

PISTOLWHIPPED

COMMISSION STORY

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If one was to be a member of the Grandcypher's crew, you had to be open to the idea of your day coming across varying... disruptions.

Some of these disruptions *were* malicious. Unprovoked attacks by monsters on the bridge were effectively the norm, particularly when the airship flew across riskier skies on their journey. They were easily dealt with, but it was rare that a battle didn't leave at least *some* damage upon the bridge. This ended up leading to additional disruption; both for anyone that needed to cross it, as well as whomever was tasked with the repairs.

But there were disruptions that weren't malicious in nature as well. The Grandcypher's crew had become *abundant* over the years, and even with some members switching out here and there, coming and going as they pleased, the cabins were *usually* completely taken. It was a very busy ship, and everyone had their own personalities and unique quirks. Depending on what was going on at any point, the hustle and bustle could be a detriment to going about one's day.

This was a truth that Ferry was aware of, but it had felt even more burdensome than usual on that warm afternoon. The airship had been skyfaring to its next destination with no stops in sight, and so everything was more crowded since everyone sailing along was on board, rather than being scattered about whichever island they were docked at. Everywhere she went, it felt like she was being cut off.

It certainly didn't help matters that she was so *small*. While the Erune *looked* like a young girl, her circumstances were... complicated. She wasn't technically *alive*, at least not in the traditional sense of the word.

A plague struck her island when she was only a girl, and she had unfortunately been one of the many victims. Even so, she ended up 'living' on as ghost for a very long time, which led to her personality maturing far more than her body suggested. Despite being deceased, she regained a corporeal form and was allowed to join the Grandcypher as a crew member as she searched for her lost sister.

On that day, however, she was searching for something else entirely.



“Excuse me...” The girl excused herself as she slipped past a rather motley crew consisting of Narmaya, Anila, and Izmir, who had seemingly been talking about... Draph things in front of the hall she wanted to check. It was hard *not* to notice how big a Draph woman’s bosom was every time she spoke to one, but it was also a very normal sight in the Skydom. Her business wasn’t with them, anyways.

Ferry had gone to the training room aboard the ship early in the morning to practice her techniques along with her ghostly pets, only shuffling out when some members of the group known menacingly as *the Society* had shuffled in to spar. It had gotten a little too noisy to focus from that point on, so she’d returned to her room. It was only when she returned to her quarters that it occurred to her that she’d forgotten something important: her whip.

And thus, her inconvenient quest back to the training room had begun in earnest. She’d made a point to go there early to avoid the crowds, but now everyone *was* awake and she kept bumping into roadblocks not unlike the three Draph women that had blocked her way. Fortunately, they let her pass without much of a hassle (not that she’d expect any from a group headed by Narmaya of all people).

“It’s empty... Well, I suppose it’s almost time for breakfast.” From there, it had just been a quick jog down the hall to the training room entrance. Ferry had been expecting to see the facility jam-packed considering how jam-packed the hallways were, but much to her *relief*

there was no one there. It was an opportunity for a little peace and quiet while she fetched her whip at the back of the room. She'd known *exactly* where she'd left it.

Or so she'd thought. "**...Did someone move it?**" It *wasn't* on the bench where she believed she'd left it, which left a couple of potential scenarios on the table. The first was that someone who had used the training room since had simply moved it out of the way. The other was that they'd gone a step further and had decided to return it to its owner. The Society members that had used the room *had* seen her leave, so it wasn't impossible.

What was just as curious was the fact it wasn't like the bench was *empty*. There was a *firearm* where her whip had been left, which was a truth that didn't really align with either theory. Why move her whip just to set a gun down? And if someone had intended on returning her whip *to* her, there was no reason they couldn't holster their gun and bring it with them. Still, it was a good opportunity. Ferry had never held a gun before, and she was feeling a little silly.

