

# DUNGEON DUALITY II.

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Kind of a slow night, huh?”**

**“If you have time to lean, then you have time to clean, Gill.”**

Dana Zane, the owner of the bar VA-11 Hall-A, gave a smirk and a wink towards the man standing behind the bar she was sitting at after he made a smarmy remark. He was certainly *correct*. Even though it was already midnight, they hadn't really had much in the way of customers, and that was saying something when they weren't exactly the busiest bar in Glitch City.

She waved him towards the exit into the kitchen, and he let out a sigh. **“Since when were you such a stickler for cleaning? Don't tell me Jill being MIA put you in a bad mood? Don't worry. She's probably fine.”** Their other full-time bartender, Julianne Stingray, *had* been a no show. The man, Gillian, was trying to make his boss feel better about it, but even *he* was a little worried. And he wasn't the type to worry about anyone other than himself.

Noticing the glare behind his boss's smile, he hurried into the back and turned on the rear room television. Dana didn't like it being used when they had customers, but so long as nobody walked in? Well, he could clean *and* watch whatever he wanted... provided he actually worked at the same time. **“It is weird though. Rare for her to no show, but even rarer for her to not return messages. Most likely case is a hospitalization, I guess...”**

He'd sooner imagine her falling down the stairs and getting injured than being targeted by a gang. Then again, she was also the type of gal to end up in the wrong place at the wrong time. He would have known

something about that, being someone who had spent a lot of time lurking in Glitch City's dark underbelly.



In the meantime, he had poked his head into the back closet of the kitchen in search of the little cleaning cart they used. He could hear the news playing on the television – something he planned on changing when he got out – but he pulled his head out to look *at* the TV when the programming changed to something much more *enigmatic*. “**Huh?**” Was that a *cat girl* on the TV?

All things considered, it was likely CG or something like that. Cat Boomers were certainly a thing, but they didn't tend to have fur, or snouts, or tails that wriggled back and forth like that of the woman on the screen. But there was more than the black-furred woman herself that was odd. She was dressed like a witch and appeared to be looming over a glowing magic circle? She was also chanting in a language that was wholly unfamiliar to him. “**The hell is this weird shit? I can't even tell what she's even saying.**”

At least until he heard what he thought was “**Gillian**”. It was probably just a coincidence, right?

“**Even if she said it, not really related to me...**” In the end, ‘Gillian’ wasn't even his *real* name but a fake one he had put together for his current identity. The only people that knew him by it were all tied to the bar he worked at, and it had always been his plan to keep it that way. Even so, it had been weird enough that he'd begun to rub at his goatee thoughtfully – a fake habit he'd developed as part of his new identity. But what should have been a normal gesture turned into a moment of concern when it occurred to him. “**Huh?**”

His chin felt oddly *smooth*. It hadn't at first, but when he withdrew his hand? He found little whiskers all over the finger that had done the rubbing, at least until he shook that hand to knock them away. “**What the hell? Did my facial hair fall out?**” He rubbed at his chin again. There didn't seem to be a *single* whisker upon his face, even discounting his goatee. But it was much more severe than that – his clothing just concealed that *all* of his body hair, including his pubes, had been completely and entirely *erased*. Even the goatee strands disappeared into nothingness before hitting the ground.

The sound of that weird cart woman chanting eerily continued in the background, but Gill was unable to draw a correlation between the two... because magic *wasn't* real, or so he'd always assumed. And yet, what else could explain the lack of hair on his face? No, that wasn't even the

*strangest* thing happening to him, because as it soon occurred to him... “**...Is the kitchen bigger than I remember?**” He worked there most nights of the week, so he felt like he was pretty familiar with how everything *looked*.

And yet? The nearby sink looked too high, the floor looked much closer, and his clothing was too baggy— *Wait*, that couldn't have been related to the room growing somehow! In fact, wasn't it suggestive of the opposite? That the room wasn't bigger, and that he was... “**I'm shrinking!?**” *Smaller*. It had been a slow-going process at first, which was why he hadn't *instantly* noticed. Yet almost as if it had been waiting for him *to notice*?

The moment he called out, it felt more like he had just *dropped*. “**WHOA!?**” There was a strange shift in pitch to the man's voice as his eye level dropped dramatically, the shift happening so suddenly that it took a moment for his bartending uniform to settle on his shoulders and hips. Well, to the best that they *could*, at least. He *had* dropped all the way down to a meager *five feet* tall in just that short amount of time, which meant that his rolled up sleeved now reached his wrists, his pants bunched up around her ankles, and his very now reached past his pelvis with the dress shirt underneath pulled vaguely untucked.

