

NORSE SUMMER NIGHTS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Get me out of this heatwave...”

Was this the hottest summer on record? Perhaps not quite *yet*, but it was definitely *trending* that way. It felt like every day of the summer for me thus far had been utterly miserable, and there were no signs of it changing to improve. I just had to hope that the air conditioning unit in my window didn't give out, or that was probably lights out for me. Was that a little bit dramatic? Kind of, but not *really*. The heat was so bad worldwide that it was causing a *number* of issues.

HOW BADLY DO YOU MEAN THAT?

Of course, I should have known better than to express *any* of my desires out loud. Hisa was always listening in on me, searching for something to use to justify turning me into TF fodder yet again. There was no doubt in my mind that she would take what I said and turn it into some sort of justification for a transformation and *change of scenery*. Whether it would be something as mundane as sending me to the beach, or firing me off into the Arctic Circle, I couldn't have known for sure. **“Not badly enough.”**

WHOOPS! TOO LATE!

Joseph was confused, and understandably so. He had been trying to keep cool himself, and he lived in an even warmer climate than I did under everyday circumstances. **“I should check in on how Axel is doing...”** His concern for me had actually been the last thing he'd said

before confusion had struck. Because out of nowhere? Well, he was certainly *somewhere*. Somewhere that he hadn't been before, taking him off-guard.

“The beach? No... This isn't any beach near me.” It was definitely a beach bordering the ocean, but there were plenty of signs that it wasn't local. The trees were somewhat *familiar*, but he was fairly certain he'd never seen that particular species before – and was almost equally as certain that they didn't *exist* in real life. Then again, they didn't need to. The fact that he'd suddenly been displaced was all the proof that he needed.

This wasn't his world, and it was at Hisa's hands he'd been sent there. **“The question is... *why*?”** Being my friend, he naturally was aware of the nekomata's methods. He'd been a victim to them *numerous* times in the past just as I had, but at that time not even *I* knew why he had ended up there. Honestly? He was probably just collateral. She didn't want whatever she was doing to me to be a solo experience, so she had just grabbed one of my friends and brought him along.

“I guess knowing *where* I am would help answer that...” But he also got the feeling that he was going to be *forced* to understand before he could piece it together himself. That was just how she worked. She tended to be *prompt* in order to extract that maximum enjoyment she could from a transformation. **“All things considered, maybe I should be expecting a swimsuit?”**

Well, he was definitely correct about *that*.

But, as was Hisa's way, it seemed like he would have to endure *becoming* whoever she was going to turn him into first. Sometimes it was a named character, while others it was just a random woman she had made up. It was almost *never* another man unless she was flirty with the idea of a femboy transformation, which was pretty seldom. Generally, he wouldn't *remember* until she undid the transformation later anyways, but who knew how long he'd spend as someone else first.

“No point in going anywhere just yet, I suppose...” It wasn't often that she left much time between being warped to a new location and being transformed, and he very quickly realized he'd been correct to make that assumption... because very shortly, he found himself struggling with his bangs. **“Hm?”** Joseph was a guy that kept his hair *pretty* short, and that went doubly so for his bangs. Even if he could glimpse them *sometimes*, they'd suddenly fallen to the point that they were obscuring his right eye entirely.

That was his cue to realize that the transformation had begun. He reached hands up to the sides of his head to feel what his bangs had already implied: his dark hair had grown longer, not only with the bangs cut straight yet covering everything above his nose but his left eye, but at the sides and in the back they now reached to just above his shoulders. But it wasn't just the length, there was the matter of its *color* too. It had remained black for the most part, and had maybe become even *blacker*, but at the same time? The tops on the sides and back had seemingly been dyed with a dark purple instead.

If Joseph had *noticed* the purple, he might have had a better idea regarding who he was becoming, and yet... **"Someone with a *bob*, I guess?"** The only reaction that voice crack got out of him was a blink, namely because it wasn't enough for him to go off of and it was wholly expected that he'd start sounding more like a woman eventually. It was harder to judge your own hairstyle without a mirror, and the purple was just out of view of his one exposed eye.

Then again, if his voice was changing then that *probably* meant his face and neck were too, and once again he was right on the money. While it was happening to both of them, that one exposed eye was visibly narrowing beneath thinned eyebrows. His lashes fluttered longer, while the irises within gradually shifted in color to an eerily supernatural *gold*. This change in color pulled the attention away from a shrinking nose, rounding cheeks, and even the sight of his lips not only growing fuller in size, but seemingly plusher to the touch as well.