Since there was no one around to see her, she picked the handgun up and pointed it off in the distance while looking down its sight. "**Bang!**" She pretended to fire it, careful not to have her index finger anywhere near its trigger so that there was no risk of a misfire. It felt *cool*, but it was a little too big for her to ever use effectively. It must have belonged to one of the Society members; they all seemed to be quite battle-hardened.

"**...That's enough of that.**" It had been amusing for a moment, but she could have only assumed that it looked quite *comical*. The firearm was clearly too big for her, so she likely looked more like a child playing with a toy. She went to set it back down on the bench but ended up *dropping* it suddenly when she noticed her bangs in the corner of her eye. Before she could address *that*, she recoiled from the act of dropping the firearm. She was worried about the gun accidentally going off from the impact, but fortunately that didn't appear to be the case. "**Phew... The safety must be on.**"

If a stray bullet hadn't struck her, then she might have at least been on the hook for the cost of the wasted ammo or damage to any of the walls. But seeing as that *wasn't* the case, her attention instead turned to what had led to her dropping it in the first place: her hair. Fingers delicately took hold of the bangs that hung between her eyes and pulled them tautly so that she could better see them. They weren't the blue she was expecting.

They were as black as a raven's feathers.

“...!?” The obvious panicked Ferry, because one’s hair just didn’t *change* colors. She reached behind her to grab some of her loose mane and pull it over her shoulder, revealing that while some blue *did* remain, it was quickly and literally becoming overshadowed by the same black. Her mane’s natural waves were straightening, but just as oddly? It felt like there was less and less *of* her hair as the seconds ticked by. Not only did it shorten from the base of her buttocks, but its volume diminished until it all appeared much *thinner*.

It wasn’t long before her hair, straight and black, reached only the center of her back. The Erune tossed the hair back over her shoulder, conscious of the likelihood that the color had also painted the fur of her ears as well. She had *been* correct, but it was more than that. The lengths of those ears had shortened several inches, but Ferry’s ears had always been longer than most Erune’s in the first place.

“**What’s happening here?**” While the revelation of her changing hair *had* been of concern, Ferry’s maturity allowed her to remain calm and collected despite it. She began looking for *other* differences in her appearance, but the absence of anything glass or a mirror in the training hall meant she was incapable of seeing her own reflection. As it turned out, her face *was* where things had begun to change next.

It began with her *eyes*. Speckles of crimson red first emerged amidst the backdrop of their original colors, but those speckles multiplied and multiplied until her eyes had been painted *entirely* in their color. Their shapes sharpened as well, eyelids narrowed until there was a mature seriousness to them. Lengthened lashes fluttered as her nose grew longer in between those eyes, while her lips... “**Hm?**” Feeling a swell to her lips, she raised her index and middle fingers to touch them, finding that they were *thicker* than she remembered.

“**Wait. It’s been my face changing?**” If her lips hadn’t tipped her off, Ferry would have noticed her *voice* anyways. It was deeper, and somehow more commanding. It better suited her lengthened, maturer face – one that made her look like a woman around the age of *twenty-eight*. An age that was *double* the age she’d been stuck as ever since her death. Which, incidentally, had her thinking *about* that death. Her body felt... *warmer*. And her ability to communicate with the dead felt *weak*. “**Am I alive!?**” That was probably the most shocking thing so far.

The maturity of her face clashed *dramatically* with her young build, but she began to suspect that this was about to change. It made sense, especially with her body feeling all the warmer. Not to mention the vaguest tightness that she began to feel within her skin. It was becoming tighter and tighter, and from there? So too did her *clothing*. “**Oh!?**”

Even though the woman had predicted as much, she was still understandable surprised to find her eye level gradually lifting upwards. Despite her outfit *looking* like it was composed of two separate pieces consisting of a backless top and a blue skirt, they were *actually* stitched together as a singular piece. This actually made her sudden growth spurt less burdensome than it would have been otherwise, because the skirt merely rose off her hips as her shoulders were pulled farther and farther away from them.

