

THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ah!? No way!”

Considering she was an all-powerful youkai, it was certainly unusual to find the nekomata, Hisa, tinkering with what seemed to be computer code. Within her home den, a pocket dimension set up to her liking, she had several large monitors hooked up to a computer, upon the keyboard of which she was furiously typing away with an exasperated expression upon her face. **“There’s no *way* I just deleted the entire NPC code...”**

She had been working tirelessly to create, of all things, her own *game*. It wasn’t like she didn’t have the power to just poof one out of thin air, but Axel had recently mocked her for using her powers to get whatever she wanted. He’d called her lazy! What a butthead of a father! So, part of the reason she was doing what she was doing was so that she could tell him to *shove it*! But hours of work had just been undone before her very eyes.

“Am I going to have to recode that all by hand? Ugh. I *could* just use magic to restore it, but if I’m going to do this, I need to play it straight so I can *show him*!” But then a thought crossed her mind. Why did she need her father’s approval on something like this? Had he tricked her into thinking she had something to prove!? To *him*!? Her moods tended to fluctuate, but she was really just annoyed that she’d messed up and was trying to justify taking a shortcut.

**“But what if I fix it *and* get revenge at the same time?
Hehehe!”**

“Oh, right. Today was the day he was going to upload that big batch, wasn’t it?” Later that day, Kay had finally found the time to sit down at his computer and catch up on everything he’d missed while he’d been busy. It was a Saturday, so there wasn’t really all that much going on, but... His e-mail address had been blown up by Patreon. He expected to get a few notifications here and there from the creators he followed, but he’d received *twenty* from one creator alone. **“I’ll have a lot of things to read through later, I guess.”**

But first? He had to— **“H-Hey!?”** A weight was suddenly rested upon his head as an object was slid over the man’s eyes. Glasses? No, there was a screen on the inside of what must have been goggles. The VR sort: or so he guessed, seeing as he’d never worn one before. The screen showed what looked like the inside of an old fashioned home, but who had put it on his head in the first place? He reached up to take it off, and his fingers did graze the plastic shell for a second.

And yet it *disappeared*.

“H-Huh?” Up until that moment, what he saw through the goggles was still *obviously* a recreation on the screen. But it now looked *way* too real. He couldn’t see the edges of the glasses, and the air smelled of wood and... *ink*? Well, that probably wasn’t surprising since he’d been sitting in front of a desk with several pages of blank paper and an open inkpot with a quill sticking out of it. He reached out to touch it and... *could*? And he could feel what he was touching? *Wait*. **“Is this... not VR?”**

Was it *real*? Now that he was considering that possibility? He could definitely *smell* the ink, and the more antiquated scent of a home that utilized building materials and techniques that had *long* since been abandoned in favor of more modern methods. Kay rose, the sound of the chair’s old and wooden legs screeching against the equally wooden floorboards hurting his ears. He winced and moved his hands to rub his eyes, but he stopped just short. Because something *about* those hands was weird.

“Huh? When did I even touch the ink!?” It wasn’t just one or two of them; *all* of his fingertips had been stained black with ink. It was *dry*, which implied that it must have happened a while ago too. **“...Wait.”** He had suddenly been tossed into an unfamiliar place, and before his very eyes his fingers were not only stained black, but they also appeared to be thinning in width as his nails grew past his fingertips. Wasn’t there someone he knew that could do all that? **“Hi— Ugh...”**

It was only for a brief second, but he was certain he could picture a face and place a name. But a flash of pain made him wince, and that knowledge just *disappeared*. The man held his head with one of his inky, small, delicate, and *feminine* hands, evidently no longer offput enough to be as wary. Despite how he might have or have not felt about it? Something similar had been happening to his feet. They didn't become as inky, but they *did* become smaller. Tinier toes wiggled with longer nails attached within socks that had become just a little looser as a consequence.

