

MIXED HOUSE SWIM

COMMISSION STORY

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What constituted a *coincidence*, really?

There were plenty of *little* things out there that were easily played off as coincidences. Ending up going to the grocery store at the same time as one of your coworkers, for example. Maybe you go to open your door at the same time as someone goes to open it from the other side? Heck, something as simple as going to message a friend on Discord at the same time as they go to message *you* could be a pretty commonplace coincidence, even if the odds felt rather low.

So then, what *wasn't* a coincidence? Anything that was premeditated; that is to say that it was *planned*. If you and your friend *planned* on messaging each other at the same time? Well, then that wasn't a coincidence. Just like if you and your coworker communicated going to the grocery store together. It also *wasn't* a coincidence if the event takes place through someone else's design.

Which was what Joseph, Jon, and Axel had to assume what was going on. All three of them had received packages from the exact same sender, at the exact same time, on the exact same time... despite *all* of them living in different parts of the world entirely. **"It's... a woman's swimsuit?"** Joseph mumbled to himself as he typed the exact same sentence into his shared Discord DMs with the two other men. The package had come from a sender called 'Threemu', which sounded like a play on *that* Chinese company.

It wasn't *just* a woman's swimsuit, but a brown bikini with a straw hat and sandals. He didn't need to wonder if it would fit him, but there *was* something else inside that caught his eye. A bracelet with blue

gemstones, and within one of those stones was a symbol that struck him as strangely familiar. **“Is that a Crest—?”**

The Crest of Lamine?

The man hadn't *quite* managed to finish his sentence before his stomach did a backflip... while his surroundings twisted into something entirely different than the kitchen of his home that he had been standing in. **“Wh—!?”** He was *outside*? He was on a *beach* on the edge of a forest? Based on the scent of saltwater, it must have been near the ocean, but how had he suddenly ended up on a beach? Considering there were only some tents set up nearby, it didn't even seem like it was near civilization.

“Tents...? Is someone camping here?” That was an easy assumption to *make*, but even though those tents were a ways away from where he was standing, he could tell they weren't *modern*. Joseph was naturally panicked, but he still remembered what he'd been about to say. **“Where did that bracelet... go!?”** He didn't need to look *far*. It was on his left wrist. In fact, the *whole* outfit was placed upon his body, including a cream-colored, translucent skirt he hadn't even noticed inside the box.

There was a moment of silence as Joseph made his best attempt to process what had just happened. **“Why... am I wearing this?”** It was definitely a valid question, but it was only upon closer investigation of the arm that wore the bracelet that he became aware that things were a little *more* bizarre than he'd initially realized. **“...Wait, when were my arms shaved?”** The olive skin not only of that arm, but *both* of his arms was absent of any hair whatsoever? He was a guy, so he didn't really shave there.

It was only then that it occurred to him to check the *rest* of his body, and lo and behold? His stomach and his legs were in the same boat. **“Who... shaved me?”** That felt like a pretty big invasion of his privacy? But that was only really the case *if* someone had done it in the first place. Seconds later, he revisited his arms to find that their skin appeared... *lighter*? **“H-Huh?”** Which was admittedly a little more impossible than getting shaved down!

Nonetheless, with so much of his skin now exposed, it was pretty easy for him to see that his skin was lightening evenly. The shade that it took in the end was a brighter pink, but while he was understandably distracted by it? That skin wasn't the *only* aspect of his body that had changed colors in that moment. His eyes adopted a glassy shade of blue, whereas *all* of the hair that remained on his body lightened from dark to

a sandy blonde instead. His hair length *had* remained unchanged for the time being, however, so he could hardly be blamed for not recognizing it just yet.

“Oh dear, that’s not right at all...” He probably could have mustered a more alarmed reaction to his skin changing color, right? And yet, his acknowledgement opened with verbiage he wouldn’t normally default to. Nonetheless, while it didn’t help with the ill fit of his new swimsuit otherwise, the changes rapidly became much more pronounced. **“Urp!?”**

Joseph had to fling his attention downwards in order to see his waistline pinch inwards a couple of inches. In tandem with that pinch there was a swell however, and his hips ended up jutting out a few inches further. Funnily, this meant that the waistband of the bikini could sit much more snugly... and that didn’t play well with the dick that was stuffed inside. **“Why is my waist so... EEP!?”** It was just one thing after another. Now he found himself... falling?

