

OFFICE RELIEF

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh...”

Miorine Rembran was at her limit! Well, okay, it wasn't really *that* dramatic even if she felt like it. She was just plain exhausted from all of the work she had been doing for GUND-ARM Inc. as of late. She couldn't *exactly* complain because she knew what she had gotten herself into when she had first pitched the idea. It had initially all been for the sake of her fiancée, Suletta, and there was never going to be outcome where it *wasn't* going to be a lot of work. Especially when she was the CEO.

“Why don't you take a break, Miss Miorine!? I can give you a back massage if you'd like!” While the young CEO had been sitting at her desk in the Earth House room that she had been using as her own, Suletta had been laying on their shared bed. Like a puppy, the girl had shot up happily at the thought that she might be able to be of some use. **“I'll do anything to help! After all, because of me...”** Well, it seemed she was self aware.

Even though Miorine didn't want her to see it that way. **“Su-lett-a! How exactly are you supposed to help me when you don't know the first thing about being a CEO? In the first place, I've told you not to think of it that way. I'm doing this because I want to, that's all.”** Some people would surely think this was a lie, especially those that had known her to be the type of girl that had wanted nothing more than to escape the school grounds before she'd met Suletta. She could see the girl pouting as she turned in her chair.

“I wish I could do it, though...”



“**Hah! As if you could— Hah!? Suletta!?**” Miorine had been in the midst of laughing at the very idea when she realized that her fiancée was gone. No, was *she* the one who was ‘gone’? Because she wasn’t in her room any longer; she wasn’t even sure she was on the school campus any longer. “**Eh!? Isn’t this a Benerit Group subsidiary!?**” It was a small office on a space colony based on the view of the stars outside the nearby window.

There was a number of cubicles lined up in the small room, with a sturdy door that must have led into an office on the far side. She could see the Benerit logo hanging above that door. It wasn’t surprising that a place like that existed. After all, the company had an administrative side. There were plenty of employees that dealt with orders and paperwork, and she was likely in one of those offices. The issue was *why*? Or *how*? “**I must be dreaming...**”

Maybe she’d fallen asleep at her desk or something? That was the only thing she could think of. But why, when she thought of ‘her’ desk, did she glance over at the desk in the nearby cubicle?

The girl shook her head to try and clear her thoughts. “**Yeah, that has to be... the... Uh?**” Suddenly appearing in an unfamiliar building had *already* been disorienting, but Miorine soon became skeptical that there were other things awry. The walls of the cubicles in the office weren’t particularly *high*, and at 5’1” the girl had been able to see just over them when she had first appeared within that space. The issue was that she *couldn’t* see over them any longer, at least not without standing on her tiptoes since she wasn’t wearing her boots at the time.

“**Did the walls get higher, or...?**” No, that couldn’t have been the case and she quickly realized that, but the alternative explanation wasn’t any more reasonable. Unfortunately for her, the conclusion she settled upon wasn’t any *more* believable. Not when she noticed her tights had bunched up around her knees, her sleeves now covered half of her hands, and her uniform jacket reached past her pelvis. “**I-I’M SMALLER!?**” She must have dropped down to like 4’9”!

Miorine’s natural first reaction was to reject this truth outright. “**Impossible! It has to be a dream! This kind of thing could only happen in a *super sexy* dream! EH!?**” Of course, those words that had slipped through her lips had left the girl even *more* concerned.

What kind of teenager spouted out things like that!? Not ones that took their life seriously, and certainly not one who was meant to be the CEO of a company!

But this wouldn't really be an issue if she *wasn't* a teenager, right? The girl's drop in height had certainly been the most obvious thing sticking out to her at that moment, and if you were going to assume anything about her age, you'd think shrinking smaller than she already was would likely suggest that maybe, perhaps, there was a possibility that the girl might be becoming *younger*. But that *wasn't* the case. The *opposite* was actually unfolding.

Unsure of what to do, Mioirine had begun to scratch at her cheek with one of her index fingers, which was one of her anxious tics. She couldn't have possibly recognized that the cheek she was scratching was changing *as* she touched it, becoming slightly fuller and rounder – but only as a *small* part of what was happening to her face overall. Her lips became heavier before long; a sensual pout plastered as a resting expression beneath a nose that protruded slightly farther than normal. Her eyes widened but narrowed and, before long, their silvers had been replaced with golds between lashes that were both longer and painted thick with mascara.

