

MUTUAL STRENGTH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Miss Miorine...”

“Not *now*, Suletta. I’ve almost figured this out.”

Suletta Mercury shrunk away from her fiancée after effectively being told off all of a sudden. The Holder had been interested in receiving some attention... and maybe a little bit of affection... but Miorine had been like this for *days* now. She’d been *distracted*, with all of her time taken up by a *video game* of all things! ...Not that this was especially *surprising* to Suletta. It wasn’t the first time Miorine had become obsessed with a game, even putting playing it over her own studies.

As it turned out, her partner had unearthed an old Earthian mobile game called ‘*Wuthering Waves*’. She didn’t really know anything about it, just that Miorine had called it a ‘gacha’ and apparently despite her getting the game to function, she had been locked out of getting characters? The servers were no longer operating... or something! But Miorine, *being* Miorine, was not the type of girl that would accept failure without trying alternatives first.

And so, she had resorted to searching online for any workarounds. Temporary servers, methods of hacking the game code, that sort of thing. Suletta wasn’t aware of the specifics, but apparently Miorine *had* found some sort of solution. It had just taken her *several days* to implement it, and in that time Suletta had felt a little bit *neglected*. Even as Miorine typed away and she sat on the bed, Suletta was giving her puppy dog eyes from behind.

“Let’s see... If I boot the game now, it should...” Suletta perked up the next time that Miorine spoke to herself, however. It sounded like she was almost done! Did that mean she would have time for her again? So long as— **“HEY!? WHAT THE HE—!?”** But seconds later, Suletta shot up in a panic. The screen had flashed brightly, and all of a sudden Miorine had just *disappeared* into *thin air*!? The pilot ran over in a panic.

“M-MISS MIORINE—!?”

Only to disappear in the same flash of light.



“M-Miss Miorine?” Suletta’s voice echoed throughout a large and illustrious chamber the next thing she knew. **“H-H-HUUUUH!?”** She *wasn’t* in Miorine’s dorm room at Asticassia anymore but standing in the middle of what looked like the set of a high fantasy movie! A huge ceiling, stained glass windows, an ornate floor; it was unlike *anything* she had ever seen in person in her life. But while she was shocked, the girl also wasn’t *stupid*... not that any level of intellect could help her understand *where* she was or *how* she had ended up there.

It was more of her not being so dumb as not to realize that *whatever* had happened, it must have happened to her fiancée as well. Miorine had disappeared *first*, after all, so had she ended up in the same place? **“Is Miss Miorine nearby? But she didn’t reply when I called last... M-Miss Miorine!?”** Her second cry yielded the same *lack* of results, unfortunately. She could see an exit on the edge of the room, but the room was so *big* and *empty*. **“What could be so large that they’d even need a room like this? A mobile suit? Probably not... maybe it’s just for parties?”**

Unknowingly, she was *about* to find out.

Considering the circumstances, the girl’s next course of action was naturally to just... *leave*. There was no point in hanging out in the giant, echoing chamber by herself, especially if there was reason to suspect that someone would come looking for her. Moreover, as Miorine’s groom-to-be she had a responsibility to go and find her! Suletta was fired up! But her attempts at escape soon came to a screeching halt when, well... *it became obvious that there was no way for her to step forward*.

“H-Huh!? WHA!? I’M *FLOATING*!?” That wasn’t even an overexaggeration. All of a sudden, her feet just lifted *off the ground* about a foot and despite her best efforts, she couldn’t bring her feet down again. **“WH-WH-WH-WH-WHAAAAAAT!?”** How was that even possible? People didn’t just *float*! ...Well, outside of zero gravity environments, but nothing else appeared to be floating? Come to think of it, what *was* outside of the building she was in? Could she be in outer space?

Regardless, a detail had escaped Suletta’s attention – though she could be forgiven because her present floating predicament had her gaze pointed towards the ground and *not* towards the ceiling. *Had* she been looking up towards the roof though, the girl might have noticed *something*. A *halo* of sorts, made from intersecting, black thorns that was several times the size of her head in terms of width. It followed her head movements as if it was glued to it by an invisible force, but this also meant there was no weight to it.

It was directly tied to her sudden bout of levitation, and it was directly tied to everything that would happen to her from that point onward.