He'd thrown his hands out to the sides as if there was anything for him to grab onto, but seconds passed, and it finally clicked to him that his feet were still planted firmly on the sand. He wasn’t falling, but his eye level was still dropping? It was only then that it occurred to him that his toes were no longer hanging over the edge of his sandals. They fit? And looking at his hands, were they not slenderer, with manicured fingernails? **“Did I... shrink? And why am I looking so much like a girl? ...And sounding like one, apparently.”**

It was difficult to deny how *soft* and *effeminate* his voice now sounded, and a slender index finger was raised to touch the lips it had spoken through. Were they *softer*? It was getting hard to say, especially when Joseph himself had been consistently calm in the strangest sense. He had been able to zero in on what was wrong immediately before, but now? The things he’d identified as incorrect didn’t feel so wrong anymore. It was more like he was just reacting to the things as they happened and then they disappeared from memory.

Case in point? After contemplating the softness of his lips, he lowered his finger without saying a word even though he *was* correct. His lips were softer, fuller, and part of a broader set of sweeping changes that not only better suited the sex his voice conveyed but made him appear progressively *younger* in the process. Sharper edges melted away, leading his face to a rounder definition with a smaller nose and bigger, blue eyes that sported longer lashes and thinned, blonde eyebrows. He looked more like a woman, sure, but he also looked *younger* – around *twenty-two* or *twenty-three*.

“**Hm~?**” It was finally time for Joseph’s (now) sandy blonde hair to grow, but he didn’t really react at *all* to it. Not even as it grew in great excess, with fluffy strands finding their way into an ass-length side ponytail that was dyed by a brown ribbon over his left shoulder. A straw hat incidentally also ended up appearing atop his head, and he ended up adjusting it as if it had always been there. “**That’s bett— EEP!?**” Another squeak, but this time *she* didn’t quite piece together what had caused her to make that noise in the first place.

The bulge underneath her bikini bottom had deflated, and it was the tug into her pelvis and the opening of her new pussy that brought about that feminine squeal in the end. “**Did I just become a... Or was I not always...?**” A *woman*? She was torn on the truth, but she didn’t have any reason to doubt what was obvious biologically, right? Even as she contemplated it, the bikini bottom that had hung vaguely loose around her butt tightened courtesy of her butt swelling into a fuller peach shape, while further down her thighs softened into a rounded bloat to take up some of the space between her widened hips.

And she *certainly* couldn’t claim to be a man with what had begun to accumulate upon her body’s upper half. The bikini cups that Joseph had been wearing had just sort of been resting loosely against her flat chest. At the first sign of life, though, as weight began to accumulate beneath her nipples, their skin was stretch and her nipples puffed up until a pair of *D-cup* breasts ended up jiggling into position, where the bikini cups held them perfectly. And rather than look at them with bewilderment?

The girl gazed up at the sky.

“**Hm... The weather seems like it’s going to hold up today. How exciting!**” The young *Mercedes von Martritz* gave a little stretch towards the blue sky above. Joseph had understandably been so distracted by everything else that he hadn’t noticed it was still early morning, but now Mercedes at least had the knowledge of where the beach was. It was a small beach off of Fodlan’s coast. Her professor had taken her and some of the other students out for



a little rest and relaxation, and so Mercedes and herself had chosen to head to the beach the night before everyone else to help set out camp.

Which reminded her to look back at the tents. **“So far, we’ve only set up three... We’re going to need about ten more.”** As much as she *wanted* to go swimming, that would have to wait until they were finished working since, they’d all slept peacefully! Twelve tents probably still wouldn’t be enough for everyone, but at least the two girls she had come with had volunteered to share one. They came from a different house than the Blue Lions, so they couldn’t really be expected to share with anyone else anyways even if Mercedes was familiar with them already.

