

BRODIAN BAES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It didn't really matter where you were in the world. Perhaps the most enigmatic and unpredictable aspect of your life was, in fact, *the mailbox*. Maybe this sounds a little *silly*, but think about it! There are naturally things you can anticipate to receive in the mail. Bills, ads, letters from friends... *more* bills and ads. But surely at least once in your life there had been something in your mailbox that you hadn't expected to see? There was an unpredictable element to the mail!

This unpredictability had certainly been on full display for three young men that day, who had each opened their mailboxes to find a letter addressed to them. But, of course, it wouldn't have been unpredictable at all if there hadn't been a *twist* to it, right? Perhaps it hadn't happened right away, but eventually they would have gotten a better look at the envelopes that the letters had come in. Because while it had their names on them?

The address certainly *wasn't* correct.

In fact, could it really be called an address? There was no house number, no postal code. Just their names and the words "The Kingdom of Brodia" where the address would typically have gone. If that wasn't strange enough, though? As each man opened the letter? They weren't afforded a chance to even read the contents. Because within the envelope was nothing more than a flash of bright red light that, when it finally faded? The men had disappeared, leaving an empty envelope behind.

"Well that was... *unexpected*." Having finally unshielded his eyes, Joseph fully expected to see the walls of his front hallway once more

when he dropped his hands once more. But not only was the envelope he had just been holding (only to have dropped because of the light) nowhere to be seen, but... This was *not* his front hall. It wasn't even his house! **"Uh... Where am I?"**

He was definitely *inside* somewhere, and it was definitely a bedroom. But from the worn bed to the rickety walls, it didn't exactly create the impression that it was a *modern* house. In fact, it seemed like the kind of home you might expect to find in a period drama about the medieval ages or something. The empty, plain, and decrepit design of the lodgings aside, the scent of topsoil and manure also hung heavy in the air, and barn animals could be heard outside. Was this a farm?

Well of course! This is the farm I grew up on!

The thought crossed the man's mind, and he *almost* accepted it outright. **"Huh? I've definitely never seen this place before, much less grown up here..."** And why, despite all the other things you associated with a farm, could he not stop thinking about *potatoes*? He had to water them before he left? *Huh?* **"What's happening to me?"** Joseph had enough sense to realize something was *wrong*, but he didn't have the context to realize just *how* wrong things had started to become.

Initially, all of the warning signs were isolated to his *hair* though, and not just the hair atop his head. In fact, the earliest physical warning signs could be observed with his facial hair, and the hair on his arms and legs. On his face? It all smoothed away entirely, while body hair elsewhere thinned until it was almost negligible. Even then, what was now already difficult to see *lightened* in color, which was also true of the hair on his head, brow, and even his pubes. As it all lightened to a pale, *bubblegum pink* from a very dark brown.

Of course, Joseph didn't notice this. It wasn't exactly something he *could* notice without a mirror, and this small bedroom didn't seem to have one of those. **"Okay, so I was teleported to an unfamiliar farm, and now I can't stop thinking about potatoes... *But those are really important!*"** He knew deep down that they *weren't*, but he had blurted out that second comment, nonetheless. What's worse, not even the man himself seemed to have realized he had said it. Or at least he hadn't thought of it as *weird*.

Though when he'd blurted it out, the color of his brown eyes had lit up with a *crimson* alternative.

The changes thus far had seemed more surface level and not particularly consequential, but that was clearly only on a temporary basis as

additional preparations were made for something more extreme. Such as? Well, if the man had thought of looking downward, he might have noticed the fact that he was becoming increasingly *thin*. Not that he had been particularly hefty in the first place, but there was *definitely* a noticeable difference – particularly around his waist, which had pinched in considerably. But was he simply *thinner* now?

No, his muscles were swelling too. While his incredible thinness had giving him a more feminine body shape (though his hips being a touch wider now had certainly helped in that regard), the ample abs and pecs that took shape beneath Joseph's clothes sought to apply no small degree of toughness to that frame of his. It wasn't excessive at all, but it definitely demonstrated that his body was one used to physical labor, physical combat, or *both*.

"I guess mom and dad could've gotten to the potatoes first, but... S-Stop it! Why do I keep saying things like that!?" Speaking of, he'd noted the oddity he'd spoken *that* time. It came with a growing familiarity with the bedroom he presently occupied, but at the same time? A small part of him was thinking... *Was my room always this small? The ceiling feels so low...*

This thought immediately predated a solution to the concern. Because the room quickly grew bigger and bigger. Well, the room *itself* wasn't changing so much as it was the young man was getting *smaller*. Inch after inch was shaved off of his almost six foot frame, pants and boxers soon falling from his hips and leaving a now oversized t-shirt as the sole protector of his loins. 5'3" was the height where this phenomenon came to a halt, and if anything, this made his thinner body seem more *natural*? Less lanky, at least.

