

SEPTEMBER IS SUMMER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph had *no* idea what was going on.

One moment? He had been entering through the front door of his house, and the next? The room he'd found himself in was *not* his front hallway, not by a long shot. “**What the—?**” It had definitely been enough to make him do a double take back at the door he'd entered through, finding a solid oak door closed behind him that *hadn't* been the door he had entered through in the first place.

“**Surely *that's* not possible?**” The man's immediate reaction was to assume that maybe he'd fallen asleep. This situation had all of the hallmarks of a dream, didn't it? Implausible events, a momentary out of body experience—Wait, when had he felt that? When he'd suddenly changed locations? Well, no, he still didn't have any proof that this was the case. In fact, if this was all some sort of lucid dream? It felt a little *too* real. His senses all seemed too *sharp* for it to be a dream.

Building on his suspicions, he couldn't really figure out *why* he would dream of a place like the one he had found himself in to begin with. The back wall was basically one huge window that overlooked a beach of white sand and sparkling blue waves. It almost felt a little *too* picturesque, more like something you would find in a tourism video than the state you'd find an *actual* beach in. There were chairs and umbrellas set up, but no one was there?

That lack of tourists could also be felt in the room itself, though. There were rows of empty chairs on the nearest wall, and in the center of the spacious chamber was a small stage. It didn't appear to be set up for music or theater, but *gymnastics*? There was a balancing beam, hoops,

and pink streamers all set up to grabbed with ease. It felt like an odd thing to have set up beachside, but depending on where in the *world* this 'dream' took place...

RATTLE, RATTLE...

“No good, huh?” All things considered, Joseph’s first plan of action had involved trying to open the door behind him and head through. If it was the door that had *magically* brought him there, then it made sense that he should be able to use the door to *return*, right? That plan of action was dashed by the door being *locked*. It looked like there was a set of double doors leading out to the beach down by the stage, though. **“Giving this the benefit of the doubt that it *isn’t* a dream, I should try and find someone to talk to.”** If he could figure out *where* he was, then that would be a start.

The door he’d entered through was raised, so he had to walk down about ten stairs before deciding to cut across the stage itself since that seemed to be faster. He had been so careful not to interact with anything, which was why it was all the stranger when he *tripped*. **“Whoa!?”** He managed to land on his side without sustaining any injury, but looking back at his feet? One of them had gotten tangled in one of the pink gymnastics’ ribbons? *How?* It was so pink that he *definitely* would have seen it laying there!

Okay, so what though? He’d tripped, and with a little wiggling he’d managed to shake the ribbon off his legs. All he had to do was *get up*, but... **“H-Huh?”** Joseph quickly realized that the act wasn’t going to be as easy as it probably *should* have been. Trying to lift *any* part of his body felt impossible. Like it was being weighed down? No, it was more like his body *itself* was much heavier than normal. **“What’s going on?”** He deigned to think that it was impossible for just a second... but wasn’t everything about this situation already impossible in the first place?

With a little bit of effort, the man was able to pull his knees closer to his torso as he laid on his side with his arms flopped overtop each other. It was when he looked down to examine these knees and the legs attached (because he was wearing shorts) that something finally stood out as *odd* to him. **“My... *skin?*”** What he’d noticed was twofold. First: his olive complexion wasn’t so *olive* any longer. It was paler and pinker, and like the second thing he noticed, that this skin was now hairless and softer looking, this applied to all of his body’s skin. When had this happened? Almost immediately after he’d fallen.

It was just a *small* part of what was actually happening, though. Joseph managed to pull his knees even closer, but in doing so? His socks suddenly slipped off? What it revealed was feet that were... *smaller*? No,

it wasn't a matter of the man noticing too late like he had with his complexion. His feet were *getting* smaller as he watched, toes growing dainty and any blemishes in the cut of his nails evening away. It was only them that he realized these smaller feet were still drawing closer to his body... even though he wasn't consciously moving them.

“Wait, why are my legs...?” It was *already* at the point where he was beginning to have difficulties keeping track of everything that was happening to his body. From what he could tell after observing for a moment... he was *shrinking*? And not just a little bit, either. His feet were constantly pulling closer to his torso, and that torso was shortening in kind. He'd *been* almost six feet tall, but before long he couldn't have been more than 5'1", sitting in a pile of clothes that probably would have fallen off if he'd been able to stand upright.

