

COUPLE'S EVENT

BONUS STORY

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Have you ever wanted something like *really* bad?

It didn't even necessarily need to be something *important*. It could be anything, really. Maybe it was a new video game console, an accessory, a shirt, a new season of your favorite show perhaps? So long as you lived there would always be *something* that you would be willing to go to great lengths to acquire. We all have wants and needs after all, and at times we can do things that we wouldn't *normally* do in order to get them.

So what was worth getting that had me internally monologuing about such things? It had to be something *very* important, didn't it? Something that I absolutely couldn't live without no matter what? Something that I would be willing to move the Earth itself to obtain, right? Well, actually...

“A couples only two can dine special!?” Yeah, it wasn't all that important at *all*. I was just hungry and had decided to hit up my favorite burger joint, only to find that it was during a special couples promotion that they were running where a couple could receive a hefty discount on the food. I was really hungry and that would have been the *perfect* solution. But at the same time? I wasn't the kind of person who would ask for an exception or make a big deal. **“I wish I was eligible, but... Oh well.”**

I'd just pay full price for my regular order. But *after* I used the bathroom first. The line was long, and the walk over had been burdened by a surprisingly full bladder. It didn't even strike me that I had ultimately wandered into the (vacant) women's bathroom even *after*

checking the sign. Apparently not recognizing my own folly... or perhaps believing that I had gone into the right entrance. But I took a whiz in one of the stalls and washed up at the sink without issue. I might have gotten an odd glance had a woman walked in, but I wasn't even wary of that possibility.

But that wasn't the *only* thing I wasn't aware of, at least at first. I had no idea that my idle mumbling had actually invited the magical intervention of an eavesdropping party just by beginning a sentence with '*I wish*'. How they planned to solve my dilemma wasn't exactly *orthodox* and it sure as hell wasn't *practical*. But at the very least I did notice that something was wrong after drying my hands. **"Huh? Is that a freckle on my hand? There's a few of them?"**

I returned to the sink to wash them again since I wondered if they were *actually* specks of dirt. But in the end? Not only did they not rub off, but they appeared to have *spread*.

"So that's not dirt then..." I tried my best to keep my calm. I could see the tanned speckles multiplying and spreading across my hands, though they were slightly paler on my palms. Was this some type of *disease*? I didn't feel sick though. Thinking on it, in fact, I felt a little *pleasant*? Was this something to be feeling *energetic* and *happy* over? Especially since the coloring began to paint over my white complexion even on my wrists and up my sleeves? In fact it was much more widespread than I had realized. Whether it was my arms, legs, torso, and even my face. It wouldn't take very long at all for these speckles to all merge to give me a much darker, melanin-rich complexion. Complete with chocolate brown nipples.

Not that I could have explained it even if I had been aware of it. But did I *need* an explanation? **"Dirt? That's silly! That's my skin color!"** I blurted out without thinking and even laughed at myself. At least until common sense snapped back into place. **"N-No, my skin's not supposed to be this color..."** Nor were my eyes supposed to be *green*, and yet emerald shading had replaced their original coloring upon a darkened face that didn't quite look itself.

I definitely *should* have noticed that in retrospect. I looked at my own reflection in the mirror multiple times, but my face's changes didn't register at any point even though they were quite dramatic. My rounder face had thinned, any excess weight robbed until it was thinner and softer around my cheeks. Cheeks that framed lips that not only puffed up, but pushed into a girlish, resting pouty with a glossy glow. Emerald eyes came aflutter with longer lashes and widened shapes, resting beneath thinner brows and around a smaller, button nose. I looked like a *woman*. A woman of a different ethnic background and one that was

probably five to ten years younger as well, leaving me somewhere in my early twenties.