“*HowamIfloating*!?” Being the ball of anxiety and social ineptitude as she was, the Holder couldn’t stop herself from flailing about wildly as she hovered. She found she could do things like bend over, but she couldn’t manipulate her orientation like you normally could in zero gravity. It was like whatever was making her float was keeping her feet pointed downwards so that she remained upright. But it was beginning to dawn on her that she might have had *other* issues as well.

The very first teaser of what would become a *growing* dilemma was the feeling that her *boots* felt a little tight. They hadn’t slipped off while floating, and it seemed like that would hardly be a concern. Her toes were being robbed of any room to move. It felt like her toes were just *too big* for her boots? No, not just her toes. Her entire feet. Until... *RIIIIP!* **“E-Eh!?”** Her feet *split* her boots as the lining between the soles and the coverage, allowing those feet to push through. **“I-I’m a freak!?”** Were people going to make fun of her at school for having huge feet?

But her folly was not immediately recognizing that the issue was a little more widespread than just her feet getting bigger. *Everything* about her was growing in size, and the Holder uniform that she coveted so much was beginning to strain in a number of previously unthinkable ways. **“N-N-Now what!? Are my clothes *SHRINKING*!?”** That would have definitely been one way of looking at it, but at the same time, wasn’t the floor of the room farther away from her eyes level despite her feet still floating the same distance from the ground?

“N-No... It’s the opposite, right?” That was to say that she was *growing*. Her shorts were tightening around her legs, both riding up her thighs and digging into hips that appeared to be broadening with some degree of consistency with the rest of her body. Her belly widened, as did her chest and shoulders as her height continued to rise. She shot up *past* six feet within moments, and *that* was when the design of her silhouette began to shift... and the problems with her clothes began to worsen drastically.

Suletta still couldn’t quite comprehend what was happening. Her body was just *getting* bigger, and it was encroaching upon heights she’d never seen a human stand at. But now? It was changing in different ways. Forget her undergarments flossing into her butt cheeks, the *entirety* of her shorts were digging into them – and not only because she was growing ‘larger’. Well, that was still *technically* the issue, but it was the way in which she was ‘growing’ that made it differ slightly.

And because she’d been wearing a latex leotard beneath her uniform, it snapped in the middle fairly early so that it had become two parts.

The girl’s hips expanded, breaking the mold of her body’s established proportions despite how they had been maintained thus far. **“EEP!?”** Their widening made short work of her waistband, with bare hips tearing *through* white cloth at the sides. But that was only a teaser of what would befall the remaining fabric. Because it wasn’t *just* her hips swelling. Her thighs and ass were beset by a bloat they hadn’t been burdened by before.

“Wait, wait, wait...!” Suletta had bent forward as a direct response to her clothing tightening – and it wasn’t *just* her shorts – so she had a front row seat of fat *and* muscle rippling through her thighs. They swelled thicker and thicker, eventually leading to the legs of her shorts practically *exploding* so that tatters of white fell to the ground where pieces of her now completely removed shows sat below her. These thighs curved seductively towards her hips on the sides, while in the back? Well...

The *back* of her shorts ended up splitting down the seam and then tearing to the sides before also falling into tatters. Her ass cheek had swollen to roughly *five* times their usual girth within a matter of moments, and this was with her height rapidly approaching the seven foot mark at the exact same time. Even the lower half of her orange, pilot unitard snapped and tore, peeling off to leave everything below her waist *exposed*, including her loins and a bush of... *blonde pubic hair*.

Suletta just kind of *stared* at it for a second. She'd *been* so freaked out, but as the tanned skin of her body lightened to a pinkish pale before her very eyes as if she was becoming *washed out*. On one hand, it meant that the blonde bush above her bare loins didn't stand out as much. On the other hand... "**What... is wrong about this?**" Was that really something that a girl who had *just* been freaking out should have said? Well, on its head that statement didn't hold up. Not when her body could hardly be considered the body of a *girl*.

'Woman' would have been a much better descriptor. By the time her height had reached *seven* feet, her limbs had begun to depart from the otherwise uniform growth spurt she'd had thus far. Her arms, legs, and even her torso grew lengthier, which helped even out the overabundant width of her hips. It certainly made the Holder *look* older. But there was no part of her body that sold this more than in her *face*.

