

SUMMER PHARAOH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The summer heat could be difficult to beat.

Where I came from, the heat tended to camp up near the end of May and, by the time July hit, it had more or less reached peak temperature and humidity levels. These temperatures had always been *fairly* hot, not as hot as it would have been if you lived right near the equator, but with the effects of global warming we had *easily* been hitting the 100F and even the 110F marks over the past few years pretty regularly. I had an air conditioner, of course, it was impossible to live where I did in the summer *without* one.

...But things had taken an unfortunate turn. My town had been struck by a pretty bad storm the night before, and that storm had knocked out the power for my *entire* city. Nobody's air conditioners worked, and all of the pools had been crowded as a result. The avenues of relief from the heat had become very few, which is why I decided to do something that I wouldn't have chosen to do under any other circumstance.

I had gone to the beach.

Now, I didn't live near the ocean. The concept of 'going to the beach' for me essentially entailed going to the local freshwater lake. The waters were rocky and the beaches lacking, but all things considered? Any relief was better than no relief, so long as I could find a spot that wasn't too crowded and was at least swimmable. "**As I thought, this place is still here...**" It was a good thing that I *had* known of such a place, then!

I'd visited that lake *numerous* times in my teens with friends, and back then we'd found a very small and sandy clearing far away from the main

beach that everyone used. No one had really known about it aside from us back then, and it seemed that even over ten years later that remained true. So, I popped open the trunk of my car to grab my lawn chair and my towel. A regular looking, albeit worn down chair, and a dark blue towel.

I set up the chair and hung the towel on the back. It was *still* humid as hell too, so I didn't bother wasting any time after that. Off came my shirt and into the water I went in only my swim trunks. I was a heavier guy, so I didn't really like taking my shirt off in front of strangers and never really *had* liked doing so due to childhood trauma. Childhood bullies *sucked*.

I remained in the water for nearly half an hour. It was a *great* help when it came to weathering the summer sun, but there were aspects of swimming in likes that I *didn't* like, too. Depending on where you swam the seaweed could be thick and slimy, there were always a lot of rocky areas with sharp edges you could cut yourself on, and the water was usually so murky that you could have been swimming with a snapping turtle and wouldn't have had the *foggiest* idea – no pun intended.

“Okay, I think that’s enough for now...” I didn't leave the water until my body began to show substantial signs of pruning, and I used the tiny ladder at the end of a small, rickety dock to do so. The summer humidity was nowhere near as burdensome with my body still dripping wet, and yet I knew if I even dried off a little bit I would be more or less back to where I started. Maybe I'd get lucky and the power would have come back by the time I got home?

I couldn't put my shirt back on while I was dripping wet though, so I went to grab my towel once I got back to my chair to dry myself off. **“...Huh?”** It was then that it finally noticed. I had gone to grab my towel, but the one hanging there *wasn't* the blue towel that I'd brought. In fact, was it even a towel at *all*? What was hanging there was a long, white *blanket* (by my best guess) that didn't look particularly helpful for drying off at all.

“Is someone playing a prank on me?” I looked around sharply. The small clearing *was* surrounded by trees. There were plenty of places for some kids to hide if they had *really* wanted to. But it would also have been a pretty *strange* prank. Why wouldn't they just take my towel outright? Why leave a blanket – one that looked like it was made with expensive silk in fact – in its place? **“Come on now, give me my towel back!”**

I could only assume that someone *was* watching me, and so I cried out while pulling the blanket off of the chair. I immediately noticed once it

unfolded in my grasp that there seemed to be two slits cut into it... right above what looked to be a black eyeball? It was kind of creepy. But I didn't really *care* that much about how it looked. It did look kind of familiar somehow, though... "**Whoa!?**" A sudden gust of wind pushed the blanket out of my fingertips. Or, I had thought there was wind, but could the wind really be *that* strong?

The blanket had flown high into the air and *opened*, before it fell right over my head with its bottom hem reaching the tops of my hairy thighs.

"**Oh, come on!**" I ended up doing what *anyone* would have in that moment. I struggled underneath the blanket to try and pull it off. I tried everything I could think of, from just flailing to shake it off my head, which was ineffective. I tried to just push it off with my fingers. That *also* didn't work. "**Is it stuck on something?**" Like my hair? It was way too short for that to be the case. And finally? I tried to reach down to grab the bottom hem of the blanket to lift it over my head. But it was *weird*. It was like every time it was within reach, it suddenly moved out of the way of my hands.

