

FIT DOWN

COMMISSION STORY

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The concept of ‘taking a break’ was not a concept that the space bounty hunter, Samus Aran, really subscribed to. Her work took her all over the universe, both known and unknown, and she was constantly engaging with alien threats of the likes that no common person could ever hope to ward off. She was just *that* good, and *because* she was that good she always found herself working. Samus didn’t mind, though, because she wasn’t one to take a breather. There was something about the concept of slowing her lifestyle down that didn’t really appeal to her.

It was because of this that, at the first sign of any quiet she’d had in a long, *long* time, Samus had instead opted to investigate a distress beacon on a planet that wasn’t properly documented in her database. From space, it didn’t look to be all that fancy. It had breathable oxygen and a series of landmasses, and so it was possible that there *could* be danger below.

But she hadn’t been prepared for just how *brehtaking* the sights would be when her ship descended. After all, the brief scan that her ship had done had not made note of how all of these landmasses, like hundreds of islands, were floating in the sky. It was unlike anything Samus had ever seen before. And she was ultimately left even more in awe once she landed near the distress beacon’s location. Because it was on one of these floating islands... yet it was one that appeared to have a small ocean resting upon it.

“**Hmm... The locals don’t appear to be naturally hostile.**” She had landed a ways away from the beacon, which appeared to be on the nearby beach, because said beach was connected to a town. Even with her ship’s cloaking device, she risked alarming the citizens if she were to

land right where they could see and so she had opted for a patch of forest nearby. It allowed her to observe the town from afar, as well. It seemed that there were humans like herself on this planet, but also others? Tiny people with pointy ears, some with animal ears, and others with pointy ears and horns. It was fascinating to see such diversity, but



since this planet wasn't charted, they likely weren't aware of how vast the galaxy was. She couldn't allow anyone to know she was from space.

And so Samus waited for evening to fall to investigate the beacon's source. Most of the beach was cleared out now, which limited her potential change of having to interact with a local to essentially zero. This was preferred. **“Where is the beacon...?”** She *was* standing right on the location the sensor marked. Was it in the sand? Seeing no other choice, she ultimately began to dig a ways into it. If someone had left it there, did it mean they had taken refuge in the city? Well, she could get more information on the sender

through the beacon itself.

Or, at least, she could have if there had *been* a beacon in the first place. Because after a bit of digging with gloved hands, what she uncovered was not a traditional distress beacon, not by a long shot. Rather, it took a bit of strength to finally dislodge what was clearly... **“A sword?”** Sheathed, but in fact a *katana*. The moment she had freed it from its sandy tomb, the distress beacon disappeared as well. Perhaps it was hidden within the sheath itself?

But upon drawing the blade with some difficulty, for she was not adjusted to drawing a sword of all things, she could find nothing within the sheath itself. **“Something must be wrong here. Those readings were legitimate. Unless... a trap!?”** That *was* the most logical thing to think, and in a way she was right. But she hadn't been the intended target, and in fact there hadn't been a target intended at all.

You see that sword had been buried by a certain alchemist of this planet after some failed testing. Something about containing the essence of an individual within an object. But it had ended up with some *undesirable* side effects. The alchemist, however, could not bring herself to destroy

her research and so she discarded it instead. The energy it gave off, while not intended by its creator, was similar to that of a distress beacon.

And now that Samus had interacted with it, the reading had disappeared because that energy had been released. And absorbed. By Samus herself. The bounty hunter understandably recoiled, uncertain of what to make of what had just happened. She discarded the blade off to the side and looked around. Was anyone watching her? Had this all been part of some elaborate ruse? But what could the purpose have been?

Samus hadn't noticed that the blade she had *just* discarded had returned to her, sheathed and all at her hip. In the exact same place that she normally stored her pistol. A pistol that was, confusingly, completely missing.

