

SUMMER DUTIES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Fufu... I suppose I could help you!”

It was hard to say if the swimsuit-clad Kiara Sessyoin was actually planning on acting the part of a good Samaritan on that particular sunny day. Could it be that the beach had put her in a good mood? It was certainly *possible*, seeing as the circumstances were surprisingly light for a change. She had been summoned to summer-themed Singularities in the past, but this was the first time she had been summoned to a *Japanese* beach resort in particular. Usually, they were sent to Hawaii or somewhere more tropical!

There was also the fact that there hadn't been any signs of danger just yet. Rather than a conspiracy making itself known early on during their stay, Chaldea's systems hadn't picked up anything of concern over the course of the three days that they had been there thus far. Everything had been quite... relaxing! And everyone had seemingly been having a good time. But that was why the sad visage of Voyager had given the Mooncancer pause.

This Foreigner had been mourning the fact that the friend he had apparently come with had buried her face in part-time work rather than taking any time for herself or playing with him. Kiara might have been an immensely corrupt and unsavory individual, but even she couldn't resist the blonde boy's sad eyes. **“I'll just pay a little visit to the stall that she's working at~!”** All it would likely take is a little *convincing*. She was *very* good at that.

But when she finally arrived at the food stall? **“Hm... There's no one here? But it looks like they should be open!”** The grill was clearly

on, food basins inside the stall were stocked, and there was even an open sign! So, then, where was that Erice girl? It all felt very *dangerous* somehow! Putting aside the risk of the stall suddenly being robbed, having the grill on unattended could lead to a fire! There didn't appear to be anyone around that she could ask about it, either.

RING!

“Eh?” The sound of a bell suddenly chiming turned the woman's attention back to the stall. There was a bell on the counter that was likely used to let people know when their order was ready, but there wasn't anyone working *behind* the counter to have even rung it. Was the stall... haunted? Not quite, and things were on the cusp of getting all the stranger regardless. Because her body had suddenly felt very... uncomfortable.



It was like her swimsuit had suddenly grown too tight? No, looking down, she found that she was dressed in an entirely different outfit altogether! **“What!?”** Gone was the woman's skimpy bikini, replaced by a white and blue, frilled one-piece that was designed like a sailor's uniform. It had a red scarf tied beneath the blue sailor collar, red shoes, a sailor hat, and a blue cuff around her right wrist and an ice cream band around her upper left arm.

No elements of that outfit fit properly. Her huge breasts were trying to tear through the white breast of the fit, while her ass cheeks peeked out the bottom of the swimsuit and the middle was straining so hard that it might rip. Not to mention that, while the base did resemble a skirt, it wrapped underneath her pelvis like a regular swimsuit... and it was *really* digging up in there! It was almost like she'd somehow been stuffed into a child's swimsuit? But it would matter much in the long term, as things turned out.

“I'm something of an exhibitionist myself, but I'm not sure how I feel about infantilization kinks...” Kiara, being Kiara, could only assume she had fallen into some sort of trap playing up to someone's fetish of seeing older woman dressed like they were younger than they actually were. Was this the big issue that everyone had been waiting for? Was someone going around and dressing older women up

like children and teenagers? Well, it was actually a little more severe than that, as she would soon realize.

The earliest sign of this targeted an area that was difficult to ignore, and an area of the utmost importance to the woman herself. Well, that wasn't saying all that much when she treasured every element of her own body. It was truly a *temple*, and at the same time it was a tool through which she could manipulate others. That was why she appeared distraught when it occurred to her that the *very* tight swimsuit was beginning to feel significantly *less* so around some key parts of her body.

“Oh... Oh no!” She gasped as she looked down to find why the one-piece was beginning to fight *slightly* more comfortably around her chest. The fat tits that had pushed the cream-colored nylon to capacity, and even showed off her sideboob past her armpits, were *shrinking*. Kiara didn't shy away from grabbing them from surprise, even though she was *very* clearly in public – ‘shame’ was *not* in her vocabulary. **“Why are they getting smaller!?”**

Was it not a fetish thing!? Well, she supposed there were people with fetishes like *that*. Nonetheless, there was nothing she could do as her big breasts continued to shrink until they were perky *B-cups* at most, providing *some* room for the nylon to slacken despite the woman clearly still being too tall for the attire. But she'd also been so distracted by what was more obvious from her perspective that a similar change hadn't crossed her radar.

And that was that her equally hefty lower half had suffered a similar fate. Thick thighs and her heart-shaped rump had been flattening exponentially, seeing to it that they slipped back into the cheeks of the swimsuit and so that her thighs were no longer rubbing up against each other between her legs. All of the woman's natural sex appeal had been *sapped* from her body, and while she didn't notice just *how* bad it had gotten, she did notice that she was... *in a freefall*?

