

REFRESHING ROUND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph vs Axel...

Chun-Li vs Kimberly...

A battle for the ages!

FIGHT!

Okay, so it definitely wasn't *that* dramatic. After all, the two men were *only* playing Street Fighter 6 together... and they *weren't* very good at it. It wasn't really either of their faults, to be fair. They were both *very* out of practice after taking a long absence from the game, only brought back because, well... They would definitely admit as much to each other, but certainly not to anyone in real life, that they had been enticed back by the new *swimsuit* skins that had been released in the summer of 2025. It wasn't like they were alone, though. *Plenty* of players had done the same thing.

"You just got lucky!" Joseph laughed over voice chat after he lost the first match. Both of them knew that was *actually* the truth, because Axel had just been mashing uncontrollably. He couldn't really knock a strategy that *worked*, though – and Joseph had been more or less doing the same. Funnily enough, even though the two of them had hopped on *to* buy the costumes for their mains? The in-game shop was down for maintenance. They were mostly playing just to kill time until it came back online.

Axel mentioned getting up to get a drink, so Joseph just waited on the character select screen as he played around on his phone. **"Guess I**

should step up my mashing game if I'm going to beat his mashing game?" He was flipping through his e-mails, not even paying attention to what was happening on his character select screen. Chun-Li was selected, and then?

Darkness.

"Huh?" For a moment, Joseph thought that maybe he'd fallen out of his chair. He just flew *downward* as the brief darkness, almost like he'd blinked, paved way for an overwhelming brightness. He winced as his ass landed on a softer surface than he'd expected, and the light of the *sun* promptly blinded him. He was disoriented from the suddenness of it all, but he pushed past it to leap back up onto his feet. **"What... just happened?"**

There was no way around the truth, improbable as it was. His sock-covered feet were sitting on hot sand, and the waves of a beach were crashing against the nearby shore. Behind him? There was a nice-looking *resort* – but not one that he recognized. If he was to note anything else that felt *off*, well... Wasn't the beach itself suspicious? There were chairs and umbrellas about thirty feet away in both directions, but the part he was standing on was entirely *empty*.

"Okay, so I'm on a beach I don't recognize..." The *climate* reminded Joseph of home at least, but he still couldn't figure out what had just happened. He wiped the sand off the back of his shorts and looked back at the resort again. There didn't seem to be people sitting on the chairs on the beach, but there must have been people in the resort, right? He could try and figure out what was going on.

...But would he *have* to?

He took a step in the sand, and then another. Socks on the sand felt *very* weird, but it honestly wasn't even the strangest sensation he was privy to at the time: the fact that his shorts felt a little *tighter* than normal. Joseph had initially just chalked it up to his shorts riding too high or something, but when he reached a hand down to try and jimmy the shorts loose by tugging on the legs of the shorts... **"H-Huh!?"**

The olive-skinned man didn't like wearing shorts that were too tight. He kept a few inches between them and his thighs normally, but of course he wouldn't have thought they were a little tighter than normal if that hadn't *already* changed. The problem he soon realized was that he couldn't get his finger *under* the hem of his shorts... In fact, upon examination? The flesh of his legs had bulged *over* his shorts, like what he was wearing had *shrunk*.

“What the heck is happening to my—!?” His sentence went unfinished once it occurred to him that it wasn’t *just* his thighs. The backs of his shorts felt like they were shrinking too, and it was only a matter of time before the front button of his shorts just *flew off*! Mind you, the damage was far more alarming – and confusing – than that. The sides of his shorts split just seconds later, leaving him to consider he’d misunderstood what was happening. **“My shorts aren’t getting smaller...”**

His lower body was getting *bigger. Thicker.*

The room within his shorts was in short supply because his thighs and ass had been *expanding*, first with hardened muscle and then concealed by a softer, suppler weight that bled in overtop. But stranger still? The bigger these parts of his body became, the paler the *skin* that covered them became, with the olive tone erased along with unneeded body hair in favor of a pale yellow instead. This was true of his thighs *and* his ass for the time being, while the rest of his complexion remained the same.

