

LAST DEFENSE BIKINI

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This area’s completely different compared to anything else we’ve seen, huh?”

“Yeah... To think all of *this* was out here...”

There were no additional voices capable of interjecting as Gaku Maruko and Nozomi Kirifuji punted commentary back and forth to each other. Takumi and Kurara were *with* them, but they’d split off a way behind as they all walked down what could be best described as a ‘beach resort’. The four had initially left the Last Defense Academy on an expedition, an outing that their team made at least several times per week to bring back resources from beyond the wall of flames that kept them safe from the invaders.

If all of that sounded bizarre, then that was because it *was*. You couldn’t even properly summarize everything that they had been through within a small word count. The world outside of the school was post-apocalyptic though, so the fact that they had found a beach that looked like it had been maintained, much less with a functional resort attached to it, really *was* strange. But if anything? They were hopeful that they would be able to find some half decent resources.

“What do you two— *Eh?*” Gaku had turned to call back towards Takumi and Kurara to see what they thought about it all, but quickly realized they were *missing*. **“Where’d they go? They followed us past the resort building, right? And it’s all beach... It isn’t like they could just *disappear?*”** Both of their peers had just up and vanished. The boy even skimmed the water to make sure they hadn’t just jumped for a swim!

“...Maybe... we should go back and check the resort?”



Gaku had agreed with Nozomi's suggestion, and the two of them had ended up checking the building they'd left behind before. It had been powered and seemed to be both undamaged and clean inside, leading them to believe that it had been some kind of trap. That was why he was a little on edge when the two of them had split up. **“I still have a bad feeling about this...”** As someone who had lived in poverty his whole life, fancy places like the resort gave him a bad vibe.

Nonetheless, he moved down the wing of the resort opposite the one Nozomi had taken. He peeked into each room, calling the names of his missing friends. Until eventually? He came across an unmarked door. **“What the hell is in— WOAH!?”** The very moment he opened the door to peek inside? It was as if someone *pulled him* in. He was stunned as he stumbled forward due to this force, but he ended up crashing through a clothing rack in the process.

The room looked to be some sort of clothing storage room? At least from the glimpse that he'd gotten as he'd fallen. But he was even *more* alarmed when he finally found his footing after crashing *through* the clothing rack. Because why he emerged from the other side? He was wearing a *golden bikini* of all things. **“WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?”** He didn't even feel his clothes being stripped off of his body in the first place! It must have happened so fast, but wasn't that impossible?

“Ugh. Are my clothes still in here?” At least he wasn't in the presence of another person. There was no one there to laugh at him. So, Gaku just turned his attention back to the clothing rack he'd passed through, looking for his old outfit. He could have *tried* to strip the bikini off, but doing so would have left him temporarily naked, so... which was worse? He elected to try and find something else to wear *first*.

Hands move coat hanger after coat hanger looking for his uniform, or at least something more appropriate for a man to wear. **“It's all swimsuits for girls!”** And it didn't seem like that selection was broadening in any capacity the farther in he looked. In fact, he soon stopped flipping through as he became aware of something *strange*. His hands were... **“THE HELL!?”**

Initially, what had caught his eye was the *color* of those hands. His skin had a grayish tone that was a little off compared to many of his peers at the Last Defense Academy... or it *should* have. But under the bright light of that room? He could see that the tone was both paler *and* pinker. And while this drew his attention *to* his hands? It wasn't actually what had made him cry out. He pulled them back so that he could look at them closer. His fingers were smaller, shorter, *daintier* – as were the palms they were attached to. They looked like the hands of a g—

“**CRAP!?**” Gaku instinctively grabbed *onto* the clothing rack. He'd legitimately believed he was falling for a second, because his eye level dropped so suddenly. He was *already* below average height for a boy his age at 5'3", but he quickly slipped all the way down to 4'8", with his feet compressing and smoothing into daintier shapes just like his fingers had. “*Wh-What was that?*” It had been a pretty *sharp* drop. So sharp that the answer to his question should have been as plain as day. And yet? The boy instead looked around with a panicked sheepishness.

Where had that swell of anxiety come from? Where had his anger gone? Why had he stuttered so quietly when that wasn't in his nature? Those were questions that he probably should have been asking himself but *didn't*. “**Something *weird* is happening here, *isn't it?***” The pitch of his voice flowed up and down, curiously softening whenever it crescendoed at a higher pitch. This fluctuation would eventually even out, but he wouldn't sound like the boy he had before when it finally stopped.

Incidentally, Gaku's uneven voice came paired with some curious alterations to his *face*. Even if he had still been in his right mind (which didn't appear to be the case anyways), changes there would have been relatively difficult for him to notice. There weren't any mirrors within the room to help him see that the reds of his eyes had paled to a soft and icy blue, nor that their shapes rounded *significantly* between lengthened lashes.