Where his inability to keep up with everything came into play was regarding his lower body, though. Joseph could hardly be faulted for not noticing. After all, his shorts now reached past his knees. But his paled thighs? They were just a *little* bit chubbier now, as was the back of his seat where his ass had swollen into a bubblier shape. His hips had even inched a little wider, ultimately giving his lower body a gait that was arguably more femin— **“EEP!?”**

It wasn't really 'arguably' any longer, for the high-pitched squeak that escaped *her* lips signaled the end of her biological masculinity. Her cock and balls had gone the way of the dinosaurs: *extinct*; replaced with a woman's pussy while her face rapidly confirmed to better match what existed – or *didn't* exist – between her legs. Not only did her face soften into femininity with fuller lips, a smaller nose, rounder cheeks, and larger eyes, but there was a clear lean in these features to making her look *younger*, like a girl in her *late teens*.

And a *Japanese* girl at that, based on how her eyes, which pinkened in color, pinched in at the corners and became monolid. **“Wh-What's happening now? M-My voice? It sounds...?”** She wanted to say that it sounded *wrong*, and hadn't something just happened between her legs? But... whatever was happening to her, it had finally begun to seep into her *mind*. Perhaps it was unrelated, but the sight of her short, dark hair lightening to a pale purple almost *felt* related considering its proximity to her brain. That dyed hair soon grew out in excess too, with the bangs tickling the tops of her eyes and spilling out into a pile behind her that would have likely reached her ankles if she'd been able to stand upright.

That said... it *was* getting a little easier to move. **“I-I think I should be able to get up soon!”** Not that the girl could remember why she was incapable of doing so in the first place. Wasn't she like *super strong*?

Way stronger than a human? This belief was slowly becoming a reality courtesy of the *Saint Graph* that was being applied to her person, though the process of getting up was going to be met with two *very large hurdles* in the immediate future. “**Wh-Wha!?**”

It had all happened so fast that Joseph was hardly even able to process it. The shirt that had been hanging so baggily off of her smaller torso suddenly *exploded*, and that wasn't even rhetorical. Mass swelled in great excess from within *very* quickly, and it only took a few seconds for the fabric to wrap around a pair of breasts that were *already* as big as her head – and then tear open as that mass not only doubled but *tripled* from that point on. Nipples that were twice as big as her eyes bounced into view, mounted upon jiggling tits that were practically *Z-cups* that otherwise obscured her view downward. Their weight alone made moving difficult.

“I wish they weren't so big... Wh-What if someone sees me? That'd be so embarrassing!” The girl was speaking like they had *always* been that size, though. Much to her relief, they weren't bare for long. A hot pink, long sleeved leotard wrapped around her torso, and the ribbons that had once bound her legs slithered up to tie her hair into a ponytail. It was here that you might assume that her transformation would be completed, right? But you would have been wrong. With her newfound strength, she managed to push herself up onto her butt. But with her palms planted on the ground on either side of her? **“E-Eh? What now?”** She found herself incapable of lifting them again...

Her pink eyes stared down. Could she really not register what should have been obvious? Her hands were *swelling*. They were *hardening*. They were *darkening*. All in the service of making them appear more and more inanimate, like increasingly large prosthetics. Her skin eventually disappeared, leaving shimmering silver crystal to grow out further and further around her. Fingertips sharpened into claws, while her wrists expanded out into guards and everything up to her elbows became artificial. She could move them freely, but her sense of touch had been lost. Still, she knew *how* to wield them.

Even though each one was *larger* than her actual body.

It had taken almost the entirety of the moment that the girl had managed to get back up to the moment that her transformation had completed for the *mental* side of things to finally steal away any willingness on *Passionlip*'s part to leave the stage, much less the room itself. Where there had once been a desire to find answers, she had instead been brainwashed into believing that she was on this island, this *resort*, for summer fun that would *never* end! **“Th-That's weird though, I feel like I'm forgetting something...?”**



Well, if she'd forgotten it, then maybe it wasn't all that important in the first place? She shrugged it off using this logic and instead began to process of swinging her gigantic, prosthetic arms over to pick up some of the pink ribbon sticks that had been strewn about. Lip had never considered herself to be much of a gymnast before. With her body so *big*, it had been something of a pipe dream. But now? With her summer Saint Graph? There were so many things she could do that she couldn't before!

