

ACCUMULATED WEALTH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a surprisingly busy night at VA-11 HALL-A. At least a little more than usual.

While the bar in Glitch City typically only had two or three customers at a time at once, there were almost *ten* – and it was almost midnight! It was so busy that Jill, Gill, and Dana had all been forced onto the floor at once. Which also meant that there was likely going to be a *huge* pile of dishes to sort through at closing time without someone back there doing them throughout the night. But oh well, that was the cost of being busy!

It wasn't just the number of guests that was eye catching, it was the *assortment*. A number of the regulars had gathered and were talking amongst themselves, most notably Alma Armas, the hacker, and Stella Hoshii, a young woman from a rich family that also just happened to be a Cat Boomer. **“Wish I could be as rich as you, Hoshii! I make quite a bit, but compared to your family... Right, Jill?”** Alma had already had a few drinks and was rambling.

The bartender that was taking care of the two of them on the other hand, Julianne Stingray, was *not*. She had been assigned to take care of them and was *completely* sober. She *had* to be. Store policy and all. **“Uh yeah, sure.”** She didn't really have anything *to* add to the conversation. Would she like to be wealthier? Obviously. Her mind was spinning thinking of all the nice things she could buy her *cat*. But she wasn't going to get rich working at a bar regardless of how busy it—

Was? **“H-Huh!? What the hell!?”** Jill had been about to mix the next drink that Alma had ordered when she realized she wasn't standing



behind VA-11 HALL-A's bar any longer. She was standing in from of a sink and mirror combo – no, a *very* long, marble counter that contained multiple sinks. There were black stalls reflected in the mirror, neatly painted and pristine, though the scent of freshly applied cleaning chemicals were faintly still in the air of what was clearly a *very* fancy public bathroom in what was likely a *very* fancy place.

“What the hell? What the hell? WHAT THE HELL?” Repeating the same shocked sentence repeatedly with the volume gradually rising was the only thing that Jill could verbally muster at first. She wanted to assume that she was dreaming, that there was no possible way that what she'd just experienced could have possibly happened,

and *why*? She was clearly missing something.

And she was. A wish-granting stone that Stella had been carrying around in her purse. She didn't think it *actually* worked. The girl had only really been carrying it as a good luck charm, because there was no such thing as 'granting wishes'. Evidently, though? There *was*, and because Jill had half-assedly agreed with what Alma had wished for, she'd been pulled *into* that wish.

The bartender didn't know what was going on, but she knew she wouldn't get any answers hanging out in the bathroom. So, she naturally left – or she *started* to. She pushed open the door and peeked out into what was a *very* fancy bar. It was likely still in Glitch City based on the view from the far window, but everyone looked *rich*. Like very, *very* rich. **“Okay...”** She retreated back into the bathroom for a second to formulate a plan.

But then she saw her *reflection*.

“Uh... What?” Jill was wondering if the lights in the bathroom had become fucked up or something, because there was something off about the color of her *skin* in the mirror? Patches of it were a little *darker* than they should have been, seeing as she was kind of, sort of, *really* pale? In places they looked more like freckles than anything, but the spots multiplied, grew – and eventually merged until her complexion as a whole had a light caramel color to them. It clashed with the color of her hair, and honestly? It was a little *familiar*, though she hadn't drawn the correct conclusion just yet.

The woman's mouth hung agape. **"Uh. Do I have an ugly ass tan?"** Don't get her wrong, it probably would have looked great on someone *else*, but it didn't look good on *her*. She checked her hands to make sure it wasn't just a trick of the light and even loosened her tie and popped open the top few buttons of her dress shirt to check her cleavage. But she came to the same conclusion wherever she looked. Her skin really *was* that color. **"I guess I *was* teleported here somehow, so that isn't even the weirdest...?"**

She redirected her attention back to the mirror while mumbling in awe but went silent when she found herself having to *squint* to see her reflection. Things in close proximity to her were clear enough, but anything farther than a few feet had become increasingly blurry. Jill didn't have 20/20 vision, but her vision shouldn't have been *that* bad. Maybe she was just dizzy from... whatever the hell was going on? Because of it, she'd almost missed that her red eyes had lightened to *amber*.