This face was *far* more mature, making her difficult to mistaken for a teenager even despite shrinking. Instead? It was the face of a woman that was likely in her *late twenties*. 28, to be exact. **“OMG! How do I get my height back!?”** The next time the woman spoke, she ended up covering her mouth with *both* of her hands, and it was only then that she noticed her fingers were slightly thicker *and* longer, with her nails manicured and painted red. **“Wh-Whose hands these!? Mine, duh! But...”**

Why did she keep getting confused? Why did she sound so *vapid*? Miorine didn't have any answers to these questions, not even as the long locks of silver behind her began to regress in length and brighten in color. It wasn't like they became *more* silver, though. As the length regressed to her shoulders, they began to curl forward *over* her shoulders with a very vivid pink erasing the original colors of her strands. Even her bangs shortened and straightened, with the strands that usually poked up flattened into the rest of this new style.

This wasn't the only place where pink hair appeared, either. Her thinned eyebrows for one, but also in pink hairs that grew longer above her loins. She was left with *quite* the bush before long.

She had seemingly found a new resolve, however. The resolve to not question why it was so itchy above her crotch all of a sudden, or why she

felt so *disoriented*. It wasn't quite her fault. Miorine had always been the analytical sort, and yet she didn't appear to possess that analytical edge anymore. In fact, much of her keen intellect had *evaporated*, meaning it wasn't just a matter of her *speaking* in a less intelligent manner. She really *was* less intelligent. Not to mention new memories had begun to blend within her mind, making it difficult for her to piece together what she had been upset about in the first place.

The timing of this element couldn't have been better. “**Ugh. What's even with these uggo clothes? I don't look *hot* at all, and they don't even *fit*!**” Her Asticassia uniform appeared entirely *foreign* to her, but when it came to its fit was she referring to it loosening as she'd initially shrunk? Unfortunately not, but the woman was seemingly uninterested in, or perhaps incapable of, pointing out the *true* culprit: her *figure*.

Despite having shrunk to under the five-foot mark, the reality that Miorine was now an honest-to-goodness adult finally caught up to her, and it certainly was going to make up for lost time. It hadn't been a trick of the mind that her clothes 'didn't fit'. In fact, everything felt *way* too tight around her body. But the cause of this wasn't the outfit itself so much as it was... *her body*, as her thighs revealed as they tore *straight* through the sides of her tights so that supple, pink flesh could jiggle to attention.

“**See!? They're *totally* too small!**” So were the woman's shorts as it turned out, because the front button flew off courtesy of her hips pushing wider to better accommodate a pair of thighs that were roughly 1.5x the size of her narrow waist *each*, but also because that excess weight fat was fed into the cheeks of her ass, which chewed up the back of the orange leotard worn beneath her uniform before splitting the backs of her shorts. Her lower body was basically twice the size of her upper body in terms of overall thickness, but her upper body was about to catch up.

It was just that, while her lower body was back heavy, her upper body would become exceptionally *top* heavy. “**Whoa~!?**” Miorine squeaked out with vapid surprise as a sudden and dramatic shift in her body's balance led to her stumbling *into* the cubicle where she caught herself on *her* desk. The zipper of her jacket wasn't zipped down, but instead the teeth around her chest were *torn* apart thanks to her swelling breasts bursting through and forcing the cups of her leotard to slip between the depths of her deepening cleavage. Bare nipples were larger than her eyes and *quite* erect, bouncing upon a pair of jiggling mounds that couldn't be any smaller than *K-cups* that were larger than her head, hair and all!

“**My tits!?**” Were they bigger than she remembered? No, of course not. They’d been that big since she’d hit puberty! What was wrong were her... “**Hm...**” She used her hands to adjust the wire of the white bra she was wearing underneath her button-up dress shirt, not questioning why it had suddenly come from when she *definitely* hadn’t been wearing it before. That and the black pencil skirt that did *nothing* to conceal her thick thighs, the black heels that hoisted her up, or the fake, red-rimmed glasses she wore over her eyes to ‘appear smart’. She wasn’t even *wearing* panties, but at least there was a nametag hanging from her neck?

All of a sudden, the office was bustling with people when no one had been there before.

“**Hey Jessica~! You’re looking so hot today!**” *Mia Ramone* licked her lips after hopping and waving over at the woman in the cubicle next to hers, the motion causing her *gigantic* tits to bounce – thankfully caught by the equally large bra needed to keep them contained. The short, pink-haired beauty was a mere wage slave like everyone else in their office, and it was a small enough office that everyone knew each other personally. But where had they all come from? Hadn’t the office been *empty* just a moment ago? She didn’t seem to care.

