

FOUNDED FAMILY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes it was just nice to *be together with people*.

That was the sentiment that Dorothy Haze was going with as she looked around at everyone in attendance at VA-11 HALL-A late that night. The bar had more traffic than usual, so much so that some customers were drinking outside on the patio that almost *never* saw use, and that was *despite* the fact that it was the dead of winter. Glitch City didn't get as cold as it did in *some* parts of the world, but it still got cold enough to *snow* in the winter.

In fact, New Year's Eve might have been the perfect moment for a light snow to fall from the sky. And yet? They had been blessed with clear skies instead, making it simple as it could be to clearly see the stars above. It was the perfect night for a New Year's party, but the Lilim woman couldn't help but wish the conditions were a little better for a couple of her friends. The party being staged at VA-11 HALL-A meant that her friend, Jill, had to work, and even Alma Armas had come dressed up in the turtleneck and pants that Dorothy knew she only wore on workdays.

She'd even overheard the two of them complaining at an outdoor table about their circumstances. Stress, money, all things that any adult reasonably had to worry about. But they couldn't even afford to take New Year's Eve off? “**How sad...**” Dorothy wasn't immune to these things either. The Lilim might have *appeared* childish, but she was an adult sex worker who played up her design to appeal to a *certain crowd*. Still, it brought in enough money that so long as she worked a few nights per week, she was *usually* comfortable.

“Hey! Look at that!”

One of the faces on the patio that had been unfamiliar to Dorothy cried out, suddenly shooting up in their seat and pointing up at the sky. The Lilim’s gaze followed that direction, eventually finding what had gotten them so excited. There was a shooting star streaking across the sky. **“Oh! I should make a wish!”** That was how it was supposed to be, right? And so, she cupped her hands together and wished earnestly. What she desired most in that moment didn’t even require much thought.

I WISH THERE WAS A WAY TO HELP MY FRIENDS WITH THEIR ADULTHOOD-BASED STRESS!



From the perspective of Julianne Stingray, or just ‘Jill’ when she introduced herself, things had gotten *very* unusual *very* suddenly. She had been in the process of heading back into the bar from the patio with Alma’s order, only to suddenly find herself in a *bedroom* when she passed through the front door. **“...Uh?”** Not only was it a bedroom, but it looked like a bedroom that belonged in a very *expensive* home. **“What?”**

She turned to the solid door behind her and opened it, somehow expecting to see the patio on the other side. But there was just an unfamiliar hallway that looked just as fancy as the bedroom, which seemed to be decorated for a rich kid. While glancing back at the room, she took note of a school uniform hanging on the front of the closet that indicated that whoever lived in the room, it must have been a young girl. **“So, *how* did I get here?”** Jill closed the door and trapped herself inside without leaving.

“Huh? Wait. I should *leave*, right?”

It was a realization that hit her a little too late, and despite expressing as much? She didn’t really try to turn around again to attempt and leave even though she had *just* admitted it was strange. Rather, she noticed something was different about the room. She’d only noted it while looking over her shoulder initially, but there had definitely been a school uniform hanging from the closet, right? So, where did it—**“Urk?”**

The mystery was solved the very next time she moved. She'd gone to take a step, which involved moving her leg forward and slightly swinging her opposing arm. There was a lot of *tension* in her work uniform around her shoulder, and she could feel the cool air of the room teasing her belly and upper thighs – both regions that should have been properly covered. And yet... "**Huh!?**" Looking down to check what the problem was, it was clear enough.

She *wasn't* wearing her bartending uniform. That missing school uniform from the back of the closet door? Her body was *in* it, and it was almost annoying to her that it was only a *little* too small for her. Still, she was big enough for the black undershirt to be lifted up to show off her navel, for her arms to be jutting out of the sleeves, and for the skirt to be lifted up to the peaks of her thighs. It was also a little too tight around her chest, and— "**Am I wearing a different sized underwear!?**" She could definitely feel *that* with how her panties dug into her crack.

"Okay. So, I ended up in someone else's room, and now I'm wearing their *clothes*. Just what in the world? I need to get back to *school*. Eh? School? I meant my job, right? *...But I'm not old enough to work?*" Trying to rationalize her predicament just left Jill even more confused. What was she saying about school? And why was she having a harder time denying it. But she was 27, there was no way that she'd be... "**Twenty seven? That old?**"

It definitely seemed strange that the woman would even question that, but she hadn't noticed that the irregularities weren't isolated to her mind alone. Her flesh was confirming to the vision of herself that was being forced upon her mind, and ultimately? That led to the uniform she was wearing fitting *much* more comfortably. It hadn't even occurred to her that her eye level was *dropping*, though to be fair it was only a few inches. Jill had always been short, but she hadn't been 4'7" in *years*.