“Anyways... I need to practice! If I'm going to put on a summer show tonight, then...!”

It was an odd thing to prioritize doing at a beach resort, though.

I didn't have the foggiest idea as to why I was standing *alone on a beach of white sand* all of a sudden, nor did I understand how it had suddenly become evening as the orange glow of the setting sun revealed. The scent of salty ocean water made me certain I *wasn't* dreaming, largely because I'd had plenty of lucid dreams in the past and *none* of them had involved being able to *smell*. “**I... How?**” I had several questions, but that was probably the most burning one.

From what I could remember, I'd been playing FGO, and I'd wished I'd had more time to grind the most recent JP summer event after lamenting that it was already September and summer was over? ...Little did I know that I had accidentally been the catalyst for what had happened to Joseph, and for what was about to happen to *me*. “**What should I do...?**” There was clearly a resort behind me, so maybe I could find someone there? So, I could figure out a way to leave?

But why would I want to leave?

It was a question that should have had an *obvious* answer, right? Why would I *want* to stay when I didn't understand how I had arrived there in the first place? But I couldn't deny the sensation of *longing* that I felt. One that grew in tandem with the colors of my eyes changing. Their slowly changed to shine with a dark pink, and the blacks of my pupils not only inverted to white but expanded into a pair of Xs – not *human* pupils by any stretch of the imagination.

“I need to find a way to— *La~!?*” I had to find a way to *what?* I'd obviously planned on finishing that sentence with a word, and not a *note*. That sudden compulsion to sing wasn't something I could explain, but in terms of unexplainable events... it was hardly the most *pressing*. After all, on a much more *physical* note? I felt a pressure begin to build at the base of my spine. For a brief moment it had crossed my mind that perhaps I needed to pass gas and had simply misunderstood where the feeling had come from, and yet...

My head whipped around so that I could try and get a good look down at my rear. And no sooner than I managed to do so did I watch something *slither* out from between my pants and my shirt. **“A-A tail!?”** It certainly wasn't a *furry* one. It was covered with glistening, blue *scales* that shone all the more brilliantly the longer it grew out behind me, but with my attention cast so blatantly *on* my tail? I didn't notice a coinciding change that would have been much more obvious otherwise.

Plainly put: the longer my tail grew, the *thinner* I became. Every inch of it led to my bulging stomach becoming flatter, my arms and thighs growing thinner, and my face becoming *leaner*. It was almost as if all that fat was being used to fuel the growth of this tail, which was almost *eight feet* long by the time my body's shape had become something that wasn't only perfectly trim, but also a little narrower around the waist than you would have expected even from a *thin* man of my age.

“Why do I have a... *Oh~!?* My voice~!?” I had to leave the thoughts regarding my new appendage behind for the time being, although it now whipped back and forth behind me as my attention traveled elsewhere. It would only be a few moments before I subconsciously accepted it as something that had *always* existed upon my body, just as I hadn't questioned why my clothes were now so loose. In fact, they were soon even *looser* once my nearly six-foot height dropped down to a mere 5'3", rendering my hands and feet daintier and more effeminate in the process.

I couldn't help but add a melodious hum to my words here and there. Words that had caught my attention because of how high and soft they had sounded initially. It didn't cross my mind to touch my own face, which now that it was thinned? It pivoted into femininity with widened

eyes, fuller lips, a narrower nose, and raised cheekbones. There was something almost haunting beautiful about it that was enhanced not only by a pair of ears that slowly pulled longer into points on the sides of my head, but also by *eyebrows* that became short, bushy, and *bright blue*? “*Hm...*”

I felt *confused*. Had something just been *wrong*? Was something *changing*? The effects of the Saint Graph that had been forced on my body had begun to reshape my mind much sooner than had been the case for Joseph. Every change felt *odd* for just a moment, but then I’d forget even being confused by it in the first place. This trend continued even with my most dramatic change yet – as the blue from my round brows seeped into the dark hair on top of my head, and that hair grew so long and thick that it spilled all the way down to the ground all around me, almost like a bright blue waterfall in the back *and* on the sides of my head.