What had happened to Kay's feet *wasn't* enough to challenge his balance, but he stumbled in place briefly. "**Woah!?**" He hadn't even been moving? Why did he feel so... *off*? The explanation was simple, but not something *he* would have rationalized himself. So, what was it? Simply put, that tinge of pain in his head that he had felt before had done more than simply making him forget whoever he was thinking of. His brain was adjusted so that it was used to a completely different distribution of body weight.

As he was now? He was too *light*? And too tall.

The latter problem was addressed first. He continued to have problems standing up straight, and in a way that masked the fact that his height was *regressing*. He stood over 5'10", or at least he *should* have, but as his arms, legs, and torso condensed? He eventually dropped as low as 5'4"! This disheveled an outfit that naturally became a little too large, and yet it was slipping off his body like you might expect.

Namely because that 'being too light' issue was accommodated for moments later. "**Urp...**" Was he *gassy*? No, not quite, but he *did* feel *bloated*. His pants hadn't slipped because his hips swung out, in part on their own, but partially because his torso was becoming a little *swollen*. Rolls of fat built within his stomach, distending it a couple of inches as the faintest of stretch marks wrapped around the base beneath a now *hairless* belly. In fact, all of his body hair had disappeared... as the color of his skin pales to an almost sickly shade of pale.

His weight increased elsewhere. Her forearms took on a bit of chub, as did his face. It looked like he spent *too much* time inside. But what was happening *to* his face was more than that, too. While it *did* grow rounder, there was a *prettiness* to it that couldn't be denied as well. His lips bloated and his nostrils flared out, but his eyelashes also fluttered with a girlish length that hid rounder, *purple* eyes. Kay's face was clearly that of a *woman*. The changes to his nose made it so that his glasses slipped *right off*, but his vision had been corrected anyways.

But that was only as plain as long as it remained *visible*. Which... it did *not*. His short, dark hair promptly pushed out of his scalp like some sort of messed up Chia pet. It grew and grew, falling *all* around his head, including across his face where he was already too far gone to bother pushing it out of his eyes, much less away from his nose or mouth. It felt natural to *hide* behind it, even as the color lightened to purple instead. It reached past his butt behind him, while the bangs reached his chest.

“I-I...” While he *was* pretty underneath all that hair, its long and disheveled style paired with a voice that was softer and stuttering gave him an almost *eerie* visage. Didn’t the hair hide that he looked more like a woman, too? Well... Not *really*. Because as his face and hair had changed, the rest of his body hadn’t stopped putting on weight. He didn’t grow *fatter* or anything like that. It was more of a matter of *where* that weight was being put on.

And Kay’s shorts were having a *really* hard time with it. Swollen hips had already contributed to the fact that they didn’t fit properly, but weight had been pooling into his ass and thighs, too. They were *already* over capacity, with the edges of the shorts digging into the soft, pale flesh of a pair of thighs that so *desperately* wanted to touch beneath his crotch. The shorts held them back, but they *couldn’t* hold back the swell of his ass pushing over the waistline. **“T-too tight!?”**

Her cry of discomfort had sounded more like a moan than anything. Her dick and balls had been ‘rescinded’, fitting her with a pussy that had *clearly* seen some use with how floppy the lips were. Her pubes had even exploded into a hefty, unkempt bush above it... just as the inner legs of her shorts finally tore so that some of their flesh could spill out. This sequence made it seem like the ‘tightness’ she had been worried about had concerned her shorts in the first place.