At the very least? The black undershirt that rested beneath the sailor top now covered her belly, and the sleeves of the top fit arms that had both shortened *and* developed tinier hands. Narrower shoulders meant that the uniform was no longer pulling around her arms. The sizing of the uniform top was helped all the more by her *chest*. Jill's B-cups were perky, but she'd always wondered what it might be like if they were bigger. Were she in her right mind, then this would have been bad news for her. After all, they'd flattened to *A-cups*.

"**There's no way I could be old like that! I still have a curfew...**" The words that were coming out of her mouth still felt *wrong* somehow, but she did feel a little more confident in them. There was no

acknowledgement on her part that her body was *continuing* to change, and as a result her pleated, dark gray skirt had begun to fit better in kind. Shrinking had dropped it down so it covered her thighs, but the weight of her thighs – and her ass – thinned so that the skin tightened and she was left with merely the *foundation* of what could one day grow.

Paired with her chest, it was undeniable that her build seemed *significantly* younger, right down to how soft her skin was.

By this point, everything about the uniform matched her sizing her right down to her socks. And the *girl* hadn't had any sort of realization about how her intellect had dropped, her priorities had changed, or how the burden of adulthood had been lifted off her proverbial shoulders. Looking at her face, it had been obvious ever since her height had dipped. Her face was rounder, cuter, and her hair a little shorter. She didn't look like an adult at all, but instead a *young girl*. A girl that believed herself to be *thirteen*.

The fact that the girl hadn't really possessed any desire to leave the room made a lot more sense once it became clear that she recognized it as *her* room. *Julianne Graem* still went by 'Jill', but her history's entire palette had been rewritten. It *had* to be, considering she was a thirteen year old girl despite the year being the same. **"Ugh. Did mom just call me? But I just got home."** In many ways she still *seemed* pretty similar to the woman she had been before. Her groan was the same, and she seemed relatively disinterested in doing things she didn't want to.



But she didn't remember being a bartender or living on the border of poverty. She was a young teen who couldn't even legally drink (though her mom had let her do so once or twice). She belonged to a rich family, because her mom had invented some sort of Lilim thingymabob related to kids? She didn't really *get it*, but her older sister and herself were the first successful results! But now? She had just arrived home from school and her mom was *already* calling for her. Probably to help set the table for dinner.

"COMIIING! ...I guess."

"Huh? Where the *hell* am I?" Alma Armas was *just* as confused when her surroundings changed all of a sudden. She had been sitting at one of VA-11 HALL-A's patio tables one moment, and the next she was sitting on a small bench of what looked to be the hallway of a *very* large, very pricey home. She was sitting opposite a shoe rack, with the light of



the setting sun filtering through the windowpanes on the nearby door. She stood up woozily, because unlike Jill? She'd had a few drinks, and being *teleported* didn't sober her up at all. **"Hmm...? How is the sun setting? Weren't the stars in the sky...?"**

It was a fair question to ask, and the intoxicated woman just shrugged it off. If she hadn't been tipsy then she might have questioned it a little more thoroughly, but in her present state *one* idea had come to mind. **"Did I pass out, someone took me to their home, and I slept all day? I guess that makes sense. But who owns a home this nice other than *mom*?"** Mom? She almost moved on without

questioning it.

But ultimately, it *did* get a raised eyebrow out of here.

In Alma's case specifically? She wasn't forced to wear a uniform that didn't fit her before anything else transpired. Her figure was a little *too* abundant to just slap a young girl's uniform on right away without it tearing, so adjustments had to be made before *anything* else. Still, she was just as out of the loop about it as Jill was, likely because if either of them had made a scene? It might have created *complications*.

If the hacker had held any awareness regarding what was happening, then she might have acknowledged that the fit of her usual outfit was much *looser* than she remembered – meaning that she was experiencing problems that were quite the opposite of what her friend was, at least in terms of the way it affected what she was wearing at the time of her transformation.

