

# DISPATCHED

## COMMISSION STORY

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The job market lately had *not* been great.

It certainly wasn't an issue that was isolated to a single country, though the severity of it did differ somewhat depending on where you lived. The global economic situation had drastically been affected by somewhat recent technological advancements and the like, after all. There wasn't much that the regular person could do in the wake of it all, and unfortunately it was just another lull in the cycle of life.

And yet, these circumstances were the exact reason that Kay was *very* confused about the letter he had gotten in the mail that afternoon. "**I... don't remember applying for this job.**" Among the usual bills and nonsense mail that he'd found while sorting through it, there had been a letter addressed to him sent from what looked to be a company in *Los Angeles*? It was notable enough because he didn't *live* in the United States, and that made the letter's contents all the more confusing.

As he'd mentioned, the letter was basically detailing a *job offer*. The contents were somewhat vague about *what* he'd be doing, but it seemed to be at a call center so he couldn't imagine it being *that* hard. Not that it mattered, because there was no way he could get there in the first place! A job where he had to commute to a *different country* was utterly impossible, which made him think that there had either been some sort of mix-up... or it was a scam.

Ultimately, he decided not to investigate further, but he *did* mention it to his friend Axel online. "**Huh?**" Which had inadvertently renewed his confusion about the whole thing. Apparently, Axel had gotten the exact same letter. Same location, same company, same vague description, and

the same problem. He *also* didn't live near LA, although he did live a lot closer than Kay did. He wasn't close enough to *commute*, but he probably could have moved there if he had wanted to. It wasn't like they were tied at all IRL though, how could they have both gotten the same physical mail with the same scam? That felt like it was entirely impossible.

*As impossible as suddenly finding yourself in a different location, however?*

**“What... just happened?”** Kay had *definitely* been sitting at his desk just a second ago, but now he *definitely* was not. It was like all of a sudden reality had flickered, and now he was sitting on a bench in a *locker room*? It would have been hard to believe if not for the pungent scent of sweat that he likened to the scent of the changing room during gym class in his teens. It was pretty spacious even though it was lined with lockers, but it was also *dark*. Was the building he was in closed?

That was hardly the biggest issue at that moment, he supposed. **“What’s going on here? Was I kidnapped? Drugged and brought here?”** That was a scenario that *might* have made sense if not for the whole ‘it all happened instantly’ aspect of his suddenly location change. Time hadn't passed for him at *all*, and it wasn't like he had just woken up on that bench. Nah, it was actually something even *more* unbelievable, whether he wanted to believe it or not.

**“*Shit.*”** He wasn't the type of guy that swore more than necessary, but he also wasn't the type of guy that *never* swore, and so he didn't think too hard about muttering a curse word under his breath as he stood up. He was confused about how to proceed. Did this count as breaking and entering? But he had already concluded that someone must have brought him there, right? It was *very* mysterious.

But probably not *as* mysterious as the things that he had yet to notice. Kay couldn't really be blamed for his ignorance on the matter. After all, asking someone to notice something that wasn't happening right in front of their faces without tipping them off that something *was* happening in the first place. Double so when what was happening was technically happening *to* their face. **“Whatever’s going on, I need to *fucking* get out of here.”**

At most, the man vaguely noticed a tingling sensation that plagued the skin of his face right off the bat, but that was easily dismissible as a side effect of the air conditioning running through the locker room. But was that *really* what it was? Of course not! It was just a vague sensation that masked that something very *bizarre* was happening to his face. *Structurally*, at least at first, it somewhat shifted. His chin was

gradually pulled away from his nose, giving his face a longer, more egg-like shape.

While not *excessive*, that lengthening of his face in turn lengthened his *nose* as well, which then led to him pushing his glasses up on the bridge of that nose because they no longer fit as comfortably. But glasses *did* slip even when they did fit, so he didn't immediately think too much of it. Even as his lips became puffier at the cost of his cheeks thinning, and his eyes became more angular as a brown deepened in his irises, there wasn't much of a reaction on his part.

**“And I should do it... quick?”** If Kay *hadn't* noticed this, that his voice now sounded higher and far more like a *woman's* voice, then perhaps all hope would have been lost regarding him noticing anything at all. But he noticed it the next time he spoke, *after* his Adam's apple smoother away and his vocal chords were adjusted. And all he could say to that was... **“What the fuck? Why do I fucking sound like this!?”** It was at this point that it finally occurred to him just how *abrasive* he sounded too.

