

A LITTLE TOO CLINGY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There had been a lot on Alear's mind as of late.

Well, was it really all *that* surprising? She had awoken with no memory of her past after sleeping for *one thousand* years. Then she had met her mother, who had been taken from her just as swiftly as she'd come to know of her existence. One thing led to another, and now she was at war with the Fell Dragon that had disturbed the peace of the world of Elyos.

It wasn't a task she could handle all on her lonesome, though. Stationed in Somniel, the floating island about the Holy Land of Lythos, she had slowly gathered allies from all across Elyos' other nations. These brave warriors composed of soldiers, princes, princesses, and everything in between shared a banner to overcome the Fell Dragon's machinations. Because if they *didn't*? Then their world would be doomed, just as it had apparently been on the cusp of being so one thousand years before.

This should have been a solemn ordeal, but honestly? The red and blue-haired woman had found silver linings in these proceedings. The people she shared her banner with were all kind, decent people. She'd come to bond with them and care for them, and because of it? She was willing to take their burdens as her own. Just as they were helping Alear, Alear wanted to be of some help to them. And while most of them were open with her regarding their problems...

Some were not. It wasn't the majority, not by a long shot. And it wasn't like the people who had closed themselves off to her were rude or mean. It was more like there was something deeper that was eating at them, something much more fundamental and potentially *scarring*. And the worst offender of all was *Yunaka*.

Yunaka was keeping secrets related to her past. It wasn't really that hard to tell. From the moment they had met, she had told white lies here and there. They weren't harmful at all, and the Divine Dragon was confident that the thief was actually a good person. But that was all the more reason for her to want to *help* her. She knew full well of the pain of wanting a shoulder to lean on only not to have it, and whether it was because Yunaka didn't trust others, or maybe she didn't trust *herself*, she avoided leaning on anyone.

“Framme said she saw Yunaka going to hang up her laundry, but I guess I just missed her? This is around the time she takes her bath, I think...” To those ends, Alear had decided to talk to Yunaka one on one that day. Though this involved actually *finding* her, and short of a few habits of hers, the thief could often be difficult to pin down. She had come to the part of the Somniel where everyone washed and hung out their clothes to dry. Yunaka's bodysuit was among the articles strung up. **“I wish I could find her so that we could get closer...”** An idle wish that really shouldn't have had any unintended consequences.

Yet, it was an earnest wish from his master, so why would Sommie, the mystical 'pet' of the Somniel, grant it for her?

Unfortunately, Sommie's grasp of the human heart wasn't as intuitive as another person's might have been.

Alear blinked. She hadn't been looking *at* the clothesline that the clothing was strung up upon, but it had been within her field of view. She felt like something was *different*? **“Wait, where'd Yunaka's outfit go? She didn't take it without me noticing, did she!?”** Yunaka might have been a thief, but that *might* have been a stretch regarding her level of talent.

She soon realized that Yunaka's bodysuit wasn't the *only* article of clothing to have gone missing, though it wasn't until she felt a very cool draft that it struck her, gaze drifting down to look at her own body. **“I-I'm naked!?”** She shouted, but not loud enough that anyone could hear her for *obvious* reasons. Her body was completely bare, armor and cloth *completely* stripped from her so that everything was just *hanging out*.

What was she supposed to do? The obvious answer was to hide, or at least borrow some clothing from the clothesline to get back to her quarters. But she couldn't. Not because she didn't want to, but because she couldn't seem to move her feet. **“Wh-What's going on here...?”** It was almost like her bare tootsies had been glued to the floor

somehow! **“This isn’t good!”** What if someone came by and caught her naked!? The Divine Dragon: exposed!

She couldn’t lift her feet, but more than that? She felt a little too *heavy*? Alear was so bashful that she couldn’t even bring herself to look down at her own naked body at first, but eventually something left her with no choice – because it had been such a *strange* feeling. Had her chest just jiggled without her moving? **“H-Huh!?”**

It was immediately clear to her what was wrong, and why she felt heavier, the exact moment her eyes were pointed downward. She’d caught sight of the tips of her breasts well before she *should* have, with erect nipples jutting out farther than they typically did to boot. Her boobs were a cup size larger? **“That’s... impossible.”** But *was* it? It became harder to believe as much when she watched the phenomenon continue before her very eyes. The mass of her breasts continued to swell, flesh jiggling a slightly bouncing with each additional push of mass. They took up more of her chest, pushing out to the sides as well. Until finally?

Not only did they stop, but her *nipples disappeared*.

