

EXPRESS DELIVERY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph had been *assuming* that it had all been a scam.

For *days* now he had been receiving letters from an organization *claiming* to be Cygames, the Japanese company behind some of the greatest gacha games out there like Granblue Fantasy and Umamusume. This sounded like a *good* thing, right? While on paper (no pun intended), receiving mail from such a big company of which he enjoyed the games might be a good thing. Perhaps they were sending him merch? An invitation to a big event? But on the flipside it could have been something like a mix-up with his in-game purchases and perhaps they were demanding money back?

It thankfully *hadn't* been the latter, but it also hadn't been the former. The letters inside were just *blank*. **“I can understand maybe sending out one blank piece of paper, but I’m at five now...”** They all must have been sent fairly close together too, making it all the more suspicious. Then again? It could just be a prank from a friend or something too. At least until he received an unusual DM from one of his online friends, Axel, on the sixth day.

> Just got a letter from Cygames thanking me for 10 years of playing? Did you get one too?

“...Huh?” Had Axel been the one pranking him? Had there really been some kind of mix up on Cygames’ end? He ultimately sent a follow-up to Axel to *ask*, but strangely? Twenty minutes passed without a single reply. **“Come to think of it...”** Looking at the pile of mail beside his keyboard another one *had* come that day. He’d assumed that it was just blank again, but with this new knowledge? He opened it. They letter

wasn't blank! But it also said more than Axel had mentioned in his message too.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR 10 YEARS OF SUPPORT AND
WE APPRECIATE YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT OF
THE SKIES!

It was a *little* longer but was that really all there was? Were they mailing such short messages out to *everyone* who played the game? But of course Reddit was the *first* place he had checked when he had gotten the blank letters to no avail. “**Huh... HUUUUUH!?**” But then, with absolutely no warning?

Joseph disappear in an almost comedic puff of smoke.

“**HOLY SHIT!**” It certainly wasn't like him to scream expletives, much less at the top of his lungs. Yet the position he found himself in was so alarming that he couldn't help himself. He was still standing, but seemingly on an invisible surface high above a sea of clouds. He couldn't make anything out past those clouds, but there was something about the sky he *could* see that felt wrong. There was floating debris, among other things that shouldn't have been possible.

At least if this was the world he knew.

He didn't understand how he wasn't *falling*. Was he just standing on an invisible platform? That thought made him wary about taking another step in case he plummeted to his death. It *was* strange though. “**Something about this place does feel familiar...**” Not *just* because he had seen it somewhere. He felt like he'd experienced it. But at this altitude? The prospect of *being* so high up made it a little difficult to think though. He was nervous!

Joseph was much too worried to take even a single step, concerned that this invisible platform he was standing on had limited coverage. He didn't want to plummet to his death! But strangely? He *was* plummeting. Not in the sense of physically falling, but if you were to measure his height now compared to the nearly six feet he was *supposed* to be? You would have found a very substantial dip. No, it was *still* dipping.

The fact that he himself hadn't even realized that he was shrinking was easily chalked up to several things. He had no frame of reference for his own height when he was so up in the sky for one. And when it came to the loosening fit of his clothes? The wind blowing way up there had

already been moving loose cloth around consistently, and so it wasn't until pants and boxers fell right off that it finally occurred to him. "**H-HEY!**"

In a panic he reached down to grab them, the crack in his voice not catching his attention because he ultimately came short of grabbing his trousers. Rather than land on the invisible surface he was standing on though? Pants and boxers both fell *through* it and he was forced to watch his lower body's clothing fall into the clouds below. "**Uh...**" So he'd been right not to trust the platform after all! But at least his shirt was acting as a pretty... good... dress...? "**Wait a second...**"

Pushing aside his fear of falling to an untimely death for just a moment, it had finally struck Joseph that his clothing *shouldn't* have been in that condition. Raising an arm with confusion he found that his fingers were much smaller and narrower in shape than he remembered them, and by leaning forward he could see that his feet were in a similar condition. "**I'M SHORTER!?**" At least he could scream all he wanted since no one could hear him up there!

