

EL PSY SUMMER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Was it the hottest summer on record yet?

While the three of them all lived in different places, Kay, Joseph, and Axel had all shared similar thoughts in their group chat. It was only the beginning of July, and it already felt like it was *unseasonably* hot. So much so that they'd already had weeks where the temperature cleared the 100F mark numerous times even where Axel lived, who was the one arguably living in the coolest climate of the three.

Living where he did, Joseph was well accustomed to it being *extremely* hot in the summer. Being accustomed to the climate and *liking* the climate were two entirely different concepts, though. With how humid it was, having an air conditioner wasn't exactly optional unless you always wanted to be uncomfortable and *never* wanted a chance at getting a good night's sleep.

But having an air conditioning unit didn't take away the discomfort the summer months brought. You could feel it if you went outside for even a second, and most people didn't have the liberty of staying inside all day. So, while you could make it more comfortable? You could never really get rid of the problem entirely. **"I could really go for a sweet treat right now..."** It was something he had not only expressed aloud, but in the group chat as a whole.

Yet, before his very eyes? It seemed his wish had been granted.

Actually, it happened to all *three* of them. In Joseph's, Kay's, and Axel's rooms – a minifridge had appeared on *all* of their desks with a little note on them that read 'Delicious, sweet treats inside!'. And the fact that

Joseph's wish had seemingly been granted? Well... *None of them trusted it whatsoever*. Reality had just been altered, and they were all familiar with a cat-eared girl who could do just that. In all likelihood, if they ate whatever was in that fridge, something would *happen* to them.

And thinking that was the case, all three of them opened their respective minifridge's doors to see *what* was inside.

TREATS LIKE THIS? NOT FREE! THEY'RE PAID. YOU CAN WORK THEM OFF AS A SUMMER MAID.

On the inside of the minifridge? There had been that 'poem'. And after reading it? Joseph found himself... *poolside*? He was standing in an indoor pool in front of three chairs that must have been arranged together, each with a colored towel on it. One pink, one red, and one blue – with the man standing closest to the chair with the pink towel. “**Uh... How did I end up here?**” He could remember the fridge, the note... but not who could have arranged it, nor *why* or *how* they would have brought them to a pool in the first place.

On the note there had been something about a maid? But he didn't see anyone that matched that description around. He'd only seen it briefly, so he also couldn't quite remember the *context*. “**Wait...**” While looking around, he saw a sign above the exit doors. There was no one else *in* the room that contained the pool, but the sign stood out more to him. Because the text on that sign was written in *Japanese*. He couldn't read it at all.

“**...I'm not in Japan, am I?**”

Where else *could* he be? An elaborate set meant to resemble it? Who would make all of that effort? Then again, no matter *where* he was, he didn't even have an explanation for how he'd gotten there in the first place. Of course, as these things *tended* to go, he was about to have to grapple with issues that seemed to be unrelated at the time, even if they weren't at all. *How am I going to advertise without anyone else in here!?*

“**...Advertise?**” Joseph repeated the thought back to himself in the back of his mind, but for some reason he couldn't replicate the tone and cadence it had – almost like it had been thought by an entirely different 'voice'. This was concerning, though it was also something that could be easily brushed off as some sort of moment of delirium. It did, at least, serve as an effective distraction from what had begun to happen otherwise.

You didn't need to look much farther than his *complexion* to see that something was *very* amiss. His natural olive complexion hadn't been terribly dark from the get-go, but any pigmentation that it *did* carry drained away until that same complexion was pale, fair, and... *soft*? His skin did look smoother to the touch, both because any excess body hair had been shaved away, but *also* because it was just naturally plusher to the touch.

This felt more prominent in his face than it did anywhere else, but that was only because the *shapes* that skin wrapped around were changing too. “**So, what should *I* do?**” It seemed strange that his voice might crack there, but it made a great deal of sense when you considered how his face had begun to *look*. Smaller, rounder, *cuter*. Any masculinity it had possessed was softened away in favor of traits like smaller but poutier lips, a shorter and narrower nose, rounded cheeks, and...