Mia was accepted as a big, horny flirt by all of her peers. She *loved* to mess around like that, dressing in ways that highlighted her sexy figure while carrying on like a ditz. Well, to be fair, she wasn’t really *all* that smart. There had always been rumors that she had gotten that job because of her looks, and those beliefs had only worsened when she’d gotten herself into a relationship.



Because as horny as she was (and she’d probably fucked a good chunk of the office prior), Mia had eventually ended up dating the CEO of the Benerit Group subsidiary that they all worked for. She still hit on everyone, but she was clearly saving all of the sex for her partner these days. “**Oh! It’s about that time, isn’t it? I should go check on the boss~!**” For a little *special service*. But little did she know...

Her boss wasn’t quite ‘ready’ just yet.

“**M-Miss Miorine!? Wh-Wh-Where am I!?**” Suletta hadn’t really fared any better when it came to a sudden change of scenery. She’d been laying on Miorine’s bed back at Earth House, but she ended up pushing herself off a fancy *couch* to stand in what was clearly an equally fancy



office. There was a mahogany desk in front of a pair of *huge* windows looking out into space, a bookshelf on the far wall, and numerous pieces of *décor* that looked *very* expensive.

The far windows had closed blinds in them, blocking off what was likely a view into an adjoined office – incidentally the very same office that Miorine had appeared in moments prior. **“H-How did I end up here!? What’s going on!?”** And looking at the nearby desk... Why were there a pair of black, lacey panties on the desk. **“A-And whose are those!? Is someone walking around without underwear!?”**

Little did she know that those were *hers*. Or they would be, anyways.

Suletta looked away from the undergarments with a blush upon her face before realizing just moments later that something was wrong with her... outfit? **“H-Huh?”** The issues were multiple. The jacket of her Holder uniform had suddenly lifted up to reveal the stretchy orange leotard that she wore underneath as her hands jutted out farther from her sleeves. Her shorts even lifted higher as her boots felt awfully tight, almost like...

“A-Am I *taller*!?” You could have almost said that the girl’s voice had squeaked at the end there if not for the fact that it had done the opposite, dipping in octave before shooting back up temporarily. She *was* right, though. She had shot up from 5’7” to 5’10”, widening the height gap between herself and her bride to be. But it was more than that, too. Her voice deepening briefly had been a side effect of her growth and was a preview of what was to come, but looking at the girl’s face? Well, no. The issue was that she didn’t even look like a ‘girl’ anymore.

She was clearly a *woman*. Her facial features had matured, and even more-so than Miorine’s had over the course of her own transformation. In ways, her face was closer to Prospera’s in shape – which made sense since Prospera *was* her mother – but there was still Suletta’s signature softness to everything. As if it was a snapshot of what she would have looked like if she was *thirty-five*. Well, it wasn’t really a snapshot. She *was* thirty-five now. **“Wh-Why is this happening? *And what’s with this stupid stutter?*”**

Said stutter was *immediately* dropped after clearing her throat, allowing that deepened voice from before to return with permanency. But hadn’t

she always been like that? Since when could she control her nerves? It was more like, mentally, some sort of switch had been flipped as the part of the process that was affecting her mind. Maybe that was why the only reaction she could muster was an uncharacteristically annoyed “*Tch*” when the ill fit of her attire was highlighted further by... her body’s mass.

The latex of the orange leotard she was wearing under her Holder uniform soon began to fray and eventually tear around her tummy, not because the woman had grown any taller, but because her C-cup breasts had found themselves *ballooned* with a fat that led to her nipples growing large and erect in kind. The latex wasn’t stretchy enough to contain what blew up into a pair of *I-cups*, and so it tore at the stomach into two pieces rather than slipping between her tits first. On the other hand, her Holder jacket just wrapped around these gigantic mounds comically thanks to how loose it was horizontally.

“**Why are my tits in the way? Wait, aren’t the clothes the problem? Why would I wear something so *childish*?**” Had Suletta ever been that concerned about how *mature* she appeared? Then again, she had never been the sort of person to use the word ‘tits’ either. There was plenty about her body that was appearing more *mature* anyways, because aside from her massive breasts? Her lower body experienced a similar level of gains.