“I have to be sick, right?” A rumbling in my tummy was quick to lead me astray. **“Or I’m just hungry!”** Even though that rumbling was a side effect of an additional and very *extreme* shift in my body. My face had already thinned but now it was my body’s turn to follow suit. My bulging belly thinned away and flattened, my man boobs faded away, and *all* of the extra weight around my arms and legs was stolen until I wasn’t merely healthily thin but also had a teasing of muscle around my now flat belly. Needless to say my shirt was now hanging right off of me and my pants? They’d actually pulled my boxers down to my feet so that only my shirt covered the bare essentials.

Something that was made easier once my height took a rather pronounced dip. Almost as if a powerful ghost had been pushing down on the top of my head, my overall stature was reduced from almost six feet down to a meager 5’4”; and so the shirt was practically a dress that reached past my knees. It was only natural that this loss of height would also affect my hands and feet, and while my fingers were smaller, more delicate, and had grown manicured nails, my daintier feet idly stepped out of shoes that were now several sizes too big for them.

I leaned in towards the mirror. **“Did the counter get higher or am I going crazy? I muuuuust be going crazy, right!?”** A bubbly and girlish voice that should have struck my ear as unfamiliar danced from my lips. It was pretty and cute; matching a physical appearance that was just as pretty and cute. As if it was second nature to me I reached a small hand up to tuck hair behind my ear, but there was a problem with that. My dark hair was *short*. Manicured fingers hovered over my tanned ear for a moment, confused. **“Huh? Something’s wrong here, isn’t it...?”**

As if to correct this error between my shifting memories and changing body, changes swept through my short mane next. It didn’t *remain* short for long. In fact it grew with astounding speed, pushing past my chin and shoulder in just five seconds before spilling far down my back and even my ass. It hovered just an inch past my rump in fact, with much of the length inheriting a dark brown color and wavy style. There were streaks of golden blonde midst the brown behind me, but that brown eventually gradiented into a matching golden blonde just above my head. Even bangs lengthened and danced above my effeminate, emerald gaze. But those bangs were an even *lighter* blonde.

Once the correct had been made I just shook my head, all of that hair bouncing around in its silky glory. **“Nope! But I gotta make sure I look my best, right? For him!”** *Him?* Why did I say that like I was

trying to impress a guy? I wasn't seeing someone much less a man. ...Right? **"No, that's wrong? How could I forget about him like that? What kind of wife would I be?"** *Oh that's right! How silly of me!*

I licked my glossy lips as I continued to touch up my hair – though it looked more like I was just playing with it. The lip-licking had actually come from a subtle feeling of stimulation. One that originated between legs that were growing *thicker*. Darkened thighs were stretching, a plush weight enhancing their girth until they stretched about five inches wider. In turn? This pushed my hips wider by about the same margin, but they widened anymore thanks to my *ass*. Cheeks lifted the back of my shirt slightly thanks to a swelling weight within, each cheek jiggling a subtle amount as skin was stretched around them and a beauty mark emerged on the right cheek.

While higher up beneath my shirt? Its *front* become pushed forward around the chest, even though the waistline beneath that had pinched narrower. Breasts, perky and round, heaved into existence with swollen nipples leading their charge. They ached a touch from their growth but that feeling eventually subsided as they peaked in all of their D-cup glory, the shapes of those chocolate-colored nipples seen poking erect through the cloth. **"Actually what the heck am I wearing? I am not looking my best!"**

I was right, wasn't I? This was *totally* not my style! And as much as I wanted to fix it? **"MMMMN!?! E-Eh!?! This isn't the place to be making that kind of noise!"** I bellowed a hearty moan with absolutely no warning. The tingly between my legs had peaked as, not that I had even noticed, my cock and balls finally pulled into a new, warm pussy. My transition into a *woman* was complete, and this new sex also came with a new identity. New *memories*.

Before I could walk out of the bathroom and unknowingly face this new existence of mine though? The clothes I had worn into the bathroom all dissipated into golden sparkles. *Mana* as my brain recognized them. **"Oh! I can't be naked!"** Even though my perky, curvy body *was* extremely attractive I was a married woman! No one should gaze upon my naked glory except *him*!