He rubbed at his crimson eyes. ***"Maybe I was seeing things...?"*** Evidently his body wasn't the only thing that was smaller and cuter now. His voice was notably higher and more feminine, but that latter descriptor could also be applied to his *face*. As he'd shrunk, youthfulness had returned to his features. Nothing *too* excessive, but in the end he looked more like an individual in his late teens. Yet not a *boy* in his late teens, for a rounder and softer facial shape now sported fuller lips and larger eyes with long, feminine lashes.

Hair that had initially turned pink was lengthening now. Little by little it grew longer, but also silkier as the fragrance of a fruity shampoo temporarily filled the air. It reached his shoulders, straight as could be, while bangs were swept to the left. This really demonstrated just how much his hair stood out in color against his olive skin, but paling flesh across his body ultimately put a kibosh on that little issue too.

“What was I...?” Looking more and more like a teenaged girl at a rapid pace, rather than really notice this, Joseph looked *confused*. Feminine features wore a confused expression, for he felt unsure about *everything*. No doubt a side effect of the memories of a new life that were overwhelming recollections of the old.

So while it was all but assured already, the final push towards the realm of femininity was hardly addressed by *her*. That included the shift in her genitalia that robbed her of her dick and balls and smoothed her pelvis away while a new pussy took shape. As well as how her thighs and ass flared up in weight slightly, or even the emergence of breasts upon her chest. But the heft that gathered beneath her nipples and saw them swell were not all that excessive, and her fit form did them no favors. Still, her small breasts were perky, and that had to count for something, right?

No sooner than his physical changes had completed, her outfit had changed. A skin tight, black top hugged her torso so that the indentations of her muscles and bellybutton could be seen through them, and a crimson skirt with white ruffles hugged her wider hips. Otherwise, she had a black and red hairband with white bows on the sides in her hair, and you could see a red crop top beneath the skintight black around her torso. Normally she had armor covering that, but at the moment she didn't have it on.

“I didn't oversleep, did I? It'd be bad if I wasn't able to water the potatoes one last time before I left!” Eventually snapped from her stupor, *Lapis* rubbed at the back of her head of shoulder length, bubblegum pink hair with confusion plain on her facial features. She could tell that she had just woken up recently, because why else would she have been so out of it? Plus the morning sun was filtering through her window! **“What time to Citrinne say she'd be picking me up again...?”**



Today was an important day! She'd come home to her small home in Brodia for a bit of a break after Sombron's defeat, but now she had to return to her duties as a retainer for Prince Alcryst along with Citrinne. Her blonde-haired friend had been staying in the village overnight before they went up to meet the prince in the capital, but she'd arranged a meeting time. **“I think I**

still have time! Okay! I need to make sure I put as much love as I can into those potatoes!” And she had to pick up her armor from the blacksmith, since it had been in for repairs.

But really, fitting words for a Potato Goddess.

“**Oof!?**” Much like Joseph, Urban had fallen for the same strange envelope trick that had transported him to Brodia. And, in fact, he had ended up in the exact same village that Joseph had at the same time, first thing in the morning. And while the space he found himself in *looked* like a bedroom, that wasn’t *exactly* what it was. Or, at least, it wasn’t anyone’s personal quarters. Not to mention he’d landed *on* the thinly made bed.

...Because he’d been so surprised by the envelope that he’d tripped backwards. “**What just happened!?**” After sitting himself up and once again standing, he patted his head in a panic. “**And where’d my hat go!?**” He *loved* that hat. He always wore it! But it wasn’t there! Had it fallen off when he’d fallen? But he couldn’t really see it on the floor or bed anywhere?

Why worry about a hat? They’re so tacky!

“**Hey! Wait, I’m the one who thought that?**” No one had *said* that. It had been more like a voice in the back of his head, like Urban himself had thought that. But he would never think that way! After all, he loved his hat so much! Which could only mean one thing, really. “**Something is really wrong here...**” In no reasonable world would he ever feel that way about his *hat*!

In fact, he was so upset by this that he looked a little pale in the face... and *everywhere else*? Okay, so there wasn’t any actual correlation between his mood and his skin tone, in fact. It was the effects of the power that had transformed Joseph taking hold, pulling the pigmentation of his skin down to a paler pink than what it had been before. Not only that, though, but his complexion overall was smoother, all blemishes and excess body hair all erased in their entirety over a matter of seconds.

