

POST-WAR FAMILY UNIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a shame when a good show had to come to an end. Or, well, an okay show depending on who you asked.

That was how Kay and Axel felt at the end of the freshly aired Gundam GQuuuuux run. It was a show that had been the subject of hot debate ever since the first episode had aired. Would it live up to the hype? Would it fall flat on its face? If it did, would the ride that took the viewers to that point be good enough for it to be memorable either way? Interestingly, this debate wasn't the discussion that the two men were having over Discord that evening.

“Shiiko? I guess... But at least she had a dedicated episode. Deux was more of a plot device than a character...” The two of them had been talking about the first half of the twelve episodes run, namely some of the characters that only lasted an episode or so as ‘opponents of the week’. The first half of the show had been structured like a tournament, with the main characters fighting other mobile suit pilots in things known as ‘Clan Battles’.

If these opponents even had faces at all, they were disposed of just as quickly as they had been introduced. It wasn't surprising that Axel had held a fondness for *Shiiko Sugai*, an ace pilot and short mother who seemed to hit all of his character preference checkmarks. On the other hand, Kay had really fancied *Deux Murasame*, a young girl that was essentially a manufactured superhuman in UC Gundam terms. Both had been killed in action for different reasons.

HMM? YOU TWO FANCY THOSE CHARACTERS, HUH? WELL
THEN...

Kay had hardly been afforded a chance to react before everything flashed white before his eyes. But in the process? He was pretty sure he'd heard that disembodied girl's voice say something else.

EH? WHY IS MY SKIN ALL SHINY?

That flash of light had only lingered for a split second, and yet that was enough for the man's surroundings to somehow *change entirely*? He'd been sitting in his room at his desk at the time, but now? Still sitting, he was face to face with what seemed to be the brick wall of a dark alley. It seemed to be daytime, but up in the sky was... *a city*? One that wrapped around the skyline. It was an unusual sight to see in person, but he could identify what it was.

“...Is this the inside of a colony? Like in Gundam?” Colonies were civilizations erected in space where ‘spacenoids’ could live. They were often cylindrical, with the city wrapping around the interior like he could observe above. The question was *why* he had ended up in a place that *should* have been fictional. *Did I hear a voice*? He *had*, but that memory wasn't all that clear. Nor were his memories of the one person he'd known that could have sent him to such a place from the outside.

All part of her plan to make it more *amusing*, surely. Though she hadn't sounded all that amused before her voice had cut out.

Kay was concerned. How could he *not* be? The idea that he might have been in a Gundam colony was *exciting* in a way, but he didn't know how he had ended up there – and honestly? It wasn't necessarily *good* to be there, either. He was just some *guy* in a setting where people who were just ‘some guy’ had a bad habit of getting randomly killed in wars, terrorist attacks, and the like. He wasn't at *all* equipped for a situation like that!

And that was a truth that, at least visually, appeared to be becoming even truer. **“What should I do?”** He stood up from where he'd been sitting in the alley, only then realizing that he'd been sitting on a closed dumpster of all things. It had taken him a little more effort to get up than he'd expected, but ultimately? He didn't notice why that was just yet. Even though he subconsciously *did* realize that something was amiss. The way that his clothing interacted with his body felt a little... loose?

Now, he had never been *overweight* or anything like that, but he'd had a little bit of meat on his bones. Kay certainly hadn't been in *shape* or anything like that, but he also hadn't been particularly large. Even so,

that didn't stop his body from all of a sudden beginning to *shed weight*. That little bit of excess had pulled away first, leaving him *very* trim. While losing weight so suddenly was *already* impossible, you probably would have expected it to happen there if it *could* happen. But it worsened.

His skin continued to tighten around flesh that was leaner in leaner. Beneath his shirt? You could soon easily make out his rib cage through his skin, and his waistline almost became *dangerously* narrow. In fact, whether it was because of the loss of weight or not? It also seemed like his shoulders and hips slimmed. The problems he'd had getting up were because of how this lessened weight shifted, but also because of all the lost weight... a great deal of it had been *muscle*. **"Why do I feel so weak...?"**

Nonetheless, Kay managed to get up onto his feet eventually. **"...Huh?"** No sooner than he was standing up straight did his pants slip from his hips without the breadth for its waistband to grip on. He stumbled forward a little to catch them but came a little bit *short* after catching the sight of his hands. **"Wh-What? Am I sick or something?"** He may not have caught just how extremely thin he'd become all of a sudden, but he *did* notice his hands.

