

A HALLOW'S SWAP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Fufufu...”

The Grandcypher was always busy in October, especially when it came to the crew's younger members. And there was a *very* good reason for that! ...Well, as long as you believed children being children was a good reason – and it certainly *was*. If it was October then the reason could only have been one thing, right? It was *Halloween* of course! Even the Skydom partook in this tradition, which could be found in many other worlds, where the youthful dressed up in costumes in order to ‘trick or treat’, effectively receiving candy from their seniors for the effort.

Rosetta was merely giggling to herself because she enjoyed the season personally. The aesthetic of it all was delightfully spooky, and as a woman close to plenty of children aboard the airship she was always happy to see them so excited. That was why she was fond of December's holidays as well.

But as she walked back to her room that evening, passing under fake cobwebs and past carved pumpkins, there was something relevant that was eating at her. For all of the children aboard the ship, there was one girl that was resisting the Halloween festivities. *Io*. The girl that she was perhaps closest to. It was obviously because she was getting older and wanted to seem more *mature*, but she had been talking about not trick or treating this year.

“I certainly wish she was in the right headspace...”

Like Rosetta herself, for example!

Even though she didn't plan on dressing up or trick or treating, that didn't mean that the eleven year old Io was rejecting the holiday altogether. She had spent that day helping the rest of the crew set up decorations across the Grandcypher while snacking on the treats that had been provided to them. Io was a stubborn child who wanted to grow up a little too fast and that was what had led to her wanting to skip trick or treating. But after having fun with the other kids on that day...

She was already starting to have second thoughts.



Second thoughts that Rosetta hadn't been aware of when she had muttered that wish around the same time. A wish that *shouldn't* have been granted, but among the decorations that had been put up that day? There were pumpkins that had been mixed in from an unknown source. Enchanted, *wish granting* pumpkins that had been placed there by Cagliostro. She thought she was running a funny experiment!

“Phew, I'm beat!” It was late in the evening by the time Io finally retired to her room. Or at least that was where she had *intended* on going. Upon stepping through what she assumed was *her* door though? She immediately recognized the similar looking space as another's. **“H-Huh!? Isn't this Rosetta's room?”** But she'd definitely gone through *her* door, hadn't she? How did this happen? Regardless, it sounded like Rosetta was in the bathroom.

Wait, how could *she* be in the bathroom? Why was she thinking of herself in the third person?

“Uh...” It was perhaps only natural that she might let a noise of confusion escape her lips at *whatever* was running through her mind. But things quickly turned to concern at the sensation of her clothing rubbing up against herself in an unfamiliar way. Not to mention there was something on her head? **“Wh-What? My clothes!”** Io wasn't wearing what she normally wore.

It had changed when she had stepped through the door. Into a black and purple dress that exposed her right thigh, one with black leggings and leather boots; with lace gloves and a series of blue and purple roses around it. It was an outfit that would have looked *great* on Rosetta. Including the veil with the biggest rose of all that rested upon her head.

Actually, that reminded her. Hadn't Rosetta mentioned ordering a custom costume like this? But why was she wearing it? When had she put it on? Why did it fit her much tinier body so well? "**This is weird. I should...**"

Tell myself?

It happened again. She had wanted to tell Rosetta about this seeing as *she* was in *her* bathroom. But every time she tried to mention or think about Rosetta it felt like she was thinking of herself? It didn't make any sense and essentially stopped Io from making any effort to do anything. Much to the benefit of the wish that was taking hold in increasingly apparent ways.

From head to toe Io's coloration was in the process of shifting. Take her *hair*, for example. Not presently bound in its usual twin tails, a familiar chestnut brown had seeded itself in her sandy blonde roots. It was almost as if her natural hair color was *supposed* to be brown, for it bled out from the roots all of the way out to her blue tips, painting it all in this shade. But curiously the girl's hair seemed thicker, more voluminous. It was soft and wavy, with her bangs now more centered. A completely different hair color and style.

"**I was supposed to be...**" *What?* Why had she come into *her* room again? The question hung in the air while her physical appearance continued to alter. Much like her hair had changed in color, her skin was doing the same. Her natural tan lightening towards a pinkish pale that complimented her new hair color while nipples and lips became pinker. Even her eyes were touched by the wish, a silvery blue replacing their original brown.

But those eyes seemed off even *structurally*. Her eyes were narrower? Her eyelashes were longer? Her lips were *fuller*? All in all, everything that made Io, well, *Io* was being sapped away from her. While younger, facially she strongly resembled Rosetta of all people. Something that was, in fact, wholly intentional. Rosetta's wish for Io to 'be in the right headspace' was being enacted and the headspace it was being modeled after, along with the rest of her body...

Was Rosetta herself.

Io was still blissfully unaware of this, instead grappling with thoughts about *Halloween* out of nowhere? She had been trying to not think too hard about it, but she was feeling more and more excited about it all. After all, *she was already wearing her costume!* Although briefly she did consider that it felt a touch too snug for some reason that she just

couldn't place. Well, she couldn't place it because she was being forced into ignorance mentally.

