

BOUNCY BEACH BABES

COMMISSION STORY

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We lived in a hellscape where even digital goods cost the most egregious of things.

If that sounded a little dramatic, then in retrospect it *probably* was. As always, the summer season brought with it a plethora of related game content, generally in the form of summer alts for characters, if not just normal skins. It didn't matter which genre I was playing – if it was free-to-play in any capacity, then there was a high likelihood that they were offering something like a woman in a swimsuit as new content. Which, on paper, didn't really sound like *that* big of a problem.

And if these things were priced accordingly, they probably *wouldn't* have been a problem. The issue was that they absolutely *weren't*, because game companies were greedy as hell. Considering they were just cosmetics you didn't actually own because they were digital, ten years ago you might have expected them to be reasonably priced. But these days? 10-15 dollars was the most reasonable cost and even *that* was pretty rare.

It was much more common for them to be 20-30 dollars instead. And I didn't exactly have the income to drop even 20 dollars on every single game that I played just because of girls in swimsuits... even though I wanted to. “**I wish I could get this Tia skin... But my budget...**” I ended up murmuring to myself out of frustration, not considering that a certain nekomata might overhear. But she *had*.

I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT!

“Oh no.” Joseph had every right to mutter in confusion in that moment, because there were some telltale signs that things were about to become rather *dire* for him – and he was lacking the context regarding why that even *was* in the first place. He had been cooking dinner at the time, but now he was worried what he had in the oven might burn... seeing as he wasn’t at his home at *all*. He was, instead, entirely against his will...

Ankle-deep in salt water on a beach illuminated in orange by the setting sun.

He looked around to try and pinpoint how far he’d been taken, already guessing *who* had taken him there in the first place. The issue was that he didn’t know *why*. There was a worn-down lighthouse propped up on a hill behind him, but the island appeared to be abandoned otherwise. That already struck a familiar chord, but when he realized the breeze was blowing against more skin than it should have, well... **“This narrows the possibilities down...”**

The man was *definitely* certain that he hadn’t put on a *white bikini* before being teleported, yet that was what he was wearing. The frilled cups hung loose across a weightless chest, while his bulge was clearly evident in the bikini bottom that hugged his pelvis. There were a number of other features, too. He could feel a black collar around his neck, and four white straps from the bikini top connected to it.

Not to mention the black, detached sleeves that wrapped around his forearms, the one white thigh high on his left leg that barely reached past his knee, and the thin, white strap with a blue flower barely resting on the opposite thigh. **“Where have I seen this swimsuit before?”** It was vaguely familiar, but a little difficult to tell when he was looking at it on his *own* body. And yet, while it might have looked odd at first...

That would soon change with time.

Case in point? He soon felt a gentle *tug* on the sides of his waist. The cause of this wasn’t difficult to identify at all, because he could *observe* it without anything really covering his torso. The sides of his waist were gradually pulling in before his very eyes, giving it a very effeminate dip as he watched the hair around the nearby belly fade away – just as it did across his arms, legs, and ace. Not only did this lead to Joseph’s hips looking wider, but he eventually began to *part* a little on their own as well until, eventually, there was a three-inch gap from the innermost part of his waist to the widest point of his hips.

“I guess it’s beginning...” He murmured apprehensively at the sight of not only all *this*, but of what was clearly a not-so-subtle change in his

skin's pigmentation. He'd had an olive complexion that was more common in the part of the world that he lived in, but the natural melanin in his skin had begun to wane.

It paled little by little until it was a very light, European pink, while also appearing much softer and smoother to the touch. "**Unsurprising...**" It wasn't often that he was able to *keep* his usual skin color. There weren't a lot of characters with that complexion in the media that Hisa consumed, so he was used to becoming paler. But there were elements that he *hadn't* noticed yet that were trooping on.

He'd at least *assumed* it was happening, but his face was changing in the interim. It was becoming *smaller* on the whole, both vertically *and* horizontally as it all melted into a more delicate design. One that developed upturned, pouty lips and a shorter, thinner nose. His eyes *did* grow wider and narrower, but their newfound femininity was emphasized by lengthened eyelashes as a yellowish gold swirled within his irises.

