

SUMMER SPOOKS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Depending on where you lived, the summer was either almost over or at least *half* over (or it could be winter depending on your hemisphere).

And yet? Three men had been talking about how *little* they had done with it over Discord. It was inevitable in a way. There were no longer children, teens, or even in their early twenties. They had responsibilities that they could ignore, they didn't have the energy they used to even if they wanted to, say, head out and have the time of their lives at the beach. Though, there were seasonal factors involved in their individual hesitation as well.

It had been a *very* hot summer. Even though all three of them lived in completely different places, that was a consistent fact that could not be understated. It was hard to have the energy to go out and do anything when the heat and humidity would just bear down on and exhaust you. Still, the conversation had been eye opening for them. Between Kay, Joseph, and Axel, they had all resolved to try and make an effort to get out and do *something* before the summer months came to an end.

What they decided to do was something that should have been up to each man individually; the locations and amenities available to them were unique depending on where they lived after all. But just as they were about to end their conversation for the night? A line of text sent by a fourth entity was sent into their group chat. The sender didn't even *try* to hide her identity, as 'HISA' was the display name and her icon was of an auburn, twin-tailed cat.

“If you guys want something to do, why not go to a beach party?”

Kay *had* been sitting on his bed when he'd read that message, and when his surroundings began to *warp*. It hadn't been a matter of him instantly teleporting from one place to another, but more like he'd been filtered through a distortion where the only thing that remained was *him*. His walls and floor melted away, revealing an orange sky above and a sandy shore below his feet. There was also a wooden *wall* to his right.

No, it wasn't a wall? It looked like one, but based on the music he could hear coming from the other side, it must have been behind a *stage*? "**Beach party...**" The message they had received in their Discord chat immediately came to mind once the man processed what had just happened. He was on a beach, and it certainly sounded like there was some kind of *party* going on – albeit obscured by the wood beside him.

That would explain the change in location, and considering the sender... well, Kay could only assume that he was in for a real 'surprise'. Unfortunately for him, there hadn't really been any *real* clues left on this occasion. Hisa was like that. She made it more obvious on some occasions, while on others she would leave them entirely in the dark. So, all he could do was *wait*.

He didn't really *need* to wait long. In fact, the effects of her magic were *already* in motion. It just wasn't strikingly obvious to him as he awaited something much more *dramatic* to make it clear. Still, there was the matter of his *hair*. It's normal dark color— Well, it was *still* dark. But the pigmentation shifted away from brown towards a color that was very different. A dark blue dye was applied to his hair as a whole, while on the other hand? His *roots* lightened considerably. It was long before they were *silver*, suggesting that the blue really *was* just a dye job.

And the fact that Kay's eyebrows and pubes all turned silver themselves *confirmed* that.

"As I figured, I can't move past this point." It was always interesting to see how Hisa's powers *worked*. He walked a little forward in the sand before hitting an invisible wall, wholly unaware that his hair color had changed. He also hadn't realized his hair was becoming a little *shaggier* with time, the length growing until it almost tickled his shoulders. It wasn't until it finally did tickle his shoulders that he reached a hand back to scratch what he thought *might* be a bug. **"Wait, that's my hair!"**

Kay wasn't *confused* by this. Knowing of the nekomata's powers, it was honestly more or less expected. He could feel that his hair was softer, and it now reached a couple of inches *past* his shoulders, but it wasn't

long enough to easily *see* aside from bangs that had crossed over his nose. At least from there he could identify the color. **“Blue? Who has blue hair that would coincide with a ‘beach party’?”** It really *was* still too vague. When he withdrew his hand, he could see that his fingers were shrinking. They were more feminine, and the nails not only inched longer but were slowly painted blue.

The shrinking *of* his hands was just a precursor before *everything else* shrunk, however. His bare feet had actually shrunk along *with* his hands, taking rounder heels and nails that had been cut much more neatly – but that went unnoticed once it finally occurred to him that his clothes were growing baggier and baggier. He was fairly tall as a man, meant to be almost six feet tall... and yet? **“Time to shrink, huh?”** His height was rapidly unwound until he was only 5’3”.