But that *wasn’t* true. In fact, she was tugging at her t-shirt. A shirt that had been *just* the right size before, but when she’d shrunk it had become a little too large, and when she’d gained weight? Her stomach bump had pushed it up again. It was now lifting even *higher*, because a pair of *tits* grew from the subtle mounds that had initially been formed from her weight gain. Her nipples became puffier; their shapes clear against a top that now couldn’t even fully wrap *around* what had become a pair of *I-cup* tits. **“...Eh? Did I write a story like this before...?”**

What was the woman saying? Not even she felt certain. This body was... hers. So, why did it feel like something had changed? If she could piece it together then it would make great material for a new book! But her awareness was dwindling. She didn’t even seem to notice how the tightness of her clothing was alleviated by those clothes *changing*, becoming a simple, brown skirt with an auburn vest overtop a puffy,

white blouse that showed off her pale cleavage and a locket. She wore boots, but her underwear was *rudimentary*. Even though she could definitely afford to buy the fancier sort she purchased her help.

None of that was on her mind, anyways. Not anymore.

“Ehh... I’m almost out of ink again? I’ll need to visit the farmer’s market to grab some more...” Now fully assimilated into her role as one of this game world’s many NPCs, the *thirty* year old *Lynelle Morris* stared down at her hands. Her fingertips were so black from an all-night writing session that she had to wonder how much of her last pot ended up on her own body. But that was how things went when you were a writer as *renowned* as she was. Well, she didn’t really like owning that label.



That was because the busty, long haired beauty wasn’t your *conventional* type of writer. She was known far and wide throughout the kingdom as a writer of *smut*. Some of it was conventional, drawn from personal experiences back when she was just one of the many wealthless villagers that lived in her town. She’d been fairly popular due to her huge rack, and some were enticed by her vaguely eerie visage. But she also dabbled in various fetishes, including transformation.

Lyn didn’t bother to fix her hair nor wash her hands. She may have fallen into a little bit of wealth because of her works, enough to help her hire a maid in fact, but she had no interest in dressing up for anyone after everything she’d been through. **“Victoria? I’m running out to the market for a moment, could you prepare lunch for my return?”** She stood by the front of her door for a moment. No reply?

Well, she was certain that her maid would still do as expected.

For the most part? Joseph’s experience had been similar to Kay’s. He’d finished up his daily tasks and had *finally* returned to his room, but this was where the similarities had come to an end. Before he could even turn his computer *on*? **“Whoa!?”** What he immediately identified as a VR headset had been slapped over his head. The view on the other side

of the screen was what looked like the interior of an old barn? He was only able to wonder what kind of game it might have been – as well as how the headset had ended up on his head in the first place – before the view suddenly seemed all the more real.

And as the overpowering scent of manure flooded his nostrils.

“Ugh! What in the world?” It wasn’t *just* the smell. The air was warm and humid, forcing his body to sweat a little in kind. The weight of the VR headset was gone too!? **“Wait... Am I in the game?”** As impossible as it was to believe, that was the most logical conclusion to arrive at. Well, was it really *that* impossible to believe? He knew of a nekomata that could do things like this... Her name was... was... **“What in *tarnations*!? Why can’t I remember their... *anythin*!”**

Had he even thought of someone in the first place? It was kind of hard to remember much of *anything*, truthfully. But wasn’t it a little *strange* that the man hadn’t noticed *what* he had just said? He honestly lived the *farthest* away possible from a place where he might pick up that Southern dialect and accent, even if it *had* just been fleeting at first. **“There’s no way I’m in a video... Eh? What’s a ‘video’?”** But something was clearly wrong with his head. He hadn’t even completely said ‘video game’ before he had gotten confused.

Something *was* clearly wrong with Joseph mentally, but it went well beyond that. His *skin* made that clear enough. He was typically a man with an olive tone, from head to toe his complexion had begun to *pale* to something creamier. A pale that you might associate with someone that hailed from a country that wasn’t as close to the equator as he was. Yet, *some* spots remained darker. Freckles across the bridge of his nose, his shoulders, and the top of his chest.

“Eh? Is *somethin*’ not right?” It was certainly more than something just not ‘being right’, but the man couldn’t really be expected to notice considering how quickly his mind had been seized by Hisa’s power. It wasn’t *just* a matter of his skin paling, either. This skin was softer, but it also had an *odor*. The overpowering barnyard smell that had knocked him off his proverbial feet when he had first appeared within the game world had clung *to* his skin. It was strong enough that it suggested he’d been there a *long* time without bathing. Since the night before, maybe?