It was true, his height had dipped to about 5'4" before he had finally taken notice of it. While it wasn't *as* obvious since he hadn't been an especially large-gutted man, the subtle plumpness he *had* possessed had thinned away while he'd shrink. But hadn't he become a little *too* thin around his waist? What's more, it seemed that he had perfectly toned abs beneath his shirt now. All changes that weren't obvious to him since his shirt obscured them.

"**This is impossible... In all of the Skydom... Huh? The Skydom? Like in Granblue?**" Joseph finally realized what the sights had reminded him of, but that confirmation didn't really make his circumstances any clearer to him. "**Was I suddenly brought into the game world? But life isn't a game, silly!**" It *did* feel a little odd to refer to this as a game. This was all *real*, right? But even then, why had he blurted out a rebuttal to his own commentary!? Why had he sounded so *cute* and *bubbly* while saying it!?

Smaller, cuter feet rubbed up against each other on the platform and the man made a complicated expression – both in terms of emotion and in terms of... *general appearance*. It was quick to shift towards something that could be seen as just as 'cute' as the way he'd spoken just seconds ago, with its design shrinking slightly while key traits were enhanced. His lips were among these traits and they plumped out into a luscious, feminine pout.

Femininity truly seemed to be the name of the game when it came to his transformation. Eyes both enlarged *and* widened, previous colors

washed away by bright blues like ocean waves crashing into a beach. Joseph's lashes fluttered longer around them, and *between* them? His nose had collapsed so that it was small and fair in shape. When all was said and done he possessed a beautifully featured and fair *colored* face. Evidently the olive tone of his skin had slowly been lightening to a much paler, pinker hue.

“The Skydom... Of course it'd be familiar! I *totally* spend all my time here, hehe!” The next time he blurted out any words? They didn't sound like they belonged to a *he* at all. His voice was high and bubbly, and even the things that he was saying felt... not to be *rude*, but a little *lower IQ*. Not to say he was getting *stupider*, but there was a very airheaded sound to everything he was saying now. **“Hmm~? Am I getting *cuter*? I bet I could pick up a cute boy n-now?”** It had only struck him at the end of what he was saying just how weird that was. Since when had he been into men!?

That didn't mean his assumption that he was getting *cuter* was wrong though. His dark hair had already begun to grow out and had spilled *well* past his shoulders and towards his ass. This hair was thicker and fluffier than ever... and the emergence of a small, black feathered wing on the left side of that head seemingly went unnoticed *somehow*. No doubt a side effect of the mental poisoning that he was suffering.

“Oh! My di— My *dick*? I don't have one of those. Um... Do I?” A tug between *her* legs had prompted a manicured finger to reach up and touch her lips. Joseph's sex had changed. ...Or had it? She couldn't really seem to recall. And while she did have a brand new pussy beneath a bush of dark pubes, the little masculinity that remained was drying up in a way that would make it nigh impossible for her to ever have believed she was a man.

Her dress-length shirt had only reached the center of her thighs when she had first shrunk, and yet that coverage became increasingly limited as the base crept up to show off more and more of those thighs. The timing? It couldn't have been better, really. Those thighs jiggle to life, a soft and sensual meat seeing skin tighten and a sheen spread across upper legs that were just as wide as her narrowed waistline when all was said and done. Her paled legs were seductively shapely and difficult to resist.

The cool wind of the sky teased a pussy that was now bare, making her giggle at the sensation. Her rump had aided in this reveal, cheeks both growing and firming, their lip lifting the shirt even higher while simultaneously shifting the width of her hips to accommodate all of this mass. But what had been lifting her shirt up initially in the first place?

Blue eyes were already staring down at them. **“Woah, my tits are so big!”** While her chest had been completely flat when she had first changed sex, fat had filled the skin beneath and not only stretched them into full, DD-cup orbs but had also plumped up her nipples as well. Her shirt being in the way wasn’t even an issue for much longer, seeing as...

RIIIIIIIIIP!

Two *enormous*, navy blue wings tore through the cloth on the left side of her back. Tits were exposed very briefly as the tatters fell into the sky below, but her nudity was only fleeting. A white leotard that encompassed her rotund bosom in black latex clad her torso and silver and blue bangles had found her upper arms. Otherwise? She only had ornate armor pieces around her shins, leaving her feet entirely bare.

