

HEKATE'S EMBRACE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“How could this be!? Again and again, they resist my temptations!”

This huffing and puffing originated from one of the newer members of the Grandcypher’s crew, having joined them for the very same reason that she was complaining at that very moment. Because try as she might? Hekate just could *not* manage to seduce the two captains of the Grandcypher! How immune to erotic advances could two people be? *Particularly* at their ages, being around twenty or so on their part? Wasn’t that the time of one’s life where they were the horniest!?

Hekate was, for all intents of purposes, the *goddess of the night*. While her Erune ears may have suggested that she played the part of a mortal, in truth she was a divinity that pulled unsuspecting victims into dreams that she crafted so that she might extract their essence. And in all of the sky, whose essence would be more delectable than that of the Singularities? At least that had been her motivation *initially*.

As of late, her pursuit had become a lot more *personal*. Their first encounter had involved pulling them into a dream crafted specifically to steal their essence – a process that could be accomplished in a number of ways, but Hekate preferred to do it in a sensual manner. She was a woman that reveled in arousing others, extracting their essence like a succubus might. But her initial attempts on Gran and Djeeta had amounted to failure on her part.

And so she had *joined their crew* despite understandable protests by other crew members. This gave the goddess access to them at all times. She could try tricks in the real world to get them to fall for her, and yet

time and time again they were *immune*. Were they *daft*? Did they not have a horny bone in their bodies? No, that couldn't be true! There had to be a way around it! With that line of thinking, she eventually realized something.

“If I cannot appeal to their desires, why not use those desires to mold them?”



“Ow... Did I fall over?” The first captain of the Grandcypher, Gran, had been on his way to the cafeteria for lunch when he had suddenly blacked out. He could recall hitting the floor, but no sooner than he had? He was standing upright once more, now back in his room? Truthfully, some time had passed between his passing out and his awakening, and a certain *goddess of the night* had brought him back to his room.

But she did not place him in a dream. He was living within an *illusion*.

It didn't take him long to realize that he felt strangely *awry*? Warm? But in a pleasing way, close to arousal. It wasn't like Gran was immune to dirty thoughts or anything like that, but like his sister he kept them to himself and did not allow them to lead him awry. He was one of the captains of the Grandcypher after all, and so he had to remain impartial and not, well, think with his dick.

“There's no head injury, but...” The warmth didn't seem interested in dwindling. In fact, it almost felt like it was growing more intense? He didn't know what this meant, but he also didn't really think that he was in danger. Had he known the *nature* of the power he had fallen under though, he most certainly would have panicked. He was trapped within Hekate's spell, a most *devious* spell.

One that drew his carnal desires from his subconscious and would reshape his body and soul according to them.

Not that he knew this, and even if he had? What happened next likely would still have taken him by surprise. **“H-Huh!? Wait a second, wait's going on here!?”** Gran had first perceived the initial effect as a subtle case of dizziness. On occasion it happened when you woke up too suddenly, right? And he *had* believed he had fallen and hit his head. But

that dizzy feeling actually had a physical cause. His center of balance was off because his body was *shrinking*, and he finally realized after comparing his eye level with his surroundings.

Gran had spent his whole stay on the Grandcypher in this room, after all. He knew it just well as the back of his own hand, so the fact that his bed and dresser looked taller... “**I’m getting smaller!?**” He could feel it in his outfit too, seeing as his pants and hoodie gradually felt oversized and heavy. His pants slipped from his hips eventually, boxers following after, but his blue hoodie now fell low enough to cover what *needed* to be covered.

“**What the...?**” How tall *was* he? Around 4’6”? He’d seen women that were smaller than that of course, but it was just under an entire *foot* of loss for his height. He might as well have been around the height of a Draph woman! Maybe slightly taller, actually. Though the comparisons to that particular race were becoming more plentiful, especially if you took a look at the young man’s ears. Had they always had such sharp points? *No*, those were completely new.

As much as he wanted to fixate on his changed height, the captain keeled forward slightly, hands reaching up to either side of the top of his head. There was an unusual *pressure* building in these two places, and with palms touching them? He could feel bumps pressing up against the skin underneath. “**Did I actually hit my head when I fell? No, this is...**” He could feel the bumps getting bigger as he touched them, not to mention these spots weren’t tender. They were *hard*.