“It looks like someone is still in their tent, though?” Weren’t they supposed to be out gathering supplies? **“Could she be afraid to step out into the sunlight? Maybe they’re working on a solution...”**

“I... Uh... *Huh?*” Jon’s experience had been *very* similar to what Joseph had gone through, right down to being in the very same group chat. He had received a shady package from ‘Threemu’ that had contained a woman’s swimsuit, although *unlike* Joseph’s, it had been a one piece with black lace cups and matching arm bands and a white bottom, with a translucent, white skirt, blue neck wrap, and matching headband with a flower upon it. There must have been shoes or something underneath, but...

At the time he had concluded that it must have been for someone’s *cosplay*. He actually recognized the swimsuit in the moment as the one Constance from Fire Emblem: Three Houses wore as part of the swimsuit variation she shared with Hapi. But his theory that the shipment had simply been some kind of mistake had been blown out of the water when he suddenly not only found himself in a tent, but he was *wearing* that outfit, sandals and all. It was *very* tight around his stomach, probably because he was way too tall to be wearing it.

“Did they have to take my *hat* though!?”

...Was *that* really important? He’d completely missed the *Crest of Noa* imbued in the headband, too. But his hat was important to him! He could always be found wearing it over his bright blonde hair! ...*Wait*. Jon hadn’t noticed it, at least not *yet*, but strands of his darker hair had begun to lighten much like Joseph’s had. And yet, while they were also blonde, *his* strands became a much brighter, yellower shade. It possessed a few strands at first, and those strands inched longer. It

eventually spread through *all* of his hair with similar effects, and in the end...

“Huh?” Noticing something yellow dangling beside his head in the corner of his eye, he reached up to grab it. Was it a bug or something? It wasn’t until he grabbed it and gave it a sharp tug did he realize what it was. **“Ow!? Is that my *hair*!?”** It had definitely tugged on his scalp, but what he was grasping was drill-shaped, blonde locks that twirled down from the side of his head. He had a matching one on the other side, while his bangs were now choppy and the blonde hair in the back fluffily reached his chin.

That was still *not* his usual hair style *nor* color, though! **“There’s no way that’s *real*, right? Did someone glue a wig to my head?”** Jon was distressed and understandably so. If his voice was cracking, it wasn’t as alarming as what he’d noticed with his hair. And if his friend’s fate had been any indication, his issues were about to become *much* more widespread than just a mere hairstyle change. Mind you, his brows and pubes had also turned blonde... though those pubes had been shaved away anyways.

Now, the tent that Jon had been standing in hadn’t been particularly *big*. He could stand up straight, but he did have to bend his head forward a little. Despite what was happening, he was scared to make any sudden movements with how tight the swimsuit was. He did *not* want it tearing, much less moving in a way where his bulge would slip out from the overly tight pelvic region of the one piece. But not only did he find he no longer had to bend his neck, but the swimsuit felt a little more comfortable around his torso.

“...Wait.” It eventually occurred to him that... Well, no, he drew the *incorrect* conclusion initially. **“Is the tent bigger, or is it just me?”** The irony of that ‘realization’ that it literally was ‘just him’. He was *shrinking*, with her arms, legs, and torso all losing length as his height diminished down towards a shorter 5’5”. This came with changes you would expect, like smaller, daintier hands with grown, manicured fingernails, and similar phenomenon affected his feet. Hands *or* feet, the nails were painted with a light blue paint.

As he crept lower and lower, with the tent roof becoming nearly a full head above him, his hips ended up parting wider, which in turn led to his knees temporarily buckling. In a similar vein? His waistline pinched in, and his bellybutton deepened. It gave his body a silhouette that was pointedly feminine, and while the bulge hiding beneath the translucent skirt that was wrapped around his hips suggest his continued masculinity? His face did not.

“I must be about 5’5”? Or was I *always* not 5’5”? It seems like such a specific number to cite!” Yeah, when thinking of his height, that number *did* specifically come to mind. But did Jon have no thoughts about how *maidenly* his voice now sounded? Or how he was speaking more like a *noblewoman* might? Evidently not, and his face was softening to conform to the new expectations that the rest of his body was beginning to create. A smaller nose, bigger eyes that began to shine with an ocean blue between lengthened lashes, and plush, glossy lips that were thinner yet more pronounced. He was pretty, but he also looked more and more like a *teenaged girl* around the age of *nineteen*.

