

# USUAL DRAPHT

## COMMISSION STORY

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*An air of mystery had consumed the Grandcypher.*

Not that it was entirely new for such a thing to occur. The crew members were constantly barraged by unexpected circumstances and life changing events, for better or for worse. Sometimes it even seemed like they couldn't go a week without being wrapped up in something crazy, whether at the behest of a fellow crew member or some absurdly powerful entity that wanted to use or test them.

While this was all true *and* surprisingly common, this incident in particular was exceptionally strange. It was like every Draph on the ship had just *up and disappeared overnight*. These were circumstances that were more than enough to give most of them pause, for how could so many people go missing individually in the span of one night without anyone noticing? What's more, why the Draph crew members in particular?

Without any rhyme or reason to the situation, everyone that remained was left at a loss. But none felt more confused than the ship's two captains, Gran and Djeeta. More than anyone they felt responsible for their crew members, and for so many of them to just vanish up into thin air? Well, it was only natural that the event would weigh upon their shoulders the heaviest.

Everyone had fanned out across the island they had been docked at overnight in search of clues, but the captains? They had insisted on remaining on the ship first. Naturally all of the rooms of the missing individuals had been combed over first, but they weren't satisfied with

the results that there were absolutely *no* clues whatsoever. That just felt impossible!

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**“There has to be *something* here. Danua of all people wouldn’t just disappear like that without a good reason...”** Having divvied up the rooms between his sister and himself, Gran’s first stop in his personal investigation had been the room of the young Danua. She was a Draph with a rather eerie persona, opting to communicate through a pair of creepy dolls rather than with her own voice much of the time – and opting to act like much more of a child than she actually was.

But there were understandable reasons for all of this. She’d ultimately become rather reliant on the crew because of her personality, and after everything they had all been through he couldn’t imagine her just up and leaving just like that. At least not of her own will. But because she was a little messy? If anyone was likely to leave a sign of leaving, it should have been her. Well, Danua was one of the two most likely individuals. Djeeta was investigating the other.

Much to his dismay, he didn’t find much. **“She even left her dolls...”** He crouched beside Danua’s bed, where the dolls Hansel and Gretel were sitting. They appeared to be strangely inanimate, active as they often were. And Gran couldn’t help but reach out and touch the both of them with his hands. A mistake. Because the moment he did?

*Their eyes began to glow.*

**“Huh? Am I seeing things?”** For a moment the captain thought it was just the way the light was reflecting off the dolls themselves. Why would they activate without Danua around when they had been idling for so long? He was quick to dismiss the possibility of anything abnormal taking place, or at least he had been up until those abnormal happenings had directly affected him. **“OW!?”**

Both of his hands immediately shot up to the sides of his head, where an almost instantaneous pressure had culminated in the feeling of what seemed like *something erupting from his skull* and ultimately weighing

his head down more than it was typically weighted. A chain of phenomena that probably should have been impossible, and yet? “**H-HORNS!?**” It was hard to believe, but his hands had not only gripped a pair of abnormal growths, but his fingers were tracing the grooves of them. The slightest tug revealed that they weren’t accessories, but were rooted into his body directly. *Like the horns of a Draph.*

He stepped away from the dolls, terribly confused about his new protrusions. Were Danua the type of girl to keep a mirror in her room, then Gran could have seen them outright and identified them as belonging to the resident of this room in question. But alas, he was left stunned as change worked its way into his ears next, lobes extending and folding over as points took shape – leaving them relatively bovine in nature without any fur. Again, like the ears of one race in particular.

“**Th-This is... impossible!**” Still playing with his new horns, the young man was left otherwise oblivious to how things were worsening. He was having a harder and harder time expressing himself, with a stutter lightly playing on his ability to speak. It was like something deep down didn’t want to talk or make a lot of noise. And the stronger those social reigns became? The redder his brown eyes began to burn.

But it wasn’t *merely* just their colors that saw themselves altered, for the relative shapes of his eyes – and his face as a whole – began to bend as well. Well, perhaps ‘bend’ wasn’t the correct word as much as ‘soften’ was. His cheeks appeared to gain a little weight, becoming rounder than normal while the lips housed between them swelled just a little bit plumper and more feminine. *Girlish*, even, and this was likewise reinforced by his eyes themselves. They grew bigger, rounder, and yet these larger features were compromised by a fatigued droopiness and dark circles beneath that made him look extremely tired, even though he had been perfectly awake moments ago.

The situation was getting consistently worse, and the next sign of this was a rather sudden and stupendous drop in height that was only accompanied by a squeak of shock on Gran’s part, as well as an equally shocked expression upon facial features that seemed much closer to those of a teenaged girl than they had been a moment ago. The drop was so dramatic that he fell down to a meager 4’3”, which should have provoked more of a reaction than he had given.

And yet, the stronger his aversion to making noise became, the more accepting he became of what was happening to him. Was it acceptance, or was he simply resigning himself to his fate, though? With a stronger showing of negative emotion within, it was honestly quite difficult to tell.

