

SUMMER'S OVER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I guess I have to go back to school soon...”

“I keep telling you, you can quit school and come work for me!”

Alice Thymefield chuckled at the suggestion made by her friend, Ukinomiya Yuzuha as the two walked towards the changing area of the Fantasy Resort where they had been both working *and* enjoying time off over the summer. They were *already* in their swimsuits as the sun set outside, tragically suggesting that they were doomed to return to their normal clothes and return to their mundane, regular lives. **“It’s okay! College isn’t *that* hard. I’ll have enough free time to hang out with you still.”**

“You *better*!” Hearing those words from Yuzuha certainly made Alice feel all warm and fuzzy. They had only met recently, but hadn’t they gotten *very* close *very* quickly? Alice was beginning to wonder if perhaps she’d caught feelings for the rambunctious tanuki-loving prankster. **“Hey! Let’s go get ice cream once we’re changed! Just ‘cause summer’s ending, doesn’t mean we can’t give it one last hurrah! Though I *do* wish we could spend more time together once summer’s over. Working at the same place *would* be super cool!”**

Yuzuha had said these things as both girls stepped towards different stall doors in the changing room. She’d expected Alice to agree with the sentiment, but she didn’t exactly receive a response. How could she have? **“Uh...? Huh? Didn’t I just walk into the changing stall!?”**

Because after passing through the door, she was *not* where she had expected to be at *all*.



The red-headed young woman whipped her head around wildly. She was standing in an *office*? It was pretty fancy, with a mahogany desk and a name plate – though the text on it was smudged? A computer, a bookshelf, and behind her? A closed door that looked like it led into a proper office area with cubicles. It looked busy in there! **“Uh... What are they gonna say if a girl in her swimsuit suddenly walks out of their boss’s office?”**

Had there been a *rift* or something on the other side of the cubicle door? She had *no* idea how she had ended up there! But there were other strange things she noticed too, like how through the window she could see that the sky was blue. It looked like it was early morning? Though, based on the view, she *was* still in Failume Heights. **“Wait... isn’t this the office building that Porcelumex uses? Did that Damian guy kidnap me or something?”**

No, that didn’t seem right. It had been too... *instantaneous*? There had to be a power at work here that she wasn’t familiar with.

And it wasn’t long before she received direct proof of that.

“Mm?” Up until this point, it had naturally all been very *strange* to Yuzuha that she had suddenly been warped, but she hadn’t really been given much of a reason to show concern about her own safety otherwise. But that quickly changed when the young woman realized something was *off*. Her swimsuit felt *tight*? The one-piece was pulling against her hips and shoulders, almost like someone had grabbed the center of the spandex around her tummy and were pulling in towards her belly sharply.

That wasn’t *literally* what was happening of course, and she struggled to properly identify what really *was* the issue at first, and she bent forward to try and look past her breasts. **“What’s going on down—UWAH!?”** Just as she was about to give up, though? Small tears began to form within the spandex just above her hips, and it wasn’t long before they connected and wrapped *all* the way around her torso, allowing the

top half of the swimsuit to separate from the bottom, making it look more like she was wearing swim shorts as her bellybutton was rendered bare. “**H-Huh!?**”

Yuzuha must have blinked about *ten* times with disbelief, and she didn’t even notice how her toes were now curling *over* the edges of her sandals. She didn’t know what to think, but once she calmed herself down and looked around, it occurred to her. “**I’m taller!?**” She’d *been* 5’4” – a perfectly acceptable height for a girl in her very early twenties. But she must have been around 5’9” now? No, what was strange was that she *knew* she was 5’9”!

“**How is this...? Oh. I should calm myself down first...**” It felt very *unprofessional* to be acting so uppity in a workplace; something that definitely wouldn’t have bothered the woman normally. And yet? Her silly expression slowly became all the more stern, both because she was beginning to *act* sterner, but also because her face’s design just came across that way in the first place. She hadn’t merely grown taller, but as her facial features were suggesting...