"The colors of my eyes almost look like— *Shit*." As if to tell her that she was on the right track, her voice cracked and momentarily sounded *very* similar to the voice of the woman she knew had this color of skin, eyes, and... *hair*. It was the acknowledgement that some of her hairs had lightened to a sandy blonde that had finally tipped the bartended off in the first place. The color spread throughout her mane like wildfire, forcing her twin tails undone and both lengthening *and* thickening the strands so that she had a long and flowing mane that reached past her butt. Her bangs, much fluffier, were swept above her left eye, while an ahoge curled up on the right side.

Even her pubes had lightened in color, and her crotch felt a little *itchy* because her bush had grown.

It was clearly *Alma's* hairstyle. And her face was slowly aligning with the face of the woman she knew. She couldn't really make it out well with her vision worse off, but her face not only lengthened but filled out slightly. Her cheeks were certainly fuller, but in a way that made her prettier when combined with fuller lips and a narrowed gaze. Jill had *always* found Alma attractive, but since she was straight... **"*Huh? I'm pretty, but I'm not into girls.*"**

The woman stood there, momentarily stunned by what she had just said unprompted. That... sounded like something Alma would say. This was bad. Was it affecting her in more ways than her body? What made it worse was that she tried to arouse herself by thinking of hot women and... *it wasn't working*. Thinking of a hot guy did the trick, though.

“This is so weird.” It seemed that her voice was just *perfectly* replicating her friend’s now?

What was *also* strange was that she had been so keenly aware of her body changing before, but now changes weren’t quite registering in the same way. Not even as her uniform became increasingly and *dramatically* tight around a body that clearly didn’t fit who she was becoming. It turned out to be very fortunate that she’s loosened and unbuttoned her top to check the color of her skin before, because not only did her shoulders broaden...

But her cleavage deepened as well. **“Whoa!?”** The swell of her tits was a little bit difficult to ignore altogether. The difference in weight between Jill and Alma’s breasts was probably *four times* in either direction, which meant her own bosom ballooned a similar weight within a bra that was meant for a pair that were *much* smaller. The back strap *snapped*, which was what led her crying out while two more buttons in the front *popped off*, allowing her now tanned, *F-cup* tits to spill out into plain view, puffy nipples and all.

“Well, if anyone sees me like this, I can just *totally* pay them to keep quiet!” That didn’t sound like a *logical* thing to say, but the woman’s cheeks were tickled pink and the taste of vodka could subtly be tasted on her breath. It was reality itself that was changing, and in this reality, she’d been pre-drinking from a tiny bottle that was now snugly back in a fancy purse that was sitting on the counter. Had Jill randomly deluded herself into thinking she was wealthy because she was a little drunk?

The business cards that were also inside of *her* purse said otherwise.

Because she was a little tipsy, she thought that was the reason she was suddenly stumbling, forcing herself to balance herself on the counter. That wasn’t *actually* the reason, though. Jill’s bartending uniform revealed the truth – that her body was outgrowing the height she had originally been. Her 5’ height had been a part of herself that she’d loathed, and she couldn’t even celebrate that she was growing up to 5’9” because she wasn’t aware that it was happening.

Her tights were pulled down from her waist and ass just in time to avoid her hips bulging out at the sides, though they *did* get caught around thighs that swelled several inches thicker while added padding enhanced the curvature of her ass cheeks. Her full, bubble butt really put her now *very* short skirt through the paces, while her raised height had pulled her shirt and vest up to reveal a tanned tummy that had the slightest bump of softness to it.

It was clear that her uniform just wouldn't do, and the woman herself subconsciously questioned why she was wearing something some underpaid server would wear. Fortunately, one more reality shift saw these clothes removed, instead replaced with an elegant, purple dress with black mesh across her neck and chest. She wore black tights and purple heels, and the quality of her vision was even restored thanks to a pair of glasses appearing on her nose. If there was one area where she differed from the original, however, it was her *right arm*. The real Alma had a prosthetic, but since this one was 'different', she still had both of her biological arms.