But Io's body? It was growing now. Solely vertically for a time, for her 4'4" stature steadily rose an *entire foot* towards 5'4". Yet while the dress would feel briefly tight over and over, that tightness was promptly alleviated as the costume adjusted to her additional height. Ultimately, the taller she grew the more mature her face looked, with lips becoming plumper and her face narrower. She may have appeared like a younger Rosetta for a time, but now she looked like the adult woman's spitting image.

And that didn't *just* refer to her height, hair, and face. The dress continued to stretch and reform to accommodate a swelling of her figure. Rosetta had no doubt chosen the thigh exposure on the right leg of this dress because her thighs were always so *abundant*, and that abundance became Io's own as the seconds ticked on and pale flesh rounded. Each thigh was about as thick as her waist when all was said and done, with her ass bloating into a full heart shape behind her that made great use of the black lace panties beneath her skirt that had stretched in kind.

"Mm... I see. So I came back to try it on?" 'It' must have referred to the costume, the woman's voice sounding just as deep and sensual as the real Rosetta's. Even the ways Io spoke and gestured with enlarged hands were identical to what you might expect from the Primal. And in terms of 'things you might expect from the Primal', two more additions were making themselves known.

They weren't so much *additions* as they were *expansions*, though. The low neckline of the dress had done a good job of concealing the girl's small chest before she'd grown up, but the moment it became her chest's turn to reach maturity that went out the window. The swelled large and round, the sudden growth prompting jiggling flesh to bounce with the full extent of her cleavage exposed. Her new E-cup tits flourished with the same attention afforded to them by the outfit as her right thigh had received.

But the woman didn't view them as 'new additions' at all.

"Fufufu..." Once the fog in the woman's head had finally lifted, a sly giggle eventually danced from her plump lips. Dressed up in a costume, *Rosetta* was merely giggling because she was *excited*. **"I look great in this, don't I?"** She had strut over to the full length mirror in *her* room's corner, giving a little twirl to show off how the spooky gown hugged her ample, adult curves.

Getting into the Halloween spirit, she had purchased the dress to wear while taking some of the crew's younger members out trick or treating and to the other festive events that would be held both on the ship and at the island they'd be docking at tomorrow. This Rosetta did not realize that she had just been changed, that she had *just* been Io. Instead she had inherited Rosetta's holiday fever in the most literal way possible.



The sound of someone moving about in *her* bathroom pulled her attention away from her appearance though. “**Oooh, how spooky!**” She was maybe a little *too* into the Halloween spirit, because most people wouldn't greet the possibility of a stranger being in their room with enthusiasm. Still, Rosetta moved to her bathroom door and pulled it open. Only to find... *no one inside*.

“**Aw! ...How disappointing.**”



Turning back the clock ever so slightly, Rosetta had been in her own bathroom freshening up after returning to her room briefly. Her Halloween outfit had finally been completed and she had been excited to try it on, but after a day of helping with Halloween setup herself he'd been a little *sweaty*. So she'd taken a bath and dressed down into her smallclothes (consisting of black bloomers and a matching tank top) since she'd be trying on that new dress of hers shortly anyways.

“**Is someone in my room? Curious...**” Until the sounds of someone rustling about in her room

could be heard through her bathroom door. At first she had thought it was Io, but over time that voice had sounded more mature? Had Io brought someone with her? Not in the best dressed position to greet them, she still resolved to step out once she finished washing her face. And yet upon stepping out of the bathroom? “**Erm...?**”

Rosetta found that not only was she the room vacant aside from herself, it wasn't even *her* room. While still definitely one of the rooms aboard the Grandcypher, it definitely wasn't *hers*. There was a large canopy bed covered from top to bottom in plushies modeled after gothic critters like bats and rats, the furniture much older in design. From the clothes hung up nearby and the state of the bed, it was probably a young girl's room?

Her own room?

“**My room?**” Perplexed by her sudden possessiveness of a room that *clearly* wasn't her own, Rosetta went to cross her arms beneath her chest. But this revealed to her something she hadn't noticed before. *Her clothes were different*. She was wearing a long, black dress with frilled layers of white beneath the skirt. One with a rose among many frills on her chest, with puffy sleeves and striped, black and white tights. There was also a bonnet on her head and leather boots with little bows on her feet. “**This outfit... It's a cute costume, but better suited for someone a little younger than... *me?***”

The woman's voice chirped for a moment at the end, in tandem with Rosetta finding it strange that she might perceive herself as 'old'. But considering her size and figure she *had* to be an adult woman, right? And yet concerning the figure in question? There was a very plain to see *shift* that was seemingly not all that plain to the woman who was suffering it.

With her arms crossed beneath it, the sight of her chest compressing in against the woman's ribcage appeared fairly obviously. The bulge of her tits lessened inch by inch until they disappeared outright, nipples shrinking into more miniaturized sizes. Her breasts weren't gone but they had been reduced to mere A-cups. “**I guess it doesn't look *that bad.***” As she looked down now she could see her feet. Something that wouldn't have been possible had her tits been in the way.