There were a number of blessings that her outfit's design allowed her in this trying time. **"I keep growing..."** Because it wasn't like she was only growing *vertically*. Her shoulders and most of her arms were exposed, which allowed her shoulders to broaden with next to no resistance. Her hips followed suit, in fact, but they widened even *more* – within moments lifting her skirt at the sides and allowing her panties to peek through as her thigh highs slide down past her knees.

"Come to think of it, wasn't one of the women who came in earlier...?" By the time her height had reached its pinnacle at 5'7", which was a far cry from the 4'9" she had been before, Ferry had recalled something. There was a woman in the Society, Ilsa, who was roughly her new height, had black hair, a firm-sounding voice, and wielded a gun. **"I couldn't be..."** But it was difficult to ignore the evidence. She eyed the gun on the ground. Maybe touching it had been a mistake.

Nonetheless, her transformation hadn't *quite* finished just yet. Her panties *already* felt *far* too tight around her loins because of her widened hips, but her rear end didn't help following that revelation very much. Her ass *ballooned* to take advantage of those hips, but that just led to her panties flossing into them as they bubbled into a perky peach shape. What wouldn't fit into her buttocks was fed into her thighs, which didn't only burgeon with fat; they burgeoned with *muscle* as well.

In fact, much of her body grew much more toned. Her thighs, her butt, her arms, and even her pecs and abs tightened to provide her with greater physical strength. But there was one more aspect of her body that *softened*. Her bosom. Her small but perky A-cups had practically *disappeared* with her torso more muscular, but they resurged with the vengeance – much to the dismay of her tiny dress that *barely* fit her torso now.

"W-Wait..." She quickly clued into the fact that what was happening was becoming even *more* problematic. Her breasts were inflating and her nipples growing puffier. It seemed like they might peek out from the dress's sides as they neared *D-cups*, and yet... Perhaps she had been

blessed, because her top *changed*. It stretched in length and width to give her better coverage, becoming a white uniform top with golden buttons overtop a tight layer of black.

This was just a small part of a greater change to her outfit, though. Bare legs had been clad in white pants that were attached to the top, and her undergarments had been readjusted to suit her new figure. There was a cap of white and gold with red lining now hanging off her shoulders, while she bore detached sleeves and black gloves that matched the rest of the outfit. Gold tasseled with spiked ends fell from under the cape, and a military cap sat atop her head with gold piercings now present in her ears. Her hair had been tied into a ponytail, and she was hoisted up by thigh high military boots.

It was *that woman's* outfit. But she was somewhat relieved she was dressed decently once more.

“At least it had the good sense to change my clothing, but...”

The woman looked down at the new military uniform that she had been outfitted with, smoothing out any creases and perhaps lingering a little *too* long over her stomach as she took in just how *firm* her abs were. She was still Ferry when it came to her mental state. Her personality and memories remained entirely untouched. That didn't change that she had the body, uniform, and voice of *Ilsa* from the Society.

The moment she was done fixing that uniform to the best of her ability by smoothing and tugging so that it was a little more comfortable, she bent down to pick up the gun she had dropped mid-transformation with a sigh. It had been heavy and unruly before, but her body was much stronger, and she held it with much more



confidence. Perhaps her personality hadn't changed, but... **"I guess it's affecting my mannerisms."**

Which wasn't the biggest issue, all things considered. It could have been much worse than subconsciously knowing the best way to handle a gun or occasionally placing a hand on her hip when that wasn't a habit of hers before. Guided by new muscle memory, she placed the firearm in her holster and then placed the hand she'd used on her hip again. **"I suppose the question is what I should do now?"** It wouldn't be difficult to prove her identity, but...

Those circumstances were going to cause problems for her either way. She was going to be mistaken for Ilsa, and she didn't even really understand *what* had transformed her in the first place. The gun was the only catalyst that she could think of, but then *why* had it been a catalyst? Why had it transformed her? Had her whip actually been missing, or was the gun her whip transformed into the shape of a gun in the first place? How many layers were there?

"And how am I going to explain this to my animal friends?"

She was going to have to take this one step at a time, clearly.