“Eh!?” Kiara blurted out, voice cracking in a way that made it sound lighter as she became unsteady from the sensation of all of her limbs and torso compressing upon themselves. Little by little, the remaining tension in the swimsuit's fit was alleviated as slimming shoulders were forced closer to now narrower hips, eventually rendering her the perfect fit for the teenager-sized swimsuit she'd been forced to wear. This was a fairly significant drop, because while Kiara *had* been 5'5"? She'd slipped down to 5'2.

It was important to note that the woman's very line of thinking regarding what was happening to her had gradually been changing as well. She'd likened it to someone's 'kink' before, but now she got

embarrassed at the very idea of labeling something in that way. It was too *mature* of a topic, but she also hadn't realized that her height reduction had come with a certain *side effect*. Looking at her face, she was clearly *far* more youthful. It was as if her age had been cut in half, reducing her from a woman in her late twenties to a girl who couldn't have been any older than *fourteen*. "**I... Uh...?**"

And she'd become a fourteen-year-old girl that was very *confused*. Her swimsuit fit perfectly, so what had she been worried about? Kiara's worries were melting away as her perception changed and, with it, her identity. This encroaching innocence ultimately affect everything above her neck, as her more youthful face turned rounder and smaller, and her golden eyes adopted a blue as bright as the nearby ocean. Her nose shrunk and her lips thinned until she could hardly be mistaken for the woman she had once been.

Even the trio of pink dots on her forehead were erased.

In fact, it was her hair that remained the final signifier of her previous identity, but even this was not long for this world any longer. Her braids had already been undone by her change of attire, but they were sucked up towards her scalp as the color predominantly shifted towards a very dark navy blue, stealing away her pink highlights in the meantime. It was no longer than her shoulders before long, but the back found itself re-braided into a pair of short tails as one section of her bangs, now cut straighter, on the right side of her head found themselves dyed a redder shade of pink.

"Uh... Ah... The stall!?" The young *Erice Utsumi* ended up panicking when she realized that she was standing outside of the stall rather than *inside*, because hadn't her shift already started? If she was caught spacing out like that, then they'd totally dock her pay! And that was the absolute *last* thing that she wanted to happen! After fixing her hat and the ice cream decoration on her arm, she scrambled to the back where she checked over her equipment.



It was strange though. **"Why was I even outside the stall like that? Was I checking the display...?"** For some reason, everything up until that moment had been something of a blur. She knew that she had come to the stall to work like she had every other day since the Singularity had opened up, but... **"Maybe I really *did* just**

space out?” The more she thought about it, the more that was the only thing that made any sense. Besides, it was almost noon.

She had to worry about the lunch rush!



As far as the *real* Erice Utsumi believed, she had left the stall unattended briefly to grab some stock from the storage shed about five minutes away by foot. Her boss had said it was fine so long as she hurried back and did it before the big rush periods, and there hadn't been anyone around at the time anyways. So, no harm, no foul? But when she got back to the stall with a box of burger buns in tow? She was *confused* to say the least.

Not only was someone working the stall, the girl working there was *her*? Just in a different outfit. “**Uh... What are you doing?**” After putting down the box of burger buns on the counter, she naturally approached the girl from the customer side to try and get answers. But the girl wearing her face didn't even acknowledge their obvious similarities. Instead? She rummaged behind the counter before pushing something into Erice's hands.

“Good timing! Can you find the owner? Someone left it here...”

The real Erice stared down at the item that had been shoved into her hands as the fake walked in front of the stall to grab the burger buns the real one had brought. It was a long, hot pink baton? Did it belong to law enforcement? Probably not with *that* color, but... If asking her doppelganger directly wouldn't give her an answer, maybe she could use this to try and sleuth.

And so? She accepted. “**Yeah, sure...**” Taking the baton with her, she walked behind the stall and some bushes that separated it from the beach itself. But that was as far as she got before she began to notice something. Something *weird*. “**Huh?**” She looked down at what she assumed was the point of origin. The hands holding the baton? Was she having an allergic reaction or something? But that very quickly demonstrated itself to *not* be true.

After all, an allergic reaction would not *lengthen one's fingers, extend one's nails, and paint them hot pink*.

“WHAT THE—!?” Erice rightfully freaked out at the sight of a pair of hands that did *not* resemble her own. It wasn't like they were just longer, right? They looked *bigger* too, to the point that handling the

baton felt a little easier, but... **“Wait, the baton!”** Considering the paint on her new nails was the same color, that had to be the culprit, right? Common sense suggested just *dropping* the darn thing, and yet? She found herself incapable of doing so, regardless of how frantically she tried to let go. **“Why can’t I drop it!? What is— Huh?”**

The girl practically froze up once it occurred to her that it wasn’t *just* her hands that were growing larger. They had only been the beginning it seemed, because her toes ended up lipping over the ends of her sandals while the big, translucent shirt that she wore over her bikini and shorts was hoisted up to reveal the bare skin of her tummy even though it had reached the bottom of her shorts before. **“I’m getting taller!?”**

Was this related to her new doppelganger? It *had* to be, right? Was this like a bodysnatcher type deal where someone copied your appearance and ‘got rid’ of you? Although usually that involved *killing* the one you were copying, right? Not making them taller! Nonetheless, her height sprung up from 5’2” to 5’5” over the course of fifteen seconds or so, the process both broadening her shoulders and forcing her hips and waist wider as well. She was lucky that her shorts and bikini top were separate, but the shorts *were* digging into her hips and waist.