The truth of their existence was soon laid plain, hands knocked aside by protrusions that erupted from these lumps and curled forward. Black and hard, his fingers wrapped around what were clearly a pair of curved horns. Horns that, aside from their color, looked very similar to those of Narmaya, a Draph member of his crew. “**HORNS!?**” Fingers traced their shapes and grooves, the boy utterly shocked at what had just grown from his head. Sure, he found Draph women to be hot. They were short but had big breasts, and the horns were pretty enticing, but...

No, this was *exactly* the reason he was changing. Deep-seated desires that he seldom acknowledged.

Gran had acknowledged that his body had shrunk in terms of height, and yet it hadn’t *solely* been height that was lost. His muscular build, at least comparative to his original height, had been lost and as such his skin was now incredibly soft and supple. His waistline had likewise narrowed, presenting him with what almost looked like an hourglass shape if its foundation had been built upon. That is to say that it was all strikingly *feminine*.

Anxious about what was happening, Gran bit at his lower lip. The action felt like it was *off* somehow, but with everything going on he didn't really dwell on why that was. Though he probably *should* have. It had seemed off because that lip, as well as the lip above it, was fuller and poutier in shape than it had been before. This was part of a broader shift to his facial features, one that saw a feminine softness bleed in from every corner. Cheeks were rounder and his chin narrower.

“What do I do...?” Not to mention there was a soft and sultry purr to his voice at this juncture, not that it looked all that place upon his face. His eyes narrower, lashes were longer and fluttered whenever he blinked. His irises, even, had taken on a brownish grey color. Strangely though, as his horns suggested? Gran looked unusually like Narmaya facially. But it was completely so, like another woman's essence had been weaved subtly among his features as well. Narmaya didn't have lips *that* full.

Nor did her face look so *old*. Crow's feet and all, Gran looked like he was around the age of forty or so physically.

Hair grew down his back and bangs swept over his right eye just like Narmaya's had, but again? Not all was identical to that Draph. The color was a silvery brown like his eyes, and it didn't match Narmaya's design 1:1 at all. **“M-My hair too!? Why do I feel so... so... good?”** No, wait! Had he meant to say that? What had felt good about this? But Gran couldn't really deny that his body felt *warm* and *pleasant*. Was this actual *arousal* taking form? *And dear, why did I find my hair to be wrong? Hasn't it always looked like this?*

His mind might as well have been a stew of desire and foreign data now, for his perception was changing far more rapidly than he could even properly comprehend. The changes that followed wouldn't really elicit as strong of a reaction from him as the previous ones had, which was somewhat a shame since they were, perhaps, among the most dramatic of the changes.

“Oh?” The fit of his sweater had soon become one of those things that was adversely affected by these changes, for the room that had once been ample within them soon found itself restricted instead. There was no doubting *why* that was, as blue cloth soon gripped the perpetrators with reckless abandon. His once flat chest had developed into a bosom, one with erect and puffy nipples that could be seen pressing up against the cloth thanks to the heft of the breasts beneath them. They quickly grew to J-cups, rivaling Narmaya's bust and pulling the base of his hoodie up to show his ass and dick.

Or, well... What remained of the latter, anyways. Thighs squirmed together as sensual desire built, and in doing so it seemed those hairless thighs became fuller and fuller as well. It didn't take long for each one to become wider than his waistline, and these thighs *would* have crushed his dick. Except for the fact that it had already folded, disappearing into the folds of a new pussy highlighted by a bush of grey hair above it. *Her* ass received the same boons her thighs had, protruding out behind her in perky bubble shapes that betrayed her age.

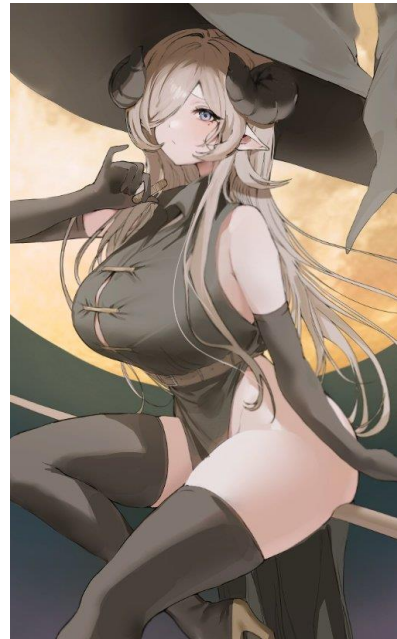
Just as the perkiness of now *N-cup* tits betrayed that age as well.