Alma Armas, the head of *Armas Cyberarms*, looked over her reflection carefully. It had taken her a moment to calm down her heart rate, and she didn't even understand *why* she had gotten so worked up in the first place. It must have been the booze, right? She should wait for company to start drinking... **"Must be drinking from the stress of the new deal getting to me, but that's not why I'm here."** Everything about the woman's present appearance screamed 'wealthy socialite'. Alma's wish had been granted, but... *that wasn't Alma*, at least deep down. For some reason, Jill had been transformed to live Alma's fantasy and wasn't even aware of that fact.



"I'm here to get plastered, meet some hotties, and spend some money!" Because what was the point of owning a multi-million dollar company if you couldn't flaunt that wealth? While Jill had been bisexual, Alma had been straight, and that had seemingly been reflected in her new preferences too. After hyping herself up and grabbing her purse, the woman practically *sprinted* out of the bathroom in her heels. Her destination?

The *very* expensive bar where she was planning on drinking with her *equally* rich friends!

"Whoa!? How much did I even have to drink? Did I black out?" Meanwhile, the *original* Alma was *pretty* sure she hadn't had more than three of Jill's drinks. That was enough to make her a little *silly*, but nowhere near enough to make her pass out. The conclusions she drew



actually made sense if she'd been blackout drunk, because suddenly being teleported was so unbelievable of a prospect.

Either way, she didn't *need* to be sober to understand that she was in the back of a *very* expensive looking limo. It was still driving, but she couldn't see the driver due to the opaque window between the seating area in the front. There was a mini bar, a television, and even a jacuzzi in the far back. Whoever owned it was *loaded*. But there was no one else inside with her?

Well, she'd know who owned it soon.

The lighting in the limousine wasn't *great*. In fact, because the TV was off

it was only really illuminated by some neon lights and whatever light could filter in through the dimmed windows of the vehicle. It wasn't bright enough to notice that *her skin was paling* from caramel to pale, but even then? Because she was dressed in her casual wear, her left hand was gloved and her right one was a prosthetic. She didn't have a clear way to examine her skin without searching for a mirror or taking her glove off.

What Alma *could* notice was that she was continuously being forced to adjust her posture while sitting down? “**That’s... weird.**” Was she just doing it subconsciously because she was a little tipsy? She'd been quick to try and excuse it *that* way but had to rethink things when she playfully kicked one of her feet and her *boot flew off*, kicking the opposite window. “**Wh—? Did I not tie it properly?**” No, that hadn't been the case. She slowly lifted her other foot to check, and the boot slipped right off with *no* resistance. Like her feet were too *small*?

“**...Wait.**” The woman's demeanor became oddly *stern* suddenly, and the sound of her voice reflected that. She'd *sobered up*, too. Any alcohol in her body had just... *faded away*. She looked down, this time not only at her feet where her socks hung a little loosely too, but at the rest of her outfit. Her turtleneck was bunched up under her tits, and her pants were definitely loose around her knees too. It had been hard to tell because she'd been sitting, but— “**I’m short.**” The woman said it so matter-of-factly that it didn't even *sound* like the fun loving Alma. Instead, she sounded more like...

“Jill?” Not even Alma was certain how she’d drawn that conclusion on her own, but as she said it the amber of her eyes had darkened to red. Truthfully, it was a side effect of her mind being mid-reality shift. A part of her was beginning to identify *as* Julianne Stingray, while another part of herself could still tell that she was Alma. **“Am I turning into Jill?”** Concentrating a little more, she had memories of *wealth* and *living the high life*? Things that Jill had definitely never experienced before!

Distracted by the mental side of what was happening, she wasn’t *as* aware of what was happening to her body. Her seat in the limo sunk a little bit as weight was sapped from the cheeks of her ass. They remained perky but were a much more compact bubble that left her hips to narrow above padded thighs that had thinned in kind. Relative to how short she now was at 5’, this was still inviting. But I’m nowhere near as gorgeous as Alma is. **“Wait... Aren’t I Alma?”** Not only was she not 100% sure anymore, but thinking of how pretty Alma was compared to her made her a little...

