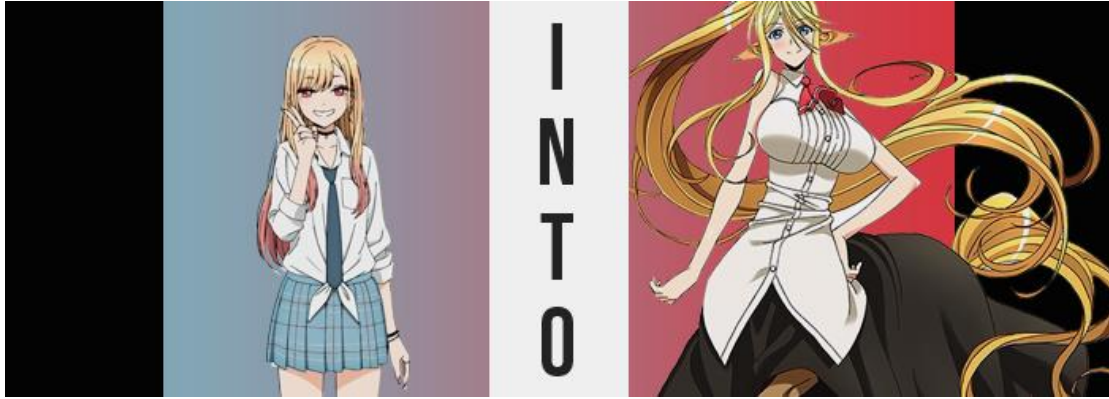


COSNEIGH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Today was the day he said it would be done, right?”

Marin Kitagawa had practically *run* home after school that day. It was October 30th, and she was in *very* high spirits thanks to a plan she had put into action several weeks before – or at least the fact that this plan was ever so close to being completed. **“It’s a shame Gojo-kun isn’t going to be able to help me try it on, though...”** After all, a lot of the work that had been put into this plan had been done by him!

It had all begun back on October 1st. An invitation had landed in her e-mail inbox to attend a rather illustrious cosplay competition that would be hosted at a Halloween party on October 31st. Marin’s cosplay career had *really* taken off over the course of the past few months. Of course, that uptick had begun *because* of Wakana Gojo in the end. He had been creating her costumes ever since, and he was a real professional!

She’d honestly never worn cosplays of a quality as high as what Gojo prepared for her, and she sincerely doubted she would ever find anyone better. But that was why she *knew*. If she just thought of the right character *to* cosplay, then as long as she trusted her partner in crime to make the costume, there was a pretty good chance she could walk home with the prize money! ...And give a portion to Gojo, of course!

And so, the first week of October had been spent toiling over potential character ideas. If it was for a Halloween party, then should she elect for something spooky? But that avenue of exploration didn’t land on any characters that inspired her, so she ended up pulling back the scope a bit. **“What about *monsters*?”** That was the question she had ended up asking herself in the end, and it was that question that had led her to

her potential muse in the end. At the time she just wasn't sure if Gojo would be up for the task, considering the *technical* issues with it. Because this character wasn't human. And they didn't even walk on two legs alone!



“He said he had an idea, so I’ll just need to see what he came up with!” It was rare for Gojo to keep secrets. He’d had her try on the rest of the cosplay over the course of the past few weeks, but at no point would he even let it slip how he planned on tackling that particular interested. She’d been assuming that it must have been a surprise, but when she ran up to her bedroom and threw open the door? She became less certain that this was the case. **“...Huh?”**

Gojo had told her that he was going to run over to her place after class before her and deliver what was needed before helping with his part time job, and that *did* appear to be the case. There was a coat hanger with a clothing bag laid out on her desk. But considering the character she had expected to cosplay? The solution for the legs didn’t appear to be *anywhere* in the room. **“W-Was it too big? Or maybe he’s still bringing it over? I bet it’s really big, that’s all!”**

He hadn’t let her down yet, and Marin couldn’t imagine him letting her down *now* either. He must have had a plan. She *did* rush home, so it definitely *was* possible that he was still bringing things over. And that *was* the truth. But Marin, impatient as she was, had already begun to unzip the clothing bag and was pulling out the pieces of the costume that she *could* put on at that moment.