Not that her breasts had been alone. The meat from her heart-shaped rump was drained away, allowing her bum to flatten to the point that it was merely a rounded lump behind her that showed promise for the future. Something that could tragically be said of her thighs too; now scrawny as if she were a mere *girl*.

“Hehehe!” Rosetta giggled and did a little twirl like it was the most natural thing in the world, even though it was wildly out of character for a woman who was so composed and mature even on her worst of days. Yet upon twirling a few more times it almost looked like she was drilling into the floor. An optical illusion brought about by the fact that she was *quickly* getting shorter. The costume she was wearing shrunk along with her of course and so the drop from 5’4” to 4’11” was as seamless and problem-free as possible.

But she now truly looked like a young girl of around twelve or so physically. **“This dress is so floaty!”** Her voice persisted in the high-pitched chirp of a young maiden. She couldn’t remember for certain but hadn’t something been bothering her a moment ago? Surely that couldn’t have been the case! She felt so bright and cheery! Perfect for attracting the attention of others; something she found herself yearning for.

Her steps were light, hair bouncing around as she childishly moved about. But that long brown hair soon found itself alight with the same brightness as her new personality. A blonde flame was lit in a single strand before it jumped to the next and the next – ultimately rendering every hair on her body with this golden blonde. It really stood out against the dark colors of her costume dress... as well as the crimson that her irises inherited.

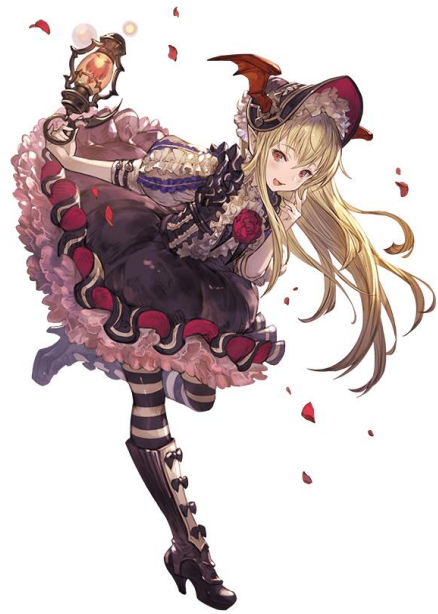
Rosetta didn’t look like Rosetta at all now because her face had changed beyond a color change for her eyes. It was all smaller and youthful, but thinned lips and the hook of her nose gave the impression of a different person. Was the fact that her canine teeth were longer and sharper than they had been before part of that? Surely, because they were the first indication that Rosetta was not a Primal nor a human... but a secret third thing.

And that secret third thing appeared to have long, pointed ears. For her own peeked out from behind her long, blonde locks after a short time while she continued to dance about playfully. They were reminiscent of Harvin or Draph ears and yet they *weren’t*. They were too horizontally thin to be either. Besides, she still had to *grow* some additions that would reveal the true nature of her new existence.

“Hm?” The girl stared up at her own blonde bangs. There was nothing wrong with *them* from her point of view, but she had tried to wiggle something atop her head that hadn’t wiggled? Something related to the holes on either side of her bonnet. Trying again, however, she found they wiggled the next time. For a pair of small, red, bat wings had emerged from the sides of her head. The traits of a young *vampire*.

And she honestly couldn't imagine having ever been anything else!

“Hehehe! Dressed like this, Vania will be the star of the festival!” With her fists balled on her hips and her tiny chest puffed out, the pride that dripped off of *Vania*'s every word was as blatant as could be. There were no longer any thoughts about being an adult woman – as a vampire she was eternally young! Or at least she would be for a *very* long time to come. That meant that she had plenty of Halloweens to enjoy in cute dresses like the one she was presently wearing! She might choose to show it off a little to others if she felt so inclined. They wouldn't get any rest until they complimented her!



The festival that she spoke of was one she would be attending with the others the following evening. She was a spoiled girl who *loved* to be doted upon, so it was only natural she would pick up a cute and festive dress to increase the odds of that happening! **“They’ll gleefully fill my bat-shaped bucket with sweets with glee! Well, the sweets I won’t eat firsthand myself, that is!”** Despite how boastful and attention hungry she *could* be, Vania was a little more amicable when surrounded by friends. She was talking a big game while alone, but she’d surely give the other kids their space to shine once they went out... including her twin sister, Vampy!

That’s right. There were *two* of them.

“Huh? Isn’t this Io’s room?” It had taken Lyria a moment to piece it together, but upon passing through her bathroom door she had ended up in another bedroom? So she had gone from one bedroom to the next? That was certainly confusing, but she *did* recognize the space as Io’s. What was she doing there? How had this happened? Lyria didn’t really have the foggiest idea.

...And why in the Skydom did she feel like it was *her* room?