Alear blinked. **“Huh? My boobs are bigger, but my nipples, they’re...?”** *Gone*? But she had just watched them grow too! It was like they’d just gone *poof*, leaving her breasts as D-cup orbs! She even grabbed them, fingers exploring to try and find her missing nips, but it was ultimately to no avail. It did serve as ample distraction from the fact that it wasn’t the only part of her body that had grown *bigger* though.

Her lower body had simultaneously swollen, and much like her breasts it had done so in the service of giving her a more sexually appealing figure. Widened hips were produced first, those extra inches creating the room for her ass to bloat behind her into a perfect peach shape. And inevitably, thighs grew nice and thick once her ass was taken care of. This figure of hers was almost *familiar* if not for the lack of nipples. Or the fact that both her pussy and the crack of her ass were eventually filled in short of subtle indentations, almost like her body was some sort of *doll*.

The girl continued to pat her breasts down with confusion, her lower half having gone unnoticed. **“What is going on here? Is this some kind of magic? Am I in...?”** *Danger*? The final word of that sentence had felt obvious, but Alear never spoke it. Instead, she couldn’t seem to squeak it out. Nor could she continue to move her neck or examine her body. Her arms had fallen limp. She was *paralyzed*?

Panic was definitely a natural response, but she couldn't express it. *Nor* could she see what had begun to befall her body. Much of her skin had begun to darken away from its usual pinkish pale coloration in patches, bypassing any tan in color and moving darker and more unnatural towards a very dark *purple*. The patches were few at first, but as more of them appeared, and as the ones that had already formed grew in size, a consistency began to take shape.

It wasn't *all* of her skin, but it *was* most of her torso – stopping down the center of her cleavage – her legs down to her ankles, and her arms to just before her elbows. Yet even in the midst of the sea of dark purple, there were patches on her torso's side that left her upper hips and the sides of her tummy exposed. Almost like *windows*. In fact, if you didn't know better, you might have assumed the more buxomly figured Alear was just wearing a *body suit*.

That was intentional.

If you'd had this darkened skin underneath a magnifying glass, or were at least looking up at it *very* closely, you would have made out that this wasn't really skin at all. There were no hairs stemming from it, and it had a neat, stitched pattern. Not like skin, but like a *very* stretchy fabric. Not *all* of it was purple, either. There were some pink etchings on the backs of her thighs that almost resembled eyelids, and gold trim separated her regular skin from the cloth around her cleavage.

Alear didn't know any of this. She couldn't move. She didn't know what was happening nor why, left only with her thoughts. But she *could* feel, and what *did* she feel? A growing emptiness. A *void* inside of her. This could have been figurative, but unfortunately for her it was *very much* literal. You could see it in her cleavage and the windows around her hips. The untouched skin that remained was *disappearing*.

Not in a way that was particularly gruesome. There was no blood nor pain. It was just like the unchanged portions of her body within the cloth exterior were fading away. Blood, bone, flesh, and *organs* alike. The Divine Dragon didn't realize it, but she had stopped breathing. She didn't *need* to, not when she didn't have lungs or a heart. Eventually? The inside of the body suit was completely *empty*, and so the purple 'skin' began to lose its shape.

That was when she got the sensation of falling. She internally cried out in shock. It hadn't felt like her feet had left the ground? And the way her head had rolled on the way down as almost like her head had just *fallen off*. Once it *did* hit the ground, darkness took her. Alear didn't know that her body was lying on the ground, or that the lower halves of her arms

and her feet had all but faded away. Her head, too, had disappeared. But she could still think, and suddenly? She could *see* again as well.

But had she always been able to see the area *around* her all at once? It was as if she was looking in every direction at once, her body so low to the ground... So she *had* fallen? But then half of her vision was obscured by what looked like rock beneath her. Rock and dirt she could *taste*? It took her a moment to eventually adjust to all of these changes, but she slowly pieced together the realization that from every angle, she could see what she assumed must have been her own body.

But it wasn't a body at all.

The Divine Dragon laid still upon the cobblestone path that intersected with the Somniel's laundry area, but she didn't exactly have a *choice* in the matter. Now able to see despite her absence of eyes, it was like she was seeing through every pore in the fabric of her 'body', a short-sleeved bodysuit that now existed to replace Yunaka's, which had disappeared from the clothesline. *I don't understand! Isn't this Yunaka's body suit!? How could I become a piece of clothing!?* Was such a thing possible? Even though she was inanimate, she still held her consciousness and all of her senses, simply redirected through her stretchy, cloth body.