Urban was too busy to notice that, though, still combing the room for any sign of his precious head accessory. “**It’s gotta be here somewhere, right? But I guess I could just wear a hair ornament? It would be prettier.**” Despite that comment being contrary to his obvious fixation on finding his hat, it seemed Urban hadn’t concentrated all that much on what he was saying – so he didn’t realize *what* he’d said.

While he shuffled around the room, it gradually came to seem a little larger than it had before even though he didn't seem to realize. What he *did* realize was that his clothes were feeling increasingly loose. At least enough that he was holding up his pants with one hand while his body shrank down to 5'4". That said, it wasn't even *just* a matter of getting shorter in terms of size. His body had gradually grown thinner as well, with his waistline tucking into a feminine shape just like Joseph's had.

What *wasn't* similar between the two transformations, on the other hand, was their fitness. Lapis was a muscular young woman despite her height, and while the muscles around Urban's tummy *did* tighten and firm a touch? They didn't swell to nearly the same level as Joseph's had. Instead his body was just as soft as it was small, giving him a much more delicate and slender aesthetic than what had become of the potato goddess.

Shoulders narrowed and hips wider, the clothing malfunction was on full display – in fact it was only due to those hips that his pants hadn't fallen right off. **"Huh? What's going on here? These clothes..."** Even from the *sound* of things, things were worse than Urban realized. His voice was higher now, and the way he was speaking was notably more refined. Almost like he had spent a lot of time practicing speaking that way. But he *hadn't*.

Though that higher voice certainly seemed to better match his face. With his loss of height, that loss of *age* had come as well. He too looked notably younger, about the age of *seventeen*. But aside from that youth, he appeared far more *feminine* facially as well. His eyes were bigger and rounder, his nose smaller, and his lips fuller. Even his brows were thinner, but rather than dark in color they had also lightened to a *blonde* color?

A trend that permeated even through the hair atop his head, but at the same time saw those locks lengthen and curl at the tips. The refined bob that it amounted to wasn't particularly long, but it was femininely styled enough, and the scent of shampoo that wafted from it smelled of high quality. Like he took *very* good care of this hair.

And he couldn't imagine ruining his hairdo with a *hat*!

The eyes that lengthened lashes enveloped blinked a moment while the colors of his irises turned from brown to red as if to better match his blonde hair. It wasn't because of the color change that he had blinked in surprise, though. **"Hm?"** Urban was staring directly down, still unsure of what he was wearing – but that wasn't *the* reason. Had his shirt been protruding that way before? He couldn't recall, but that didn't change

the fact that a C-cup bosom had fully formed itself beneath his oversized outfit.

It was part of a wider spread of changes that left little in the way of imagination regarding *her* sex, for she squirmed uncomfortably a moment while her cock and balls were repurposed into their female equivalent. This prompted the area surrounding the bush of blonde hair in her loins to swell much like her breasts had, with shapely hips curving lusciously into a swollen, heart-shaped rump and thick, abundant thighs. She didn't react because her head felt so *heavy* though.

You might think this would cause problems in the attire department, but her clothes then changed into an auburn dress with a low neckline so that her cleavage was revealed. Matching armbands were fashioned to a pink cape behind her, which was likewise bound to her neck by a golden necklace. Gold bands and red gems decorated her from head to toe, including cute hair accessories that looked *way* better than any *hat* ever could have been.

And at that point, everything just *clicked* mentally.

“Well I certainly can't say I had the best sleep, but I suppose I can't expect too much from a small village like this...” Even though she was certain she had gotten a full night's sleep, the blonde-haired seventeen year old still felt *exhausted*. It was the reason that *Citrinne* readily attributed how confused she had momentarily felt to the inn bed she had slept in that night, but she did quickly feel a little guilty. **“No, Lapis grew up here. I need to be more respectful!”**



Citrinne was a noblewoman, and so her background couldn't have been any more different from Lapis'. Yet through their adventures and the many battles they had faced in the war against the Fell Dragon, they were undoubtedly steadfast friends now. It was the whole reason she had decided to come fetch Lapis herself now that their vacation had come to an end. **“Still, we're meeting in an hour. I'd best make sure she's ready.”**

She may have only been seventeen, but was definitely the more responsible of Alcryst's retainers.

“HELLO!?”

Unlike the other two, Axel hadn't been lucky enough to end up in a bedroom. Hell, he hadn't even ended up in a *building*, nor did he appear to be anywhere near a town of any sort. Consumed by the envelope's red light, he soon found himself standing in a lush forest at the cusp of dawn, the scent of pine and soil rampant. The air was also a little cool for just a t-shirt and jeans, and he hadn't been wearing shoes when he'd opened his mail.