“Everything so far looks great! The white, sleeveless dress shirt, the red tie... The skirt isn’t here, but I guess it’s coming with the rest.” Could the missing piece of the attire really be considered a ‘skirt’ considering what it was supposed to cover, though? Well, that didn’t matter in the moment! The high schooler practically peeled off her uniform shirt, tie, and even bra so that she could put on the white, button up shirt that Gojo had made for her. **“This is way too big.”**

But she had been expecting that to be the case. The character in question was both *tall* and *busty*, and she planned on wearing fake breasts as part of the outfit. It was too much work for her to fish them out of the closet and put them on just to try the top on really quickly, however. Just like she hadn’t bothered to pull out the wig she’d had

made, either. **“I think this should work though...”** Even though it was hanging down to her knees! Just how big were those fake boobs!?

Quite big.

“I guess I’ll have to wait for Gojo-kun to try on the rest...” She could have put the tie on, but without the fake bosom it wouldn’t have rested properly anyways. But there was something... wrong? It took even Marin a moment to notice, and she should have been the first one to realize anyways. The shirt was warm. Like, not in the sense where if you wear something for long enough that it takes on your body heat. It was heating *her* up. **“Did he install a heater or something!?”** *Hardly.*

The heat hadn’t been intended. Wakana had created the top with a special cloth he had purchased from a shrine maiden. He hadn’t realized at the time that it was *blessed*, and that the fabric would grant the desires of anyone who was wearing it. And in that moment? Marin had desired to look as much like the character she was cosplaying as humanly possible!

As... monsterly possible?

It was a magic – or perhaps a *curse* – that took immediate effect after Marin had worn the shirt for roughly one minute. The girl would come to notice its effects soon, but the first of them actually *didn’t* register. She would have needed to be looking at her own reflection to do that, because it was all change that washed upon her *face*. Such as? Well, her jaw was subtly pulling farther away from her forehead, which in turn ultimately rendered her face’s shape longer, her chin narrower, and her cheeks thinner.

But it was actually *more* than that. The Japanese teen’s lips puffed out so that they appeared much more *mature*, her nose lengthened, and her eyes... Well, that was where it became the most obvious that ‘Japanese’ wouldn’t exactly be a viable descriptor for her appearance any longer. Their pinkish brown colors brightened to blue, sure, and that was definitely notable on its own. Yet their shapes lost the almond-like shapes typical of her race, and instead rounded in a way that made her look far more similar to a *Caucasian woman*. And *woman* was used instead of *girl* because she appeared far more mature. Like she was in the middle of her twenties at least.

“It’s really not getting any cooler... Maybe I should flick on the AC unit?” Marin felt as unsteady as she felt cool. Or maybe it was more like she felt a little *sluggish*? Her steps felt labored, like her body was heavier than she recalled. This applied even to her head, for reasons that

would have been obvious to anyone paying attention. The platinum blonde of her hair had been brightening, taking on a much more vivid, golden blonde, but that wasn't *why* her head was getting heavy. The hair was *lengthening*, and *excessively* at that. It spilled down her shoulders and even pooled on the floor behind her. **"WAH!?"**

But what caused her to not only notice her own hair, but that even her voice had deepened, was lengthened bangs swinging between her eyes. Marin grabbed some of the longer lengths that framed her face in dismay, yanking on them to confirm that they were attached to her head. **"This hair is real? It isn't a wig!? But it looks a lot like the Centorea wig I had made..."** Which was *impossible*!

Unfortunately for her, things progressively just became more and more *impossible* as time ticked on. The other cause of her heavier feeling became plain as she pondered her hair, for her body slowly began to lean forward as a weight *pulled* it there. **"Eh? Eh? EHHHHHH!?"** Since she was alone, the woman hadn't shied away from grabbing at the source of this weight. Her own *chest* had been the culprit, feeling fuller, puffier, and *heavier* than ever before. She only screamed when she realized that her breasts had *doubled* in size.

But their growth didn't stop there. **"Wha—!? This is totally impossible! They keep growing! They're way too heavy!"** They had already surpassed the general peak for girls of her age that were D-cups and were filling out the once oversized cosplay shirt nicely. If she considered her hair and voice, and she was changing to resemble Centorea... that woman had *I-cups* that were completely massive. **"Th-They aren't going to grow that big, right?"** That *was* the case, unfortunately. Marin could no longer cup tits that grew larger than her head, and at least until the muscles in her torso strengthened, it took all of her strength to stop herself from falling forward.

"Wait, wait!" The more likely it seemed like she was *becoming* the woman she was trying to cosplay; the more concerning thoughts came to mind. Centorea wasn't a *human*, she was a centauress. A monster girl who was half horse. Naturally, monster girls didn't exist in the real world. So, she was hoping that if she couldn't stop her transformation, she could at least take solace in the fact that she wouldn't become *inhuman*.