The only thing preventing his pants from sliding off had been his *hips* which, unknown to him, had actually *widened* several inches as he'd shrunk, bucking the trend that saw his shoulders narrow and his waistline narrow even *farther* so that his silhouette was almost.. *waifish*? “**I'm so small... And why does my voice sound like this? Like a... young lady?**” Gillian didn't even realize *how* much had changed.

His loss of size was just the element that had been *immediately* recognizable to him. The change in his voice had actually been a symptom of changes that had crept into his *face* as he'd shrunk. Not only did Gill's face become more *youthful* to better match his shorter stature, but a femininity that made sense when matched with the sound of his voice. Rugged, chiseled features had slowly softened into they were smaller, rounder, and cuter; with rosy, upturned lips, a petite nose, and eyes that fluttered with longer lashes around lengthened lids as *crimson* stole his original eye color.

He had *been* a man that was at *least* in his late twenties, but shrunken down like that? It almost felt like a highball to say he looked *eighteen*, even if that was an accurate approximation of his new physical age. *Her* physical age? It was a little hard to say for sure, but he'd still been confident in his own masculinity. At least up until the moment that his

ears focused on the cat woman's voice on the TV again. "**Huh!?**" She'd said something *weird*.

Everything she was saying was weird, right? But when had it become more *coherent*? It wasn't English, but at some point he heard "**I take your name to give you another**", and the moment he heard that line? The new red in his eyes began to glow, and deep down *she* felt lost. Something had just been stripped away from *her* hadn't it? Well, aside from the dick and balls that *had* been between her legs, now yanked into her new womanly slit.

It took her a moment to piece it together, even though the words that she had heard had been literal. "**My name? What the hell!? What kind of idiot steals away someone's name!? AH!?**" The girl could recognize that her sex had changed, but it didn't really *feel* that strange to be a woman. She almost felt at *home* with nothing between her legs. Or perhaps it was like she was developing a taste *for* the idea of something between her legs that *wasn't* her own.

Rather, she pouted cutely at something she'd noticed that *wasn't* physical. Even though her dark hair had begun to take a more ashen shade and creep towards her shoulders, and fat had begun to bless thighs and her ass, although not in a quantity that would call her more youthful appearance into question, she thought the *way* she was talking stood out more. "**I sound like a brat!**" And a *defiant* one at that, almost as if losing her name had lost her old personality as well.

In the end? She shrugged, aware that there wasn't much she could do about it, right? And she didn't even have an identity *to* concern herself with anyways. The girl found herself scratching her own chest idly while concerning herself with all of these mental changes. As memories of magic and of how to use her feminine wiles to her advantage rapidly came to mind. One of the *tools* for doing just that was her *chest* which, while flat and masculine before, she was scratching at it *because* it was growing.

Building fat stretched her skin and caused goosebumps to surface, vaguely agitating her while her small nipples doubled in puffiness. Before long, where no tits had existed on her shorter and slenderer frame, a pair of perky B-cup tits had grown to fruition. They were small, but they were incredibly *perky*, and she knew just what to do with them. But what sort of self-respecting human would think of their body that way?

"**Oh, I suppose I'm not human, am I?**" The girl previously known as Gillian seemed to recognize something just as the clothes she was wearing began to turn to dust, and the hue of her skin paled until it

almost seemed *sickly*. She was not striped naked, because while her bartending uniform *did* disappear? It revealed a black bikini that offered next to *no* coverage along with a dark fur trim over her shoulders, and short, black gloves and heels. **“Mmn! That’s better! Now that I’m showing a little more skin, I just need to use my magic to... Eh?”**

The girl appeared to be *confused*, but as for how she could suddenly use magic – or how she *should* have been able to use it? Well, it played into her stolen humanity. Her paled complexion invited inhuman features to creep in otherwise, like short, curled, pitch black horns that grew from just behind her forehead, or a thin, spade-tipped black tail that wriggled out behind her. Rather than panic as a pair of thin bat wings grew out from the base of her back, she stretched them wide subconsciously as if she had *always* had them.

**“Eh!? Why isn’t my magic working properly!? I should be able to use magic, right!? I can totally remember how to do it!”** Maybe ‘remember’ wasn’t the right word to use, because from the young-looking *succubus*’ perspective, the memories that guided her in its use were all brand new even if they *felt* ancient. No, she *knew* she was ancient. Her young looks as a rather dainty eighteen-year-old was an appearance of choice, and through this magic she was trying to use, she could manipulate her appearance if she wanted to.