Well, let’s just say her straight ass wasn’t so straight anymore.

The targeted loss of weigh had eroded more than her ass and thighs. Her F-cup bosom was a tragic sacrifice, rapidly emptying the front of her turtleneck in exchange for an unrivaled perkiness instead. Again, there was nothing *wrong* with having a *B-cup* pair of tits. But she was beginning to feel a little bit of *breast envy* as she thought about Alma. **“I bet she’ll be wearing a dress that will show ‘em off tonight too. That’s just mean...”**

Alma flexed the fingers of her of her right prosthetic, subconsciously reacting to a *warmth* that was beginning to spread through what had once been cold. The limb was grafted permanently to her body as a layer of human skin slid over the surface of everything artificial, which ultimately disguised that the (now) interior was melting away, become the counterpart to the woman’s fleshy left arm. She stretched that arm without thinking because it had felt a little *stiff*.

She cast her gaze out the window, evidently not thinking about her body anymore. Even though she could vaguely see her side profile reflected in the glass, she didn’t react at all to how her face was becoming *smaller*. Thinner lips, a tinier nose, slimmer cheeks and rounder eyes. It was all very petite and even cute, but there was still the maturity of a young woman present beneath eyebrows that darkened to purple. She groaned, removing glasses that she didn’t *need* anymore. They’d just made her vision a little blurrier.

The purple of Alma's brows permeated throughout the rest of her body hair, both within her bush of thinned pubes as well as atop her head. In the case of the latter, her hair also shortened and thinned, regressing to the center of her back as thinned bangs were swept leftward. It was cut straight and clean, with the lengths on the side of her head hanging down to her breasts. She undeniably looked like Jill Stingray's perfect copy now. But just like the case with the new Alma, this was a vaguely different reality.

Her mind drifted off, and so she naturally didn't notice how her hair was pulled up into twin tails, or how clothes that had become *much* too big for her were tightened into a simple, purple dress that wrapped around her neck and showed off her cleavage. Of course, she had a matching pair of heels now too. She was dressed like a wealthy socialite that hadn't bothered to look her best. Namely because she didn't really *care* that much.

The owner of the limousine that the short woman occupied was, in fact, that short woman herself. *Julianne Stingray*, founder and CEO of the *very* successful Stingray Saloons, looked with a tired gaze through her limo's window. She could see the towering sight of the skyscraper that housed the bar she frequented coming up, but she didn't seem that excited. Having so much money had made her life a little *boring*, in fact. **"I do the same thing every night."** Sometimes she wondered what it would be like to be poorer. Would things be more exciting?



It was ironic that Julianne felt that way, see as she'd been the Alma that had wished to be richer in the first place. Not that she knew anything about that. It didn't even cross her mind as she exited her limo and took the skyscraper's elevator up to the bar on the 25th floor. She found Alma and Stella waiting at their usual spot at the bar. **"Yo."** Just because she was a richer Julianne, it didn't mean she was any less casual. Aside from the part where she didn't like shortening her name anymore.

"Heya, Juli!" Instead, Alma had taken to shortening her name like *that*, which really got on Julianne's nerves. **"Stella and I were just talking about a little known bar downtown. Apparently there's a white haired cutie working there! Uh, your type, not mine."**

An implication that it was probably a woman. Alma had been straight, but Julianne was still bisexual even *with* money. She wished Alma would stop treating her like she *only* was into women, though.

Still, she *had* been pretty bored *and* lonely. She hadn't seen someone in like, *forever*. “**You’re saying you want to go there, right? I have nothing better to do, and the limo is still outside. Do you two want to head there now?**” Julianne already knew that the answer would be yes, so she adjusted her purse on her shoulder and turned, only stopping to add another question to the pile. “**What’s the name of the bar?**”

“I think it’s something *weird* like... VA-11 HALL-A?”