Narrowed eyes? No, while he *did* look increasingly feminine, there was something else going on there. Those eyes were undeniably *fuller* in their shapes, but his eyelids had smoothed into monolids with pinched corners so that they not only concealed the fact that his irises had become *pink*, but so that they appeared inexplicable *Asian*. *Japanese*, specifically. “...私は何をしていたんだろう? **Eh? Am I speaking in Japanese?**”

As his Adam's apple had smoothed away, his voice rose permanently so that he sounded like a *young girl*. One speaking fluent Japanese perfectly. Joseph correctly questioned it, but his subconscious pushed back with *memories* as ammunition. Memories of studying it his whole life, of it being his first language for the entire *seventeen* years he had been alive. “***I'm seventeen!?***” The way he'd said as much was very *colorful*. Why did that sound shocking? Wasn't it the truth? His face certainly demonstrated as much!

And yet, no sooner than he'd cried out did he sharply *drop*. Over a foot of his 6' height was lost practically instantaneously, dropping him down to 4'8" with a “***Wah!?***” that left him standing there in an oversized shirt and no shorts or underwear, because they'd slipped right off. He'd lost more than height, too. His waist had thinned and pinched in narrowly as he'd dropped along with his shoulders, presenting him with a silhouette that was fairly *androgynous*.

Small fingers tugged at his shirt while struggling to lift smoother, daintier feet from the pile of clothes and underwear beneath him. The shirt was enough to cover up the bare essentials, which worked to Joseph's disadvantage in a way. He might have noticed what was happening if he'd been able to see down there. Or, *she* might have

noticed. “**Eep!?**” The most the process provoked from her was that weird squeak, which the *girl* no longer seemed capable of recognizing. Her sex had just changed, the last trace of her masculinity stolen – paving the way for what had become androgynous to adjust in kind.

But the girl was young enough that what was adjusted wasn’t particularly *abundant*. Her pale thighs became a little pudgier as they led in towards her pelvis (where her pubes were now shaved), and her buttocks had plumped up ever so slightly. At the very least, her flat chest rose into a commendable sizing. Her shirt was pushed slightly forward by a pair of *C-cups* with rosebud nipples. With nothing supporting them, they jiggled whenever she moved sharply.

“**What am I wearing though~!? Am I going to attract any customers looking like this? I look like someone girlfriend wearing her boyfriend’s shirt! How unbecoming of a maid, nya!**” Instead of taking any issue with what had happened to her body, Joseph instead seemed to be more befuddled by her *clothes* as she spoke in an over the top, almost cartoonishly anime-inspired way. She spoke of being a ‘maid’, but didn’t think about how that hadn’t been true.

Nor how it matched the poem she’d read prior.

Nonetheless, it was an ‘assimilation’ as much as it was a transformation. In the final stretch, as her mind was completely adjusted to fit these new circumstances, her short, dark colored hair had grown long and fell out behind her, curling into two drills that reached the base of her back as a cute pink spread throughout their strands. It really suited the rest of her new appearance, and that was all bundled up neatly in...

Swimwear? The shirt she’d been wearing suddenly tightened against her short, thin, but relatively busty figure. The material became a rubbery blue that was refit into the shape of a one-piece, school swimsuit with a cute kitty patterned above her left thigh. Her torso and legs were bare otherwise, but she did gain a maid choker and a matching maid headband – one affixed with lace cat ears to help her play up the meowing ‘bit’ she seemed to be *really* into.

And with that? Clarity.

“**HOOOOI! WHO’S READY FOR FARIS NYANNYAN’S POOL DEBUT!?**” While the pink-haired seventeen year old dressed in a school swimsuit and cat-eared maid headband spoke of herself like her name was ‘Faris NyanNyan’, that wasn’t *actually* her name. Her birth name was *Rumiho Akiha*, whereas *Faris NyanNyan* was the fake name she used as the owner and part-time employee of a local maid café in Akihabara. She may have come to the pool with two friends, but she also

saw it as the perfect *advertising opportunity*. “**But there’s no one else here!**”

Even though she’d made such a playful introduction, Faris had sounded off to an empty room. It *was* early in the morning. Were they really the first ones there? Even though Japan was suffering through a record breaking heat? “**Well... I guess I can still have some fun with the other two. I wonder what they look like in their swimsuits!**” She’d chosen to get changed first and gone ahead so that she could start ‘advertising’, but apparently that wasn’t necessary. Still, she wanted to bring in more customers!



She felt like she had some sort of *debt* to repay, but the café was caught up on its debts, wasn’t it?

YOU OPENED IT DESPITE YOUR DEFIANCE. SO ENJOY A SUMMER FULL OF SCIENCE.