Naturally, this left him with a face that was quite *maidenly*. Joseph not only looked like a *woman*, but a *younger* woman that was surely no older than *twenty-one*. Mind you— "**Mmn!?**" It was more than a matter of just *looking* more like one. *Her* cock had practically melted away in a way that had left her felt surprisingly *good*, and so that moan had slipped from her poutier lips in a womanly voice that wasn't her own had been a direct response to her bulge flattening and a woman's slit opening up beneath a thinned bush of pubes that appeared... *bluer?*

"**Ah... Woman?**" Joseph remarked in a very *strange* way. She wasn't sure of *why*, but she felt compelled to speak as little as she possibly could, and even then she was inflecting what she *could* say strangely. But that was when it clicked. "**Ah!?**" A woman that didn't speak well, in a white swimsuit, on an abandoned island with an old lighthouse... Didn't that sound like a character from the ongoing Nikke summer event!? But the moment it *did* finally click? She soon *forgot*. "**Oh...**"

What was I just thinking about?

The young woman soon lost track of what she had been focused on. Was something... different? Didn't it feel like she was falling, actually? "**Whoa!?**" No, maybe she was just unsteady on her own two feet? Because her memories and personality were under siege, it didn't click to her that she was *shrinking*. Standing at almost *six-feet* tall would have been much too high according to newfound memories, and by the time she had shrunk down to about *5'7"*? Well, that felt more *correct*. Tall, but not *too* tall.

Joseph's golden eyes blinked as she held one of her hands out. The black sleeves on her forearms now reached past her elbow (as did her thigh high cover most of her leg now), but that wasn't what she was looking at. Her old memories still persisted in some form for the time being, so they were sending mixed signals in regard to her hands. They were small and dainty... were they *supposed* to me? Somehow she remembered having shorter nails and palms, but both her hand and her feet were incredibly delicate. "*Uu...*" It led to a confused sound leaving her lips.

A blind eye had effectively been turned to her *hair*, which all the while had been adopting the same dark blue that her pubes had. It had begun to lengthened *dramatically* too but was largely pulled into a ponytail by a hair tie that had appeared without her noticing. In the back it would eventually reach her butt, while on top it rose into vents while her bangs became longer and messier. For some reason, the underside of this hair all glowed in *cyan*.

While her hair's length had finally reached her ass, as it turned out? Her ass soon grew to reach her *hair* as well. The entire time she'd been cursed with her masculine lack of womanly curves, but they had finally seen fit to swell into being. This saw her bikini bottom slip slightly into the deepening crack of her ass, slowly sitting more comfortably as they bubbled to better match the new width of her hips. It was a plump, but perhaps not *excessively* large buttocks, and her thighs swelled in a comparable manner as you could almost make out her cameltoe in the front of the bikini bottom.

Slenderer shoulders had left her bikini top even looser in the meantime, but Joseph soon found that *ever* element of her new swimsuit would fit appropriately. It began with her nipples, which were entirely bare at first because her swimsuit top hung *past* them. You could see how those nipples were growing puffer, areola nearly *tripling* in coverage while fat pooled beneath them. Mounds rapidly grew into hills, at which point here nipples finally hooked under the bikini to cover themselves, and then swelled into *mountains* to fill those bikini cups out until her new *F-cups* sat comfortably within.



From her perspective, it was an entirely normal weight. If anything, she still felt uncertain about wearing a *swimsuit* for the first time. As a *Nikke*, she wasn't even human deep down. It just hadn't been obvious visually.

“Ah... Uh... Ah... Oh, right. I'm alone...” *Little Mermaid*, or *Siren* as some preferred to call her, struggled with her words for a moment before remembering there was no reason for her to *not* speak normally. She had a power that forced others to follow her spoken commands, so she was usually more careful about it and only spoke in a simpler manner that minimized the chance of this happening, but since she was *alone* on the beach? She didn't have to do that. Besides, she'd gotten better about avoiding triggering that power in the first place!

But why *was* she alone? She knew why she was on the island. They had been looking for Hansel and Gretel who were across the ocean, and it had turned into an unfortunate pitstop. But why had she stepped away from Cinderella and the rest of her group? That much she *couldn't* recall, but she must have had a reason! “Oh well, I should return to the camp!” It was so much fun spending time with everyone, and she'd become close friends with Naga and Tia. They were even going to light fireworks that night!

So, after fixing the ornament in her hair that hadn't been there before, she hurried off.