“Eh? Why am I just standing here? I betcha this is just some kind of magic trick!” The invisible platform that she had been standing on had been registered as weird even by *Malluel*, an archangel that was a native to these skies. In what could only be one of her more nonsensical moments (and she had a lot of those) she did a jump to test the platform’s integrity. But unfortunately... *It had been designed to disappear the second no weight was resting on it.* **“WAAAAAAAAAH!”**



The dark-haired angel plummeted downwards at a high speed for about ten seconds before a realization struck her. Perhaps a little *too* late all things considered. **“Wait! I have wings! I’ve always had wings! Why didn’t I think of that?”** She could be ditzy at times but that almost seemed like a new low. Even though it was merely a side effect of just having been transformed.

The three feathered wings on the left side body soon fanned out, *vastly* decreasing the rate of her descent and even eventually fighting against it as they flapped despite only being on one side of her person. It was the most natural thing in the skies to her now. **“But boy that was embarrassing! I’m glad Hal wasn’t here to see that! She’d be teasing me for days!”** The sky above cast an orange glow, reminding her of the time.

That was when she noticed something in her hand. **“Eh? A letter from the Archangel Parcel Service? Thanks for your continued support... Oh! That’s right, Hal and I are on vacay!”** She had

been out exploring! Well, exploring for *cute guys*. She remembered now! She hadn't had any luck and was heading back to the treehouse. **"Maybe Hal didn't find anyone either! That's okay, I'm more than fine just sharing the bed with her like always! Heehee!"**

"I... have no idea what is going on here." The dwindling light in the sky suggested that it was almost nighttime and Axel had suddenly found himself in the back alley of what he could only really describe as a 'fantasy village', wholly confused. The events that had led up to this moment didn't really make things clearer. He had been telling Joseph about an odd letter he'd received from Cygames but the moment he'd sent the message? He had suddenly been teleported to where he now stood.

It sounded like they were people active on the main street, but still uncertain of his circumstances he remained hidden in the alley. **"I have to be dreaming, right? This feels like a port town you might see in *Granblue* or something."** Suddenly passing out would have made *some* sense, but he also wasn't the kind of guy who could ever fall asleep at his desk either. A curious situation to say the least, but the fact that it was interesting didn't make the anxiety-riddled man *feel* any better!

And yet a strange calm began to befall him as if out of nowhere.

"Wait, do I recognize this place?" His panic came to an immediate stop, but he also seemed to possess zero awareness of the fact that his dark hair was shifting in color atop his head. Well, shifting in color *and* lengthening. Golden blonde highlights had emerged among strands sporting its usual tone, but it was quick to absorb *all* of his original hair color while it naturally curled and spilled out down his back. The blonde was layered in tone, shifting between darker and lighter shades that were simultaneously replicated... in the feathers of the small wing that emerged on the *right* side of his head.

Even upon shaking his head he didn't seem to feel the weight of any of this, or even notice blonde bangs being tussled about. **"Yeah I've definitely *totally* been here before."** Throwing that 'totally' in there seemed like an odd thing to do considering his usual vernacular, but realistically? There were more pressing things happening. It just so happened that the mental toll on Axel early on in his transformation seemed to be stronger than it had been for Joseph. He wasn't really noticing much of anything at all!

Such as a *very* dramatic amount of weight loss. His larger, rotund body shape was promptly thinned away into a figure that mirrored Malluel's,

complete with the narrow waistline and widened hips. So much weight had slipped away from him so quickly that it wasn't at all surprising to see his pants slide right off his hips even if they *were* comparatively wider than they had ever been. "**Whoa!?**" But while the sensation of losing those pants had caught Axel's attention? *Wait, since when did I wear pants? It's way comfier without 'em!* His didn't seem to care nor critically think about *why* they had fallen.

Or why his *height* had fallen, actually. Down to the same 5'4" of a certain dark-haired archangel.