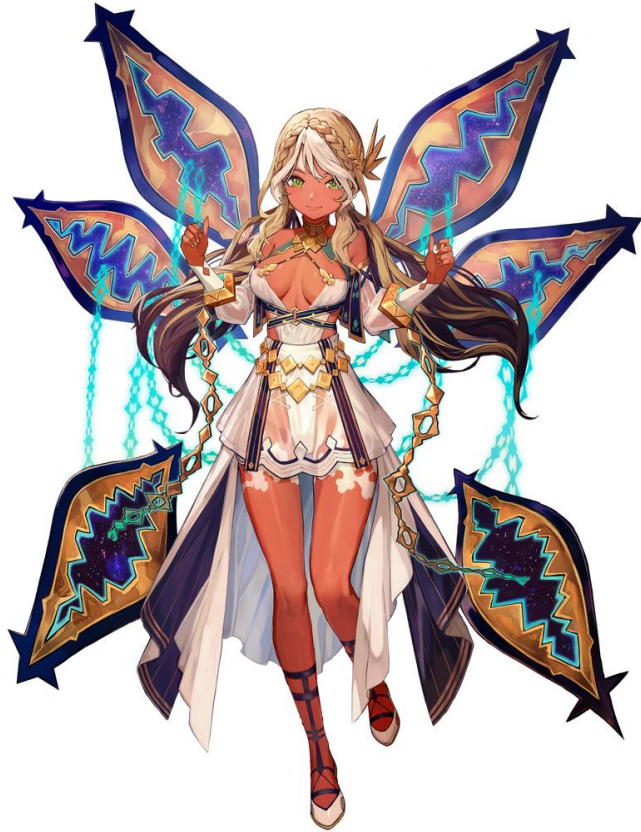
Thankfully the lingering particles reformed as an outfit I believed was much more *familiar*. It consisted of a skimpy, white dress that left much of my torso exposed including my tan tits, stretching down to my crotch where it hugged it like a leotard beneath a layered skirt with navy blue accents on its underside. I likewise wore detached sleeves and white shoes that were fastened by black straps, whereas ties bound my hair into twin tails and crown braid around the top. While six 'panels' with

chains could be felt behind and shackled to me, they were invisible to regular humans. It was too difficult to mingle with them if I stood out!

They already asked enough questions about my outfit!

“Woah! That was weird! I feel kinda disoriented!”

But *why* did I feel that way? I was really wracking my brain, my plump lips making a strained pout in the mirror’s reflection. I looked cute as ever though? Maybe a little oddly dressed since I had been summoned into this modern world as a *Servant*, but such was my fate as *Andromeda*! There was no way I could exist in this world otherwise, right? **“Mhm! That all makes sense! Maybe it was just one of those weird out of body experiences they talk about?”**



Was that the wrong term for it? On some level I kind of wondered if it was. I was adjusting to this modern world slowly and the internet had been a pretty handy resource! I’m not gonna say that I’m the smartest gal in the world though, even if I *am* someone from the legends themselves. I gave myself a little shrug and turned to the door. Where was I again? Oh right, wasn’t I... **“Ah!”**

I squeaked and jumped a little in surprise as the recollection struck my, my largely exposed tits jiggling a little bit from the gesture. **“Right! The couple’s special!”** But why was I so concerned about that? Hadn’t I come to the restaurant alone? No... No? **“Oh, I don’t want to keep him waiting!”** I’d come with my husband, right? How fortunate it was for us that we had both been summoned at the exact same time! This improved my mood tenfold, and I skipped outside. I immediately took the hand of the husband in question. **“Sorry I made you wait, Perseus!”**

“...Huh?”

My husband was confused. After all... While I saw them as my husband, the pretty young woman I was clinging to didn’t at all. At least not

initially. But as I clung to her arm and pushed up close? A bulge began to push out from between her legs. Her *own* transformation had begun. **“We’re getting the couple’s special, right!?”**