“*Hm~?*” A curious coo brought about a shift in *her* priorities. Thoughts of her height faded as a twinge in her loins proved to be distracting. It was, of course, the feelings of her cock and balls shrinking and smoothing away, paving the way for a pink slit to open up at the base of her pelvis instead. This inspired weight to pool in her thighs and ass, with her buttocks bloating into a perky bubbled shape that filled the grasp of her one piece’s bottom neatly.

And in a similar fashion? The cups of the swimsuit’s top finally bloated themselves. They had been sitting a little loosely ever since his body had shrunk and the latex was no longer being stretched to its absolute limit, but that material soon conformed around the shapes of a pair of *C-cup* breasts that slowly jiggled until they were full, gingerly cupped by the swimsuit, which helped them look slightly bigger than they actually were. As she was now? The young woman was quite proud of them despite their size.

But she had other things on her mind anyways.

“Well, it’s a good thing *she* volunteered to handle the early morning gathering. I require parasols set up before I dare leave this tent.” *Constance von Nuvelle* must have been the one that Mercedes had noticed was still in her tent, because the noblewoman clearly had no intention of leaving just yet. It made sense in a way, at least to anyone familiar with the young woman’s *unique disposition*. That she had a dual personality disorder that activated when she was outdoors. Her dominant persona would become one that was far less confident.

And she wanted to avoid revealing that to the



members of the Blue Lions house if she could for the time being. Hapi was aware of her little secret and had decided to do the morning work for her, at least until they could fashion some beachside shelter for her to hide under. A noble task, but one expected of a girl that had been desperately trying to court Constance as of late. She was prepared to reward her. That was why she had agreed to share a tent with her going forward.

“I do wish she’d hurry up, however. Did she end up getting lost?”

I wasn’t really sure if what had happened to me had also happened to the other two, but I was *not* comfortable. While the scent of the ocean was strong, implying it was closer than I would have otherwise thought, I was standing on a forest path surrounded by thick trees. That on its own was a very particular hell considering my introverted nature, but what made me all the *less* comfortable was what I was wearing. **“...Is there seriously nothing else around here that I can *put on*?”**

The sight of the green bikini wasn’t a foreign one to me. I had *just* seen it in a box in my office, but now? It was the only thing that my body was *wearing*. My tall and round body was definitely not the right fit for the bikini, and the black latex bikini bottom hidden beneath the green miniskirt did *not* hug my loins comfortable. It was like my dick wanted to pop out. Of course, I couldn’t really see with my pale gut already sticking out plenty. At least I was wearing sandals, though again, my feet were a little too big.

“I JUST WANT TO GO HOME!”

A very valid reaction to have, all things considered.

I definitely wasn’t *built* to be in the middle of the woods, especially in a bikini. One wrong move and all of my weight would... have...? **“...Huh?”** I’d looked down because my gut had felt a little *tight*. I’d wondered if maybe my skin was dry, but what I ended up finding was a little bit – no, *way* more – dramatic than that possibility. **“W-Wait... What?”** I immediately slapped a hand down against my belly. It jiggled of course, but with much less vigor than normal. It looked *flatter*? It *felt* thinner.

No, it was *getting* thinner before my very eyes. I didn’t offer any additional commentary to the sight of it because I was too dumbfounded, gawking instead as even my stretch marks were repaired as that loose skin eventually pulled against a flat belly and the body hair regressed. It even went a little *further* than that, showing off a set of

defined abs that were hard to the touch. The weight loss had affected my body as a whole, too. My arms, thighs, and butt were all thinner, and my face lacked any chubbiness to it.

“I’m going to check this as one more sign I might be dreaming...” Because how was *that* possible? I hadn’t been thin since I was a *kid*, and that was a long time ago at this point. Mind you, all that weight loss left the bikini top hanging loosely across my front and while the bottom still suffocated my dick, it wasn’t *as* tight now that my lower half was more reasonably sized. Because I hadn’t been that thin since childhood, though?