Joseph’s thighs were already *double* the size that they had been before, but they showed absolutely *no* signs of slowing down. **“What...? Why are they... How are they so big!? Not to mention this is super uncomfortable!”** He hadn’t thought much of it at the time, but there had been a momentary flash of something in the back of his mind. An assortment of memories that seemed to suggest he had been *training* his legs for almost the entirety of his life. They’d always been thick, but as he’d gotten older... *Older?*

That wasn’t a problem for the time being. His discomfort had an *obvious* source. The shorts were *way* too small for him even with the tears down the sides of his legs where the supple flesh continued to expand. The cheeks of his ass had forced the waistband of his shorts down so that they could peak out, which ended up pulling the *front* of his shorts forward so that not only did the fabric dig into his crotch, but his thighs had grown so thick that they were *also* pressing uncomfortably into his dick.

“Is there a way I can stop— *HYAH!*?” On the bright side? He *did* receive immediate and effective relief to the whole ‘dick being strangled’ thing courtesy in a smaller part because his hips had begun to swing wider to make room for thighs that were now nearly *three* times thicker than they had originally been, their weight jiggling with softer fat and rippling strength. On the (arguably) negative side, that relief had simple become unnecessary as *her* genitalia had inverted, drawing her cock and balls into her pelvis where they served as the lining of her new pussy.

The woman had shuddered from the sensation of her new womb. “**I’m... a woman?**” She *sounded* like one now, too. But... while that was *wrong*... Was it *actually* wrong? A part of her felt at peace with it, so much so that she could only imagine she had *always* been that way; with memories that soon reflected as much. Yet, in the meantime? Her yellowing skin tone had moved down past her knees and towards her feet, where her lower legs were strengthened and her feet, while forced to grow daintier, became *terribly* calloused on her soles.

Just how much did she use her *feet*? Her memories suggested *all the time*.

But Joseph’s legs weren’t the *only* part of her body that was growing stronger (although they were ultimately the strongest part). The lighter skin pigmentation had crept into the woman’s arms and torso, strengthening the muscles of her arms, chest, and broadened yet oddly curved tummy as her new skin color took route. Her fingers slimmed, and her nails not only grew a little longer, but blue paint was spread across them too. That said, that wasn’t even the only place where cosmetics were applied.

“**I feel a little stuffy...**” Why was she wearing what she was? The woman didn’t seem to be certain, but she’d also clearly lost the ability to perceive that something was blatantly *very* wrong with her sex and overall appearance. Even *as* she mumbled to herself, her lips pursed and swelled, red lipstick soon applying across her lips as yellower skin continued to transition towards the feminine. Her nose shortened and cheeks thinner, but unusually? While she clearly appeared more and more like the woman she was biologically, her face made her look *older*. Like she was pushing *forty*?

Not only *that*, but while the dark hair atop her head gradually lightened to brown? The eyes beneath them narrowed, soon giving her the gaze of an undisputably *Chinese* woman. Her impossibly fit and thick thighs probably should have given away her identity, but with her hair lengthening and pulled into two buns marked by blue floral ornament? With her pubes now the same shade of brown, now arranged in a neat little bush? With everything considered together, it was plain who she was becoming. Joseph herself just didn’t find it odd to... be *herself*?

To *fully* be herself, however, her body was still missing a bit of *weight*. Weight that gathered beneath the front of her shirt as her now lean yet muscular chest began to bulge with a newfound softness. *Breasts* that were surprisingly perky for a woman of her age were quick to develop, and yet simultaneously? It was as if each cup size her tits grew equaled a few inches shaving off her height. By the time she had shrunk down from nearly six feet to 5’7”, her breasts had grown to *D-cups*.

“Okay. I need to get out of... these?” She’d identified her unfitted clothes as the source of her discomfort, but when she looked down to remove them... they just *weren’t* there. She was dressed in a blue, one-piece swimsuit with a cutout going vertically from her bellybutton to her neckline, her arms and thick thighs *completely* exposed. She had matching sandals, wristbands, and her ears had even been pierced with earrings as well. It wasn’t strange. She had put on this swimsuit, modeled after her old Chinese outfit, *herself*.

Chun-Li’s motions were so practiced and smoothed as her torso dropped, her thick thighs parting with almost inhuman flexibility until she was doing the perfect splits against the warm sand below. She had no qualms about being fully clothed or not so long as the important bits were covered and today was a rare opportunity to try fighting in a swimsuit. **“That said, where is my opponent?”** She lifted herself back up onto her feet using the strength of her powerful legs alone.