“*La~!*” Another note escaped my plush lips, this one with intent behind it. It felt like the easiest way to express myself somehow? Words... even though I was fluent in a human language, it somehow felt a little harder to *use* them than it used to be? I couldn’t fathom *why*, and it didn’t really bother me anyways. It didn’t strike me at *all* that what had prompted me to sing a note was the capitulation of my dick to the transformation, as it not only smoothed away, but allowed for a *woman*’s pussy to open between my legs. Legs that, as it turned out, were pushed farther away from each other courtesy of my widening hips.

But could you really say my sex had *changed* if I believed I’d always been a woman in the first place?

The rest of my body certainly conformed to the idea quickly. Weight pooled into my thighs and ass, seeing to it that they thickened with a supple plushness that could easily be described as ‘sexy’. There was a *mature* appeal to my thickened legs, like I had the perfect lap to rest your head upon for an ear cleaning. In fact, the idea of cleaning some poor child’s ears sounded *very* appealing to me all of a sudden! And my peach shaped rump had just enough sag to it to suggest I was probably in the middle of my *thirties* in terms of physical age.

My tummy had toned when I’d lost all that weight, but my torso hadn’t *permanently* been robbed of all of its softness. Now that I was a pretty woman, it was to be expected that some of that mass would return... just a little *higher* up on my torso. My pink nipples had grown puffier under my shirt first, and once they had perked up suitably? Flesh pooled beneath them, lifting my shirt around the *F-cup* bosom, maternal by design, that jiggled to life above.

I shook my head as if to clear it, and my massive mane's weight didn't feel quite as burdensome as it used to. That was no surprise, because I was now effectively a *Servant*. Not even the jagged horns that grew out from behind my pointed ears, green in color but curved in shape as they curled down past my shoulders, felt inherently *heavy*. I had all of the strength in the world to accommodate them. Though, they did pair nicely with the golden scales that surfaced upon my hips aesthetically, while a blue tattoo could be seen beneath my navel with my tits lifting my shirt up.

Though, my belly was then left *completely* bare. My old outfit was stripped away entirely, leaving in its place a blue bikini with translucent, black fabric that I wore both as a skirt and over my shoulders. My hair was pulled up and tied behind me so that it seemed even *fuller* as it fanned out to the sides, while blue heels lifted my meagerer height up a couple of inches higher. None of this felt strange to wear. In fact, I could remember choosing the outfit myself as part of my summer Saint Graph!

“**La, La~♪**” I wasn't quite sure what it was about the calm waves crashing against the beach under the glow of the setting sun that had me in the mood to sing a few notes, but I did feel happy overall. As a *Tiamat* that had been blessed with the chance to spend a normal summer as a self-imagined big sister, I couldn't have asked for a better experience, much less one that didn't seem like it would end anytime soon. Not a single thought had crossed my mind that I might have been brainwashed, or that I had been a man before this.



How could someone mistake *this* figure, the figure of the mother of humanity itself, for a man's body in the first place? If someone had posed the idea to me, I certainly would have giggled at the thought. “**Oh!**” A realization led to me clapping my hands together as I waded out towards the water, stopping only once its cool wetness reached up to

my ankles. It had been bothering me that I felt like I had been forgetting something important! This *had* been my past identity, but it wasn't what my brain had come up with. **"I need to leave for the show soon~!"**

That cute little Passionlip had decided to put on a gymnastics show for everyone that night in the staging building that was just behind her, between the beach and the resort itself. I was always eager to see what the younglings were up to, and as the Servant at this resort who exuded the most 'big sister energy', it was practically an obligation for me to attend and cheer her on!

Was it a shame that neither Joseph nor I would remember what had happened? That we would never find out we had been brainwashed into accepting a life on an eternal summer vacation as a pair of pretty girls? Perhaps objective, but subjectively? It wasn't like we were unhappy! We would certainly savor this time... at least until Chaldea came to rescue us, if that day ever came!

Until then? September was summer. As was October, November,
December...