Whether it was the woman's big breasts or her perky ass, both regions became, well, *less big*, but maybe not less perky. Her skintight pants were *clearly* becoming looser, you could tell as much from even an outwards glance as the fabric began to punch up not just around her butt, but around her thighs as well. Mass draining from her tanned cheeks had the unintended consequence of narrowing her hips, namely because they didn't really have any weight to accommodate any longer. And yet? Compared to *Jill*, Alma's butt was still a little larger.

“Mom? I guess this is mom’s house... Why was that confusing?” The woman didn’t understand why had been so puzzled. Then again? She didn’t really *sound* like a woman. Her voice still unabashedly sounded ‘like Alma’, but the pitch was higher – like she was younger. Just like her ~~friend~~ *sister*! In fact? You could see it in Alma’s face. Her lips were thinning, her cheeks became rounder, and her eyes seemed brighter as any maturity was wiped from those features.

Her height began to plummet just like Jill’s had, but not until her *chest* had been properly adjusted like her butt. Her F-cup melons didn’t take especially long to *deflate*, the unneeded fat within them apparently sent to the void. Her nipples shrunk in kind, and before long? A pair of *B-cup* breasts sat within a bra that was *way* too big for them. Though, realistically? Her *entire* outfit would soon be way too big for her. **“Hmm... I guess I have stuff to do.”**

It was bizarre – seeing a fully grown woman’s height diminish like hers was. Her pants bunched up around her ankles and knees, and her sleeves gradually swallowed both of her arms. This was especially bizarre, because Alma’s right arm was a prosthetic one. Yet, that trait was retained. It kept a sizing consistent with her real left arm, making it so they both matched even once she reached a height of 4’10”. And then? In the blink of an eye? Those burdensome adult clothes were swapped out for the same school uniform that Jill was wearing.

But it was big enough to fit her slightly larger proportions.

“COMING!” At the sound of a *very* familiar woman’s voice calling out her name – her *mother* – the thirteen year old *Alma Graem* called back in kind, before plopping her much smaller butt down on the bench opposite the shoe rack. The young student began to fiddle with her laces, a process she remembered engaging in *every day* as she took off her shoes and then eventually stood up to place them on the rack. **“So much for getting in a hacking session before dinner...”**

Well, she *had* made it home a little late! Despite her age, Alma was something of a hacking wizard and she was getting better at it every day. She had been born as part of the same project as her sister, Jill, though her own growth had come with some complications that had led to her right arm being replaced with a prosthetic. She was a good student that never thought about boys or booze. That would likely change as she got older and her body filled out, however.



“I guess I should hurry to the kitchen if mom is ready for dinner!”



Her wish had been the source of it all, but not even Dorothy could piece together what had just happened. She was suddenly sitting in a *very* fancy kitchen, one with its own bar, and based on the light filtering in from outside it was early evening rather than almost midnight. There was a digital calendar on the fridge, and the date— **“January 7th? It’s a full week later!?”** But could that really be the case? She had no logs of the past week, nor were there any logs indicating she had been shut down.

And yet, while there weren’t any logs? She could tell that there were *errors* occurring. **“Why aren’t my diagnostics picking anything up? My body feels... weird.”** As far as Lilims went, hers was pretty convincingly ‘human’. That wasn’t about to change either, but rather the opposite. She was about to become even *more* convincingly human, blurring the line between human and flesh and blood. And she didn’t even know it yet.

For some reason, Dorothy eyed one of the nearby barstools. She had drinks at VA-11 HALL-A all the time, but as a Lilim she didn’t necessarily have cravings she couldn’t fight. And yet? She was craving something sweet. Like having a sweet drink would make that strange feeling go away. **“Maybe I should rest my *old circuitry* for a minute...”** Old...?

The Lilim woman didn’t really think anything of it and instead began to walk across the kitchen towards the barstool. It was a bit of a walk, one that would likely take about 12 steps, and at first? She had her doubts that she would even be able to hoist herself up *onto* that barstool without a little help. As an android designed to look like a young girl, she was around 4’5”. She had a hard time getting onto raised seats in general.

But the closer she came to the barstool? The less intimidating its height seemed. In fact... **“Maybe it was just a trick of my eyes? It doesn’t seem *that* big...”** She’d thought the seat would have been eye level with her when she got close, but she had made about half the trip and it seemed to be more than a head shorter than her. It wasn’t a trick of her eyes, nor had the barstool been lower than she’d thought though. It was her *body* that was different.