His shirt covered his crotch now anyways, so he took a moment to stare at them. Had his fingers always been that *bony*? Before his very eyes they appeared to be getting *shorter* and *thinner* too. Not to mention the fact that his skin, while not particularly dark in any way in the first place, seemed to take on a sicklier white around those fingers. What he *didn't* realize was that this had become his general skin color. Shy of the dark freckles that appeared across the bridge of his nose, anyways. Not to mention his fingernails even became uneven... like he'd been chewing them – a habit he didn't normally possess.

"W-Wait, isn't *this weird?*" The man had been so focused on his fingers that he wasn't paying attention to the rest of his body. The pitch of his voice rose steadily until it was rather *androgynous*, while the rest of his body was doing the *opposite*. His fingers *did* seem to shrink before his eyes, but the issue was that they were a symptom of him becoming smaller *as a whole*. Kay was just under six feet tall and becoming so thin and pale had given him a vaguely eerie, sickly visage.

But now that he was *shrinking* – and rapidly at that – while the fact that he looked *unhealthy* remained, the fact that he looked less and less stinky as he dipped below the five foot mark, shrinking his heels and wiggling toes in the process, somehow evened things out a *touch*. His arms and legs might have becoming even *thinner* in the process though, almost toothpicks compared to what eventually had become a 4'8" body.

“**Or... Is it? I always feel weird these days...**” Ever since he’d been adopted, his life had... *Wait*, was that correct? Was that the life he’d been living? His gaze glanced up at the ‘sky’ curiously as he attempted to process these memories, though it became a sleepier affair thanks to dark bags that appeared beneath Kay’s eyes, which brightened to teal but rounded in shape upon a face that looked far more... *youthful*?

The *boy* hadn’t just shrunk. His age had regressed along with his stature so that everything ‘fit’ better. He looked like a child around the age of *twelve*, and androgyny settled into place further thanks to his nose shrinking and his lips puffing up ever so slightly. Before long he had a very long, and very thin face that could have gone either way, but didn’t it look more like a *girl’s* face? Just barely.

Short, dark hair soon spilled past Kay’s shoulders. It became thick, fluffy, and as glossy as you might expect from the hair of a child who hadn’t suffered through the aging process just yet. Unbound, that hair reached the center of his back, and definitely looked more *feminine* than anything with how it framed her face. In fact, *she* hadn’t really had any time left as a boy. A concaved emptiness radiated from between the girl’s legs, but she didn’t even seem to care about it *or* that the slightest bit of weight had puffed up her chest beneath her shirt.

If anything was clear at this point, it was that she couldn’t walk around in that oversized shirt. Fortunately for her, that shirt tightened around her body like a balloon losing its air. One it was snug, it spread and changed in terms of fabric in color, becoming a one piece, navy blue bodysuit that had *three* belts wrapped around her stomach. The sleeves were much puffier than the pant leg section, and she was gifted with white gloves and comically oversized boots. Her long, white hair was pulled up into a messy bun in the back, while pink hairclips kept her bangs out of her eyes.

The strikingly teal eyes of the twelve year old *Deux Murasame* were pointed back up at the second half of the colony in the sky as her tiny bottom crashed down onto the same trashcan she’d been sitting on before. It was still early morning, and she shoved a hand into her pilot suit pocket to fidget with the phone that had been lodged inside. She wasn’t dressed that way because she was about to sortie though. It was just for... *comfort*. “**Is she gonna call like she said?**”

It had only been a few months since she had been moved out to this colony. She’d been *rescued* from the clutches of the Murasame Lab after a lifetime of experimentation. She



hadn't known *how* to live a normal life. She still didn't. But *that woman* and her partner had taken her in. A mobile suit pilot from the Federation that lived within this colony. Deux had been abrasive at first, but over the past month? She had been warming up to that woman.

This new 'mother' of hers was retired, but she still helped with mobile suit testing for a company on the colony. That was where she was now – testing the latest model. “**...I know where the garage is. Maybe I'll meet her there...?**” It was Deux's roundabout way of admitting she wanted to see her. Even if she wouldn't *directly* say it.