But she didn’t possess that desire. There were plenty of men that desired their women on the younger side, and she had a personality befitting of that appearance. She stretched her wings and looked around the kitchen, sensing *another* like her in the next room over. **“Oh, so *that’s* the deal, huh? The Tabaxi on the screen did this. Well!”** The girl had *more* to say on the matter, but before she could trail off, a bright green purple opened before her. She was being *summoned*.

**“Ugh. I’d better find some answers in there!”**

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After Gillian had moved into the back of the bar, Dana had stood up from her seat on the barstool to stretch for a moment. She peered out the front door, finding nothing of interest. **“Jill being missing isn’t the only weird thing going on here. The whole city... it’s too damn quiet.”** And it had been bothering her. For Glitch City of all places to be that quiet without the news mentioning anything... From experience, it usually meant that something was going on behind the scenes.



And for better or for worse? The television that had been on in the corner of the bar only added to her concerns. After a brief second of static, the sitcom that had been playing had been replaced by the same scene that Gill was watching in the back at the exact same moment. A black-furred cat woman chanting some unrecognizable nonsense over a magic circle. **“What the hell? This type of crap wouldn’t usually get past the city’s censorship board—!?”**

**“...Dana Zane.”** Among that cat’s rambling, had she just heard her own name?

The woman shook her head. **“She definitely didn’t.”** Because how *could* she have known her name? Dana didn’t know anything about the cat chick even *with* her very *colorful* background. **“Maybe Gill’s right and I’m just too worried about Jill. Fuck.”** Had she been catching feelings for her employee? That probably wasn’t *good*, right? Some sort of ethical conundrum?

Dana figured that was a problem for another time. Or, well, she was forced to at least cast the thought aside for the time being, because she found herself grappling with an entirely different thought. *My clothes are kind of tight, aren’t they?* It had been little more than an idle thought at first, but it quickly became *urgent*. Whether it was her button-up shirt around her chest, or the fitting of her pants, everything was beginning to feel a little *too* constrained. Until finally...

**POP!**

It was prevented from flying by the tie sitting over top, but one button flew off her button-up shirt, and then another, and then a third. Until finally? The woman’s *cleavage* spilled into view. **“What the fuck?”** It was quite a *shocking* sight. The C-cups she usually carried around were nothing to scoff at from her perspective, especially when she wasn’t particularly tall. But the view of her cleavage that had opened up, as well as the weight that brought her posture to lean forward slightly, went well beyond anything she’d ever *dreamed of*.

And that was meant negatively. **“My tits are huge!?”** They must have *doubled* in weight or more, bloating to G-cups that hung against her belly without a properly fitted bra to support them. She had only been wearing a sports bra that fit their original size, but sports bras were flexible, and so the meat of her bosom had poured *over* the cups and pushed them beneath the flesh of those tits instead. **“WHY!?”**

Was it related to why the city was so quiet? *Why? How?* Was it related to the cat woman on the TV chanting? *Why? How?* The questions remained the same either way. And they became more numerous as she gradually came to the realization that it wasn't *only* her tits that had experienced this phenomenon. After all, her pants had felt tight too. And much like the button of her shirt, the button holding the waist of her pants together soon *flew off* in kind. **“Oh.”**

Dana promptly came to respect the complications that having a huge pair of tits provided. She couldn't exactly see *past* her breasts anymore and couldn't even see her own two feet, much less anything between them and her chest. So, while uncomfortable to do so, she tried to arch her back to the side – which led to her tits jiggling from the motion – so that she could look over her shoulder instead.

That motion alone was enough to split her pants in three places all at once: down the sides of either thigh, as well as the crack of her ass so that her panties and the teasing of her ass itself were bared. But her ass had swollen, and it had swollen so fat that her panties had slipped right into it, giving her a mighty wedgy while thigh fat burgeon out the sides of her pants. This fat ass paired nicely with her huge tits, but it all looked rather *ridiculous* with her stature so short.

**“I take your name to give you another!”**

**“Wh-What!?”** The woman hadn't been paying attention to the babbling of the cat on the television, but all of a sudden her ears focused on that one line. A line that had been spoken in a foreign language, and yet she perfectly understood it. **“S-Something's wrong... Wait... Wh-Why am I stuttering so much? And my v-voice is so... soft...”** Dana had been such a confident woman, and yet...