The man's hair was a dark brown color that discreetly altered itself into a dark violet, but what was more dramatic of a change was its *length*. He liked to keep it short, and it really didn't grow *too* long – but it *did* grow, taking on a jagged design that framed his face in a bob, with some sticking up on top and one long growth from his bangs falling between his eyes, which he *obviously* noticed. **“Uh...?”** His hair was longer? *Why?* **“Ugh!?”** He didn't get to think about it for long, because his vision suddenly became *very* blurry.

And for some reason, his first instinct was to grab his glasses and *throw* them across the room.

**“Pieces of shit—!?”** It was only once they had collided with a nearby locker and *presumably* broken that Kay realized what he had done. **“Wait, fuck! I need those!”** But *did* he? Not only was his vision *fine* now, but he couldn't remember... wearing glasses? So why had they been on his face? They'd been there for a reason, right? *Right?* He could have dwelled on the subject, but a growing impatience deep down had him moving on. **“And what the hell is going on with my clothes?”**

Perhaps the fact that he was registering it as a problem with his *clothing* was just as damning regarding where his head was at. What he was registering as 'something wrong with his clothes' was actually them getting baggier and baggier against a body that was... getting *shorter*? He was a tall guy that was on the threshold of being six feet... but the 'was' was doing a lot of heavy lifting now. The inches had *fallen* off of him, diminishing his stature all the way down to 5'6”.

It was a height that was shorter than before, and for some reason his waist had pinched in significantly, but there were *gains* that Kay had been bestowed in the process. Whatever soft weight that his figure had possessed was *hardened*, fat fading so that toned muscle could flourish beneath skin that was soon tighter *and* tanner than before. He'd *been* pale, but before long? All of those new muscles were covered by a caramel coloration that helped suggest that his racial profile had changed. And it wasn't the only profile to change.

The other one wasn't even subtle. **"FUUUUCK! This is not the place to be getting fucking horny!"** She must have been *very* confident that she was alone in the building, at least to be shouting *that* of all things. She *had* become very aroused all of a sudden, but only because her masculinity had gone the way of the dinosaurs; obliterated, shrunk down into nothing as a slit peeled open between her legs and dark violet pubes thickened above it. Her sex change went almost *completely* unnoticed otherwise, and she began to hop in her oversized clothes to try and 'cool down'. **"These shitty clothes aren't helping!"**

Her shirt practically reached her knees, while her shorts only hung on because her hips hadn't narrowed. In fact, now that her sex had been inverted, those hips actually slightly *widened* in a way that made her pinched in waist feel even *more* pronounced. It was part of the final touches to a build that was buff but feminine – making her look like your perfect, adult tomboy. Some of that fat was fed into her thighs, making them *look* softer despite their muscle, while her fat *bubbled* out behind her to make use of her wider hips.

This ass was perhaps the most *striking* aspect of her appearance, at least if you were checking her out. Its full heart shape on a body that was so small and fit... And it helped that the weight that pooled upon her chest only amounted to *C-cups* at most. What they lacked in size they made up for in *perkiness*, and *she* didn't really care too much. **"Big tits would be a huge pain in the ass while running around a mission that— HEY!?"** Kay just suddenly *disappeared*.

**"Wait. Why am I freaking out? That's how my powers work."** In a blink of the eye, she was standing there again. To *her* it was like nothing had changed, but her *clothes* clearly had. The unfit, masculine attire that had been worn before she disappeared was gone, replaced by a cropped, black top and cropped, pink jacket that left her tummy bare. Along with black slacks and combat boots, she also had a septum piercing in her nose and both a sports bra *and* a matching pair of women's undergarments.

She felt *off*.

**“Ugh. Maybe I need to stop drinking before my shift if I’m gonna feel *this* much like shit after. Did I get blasted by some sorta halogen beam at some point?”**



For *Courtney*, better known at her job as *Invisigal* or just *Visi*, everything she’d just experienced was *shrugged off*. A life where she’d been some boring ass dude? She was obviously under the influence of *something*, and somehow, she doubted it was the half of a six pack she’d had to shake off her hangover that morning.

If her name didn’t really give it away, she was a *superhero*... kind of? Her attitude didn’t really *align* with what you would expect from a hero, and that was kind of the point. She was a ‘hero’ assigned to the Phoenix Program, which had been designed to rehabilitate ex-villains that were willing to become heroes. *Visi* was... not the best example of one. She was always causing headaches for her dispatcher, Robert, and didn’t *act* like she really cared.

But she *did*, bad attitude aside. Without thinking too much about it all, she began to strip as the accumulated sweat rolled from her pits and across her abs. **“Kinda wish I had a cushier job some days, but what can you do?”** Blonde Blazer had it pretty easy, right? **“What the hell is she even up to? Feels like I haven’t seen her huge ass around here in ages.”**

But that was about to change.