I took a step away from the sand to try and even out my footing since a dirt path should have been *just* behind me. But my bare foot fell on *more* sand. "**Huh?**" Even as I took another, and another, I couldn't feel dirt beneath my feet. There was also a strong scent in the air that hadn't been there before. I'd never been to the ocean before to know that it was the scent of *salt water*. My location had completely changed!

Not knowing what was going on with where I was standing, I became even *more* desperate to try and pull the blanket off of my head. But when I tugged it going forward? I became aware of a *pulling* sensation on the top of my head. "**Is it actually stuck on something?**" I gave it another tug, this time putting more pull into it. "**Ow!?**" It *hurt*, like something was stuck *to* my head and was pulling my skin? My hands reached up and travelled across the top of my head until they reached the points where I was feeling the pull.

And my fingers wrapped around a pair of thin, stalky protrusions from my skull. "**What the hell?**" Unfortunately, I couldn't explore *beyond* that because of the blanket being in the way. Even if I lifted the cloth from there, it wouldn't go any higher. Now that I was acutely *aware* of them though? I could feel them *twitching* on top of my head. "**Are these ears!?**" They had been very soft and velvety to the touch, but my human ears were still there. The purple lengths that now jutted out from inside the blanket shone gold on their curled interiors, and while they did look like ears? They were more like antennae than anything.

The purple from these antennae had actually spread into my *hair*, not that I was in any position – nor mental state – to notice. It was growing longer too, but my attention was navigated away from drawing any conclusions about that. Namely because my balance on the sand felt even stranger than it before. “**Wh—? WHAT THE!?**” Even I could tell my voice had jumped *dramatically* in pitch all of a sudden, but the cause of that wasn’t what had prompted me to cry out in the first place.

It was something far more obvious to me. It was darker within the towel, sure, but I could still see well enough. So, the sight of my distended stomach *flattening* was more than a little obvious to me. It wasn’t *just* my belly though. My chest, arms, and legs all fared similarly, eventually compressing until my body was as trim as it should have been if I hadn’t led a more sedentary lifestyle than I should have. Though... Didn’t my waistline look a little *too* slim?

The sight of all this, including even my stretchmarks fading away until there were no blemishes whatsoever, was almost like a smokescreen for something else that had been happening in tandem, though. “**I’m so thin...**” I was *supposed* to be six feet tall, but with the blanket obscuring my vision of my surroundings and with my attention elsewhere, it had been practically *impossible* for me to realize that my limbs and torso had been shrinking as I’d thinned. I stood at 5’4” by the time that all of that weight had been lost, with my hands and feet thinner, daintier, and even sporting manicured nails.

“**Wait...**” My eyes narrowed as something else about the sight of my body as I looked down began to stand out. But this was a good time to revisit my *face*, which had been intrinsically linked with the sound of my voice lightening – something I’d clearly forgotten to worry about. My narrowed eyes no longer possessed their usual coloring, but had instead darkened to purple. If my voice sounded more like the voice of a *woman*, that checked out with the rest of my face’s design. My eyelashes had grown longer, and their shapes had opened so that they were far more expressive.

I had a woman’s eyes, but this change of gender theming had spread throughout the rest of my facial features as well. My nostrils had widened, though my nose pushed a little closer to my face. My cheeks, while thinner, still held a soft roundness to them that helped accentuate the puffiness of a pair of lips that had doubled in their swell. My face almost looked uncanny because it had the traits of not only a woman, but a woman who *shouldn’t* have been as pale as I naturally was.

...And *that* was what I had noticed while staring down at my thinned body. Because it was slightly darker under the towel, it had been difficult to tell. But because I could see *past* my tummy now and at the

lower legs that were in the sunlight, I could see that skin that should have been pale *wasn't*. It was gradually darkening, first to tan and then to a dark tan. This wasn't even including how stripes of permanent, red ink were dyed into my cheeks, coming in from the sides of my chin. The changed racial profile in my face made sense now. I looked like an *Egyptian woman*. "**Mmn!?**" Well, it wasn't something I just *looked* like.