So the fact that her surroundings were suddenly altered did not escape her immediate attention. No longer was Yunaka's bodysuit outside, but in a building. The air was steamy and moist, the lighting dim. But it was *dark* and she didn't really understand why. So she naturally panicked when the sound of wet footsteps approached her location. Was someone coming? Would they be able to help her!?

Alear's surroundings were eventually illuminated once more, and she found herself staring at *Yunaka*. A naked, wet Yunaka who was in the process of drying herself with her towel. At that moment the Divine Bodysuit realized where she had suddenly ended up. This was the changing room that connected directly to the Somniel's bathhouse!

Yunaka! Can you hear me!? It's me, Alear! Of course the thief *couldn't* hear her. Her words were merely thoughts, and clothing could not talk. She didn't receive any recognition from Yunaka until the woman had finished drying off her attractive body and had reached into the locker that Alear was now housed in. And even then? Seeing Alear gave Yunaka pause for all the wrong reasons.

"Huh? My bodysuit? Didn't I leave that up to dry? I thought I wore my casual clothes here..." She really had no reason to wear her thieving outfit around the Somniel. Her casual clothes were much more comfortable. **"Weird, but it isn't like I can leave here**

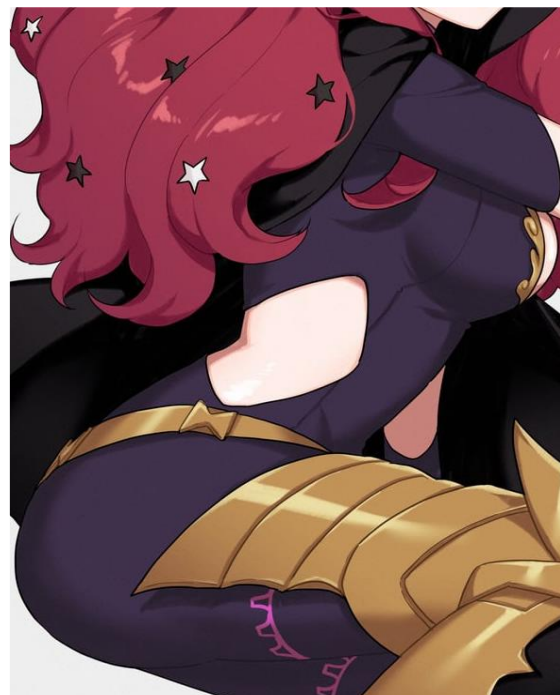
naked.” And so she reached out to grab Alear after putting on a thin bra and panties, fingers eventually sinking into her ‘skin’.

It was in that moment that Alear realized all hope was lost. Not exclusively because she hadn’t been able to connect with Yunaka and make her realize the truth, but also because the moment she was grabbed? She *felt* something. It was a feeling she had only felt in passing in the past, but it was most certainly *arousal*. And didn’t that make sense? A piece of clothing’s existence was justified by humans, by being *worn*. So it stood to reason that a sentient piece of clothing would feel most satisfied being touched and worn by a human, didn’t it?

Oh no... That arousal only grew more significant as Yunaka stretched out her upper half, allowing her to slide one leg *into* Alear, and then the next. As she felt the ‘legs’ of her new form envelope Yunaka, not only did her arousal build but her senses were elevated too. She could feel the warmth of the woman’s freshly bathed body, and she could taste the water and soap that had gone into making her clean. It stood to reason that when Yunaka inevitably sweated, she would taste that salty substance as well.

Her pelvis was pulled up against Yunaka’s, and she could feel and taste the soft cotton of the woman’s panties – as well as the warmth that radiated from her pussy. Being skin tight, her nylon fabric hugged each and every crevice of Yunaka’s body. And so she was wedged into the crack of her ass, provoking fear of the reality that the thief was probably not immune to passing gas.

“I still don’t know how this ended up here, but at least it’s dry...” Yunaka remarked while sliding her arms into the short sleeves of her bodysuit one by one. This pulled Alear up against her ample bosom, highlighting their heft as the Divine Bodysuit aided her bra in keeping them steady. She was naturally pulled into Yunaka’s armpits too. Thankfully she had just bathed!



But while Yunaka picked her wedgie and adjusted the rest of her bodysuit’s fit? Alear’s desire to resist *faded*. Naturally a piece of clothing could not orgasm, but this was the closest sensation to doing

just that. She felt each and every one of the woman's movements, and each movement delivered additional ecstasy. She was lost, at least until Yunaka unrobed once more and her sense would return... at least until she was worn again.

It was a terrible cycle, but at the very least? She'd learn plenty about Yunaka's past like this.