So really, the best thing he could do was try and call out to see if anyone was nearby. **“How the hell did I end up in the middle of a forest? This doesn't feel like a dream...”** All of his senses were registering his surroundings as *real*, so there wasn't really much of a reason to deny the reality of it all, impossible as it felt. **“I don't even know where this forest is. Is it near where I live?”**

Huh? Wasn't I heading up to the capital to catch up with some friends though!?

Had he been doing that? **“Wait, the capital? Like of Brodia?”** Brodia? Where had he heard that name before? And why had it come to mind in that moment? Axel didn't have the foggiest idea, but it *did* serve as ample distraction to keep his mind off of the dramatic changes that had begun to affect his body.

To begin with, Axel was a heftier fellow than the other two. He had a notable gut that pushed out slightly against his shirt even when standing up straight... *normally*. That was why it was all the more notable that this bulge was no longer present as he looked around at the wooded surroundings with confusion. His body was thinning at an alarming rate. **“Huh!?”** And his pants and underwear soon slid from his legs without the unhealthy fat in his rear and thighs to keep them upright without a belt.

“What's... Have I always been this thin? Of course I have! I wouldn't be very good at being sneaky if I was big and bulky!” It seemed that he had answered his own question, even if he hadn't intended on it. Was that true? Why did he need to be sneaky? Didn't he work in an office? *But what the heck is an office, anyways!?*

He shook his head, confused. At the very least he'd stopped thinking about how he'd just lost his pants and how his shirt was now basically a blanket with how big it was, but... Actually, it was getting bigger than

that – as were the trees around him. Based on what had happened with the other two, of course, it was probably easy to guess *why*. Axel had been almost six feet tall himself, but that height was unwound until he was only 5’5” – complete with smaller, daintier hands and feet.

And while he *also* appeared younger now that he was shorter, he certainly wasn’t a teenager. His face *was* more youthful, but only in the sense that he was in his early twenties. Likely around *twenty-two*. And, of course, this also meant that his face had inherited a similar femininity to the other two, it was just more mature to suit his older perceived age. Axel’s face was rounder and his eyes were larger, but his lips were *much* fuller than Lapis and Citrinne’s.

“H-Hiya P—!?” Without intending to, he almost blurted out what seemed to be a greeting. Not that there was anyone to greet, but it had just sort of rolled off his (smaller) tongue. He’d caught himself, yet simultaneously? His eyes were colored crimson. **“What was I just...? No, something’s up here, right? But... Maybe I’ve just been hiking through the forest for too long?”** Was he just getting confused because he was tired?

Axel certainly tried to rationalize things, but the reality of it was just that his memories and personality were changing along with his body. Which was definitely taking his womanly face and just *running with it* now. It was easy enough to see that his chest was swollen beneath his shirt, with erect nipples pushing against the underside of his top as breasts bounced to attention. Being D-cups, they were *certainly* obvious.

But even then, you could likewise see through his shirt’s silhouettes that his hips had widened a handful of inches so that his hips were childbearing in nature – especially paired with a trim waist now decorated with *some* muscle. The base of the back of his tee was pushed back and lifted as his ass bubbled into a firm, rounded shape, and the excess weight rolled into his thighs which soon had them rubbing uncomfortably against his dick.

Not that *she* needed to worry about that much longer. For while her hair grew out and spilled down her back while inheriting a bright red color, the dick beneath a now similarly colored bush of pubic hairs folded inward along with what were once her balls, a cute little pussy shaped in its place. Axel was now wholly a woman and, like the other two, a woman from Fire Emblem: Engage.

Of course, she wouldn’t remain in that outfit. It didn’t take long at all for her existing outfit to be replaced by a skintight, purple bodysuit that revealed bare hips and much of her cleavage. She had a matching cape, a

golden belt, a golden collar on her neck, heels, and perhaps strangest of all... Black and white stick-on stars both in her hair and on her face.

“Hiya papaya!” The moment everything clicked into place, the young, bodysuit-clad woman excitedly blurted out the phrase that she had seemingly been trying *not* to say over the course of her transformation. But once she had finally said it? *Yunaka* seemed confused. **“Huh!? Why did I even want to say that? There’s no one here to greet!”** And why *would* there be? She was walking through the forests of Brodia all by her lonesome, after all! Mind you, she was heading up to the capital to meet with some of the allies she fought along in the war against the Fell Dragon.



Man, what a time! But for the first time in her life, Yunaka felt like she had clarity as she navigated the woods. The air was clean, the sky above was blue, and she felt like she was free. **“I guess I need to figure out what I wanna do going forward though, huh? Seadall was talking about me performing, but...”** It was clear that memories of a past life didn’t weigh on her, nor had they weighed upon the other two Brodian women.

But hey, on her way to the capital? She’d bump into Lapis and Citrinne!
They’d have a chance to catch up!