Combined with the smoothing away of his Adam's apple and it all painted the picture of a very *beautiful* woman. One whose olive complexion was gradually paling to be a light shade of pink instead, and one that, once again, might have been familiar enough had Joseph been capable of checking his own face in any amount of detail. **"I-I suppose it must be my body next, right?"** The voice crack from before had manifested as a proper, consistent voice change by this point, and he was beginning to feel a little... self-conscious?

It wasn't like he'd been a super confident guy or anything, but he'd been *comfortable* if anything. His personality was coming under attack, as were his memories. The lack of a view on his right with the hair covering it had been *unfamiliar* at first, only for him to have subconsciously discarded any concern after a while. It felt *normal* enough. He had memories that suggested his hair had *always* been that way. Or, well... **"Oh!?"**

It had always been that way for *her*. The woman had been unprepared for the sudden sensation of her genitalia rearranging just as her body's unneeded hair was shaved away aside from pubes that had darkened

and left *very* short. Her cock had shriveled within her boxers, soon leaving the front open and smooth before the uncanny sensation of a womb developing inside of her, connected to a freshly opened slit, brought her to rub her thighs together. “**Am I... a woman?**” Had she not *always* been a woman?

Either way, I'll never hold a candle to my sister... Had Joseph even had a sister!? With her biological sex swapped for the feminine alternative, her form appeared to expedite the remaining, and arguably more extreme, adjustments. She ended up rubbing her thighs together a little longer than she'd intended, but that had been helped by those thighs *bloating*, paled skin tightening until it sported a sheen around thighs that had to be almost *eight inches* across. They left her shorts in a tight spot *literally*, with their holes not large enough to accommodate them, so they just dug *into* them instead like they were trying to squeeze toothpaste out of a tub.

And the backs of her short didn't fare much better, not with her developing cake where there hadn't been any before. A once flat ass worked in conjunction with her swollen thighs to swell itself, the combination of both forcing her hips wider and ultimately launching the front button off of her shorts in the process so that more room could be afforded. Her peach-shaped ass was certainly nothing to scoff at, and it peaked over the backs of her shorts in a lewd manner that elicited a comparison to 'cleavage'.

Which, realistically, was not all that irrelevant of a term at that moment.

“I... What was I...? Mmn... Why are my clothes so tight? Is this some sort of divine punishment...?” Joseph hadn't meant to sound so *whiny*, or maybe she had? Was that so different from her usual personality? Either way, not only were her shorts uncomfortable, but she was developing a similar feeling in her shirt. Weight was being shaved off the sides of her stomach to give her a thinner waist, but that excess was seemingly pushed up into her *chest*, which appeared to grow larger as she... *shrunk*?

She'd been almost six feet tall before, which was evidently a little too tall for the woman she was almost finished becoming. Her height dipped beneath 5'10" and continued to drop, but with each inch lost vertically? It looked like her chest gained an inch in *size*. They began as small mounds, but as she vertically regressed they surged with a jiggling weight that both pushed her shirt forward and lifted it to vaguely tease her tummy – as shrinking vertically kept lowering it at the same time. By the time it ceased, she couldn't be any taller than 5'6" but also had a pair of *G-cup* tits with nipples that were about four inches across.

Joseph tugged on her shirt to try and make things a little more *comfortable*. Her nipples were big and sensitive, and that made them rubbing against her shirt a little *distracting*. But the next time she reached to tug? She stopped, if only because that discomfort was *gone*? Maybe that shouldn't have been that surprising. **“I mean... I did buy a swimsuit that fits me, right?”**

Swimsuit? Looking down, that *was* what she was wearing. A white one-piece that was held up by two golden straps connected to a white choker with a golden ornament dangling between her breasts. It showed off a generous amount of her cleavage and left her shoulders bare, while cutouts right beneath her tits left the sides of her tummy and hips bare. It was so tight in the front that you could make out the indentation of her bellybutton, actually, and you might have been able to see her cameltoe if not for the blue, silken wrap that was draped across her hips. Matching sandals showed her feet but also demonstrated that her toenails had been painted blue – just as lengthened fingernails now were. While otherwise? A pair of sunglasses and a red flower rested atop her head.

“MNNGH!” With the refreshing summer breeze tickling the exposed skin of her body, *Höðr* couldn't help but lean into a big stretch as she lifted her hands high above her head. Doing so naturally lifted her hefty bosom upwards, so when she finally relaxed? Those big tits of hers dropped with a bounce. **“I'm still not used to this... Perhaps I should have picked a swimsuit that was a little firmer...”** Things were just bouncing a little *too* much for her liking.

“Besides, my figure is nowhere near as impressive as my sister's...” She was the Dusk Shadow God of Ásgarðr and the younger sister of the Celestial Sun God, Baldr, whom she quite clearly juggled both admiration and an inferiority complex regarding. What was evidently missing from her attitude was *acknowledgement*. She hadn't acknowledged what had just happened to her at all, suggesting whatever had remained of Joseph's ego had ultimately lost out in the end.



