

PENGUIN PARTY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The summer season was finally upon them. Or what passed for ‘summer’ on the planet of Talos-II, at any rate.

While this might not have meant much for the regular folk of the planet, the employees of Endfield Industries had certainly been looking forward to it. Ever since the Endministrato had returned, it felt like *everything* had been going wrong, and everyone’s hands had been on deck at all times to help with the ever-changing crises. It wasn’t like they were never given *breaks* or anything like that, but an actual *vacation*? There hadn’t been any time for one of those.

But with the crisis in Wuling settled and the summer season upon them, it seemed that there had finally been an opportunity for that vacation. A beach resort had been built a few years ago in a remote location on Endfield Industries’ dime, and now that they weren’t *as* busy? Throughout the summer they’d be sent out in groups to take a week to themselves at the beach, eating good food and relaxing together.

The Endministrato herself had been included among the first group, along with Perlica, Chen, and a number of the other Operators that they tended to work closely with from their home base. She had told them that she didn’t *need* to go first, but they had justified it by claiming she’d have the best experience going first. “**That probably wasn’t it though...**” The young woman thought to herself as she reminisced on that conversation.

It was much more likely they’d sent her first in case something happened *during* the summer.

They had practically been rushed out *after* that conversation, and before the Endministrator knew it? She was staring out a large window at the crashing ocean waves as Perlica and Chen unpacked their hastily put-together bags behind her. The room they were using was the ‘premium’ one – it had three beds, a kitchen unit, and even two bathrooms! That was more than enough for the three of them, and honestly? It wasn’t like they hadn’t shared sleeping spaces in the past.

“Huh? Endmin? You didn’t real pack very much, did you?”

Perlica was seeing to unpacking their bags, while Chen was unpacking her own. The Endministrator wasn’t surprised to hear Perlica point this out, not when they’d been sent on their vacation as suddenly as they had. They had only been given about half a day’s notice realistically, and unlike the other two? Endmin had piles of paperwork to sift through before she could leave. That ate up more of her day, and then she’d taken a nap... *Okay*, that part was her own fault.

Either way, she had thrown together her bag in less than half an hour before the other two had shown up to pick her up. **“It’s okay! I don’t really need that much!”** She replied with pep, still continuing to observe the waves beneath the bright sun outside. She was *really* looking forward to going swimming! Swimming... Swimming... **“Ah...”** That reminded her of a little *problem* related to what Perlica had been referring to, and so she suddenly turned to look at her. **“I forgot to pack a swimsuit, didn’t I?”**

“You did—”

Perlica had attempted to confirm this but was *immediately* cut off by Chen shouting from the other side of the room. **“DON’T WORRY, ENDMIN! I’VE GOT YOU COVERED! TADAA!”** After shuffling



around in her own bag for a moment, the Lung woman pulled out and held up a *swimsuit*. It was a little unconventionally designed, though. It looked more like... a penguin onesie? One with ‘Penguin Rescue Unit’ written on it in multiple places. But there was a red swimsuit in the middle that didn’t look particularly *conservative*, but for some reason it looked like a lifeguard’s swimsuit. **“LOOK! IT’S A PENGUIN!”** There was a running joke that the Endministrator resembled a penguin among the Endfield Industries employees.

“I don’t *think* that’s going to fit the Endmin, Chen. Besides, isn’t a

penguin costume a little too burdensome to wear on the beach?” Thankfully, Perlica ended up speaking up as the voice of reason. Unfortunately, that didn’t stop Chen from running over with the outfit draped over one arm before grabbing Endmin with the other. **“Hey! Chen!”** Too late. She practically tossed the Endmin into the bathroom and threw the swimsuit in after her before slamming the door.

“At least try it on, Endmin!”

Disoriented from being tossed around like a piece of meat and buried in the clothes, the Endmin just barely made out what Chen had said before the voices on the other side of the door became muffled. It must have been well soundproofed if that was the case, likely to prevent roommates from hearing anything *embarrassing* happening in the bathroom. But the young woman was equally confused about what was going on with her *clothes*.