Aren’t I usually this tall, though? Kay’s left eye twitched as that thought crossed his subconscious. There wasn’t really any way to properly resist once the mental changes started settling in, but he was at least still ‘himself’ enough to recognize that he actually *wasn’t* meant to be that short. It helped that his pants and boxers had slipped off, so he was basically only wearing his shirt like a dress. It made it easier to remember that something was *inconsistent*. **“That’s not... Ah! My voice!?”**

It was *definitely* higher than it should have been! In fact, the young man could almost place it. But he wasn’t quite there just yet, and even if he *did* note it? His brain would probably immediately accept it as his ‘real’ name. Still, his transformation trekked on, affecting the face through which that higher pitch was communicated. Not only did his face gradually appear all the more feminine, but there was something much more *youthful* about it. The fuller lips, the smaller nose, the rounder cheeks; they were all *tighter, softer, and cuter*. Even as a dark green possessed his eyes and his Adam’s apple smoothed away, you could very much tell.

He looked like he was around *twenty four*, maybe?

“MMMMMMMN!?” Was that a squeak? A moan? Not even Kay seemed to make sense of it, but *her* thighs clamped together in tandem as if she was... *climaxing*? That wasn’t what was happening, but a wave of arousal had radiated from her loins courtesy of her sex changing and the push of silver pubes atop her new *pussy* shortening so they appeared neatly trimmed. **“That is not the type of noise I should be making in public! Geez!”**

But *why* had she made that noise? She didn’t feel horny or anything, and... Did she not realize her dick and balls had shrunk into her new

slit? She'd been on top of her changes before, but they were just *slipping her mind*. She didn't seem to view them as 'wrong' anymore, and that trend continued as her thighs thickened slightly beneath the base of her shirt. Their sponginess spread into butt, bubbling her cheeks out behind her as well. They weren't *excessive*, but they still pushed her hips a couple of inches apart from each other while her waistline pulled in.

It was plain as day that Kay was effectively a woman by this point, so it didn't really seem very strange when the front of her shirt began to tighten around her chest either. Weight pooled where none had been before, stretching skin around what amounted to a pair of *C-cup* tits that were as perky as they were full. The feeling of her swollen nipples rubbing against her shirt bothered her at first, but it was a short-lived conundrum.

“What am I... Oh!” Evidently, the young woman had taken notice of what she was wearing. It was *weird*. Or at least it *had* been. But all of a sudden? Her top shortened, the base pulling up to reveal a pair of *very* micro-orange shorts atop a black bikini bottom. It crept up farther to show off a toned tummy, but as the shirt's color paled to white and a design that read 'Sea' appeared in the front, the base of that shirt was tied *beneath* her chest so that her stomach was left bare. The top was translucent – enough so that you could see an orange bikini top through it, with black strap reaching over shoulders that were now bare as the top rested past them.

And this was all *without* noticing the bucket hat that appeared on her head, about an N-shaped hairclip, with her hair pulled into two short tails by scrunchies. Or that she was now wearing matching sandals.

Her eyes fluttered open and closed several times as the remaining memories of her past life drifted away, leaving new ones in their stead. **“Behind the stage... Behind the stage... I still don't even know who left me that note!”** Belle of Phaethon reached into one of the very shallow pockets of her swimming shorts in order to pull out a scrap of paper that was pinched between her index and middle fingers. The young woman's memories were *crystal clear* all of a sudden, even though she'd felt a little bit groggy just a second before! She gently opened the piece of paper to double-check what was written down.



*I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, SO MEET ME BEHIND
THE STAGE AROUND 8PM!*

The Proxy would have been lying if she said she didn't have an *idea* as to who had sent it based on the handwriting, but she wasn't going to just text her and call her out on it, either. She wanted to see what would happen! It had been a little after 7:30pm when she'd left her inn room, right? So, she was still a little early. She still had time! **"Maybe I should have brought my phone...? I have nothing to do in the meantime!"**

But as luck would have it? She ended up not being the *only* one behind the stage. This other person wasn't the one she had been expecting though, and for some reason? She immediately hid behind a bush before she was spotted.