Unfortunately for her, that wasn't the case. She already possessed Centorea's general likeness, and even her verbiage was becoming more proper, but her transformation hadn't finished. Marin had yet to notice her *ears*, too. Rounded cartilage was being pulled out to the sides, forming almost elvish points that could have been mistaken as such if

not for the light brown fur that spread around them, tufts poking of the tips. But this was just the start of her *monstrous* struggles.

Marin had fortunately found the weight of her I-cup tits easier to support, because the muscles in her body had grown and become much stronger. But her balance was once again compromised, and she stumbled about on her own two feet. “**Whoa!?**” Each step felt heavier, and her socks were slipping off. When the woman looked *down*, well, she couldn’t exactly see past her gigantic knockers. But she could definitely tell that something was *wrong*.

And it was. Her stumbling had come courtesy of her feet shortening, toes merging into her heels as what remained of her feet hardened into a dark brown keratin with hollowed soles. They were undeniably *hooves*, and from just above them light brown fur began to run up her legs. **CLACK! CLACK! “W-Wait, this sound... It sounds like a horse!? But these blasted mammaries of mine!”** Her tits made it *impossible* to see what was happening below, and she didn’t feel certain enough of her balance to lift one up behind her.

It really *would* have been hard to do, namely because the bones in these legs were thickening and her joints were shifting to become something much more *equine*. Her thighs lost their feminine meat to give them a stockier shape, but these fur-covered limbs lengthened until she stood at about 7’5”. Much of this was her leg, but as the fur covered her pelvis? It too rose in height, becoming thicker and erasing her pussy in the process so that the front was perfectly smooth.

“I’m so tall!” Though a rumbling in her stomach drew new concerns. It felt like that rumbling was in her *butt*? Like her stomach had moved farther down somehow. But that was more or less the truth of it, because if she was becoming a horse from the waist down, well, then only two pairs of legs wouldn’t be enough. **“GYAH!?”** Marin cried out, her body almost falling backwards thanks to her ass. It *grew*, but not in a sensual way. Brown fur grew around her cheeks, and it burgeoned out behind her as if her lower body was being *extended*, not like she was just getting a big ass.

The sensation of her organs shifting around into this new extension made her wince with discomfort, the brown fur becoming more plentiful while her cheeks flattened into thin muscle that left a puckered, equine asshole exposed above a new equine slit. This growth *didn’t* end with her new torso falling on the ground, but only because an additional pair of horse legs grew out of the back to keep her upright. While a bristled, blonde tail grew over her exposed orifices to disguise her taint. Mind you, the sudden appearance of a black ‘skirt’ with a tail hole cut into it

covered everything else in the end. Just like a tie appeared to pull her long, blonde hair into a ponytail.

On the bright side, since she was so *tall* now, that hair wasn't touching the floor!

“Whoa!? I’ll need to be careful, else the floor might give way beneath my might...” The centaur that went by the name of *Centorea Shianus* (or *Cerea* for short) carefully navigated the floor of her bedroom, pointedly placing too much weight on one particular hoof because of how loudly it was all creaking under her weight. Human households weren't typically designed to weather the burden of a horse's weight, even if the blonde's body was only *half* of one.



But really? The big breasted woman could still hardly believe what had happened. Centorea was a character from a lewd manga named ‘Monster Musume’. She was the character that Marin had intended on cosplaying, but well... Now she was far more into the role than that. She was a living, breathing centauress in a world where monsters *definitely* didn't exist. And while she hadn't inherited the character's memories, her chivalrous personality shone through.

“I must be careful not to break anything. But what do I do about the stairs?” She was more worried about the building than herself. Even though she would somehow have to explain what had happened to her to others. Would anyone even believe her? But, then again, how could they deny that her lower body was a *whole horse*!? Still, thinking about how others would react was provoking a light headache.

Unfortunately, she didn't even make it to the stairs before she bumped into another person. Wakana Gojo. He was standing there with his mouth understandably agape at the sight of a hulking centaur with huge tits. **“Wh-What? Who are you?”** Wasn't this who Marin was cosplaying? But she didn't look like Marin! *Don't tell me she had a rival cosplaying the same character?* Because he wasn't sure if his own

cosplay could hold a candle to *this* one. He'd left the fake horse legs downstairs, but they didn't look anywhere as real!

“**Gojo-san!**” Cerea blinked. Could she not even say his name without being overly formal? “**You may not believe it, but I am Cerea! I mean, I am Centorea Shianus! No, wait... That isn't what I meant to say! My real name is Cent— AH!?**”

HOW WAS SHE GOING TO EXPLAIN LIKE THIS!?