"**Perhaps... this is correct?**" Had she been making a mountain out of a molehill? It felt like a strange thing to think after experiencing everything she had thus far. It was a question posed with a deepened voice and a British accent that was communicated through lips that were swelling at that very moment. The shape of Suletta's face both narrowed *and* lengthened, her chin pulling into a sharper point while her eyes narrowed in kind. They were possessed by an icy blue and danced with longer lashed. Not even her round and bushy eyebrows were spared, as they thinned and stretched with the same blonde that her pubes had demonstrated.

There wasn't a shred of confusion nor panic upon the face of a woman who looked like she couldn't be any younger than *thirty*. In fact, she had calmed down significantly even though she was approaching the eight foot mark height-wise. Blonde appeared elsewhere, painting the red hair atop her head and straightening it. It lengthened down to her pronounced ass, moving behind her like it was possessed by a breeze... even though there was no breeze to speak of. "**...No. This is the problem.**"

Strong, long fingers collided with her chest. A chest that had begun to swell with little regard for the Holder jacket she was wearing. It had already been forced to open, but it didn't really matter. Her hand came down just as her underboob was exposed by the swell of her breasts, and in a single motion she grasped the coat and later underneath and tore it *completely* off so that a pair of hefty *G-cups* could breath the air of the chamber, and she had been rendered effectively naked.

"**That's better.**" There was something of a monstrous growl to her voice as she commented on the relief that she felt now that she was nude. What she'd been wearing had been *too* restrictive, but she hardly

even remembered what it was as the pieces fell to the ground. Rather, she winced for a moment as a pressure built in her forehead. *Bone* pushed from it, creating a golden horn that stretched as high as the thorned halo. It was almost like the horn of a unicorn, and it paired with ears that lengthened into long points of their own.

Suletta had looked up idly before dismissing it as ‘just her horn’, but by the time her gaze had fallen back down again? She was...robed? Golden armor on her shoulders and arms, ornate robes of white over black and blue that showed off of her voluptuous body like the ocean’s waves, and a variety of accessories and tassels. “**Oh, it seems that...**” The woman appeared to realize something a little too late. Her body was engulfed by a light that had flowed outward from inside, and her silhouette... shrunk.



Within moments, she had regressed in size to a mere 5’1”. She appeared *significantly* younger, like a maiden in her late teens with her face smaller and cuter. She looked *far* more delicate, and her buxom figure had been shed in favor of something more compact. Something... *flatter*. The armor had been lost and her horn had become little more than a marking on her forehead, while the halo had shrunk more into a *crown* that floated around her head much more closely. Otherwise, her robes were roughly the same – just fitted better.

“**Well, that was short-lived.**” *Cartethyia* couldn’t help but think the room appeared *much* larger now that she had regressed into her regular, weakened form. The mighty behemoth that she’d been just moments ago was the form she took when she tapped into her true strength, and at that size the overly large Path of Bestowal that she now stood within

had felt much, *much* smaller. “**Why do I feel so surprised to return to my normal size, however?**”

It wasn't as if it was an unforeseen circumstance, but her body felt vaguely... foreign? Was it a sign of fatigue, or perhaps a greater issue? “**Surely I'm not having another bout of envy, am I?**” The Blessed Maiden was ashamed to admit that she'd ever had one at all, but perhaps spending so much time with a certain warrior from Septimont had left her feeling a little... lackluster. Her bosom at this size *was* quite lacking. In general, she lacked the mature appeal of her larger form.



The maiden shook her head and then smacked her cheeks cutely. “**Speaking of Lupa, she said she would meet me here today, didn't she? Strange... I feel like we've become much closer as of late. To the point that... No, perhaps it's just a trick of my imagination? She surely couldn't have those kinds of feelings for me.**” Nor did Cartethyia have those sorts of feelings towards Lupa... normally.

But while Suletta's personality and memories seemingly weren't *dominant*, there was a part of her that still *was*. The part of her that loved *Miorine*.

“This is... Avinoleum, isn't it? It looks *just* like in the game.” For someone who had been *into* Wuthering Waves like Miorine had, she'd *instantly* pieced together that her surroundings were taken *straight* from the game she had recently been obsessed with. She'd somehow managed to get as far as Rinascita with the few free characters the game gave her and had seen this arc for herself. It was the area you traveled through on your way to meet the Blessed Maiden, Cartethyia.