Kay found himself in essentially the same situation that Joseph had, although he wasn't greeted by the feeling of his feet being wet. He'd found himself up *high*, standing on a hill beneath an old lighthouse that was probably more functional than it *looked*. “An abandoned island? Wait, isn't this like in the Nikke summer event...?” While Joseph had caught on a little later, Kay was quicker on the uptake, if only because he had a better angle to view his surroundings from up high.

“I guess this explains the swimsuit...” Admittedly, he had been trying his best to *ignore* it. The white bikini that he had appeared to be wearing was fairly modern, and he had a guess as to which character it belonged to. But it was also missing some accessories. He was largely just wearing the white bikini top with straps that criss-crossed over his collar before wrapping around his neck. There were also the platformed sandals on his feet, but those feet were so big that his toes kept slipping out.

The bottom half was where it felt like something was missing, because while he was wearing a matching bottom? It was *very* thin in front, and his dick was trying to peek out. “It's going to be pretty

embarrassing if someone sees me like this...” Especially if they saw him before he transformed, which he could only imagine was going to happen at any moment now. Of course, he was *correct* about that.

But on Kay’s part? There was little room for subtlety on the nature regarding what was happening, even if he’d already worked it out. Well, the issue was more like *she* had already worked it out. “**Mmn!? So early on!?**” Before anything else could even happen, she’d suffered the undeniable end of her masculinity... at least between her legs. At least there wouldn’t be a bulge that was trying to escape the bikini bottom anymore?

There hadn’t been much fanfare, but instead just a tug and the feeling of something *opening* between her legs as her cock was erased and her new slit took its place just below. Of course, her pubes spread to cover more of her now flat pelvis, and their dark browns even browned further, but she couldn’t see *any* of that. She could just tell that her sex had changed... which meant everything else wasn’t far behind.

On this, she wasn’t wrong. “**Shrinking...**” She mumbled to herself the moment the nearby lighthouse began to feel even taller somehow. She’d *been* a height that was similar to Joseph at almost six-feet, but she ultimately didn’t get off as easy as Siren, who was 5’7” even after shrinking, had. No, she dipped farther and faster, not that it caused much of a problem with what she was wearing.

If anything, her feet stopped slipping in her platform sandals as they shortened to fit into them properly with tiny toes, but she took more of a notice of her *hands*. Kay held them out in front of her and turned them over, noticing not only that they were smaller and daintier than she remembered, but noticing that her nails had stretched longer and were covered with a sparkling silver polish instead. But therein lied a new problem. These hands *were* different than she recalled, but...

The woman was beginning to *remember* them being that way. She could even vaguely recall doing those nails herself that morning beside a campfire. “**Wait! Did that happen? I totally don’t think... Do I?**” Her voice sounded perkier, but there were cues in her face as to why that was. She hadn’t *just* shrunk down to 5’2”, after all. Looking at her face, she’d gradually become more youthful until only looked *nineteen*.

But even then? As the pitch of her voice raised to sound more feminine and her dialogue sounded closer to what you might expect of a teenager, so too did her face’s shape gradually shift to better resemble a *girl* of that age. This meant fuller lips beneath a smaller nose, although those lips soon shone as the scent of strawberry lip gloss faintly began to drift from them. Her cheeks? They grew rounder, and the young woman’s

eyes narrowed just in time for mascara to lengthen her lashes around eyes that darkened to an amber shade.

“Wait! Huh? Why’d I think being a girl was weird?” That was like the *least* weird thing in the world for someone who’d been *born* a girl, right? At least before being remade as a Nikke. As such, her interior had slowly been changing so that it was composed of counterfeit parts that *resembled* a human’s body, but her frame was more machine than anything else. Not that you could tell from the exterior when she looked so convincingly *human*.

Even her hairs appeared authentic as they crept longer. They grew a little messy as they spilled down her back, and before long, her right eye was *completely* obscured by dark brown bangs that were actually several shades off from her usual hair color. **“Hm?”** Her eye being obscured was confusing for a *moment*, but she ended up shrugging it off as ‘normal’ before long. Her memories were being adjusted *quickly* by this point.

Perhaps that was why she didn’t even bat an eyelash when her silhouette began to undergo a dramatic shift. Her waist finally pinched inward in tandem with her hips flaring out, providing proper ‘shelving’ for weight to pool beneath flesh that had long since become smooth and hairless. The bikini bottom that had sat somewhat loosely around her lower half before gripped her more efficiently when her hips flared out, but it rested even *better* when her ass swelled out into an enticing peach shape and her thighs thickened until they were almost on par with her waist, rubbing up against each other between her legs.