“**Mmm...**” The purr that escaped the Draph woman's lips was one that expressly communicated a need for *sexual* satisfaction, hands hardly incapable of pulling themselves from rubbing her own body through her clothes. If the woman's form was drawn from Gran's own sexual desires, or at least the things he found attractive, then it was fairly clear what had inspired her current form. The fact that it was split between two people was more obvious once her clothing changed, giving her a black, one piece dress that showed off hips and thighs, the top barely able to bind her breasts. Aside from the black tights, it was the big witches hat atop her head that spoke to the truth.

She was a Draph that bore a great deal of resemblance to Narmaya, and yet her witch's attire and even greater heft to her bosom drew inspiration from Magisa. Evidently Gran's type had been big-titted women, and he couldn't really be faulted for that, could he? Yet the woman he had become, around forty in age, was a MILF in flesh and mind.

Probably drawn from the deep-rooted insecurities Gran had, not having had a proper motherly figure growing up.

Gria, as she now knew her named to be, began to saunter over to the door. Which *might* have caused problems because her new form was no illusion. She had been transformed into this state in reality too. But there were no problems to be had as her mind wandered to, once again, having a big dick shoved between her legs. “**Mother wants to fuck *real bad!***” ...Not that she had any children.



Hekate had, in fact, cast her powers over the entire crew of the ship. Others would be transformed while others would remain the same. Regardless, this created one interconnected web of dream and desire,

and she would be able to pull them all into her realm where she could extract whatever she liked from them.

It was just a matter of *time*.



There was no need to knock Djeeta unconscious elsewhere. She had slept in that morning and had yet to leave her room even *with* lunchtime approaching. It was a bad habit of hers to sleep in on days that they didn't have any plans, and this one was no different. She'd only *just* finished up in the bathroom that was connected to her quarters and had planned on heading up to the cafeteria to meet her brother for lunch, when...

“Huh? Why do I feel so warm?” The phenomenon that was affecting her brother in the room next to hers took root. Her body felt warm and, vaguely, *aroused?* Much like her sibling, Djeeta knew well enough to suppress her more carnal desires. It was unprofessional and, well, her tastes were pretty personal. There were women that had caught her eye of course, but she would never admit that!

Even if she didn't admit it though, that wouldn't stop Hekate's powers from drawing it to the forefront of her intended form.

As had been the case with her brother's own transformation, it was the racial traits of Djeeta's body that were first affected by the curse that Hekate had trapped her within. The young lady found herself itching at her own ears, at first not thinking much of it, but the second that began to scratch against a surface that was strangely soft? **“...Huh? Why do my ears feel so fuzzy?”** It was almost like there was a fine... *fur?*

She blinked, the yellow in her eyes having growing stronger and brighter than it had been before in an unrelated change. Rather than use her nails, she began to touch her ears with her fingertips. They definitely felt fuzzy and... bigger? Wait, were they rising higher on the sides of her head? **“I'm dreaming, right?”** *Technically* this was true in a sense, but that didn't change that her ears had *actually* become coated with silver fur upon its exterior, pink fur on the interior, and once they had pulled up into two points atop her head? White tufts sat inside them.

Like the ears of a fox. Or an Erune *based* on a fox.

There was actually an Erune that had ears like this within her crew. Societte. A girl that Djeeta found very attractive for better or for worse, but even as the silver coloration swept through the blonde of her hair and irreversibly dyed it, length spilling all the way down to her buttocks behind her, that correlation never even struck her. **“Did I just turn into an Erune!?”** Stranger things had happened on their journey, she supposed, but that didn’t make it any less jarring.

The back of her skirt was lifted up not long after. The cause in this case? From her tailbone *something* had extended – well, what else could extend from a tailbone but a *tail*, really? It was skinny in bone structure, but extended about three feet in length before fluffy silver fur bristled from its base, wholly creating a vulpine tail that was once again not unlike one you might find on Societte. It swished back and forth, and Djeeta marveled at it. **“This *can’t* be happening. *Like* what would I even do like this?”** Something was off about her verbiage and the infliction used on her words, too.