“Perhaps sparring while on vacation sounds a little silly, but that little go-getter is pretty silly herself.” The older woman mused about the opponent she knew that she would be fighting in the back of her head. Young as that girl was, she herself was an experienced martial artist that knew not to underestimate the youth. **“Ah, there you are. I was wondering when you were going to show up.”** Seeing her opponent approach, Chun-Li put one leg behind her and raised her hands to fight.

...But there wasn’t *actually* someone standing in front of her?

“Eh!? Why is a match going on!?” I really *had* just stepped out of my room for a moment to grab a bottle of water, but when I returned? Street Fighter 6 appeared to be playing on my computer. There was a beach stage, and an NPC Chun-Li fighting... *Kimberly*? Based on the HUD, that was who was *supposed* to be on the 2P side of the screen. But a character model hadn’t loaded in at all. It was as if the NPC was fighting a ghost. **“Hey? Joseph?”**

Even if I’d been kicked out of the lobby, a game *shouldn’t* have started on its own. I threw on my headset again to try and see if my friend knew

what was happening, but there was no response even though the call was still going. “**Maybe he had to go to the bathroom?**” As I saw it, there was no reason to assume anything weird had happened to him. The game must have just freaked out. I didn’t really need to think any harder about it than that.

And so? I hit ALT+F4.

And I got *zapped*!

“**Shit.**” Subconsciously afraid that it might happen again, I logically took several steps back to keep my distance from the machine while looking down at the hand that had gotten shocked. “**Did that burn me?**” I could be excused for being terribly wrong, and I quickly realized as much. I’d been misled by the tips of my fingers being strangely... dark? But it wasn’t dark in the way that a burn mark would be dark. It was more of a shade of... *ebony*? Like a *skin tone*. “**Er...?**”

I became *far* more certain of this as the color began to *spread*. Not only did it move down each of my fingers on that hand, somehow making those fingers *appear* smaller in the process, but the fingernails on the ends of them grew several inches and were painted with an almost *neon* blue. There were a *multitude* of ways in which my hand looked like it belonged to a *completely* different person by the time my palm, paler than its back, had still darkened in shade. Sex, age, and even *race*.

And it wasn’t until I raised my second hand that it occurred to me. “***Damn!* It’s happening to both of them!?**” I’d *assumed* it was only happening to the one hand, but it had been replicated on the other and I could do nothing more than bear witness to the ebony shade replacing my original pale as it crept up my arms. Body hair was erased, and as it passed my elbows and moved into my upper arms? “**Huh?**” I could feel the muscles that were located there *bulge*. Had my arms grown *stronger*?

Evidently, that wasn’t the *only* place I had become stronger. It *was* August, but I was in my air-conditioned room, so I was wearing socks and trackpants. I couldn’t *see* my skin below my waist to realize that the ebony hadn’t merely begun with my hands but had been moving inwards from *all* four of my extremities. My feet had slimmed, and my heels had flattened as their skin darkened, and while moving up my legs? They too *rippled* with strength.

Unlike my arms though, strength wasn’t the *only* thing they rippled with. I found myself adjusting my posture, leaning over onto my right hip and placing my hand on the left... which wasn’t a posture I normally took. I wasn’t even *thinking* about that, though. “**What’s going on**

here?” I could *see* my pant legs restricting my thighs, which seemed to be *much* firmer than they had been before. I was overweight, and my heft hadn’t been treated at all just yet, but the weight in my thighs was largely muscle that had been born from lost fat. Even so, some of it remained to try and give them a softer, thicker aesthetic. Like the legs of a beautiful young *woman*. Which, incidentally...

“Mmn!/? Hey! Now is *not* the time to get frisky! ...Wait, frisky? Didn’t something just... change down there?” I somehow hadn’t registered that my voice was higher, just as when I bit down on my lower lip as a direct response to my *sex changing* as ebony spread across and shaved my pelvis, I didn’t properly register that I was a woman. *Probably* because I no longer even *had* any memories where I was a man? Either way, my hips ended up widening just in time for my shoulders to become slender while the ebony color seeped into my torso from both above *and* below.