It was like the penguin onesie was *clinging* to her after Chen had thrown it at her? It was *way* too big for her small body, so it looked more like it had *swallowed* her, which actually wasn’t all that far off the mark. Because when she finally found a place for her head to stick out? **“H-Huh?”** She was *wearing* the onesie? It was definitely *huge* on her, but how had that even happened? It was even zipped up! And why wasn’t she wearing her mask anymore!?

She assumed that her usual uniform was underneath it, so she unzipped it all the way down to her legs. But what she found underneath was even *more* shocking. *Most* of her body was bear, but not because she wasn’t wearing anything. The skimpy red swimsuit that had been part of Chen’s ‘gift’ was *hanging* off of her, unable to even cover her breasts because it had clearly been fashioned for a much *larger* woman. **“Where did my clothes go then? Chen!”** Endmin ran to the door to try and open it to no avail. Because the ‘wings’ covering her hands couldn’t get a grip on the rounded knob.

The woman *literally* couldn’t consider removing the penguin-shaped exterior. She was being mentally blocked from the idea of removing *anything* she was wearing at that moment and didn’t even realize it.

An attempt was continuously made, hoping that if she couldn’t succeed then at least the doorknob rattling would eventually draw Chen or Perlina over to open the door for her. But while her persistence didn’t quickly accomplish *that*, it did accomplish something entirely different. It helped her realize that there was something *amiss*. Not being overly tall, at first she hadn’t been forced to make much of an effort to reach down *to* fumble with the doorknob. But at some point along the way...

It occurred to the Endministrator that this was no longer the case. She'd been progressively straightening her arm while pointing it down at a sharper angle. Was she farther away? That didn't really make any sense, because it wouldn't explain why she'd have to point in *downward*. It was more like her arm was *longer*, and in fact even though it was hidden by the costume fin, now that she was thinking about it, it felt like her hand was covering more of the knob if kept slipping over?

“Wait...” Enough red flags had finally gone off for her to step back and look around, mostly at *herself* before finally taking in her surroundings. She hadn't been in that bathroom for long enough to have a proper grasp of its scale, but didn't it seem more like... **“The bathroom isn't smaller, right?”** If anything, if she considered everything she had noticed, it was likely the opposite.

She was the one getting *bigger*, that is. *Taller*, specifically; at least at *first*. The penguin suit *remained* way too big for her, but her shoulders were lifting it up and the swimsuit that had barely covered her at all was at least being stretched vertically in a way that looked like it was *preparing* to fit her properly somehow, although she lacked the *fat* for that to ever happen. Considering she'd been about 5'3" before, jumping up to 5'8" was a pretty substantial.

“I'm taller...” It had definitely affected the Endministrator's form in subtler ways than she could entirely take in. Take her shoulders broadening several inches for example, or how her thighs had actually pushed a little wider themselves. It went without saying that her fingers were larger within the wings of the rescue unit exterior, and her feet had actually filled out the yellow crocs that she was standing in by this point. **“Hold on!”**

This was definitely something *worth* panicking about, wasn't it? She turned her attention back to the door and began to bang on it. **“Chen!? Perlina!? *Something is wrong!*”** But because of the soundproofing, those cries fell on deaf ears. What *didn't* was the sound of the woman's own voice, which inarguably sounded deeper than it had before. That was a pressing concern, but she soon found her attention drawn to other pressing matters. Like her breasts *pressing* against the door as she continued to bang on it.

Which *hadn't* been happening before. She had leaned close to it to rest her elbows on the wood *while* banging, but her small chest had remained a few inches away. Despite not leaning in any further though? Not only were her breasts now pushing against the wood, but she was beginning to feel their weight push both into each other, as well as her *away* from the door. **“H-Huh!?”** The Endmin had glanced down to

catch an eyeful of cleavage that should *not* have been that deep and then jumped back away from the door.

...Which ultimately led to the weight of her tights bouncing up and down. “**Wh-What in the world is happening to me!?**” Those thin, red straps of the lifeguard swimsuit she had been wearing? Well, they were now *properly* fitted across her nipples so that they weren’t exposed, a feat only possible because those tits had grown to thrice, no, perhaps *four* times their original size? What had once been a pair of B-cups at best had ballooned into a pair of *G-cups* that rivaled her head in size, with a small mole appearing on the cusp between her right tit and armpit.