“Am... Am I older?” That guess had actually been just a shot in the dark from Erice, but the deepened sound of her voice ultimately confirmed it. She wasn’t exactly in a position where she could see her face to notice that it had clearly aged, practically doubling until she was closer to *thirty* than a teenaged girl. And her mental state had also begun to reflect as much as more... unsavory thoughts painted her mind. **“Is this like something out a *hentai*? Hm...”**

Fortunately, Erice’s base personality was keeping the worse of it in check even as her face was twisted into one of a woman who might *enjoy* that sort of content. Her lips swelled much thicker, her nose longer, and her eyes even *narrowed* while a trio of pink dots ran vertically down her forehead. Not long after, a shimmering gold drowned out the blue of her eyes, undeniably bringing her appearance more in line with that of the woman that had become *her*.

Of course, she had no way of knowing about any of that.

All she could do was grapple with what was happening to her in the moment, and her *hair* was beginning to become an issue. She’d always preferred to have it short and manageable, but it had all of a sudden begun to grow out *violently*. **“Stop that, would you!?”** She tried to grab some of it, not that doing *that* would help with anything. But she was at least able to see that the blue was drained out until it was pitch black, and that some of the strands had taken the same hot pink as the

baton she *still* couldn't let go of. It all ended up reaching her feet even *despite* her previous growth spurt.

On some level, Erice understood what to expect next. Her body had grown taller, and while she was repressing it for the most part, there were some memories of a more *voluptuous* body rattling around in her head... along with some indecent uses of them that didn't feel all that indecent now that she was an adult. "**Ah...**" And well, the front button of her shorts popping off was a fairly obvious tell that this was in the process of being worked on.

She looked down past her B-cups to see that her thighs were thickening, and so her shorts were digging *into* them. They rapidly made up for the gap between her widened hips so that they smooshed against one another in the center, and she could *feel* her cream-colored ass beginning to peek over the back of her shorts, providing something akin to an ass-based cleavage window as it continued to form into the shape of a heart... and her existing bikini was swallowed by her deepening crack.

But the woman ended up squinting as she began to find it increasingly difficult *to* look down. Her small bosom ultimately ballooned as well, pulling her small bikini top against them, and eventually pushing the cups away so that her thickened nipples were left erect and bare with the straps digging into her back and shoulders. "**Hmm~ I suppose I need to take it off!**" Or so she'd thought by the time they reached their maximum size of *G-cups* and her translucent shirt was gripping them for dear life.

"**Or... never mind.**" As it turned out, she didn't need to go to the trouble. The baton in her hand had flashed pink once, and her clothing discomfort disappeared instantaneously. There was no denying *why* as she explored her body anew, finding it dressed in something that, well, *actually* fit her. It consisted of a translucent black body sock that came down from under her breasts to her feet, with a black bikini bottom around her hips and a swimsuit top in the same color coming down across her tits with a belt tied just beneath them.

The right tit bore a white Chaldea emblem, while the left bore... something different? Her pink nails were still exposed thanks to black, fingerless gloves, and her long hair was pulled into a loose high ponytail by a black hat that resembled something you might find an officer wearing. A hot pink tie now hung from her neck, and black leather boots lifted her heels a touch. In a way, it looked like something you'd expect a stripped at the beach to wear. But the woman herself didn't actually seem to be that bothered by it.

“Fufu... This is such a strange situation to find myself in!” She certainly sounded like *Kiara Sessyoin*, and absolutely identified that way now, but her mental assimilation hadn’t been anywhere near as dire as what had become of the Erice who was still tirelessly working in the nearby food stall, unaware that anything had even happened to her at all. Rather, Erice’s connection to Voyager had spared her from the more dire outcome where she’d become as good-for-nothing as the original Kiara.



While she couldn’t express it, for example, she could recognize that she had been Erice before. Any attempt to say as much would lead to her saying something unrelated, and she felt a strange *affection* for him. Not romantic affection, but the protectiveness of an older sister. And so? Rather than pursue the truth behind what had happened to her, she found herself heading to his side. **“Voyager-kun! Do you want to go get ice cream with me~?”**

Voyager was *naturally* confused to see the woman who had told him he’d fetch Erice return, dressed in something entirely different, asking to go get ice cream with him. Nearby, an onlooker could be heard whispering **“Oh, that must be his mother!”** to someone else that must have been concerned about the boy being alone. Kiara overheard it as well and immediately became distraught.

“I’m not his motheeeeer!”

She was still in her late twenties! She was more like his big sister!