Malluel may have had dark hair and pale skin, but the opposite seemed to be in store for Axel's ultimate outcome. His hair had *already* lightened significantly to blonde, but his complexion could be seen gradually darkening. First to a subtle tan and then to a *much* darker shade that pleasantly complimented *her* hair color. "**Mmn! Now isn't the time to be horny, Hal! ...What did I just call myself? What's up with my voice, come to think of it!? But... Wait, this is normal? Um...?**"

Her sex changing so suddenly had only added an extra layer of confusion, or at least it *had* been confusing for the first few seconds. She couldn't help but giggle at herself for thinking she could *ever* have possessed male genitalia beneath the shirt she was wearing like a *very* long dress. *With a face as cute as this how could that be though?* Evidently, the tanned woman had a sense of the fact that her face *was* changing.

With the weight loss prior her face was already significantly thinner, but with femininity on the menu it took a very sharp lean in towards what could best be described as a 'womanly' appearance. This included lips that puffed up into swollen, luscious shapes and eyes that took on a steely blue as lashes lengthened around her gentle eyelids. The natural beauty that settled into place was undeniable, a slightly wider nose and the overall arch of her cheekbones suggested of the fact that Axel now met a different racial profile; if her changed skin color hadn't *already* made that clear.

Long and manicured nails tugged at her shirt. "**Actually come to think of it what *am* wearing? I'm not going to be able to show my stuff off to anyone like *this!***" As to what that 'stuff' amounted to? Well, the amount was being totaled as she thought about it. Weight had already begun to amass beneath her nipples and was slowly building up into a *DD* crescendo, the weight of swelling tits bouncing and jiggling beneath her shirt while engorged, erect nipples led them to prosperity.

Further down? Axel's widened hips could *already* be seen through the shirt's fit since they were propping it out at the sides. But it became clear that the areas both directly below *and* behind had begun to press out against the cloth as well. More of her thighs were teased as the shirt was lifted, and tanned flesh could clearly be observed bulging like a sponge being filled with water, growing in size and weight until they were tender and taut. Whereas in the back? Her ass showed no sign of stopping as a heart shape burgeoned, lifting the shirt's back *almost* enough to show some of her cheeks.

“So obviously I need to take this off!” The woman leaned forward to grasp the base of the shirt. It didn't *sound* like a good idea because wouldn't she just be *naked* underneath? But she seemed to be confident that it wouldn't be an issue once she lifted it up in one big pull, revealing that a collared, white leotard was wrapped around her tits and pelvis, while the straps of black latex panties could be seen wrapping around her hips and even snugly covering her ass crack. **“Heehee! That's better!”**

Silver and pink bangles just above her elbows jingled and silver armor pieces similar to the ones around Malluel's rattled beneath her knees, all none too distracting as Axel remembered them *always* being there. Just as she didn't bat a single eyelash once two large, golden wings stretched out from the *right* side of her back. If she and Malluel were to come together? It would be like they had a complete set of wings!

But they *did* come as a set most of the time.

“Pretty women, pretty women...” Waving the very same letter in her hand that Malluel had received from APS, the tan skinned *Halluel* sauntered out of the alleyway and onto the main street without a second thought about it. She could remember coming into town for a purpose: she was looking for a pretty lady to sleep with that night! And her eyes fixated on a target. **“Hey there! It's getting late. Any chance you'd like to spend the night with an angel— Oh, no it's okay! Nevermind!”** Immediately shot down!



Well, she supposed being such a beautiful angel *could* be rather intimidating. But that Draph woman had been so pretty...

Halluel spread her wings and flew over the city, the edge of the moon peeking over the horizon. **“Oh well~ Back to the treehouse I guess! In terms of pretty women to sleep with, Mal is still the**

prettiest girl I know anyways!” Both Halluel *and* Malluel were huge bisexuals. Mal was more into guys, but her attraction to Hal was just as true. Still, lately they’d been trying to see who could pick up more people! ...And they were both *terrible* at it even despite how flirty they tended to be. Thankfully it wasn’t a very long flight to their shared treehouse from where either of them had been, and before long?

“**HAAAAAAAAAL!**”

“**MAAAAAAAAAAL!**”

“**I MISSED YOOOOOU!**”

They were in each other’s arms again!