The woman shook her head. Now that she'd had a moment to process what had just occurred, she couldn't help but note that she felt a little *strange*. Her body felt warm, and her mind felt a little clouded. It was impairing her decision making skills and keeping her pinned in place, all while several *irregularities* began to forge themselves upon her person.

Of these, the first might not have been quite *as* alarming as the rest. And yet it certainly wasn't something worth simply batting an eyelash at, either. Because from behind the curtains of blonde that framed the sides of her head, a pair of fleshy points soon emerged. Slight at first, they eventually stretched out several inches longer – and ultimately it became clear what they were. They were Samus' *ears*, pulled into droopy points that almost resembled the ears of a cow albeit furless.

Comparatively they were still much less alarming by design than what emerged from the sides of the woman's head. And grogginess aside, their arrival wasn't exactly something that she could ignore either. After all, their emergence began with a debilitating pressure on either side of her skull. So debilitating that she brought gloved hands up to try and ease the discomfort, yet she found something much more alarming.

Nubs. She could feel *nubs* pushing up against the sides of her skin in these two locations. They began as small bumps, but quickly and, somehow, bloodlessly tore through her skin so that they could grow bigger still. Panic was evident on Samus' face as their weight built, and these black protrusions curled forward. They were heavy, pointy, and grooved. But they eventually stopped growing once their bases were about as thick as an orange in width each. **"H-Horns!? I have horns!? Oh my..."**

Samus was understandably shocked by this realization, yet at the end of her outcry there had been something *else*. A passive comment that was strange because it didn't really suit the woman's usual personality, nor was it really appropriate considering the amount of surprise that she felt. It almost sounded *accepting*? Which wasn't really how she felt.

At least not yet.

So distracted by her horns, mind you, the woman hadn't taken notice of another change that plagued her skull – or perhaps she was being slowly wired *not* to notice? Because not only was the length of her ponytail extending, but it was thickening tremendously while the pigmentation seemed to change. It didn't take long before it had all completely departed from blonde she had always been known to possess, instead favoring a violet that was ever present even in the sweep of her bangs that grew to cover her left eye.

“I feel so strange... so floaty...” The anger, confusion, and paranoia that the bounty hunter felt was evaporating, leaving her with naught but a pleasant calm as her face appeared to resemble that of another. Smaller eyes were soon dyed with a purple just a touch darker than her hair, while there was something overall much more *maternal* about the appeal of her features. Perhaps it was the swollen lips or the round, motherly cheeks, but she certainly didn't look like herself.

Not did she sound as such, what with how airy her voice had become.

Hands eventually dropped from her horns as she became almost unconcerned by them. Because she was clad in a full bodysuit, many of the minor alterations had remained hidden. Such as how all of her scars had been repaired, or how her skin appeared to simply be gentler on the whole. What her bodysuit *didn't* help disguise was a sudden and substantial change in her figure, particularly as far as the areas that were meant to be *meatier* were concerned.

It actually began with a regression of the woman's muscle mass. Samus was a trained fighter, and with her clothing so skintight you could easily make out the grooves of those muscles even through the blue latex. But those grooves were smoothing out because that muscle was softening. Rather than this meaning she was weak, though? She was actually *much* stronger. Her new race just simply meant she could be strong without being bulky.

Yet, in terms of softness? There were areas that soared above the rest – and her skintight ensemble highlighted this quite keenly. This was seen without any delay in the woman's *chest*. She had always possessed a pair that was sizable according to most norms for the human body, but she

was now bound to the norms of a different race's body type. And so they quickly ballooned, the latex of the suit stretching to attempt to contain them all the while. Nipples pushed against the underside of the suit with such vigor that they could be perceived from the outside, which was no surprise because her tits had quickly risen to J-cups. They were so huge that even her battle bodysuit couldn't resist ripping and tearing in places to show off some skin desperately attempting to escape.

This was mirrored in her lower half *slightly*. It certainly wasn't on the scale of her hips, but Samus' thighs and ass *did* grow larger in the end. Cheeks pushed forth on the back of the blue latex until it held an appealing heart shape. Thighs, similarly, took on a thicker appeal. Yet at her current stature they couldn't really be appreciated. Which meant, of course, that *something else* had to change.