Joseph was *much* more confused about what was happening when his surroundings distorted than Kay had been, largely because he hadn't been given the same clues. He wasn't standing *on* a beach, he was in the middle of an otherwise empty alleyway with a nearby exit that appeared to lead *to* a beach, and he could faintly hear music off in the distance. **"She clearly did this, but what's the context?"**

Truthfully, there was a disadvantage he possessed that the two other men hadn't been dealt at all. Well, maybe 'dealt' wasn't the correct word since it had been self-inflicted. He had gotten a little distracted from the Discord conversation and hadn't noticed that Hisa had said anything at all. And so, he could tell that something was *up*, but he didn't really have *any* context clues.

"So... What? I just wait, I guess?" The situation had all of Hisa's hallmarks. Teleport her victim to an isolated area where no one could see after presumably doing or saying something cryptic. Then again, he wouldn't have been surprised if it turned out she had just done this randomly for the love of the game. Though, his theory was right on the money. *All he had to do was wait.* Much like had been the case with Kay, he didn't need to wait very long.

"Woah!?" The man was thankfully close enough to one of the alley walls that he was able to fall towards it as his balance was stolen from him all of a sudden. He was meant to be in a similar height range as Kay (and Axel, evidently), but his sudden imbalance came courtesy of a sharp decline of that height. More plainly put; he had suddenly begun to *shrink* – which wasn't actually all that unexpected if you were familiar with the nekomata's antics at all.

These shed inches caused his clothing to fit all the looser, which made sense considering there was less and less of him to cover. Even if you considered the vertical losses that brought his shirt down over his shorts and eventually even *past* them, those losses were *horizontal* in areas too. Joseph's shoulders were the perfect example of this, as their olive-colored skin tightened as those shoulders slimmed. Incidentally? His chest and stomach did the same, though the latter more so than the former.

“I *guess* this is to be expected. And *that too!*” A sudden burst of energy had him blurting out his every thought all of a sudden, and despite the transformation he was suffering? The slightest smile played upon his lips; clearly an indicator that his mind was already beginning the assimilation process. In the meantime? While the *rest* of his body had been shrinking? There was a piece of it that had done the opposite. Contrary to smaller, cuter fingers or daintier, well-kept toes? The man's hips had flared outwards several inches, making it so that his shorts wouldn't slip off beneath his shirt.

Maybe it would have been wrong to refer to Joseph as a 'man' at this point, however. Not because he was biologically a girl (although the groundwork was clearly there), but because if you looked at his face? He almost didn't appear old enough to *qualify*. It was possible he was closer to the twenty year mark, but his face appeared significantly *younger*. He might have been easy to mistaken for around eighteen, but it was a little ambiguous beyond being in that ballpark.

He found himself clapping impulsively all of a sudden. **“*Transforming, though! That's like something a tanuki of legend could do~!*”** There was a higher pitch to his voice. It was certainly quite *maidenly*, but the young man hardly seemed to be bothered. In fact, his face gradually conformed to better match the sex his voice implied... and then some. His facial features softened, with his cheeks and chin rounding, his nose shrunk, and his eyes... not only did they widen *and* adopt an emerald color, but his eyelids smoothed until they were monolids with the corners pinched in.

Until he not only resembled a girl, but a *Japanese* one.

Joseph's olive skin rapidly paled towards a creamier, lighter shade, but that just made what was happening to his *hair* stand out all the more. His short, dark locks unfurled and cascaded out behind him. He noticed, but he just *shrugged it off* not only because it had been an inevitability, but because it felt *natural* to him to have longer hair. Like *much* longer hair. It fell all the way down past his hips with messy tips that caught

flame with a bright red that seeped all the way down to his roots in a matter of seconds, brand new ahoge and all.