Nonetheless, he'd lost so much height that his pants had fallen from his waist and his blue hoodie was practically functioning as an oversized dress. A room that had once felt quite small appeared to be bigger than ever, but that room was also becoming increasingly familiar from his point of view as well. Or, well, *her* point of view.

Thighs rubbed together with confusion, for from Gran's point of view something had suddenly felt *off*, yet *she* couldn't quite place a finger on it. The cause *should* have been obvious what with how dramatic the change had been, but her male sex had shifted into the female equivalent, leaving not only a pussy between her legs but a bush of black hair just above it. A black that, gradually, was seeping into all of the hair across her body, while the hair atop her head grew far down her back.

No sooner than it had did her body's frame begin to thin and engorge in all of the areas necessary to present her with a figure more appropriate for not only her new sex, but for the race that was implied by her horns and ears. A thinning and shrinking of fingers and toes was among these changes, but they weren't perhaps the most dramatic of the alterations. Instead, the most dramatic came from the areas you might expect.

The base of her hoodie grew tighter around her waist, for example, for her hips had swung wider and forced her knees to buckle inwards even while standing. "...*Ah?*" It was surprising, but only enough to get this soft gasp to call from her fair lips. That said, the blue around her widened hips appeared to be thinning and lightening to a white color, the base fanning out like the proper skirt of a dress while a filthy crimson stained it here and there. Blood? Who knew.

Beneath this new skirt, however, thighs swelled to more remarkable sizes, making good use of her widened hips. The same could be said of her ass, which bubbled out and could easily be seen as her skirt thinned in the back so that her cheeks pushed tightly against it. Otherwise Gran's waistline thinned, but was quickly met with the cool feeling of steel – for the part of her hoodie that was wrapped around her tummy hardened into what resembled a metal corset, hiding her narrowed bellybutton and the part of her undershirt that had bled into her skirt.

Her balance was naturally compromised, and she stumbled a little forward after a weight upon her chest surged forth. From nothing but flatness an impressive bosom erupted. A perky pair of K-cup tits that made use of how the rest of her outfit twisted into a sleeves, upper segment of her dress and skirt – cleavage cut open so you could witness the full breadth of her breasts.

Otherwise, in terms of her outfit, a black and purple ornament shaped after the moon dangled from her right horn, and bandages wrapped

themselves tightly around her left arm... concealing what appeared to be a purple haze of magic that periodically leaked free. There was probably something not *right* about that, but the new Draph herself didn't seem to even bat an eyelash at it.

**“Umm... Hmm... What... happened?”** While her mind had felt groggy for quite some time, *Danua*'s confusion did not wane even after the fog that had plagued her had lifted. She found herself incapable of completely stopping herself from nibbling on the tip of her thumb now, her actions practically on the cusp of sucking it like an infant even though she was very clearly a teenager.

Of course, the dolls that had been slouched against the bed before her this whole time had suddenly sprung to life, and pulled at the raven-haired Draph's dress to force her to look down. **“Who knows!? Does it matter? Everyone went out exploring! Let's go join them!”**, cried Gretel, the more feminine of the creepy dolls. To be fair, she wasn't intentionally misleading the new Danua. She was just as confused, and was simply going off of what she *could* recall. Gretel had no idea why everyone had left the ship, honestly.



Danua didn't immediately respond though, and shuffled in place as red eyes fluttered about. She was trying to find the words to reply. **“Umm... okay?”**

Everyone would certainly be surprised to find her outside later.

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**“Aaaaand of course it reeks of alcohol in here!”** Out of the two rooms that the captains had deemed the most likely to hold clues, the blonde-haired Djeeta had been tasked with investigating the least pleasant of the two abodes. The room of Lamretta, the Draph who was an alcoholic even by Draph standards. There wasn't a single night where she wasn't found drunk – whether she was passed out or not was really the only factor that changed depending on the evening.

Her room certainly *smelled* like that of a boozehound. The pungent scent of liquor in particular hung heavy like a dizzying cloud, which wasn't all that surprising since it *was* Lamretta's favorite drink. The two had flagged Lamretta as a likely lead because since she was so messy, she almost never did anything discreetly. If there were no clues here, then there likely were no clues at all.



**“There’s the culprit. She didn’t even put the cork back in?”** Upright beside the bed, Djeeta eventually found the source of the alcoholic scent. There was a bottle of red liquor, almost completely full, completely open in the upright position. The bottle was as big as the lower half of the woman captain’s leg! Djeeta herself was no stranger to drinking, but she seldom if ever had it. And never in the quantity that Lamretta did.

So why, despite Lamretta’s lip marks being plastered all over it, did she suddenly pick up the bottle and bring it to her lips so she could take a swig? The taste of the wine running past her lips was enough to snap her out of it.