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**“An... office?”** I had ultimately found myself in a similar predicament to Kay, though I had no way of knowing that beyond the fact that we’d somehow gotten the same letters for job offers regarding a call center job that was *way* too far away for either of us to plausibly work. We’d *just* been talking about it when my surroundings suddenly changed, and the next thing I knew I was in exactly what I had said: a modern-day office.

I was standing behind a desk with an old-fashioned screensaver bouncing around the screen. Of course, none of what was happening made any sense. Unlike Kay, I elected to briefly assume that maybe I was dreaming – but that assumption went out the window when I

pinched my own cheek and felt a little pain. “**Ow.**” So, I had to rule that possibility; not that there were any others that I could think of.

Regardless, it wasn't something that I would need to worry about in the long term.

I'd been looking *around* at my surroundings, not exactly looking at my own body. I hadn't really had a *reason* to... up until the moment I felt very *cold*. The office was clearly air conditioned, and the evening view from the window made me think that I was somewhere warm. I finally looked down and, well... *I felt a lot warmer*, and only because I'd *immediately* become embarrassed. “**I-I'm naked!?**” My whole gut was out – and that was *quite* a bit of gut!

Well, was I *completely* naked? There was a red gemstone pressed just above my chest, through which a vague warmth was spreading. Was that the source of my missing clothing? I *had* definitely just been wearing it a moment ago, but... “**There's no way a gemstone could do that, right?**” It had perhaps been a lapse of judgment on my part to reach up with my right hand to grab it, but I'd wanted to remove it. “**Ouch!?**” Only for me to cry out in pain a second time, because it delivered a light *shock* before I could even come into contact with it.

“**The fuck?**” I glared down at the stone with natural suspicion, but my attention eventually traveled to the surrounding area. My pale skin looked *off*, didn't it? Not because that pink skin had changed in color or anything – it was more like I was watching all of the *hair* across my torso being shaved away by an invisible razor. My chest, my belly, my armpits... everywhere except the hair on top of my head, my eyebrows, and my pubes were all wiped clean so that my skin was smoother. Furthermore, the stretch marks on my belly were being *repaired*?

No, it wasn't *just* a matter of them being repaired. It took me a second to realize it, but upon touching my smoother, softer tummy I could tell there was... less weight to it? Before my very eyes, it my gut pressed closer and closer to where my stomach was actually kept. Any aspect of it that was distended was being *flattened*, with the pudge to my arms, thighs, chest, and face all draining away in kind. “**I'm getting thin!?**” It was hard to believe! So hard to believe that I couldn't help but tack on: “**Since when was I overweight, though?**”

Wait, no! That wasn't what I had wanted to say! I mean, it was a little strange to think that, right? I was pretty meticulous about staying in shape. My job basically *required* that I stayed in shape. “**My job...? Huh?**” I worked inside. Behind a computer. That didn't really require staying in shape at *all*. But then what were those vivid memories of

hitting the gym in my LA home every... **“I-I don’t live in LA!?”** Then... was the city outside of that window Los Angeles? Like in that letter?

My problems were compiling. It suddenly occurred to me that because I was in an office, there *must* have been a *camera*, right? And I was currently in the room... naked. As I thought about it, my gaze traveled to one of the room’s corners subconsciously, not recognizing that I seemed to *know* that there was a camera there that was practically invisible to the naked eye. The eyes that gazed towards that corner turned blue, but the shapes of my eyelids widened, and my lashes lengthened in kind.

The combination of these two factors made those eyes appear quite...  
*feminine.*

I probably would have been making more of a fuss about my weight... if I could still *remember*. My mind had long since wandered away, and I was even beginning to worry about completely unrelated things like *paperwork*? There *was* a pile of papers on the desk, but those... weren’t... mine, right? **“...Let’s just not look at them and maybe they’ll go away.”** I *did* avert my gaze from the pile just as I had averted my gaze my slimming waist, but I ended up raising my brow. **“Does my voice sound *different* somehow, or am I going crazy?”**

I wasn’t going crazy, and it was somewhat miraculous that I had even recognized it in the first place. My voice *definitely* sounded like a woman’s voice, while having the clarity of someone who was used to speaking confidently at that. It had changed as my Adam’s apple smoothed away above the rest crystal, which was a piece of the *rest* of everything above my head conforming to fit the label of ‘woman’ more accurately. My eyes *already* suited the term, so why not add a smaller nose and fuller, rosier lips to the equation? Oddly though, my jaw seemed to be a little *stronger*?

