

SUMMER SUPPLIED

COMMISSION STORY

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Alicia Melchiott couldn't believe it. She was on her *honeymoon*.

Several years had passed since the end of the war, and she was now in her early twenties. With all of the battles and loss behind them, and with their continent now on the road to recovery after being wracked by the devastation of war for so long, she and her boyfriend at the time, Welkin, had finally decided that it was a good opportunity. They had been dating ever since the war had concluded, so why not finally tie the knot?

The wedding reception had gone as you might expect. Friends from across the world had all come. It was a quiet country wedding otherwise, with the crowd being the loudest part of it all. Before long, Alicia and Welkin were finally hitched. There were still some things they needed to decide, such as who would be taking who's surname – if *anyone* – but they were going to put the paperwork aside until they returned from their trip.

After all, Welkin had gone to a lot of trouble to get them a private resort out on the coast. In the midst of war, you didn't really have many opportunities to strip down into a swimsuit to enjoy the beach. In fact, it was a little out of the way from where they lived at all. Considering the expenses and distance, it had been a *great* idea to have their honeymoon at the beach.

“Can you wait here with our stuff, Alicia? I'll go get us checked in.”

“Oh, sure!” After arriving at the main building, Welkin ended up leaving Alicia with their bags only a few feet from the nearby beach. Apparently, they had to check in there and then they’d be assigned a key for their own private building farther down the beach. At the time? She’d assumed he’d only be a few seconds inside. But seconds became minutes before long, and the woman began to ponder how she might kill some time.



Looking around, *was* there anything to do? She supposed she could go into the building to see what was taking her husband so long. But he might take that the wrong way and assume she didn’t believe he could handle it himself. So, what about the beach? She was only a few steps away from it, but she was supposed to watch the bags? **“Well... It’ll be fine if I can still see them, right? Not like there’s anyone around to steal them!”**

The moment she’d given herself a satisfactory excuse, she practically *skipped* onto the beach and walked a short way down it. She was dressed in a simple, white dress with short sleeves – and she knew at that moment that it had been the right choice. She bet she really stood out standing beside the blue waves! Every so often she looked back to check on their things (or to check if Welkin was back), but eventually?

Something caught her attention a little bit farther down the beach. **“Wait... Isn’t this...?”** Half in the water, half sticking out of the sand was a *box*. A very *familiar* box that was about as large as *she* was. She’d seen them plenty of times during the war. It was one of the lockboxes that the Empire supplied their soldiers during the war. They were usually locked tight, but this one was slightly ajar. **“Maybe I should tell Welkin about this...?”**

It was a surprising thing to find on the *beach*, but it was also *concerning*. After all, on top of clothing and food? Those boxes often contained *weapons*. Blades, firearms, ammunition... If there were still things *inside* of it and the wrong person got their hands on them? Then they could use them for evil. **“Maybe I should check if it’s empty or not first?”** It was ajar enough to show that it was unlocked, but she couldn’t see inside as it was. She struggled for a moment to pull it open with all of the sand and water in the way.

“Hah... Hah... Hah...!” But Alicia *finally* succeeded, almost falling on her butt in the meantime. **“It’s full... There’s weapons, but...”** They had been half-submerged in water that had poured out when she’d gotten the door open all the way. It seemed likely that *everything* inside had suffered water damage, which was probably for the best. But there was *one* thing that appeared to be fine. **“Wait, is this a swimsuit?”**

Her fingers tugged out a black bikini top and matching bottom from the top shelf of the box. She held it out with a vaguely agitated expression, namely because she very quickly realized that the cups of the top were *way* too big for her. Whoever had been destined to wear it? They must have been *stacked*! That just made her wonder even *more*, though. **“Why was there a bikini in a supply lockbox? Was the Empire planning operations out here before the war ended?”** Bikini warfare? *That* was a new one.

But after holding the bikini for roughly thirty seconds? Alicia felt *strange*. The power within her body, the power of a Valkyria, had begun to stir seemingly unprompted. Usually, she could use it to transform into a *very* powerful force upon the battlefield, but that certainly wasn’t the time for such a thing! **“Wh-What’s happening!? What is my power reacting to!?”** She was confused because there hadn’t been anything *in* the lockbox that would traditionally elicit a response. In fact, it wasn’t often objects did it at all.