And once that framework had finally been completely placed? **“H-Hey! That tickles!”** The *girl* giggled at a sensation that could only have been her cock and balls smoothing away, followed by the uncanny sensation of a new slit opening beneath a relocated bush of bright red pubes. **“I’m a girl!?”** Saying it aloud felt like she was stating the obvious, because honestly? **“Wait, I’ve always been a girl~! That’s silly!”** What else could she have been? A *dude*? Gross.

For some reason, her hearing was a little *off* though. Were things quieter than she remembered, or...?

The official changing of her sex invited the final wave of changes to her body. Her now shaved thighs thickened by several inches, bloating into fuller shapes that made better use of her widened hips, but her butt pushed against her roomy shorts until they were practically full again with her peach-shaped ass. The breadth of her lower half really stood out against her narrower waist, though her oversized shirt hid as much.

All that remained was the ballooning beneath her shirt. The flesh around her chest became tender initially, before surging out against the cloth, lifting it slightly as puffier nipples rubbed teasingly against her top’s underside. Before long, a pair of *D-cup* breasts had fully developed with a perkiness that only her newfound youth could afford. Not that she believed herself to be any younger. If anything, her birthday was coming up in November?

The final change, much like it had been for Belle, came for Joseph’s clothes. Her dark shirt tightened against her body so that you could readily make out its curvature, the colors lightening into the right half was pink, and the left half was white. The material tightened into a nylon and merged with her shorts and underwear, becoming a one-piece swimsuit with a design that made the bottom half look more like shorts. Her cleavage was left exposed by a few inches, while her socks transformed into platform sandals with notes of teal, pink, and white that also matched the other accessories on her new getup. A belted harness wrapped above and below her bosom, but it didn’t seem to be supporting anything at that moment

Otherwise? Aside from the sunglasses with heart lenses that now sat atop her red hair, the length of her locks had been tied into a pair of long, braided twintails by white ribbons. A curious device likewise appeared on her head’s left side and ran into her ear. A hearing aide, in all likelihood. The sounds of her surroundings *did* become clearer.

Ukinami Yuzuha of Spook Shack tilted her head curiously as the remaining haze that had beset her mind finally blew away. She placed an index finger cutely on her chin before a big smile spread across her face. **“Huh! That was weird~! Did I stay out too late with Alice last night or something?”** The best explanation she could come up with was that she’d just been tired, but honestly? She didn’t really care all that much. She just shrugged and started to skip down the alley towards the beach, where she’d eventually cross the road and head down to where the festival was being held.



“Even if I was tired, I’m not going to let anyone notice~!” And *especially* not the girl she was heading to the beach to meet up with! **“Tonight? We have important Spook Shack business to attend to! Or, well, she doesn’t know that! ...Nor does Manato, but I didn’t exactly invite him!”** It was very *private* business! It was weird, though! When she reached behind the stage where she intended on meeting up with this mystery person?

...Wasn’t that Belle hiding behind one of the bushes? *Why?* She wasn’t there *to* meet up with Belle though, so she just let her be for the time being. **“Is she still not here yet? Weird! It’s not like her to not arrive before me! ...Or am I early~? Maybe I’ll go hide too!”** And so, for *some* reason?

The tanuki girl ended up hiding behind a very different bush.

“WHAT ABOUT THIS SCREAMS ‘BEACH PARTY’!?”

Compared to Kay and Joseph, my reaction to my surroundings changing wasn’t nearly as calm and collected; largely because I couldn’t really make sense of *where* I was. I was in a public bathroom, that much was obvious, but based on the lack of urinals on any of the walls it was definitely not the room the *men* were supposed to use. That was actually the most expected part of it all – I actually would have been more confused *if* she’d warped me into a men’s room.