Instead? Now that she had stretched, she looked up and down the beach. “**Maybe I wandered too far...?**” Despite being from Ásgarðr, she had traveled to the realm of mortals with her sisters to partake in some ‘summer fun’. There was a small resort down the beachside where her sisters *should* have been waiting, but Höðr had gotten restless and slipped out to explore a little. And, yup, there was just *more beach*.

“**Maybe it’s time to return...**”

They should have finished unpacking by that point, right?

I was left utterly unaware that Joseph had been pulled into Hisa’s antics on this occasion, but I would have been lying if I said that I hadn’t considered the possibility that I wasn’t alone in finding myself in unfamiliar territory. She didn’t like to TF people near each other because it was ‘too much of a hassle’ in her own words, and so if anyone else was nearby? They likely weren’t in the same building that I was.

Surely having capitalized upon my wish, I was in what looked to be some sort of beachside cabin. One wall was completely open aside from curtains that blew in the breeze, allowing you to step out onto a deck that reached the beach. There was a lack of modern technology that stood out to me. No screens, no electricity. Instead, there were strange torch-like devices on the walls. “**Do they run by magic, maybe?**” When sent to another world by Hisa, that was the sort of thing I had to consider.

Not like I’d have to wait long for answers, although whether I comprehended them as answers or just a recurring fact of life at that point was a different question.

I could effectively anticipate what would happen and when, considering I was a recurring victim and all. She did mix things up once in a while, but she typically targeted my *weight* first and foremost. That seemed to be the case here as well, and the sensation pulled me away from examining my surroundings in any specific detail. It began with a strange gurgling sensation in my gut but was then followed up by an increasing tightness not only around my belly, but across *all* of my body’s skin.

The effects of which were obvious. My body was being thinned, all of that excess fat sapped away, although likely only for the time being before it would be returned in *specific* areas depending on what my fate would be. “**Hisa...**” I murmured as one of my hands massaged my shrinking belly, eventually feeling not only its flatness, but the bulge of

muscle underneath. I was becoming someone *significantly* more in shape than who I had been before, but it *wasn't* a man. If it was, there would have been no reason for my skin to soften, my blemishes to disappear, or my body to become more or less entirely shaved.

Nonetheless, within moments I was perfectly thin, with my shorts doomed to slip off my hips while dragging my boxers down with them. I didn't react very strongly to this, namely because without my gut in the way, my shirt hung low enough to cover what was essential anyways – but it was clear that the weight loss had affected more than just my belly. My ass was flat, my thighs thin, and my arms and face were left without any excess pudge. In fact, muscular tone could be perceived in my arms, legs, and torso.

“Someone *fit*... And someone that's somewhat tall, too.” I attempted to work through the woman she might be transforming me into. This wasn't really enough to go on, though my height only dropping to 5'9" had been a rather substantial clue. It was possible she wasn't even turning me into a 'character', but that felt like the more likely outcome when I considered my surroundings. **“But... Hm... This voice...”**

My voice had *obviously* changed, and I could feel my temperament doing the same. I was beginning to *remember* things that hadn't happened to me, too, but they were a little too vague for me to draw any conclusions. But there was something about... the *sun*? And *divinity*? **“Some sort of goddess, perhaps?”** Admittedly, no one came to mind still. But I was actually becoming a character that I hadn't been all *that* familiar with.

In the meantime, my face had been changing to become more appropriately shaped for my new huskier, womanly voice. I idly licked my lips as they swelled, but the fact that they were thicker didn't quite register with me in a sign that my changed memories were beginning to dictate my reaction. My nose narrowed and my cheekbones rose, all while my narrowed gaze gained lengthier lashes and heterochromia in their colors; gold in my right eye, and a reddish orange in the left.

My hair soon began to lengthen, but I ended up casting my attention *downward*. **“And the weight returned, hm?”** Feeling fat begin to pool beneath my nipples, I was beginning to wonder what I was even talking about. Why would *having breasts* be something worth commenting on? After all, a *woman* of my beauty would naturally have an eye-catching pair! And as it turned out? I *did*. My nipples had grown puffy and were rubbing up against the underside of my shirt with an enhanced sensitivity, making me bite my swollen lip as I...

Tried to ignore it!? *Of course, I had a reputation to uphold! I couldn't be gawking at myself unnecessarily!* Not even as my breasts jiggled and bounced beneath the cloth, lifting the shirt to reveal that my cock was hard from the stimulation. It wasn't long before those breasts were *J-cups* at minimum, mighty yet easily supported by my more muscular back.