It didn’t occur to me that my waist shouldn’t have pulled in *quite* that much, nor should my hips have been that pronounced. It would have been a little more alarming if I didn’t notice that my *height* was changing next, but fortunately that didn’t come to pass. **“Whoa... Wait, am I getting shorter!?”** I’d *been* a pretty tall guy, but within moments my height had stooped down to 5’7”. My fingers and toes suffered similarly, but also became a little longer and daintier comparatively, with my nails now neatly trimmed. I didn’t notice that.

In fact, I wasn’t even *as* sure about my sudden height drop as I had been when it had first happened. **“Or... Wait, how could I *shrink*?”** That was probably impossible, right? As impossible as my voice becoming higher and more monotonous, perhaps? Assuredly so, but at least it didn’t feel *that* out of place. My face had been shifting to match. Fuller lips, a longer yet smaller nose, and narrowed cheeks now rested beneath a pair of eyes that had been reshaped to *droop* ever so slightly. They were feminine in their shapes and their long lashes made that even more obvious. It made me all look younger, like I was *twenty-one* at most.

But what *really* stood out about my eyes was their color. A fiery red wasn’t a color that eyes could *normally* take in real life. You’d need colored contacts, but my irises took on that color naturally all the same. It even began to appear amidst the locks of my hair, which were not only dyed red but eventually lengthened down into a messy, shoulder-length style with a trio of ahoges sprouting from the back of my head. My reddened brows thinner, while reddened pubes? They actually became *thicker*.

“Mm... Something doesn’t feel quite right, but what is it?” If the sound that I’d made at the beginning of that sentence made it sound like I was aroused, that wasn’t really far from the mark. There had been a subtle tug between my legs, opening up a new slit to make me an authentic *woman*. My masculinity was gone, and that led to a surge of weight pooling in the surrounding area. While toned like my belly, by

thighs bloated several inches with weight until the violet strap around my left thigh was digging into my flesh, and my butt bubbled out into a peach shape so that the bikini bottom felt much snugger.

And as the trend established by the other two suggested would be the case, the cups of my bikini top were given the same treatment. Flesh pooled beneath the cups and my skin soon stretched with a weight that saw my nipples plump up in the process. That mass jiggled and bounced periodically before the cups finally straddled their mass properly, and by then? They were *F-cups* at most. Big, perky, and... *tanned*?

“Maybe it’s nothing...?” But changed sex nor heavier chest would seemingly rouse me into acknowledging that I was changing anymore. My complexion was the final thing to change, and it even darkened to a copper-adjacent tan that was etched into my melanin itself. Compared to the other two, it made me look like I was from a different nation altogether. My family’s historical background certainly stated as much, but it was really much of a concern to me.

I had bigger things to worry about, honestly. Like satisfying a certain princess.

“When Coco asked us to match, I probably shouldn’t have worn them into the forest.” I let loose a sigh as my slender fingers rubbed at the red hair on the back of my head. I had to lean forward to see my feet past my breasts, the ample tanned cleavage I was accustomed to seeing set on obscuring my view. It felt like a miracle that my feet hadn’t been cut up by stray weeds, but I was also very careful. I wasn’t going to take any unnecessary injuries; else my name wasn’t *Hapi*.

When it came to the idea of taking a vacation, or going swimming? I didn’t really care about any of that. There wasn’t a lot I felt *too* strongly towards these days. As the bearer of the Major Crest of Timotheus, which was actually etched into the choker that held up my bikini top, I was more used to misfortune than getting to relax and have a good time. I only really came along because Constance had wanted to go. I was even in the forest because I wanted to do it for Constance’s sake.

“Just a few more, though...” I looked back at a pile of leaves, vines, and sticks I’d amassed over the past hour. Enough supplies to help build her a



shelter, so that she could leave her tent. It sounded like a lot of work for just one girl, but... Well, since she'd agreed to share a tent for the duration of the trip, and considering how close we'd been getting lately, that meant it was likely that...

“...Let's not count our chickens before they hatch, Hapi.”