It didn’t sound like Djeeta *or* Societte, implying even her desires were fixed on more than just a single woman.

Djeeta’s height ultimately wasn’t altered at all, and so the fit of her dress and thigh high boots was not burdened by a change in vertical size. Yet her *build* opted to make up for what wasn’t caused by this, and with her tail lifting up her skirt? It was very obvious below her waist early on. After all, her hips had pulled inches wider, prompting her knees to buckle in towards each other more dramatically in a passive standing position.

The were parted further to create the space needed for new heft to fill the region surrounding it. Such as? Well, her ass certainly did not squander the room that was now left for it. An already shapely bottom pushed out further behind the girl, cheeks pressing up against the base of her tail while bubbling into a size that would have made even your average Draph woman feel a little jealous. What fat that her ass didn’t have room for was ultimately redirected to thighs that became extra plush, the kind of thighs that would make a very comfortable lap pillow.

And yet the look of her skin around these new areas of expansion? It was pulled as tight as it could be, but it was also a touch too loose to give off the impression that Djeeta was a woman in her early twenties. **“My, I’m really feeling exhausted, but I could really go for a *fuck* right about now.”** Was that something that Djeeta would have normally said? Absolutely not, yet the words had already escaped her lips and she didn’t even stop to think about what she was saying.

That remark about her fatigue was relevant to her transformation, though. Her body was heavier for *obvious* reasons, but her bones also weren't as durable as they had once been. Looking at the woman's face, you could see how it was rapidly *aging*. Her skin was more worn, and while it brought about fuller lips and longer lashes, as well as an overall face that was much *prettier*... there was no denying the maturity that it exemplified was well beyond Djeeta's original age. She was in her forties at least. **"Of course, at my age..."**

She lost track of this thought because her golden eyes traveled downwards. **"Is something up with my tits?"** A more mature voice made a comment you might assume would be spoken by a teen or at least a young adult with all of its crudeness, yet she wasn't off the mark. They felt warm, and while she could have chalked that up to simple arousal, they definitely looked fuller than she remembered. Or *not* as full as she remembered? Why did she feel like it could go either way?

Regardless, the neckline of her dress was suffering some *complications*. The woman's first reaction had been on the mark. Her breasts were growing larger, and her dress was not fit for a pair of tits that had already doubled in size. Much like her ass, her tits rivaled a Draph woman's in size and held the slight sag one might expect of an older woman. G-cups, they eventually spilled over her neckline altogether and bounced there, veins visible leading from the peaks of her nips.

Not that they were exposed for long. A white dress that clung only to her breasts and back was fixed to her, showing off most of her tits, hips, and thighs. A white hoodie was otherwise worn loosely, open, on her shoulders, and white thigh highs were connected to lace panties by matching garter belts. Other than the black choker around her neck and the small braids crowning her head, there wasn't much else to her appearance.

Where Gria's form had clearly been inspired by two women of completely different races, there was little reason to doubt that Djeeta...? Well, her tastes were a little *furrier*. She had become a woman that was an Erune through and through, with silver fur upon ears and a tail that evoked imagery of Societte, while her more mature personality was much closer to that of Metera. On the other hand, she too had become a woman around the age of forty.



Clearly Gran hadn't been the only one of the siblings affected emotionally by the lack of a parental figure.

“Seriously? Horny as I am, and there isn't a woman for me to wrap my big tits around?” *Daiya*'s sexual orientation had remained untouched, contrary to Gria who had become attracted to men during her transformation. While the Erune woman had a docile looking appearance, her more Metera-like personality certainly shone through when she spoke. Entitled and prone to whining, she was also the sort of woman that loved to dominate others with her good looks.

Especially in the bedroom. **“Oh well, there's gotta be someone willing to sleep with me around the ship, right? There's so many hotties aboard!”** And that pool had only *deepened* thanks to Hekate's interference, not that she was aware of this. No one changed would realize that they had even been changed in the first place, and they'd recognize everything as normal thanks to the illusion.

Now Hekate just needed the horny crew of the Grandcypher to go to bed, and all of that essence would be hers for the taking!