**“Or... This is how I always sound, right? Ugh. I am working *way too hard*.”** My changing memories and personality were making it difficult to tell heads from tails when it came to what I was *supposed* to be like at this point. I gave my head a shake to try and clear it, and in the process, I probably *should* have noticed the weight of my hair swaying to and fro, tickling my bare shoulders where it hadn’t before. But it just didn’t *register*.

My short, dark hairs had grown long and *blonde*, wavily extending to the center of my back with my bangs slicked to the sides. Had I been looking down, I might have noticed that color creeping into my pubes. Pubes that were being neatly contained into a small bush that was... spreading down towards my pelvis? **“Mmn!?! Whoa.”** I moaned and then gasped before *finally* looking down, seeing nothing *on* that pelvis at all. What I

had just felt was the theft of my dick and testicles, and what existed now was only a *slit* that was connected to a newly developed *womb*. There was no beating around the bush; I was biologically a *woman*.

*Which makes sense, because I am one?*

Any uncertainty I'd felt about my sex was *promptly* dismissed as my ignorance persevered. My figure was quick to conform to the new sex that had been laid out for me, promptly seeing to it that *fat* made itself comfortable in all of the places you would expect to find it in a woman. Perhaps a little *too* much fat, as my chest didn't shy away from jiggling and even giving a light bounce as a pair of *F-cup* tits expanded upon it. They were *heavy*. *Too heavy*. "**Wait. Why are they so heavy?**"

I ended up cupping both of my tits with my hands, showing off slender fingers that sunk into them in the process. The issue wasn't that I couldn't remember having tits; I *could*. The issue was that I could remember being able to support them without giving my back much trouble? Even then, my ass was still swelling out into a squeezable heart shape behind me, with my hips parting so that my thighs could bloat until each one was roughly as thick as my waist.

**"That's... a little better? Still not sure why I'm naked though?"** How was it better? Something had changed, and it wasn't my height. I'd already been almost six feet tall, and that height remained. It was more my *build*. If the weight of my tits had been a problem because I was too weak, then naturally the only actual solution would involve me becoming *stronger*. The skin across my back had rippled as bulky muscle spread, rippling around my chest so that broader pecs made my breasts look even *bigger*.

This phenomenon spready quickly. Toned abs sunk my bellybutton deeper, whereas my ass and thighs also became thicker as raw muscle emerged beneath the fat. Where it was perhaps the *most* shocking was my arms, where they nearly *tripled* in size – providing me with a punching and gripping strength that *far* surpassed anything a normal human was capable of. Then again, that red gemstone? It made me anything *but* human. And in a flash of gold?

I had been *dressed* for the job as well.

All skintight, I was clad in a blue leotard overtop a grey skinsuit. The blue was more prevalent than any other color in the ensemble, appearing in my thigh high boots, as well as my new elbow-length gloves. It was also the color of the mask that now covered the upper half of my face, making me look like a *real* superhero. But what sort of real superhero went without her cape? Like, say, a short, yellow cape that

wrapped around my shoulder? It stemmed from the gem, which was now embedded in the front of it.

“Me? Being a man? ...Maybe I am overworking myself a little *too* much.” I was *Blonde Blazer*, after all, a superhero



that was *pretty* well established around LA as being a woman. Plus, you didn't really know many men whose real name was *Mandy*! I gave my head a shake and my blonde hair swung back and forth, not that it bothered me. I had *always* worn my hair long regardless of the form I was in. Oh, right. I could change forms? The gemstone embedded in my neck allowed me to transform into this big, buff, blonde version of myself.

But those were just other things you learned to live with. Being tall and muscular whenever I was at work wasn't *so* bad... at least now that I had learned how to not *bump into everything*. My big ass had definitely made that *kind of* a problem in the past! It was well past closing time for the day and pretty much all of the staff had left *except* for... “**Visi's still in the changing room, huh? Even Robert had the good sense to get out as quick as possible. Guess I need to go nudge her along...**” Because *my* paperwork was done, and I did *not* want to stay at work longer than I had to.

Fortunately, it was a pretty quick walk down to the changing rooms from my office. Well, a walk and an elevator ride. She didn't even notice me walk in and— *Whoa!?* She was half naked! “**Uh... Hey! You almost done in here? Wanna grab a bite with me before you head home?**” Maybe if I enticed her with some food she'd hurry up, but it was kind of a personal request to make.

“**Oh? And here I thought you only asked Robert on after-work dates?**”

“**D-Date!?**” I hadn't meant it like that. I think?