**“Why did I – *HIC!?* – do that!?”**

For some reason, the world *immediately* began to spin around her the moment that swig of alcohol hit the bottom of her stomach, and Djeeta herself found her ability to reason plagued by an absence of concentration. **“*Woah!?*”** She felt dizzy and out of it. She felt *drunk*. But from that little bit of liquor? That should have been impossible! It was just hard for her to consider as much, what with her present mental state.

To be fair, though, the primary source of her imbalance was related to a physical phenomenon that had come to quickly plague her body. Whether it was her limbs, her torso, her hands, her feet, or even her head – her entire body had rapidly been regressing in size. The blonde so quickly fell from a woman of typical stature to a woman that was far below the common height ranges for a human, because she bottomed out at a meager 4’2”! It was a loss of height so substantial that her thigh high boots had practically been jammed around her pelvis.

But fortunately the discomfort from that was quickly lessened, for those boots appeared to thin and darken to black while mending to her panties – ultimately becoming a set of tights that had a series of questionable tears and holes throughout them. **“*Shomething’s not right...*”** That much was obvious, and the sudden slurring of her words certainly didn’t make that any less clear.

A black was quick to sweep through her pink and white dress, darkening it wholly as the material thickened and took on a different sheen. Before long her sleeves were removed entirely, and her hairband had disappeared from her head. All in all this outfit appeared to be a little loose *despite* having adjusted to fit her height while shifting, but the reason for this wasn't one that was kept a mystery for very long.

“**WAH!?**” Her expression comical and her motions exaggerated, Djeeta practically flew onto her knees on the ground, landing right in front of a liquor bottle that she couldn't help but bring to her lips once more. This time she didn't take a swig so much as she did a big *gulp*, but she hadn't fallen for the sake of getting closer to her bottle. It had been *forced*.

A great weight had built upon her bosom, her chest erupting with a jiggling, spirited mass that made full use of her new outfit's cups and knocked her off balance. These I-cup monstrosities ultimately wrapped around the liquor bottle as she came close to hugging it, a blush playing on her cheeks. She hadn't noticed just how huge her rack had become, but it *was* a fairly standard size for a *Draph*! ...Which she was not. *Yet*.

Djeeta's facial features rounded even with an increasingly satisfied and nonsensical expression remained pertinent upon her face. Her lips grew plumper and plumper as her cheeks appeared fuller. Her eyes, more circular before and now sporting longer eyelashes, increasingly lost their amber hue in favor of something a little redder – although it was hard to see since she kept closing her eyes and was now rubbing her cheek up against the liquor bottle now housed between her big tits.

In truth, between her tits and her face, the captain *did* look older. Like she was in her mid to late twenties now. Her height didn't do any favors in demonstrating that, but there was a good reason for it. One that became more apparent as her ears pulled out into flat points, and as a pair of hooked, brown horns erupted from her skull. Even at the age of 27, it wasn't strange at all for a *Draph* woman to be this short.

Nor this *shapely*, as aside from huge honkers, her hips and thighs had also engorged themselves, with the latter rubbing sensually up against each other as she laid sprawled out across the floor. Their plumper shapes stood out all the more thanks to the holes in her tights. And while she looked like she was dressed to play the part of a *nun*, she certainly wasn't acting that way.

She was acting like a drunkard, through and through. “**Come to mommy I wanna suck suck suck...!**” As she laughed at her own behavior, she eventually began to suck the liquor bottle like a teat. Why was she in this room? It was *her* room, wasn't it? But it felt like she had come here for some important reason. Oh well! The more she drank, the

longer and longer her hair became. It fell down to the floor where it pooled around her in chaotic curls, but a light blue color also spread through it from her roots. Until there wasn't a single trace of an individual that could be called 'Djeeta' any longer.

**“HIC! HIC! HIC! Awoopsie~! HIC! So many hiccups,ahaha!”**  
The woman had been on the cusp of realizing that this shouldn't have been the form she should have existed in, but a spell of drunken hiccups completely deterred her from making that realization. And from a spell of giggling there was no longer any chance of it happening, for *Lamretta* was utterly incapable of remembering ever being the ship's captain.

It was so early in the morning and yet she was already so drunk. Or perhaps she was still so drunk from how much she'd had overnight? The details didn't really matter to her, drunk as she was. In fact, with her body moving around so sloppily, she had turned her attention back to the bottle she had been sipping from before finally collapsing onto bent legs and leaning into the bottle's spout once more. **“Yummyyum!”** Nothing else mattered to her. Not what was going on with the rest of the ship, or where her fellow Draphs had gone. Nope! She just wanted to continue cuddling up with her bottle until she passed out!



Which she eventually did.

**“ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! SNRSNRSNR!”**

Of course she was an ugly sleeper, too.

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Danua was found not long after she slipped outside, with Lamretta uncovered unconscious in her room later that day. The reappearance of two of the missing Draphs brought relief to some, but confusion to others since they couldn't recall being missing in the first place. What's more? No one heard from the captains for the rest of that day, either.

But more Draphs *would* 'return'.