It was a matter of growing *older* as well. The swell of her lips, the flaring of her nostrils, the wear to her skin... She rapidly advanced up into her *thirties*, stopping at the midway point between them and forty at *thirty-five*. Yuzuha’s mind felt groggy in that moment as an additional decade and a half of memories and knowledge were forced into her mind along with it, and at the end? The office felt all the more familiar... even if her own reflection might have appeared more *foreign*. Because her eyes weren’t supposed to be that narrow, nor were they supposed to be a bright blue. Her face’s entire shape was too long even without the enhancements her changed age brought.

She just didn’t look like Yuzuha at *all* save for her bright red hair, and strands of what appeared to be a bright blue had already infiltrated their visage, making it look as if she had toothpaste-themed highlights for a moment. There might have been a strategy RPG protagonist out there capable of pulling that hair color combination off, but a thirty-five-year-old woman couldn’t really manage it. Which was why it was relieving in a way that this blue eventually overtook *all* of the hair on her body (including the thickening bush between her thighs) as her braided twintails unraveled with the hair shortening and thinning.

“**I’m at the office...?**” Yuzuha spoke for the first time in a short while as she sized up her surroundings. She spoke of it like she was *overly* familiar with it now, the alterations to her memories calming her reaction to her transformation. Taking things a step further? Even the first twenty years of her memories were now conforming to match up

with the latter half. She could recall growing up wealthy, being spoiled; things that were just *not* true before.

But while she *was* taller and clearly much older? Her body had yet to properly catch up in any meaningful way... until *this* particular moment. “**Erm?**” The uncanny sight of her hips pushing almost *six* inches wider overall forced the woman’s knees to buck, and that widening appeared to pull her tummy so that it was broader in kind. Weight bled into her belly, giving her gut the slightest lip – though this was courtesy of her age more than anything.

In fact, most of her weight would have a *slight* sag to it. Based on the opinions of some, she was already ‘past her prime’, but she wasn’t really so old that it sagged *that* much yet. Nonetheless, it was still something to keep in mind as her relatively bare thighs practically *exploded* with added weight, much to the dismay of the strap worn around her right one. It didn’t take long at all for that strap to *snap* clean off, rubber flying off into the corner of the room.

Plenty of space had been left between her legs with her hips so much wider, but her thighs ended up occupying *most* of that space. They gingerly touched each other beneath her pussy by the time they’d *quadrupled* in girth, with the excess bleeding into her rear end where her ass cheeks burgeoned out into an enticing heart shape. The lower half of her swimsuit could *not* keep it together with all of this added weight though, and before long it exploded into— Wait, no.

Before that could come to pass, a blue pencil skirt, black tights, blue thong, and black heels covered her lower body.

“**Why do I look so *disheveled*? I have a reputation to uphold here.**” Yuzuha, if that was even still her name, couldn’t even deny that she was a little *aroused* too. Her changed memories suggested that this was a common occurrence considering a certain condition she had. But was ‘disheveled’ really the first thing that came to mind when she looked at herself? She wasn’t concerned about how *thick* her lower half was? She didn’t care that she was literally *watching* her own breasts follow suit.

No, ‘breasts’ felt like *too* polite of a word for what was actually happening to them. The cleavage window her swimsuit’s upper half allowed tore *straight* down the neckline in a matter of seconds as the C-cups that were housed within them *ballooned* with mass. Fat sloshed around inside them as they completely escaped containment, revealing nipples that were as big as her eyes before flopping against her torso as a pair of veiny *J-cups*.

Not that they remained exposed for long. Their vaguely saggy forms were pulled up into a *huge* black bra beneath a button up, sleeveless, white shirt that was tucked into her skirt. The top button was hanging on for dear life with Yuzuha's tits so *huge*, but you could see a peak of her cleavage *and* her bra between it and the button below. Her blue hair fell completely loose seconds later with her hair ornaments removed, and the finishing touch? A badge that hung from her neck with her picture *and* her new name present on it.

To the woman herself, this all felt 'accurate'. It was exactly how she *expected* herself to look at *work*.