The smell of chlorine stung Kay’s nose, but it was hardly as intense of a scent as what Joseph had been exposed to by appearing right at the pool’s side. Kay found himself somewhere *slightly* different after opening the fridge and reading the ‘poem’ on the back of the door. It was a changing room full of lockers, benches, and even a shower room in the back corner. One door must have connected to a lobby, while the other connected to a pool. “**How did I...?**”

Like Joseph? He’d forgotten whatever possible explanation there was for the fate that had befallen him. It was just much more entertaining to *her* if her victims panicked, which they hardly did if they were fully aware of her and her powers. “**Am I at the pool? It was pretty hot, so I guess a swim wouldn’t be a bad idea, but...**” The problem was that this situation was an *impossible* one, right?

Idly, he opened the nearest locker out of curiosity because it had been slightly ajar. Inside? He found an open bag that had underwear sitting on top. *Women’s* underwear. “**I-Is this a woman’s changing room?**” Maybe he had bigger problems to deal with than he had

originally realized. Someone catching him there would *not* have been good.

Common sense suggested *booking it* if that was the case. He didn't want to end up in *jail*... in what was presumably *not* his home, since he didn't have a public pool all that close to him. It was a trip he would have made *immediately* if not for a *very* sharp inhale he'd suddenly made – and not through his own will. “**Huh!?**” Maybe it was wrong to say that he'd ‘inhaled’. It was more like his body had been forced to draw in air after a pressure had pushed in against the sides of his torso.

No, was that correct? It was more like he'd been shoved into a press and both sides had pressed against his body from the shoulder. All at once? His shoulder and hips had crunched inward, and his tummy had slimmed in a similar fashion that left his frame looking very *lanky* as a result. His shorts were barely holding on, while his shirt was only resting on a single shoulder. “**What the heck was *that*!?**”

Everything in his body still worked properly, but he could only imagine how weird he must have looked from someone else's perspective. Kay had certainly never been big boned or even more than slightly above a healthy weight for his height, but he probably looked more like a *stick* than anything. Mind you, he was so fixated on his body's narrowness that it hadn't occurred to him that he'd received some benefits. Namely? His belly was much more *toned* now than it had been before. But *just* his belly.

“**This is... impossible? I'm in some weird changing room, and my body just sort of *crunched*. *Scientifically*, this is impossible!**” The man certainly wasn't *wrong* about that, but his choice of wording was *odd*. Kay wasn't exactly a very science-minded guy. In a way, though? His concerns were alleviated. If he'd been worried about being too *tall* for how thin he was, then... “***H-Hey!?***”

The sensation of a ‘press’ bearing against his body returned, and in acknowledging that? His voice cracked *very* sharply. There was a familiarity to how it had sounded, but the sensation that had forced him to cry out in the first place commanded his attention. It *wasn't* the same as the first time. On this occasion it felt like it was pushing *down from above*. “***A-Are you kidding me!? Am I getting smaller now!?***”

He certainly didn't need to be a *genius* to come to that conclusion (but for some reason a voice in the back of his head had begun to insist that he *was*). His eye level dropped sharply *and* quickly so that his shorts and underwear *finally* slipped off and his shirt fell down to his thighs. His height had been similar to Joseph's at first, but luckily for him he didn't drop down as low as *Faris* had.

Even so, 5'3" was still a pretty dramatic fall from where he had been before. The benefit of it was that his thinness didn't seem as out of place now that he was *significantly* shorter, though. **"If I was to consider a hypothesis about how this could happen... W-Wait? Why am I seriously trying to explain *shrinking*? Clearly that couldn't happen! I must have slipped! Ugh..."** The shrill familiarity in Kay's voice had persisted, but now it felt familiar because it was *his* voice – and he could remember it being that case, rather than a voice he'd heard, say, in a *light novel* or *anime*? He was even speaking *Japanese*, though his English was still exceptional.

There was a clear change in his thought process, too. He was dismissing what had happened to him as an impossibility, effectively turning a blind eye to it because 'science' couldn't explain it. Though, speaking of his eyes? They'd taken an intriguing shade of *purple* as their shapes conformed to the traits his new voice and language were conveying. First? They narrowed to seem more *Japanese*. But then they also rounded and his lashes lengthened so that they seemed more—**"HYUP!?"**

Feminine.

It wasn't a matter of things *seeming* that way. The strange noise *she* made, slipping through lips that had bloated into puffer shapes in tandem, had come courtesy of an inversion of her loins. Kay's dick and balls hadn't just *shrunk*. Once all that remained was a nub that soon smoothed away, allowing an *auburn* pubic hair to grow a little farther down on her pelvis, a new slit opened between her legs complete with a clit and connected to a proper womb, rendering her a complete woman.