But their ultimate swell had led to the final loss of my masculinity. The hardness of my cock had softened until it had gone flaccid, but even then that wasn't all. It twitched as it shrunk away into a nub and then went completely flat, while what remained of my balls at this point were pulled up into the new slit that opened up below a bush of *silver*? I was totally, entirely, a *woman*. Not that it mattered when I already *believed* myself to be one!

The silver in my soon-to-shorten pubes was not unique, though. My hair *had* been growing all the while, and that silver had been painting the strands one by one until they were all painted in the same shade – eyebrows included. My hair had already reached the middle of my back, but from there? Silver locks began to *curl*, forming a quartet of stylized drills that clashed with how wildly styled the rest of my hair was. They reached past my thighs or *would* have if they didn't arch away from me, and orange highlights not only curled within those drills, but also dyed a big chunk of my bangs that were swept past my left eye.

“What was I doing? It was something important, no?” But I didn't bat an eye. That was simply how my hair had *always* been, right? My growing confidence had led to me shifting my posture, although it also had a little help from my *hips*. I stood with my legs apart in part because they had widened, making room to accommodate a return in fat to my *thighs* and *ass* too. Of course, my lower half was *already* exposed, but I didn't really mind that much. I *was* truly beautiful, after all.

Nonetheless, my muscular thighs burgeoned with an added fat that disguised their more muscular bulk to a point, each one soon thicker than my pinched-in waist – supple, soft, and *enticing*. My ass was treated with a similar appeal. It had flattened with the prior weight loss, only to bloat to a size almost comparable to my tits behind me, just obviously more compact. Each step I took would end with a jiggle regardless of *how* I was dressed which, incidentally...

Also changed. I didn't realize that the sensation of what I was wearing suddenly differed. As I looked around, it didn't once occur to me that I was now dressed in a white, one-piece swimsuit with the middle cut out to show off the entirety of my cleavage and my toned belly. There was gold trim along its outside, and it was connected to a white choker by thin, gold chains. A translucent skirt was connected to my waist by a

frilly band that wrapped under my tits, white with orange on the skirt's underside. And, of course, my feet were now propped up my heeled, white sandals that only revealed my feet. Orange shades appeared on my head as some of the white bangs hung between my eyes, and of course I was matching my *sisters* with a red flower to its right.

All that remained was the spiked, yellow and orange halo that appeared atop my head. Where it should *always* have been.

“Hm? Where did Váli get off to? Wasn't she just helping unpack?”

Looking around the room I'd be sharing with my sisters with my hands upon my hips, there was no room to assume that I held any awareness whatsoever regarding what had just befallen me. All I knew was that I now had *two* unaccounted for siblings as *Baldr*, the eldest of the three. I could recall Höðr mentioning going out for some air, so it was likely that she would return shortly, but the youngest, Váli... Had she not just been in the room with me?



Wondering if she'd run out onto the beach with all of her youthful vigor, I stepped through the curtains and onto the deck. Being the Celestial Sun God, the sweltering hot rays from above were welcome against my skin – they *empowered* me, even. And yet, as I stepped farther out with each step bringing my swimsuit-clad bosom and ass to jiggle, I could not see either sister present. I'd been about to give up when I heard a strange voice from back in the room.

“What the hell!? Why am I here too!?”

The voice was a young girl's, but it *wasn't* my sister's. Someone from the main resort building, then? Curious, I entered back through the curtains to find my expectations unrealized. **“Hm? It was just you, Váli? I could have sworn...”** But the girl I'd found there *was* my missing little sister. But the young girl was alone, and she appeared to be fine. Her eyes were sparkling all the same.

“Wow! I can’t believe I get to see Baldr in a swimsuit like this!”

“Y-Yeah, but she really outshines us... We’re just going to get in her way...”

After Váli had spoken, another familiar voice rang out from behind. Höðr had returned in from the deck and was looking as meek as always. **“Nonsense, my dear sisters!”** But as the eldest and most beautiful, it was my responsibility to be their sun! I grabbed Höðr’s wrist and pulled her close, hugging her in a way that led to our breasts smooshing up against each other, undoubtedly making the middle sister flustered in the process. **“You are just as beautiful and worthy of basking in the sun as I am!”** A *bit* of a lie. I thought I was just *slightly* more beautiful than Höðr.

Váli continued to watch, her eyes sparkling. **“Wow! That’s big sister Baldr for you! She’s so inspiring!”** Of course, as we were now? Not *one* of us realized that Váli was the one that had brought us there, and that Hisa had gotten caught up in her own spell. But that was hardly an issue for three divine siblings, destined to spend some Norse-inspired summer nights at the beach!