"I guess it's just about time for me to do my rounds." The woman in charge of the Porcelumex Failume Heights Office Branch, *Sasaki Emika*, adjusted the plaque on the desk that listed her name before casting her attention back towards the door to where everyone who worked under her was posted. She already had such an important job at the age of thirty-five, but she had been raised to lead from a young age. The Sasaki family was *very* important within TOPS, and Emika had practically been born with a silver spoon in her mouth with how rich and powerful her parents were.



Their investments in Porcelumex led to Emika rapidly jumping up the corporate ladder after graduating from a TOPS-sponsored college, but her sharp business acumen and professional demeanor made her the perfect fit even without the nepotism angle. Despite have a buxom figure that had her peers, both men and women alike, ogling her on occasion, she had whipped the office into shape, and everything ran like a well-oiled machine.

"HEYA EMIKA-CHAN!"

...Well, *almost* everything.

"U-Um? Uh...?" Alice didn't know *what* to do. She found herself in a situation *very* similar to Yuzuha's own, and in fact she was only about forty feet away from where Yuzuha had turned up. But she *wasn't* afforded the privacy of an office at all. She had appeared in one of the office building's cubicles, surrounded by the hustle and bustle of an



active office space. Not only was she still a college student and unqualified to work there, but she was also still dressed in her swimsuit!

It was strange though. She stood in front of a tiny desk, standing and looking around, but even though she'd received a short glance here and there? No one appeared to acknowledge that there was a girl that *shouldn't* have been in that cubicle standing there, lost and confused. **“W-Wait, Porcelumex?”** While looking around, she finally noticed a familiar logo painted onto a nearby wall.

Of all the places to be there... After tricking Damien with that patent... Had he set this up to get his revenge?

Not that she didn't doubt that she'd make the perfect employee if hired.

“Urp!?” Now, Alice was pretty good about upholding the ladylike image that was expected of a daughter of the Thymefield family. If she ever had to pass gas? She did so *gracefully* and *secretively* so that no one would notice. That was why she looked so alarmed when she suddenly burped loudly and seemingly randomly, though looking around? No one in the office appeared to be paying any attention to her still. One hand reached down to rub her belly, because the burp had come courtesy of a sudden onset bloating sensation, but...

Well, if Alice had been trying not to draw attention to herself? **“EEK!?”** That loud screen probably hadn't done herself any favors. Once again her head whipped around. Even *then*, nobody was looking at her? Not to mention she didn't realize that the heterochromia in her eyes was fading. The red and golds of her irises dulled to a light brown within a pair of eyes that pinched in and became hooded... so that they appeared *Japanese* like Yuzuha's. Of course, she hadn't and *couldn't* notice any of that, so that wasn't what had made her cry out.

“What? What? Whaaaaaat?” She'd screamed because her tummy had felt tender and distended. When she returned her attention *back* to it? She was left poking at flesh that was *clearly* bulging against the pink apron she was wearing overtop her white, one-piece swimsuit. The spandex underneath the apron was *clearly* straining too, and it didn't show any signs of stopping anytime— **“WAH!?”**

Alice's morale did *not* improve. Was it because her tummy was getting bigger? She wasn't certain. She could just tell that her hips were *slipping wider*, and her knees were slowly buckling in a way that was forcing her to continuously adjust her posture – something that felt stranger the heavier she became. It was a problem that became all the more unsettling when she realized it wasn't *just* her tummy that was gaining weight. Looking down, she could see that her exposed thighs were...

“FAT!?” That probably wasn't the most tasteful word to use, but with her belly now protruding about two inches over her pelvis so that her swimsuit finally tore, she couldn't help but worry about the worst-case scenario as she watched her upper legs do the same. The weight that they gained was (literally) expansive, with her skin pulled tight around their burgeoning forms before *loosening* moments later. Stretch marks could vaguely be seen etched into them while each thigh approached her *belly* in width, and in the back? The lower half of her swimsuit was slowly forced deeper into the crack of an ass that was very much the same.