"That feeling was *unusual*. What even happened? Arousal? In a pool changing room is an unusual place to become stimulated..." When presented with an unusual predicament, the woman's first reaction now was to logically work through it. If something wasn't logical? It was impossible, and so it couldn't have happened. The continued slimming of her face was just another one of those things, along with a narrowing of her nose that made her look much more like a *young Japanese woman*.

An eighteen year old Japanese woman, in fact.

Her short, dark hair was spilling over her shoulders now, the same auburn that had emerged and spread throughout her pubes rising to the surface as it cascaded down as far as the bottom of her buttocks in the back, while it ticked her chest from the sides. It almost felt like it was the touch of this hair that led her transformation into its final stage,

affecting the growth of the traits you would expect any biological woman to possess. “**Hm? What’s this I’m wearing? Wasn’t I putting on my swimwear?**”

After placing her dominant hand on her chest, she noticed that she was dressed in a man’s shirt and nothing else? But rather than find the type of clothing strange, she fixated on the fact that she was wearing a shirt at all. Kay bent forward to make it easier to grab the base of the shirt so that she could pull it up and over her head, but *as* she leaned forward? You could make out the shape of her ass bloating ever so slightly out behind her, giving it the vaguest feminine shapeliness.

On the other hand? What happened to her *chest* wasn’t so easily noticed with her current posture. The front of the shirt was baggy, so the fact that her flat chest began to perk up, puffing her nipples in the process until she possessed a pair of perky *A-cup* tits that, at the very least, were extremely firm. And while these curves should have been entirely exposed by the time she lifted her shirt over her head and tossed it away?

Instead, it revealed that, at some point, she had become dressed in a sporty, white bikini with blue trim and a zipper in the center of the top.

“**I’m sure a swim will feel nice...**” *Kurisu Makise* gently stretched her body out in the changing room now that (as she recalled) she had finally finished putting on her sporty looking swimsuit. It had been *her* idea to go so early in the morning. She had claimed it was because she had work to do at the lab after, but that had been half the truth. She’d wanted to go earlier so that there would be less people at the pool. She was a little self-conscious about how she looked in a swimsuit. Most women her age had a little *more* to their figures than she did.

Even Faris did!

And there was no way in hell she would have wanted *Okabe* tagging along. So, the solution had been to go so early that his ass would *definitely* still be in bed. At least she had company. It was nice to go as a



group of girls. Faris had been pretty gung-ho about it for her own reasons, and their third party member... She'd run back to the lobby after getting changed for *some* reason. **"Well, I suppose I should go out to the pool now that I've limbered up. Especially if we want to leave before it gets busy."**

BEEN WATCHING STEINS;GATE A FOURTH TIME THROUGH? WHY NOT A SUMMER OF TUTURU?

"Who left that note, and how did they know that I've been rewatching Steins;Gate for the fourth time?" I had a number of questions of course, seeing as I'd just been *teleported* into what seemed to be the lobby of some building, but the text on the note had stuck out to me the most. It made it seem like someone had been *spying* on me. Of course, I probably should have known who it was. But as *she* had always said:

"Creator or not, not even Axel is immune to my cute and funny antics~!"

...I had no recollection of *that* either, though.

I could faintly smell chlorine. I was likely in a place that had an indoor pool, and I had already pieced together that I was *not* in the West. All of the nearby signs were in *Japanese*, and despite everything I kept finding my attention drawn to a vending machine in the corner of the lobby for some reason. **"Do I want something from inside of it? I don't even have any money on me..."** And even if I did, it definitely wouldn't have been in *Yen*.

Despite the difficulties I would have had making a purchase from this machine, I ended up stepping towards it anyways. It was about *ten* steps away, but that number steadily increased as I stepped closer and closer – for reasons I didn't notice over the first five or so steps. That was because, with every step? My body became *smaller*, both vertically *and* in terms of my overall weight. I was tall, heavy-set guy. But by that fifth step? I'd already shed about *five* inches, and my weight had been halved.

"...Huh?" I'd been so focused on the vending machine that I didn't realize until my shorts and underwear fell from my hips. I froze in place and looked down, additionally confused by the realization that I could *see my feet*? I couldn't usually see past my stomach, but the bulge I was accustomed to seeing was much smaller... and was seemingly growing

smaller still before my very eyes. I tugged at my shirt with uncertainty. **“What the he-e-E-ECK!?”**

Making matters worse? I tripped over the shorts that had pooled around my ankles, sending my stumbling forward while crying out in a pitch that rose *dramatically* in the process. Each stumble I made as I attempted to regain my footing shed even more weight and height from my body, and by the time I managed to stop clumsily fumbling? I stood at a mere 5’ tall, with a body both devoid of any excess weight *or* any unneeded body hair.

