

THROUGH THE ROOF

COMMISSION STORY

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It was always nice to come across a new read.

This was a sentiment that could easily be applied to novels, of course, but there were other applications as well. Despite its pages being populated with pictures, you *read* a manga after all (and I was not going to accept any arguments to the contrary), and a new manga was what I was fresh out of the proverbial mines of. One called *Yachiru-san Grows When Praised*. Which, well, was one of those series where the title pretty much gave the entire premise away.

It starred a woman named Yachiru who wasn't an ordinary human, but instead a *hasshaku-sama* – a *youkai* from an urban Japanese legend that was depicted as a woman who was *eight feet tall*. Whenever the *hasshaku-sama* speaks to someone, it is said that they will die within a few days. But that wasn't the case for Yachiru! ...Well, the urban legend still applied in a *sense*.

Considering the concept of the *youkai* that her character was based upon, the manga was more like a slice of life series with a supernatural twist. Because people had stopped believing in the *hasshaku-sama's* urban legend, she had shrunk down to the size of a normal woman and had been living her life in perpetual normalcy despite desiring to return to her former glory. And she thought she would end up spending the rest of her life like that... until she met *him*.

A man who helped Yachiru realize something. If she was *praised*, then she would grow! While only temporary, she could return to her previous glory so long as he praised her! ...Which led to the overall premise of what turned out to be a comedy romance series. Because her clothes

certainly didn't grow *with* her, and modern Japanese homes weren't exactly built to accommodate *anyone* that was eight feet tall! Which naturally ended up placing her in some fairly *precarious* situations.

But what I had recently been reading was neither here nor there at that particular moment. **“Let’s see... I think that’s everything, isn’t it?”** I was at home, just finishing up doing what I had to do at my computer. As a creator, there were a few things I had to do. *Creating* was the big one of course, but I had to at least commit to the most basic amount of exposure at least if I wanted people to *find* my Patreon in the first place. To those ends, I'd posted something onto DeviantArt before getting on with the rest of my day.

I had a pretty busy day *planned* for myself, too. I had been putting off the housework that wasn't the bare minimum to not be living in my own filth for weeks now. That meant that while things like my dishes had been kept on top of them, I had to sweep (or vacuum where applicable) my floor, clean my counters, and otherwise tidy up. It probably wouldn't take me more than an hour or two, but at the same time I was *not* looking forward to it.

Why couldn't cleaning in real life be as fun as it was in video games where cleaning was the goal? Maybe if they added a progress bar into your home...

Realistically, it didn't take overly long to clean my floor. I just rented a small apartment, so there wasn't exactly too much coverage for me to go over; just a few rooms at most. But once I was done with *that*? I moved into my kitchen counter with the *intention* of whipping out the cleaner from under my sink and spraying down the counters. That intention didn't immediately translate into results though, because I ended up whipping out my phone.

“Spam text... Spam e-mail...” Flipping through my notifications yielded what were pretty standard finds. In this digital era, it felt like everyone could just find your own personal accounts and inundate them with unwanted messages. Advertisements I didn't want turned up in my e-mail constantly, and lately I'd been getting more and more scam texts. No, random number, I will *not* be calling you to receive my owed government benefits. You sent me that text at *12am*!

Once I got past all the *boring* stuff, I found my DeviantArt notifications. My account didn't really pop off *that* much. I looked at around 50 – 120 likes per posting total and comments were rare. That was why it did tickle me a little to see that I'd received a comment so soon after posting my most recent story. *‘gr8 job! i’d love to see more!’* I'd had a recurring base of supporters for years, so it wasn't like I didn't know that people

liked what I wrote. Still, it was nice to receive praise beyond just a singular like once in a while.

It was just the one comment though, and while the positive vibes stuck with me even after, I ultimately decided to put my phone back in my pocket so I could get back to doing what I had *planned* on doing. **“And back to *not* wanting to clean but having to clean anyways.”** Woe was me. Adulting could really be *annoying* sometimes. And yet, unbeknownst to me it was about to get a whole lot more difficult very quickly.

“Huh?” Even for a guy I was pretty tall. I was almost six feet when I stood up straight, but because I was overweight, I was usually slouching in some capacity. Even so, as tall as I was, crouching down in front of the counter would normally make it easy for me to peruse the cupboard right below the sink. But when I attempted to do so on *this* occasion? I was having problems. I had to practically learn forward *while* bending down and wasn’t I a little more *flexible* than someone of my weight should... have... **“WHUH!?”**

I hopped back up into a standing position as I noticed something... *odd*. Even when I did *that*, the lack of a *jiggle* around my gut was alarming in a sense, because the heftiness of my belly that usually bounced about with any sudden movements was essentially *gone*. I was privy to the sight, and touch when I brought my hands against it, of my gut smoothing *entirely* away. No, not *just* my gut. My arms, legs, face, chest; any weight that had come in excess was just *gone* entirely for seemingly no rhyme or reason!