Which meant that her ass was about to be *way* too fat for those shorts. And it was true! Her cheeks expanded *significantly*, leading to what remained of the leotard’s lower half climbing up into her deepened ass crack while it bloated into a heart-shape so big that you could see the indentation between her cheeks even with the shorts having been so baggy before. It forced the woman’s hips to widen and her thighs to thicken, with the shorts eventually digging into her flesh so that it muffled overtop where it was being squeezed.

Until all of a sudden... “**Maybe it was nothing?**” The woman firmly dismissed even the concerns about her attire. It wasn’t surprising with her mind already so far gone, but it didn’t register to her that her clothing had changed. That Holder uniform was gone, replaced instead with a long, tight, black pencil skirt that reached her shins, with her lower legs bare and her feet lifted by pink heels. You could barely make out the black bra she was wearing under her new sleeveless, pink top that was tucked into the skirt, while a rose gold bracelet was wrapped around her right wrist and small earrings had been pierced painlessly into her ears.

That said, wasn’t it a little *early* for her clothing to change? She still looked more like an older, significantly more buxom Suletta Mercury,

but in truth the clothing had only changed because there was no longer any work left to be done to her *figure*. Everything else was more aesthetics-based, such as the eventually paling of her skin that led to a much creamier tone, or how her hair darkened until it cascaded out behind her in blacker, silkier lengths that had shortened to the center of her back. Even her pubes had darkened and grown straighter!

Tragically, her bushy eyebrows narrowed as they darkened, though.

But perhaps the most extreme of these ‘aesthetic’ changes affected her face, stripping her of her identity and, as her skin had already suggested, even her race. The woman’s lips swelled fuller above a jaw that was both rounder and smaller, giving her a wider facial design so that the slight lengthening of her nose was hardly noticeable. The blues of her eyes ultimately dulled to brown right before their shapes changes, narrowing until they were pointedly *Japanese* in design, with eyelashes now thickened with mascara and a light blush spread across paled cheeks.

“**Speaking of my tits...**” Suletta glanced at the singular clock in the office. Since when had she become so *frisky*? *Have I not been hypersexual since my teens? What a stupid thing to wonder about.* There were so many things she knew how to do *with* her tits. But only for a good puppy that would do as she was told. Good thing she knew just the girl for that!

Saya Miyazaki was the CEO of that particular Benerit Group subsidiary, and she took her job *very* seriously. As she paced about her office, her heels clacked against the tiled floor. She eventually walked over to the blinds and peeked through with her manicured nails. “**Good, everyone is doing what they should be. But where is she? She’s late.**” She was also the type of boss that was liable to work the employees under her to the bone.

Mia wasn’t the only person in that office that had once been known for sleeping around. Before hooking up, Saya had also had her way with plenty of her employees. It might have been a PR violation, but it was a *very* useful tool when it came to employee motivation and retention. After all, not only was she extremely wealthy, but she was also incredibly *sexy* as well. She had no qualms about using that to her advantage.

Unfortunately, the two of them *were* monogamous, so once they hooked up all of that fun with strangers had become



something they only did together. That was why Saya was *annoyed*. They always scheduled a certain time each day to fool around. *That* was why her panties were on her desk rather than between her legs. “**Ah well, I suppose I’ll have this reflect upon her in the employee review—!?**”

“HEYA SEXY! READY TO GET IT ON!?”

The pink-haired woman, stupid as she was, threw the door open so suddenly and with so much force that Saya practically jumped. She fortunately closed it right after, but there was no way everyone else in the office hadn’t heard that. Not that they weren’t already away. “**You... You’re late, and then you pull a stunt like *that*?**” Even though the CEO was berating her poor, sexy office worker, Saya closed in on Mia and pinned her against the door, which was fortunately *windowless*. She raised a knee between Mia’s legs, making sure to press up against her loins. “**Someones’s been a bad girl.**”

Mia might have been stupid, but she was also willfully so sometimes. This had clearly been one of those moments, because the moment she was pinned she reached up and grabbed the neck of Saya’s top to pull her down into a kiss with a mischievous smile playing upon her lips. Their tongues playfully wove together before the pink-haired woman allowed her boss to breathe. Saya was actually the dom, but Mia liked playing the part in the foreplay. Eventually, her boss would get annoyed and her sadism would shine.

“Don’t worry, Miss Miyazaki! I’m more than willing to make up for it in my *performance review*. Teehee~! Why not show me how *bad* I’ve been!”

Well, she certainly had a *talent* for it. At being a masochist, anyways.

And that suited Saya just fine.