Each step she'd taken towards the stool had carried the young woman with a longer stride. Each time? Her doll-jointed legs stuck out farther and farther from beneath the frilled hem of her favorite skirt. Each step also saw her arms extend out more from her short sleeves, her shoes tighten around her doll feet, and her shirt? It slowly came untucked from her skirt. Her body was gradually growing *taller*, and the girl herself was just as oblivious to the fact that something was happening as the others were.

By the time she ultimately reached the barstool? She had grown up to 5'5", and her body had a maturer allure to it altogether. Lilims could be designed to look like adult woman, and of course most of them *were*. But they didn't 'grow up' like a human would. What had just happened to Dorothy was more than an impossibility. Her body was so tall at this juncture that her mechanical tummy was almost completely bare.

But there was also something off about her *joints*. They were *very* worn. Like they had been in service for *much* longer than Dorothy legitimately had been. As she allowed her butt to fall down on the barstool, she let out a relieved "**Haaah!**" that had a huskier, more mature allure than her childish voice had possessed prior. Even *as* she sat, the reason for this became plainer. Just take her sitting posture. She ended up crossing one leg over the other, spurred by her hips widening a handful of inches as she sat... because her *ass* had grown underneath her weight.

Because Lilims were used for sex a lot of the time, no matter how doll-like they looked, they still felt real to the human touch where it *counted*. Their asses and tits were prioritized when the sex bots were created, but even then? The added padding that Dorothy's rump accommodated was typically reserved for high-cost models. It had ballooned into a heart shape that lipped over the edge of the stool, while her thighs grew pudgier to push out the sides of the skirt in tandem.

"It's hard being a working mother sometimes..." Dorothy's groans spoke of a different life than the one she had been leading up until now. In the meantime? The little space left in her usual top was rapidly compromised by the swelling of her bosom, as artificial padding pooled under her 'skin' to give them a realistically perky feel. They soon reached *G-cup* sizes, and by that point? Her shirt was so small that you could see her underboob peeking out from beneath them.

Dorothy stretched and groaned again. This time? Her red eyes were vaguely hidden thanks to the artificial hair atop her head lengthening slightly. It only really obscured some of the top half of her face, so it didn't exactly conceal the reality that her face seemed to age substantially. Lips that tripled in mass quickly rested beneath a longer nose and a narrowed, tired gaze. Her cheeks thinned, and the quality of

her 'skin' wore to the point that she even had Crow's feet. Since she was a Lilim... that meant that she had been *designed* to look like a middle aged woman. It was

She adjusted her posture one more time before standing again, and in that time? Her clothes changed. Her outfit remained very similar to what she had been wearing before, with only the skirt becoming more than just a larger version of what she'd been wearing prior. It became long and purple, flowing down past her knees. It felt more proper for a woman of her age to wear a skirt that wasn't *too* short. Even though her primary function remained.

Suddenly, she remembered what she was supposed to be doing.

“JILL! ALMA! COME HELP SET THE TABLE, PLEASE!” *Dorothy Graem*

(incidentally Dorothy's real last name even before her transformation) called out to *her* two children. The *forty* year old Lilim thought nothing of what had just happened to her, nor of the fact that a pot of freshly cooked pasta had just appeared on her stove – pasta that she *remembered* cooking herself for her family, which consisted of her two biological children and her human husband. Lilims used to be incapable of giving birth to children. But therein lied the secret to her immense wealth.



Dorothy had managed to develop a special womb mod for Lilims that perfectly replicated the conditions for childbirth. An egg donor was needed, but that way it was possible for a Lilim to have children with her biological husband. Once her two daughters were born, two daughters that she had sworn to herself to spoil rotten, the tech had taken off and she'd become one of the richest people in Glitch City.

The woman smiled as her daughters run by differing levels of enthusiasm to grab the dishes from their cabinet. They bickered as they set the table, but the mother could only smile. And she smiled *wider* when an attractive man walked in from the direction of the front hall. **“Honey!”** Despite her age, Dorothy was *hot* and considered a MILF by many. She was still a Lilim that had been designed for sex at her core, so the sight of her grabbing her man and pulling him close so that she could feel his hard-on against her thigh wasn't an unusual one. She leaned close to his ear and whispered something.

**“I’m not just hungry for dinner. I’m also hungry for your *cock*,
honey~! How about we finally make our third?”**