Usually, it meant there was another Valkyria nearby. It didn’t feel like *that* though. When that was the case, her body instinctively drew her Valkyria power *out*. This was more like her power was responding to something flowing *in*. Flowing in from... her hands? **“...Wait.”** The young woman’s eyes fell down to look at what she was holding again. **“Is it the bikini?”**

Rightfully thinking that it was better to be safe than sorry, she dropped the bikini on the edge of the sand just inches from the water and stepped back. The feeling didn’t go *away*, but maybe that was because it was too late. It felt like whatever had *entered* her body was radiating a warmth throughout her flesh, and that warmth would soon bring about a great deal of change that Alicia wasn’t prepared for.

A tingling sensation spread across her skin from her hands, pushing the woman to blush because she could feel her nipples growing erect because of the tingle that washed across them. She looked down at herself to make sure nothing was *wrong*, but that led to her raising a brow because it felt like something *was* and she just couldn’t place a finger on it. **“What am I looking at? It’s almost like... I-Is it my skin? Yeah! It’s... paler?”** The sunlight was bright, so it wasn’t as easy to tell as you might think. But her complexion *did* seem to be

pastier than it should have been. **“Why? Is my power making me sick somehow?”**

Alicia was *really* contemplating going to find her husband *now*. Sick or not, that *definitely* shouldn't have been happening. But it was actually a problem that was far direr than what was happening to her hair alone. Alicia hadn't thought to check *other* aspects of her appearance for changes in color, even though they were definitely there. One of them wasn't necessarily within her ability *to* notice, though. Her *eyes*. They slowly deepened to a dark red, and she obviously couldn't check them without a reflective surface. She wasn't even thinking *to* check them.

The other area was something she definitely *could* have noticed, but it *was* sort of out of the way. The woman's brown hair was tied into its usual twintails beneath a bandana, and it was very clearly *paling* similarly to her skin. It gradually shone silver, but that wasn't abnormal for a Valkyria when her powers activated – much like her eyes turning red. By the time it was completely lightened? Her twintails were creeping longer, reaching well past her ass until it reached her knees.

“Eh!?” She finally noticed, but only because her hair had become so *heavy*. Well, that and her bangs had fallen between her eyes. **“So, my power *did* activate? But then why is my hair... so... long?”** Curiously, the sound of her voice soon hit her ear wrong. It was deeper, duller, and yet familiar in a way that left Alicia feeling strangely unsettled. It was a shame that she *didn't* have a mirror handy, because she would have been able to place exactly why that was at that very moment.

The tingly across her body dulled her senses slightly. When it came to her *face*, it was enough to mask the sensation of her facial features discreetly shifting – like pulling her chin farther away from her forehead so that this face was several inches longer, with the side effect of thinning her cheeks beneath raised bones. Her red eyes narrowed, giving her a resting expression that felt fairly *serious* compared to how she normally looked, though a substantive swelling of the pout of her lips made something else quite clear. She looked more *mature*. Even though she was actually only *three* years older, technically.

It was the exact same face that her *rival* from the war had worn.

Perhaps it was because the reaction Alicia had felt was growing stronger, but she found herself grappling with a new realization only seconds after she had taken notice of her hair. **“Hold on! Slow down...”** There was still *urgency* to how she spoke, but there was something *off* about her reaction. It didn't have Alicia's usual energy. It sounded too *dry*. Too

calm. But the woman cared more about what had forced those words from the back of her mouth in the first place.

Namely: the realization that she was *growing*. Alicia was only 5'3 – an average height for a woman her age, and maybe even slightly below. Alas, she was a fully grown woman at this point and wouldn't grow any taller as she got older. Or so, that *should* have been the case, but that fate clearly wasn't in the stars any longer. Her limbs and spine were lengthening, lifting her head higher from the beach and even stretching her fingers and toes. She was elevated as high as 5'9", which lifted the skirt of her sundress enough that you could see the white panties she was wearing beneath it.