No, the issue was that she *wasn't* Dana anymore. When she tried to think about her name, nothing really came to mind. It was like it had just been taken from her, but then again that was exactly what the cat had said. **“I-Is she actually some kind of witch?”** The woman was so focused on this that it didn't really strike her that the room felt a little smaller, and her vest and shirt were lifting even higher off her hips. Because her limbs were stretching alone with her spine.

She was growing *taller*, but also a little broader in kind. Her sleeves grew tight around shoulders that widened a tad, whereas her hips parted with a little more substance in a way that forced what remained of her pants to slip down a little bit. Before long, she stood at roughly 5'8”, which was a pretty big jump. But rather than take note of this, a warmth in her left arm had her focusing there instead.

**“W-Wait...”** There *shouldn’t* have been warmth in that arm nor that hand. It was a *prosthetic*, so naturally there was nothing *to* feel. No flesh, no blood, no veins, and certainly no nerves. But as she gawked at it? The mechanical features of it *flattened* until it was completely smooth. Rather than possessing a prosthetic, it looked more like she was wearing a *glove*? And that underneath that glove was... flesh, skin, blood, and bone. **“Did my arm...?”**

She pulled this ‘glove’ down a bit, with the opposite hand, but it revealed flesh that was *paler* than the flesh it connected to. Her arm *had* grown back, but it was a different color? No, not for long. Soon, the rest of her skin paled to the same shade. Just as her lips swelled and pinkened, her nose lengthened, and her eyes narrowed as they began to glow red. She didn’t look much *like* Dana any longer, but she did appear like a far more *mature* woman, almost like a pornstar. Or one with a gentle gaze, at least.

**“Is... not having a name a problem for someone like me...?”** The buxom woman didn’t quite understand what she even meant by ‘someone like me’ at that time, but memories of magic and more *promiscuous* acts were beginning to flood into her mind. Her short and silver hair finally changed, stealing away the last of her old identity as it lengthened to a dark black that spilled past her shoulders – with the only color in it being a couple of golden strands.

The rest? Well, it was similar enough to what the younger woman had experienced. Her clothing disintegrated until only a black bikini with gloves hugged her supple flesh, a demonic tail and wings grew, and she was even decorated by her own pair of horns (though hers curled up instead of down). It was in that moment that she understood what she meant by ‘someone like me’. She was a *demon*. Not some icky little human!

**“O-Oh... A bar... Well, I suppose I was technically just working here, wasn’t I?”** At that very moment the young-looking succubus had been created in the kitchen, a *succubus* of an entirely different build, and demeanor had replaced Dana in the dining room. She was tall and busty but lacked all of the confidence and experience that the smaller one did. That was because the shy one, despite the body she had given herself, was *far* less experienced. She was a fledgling comparatively and hadn’t entirely developed the skill set that she needed.



Even the slightest of motions pushed her barely covered bosom to jiggle more than you'd expect, which was actually a little trick that succubus magic could play to make their bodies look more *appealing*. “**Oh!?**” She was surprised when a green portal opened in front of her, and that little trick could be observed once more in her jiggling butt as she hesitated to step though. But when she finally found the courage? “*...Hm?*”

“**WATCH IT!**”

A face went right between her huge tits, which wasn't exactly a feeling that she was *unfamiliar* with. There was a smaller, flatter succubus that was standing in the middle of a magic circle with her. Oh! Was it the same magic circle from the television? Then... “**Hey! Look at me! You're my student, right? In a situation like this, you need to...**” Before the taller one could even look to the side, the small one had wrapped her hands behind her back and pulled her close, gazing longingly into her eyes while resting her chin cutely on her cleavage.

“**Y-Yes, Master!**” Right... That was right! Because she was a fledgling succubus, this more experienced one was training her! But weird... Why could she not remember her Master's name? Or her own name, for that matter? That was when a voice cut through this more *intimate* moment, causing both women to hold their position, but turn their heads to the side to look at the speaker.

“**Mrrow! Succubi or not, you both serve me now, right? And before you do anything *funny*, wouldn't you like names under our contract?**” Both women recognized the furry woman as the Tabaxi from the TV, but neither of them recognized her as who she *had* been: their missing coworker. “**So!**” She pointed at the small one. “**Pie!**” And then at the big one. “**Pudding!**” ...Probably because her tits were jiggling so much.

“**Y-Yes, I'm Pudding!**”

“**Ugh. Seriously? Whatever, call me Pie.**”

One of them sounded much happier with their new name than the other.