In the meantime, Kay was idly tucking some loose strands of her hair behind her ear as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She didn’t pay any mind to her thickened lower half, nor did she seem to bat an eye at the sensation of swollen nipples beginning to press against a bikini top that hadn’t covered them before. Naturally, this was because her breasts were *growing*, with her nipples leading the charge in growing almost as big as her eyes before mounds developed beneath them. They quickly grew to fill her bikini’s cups, soon becoming *F-cups* of her own that the swimsuit helped accentuate.

While this seemed like it might be the end, and the addition of a number of new accessories like sunglasses on her head along with a white bow, a straw hat hanging behind her, and a phone on a band around her left arm might have suggested it was at its end... There was still one more change. A not-so-subtle change in complexion. Kay had been quite pale before, but her complexion was *darkening* thanks to the melanin that was being added to her skin. Before long, she was a tanned brown that really made her white bikini stand out!

“Geez... She didn’t have to climb all the way up there.” *Naga* took a moment to tuck some of her dark brown hair behind her lighter brown ear. She wasn’t sure what had been so *confusing* a moment ago. How could she have forgotten what she was doing? The graduate was *clearly* returning back to camp with her best friend, Tia. Or, well, she *had* been up until the moment the wind had picked up and caught the towel around her waist. Her fault for not tying it more tightly.



Regardless, the wind had carried it all the way up to the top of the lighthouse somehow, and in the end, Tia had given chase. **“That girl has too much energy for someone carrying those around.”** Because Tia’s breasts... Well, they put the bosoms of every other woman on the island to shame by a *wide* margin. Not only were they big, but they were super soft and sensitive. *Naga* knew from *personal* experience. Because a Nikke couldn’t wait around for the Commander to notice her forever! Which reminded her...

“We’re doing the fireworks soon, right? She’d better hurry up.”

Admittedly, I didn’t even know that my friends had been wrapped up in this the moment *I* had found myself on the very same island, standing atop the very lighthouse that both had noticed in the island’s center. **“WHOA!?”** I’d been standing *right* beside the railing, and the view of the ground so far below momentarily freaked me out because I hadn’t been expecting it. I stumbled closer to the inside of the platform where I finally noticed what I was *wearing*.

...Mostly because my bare gut bounced around. I certainly didn’t have the build for a *bikini*, one with glittering silver, triangle-shaped cups that practically hung against my big belly while a matching bottom gripped my dick uncomfortably, its straps *trying* to sit high on my hips. That bulge was *fortunately* obscured by a translucent, white sarong, but my legs were otherwise bare aside from the silver sandals on my feet. **“Why... am I dressed like this?”**

I didn’t really need to *ask*, did I? I’d definitely heard her voice right before I’d found myself in that new location!

I also wasn't inexperienced enough to not realize that the bikini top I was wearing was *huge*. Whoever was supposed to be wearing it likely had a *gigantic* pair of tits, and I wasn't necessarily looking forward to that. Then again, at first I was left grappling with a different set of changes. "**Oh.**" I couldn't even bother to feign confusion or alarm when I felt *it*. The fact that my skin was being rejuvenated, granting it a softness it hadn't even possessed in my youth while erasing hairs, scars, and stretchmarks until my complexion was pristine.

But that had only been an underlying part of what I had *actually* noticed. That my excessive weight was becoming *less* excessive. The gut that always protruded from my torso was rapidly losing weight, flattening so that the lack of stretch marks didn't end up looking out of place. It wasn't long before my body was perfectly trim without an inch of excess body fat, but this led to a bikini that was already too big for my torso dangling even *farther* down without my belly to rest upon.

"It wasn't like I was expecting to remain fat, but..." I didn't *not* hear that crack in my voice, and honestly? I had already figured out *who* I was becoming. There was only one character in that Nikke event that needed a bikini *that* big, and in that moment? Everything above my head was beginning to transition into her visage. The colors of my eyes dulled to brown while they became larger and more expressive, with longer lashes that helped make them appear more feminine above a slightly smaller nose. My lips became *full* as well, definitely the fullest between the three of us, between thin, raised cheek bones.