Ridiculously swollen, both from a life sitting behind an office chair and from some particularly good genetics when it came to a woman's body.

Even Alice herself couldn't admit that it was a *little* nice, even though her swimsuit's front was riding the hell out her cameltoe. So much so that you could see strands of her thicker, redder pubes pushing out from behind the flap of white... though the swimsuit's skirt kind of hid as much. **“I mean... For a woman of my age... I'm sure most would *obvs* be envious!”** The increasingly Japanese woman's eyes blinked.

What had she just said? Was that how she normally sounded? Her voice was more mature, huskier, but there was also a vapid undertone to *how* she spoke. But it didn't really sound *wrong*? Well, that made more sense when you got a look at her *face*. Her Japanese eyes aside? As her body had thickened? It had also *matured*. Weight pooled in her cheeks to suggest that she was just the slightest bit overweight for a woman of her age, but her slips swelled until they *almost* appeared fake, and her nose's design flattened a little. All in all? She looked like a woman in her *early thirties* herself.

And if it wasn't already apparent? Any traces of Alice's existence in that appearance were rapidly disappearing. While the bottom half of her torn swimsuit was replaced by a plaid skirt over a pink thong and tan-colored heels? The same shade of red that had been apparent in the woman's now wild bush of pubic hair surfaced in the hair on top of her head. As her natural, sandy blonde color was eventually cannibalized? That length of hair shortened until she only had a messy, chin-length bob.

Not even her Thiren features were spared. Bunny ears slipped down to her head's sides as they balded and shortened into a round pair of human ears, and her bunny tail? Well, it practically disappeared in an *instant*.

“OH~! Right, I’m at work, hehe!” Compared to how Emika had turned out, this new Alice appeared to be much laxer in terms of personality. Even though her own chest was now gaining weight as the final part of her physical transformation was finally bestowed upon her, as her tits muffined against the low neckline of her swimsuit top until they *escaped*, H-cup melons bouncing into view with perky, puffy nipples, she didn’t seem to *care*? In fact, present among the new memories that adjusted her age internally was a major absence of *shame*.

She felt *used* to showed off her skin, which was why it was more of a *bummer* to her that her bare tits were promptly covered by a sleeveless, tan turtleneck over a pink bra. The turtleneck was still so tight that you could see the pink of the bra *through* it. But there was also her own office badge hanging from her neck too.

Hirata Ai was *not* the perfect employee by any stretch of the imagination. The thirty-three-year-old woman, while having been a part of the office for almost as long as her senior, Emika, was a recurring issue for her superior. While she was quite a bit older than most of the office workers, she was *too* carefree and extremely open when it came to her body. There was only one woman in the whole office that had a better figure than her, and that was Emika.

“Well! No better time for a break then right this second!” She suddenly exclaimed like it wasn’t only 8am and she hadn’t been on the clock since 7. Contrary to Emika, Ai grew up in a poor family and in her late teens had taken to doing all sorts of naughty things to get by. But then? She’d somehow landed this job! ...Namely because one of the higher ups had been into her, and he was long gone now.



She made a beeline for the manager’s office, lifting her skirt to give one of her coworkers a peek at her pink thong before slipping into the office with a loud:

“HEY, EMIKA-CHAN!”

The tall, blue-haired beauty turned to look at Ai as she closed the door and fidgeted with the blinds on the window pointed towards the inner office until they were closed. “**I was just about to do my rounds, Ai, not right now...**” Ai wasn’t perfect, but Emika had a flaw of her *own*. Despite her serious demeanor, she was secretly *hypersexual*. She just hid it well. Ai was the only person who had figured it out, and the two had a *very* intimate relationship both outside of work and *inside* of it. As these special ‘meetings’ of theirs had become more common.

Despite workplace policy.

“Aww, but I gotta get back to work soon! You’ve got time for a quickie, right? I *know* you’re in the mood!”

“...F-Fine.”

But hey. At least *this* way, both ‘Yuzuha’ and ‘Alice’ would no longer have to spend less time together now that summer was over. They’d been spending more time together than ever!