“*I...*” Despite how strong-willed he'd been before; he could hardly find his desire to speak anymore. His words remained soft and his pitch high as he stood there, no longer pursuing new attire but instead paralyzed with *anxiety*? Was that what kept him from pondering his voice, or considering why his face felt a little fuller? Well, it was clearly because his cheeks had softened upon a rounded facial shape. It was very maidenly, and fuller lips and a smaller nose helped accomplish that. It also made him *look* a little younger. But he wasn't. He was *eighteen*.

These girlish irregularities did not spare his hair. Not only did dark strands pale a considerable amount very quickly, inheriting a shade of

silver before long, but it all *lengthened* out behind him. It fell beyond his shoulders and down his back, yet curiously it began to intertwine together into a pair of *braids* that were held by beaded ties at their tops. A golden hairclip even appeared in longer, fluffier bangs while the hair in the back reached his ass. Curiously, any body hair, including his pubes, had been shaved away.

Gaku's sex was *already* a questionable topic. His body was as androgynous as it was small, though the shape of his face did make it appear slanted more towards the feminine. The question *did* finally find an answer, but only once the *girl* let out an "*EEP!?*" Her knees buckled, courtesy of what she registered as a strange sensation between her legs. The inevitable collapse of her manhood was dramatic with her cock and balls mending into what became her pussy, but she was quick to move past it. A was a little *too* quick, perhaps? "*Th-That was weird... whatever it was...*"

It just didn't *feel* like something worth worrying over. It felt *normal* to have a flat pelvis.

The fit of the golden bikini against her body had varied depending on her body shape, but it was now coming to fit it almost perfectly not because the size of the swimsuit itself had changed, but because her body was adapting to its fit instead. Her waistline thinning wasn't exactly part of that, but it *did* predate her hips swinging slightly wider – a change that predated the swell of her thighs and butt. Her thighs were actually a little more impressive on that front, with their shaved thighs double in size as her ass bubbled slightly behind her.

On the other hand? The golden bikini cups that had hung loosely upon her chest at first were *finally* filled, but it had been clear from the start that there wasn't very much room for excess. Weight ended up pooling beneath expanded nipples, gradually pushing the golden bikini top forward as flat nothingness developed into a pair of mounds that, at least, grew into a pair of tiny *hills*. Her breasts were only *B-cups*, but being so short? They felt slightly bigger than that while contained within that bikini.

"BWAHAHA! Why do you look so damn shy!? I know you don't have much of a figure, but you can blame your commoner genes for that!"

Ginko Maruko spun around, suddenly finding her gaze meeting that of a familiar, green tomato head as Kurara stood there in her own swimsuit. While the girl was *already* shy, she became all the shier seeing Kurara of all girls in her swimsuit – that made her shier than even being mocked for how *she* was dressed. "*O-Oosuzuki-san, you look really*

pretty...” It was more of a whisper than anything! She felt so embarrassed complimenting another girl!

It was so different than how things always seemed to go in the yuri manga she read! But as a lesbian as pathetic as Ginko was, she supposed it was always destined to turn out that way. How could she boldly compliment someone as shining as Miss Kurara when even in that golden bikini, she didn’t have much of a figure at all! But hope wasn’t *all* lost.

She’d be able to see the other girls in their swimsuits! That was still something to look forward to! *Everyone* had come to the resort on holidays, right?



“L-L-Let’s just go see the others!”



“Hm? Is this some kind of changing room? If it’s a resort I guess it makes sense, but wouldn’t most people just get changed in their rooms?” Nozomi had gone off in the direction opposite of the one Gaku had taken, and the results of her quest had been a little *different*. A gym, a pool, and then finally? A changing room. All of them had been unoccupied with nothing really out of place aside from the fact that it shouldn’t have been as pristine as it was.

She was making a point to check all of the rooms for her friends thoroughly, and that included the changing room. It had basically been entirely empty aside from the benches and lockers, but she still wanted to make sure the back door went where she thought it went. Indeed – it accessed the pool. She turned back to head into the hall, but in doing so? She noticed something

“Huh? Was that there before?” There was a swimsuit folded up on one of the benches. Navy blue in color, but she couldn’t make out its design. It wasn’t really the type of swimsuit *she* would wear. Or, at least, that was what she *thought*. **“...Huh?”** From Nozomi’s perspective it was almost like she had blinked. The swimsuit was gone, or so she’d thought. It took her a moment to realize that she was *wearing* the one-piece! Had she put it on herself?

“Uh...?” *Naturally* confused, the girl lifted her arms and turned to get a better look. She wasn't certain how it had even ended up on her body, but it didn't exactly *fit*? It somehow felt too short, yet there was also a little too much space in the chest? Not to mention her braid had been unraveled in favor of giving her a left-leaning side ponytail that was held in place by a square hair ornament beneath a hair clip that had appeared in her bands. She didn't even *notice* the thin, black choker around her neck.

Nozomi had *plenty* of questions beyond what she was wearing. Like where had her favorite outfit even *gone*? If she'd gotten changed, it wasn't folded up anywhere nearby. Had it been tucked away in one of the lockers? But without a clue as to which one, she couldn't even *begin* to imagine how long it would take to check them all. **“I still don't get how this is possible...”** But she didn't even fully grasp just how *impossible* things *actually* were.