“Mmm? Why am I so groggy...?” She already strongly resembled the Draph race of this planet in terms of horns, ears, and curves, but there was something else. The men of the race were huge, but the women? On top of being incredibly busty, they were also exceptionally *small*.

There was hardly much of a delay after her curves had changed at all before the woman's height began to unravel. Oh so quickly her limbs and torso shortened, wasting no time and maintaining a distribution that didn't leave anything looking too big or too small in the process. This *naturally* wreaked havoc on her body suit, which bunched up around the limbs and tummy without their full lengths to accommodate. And in the end? Breasts, ass, and thighs all appeared to be *exceptionally* larger even though they hadn't grown any further.

Because Samus? She was now a mere 4'5" tall.

Clearly perplexed, she tugged at her outfit. **“Why is this so uncomfortable?”** Much too tight around her chest, and much too loose around everything else, the woman was befuddled by her choice in clothing. She was at the beach, wasn't she? Then why was she not wearing something more appropriate?

While not an intended side effect of what she had just been subjected to, apparently this thought resonated with the energy that still lingered inside of her, almost finished its work. In turn it ultimately affected the woman's bodysuit, and the material parted, squirmed, and lightened. Until eventually? It became a cream colored bikini with frills and a rear skirt in the back. Sandals adorned her feet as well, and her ponytail had been undone to be restyled in a pair of braided buns with *still* enough length left over to form a pair of twin tails behind her. This was much, much more comfortable!

“Ara ara... Just what was I doing?”

Tilting her head to the side, the bikini-clad shortstack appeared to be utterly confused. Not about what had just happened to her, because truthfully she could no longer recall how her body had shrunken and thickened thanks to the blade she now wore at her hip. Rather, she just couldn't recall why she was standing out on the beach of Auguste Island at sunset in her bikini. **“Was danchou going to meet me here...?”**



While Samus didn't really have anyone that she deemed important to her, at least not anyone that was truly alive any longer, that wasn't true of *Narmaya* the Draph. She treasured all of the good people of the crew she was a member of, but above all? She treasured the captain of the ship, the Grandcypher. The blonde-haired woman that ran it was what *Narmaya* considered to be her soulmate, and so whenever she had the opportunity she would spend time with her.

That was why she had come down to the beach, wasn't it!? A romantic seaside date with the beauty of the setting sun before them. And yet there was only a singular individual! **“Oh, heehee! I was early of course, how silly of me!”** Slowly but surely, new memories clicked into place at the mercy of this new reality. She felt strangely *relaxed*, almost like she hadn't relaxed in *years*. Which didn't *really* make sense to her, seeing as *Narmaya* was the type of woman to handle every situation calmly. She was the type to meditate so intensely that she would ultimately fall asleep, after all.

Since she *was* early, she began to freshen up in a sense. Lifting her breasts to adjust the cups of her bikini, picking the wedgie in her ass that had formed from her transformation, and even seeing to her hair quickly. She wanted to look the best she *possibly* could for *Djeeta*. She had to leave an outstanding impression on the woman she loved, after all!

This too was a grand departure from her previous life. There was hardly anyone in the life of Samus Aran that she could have claimed to love, and especially not with the same passion that *Narmaya* loved *Djeeta*. She truly felt at peace for the first time in her life. Well, the first time in Samus' life, really. So did that really count?

“Narmaya?”

Finally, a familiar voice called out to the Draph from behind, prompting her to spin around as her heaving breasts bounced. Narmaya's expression immediately melted upon seeing her precious danchou in a swimsuit, and no sooner than a bashful smile played upon the older sister-esque individual? Did she tackle hug the captain. **"DANCHOOOU! YOU LOOK SO CUUUUTE!"**

...Hopefully no one found Samus' spaceship, huh?