“Phew! What would Axelshii do if he fell!?” I blurted out a sigh of relief that left me stunned. Where had that energy come from? Why was I talking in the third person? Why had I added ‘shii’ to the end of my name? No, it was more than that. I wasn’t speaking *English*, was I? **“J-Japanese!?”** It had been so shocking! ...For about five seconds, anyways. **“Eh? Hasn’t Axelshii always been Japanese? That’s silly!”**

Almost as if my words themselves were bending reality, it became evident in my face that this was *actually* the truth. What hadn’t struck me as I’d shrunk was that the inches hadn’t been the only things that were being shed. The *years* were too, slowly sending me flying back through my twenties and then even into my teens. Before long, I looked *sixteen* at most – no, I *knew* I was sixteen, because that was what I remembered.

But my features changed in similar ways to what Joseph and Kay had experienced. My lips swelled, my nose shrunk, and my eyes rounded as a deep blue settled in their irises – all while my eyelids became hooded and my lashes lengthened so that I looked like a young *Japanese* girl. My face was rounder than Kurisu or Faris’s, and my eyebrows *doubled* in bushiness as their colors darkened to black with a bluish hue. It was a color that was shared with the hair atop my head when it grew, extending messily out to the sides and barely tickling my shoulders.

“Eh? What is Mayushii wearing?” Any concerns I’d had about how I’d been speaking were *long* gone by this juncture. I was referring to myself strangely but viewed it as ‘how I always acted’, and I really wanted to shout out *TUTURU~* for some reason? I just had no reason *to* do that yet. Instead, one of my bushy eyebrows was raised as I looked down at the shirt I was wearing. It didn’t fit and it wasn’t from my wardrobe, right?

If anything, it did come to fit *slightly* better in that moment. I was staring directly at my chest, and yet it didn’t occur to me that I was witnessing the front of the shirt *balloon*. Weight was pooling beneath

my nipples, expanding their flesh forward with intermittent jiggles. My posture was gradually affected, forcing me forward, but I made subconscious adjustments to stay upright as their weight reached the *D-cup* heft I *remembered*. And while I wasn't as fortunate farther down? My thighs did round and my butt bubbled, forcing my hips wider so that a few inches sat between my thighs.

“HYUP!” I let out a silly sound when I jolted forward suddenly so that I could grab the base of the shirt and give it a *biiiiiig* pull, lifting it up and over my head and revealing that I *wasn't* naked underneath? A white bikini with pink polka dots was revealed instead, though blue jean shorts hid the bottoms. I also had a choker around my neck, and when I got my shirt over my hair? A blue cap had appeared. It was the most important part of my outfit!

I didn't even get a chance to toss the shirt I'd been wearing away. It slipped from my grasp *and* my memory, disappearing entirely.

My slender finger tapped rigorously against the keypad on the vending machine. I double checked the numbers associated with the items I wanted and, in the end, I tapped my bank card against the sensor before tucking it into the pocket of the jean shorts, I was wearing overtop my pink and white bikini bottom. I was going to take it off before I went swimming! I'd just kept them on to help carry my bank card...

As the vending machine whirled to life, I began to hum excitedly and tilted my body so I could watch the small bottles filled with white fall. One... Two... Three... Three whole bottles of milk fell into the hole at the bottom, and I hurriedly picked them out. **“Hehehe! It's tradition to have a bottle of milk before swimming!”** I was pretty confident that this was the case... even though it wasn't. You were supposed to have milk after steaming in the public baths!

But no one was going to correct *Mayuri Shiina*, so I probably wouldn't learn that I was wrong on that particular day!



I bolted down the hallway towards the pool with the three bottles wrapped in my arms. The cold bottles pressed against my breasts, which *did* feel a little weird, but before long I crashed through the push doors of the pool with a “**TUTURU~! The benevolent Mayushii has brought you all bottles of milk to drink before our swim!**” Both Faris-chan *and* Kurisu-chan stared at me for a second and then glanced at each other before smiling. See! They smiled! It was a good idea after all!

So, all that was left was to drink milk and swim until it was time to go back to Okarin!