Specifically, she was standing in front of the Tower of Salvation with a waterway path and gondola behind her. “**How is this possible though? I was just *sucked into the game*? Modifying the code the way that I did shouldn't have done that?**” She also naturally considered the possibility that she was *dreaming* but ruled it out based on how *biting* the wind blowing through felt. It was way too realistic. “**Come to think of it, I bet Suletta is worried sick...**”



Little did she know that Suletta was actually a little way *above* her at that moment.

Miorine had been doing her best to figure out how to proceed. She *seemed* to be taking it in stride, but she *was* pretty worried. Considering her position as the heiress of the Benerit Group, she had been taught to maintain her composure in stressful situations. But it was about to get *very* hard to do that... namely thanks to a distracting sensation near the base of her spine. “**What is...?**” It was something akin to a *pressure*, but it wasn’t coming from her bowels as one might expect.

It was more like it was coming from her *tailbone*? She reached behind her because something was *lifting* the top of her uniform. What was she supposed to expect? Maybe a stick or something had gotten caught when she had... teleported, or whatever? Vaguely worried about what she’d find, she ended up grabbing it near the base of her spine and— “**EEP!?**” The girl *yelped*. “**Wh-What the—!?**”

What Miorine had grabbed felt both soft *and* fluffy to the touch, like one of the animals in Earth House’s little barn. But that wasn’t as alarming as the *pain* she’d felt when she’d pulled on what was under that softness. It felt like a *bone* was connected to her spine! But wouldn’t that mean... “**Do I have a tail!?**” The girl began to spin around to try and catch a glimpse of it, but this only had the humorous effect of making her look like a *puppy chasing her tail*.

Which, in a way, seemed to be *accurate*. The tail lengthened as she turned, allowing brown *fur* to eventually flutter into her view as it extended about *four feet* behind her. “**WH-WH-WHAT THE HELL!?**” She reached back to touch it again, but it kept moving on its own, which made it difficult to grab. “**WHY...!? HOW!?**” In no world should she have sprouted a *tail*! But then again, there was no world where she should have been... in a different world.

“**Wait. A brown tail?**” She calmed herself as she remembered something. Miorine hadn’t been able to *roll* any of the characters in the game, but she *had* been looking at them. Wasn’t there a woman with a *wolf’s* tail, and did that new appendage of hers not look like the tail of a wolf? A fiery redhead that wielded a spear. “**There’s no way, right?**” And yet, at that very moment? The very same shade of pinkish red she had been imagining had begun to permeate throughout her mane of silver.

It started in her hair's tips and seeped down towards her roots with haste. Any strands that were dyed lost their perfect straight shapes, becoming vaguely messy as her hair *spit* in the back and her bangs curved around her face without any sticking up or flicking to the side. Her brows and pubes suffered a similar change, with her pinker bush becoming *significantly* longer and unkempt. **"There's *no... way?*"** The girl coughed after hearing her own voice. Where had that accent come from? Why was her pitch *completely* different!?

Miorine had yet to even notice her hair had changed, so she couldn't exactly be expected to realize how much her *face* had changed by this point. Fuller, swollen lips and a sharper chin were highlights of this endeavor, showing off a narrower and slightly nose beneath eyes that both narrowed and sparkled with a gold that replaced their original silver. Not only was her face now more angular, but it looked more *mature*, like a *woman* in her *mid-twenties* rather than a girl no older than sixteen.

"I'm not... becoming the character, am I!?" This *should* have been a distressing thought. She *was* distressed... or so she had thought. But there was a part of her that betrayed how she sounded. Her new tail had begun to wag back and forth behind her *happily*. **"W-Would you stop that!?"** But she didn't catch on. The incessant wagging was just making her more annoyed, and that annoyance made her *itch for a fight*. **"I really wanna have a go at someone...!"**

Was that something Miorine would even *say*? She was aggressive, but she didn't make it a point to *fight people*. She wasn't strong like Suletta. At least that was how things were *supposed* to be. And yet, beneath her uniform there were changes that were speaking to the contrary. A tummy that had been soft from spending her time lazing around and not engaging in much physical activity *firmed*, not only leading to indentations in her tummy, but firming her arms, legs, ass, and chest as well.

She felt like she could take on *anything* all of a sudden! Whatever was inconveniencing her? They'd be toast! **"Come to think of it, since when was I even weak!? I'm not someone that needs protection, I'm a protector!"** Her memories were becoming muddled. Recollections of Suletta helping her were being discarded, replaced with memories of putting her life on the line as a *gladiator* to protect others with her own body instead.