The change in my voice had come courtesy of it bleeding up my neck and into my *face*, on the other hand. The changes to my face’s shape were drastic for all of the obvious reasons, though perhaps the least obvious one was in how it *thinned*. Even so, as my skin darkened? My genetic traits shifted so that I appeared more and more like an African American woman. Plump, red lips bloated above a rounded jaw, my nose became short yet wide, and eyebrows that darkened to black became bushy above a pair of small, round eyes. I looked *and* felt younger as energy returned to what was almost entirely the body of a *twenty-one-year-old* woman by this point.

“Nah, I must be misthinking things.” I wasn’t bothered by *any* of that, nor did I think twice about how casual my speaking style had become. The black of my eyebrows seeped into the hair on top of my head as soon as my scalp darkened. The color worked all the way through to my short tips, and those tips began to lengthen considerably in a process that was held back by those hairs coiling and growing both coarse *and* frizzy.

Whatever force was guiding my changes appeared to pull it all into a raised ponytail once that hair was braided into nearly ten dreadlocks with bright blue dyed into their tips. By *that* point, they reached down to my *ass*. Which was funnily a little closer *to* my scalp, since my height had slipped down from almost six feet tall to a mere 5’6” as part of my overall transformation.

My clothes appeared increasingly mismatched to the rest of my body. My pantlegs were way too small for the muscular thighs that were pushing out from within, yet because I was shorter they had bunched up at my knees. Meanwhile? A t-shirt meant for an overweight man was

forced to *empty* once the ebony tone spread up across my belly. Unneeded fat was cast into the void, stretch marks were erased, and muscles hardened until I had an impressive set of dark abs surrounding an attractively deepened navel.

My shirt was practically a *tent* on me by that point, but the slightest bit of space was reoccupied moments later. Just... not around my pinched in waist. To the contrary, it sought my flattened chest, where mounds formed into a pair of *very* perky *C-cup* tits, whereas in the back? The cheeks of my fitter bum expanded into a much perkier heart shape – making my rump far more impressive than my bosom. And I *knew* it. But who didn't love a sporty, spunky ninja like *me*?

I looked around. Where *was* I? I couldn't remember at all, which was weird as hell. *While* I looked around though? Those weird clothes were replaced by something more my style. A yellow bikini with matching sandals stuck out the most against my dark skin, and that yellow could also be seen in the sleeves of my short, purple jacket with the popped collar. Which looked *really* cool! I also had a red and yellow headband on to help keep my hair back, and there was a band around my left thigh to keep my cassette player fastened – with the earbuds *in* my ears, of course!

“Okay. I am *not* vibin’ with this room. Didn’t I have to get to a match or something anyways? At the beach? Yeah. Yeah! So, why am I here?” I could remember exchanging texts with Chun-Li about sparring! It was *crazy* work that we both just so happened to be going to the same resort for summer vacay, but it was a good opportunity to keep my skills sharp. As *Kimberly* the Ninjastar, staying in shape was def in my best interests! **“Whoa! Wait a sec—!?”**

I was pretty confused, ‘cause I suddenly found myself blocking a *super* thick leg strike from a pretty older woman. My feet dug into the sand of the beach, but uh... Wasn't I just hangin' in some guy's room? Or... **“Kimberly? Are you okay? You seemed kind of out of it?”** My attacked stopped her onslaught and dropped her guard. Wait, that was Chun-Li? So, I had gone out for our sparring match? Then what was all that about an apartment?



“Oh! Yeah! Sorry, let my head get away from me a sec. I’ve never actually sparred in a swimsuit before, so my balance felt a little outta whack.” I lied pretty quickly, but if there was another reason? I couldn’t really remember it anymore? Then it must not have really been all that important, right? **“But yeah! I’m good! Let’s just get back to it and then... What do you say to grabbin’ a board with me?”** Surfing took a lot of balance, so naturally I was *really* good at it.

Chun-Li took a step back to prepare herself again. I could tell from her posture that she was ready to resume, and I began to sway in place to the rhythm in my head as I did the same. **“Surfing? I haven’t done that in at least ten years. I’m not sure I’d be very good at it, but I’d need to rent a board. Winner of our little duel here pays? She can pay for *dinner* too?”** She gave me a sly wink. A little too old for me, but she was still *super* pretty.

“Alright, alright. But if that’s the case, I’m totally gonna win! And then I’m getting the deluxe dinner set!”

Fighting always made me *suuuuuuper* hungry!