I just didn’t get where the whole beach party thing came into play? The only thing that really stood out to me in the bathroom aside from the

open stalls was a small bag on the sink. I checked it, since it wasn't like there was anyone else in the bathroom it could have belonged to. "**Ice cream?**" That's what it seemed to contain. Two covered cups of ice cream with a pair of wooden spoons. But why two?

The answer wasn't immediately clear to me, but simultaneously? By the time I knew the answer, Hisa surely would have conditioned me to not wonder about it in the first place. "**It's only a matter of time before— Ah.**" She must have been paying attention. Hisa had likely been *waiting* for me to make a comment and was now off giggling about it somewhere, because I could feel what was likely the most *obvious* change happening to my body at that moment.

I didn't want to give Hisa the satisfaction, so I didn't investigate with my *hands* at all, but I did look down to see that the sizable gut that pushed my shirt forward was melting away. Little by little it flattened as my body hair was shaved away. It didn't *only* affect my stomach, however. My chest, my arms and legs, and even my face; they all lost weight until my body wasn't just thinner, it was in *good shape*. My tummy's stretch marks were gone, for example, but it was also rather toned with muscle.

Knowing how she worked, I fully expected my height to be next. But it seemed that she had decided to throw a curveball in by altering a few things that were a little more difficult for me to register. Or they *would* have been if I hadn't been standing beside a giant bathroom mirror. I wasn't stupid enough to not check, and in the corner of my eye I saw these changes. "**Okay...**" I still didn't know *who* or *what* I was being transformed into, and watching my short hair lighten to a sandy blonde, or my eyes develop heterochromia as the left one became gold and the right one red. "**Why are my eyes so asymmetrical?**"

It was weird, sure. But why did I sound so *annoyed* by it?

Asymmetrical things SUCK!

I could tell that my skin looked a lot softer too, and it was also becoming subtly pinker. Yet, the change I had expected to experience before finally came to fruition. I began to shrink, the sight of the sink growing closer and closer to my eye level, throwing my brain off a little before I looked back up at my reflection. A shirt that was already *way* too big for me with all of that weight lost ended up reaching past my knees, and by the time I bottomed out at 5'2"? My track pants and boxers had slipped *right* off.

"**Ah. I'm really small...**" I'd been made smaller than this before... or I'd *been* smaller? *I was obviously smaller when I was a kid.* Wasn't that the only scenario where that kind of statement applied? Little by little,

my own mental state was being forced to conform to my appearance. What was *strange* gradually felt *normal*, and the idea that I might have looked different – much less the idea that there was a power capable of even *doing* that – was a concept that was slipping away.

Still annoyed by how asymmetrical my eyes were, I turned away from the mirror with a sulky expression now plastered all over my face. This incidentally denied me the ability to see how that sulky expression was *softening* and shifting, gradually making it so that I appeared cuter, prettier, and *younger*. It made sense. I'd shrunk so much that logically I was likely not the same age, and I'd surely dipped down into the same age range as Yuzuha. The poutier lips, rounder eyes, and smaller nose made me look pretty *adorable*, especially with how I was pouting.

“What was I even doing...?” I surely hadn't been in the bathroom just to get annoyed with my own appearance, right? In the meantime, my head was slowly tilting back here and there, burdened by a weight that I somehow didn't find odd, not even as the source of it tickled my shoulders and fell down my back like a waterfall. A waterfall of sandy blonde hair that was cut evenly at the centers of my shorter thighs.

Considering the fates of Kay and Joseph, that hair was an expected change. But my own fate featured an addition that theirs *hadn't*. My lengthier hair had concealed the ears on the sides of my head, but they ended up peeking out, oddly, a little higher on my skull. They continued to creep higher, and as they did so a sandy blonde *fur* spread around them, with brown at the tips and pink fuzz on their folding interior. They were short, but they looked like the ears of a rabbit – adding two inches to my overall height so I was *technically* 5'4” if you included them.