The woman had been wearing the same uniform-compliant orange leotard under her uniform that Asticassia required that Suletta had, and it was *tightening* around her stomach because her stature was *lifting*. Miorine had been *very* short, but her limbs and torso were lengthening

as she climbed up to 5'4". It reached the point that the latex of the leotard *tore*, exposing her toned tummy as her uniform jacket had been lifted by a combination of her increased height and... her *breasts*. Her small cup size had been a pain point for her in the past, but with the leotard torn it was a little more flexible, and that allowed it to lift and wrap around a bosom that jiggled into a pair of *D-cups* upon her chest. They were *very* bouncy.

Even though her breasts had grown so significantly though, she didn't really *react* to them. They felt basically *normal* to her, just as normal as the tail that continued to wag behind her, and the weight that that led to her tight shorts and tights *tearing* at the sides so that her hips could cut through them. Her gait had widened considerably, and the reasoning for this *was* obvious. Her tights *continued* to tear around her thighs, where increased muscle had already made them a little *too* tight, and pools of fat decided to finish the job.

Those thighs were thick and supple, but they didn't hold a candle to the phenomenon that split her *shorts* in the back. To make up for her widened hips, her ass had to bloat with gratuity, bubbling into a heart shape that had leftover orange latex stuck between both jiggling cheeks. It was an ass that would have looked *great* in something tight. Which, as things turned out... **"Why's my outfit all torn up? This would not be good in a fight!"** It appeared that the woman in question had noticed her clothing tatters just in time for them to be corrected. **"Or..."**

Her golden eyes blinked, lashes fluttering when she realized she was wearing... what she was supposed to be? A skintight, white bodysuit with white, thigh high, heeled boots worn on top of them. The bodysuit was sleeveless, but there was metal plating across her torso and breasts that did *nothing* to stop them from jiggling. A red cape was thrown over her shoulders, with a sash across her left breast that contained a series of silver medals. Otherwise, where was accessorized with silver wrist cuffs, a matching headband, and her pinkish red hair had been tied into twin tails with black ribbons. Of course, there was also a spear she could summon whenever she wanted to.

"Alright! Just a little more and I'll be at the top, right? Gotta say though, picking up a girl from her place isn't something I thought I'd ever be doing at a location like *this*!" Usually it was just her house, right? Not from ruins high above Rinascita's sky! **"Then again, I guess *most* girls aren't the *Blessed Maiden*, are they?"** Cartethyia's living conditions were a little bit *different* from a normal person's, even if she'd become more of a wanderer since the Threnodian's defeat.

In a way, Miorine's design to 'have more WuWa characters' had been fulfilled. *Becoming* one like Lupa was technically *obtaining* one, right? Not that she even realized that this wish had been fulfilled. In fact, the fiery redhead felt convinced that she had come to Avinoleum for one reason and one reason only: **"Cartethyia! Today's the day I make you mine!"** ...Which wasn't *actually* a characteristic that Lupa originally possessed.



The fates of their characters had been altered, though. Suletta and Miorine's feelings for one another were so strong that they had carried over to their new lives. They didn't *know* that the other woman was a lover in a previous life, but they felt bonded. Fated. In love. And Lupa had come to meet Cartethyia that day to—

"CARTETHYIA! WOULD YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF DATING ME!?"

Minutes later, Lupa was practically down on one knee with Cartethyia's hand held in both of her own. She was practically making puppy dog eyes (which effectively meant that Miorine was now the one of the two fulfilling the puppy girl role) with her tail wagging back and forth behind her excitedly. Cartethyia, on the other hand, had been taken totally off-guard and was blushing with her eyes off to the side cutely.

"L-Lupa... This is so sudden." Was it though? She knew she had been harboring similar feelings, although she wasn't quite sure when they had begun. She just felt like the two of them were a *perfect match* somehow. **"But I suppose... to answer your question... Yes, I'd like that very much."** This made her feel *very* happy. So much so that she didn't shy away when Lupa bounced up and embraced her. She felt safe and comfortable in Lupa's arms, even hugging her back, but...

Somehow, it felt a little *odd* to be the one comforted so warmly and not the other way around?

It was likely nothing.