Though... they were pretty tight around her waist. They'd been stretched by her hips, which had popped out nearly *four* additional inches overall as she'd grown taller. Her shoulders had stretched about *two* inches, but since her dress had been sleeveless, she didn't need to worry about that. Whereas larger feet meant her toes were hanging over the edges of her sandals. **"Seriously, what is going on here? Why make me taller? Why make me paler? Why make my voice sound like—AH."** Her subconscious finally filled in the blank regarding *who* she sounded like.

Just in time for the features that might have made it very evident had they grown early on to *swell*, making it very obvious.

Alicia hadn't even noticed her widened hips, but this additional girth was quickly taken advantage of by the swell that would build her figure into one that could properly wear the bikini she had dropped – as if that had been the ultimate goal of the power her body had absorbed (and it was). First, her legs grew more muscular, and this was a phenomenon that spread through her torso and arms as well.

But all of that muscle in her legs was quickly buried by a bloating of her thighs. With her hips widened, they had grown *very* far apart. Yet now? As a sponginess stretched their skin, that space was filled in little by little until the thigh gap between them was filled significantly, but not entirely. Each thigh was as thick as her thin waistline, and their bloat likewise surged into the cheeks of her ass. **"Hm..."** Which in turn led to longer fingers reaching back to pick at the uncomfortable wedgie caught within her voluptuous cheeks.

If her ass was 'voluptuous', then what was the best term to describe her *chest* then? **"I suppose I should have expected as much."** The woman took what she could see and feel in a surprisingly *calm* way, considering her back muscles *literally* had to strengthen in real time to support the surging wave of mass that pooled within her sundress.

Alicia had made the conscious decision not to wear a bra that day because of the heat, and that ultimately worked in her favor. Deathly pale tits *exploding* in size would have broken the strap pretty easily, but that didn't mean her *dress* was spared.

In fact, the neckline of it tore down to her bellybutton with little effort at all, given absolutely *no* choice by just how *massive* her breasts were growing so quickly. To say they 'ballooned' might as well have been literal with how almost unnaturally round they were, with her nipples puffing up until they were bigger than even her crimson eyes. Were they J-cups? *K-cups*? It was hard to say for sure, but as soon as they bounced freely upon her chest, the woman took it upon herself to tear the rest of her sundress off in a fit that was far more *violent* than was typical of Alicia.

But not for who she now looked *identical* to, right down to the thicker bush of silver pubes that were exposed when she tore away her panties.

“To think I’ve become *her*...”

Selvaria Bles mused to herself as she tossed away any lingering scraps of torn cloth from her previous dress and underwear. Selvaria was a Valkyria that had served the Empire during the war. A stoic soldier that had been Alicia's rival in a sense. The two had engaged in numerous epic battles over the course of the campaign between their two nations, but at the end of the war itself... she didn't really know what had happened to her, actually.



The woman didn't like what she was feeling. She wasn't *entirely* Selvaria, despite how things seemed. She had her body, and her stoicism and even the spontaneous bursts of loyalty towards the Empire certainly painted it in that light. And if she'd still been Alicia in terms of personality, she would have cared *far more* about standing naked on the side of a beach, especially with a body as buxom as hers. **“I suppose I’ll need to think of a way to address this...”**

Selvaria's mind was a calculating one, and that trait was applied to *this* one as well. She was already considering the *complications* this posed as she bent over to pick the pieces of the dropped bikini off the beach. How would she explain this to Welkin? On some level, she felt disgusted at

the idea of being married to *her enemy*, even though that wasn't actually their relationship.

But there was a bigger issue with these circumstances. Would Welkin even *let* her explain? He might attack on sight, seeing a woman that looked and acted like the original Selvaria Bles. She slipped the bikini bottom on first, letting the nylon slap against her jiggling ass. And then it wasn't long before she slipped the straps of the top around her arms so that the cups could be pulled neatly against her gigantic tits. They bounced about as she tied it behind her. **“At least I have something to wear. But I’ll need *additional clothing*.”** Selvaria’s red eyes glances at the luggage near the resort office.

Nothing in those bags would fit her as she was now.