Specific to the skin on his *face*, though? Did Joseph not look *younger*? There was a much more youthful glow to it, and one that became all the clearer as his face became all the more *feminine* by design. Freckled cheeks rounded, and his nose pressed closer to his face while his nostrils flared. His lips also puffed up into a pout, but none of it was quite as striking as how his eyes widened, shining with a blue that hadn’t been

there before between fluttering lashed. As had been the case with Kay, Joseph ended up looking like a *woman*, one whose short, dark hair had lengthened and lightened *very* slightly.

It was hardly a cheek-length, chestnut bob that added to how *plain* he appeared.

Pretty, but plain.

The issue was that most men didn't *want* to look pretty. But that wasn't really an issue if *she* was thinking like, or wasn't *actually* a man, right? "**Woah there!**" Her voice was lighter, and her country accent both stronger and more consistent, by the time she managed to 'react' to her sex changing. Her dick had shrunk until it was only a nub, at which point that nub became her clitoris and her balls were pulled up into the lining of her new slit. She'd felt briefly *aroused* by the sex change, but didn't realize *why* she'd felt that way.

Joseph had no reason to believe she *hadn't* always been a woman. "**That was odder than findin' a cow in the sheep paddock!**" Did *anyone* say that? Doubtful. Joseph's mental assimilation had struck quickly, not much of *anything* that should have stuck out to her really did. Not even as her nearly six feet of height suffered a *potent* unraveling, dropping her down as low as 5'2"! Her hands and feet had naturally become all the more delicate in the process, but they also grew calloused and her nails *dirty*. Like they belonged to someone who was constantly involved with physical labor.

Considering *where* she was and *how* she smelled, you could probably make an educated guess about what that labor entailed.

Though, as she shrunk, the shape of her silhouette changed too. Her shoulders and waist had narrowed, with the latter only about two thirds the width of the former by the end. Her hips, on the other hand, swung out about four inches *wider* than her shoulders. Her shirt was big and long, dangling down past her pelvis, while her oversized pants were now suspended by her hips. None of it was too *tight* at least, but... "**Eh!?**" Not for long.

The short woman had cried out because her body's balance had shifted forward suddenly. The reason was *very* obvious – at least to everyone *but* her – because her chest had promptly *ballooned* without any warning. That oversized shirt was quickly occupied by the heft of a pair of mounds that grew, and grew, and grew some more. Saying they 'ballooned' wasn't just an apt comparison; they were so perky despite their size and roundness that they almost resembled balloons themselves.

By the time she caught her balance, they'd finished growing. She pulled herself back into a standing position thanks to strengthened back muscles, leaving her *K-cup* knockers to bounce inconveniently. **"Whew..."** Only their tops were covered, but that also hid how her freckles now decorated her cleavage in an appealing way. When it came to her balance, though? She had a little *extra* help...

Although, that 'help' ended up splitting the back of her shorts. While not *as* excessive as what had happened with her tits, her flat ass cheeks burgeoned out behind her into a heart shape that certainly *wasn't* something to scoff at. The excess fed her thighs until they rubbed against each other between her virgin's pussy (though the shaved bush above it suggested maybe she was interested in changing that; she was only *twenty one* after all).

Joseph looked down. **"Hm?"** Her clothes had been *tight* a second ago, right? That was what the woman *remembered*, but things felt looser and breezier all of a sudden. But her present view only revealed the boundless depths of her freckled tits, which were now fully exposed to her – wrapped only in a tan-colored blouse with an open chest over a long, red skirt with a white apron. She had red cloth wrapped around her head to protect her neck from the sun, as well as a cross necklace she had gotten from the local church around her neck. Of course, she was also wearing the appropriate boots for walking through barnyard muck.