I now had a *very* pretty face, but it was the pretty face of a *nineteen year old* girl. One that had a cute mole underneath her right eye, and one that *clearly* had blonde hair based on how my own short locks were lightening. It wasn't long before they *grew*, falling to my shoulders and then the center of my back while my bangs thickened to hang until they were just above my eyes. These new strands were voluminous and smelled faintly of lilac, and I naturally noticed them. I didn't want to react to them, and yet... **"Isn't my hair so pretty!?"**

That was *not* what I had wanted to say! And yet, it made total sense that I had said it, all things considered. I was clearly slipping into my new role, and that role required a change of... perspective. A physical one, that was. **"Wah!?"** I ended up placing my hand on the inner wall of the lighthouse to hold myself steady when I became overwhelmed by the sensation of my eye level just *dropping*. Of a similar height to the two men that were also changing, I ultimately dropped down to a height that was more of a middle ground between the two – around 5'4".

This left my hands all the more delicate (and manicured), and my feet were no longer too big for the sandals that I had been wearing. **"This**

feels so weird!” Even though I was still commenting on my transformation, I couldn’t stop myself from sounding more *excited* about it. This was a product of my changing personality, as I was becoming a young woman that treasured looking cute and, well, *sexy*.

And *that* element grew in with *abundance*. “**Oh!?**” I ended up clapping my hands together with surprise as I soon felt my posture being tugged forward, forcing me to arch my back to keep things stable. It had some help from the fact that my interior was more robotic, because I too was becoming a Nikke, and they were naturally stronger than ordinary girls. “**Wow! They’re really getting big!**”

But rather than sounding concerned by the growth that I had been dreading, I only *gawked* down at myself as I watched my own chest begin to inflate. And inflate. And inflate even further. My tits outgrew Siren’s and Naga’s before they even contacted the bikini top, and even then I had to pull the top up so that they’d slot in properly. By this point, each breast was already as big as my head, but their immense weight eventually burgeoned *larger*, even growing too large the bikini itself as it dug *into* nipples that were larger than my eyes.

J-cups? K-cups? They had to be at least *L-cups*, right? No, I *knew* that was how big they were! I’d always had such a huge pair, and I had absolutely no complaints now that being a Nikke meant that I didn’t have to worry about back problems! Still, I was a little confused. Why did my bikini bottom feel so tight around my pelvis? It was like something was... sticking out? Or it *had* been, anyways. “**...Wha?**”

I did shudder a little bit as it flattened away, because it was my sex finally changing just in time for the areas around it to fatten. I was undeniably a *woman*, and one whose hips were forced wider by swelling thighs and a burgeoning ass, which bloated into an enticing heart shape before long. My lower half certainly wasn’t as thick as my tits were huge, but I probably would have had alarming proportions if *that* was the case, right? Just having *enormous* boobs alone wasn’t *that* bad!

And in the meantime? My look was finished off by a pair of purple shades and bows that tied my hair into two tails on top of my head!

“**WHA—!?**” Any confusion I’d felt regarding why I had climbed up onto the top of the lighthouse had been completely erased the moment a familiar white towel smacked me right in the face. “**Oh, there it is!**” Right! Naga’s towel had grown wings and flown away, and I, *Tia*, was such a good friend (with benefits) that I had given chase! Which was no small feat considering how much even lightly jogging had my fat tits bounce around!

This entire trip, I'd always been a little worried that my nipples were going to slip out since my swimsuit was *clearly* a couple of sizes too small for my figure. But it was *fine*! I was making it work, and even if my nipples slipped out... It wasn't like there was anyone on the island I'd be *ashamed* to have seen them! Not even the Commander! I was about to head back down to meet up with Naga when I heard a scream on the other side of the platform, though.

“Are you okay!?” Naturally, I ran along the platform to the other side to see if someone needed help. There wasn't anyone *there*, though. Just a pile of Japanese-style clothes? **“Huh? Whose are these?”** I crouched down to pick some up. They were *way* too small for me! Maybe they were the right size for a child? But I ended up dropping the clothes when something started to *move* inside of them. **“Uh... Oh!”**

A cute little chameleon ended up crawling out! **“Hey there, little guy...!”** I *loved* chameleons! They were so cute! So, I didn't have any problems at all when it jumped up onto my cleavage before moving onto my shoulder. I couldn't have possibly fathomed that this lizard had been the girl that had transformed me *into* Tia in the first place! ...Namely because I believed I'd been Tia all alone. **“Do you wanna come to the fireworks with me, little guy?”**

It *was* a guy, wasn't it? I didn't get the *impression* that it was a girl!