My swim shorts had remained affixed to my hips despite me becoming thinner so I couldn't see *beneath* them. But my knees promptly buckled at a sensation that was best described as 'like someone had placed their hand on my dick and just shoved everything inside'. I panted with an arousing sound to each breath as I attempted to recover, my hips flaring out several inches in the meantime. "**I'm a...**" A *woman*? That had been the inevitable conclusion, all things considered.

And yet... *What's strange about me being a woman? I feel like I'm forgetting something...* What should have been *obviously* wrong to me just... *wasn't*. In fact, looking down? What felt wrong to me was what was *missing*, and that was discounting how my purple hair was so long now that it reached my ankles in the back, and my hips on the sides. "**Where is all my... weight? Oh!**"

As if it had been waiting for me to say that (it hadn't), the parts of my browned body that I'd found odd were corrected before my very eyes. It had begun with my legs, which thickened around my thighs until the short I was wearing were not only stretched to capacity, but had begun to bulge around the outer hem as that thickened flesh was squeezed tight. In a similar fashion? The cheeks of my flat ass became the cheeks of my *fat* ass, dark skin pushing out the backs of my shorts until it would have been near impossible to remove them without a pair of scissors.

What *didn't* have a problem with anything holding it back was my *chest*. I hadn't worn a shirt into the water, and while my body was mostly dried off by this point? Lingering beads of water were still forced to roll across skin that began to surge forward with a pleasant bounce, ultimately forming a pair of perky *C-cup* breasts with areola that were puffy and slightly bigger than a pair of quarters. "**There it— WAH!?**" I cried out a little sillily.

Namely because I'd been temporarily blinded! Had someone lifted a camera under my towel and hit my face with a flash? Well, with my tits in the way that was probably impossible. But what had happened *during* that flash was what was important. My outfit was completely replaced with a sporty, white one-piece swimsuit with cut-outs around my hips, revealing red in those cut-outs' trimming. That red could be seen in the

straps that hugged my shoulders, as well as in the form of an Egyptian eye beneath the low neckline that showed off the depths of my cleavage.

I had also been bestowed with golden hoop earrings, gold chain necklaces, and a gold and purple headband in my hair while my hair's length had been tied with red into loops both near the bottom in the back and the bottoms at the sides, allowing the length behind me to unfold almost like a sail. None of which I *noticed*, because once my vision cleared? All I could see was a fold in the front of the blanket that hadn't been there before. A fold that finally allowed me to *open* it.

“HWAH!?” It felt like I'd been trapped inside of that blanket *forever*, but now that I had managed to part the fold in the front and my cute little face was free and the seaside breeze. **“Huh? Wait... Why was I even struggling to get out from under it? I wear that *all* the time...”** It was patented *Nitocris* technology, after all! If you didn't want to be perceived? Then you throw on the Medjed summer blanket so that everyone thinks you're a giant Medjed! It worked 9 out of 10 times in the regular use case scenarios!

A statistic that I *totally* didn't make up!



I was at a beach on the edge of an ocean, and as far as I saw it? I had *always* been there! There weren't a lot of other people, though all the regular humans that I came across had been admiring my 'ears'. When Chaldea had offered me a vacation, I hadn't expected them to just send me out to an island nation by myself! **“Still, it's nice to take a break... Farming for materials all day in the heat is *exhausting*!”**

As I became intent on finding a more private spot along the beach though, I skipped away from the crowd happily. **“W-Woah!?”** ...Which lead to me tripping over my own two feet clumsily, the stumble launching my blanket into the air. It fell over the head of an olive-skinned man that had been passing by. A man that I didn't realize was

my friend, Joseph. And before my very eyes? I watched him shrink into an *actual* Medjed, with my blanket becoming the normal covering that they wore.

Even though I'd *literally* seen it with my own two eyes, however? I forgot just as quickly as I'd forgotten my own transformation! **"Come on! Let's move somewhere private! Maybe I can summon some more Medjed friends for you once we get there!"** The Medjed followed after at its own pace, considering it was mostly just a pair of stubby legs. But it seemed to excited! ...Or maybe it was a little confused? Well, that didn't really matter!

I only had two days left, so I was going to make the best of my remaining vacation!