"Whew! Another day doin' chores almost done, but I gotta tend to the market stalls too, huh?" *Anne Gray* fit the description of a generic RPG NPC to a 'T'. Beautiful by the standards of the other villager, but plain from the perspective of the player. At some point in the recent past, she had been rescued from monsters by the hero and his party while tending to her cattle. That party had left the village, but the feelings that Anne had developed for him after the fact? They remained. **"Ah..."** And they were still so strong that she'd occasionally sigh dreamily while thinking about him.



She had to push that thought out of her mind, though. Not only did her family run the local farm, but the farmer's market was on their property. The woman wiped the sweat from both her face *and* her cleavage as she stepped out of the barn and headed to the nearby clearing that was filled with stalls. Villagers from all over town sold their own things, but her

family had their own stall too. There was a dreary looking woman shopping at the textiles stall. “**Lyn ran outta ink again, huh? Poor thing, it's all over her...**”

But they were just acquaintances. It wasn't really her business.

“**...Hisa.**” Unlike his two friends, Axel had *not* been afforded the adorning of the headset before he was suddenly plunged into an unfamiliar locale. He'd just been minding his own business when the next thing he knew? He was standing inside of a rather small closet with what looked to be a *maid* uniform hanging on the back of the door. This was, of course, moderately annoying.

The man knew full well what his creation was like. He must have said something that had gotten on her nerves and now she was looking at punishing him somehow. But *usually*, those punishments were topical. How did a maid relate to anything he had said or done to her recently? “**So, what's your plan... this... time?**” Huh? Who was he even talking to?

He was alone in *his employer's* closet, after all.

“**My employer? What?**” Axel was naturally *confused* by this. While he took commissions for his work, he was technically an independent worker. He didn't *have* an employer, and even if he did it wouldn't be someone whose home he would enter. This line of thinking had completely distracted him from the reality that he had forgotten all about Hisa and her antics.

It also distracted him from making a preliminary pass of his own body with his eyes, despite how *loose* his clothing felt. And it did feel *very* loose. Probably because he was an obese guy. One who'd lost *some* weight recently but still had a long way to go. Not that you would *know* it considering in what felt like the blink of an eye he'd lost so much more. Whether it was his face, his arms, his chest, his stomach, or even his legs; any excess was gone, and his skin not only tightened but the stretch marks were erased as well.

Because his clothes *were* designed to be worn by a much larger guy, his pants slipped and even pulled his boxers right down, though it didn't matter with how his loose shirt now reached past his thighs. Axel stepped out of them without thinking, like he subconsciously understood that he *wasn't* supposed to be wearing them in the first place. Even then? The base of his shirt crept even lower. Down *past his knees*.

“Did *master’s* closet get larger? No, that couldn’t be the case...” Weight was the *only* thing that the man had lost, evidently. His *height* had slipped too, though perhaps *not* as drastically as the other two despite starting at around roughly the same height. Even so, 5’8” was still a three to four inch drop, which meant the closet *did* feel bigger from his point of view. But the more he thought about it? *No, this closet has always been this size. How often have I been here? I should know this.*

...Odd things to believe for a man who had been confused about being in an *unfamiliar* closet just minutes ago.

Not only was the closet itself familiar, but the clothes. There were a lot of fancy dresses inside, and he could remember *wearing them* at his master’s behest. But they probably wouldn’t have looked especially good on a *man*. Which was the *problem*, but not a problem that couldn’t be *addressed*. In fact, it was addressed on the spot. **“*Ahn—!? Wh-What in the world!?*”**

Her cheeks had flushed pink the moment she moaned. It *seemed* to be unprompted, but it was an unfortunate reaction to her genitalia rearranging to match what you’d expect a woman’s crotch to look like. Her pubes grew a little longer in the process, but they also paled to *white*? That was hardly as striking as what her changed sex triggered throughout the rest of her body, though.