My red eye twitched. I felt a little *overwhelmed* and I couldn't place why. It took me a second to realize I was feeling *overstimulated*, another new problem with my changing mind. It happened easily, though in this case it came courtesy of my changing figure. The sensation of my shirt rubbing up against my bare chest was a little overwhelming, even if it no longer clicked to me that it felt that way because weight was pooling beneath my nipples, swelling them into *D-cups* that were just a little perkier than Yuzuha's.

On the other hand? My shirt was so big that the most I felt beneath a narrower waist was the slight tug of my hairless thighs thickening several inches, or my butt lifting the top a but, in the back, as it burgeoned into a tight peach shape. Even once my ass had finished growing, though? My shirt lifted higher *still*. Because a short and fluffy *tail* covered with blonde and brown hairs had sprouted. A cute little bunny tail. Yuzuha's favorite thing to grab suddenly, as I recalled.

I shook my head, trying to overcome that overstimulation so that I could clear my head and *leave*. And it seemed to *work*, but because the cause of that overstimulation was adjusted instead. My shirt tightened against my body, the material changing in color and fabric until it became a white, one piece swimsuit with a low neckline and a skirt, A pink apron with a satchel bult in hung from my waist, and I was lifted up by white flipflops beneath a pink band that was only around my right thigh. Yuzuha made me wear it as a prank... because why else would I wear something asymmetrical like that!? My hair was even restyled, pulled into thick twintails by reddish pink hair ornaments at the bottom. Round, gold bracelets also held my wrists, though I had a pink watch on my left arm too.

“**Oh. Right.**” I muttered a seemingly aimless affirmation under my breath as the fog that had clouded my mind cleared. I remembered *where* I was, *why* I was there, and also the fact that I was *Alice Thymefield* (Swimsuit Edition). I took a second to adjust my swimsuit in the mirror and then massaged my rabbit Thiren ears for a brief moment, before finally finishing my quick appearance check by giving my cheeks a light slap with both hands. “**Okay. I shouldn’t keep Yuzuha waiting.**”

And I *didn’t*! I scooped up the bag on the counter and practically hopped out the door to greet the evening summer heat. I looked over my shoulder to remind myself that I had been using the bathroom attached to the nearby convenience store before sprinting off across the road towards where the festival was being held. I didn’t go straight *to* the festival though but instead moved along its perimeter so that I could get behind the stage.



“**I guess I’m early?**” I couldn’t see anyone, so Yuzuha hadn’t shown up yet? That was what I’d *thought*, at least until I’d walked past a certain bush and—

“**BOO!**”

“**U-UWAH!?**”

I had *not* been expecting Yuzuha to leap out from behind that bush and grab me from behind! I blushed, both because I could feel her breasts pushing into my back and because she had ‘accidentally’ grabbed one of mine in the process. I managed to wriggle free (or she let me, at least) and spin around, but she pulled me into a frontward hug where she started planting kisses all over my face instead. **“We’re going to do that test of bravery tonight, right beautiful~!?”**

That *had* been the plan. I didn’t realize she was going to treat it like a *date*, but considering we’d recently started dating... B-But that wasn’t the point! I wasn’t used to PDAs just yet, and all of those public kisses were overstimulating me! **“Y-Yes! But please stop k-kissing me until we’re along, Yuzuha!”** At least I knew she would respect my boundaries when told.

“Oh~! Right! Sorry~!”

“Woah... Real life yuri... Is it disrespectful to say that?” Because Belle had been waiting for the other half of her secret rendezvous, she’d watched Yuzuha *and* Alice show up one after the other. And now? Watching them kiss and flirt? She couldn’t help but himejoshi the heck out! Fortunately for her, she didn’t *need* to sit on the sidelines. She could enjoy a little yuri of her own thanks to a tap on her shoulder. **“Oh, Vivi— WHOA!?”**

She was immediately pulled up by the arm and into a hug by a short, purple haired woman dressed in gothic Lolita fashion. **“Lord Phaethon~! Why are you staring at them when you could stare at me~?”** As she’d thought, this had been the sender of her secret letter! ...And neither of them realized that she had *been* Hisa, accidentally caught up in her own trap.