I'd heard the same voice that Kay had, and for a brief minute I'd known *exactly* who it had belonged to. Unfortunately for me? A change of scenery had distracted me, and that knowledge ended up slipping right out of my head before I could cling onto it. “**Where is this? A changing room? How?**” I definitely should have been able to at least answer that last question, but the memory wipe had been thorough enough that I didn't have the foggiest idea anymore.

There weren't nearly as many clues for me to work off to answer that first question compared to what Kay's vision had given him, either. I was in a small, dark changing room that might have looked slightly futuristic, but I didn't have a city covering the sky to draw the lines I needed to. It might as well have just been a normal changing room. One that only had about five lockers. Considering the state it was in, it likely wasn't for an office or situated at a pool or gym. So, *where?*

“UUUUUUUUURP!?”

I blushed vividly after suddenly exploding with a belch that had bellowed up from within me *very* suddenly. Where did that even come from? Had I even been that gassy!? In the wake of it, though? I *did* feel a lot lighter. Almost a little... too... light...? “**EH!?**” I was forced to look down to reckon with just *why* that was, as the sensation of my legs and underwear tickling my legs on the way down pulled my attention there. I could *see* my feet without sucking in, which was alarming to *me*. My big gut was usually in the way, making it impossible for me to see.

But... that wasn't the case anymore. My pants had seemingly fallen because I was thin? No, *thinner*. “**H-How?**” Pressing a hand to my shirt and tummy made it clear to me that there was *some* weight to my gut. Enough to form a little bulge with a bit of pudge at the base. I was certainly *incredibly* thin compared to how big I'd been only seconds prior, but I wasn't *completely* thin. And that applied to my thinner arms, legs, and face too.

“That’s just not possible... *I mean, I’ve stopped eating snacks so late to try and keep the weight off...*” Was that *really* the problem at that moment? Why could I vividly recall making a promise to a pretty lady that I’d watch my weight? Someone super important, like a partner? But I wasn’t *seeing* anyone! In the meantime? My dark hair was darkening further, growing into a chin length bob with my bangs parted on the right side. And with a very eye-catching sheen to its color. This color was replicated in my brows, which thinner, and my pubes, which were trimmed much more neatly than *I* normally did.

Because my changing hair drew attention to my head, it was easier to notice that the face below it was meeting a related fate. My thinner face rounded not in terms of weight, but in general shape so that my head was much more *circular*, so that my chin barely protruded from my cheeks at all. My lips swelled *several* inches thicker beneath a nose that did the opposite, becoming small and cute. By the time the colors of my eyes darkened to navy and my irises were illuminated white, the shapes of my eyes had narrowed and I’d developed monolids... I didn’t exactly look like myself.

I appeared both *Japanese* and like a *woman* around the age of *thirty*.

“Why do I feel like everything is in a tizzy? I also feel very warm...” Could it have been the heat that was disorienting me so much? It *had* become very hot in the changing room very quickly. At the same time, it was almost as if the heat was burning it away – my *height*, that is. Much like it had been Kay’s fate, my own was plagued by a dramatic loss of vertical length as my bones shortened, my hands slimmed, and my feet took gentler arches. I had also been very tall before, standing at a height close to my friends. But I was only 5’ tall by the time the shrinkage stopped.

My beadier eyes surveyed the changing room. Something was different again, wasn’t it? But... how could anything be different? *I’m just at work as always...* Work? What kind of work? Did it need to involve being so *hot*? Even as I fanned my face to try and stave off beads of sweat that were building not only beneath them, but beneath my shirt as well, my figure continued to change. My shoulders narrowed, and my hips...

Well, their approach ran contrary to what was happening to my shoulders. They flared out several inches with *purpose*, pushing away the sides of my almost comically oversized shirt at that point. Had those hips flaring had been the *only* change, then perhaps it wouldn’t have been as notable. But it *wasn’t*. Some of the weight that my thighs had lost soon poured back into the folds beneath my skin. That skin was

stretched, jiggling as my thighs became dangerously close to meeting in the middle.