The woman’s cheeks flushed a bright red at the sight and sensation, and she eventually pulled an arm across them to try and keep them still and hidden. “**Th-They’re so large...**” She couldn’t even see *past* them at all, and when you threw in the fact that her lower body was still largely covered by the costume, it made sense that she wasn’t quite as quick to realize that her lower body was following a similar trend. That is to say that they were *thickening*.

It began with her tummy. She didn’t become *fat* by any means, but a plushness *did* soften her belly a little as a teardrop piercing found its way into her navel. Her hips were prompted to widen once more soon after, this time *far* more significantly courtesy of the joint efforts from her ass and thighs. Much like her tits, a fat that was more suggestive of winning the biological lottery than anything else saw these regions swell, and before long? Her thighs rubbed up against each other passively between her legs, each one as thick as her waist, while the narrow back of the swimsuit dug up into more predominant and voluminous glutes that extended almost six inches behind her.

“**I need to get it together. As a teacher, I...? Huh?**” This was the first time it happened. She spoke of a job she didn’t actually have, and she felt dutiful *to* that job. Should she not present herself a certain way in front of the students? But she didn’t *have* any students? She helped run a company; she was *not* a teacher in the traditional sense. But she couldn’t shake that feeling, just as she could no longer muster the sillier elements of her personality. ...Not that there was much *to* be silly about at that particular moment.

There was no denying that the Endministratoress now fully filled out the skimpy swimsuit underneath the penguin onesie now, embarrassing as it was. But now that this was the case, the transformation finally pushed up into her *head*. It began in her scalp, where her black roots lightened to a brown that eventually painted them entirely. But once they *were* painted? Those strands of hair rapidly lengthened like snakes that

spilled down past her shoulders until they reached past her ass. They were soon pulled up slightly, but only because they had been tied into a high ponytail while a pink visor ended up resting beneath raised hair vents. Her ears had even been rendered exposed, revealing new silver piercings that matched the one in her bellybutton.

All that really remained to indicate who she had once been was her *face*, but even that didn't last long. "**I know who I am... but why do I feel like I don't?**" It changed even as she mumbled, with her lips swelling big and glossy and her nose hooking slightly longer. Her eyes even narrowed beneath her lengthier bangs, helping contribute to the idea that she was an *entirely* different woman along with her eye color shifting to a dull brown from their usual silver.

It was only at this point that it finally struck her that she was a mirror. But it was already too late. The beautiful woman looking back at her was unfamiliar, and yet somehow still strangely familiar at the same time.

Even though the swimsuit now fit her perfectly, *Marciana* still drew one of her costumed arms across the front of her now *gigantic* tits to try and hide them. "**H-How could a swimsuit do all of this to me?**" It was a strange feeling. She was still 'the Endministrator' deep down, but she simultaneously could only think of herself with that new name. Her general personality and mannerisms had changed as well, which had led to her being so *blatantly* embarrassed to be wearing such a *revealing* outfit. It made her want to zip up the penguin suit and hide in the bathroom.

But that wouldn't have been very befitting of a *teacher*. It wasn't like she had any memories of teaching, but she identified as someone that worked a job like that. It was why, once she could find something less ridiculous to wear, she would likely regress into a personality that was much *stricter* – both with herself and others. But she didn't have anything like that *to* wear, and she was much taller and *heftier* than either of the women in the adjoined room. Meaning there was nothing she could wear on hand.

"What am I even going to do about that, come to think of it?" Perlica and Chen would *naturally* be shocked to see an unfamiliar woman walking out of the bathroom in the swimsuit that Chen had



shoved upon her. But she also couldn't hide in there forever. "**I suppose I should just face the music and explain myself...**" Even though it would be *extra* embarrassing with her huge tits swinging about.

After steeling herself like any *mature teacher* would, she managed to open the door and step out. Both Perlica and Chen stopped to gawk at her, which only made Marciana even *more* self-conscious as she rocked her torso back and forth. But before she could say anything... "**You look great, Marciana!**" Chen's exclamation made the woman blink. *Huh?* Perlica's addition didn't help.

"Yeah! I'm a little jealous. I wish I was that curvy!" *Eh? Eh?*

Just what exactly was going on!?