The areas that immediately surrounded her new pussy regained some of their lost weight, but it returned with a perky tightness that the mass of a heftier individual just wouldn’t possess. Her skin stretched tightly around a pair of thighs that burgeoned to *thrice* their reduced size, making each individual thigh thicker than a waistline that had been yanked inward.

Her hips widened as an extension of this phenomenon – about *five inches* wider – but even this new girth wasn’t enough to stop those thighs from grazing against each other. In fact, there was already a little chaffing, which suggested her legs had been like that for a *while*. The same could be said of an ass that delightfully lifted her shirt’s back as it flourished into a heart shape that would undoubtedly bounce about as she walked.

Axel could only stand there, stunned. **“*Is something amiss?*”** The new woman might have *wanted* to say more than that, but her demeanor had become strict and serious. She didn’t want to say more than she needed to, like this behavior had been drilled into her at some point in her life. She hardly even reacted as her own chest blossomed much like the chests of Kay and Joseph had, though not quite to the same extent.

That didn't mean she didn't sprout an *impressive* pair of her own, and those *G-cup* knockers were ultimately *massive*, but complimented her thick thighs and big ass well. They lifted her shift enough that up to the base of her pussy was exposed, and the cool air made the woman gasp just in time for her lips to swell to nearly *triple* their original thickness. Red lipstick spread across them, making her lips stick together slightly when her mouth closed once more.

She shook her head. **“No, nothing is wrong.”** It seemed *very* wrong that Axel had drawn that conclusion, especially with how in that moment the shape of her face was narrowing. Her nose stretched a little longer, and her eyes, while rounder, narrowed a little as her irises shone gold and her lashes became thick with mascara. The white that had bleached the woman's pubes had seemingly been foreshadowing in a way, because not only did her thinning eyebrows inherit the same color? But the hair atop her head did so as well, as it lengthened past her shoulders in the back and her bangs were swept over her right eye.

There was no denying that Axel had become a woman, and one that was *very* beautiful as well. She only looked a *little* younger – maybe around *twenty eight?* – but her white hair really clashed with how pale her skin was. Maybe *that* was why, in the final stage of her transformation, it was her complexion that shifted. It *darkened*, tanning in a way that gave her a more exotic appearance than anyone else in the village. Memories surfaced of the locals staring at her, but it made sense. She came from a southern island kingdom, after all.

The beautiful woman didn't even recognize that her previous outfit had disappeared, and that she was now standing there in a pair of black, silk panties.

“I don't mind serving Lady Lyn, but *what* is with her taste in maid uniforms?” *Victoria*, the maid that worked at *and* lived in Lynelle Morris' home, mumbled to herself while picking her uniform off the door and gradually putting it on piece by piece overtop of her black lace panties. A war orphan, she didn't have a surname; but she *had* been raised by a family of servants that had taught her to be a standup maid. She had recently moved to this village to accept Lyn's job offer. But her master was also something of a pervert.



Did her uniform *need* to show off her big tits and her thick thighs like that?

...But even though she was serving a single woman, the work had been harder than she'd thought. Lyn was terrible at taking care of herself. She was always dirty and didn't take good care of herself, leading to Victoria having to help bathe, change her, and even put her to bed on *top* of her regular housekeeping duties. But she didn't especially *mind*, either. Lyn was attractive, though Victoria knew she should harbor such feelings for her employer.

“Well, I suppose it’s just about lunch time. I should draw water from the well so that I can prepare her lunch.”

And so, she would play out this role along with many others. People that Hisa had trapped within her game world because she was too lazy to code new NPCs from the ground up. Each one of them had a name and personality that she'd designed for them herself, so when you thought about it? They were still technically *hers*. But how long would they unknowingly remain like this? What was the time difference between the in-game world and reality? Hm...

Well, in about a month of real world time, an entirely lifetime should have passed for the three women.