Such a meeting was dangerous because my *dick* was there. It would probably have been painful to have thickened thighs baring down on it. But... that didn't come to pass. Namely because— “**Mmn!?! Calm down! It may be hot, but it isn't that kind of hot! I'm in public!**” A wave of arousal had rippled through my body from my crotch, flashing the image of that same beautiful woman I'd thought of earlier in the back of my mind. *My wife? What other woman would I think of when aroused?*

I had snapped myself out of it, but what had clearly been my cock shrinking and pulling back into my new *pussy*, making me a *woman*, had also inspired activity in the cheeks of my ass. It was as if any of the weight that could no longer fit into my thighs was fed into my rump instead, and so it swelled into a jiggling peach shape that bore a bit of excess similar to the weight my tummy held.

It almost seemed contradictory that my waistline pulled in slightly, making my belly bulge protrude an inch further in the process. But because I *had* become a woman? It made sense when you paired that change with my... *chest*. The front of my shirt gradually lifted as a weight not dissimilar to what had filled my ass and thighs gathered beneath my nipples as well. My areola grew wider, becoming larger than quarters while the skin around them pushed out into a pair of perky *DDs* that somehow felt even bigger on my short body. Their weight should have been foreign, but it felt completely natural.

If anything, I was still worried about the *heat*. Which absolutely *didn't* improve when, much like Deux, my shirt pressed against my body and mended in style and color. It spread so that it became an orange bodysuit made of breathable nylon, but evidently that nylon wasn't breathable enough to help *with* the heat. It showed off every groove of my body perfectly, with grey gloves and a dark blue shoulder and collarbone section that dipped in between my breasts. A red scarf was wrapped around the raised, orange neck of what I knew to be my pilot suit.

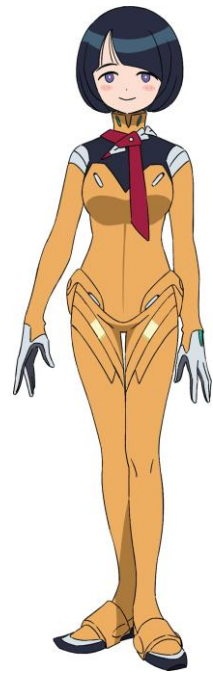
My very *hot* pilot suit.

“I wish they'd install ventilation in the garage if they're going to stick me in a 40 degree Celsius cockpit for thirty minutes at a time...” My gloved hands fumbled with the hidden zipper of my orange pilot suit, and then I managed to pull it down to reveal the sports bra around my perky, sizeable breasts and all of the *steam* pouring out that had been trapped within the nylon. The sports bra was soaked

through, and I had to practically *peel* the orange off of my shoulders so that it could fall down to hang off my hips. Of course, my toned abs were *just* as sweaty as my tits were. “**Haaaaah...**”

The relief I felt as the cooler air of the changing room soothed the physical heat I’d been dealing with was communicated clearly by the deep sigh I’d made as I fanned my face with one of now free hands. It had been a month now since I, *Shiiko Sugai*, had been working for this development company. Having married the woman mav I’d fallen in love with and having adopted a girl that had been rescued from Murasame Lab, I’d needed money now that I was a retired EFF pilot.

It wasn’t like there was a mobile suit that had killed my mav and forced me to spiral down a path of revenge, after all! “**Oh, that’s right! I told Deux I’d text her when I finished...**” But the tests for the day had run a little longer than I’d expected. Still sweaty and half naked, I swung open my locker and reached for my phone. But as it turned out? I hadn’t needed to. The door to the locked room swung open, and the visage of a familiar, silver haired child came into view. “**Oh, Deux! Did you come all the way here to see your mother?**”



Deux’s eye twitched at the implication, which was actually *progress* compared to how against the idea of calling me ‘mom’ she’d been at first. Deux just wasn’t honest with her feelings, but it was becoming clearer that she was finally warming up to the idea. “**I did come here to see you, but...**” *Aha!* She was looking off to the side, but she was blushing!

She’d come around eventually.

...*Eh? Where am I?* At the same time? The nekomata Hisa found herself in a *very* dark room. She couldn’t make out where she was at all, and she couldn’t move. She felt *cold* and *stiff*. But also, somehow *large*? From what she could make out of her surroundings, she was super high in the air! Well, that wasn’t very surprising to anyone that *could* have seen her.

To know that she’d become the gigantic *Psycho Gundam*, a machine that had been stashed for the time being. But hey! Maybe a future war with see her deployed? And only then would she come to understand just *what* she’d become.