She slowly approached the nearest locker, still more than a touch uncertain about what was happening. And yet, that short walk was enough time for some *clear* differences in her appearance to make themselves known... evidently to all but Nozomi herself. Her skin had taken a more yellowish hue for one, whereas the hair atop her head's silver coloring became more pronounced than its vaguely blonde undertones had prior. It also *shortened*, pulling up to her shoulders in the back while her new side ponytail was yanked until it was only about four inches long.

“Are there any clues about where I might have left those stupid clothes?” Was there anything *stupid* about them? It wasn't like her to use a word like that when she always prioritized speaking kindly. Yet, as she went to open one of the lockers? She grabbed it and swung it open pretty forcefully as a flash of *yellow* stole away the purple of her irises. Her expression even twisted into one of plain annoyance once she realized the locker was empty. **“Tch.”**

Mind you, her annoyed expression wasn't helped by a facial design that appeared to be *sharpening* in ways while softening in others. Her now golden eyes narrowed, for example, to give it a sharper design, as did her nose. But her cheeks and lips? They swelled, rounding things out and giving her a fuller pout that somehow made the young woman seem younger and more mature simultaneously. Even though she was just *eighteen*.

But none of that was registered. She just moved to the next locker, ripping it open with even *more* force than she had used with the last one. **“Ugh! Not here either!”** Her voice sounded higher, *shriekier*, as

if to highlight the almost immature annoyance she was expressing. And honestly? She was beginning to forget what she was even *looking* for. Nozomi moved to the next locker, and the next, each time getting more riled up while... missing something that should have been fairly jarring.

Each time she walked up to a new locker? She had to extend her arm a little higher to grab the door. At first? She could also see the top shelves of these lockers with ease, but now she had to stand on her tiptoes to do the exact same thing. It hadn't struck her that she'd been *shrinking*, loosing her swimsuit around her chest without the slack pulled by her height. Her 5'7" height had dipped down to 5'0" before the phenomenon ceased, and both hands and feet had shrunk in kind.

It all helped contribute to an aesthetic that made her look *and* sound brattier and brattier, like she was sitting on her high horse and loathed being inconvenienced in any way. **"What the hell was I even looking for? I'm fully dressed, right!?"** Until Nozomi finally gave up to double check her swimsuit, but ultimately groaned as she found herself readjusting her posture. **"What now!?"**

The fact that she even had to *ask* was proof enough of the mental reconditioning that she had undergone so far. It should have been plain as day to her that the slack left in the front of *her* swimsuit now that she was shorter was being used up, her posture shifting as a related side effect of what was her tits *ballooning* within the confines of her swimsuit, stretching the fabric forward so that more and more of her sideboob window was visible. It didn't take long for them to reach *G-cup* status, offering a sizable view of her cleavage *and* the sides of her tits so that only the very front was covered. Not to mention the straps looked like they were holding on for dear life.

Nozomi tugged on those straps in an attempt to make the swimsuit sit how she wanted it to. **"It's tough having tits this big, haha!"** Or so she said, but she didn't really sound that bothered. She also seemingly wasn't bothered by the expansion of her lower half which, while nowhere near as excessive as what had befallen her chest, still saw her thighs jiggle with bloat and her ass bulge into a peach shape that almost pulled the one piece into giving her a major wedgie while her cheeks were almost entirely bare.

"Are you almost finished, Nanaka-chan?"

"Am I hearing things? That idiot Takumi! He better not be waiting outside the door!" Nanaka Kirifuji turned up her chin at the thought of a boy storming in to try and sneak a peak at her body. Compared to the kind and reserved girl she had been before, Nanaka was much fiercer and far more of a *spoiled brat* than Nozomi had been.

“Ugh, this vacation is already so annoying!” She was stomping her feet about it, but she was just dishonest with her feelings more than anything.

But that wasn't the only reason that the shorter, bustier, moodier girl was in a bad mood. Now that she'd got dressed, something in the back of her mind was *really* bothering her. It wasn't anything she could really identify. It was more like a vibe. A bad feeling. **“Something's totally off, right? But what the hell is it? Maybe it's just this stupid resort being functional? Every other building we've seen has been super fucked up!”**



In the end? Nanaka ended up shrugging it off. If she couldn't prove anything, then there really wasn't any reason for her to dwell on it, right? Not when she could spend some time swimming in the pool or getting a tan at the beach. Still, she was *not* enthused about the idea of Takumi or one of the other guys ogling her. **“Ugh, let's just go for a swim! I bet I'll feel better after getting wet!”**

Takumi was on the other side of the door to the pool waiting for her diligently, but she just flipped him off much to his dismay. But it was fine. *Everyone* that found the resort would suffer a similar fate *sooner or later*. It was just a matter of *when*.

A matter of when the haunted resort decided it was their 'time',
anyways.