This realization was so shocking that it had completely distracted me from what I’d been on the cusp of noticing before. That my height hadn’t lined up with the sink when crouched. I was misled about it even in that moment, because while I had become *several inches taller*? All of that lost weight amounted to significantly more room in my clothes. I didn’t realize that my shirt was technically sitting higher, or that my shorts weren’t covering as much of my legs. Though they *did* feel slightly tighter around my shoulders and hips.

“I’m thin? How could that—? Hey!?” My hand slipped into my pocket thanks to the sensation of my phone vibrating. I pulled it out because it wouldn’t *stop*, and several things immediately stuck out to me. I had a regular sized phone, right? I used it for hours every single day, so I more or less knew how it fit in my hand. But it seemed *smaller* than normal? I was having problems opening the lock screen because my fingers were struggling with the screen. And even then... Had my fingers always been so *slender*?

Maybe it's just a side effect of becoming so thin? The thought *did* cross my mind, but it didn't explain why my fingernails were longer and well-kept, did it? I managed to spare a glance at my phone screen one I got it out though, seeing... more comments on what I had just posted? They kept pouring in, each one more supportive than the last! It was certainly an anomaly compared to the number of comments I *generally* received.

Despite all of the weird things I'd begun to notice about myself? **"Aww... That's so sweet— Hey!?"** It really *hadn't* been the moment to fawn over others fawning over me. And honestly? I wasn't usually the type to get so caught up in a little bit of praise. But even though it was just messages sent through my phone, I'd become a little bashful about it. Bashful and... Well, I ended up dropping my phone on the counter. It just kind of *slipped out*! It was a little too small to—

"Urk!?" Wait! Because I'd thinned out, I'd thought my clothes had become a lot looser? So, why was it all of a sudden that *all* of my clothes were digging into my skin? Why did the counter my phone had fallen onto seem so much farther away? It was almost like... **"W-Wait, am I actually *growing*!?"** That *had* to be the case! I had to have been like 6'10" at least!

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

I had moved my arms in a panic, and that just led to my sleeves tearing clean off at the shoulders. My body wasn't just growing *upwards*, it kept my proportions relatively consistent, like I was becoming a giant version of myself. But I could only say that this was 'relatively' the case because, looking down at myself, there were some... *differences*. I'd already touched on my hands, but my feet ended up bursting through my socks to reveal that they were daintier too.

"It's almost like..." Considering the sight of my waistline slimming beneath a shirt that had lifted up and was now digging into my chest, along with the view of the sides of my shorts and boxers splitting so that pale hips could force themselves out into the open. As things stood, if I grew any further I would outgrow the little clothing that remained. But funnily? The sound of my own voice added fuel to the theory I'd been about to express. **"...I'm becoming a woman?"**

My silhouette certainly seemed to be shaped more like an hourglass, although it was lacking in the *oomf* department. It was a body shape you'd associate with a woman more than a man. But I couldn't help but draw a curious line now that I had realized this. A woman... that grew taller? With praise as a type of activator? Didn't that sound *exactly* like the scenario from the manga I had *just* finished reading?

Truth be told, I was trying so hard to figure out what was happening that it hadn't even *occurred* to me that my changed voice had been accompanied by *other* changes in that area. Not just with my face, but my head in general – although my face *was* a big part of it. My thinner facial features had been softening. My nose has pressed down into a rounder button shape, and my lips took on a glossy glow while becoming more upturned in shape. My face ending up shorter overall helped contribute not only to what could be perceived as an enhanced femininity...

But simultaneously a change of *race* as the changes to my eyes eventually confirmed that I would not remain a Caucasian man. A very light brown possessed my irises first and foremost, but that was hardly as dramatic of a change as my eyelids pinched in around the corners *while* the lids became hooded and my eyelashes grew a little longer. They were *undeniably* the eyes of a pretty Japanese woman. And if you could somehow convert manga into real life? You could probably say I would have been a shoo-in for the role of the main character from *Yachiru-san Grows When Praised*.

“But why? I could be becoming *Yachiru-san*, could I?” Why... had I elected to use honorifics? No, wasn't the issue more dramatic? I was *speaking* Japanese! I could still remember English, but my fluency had taken a big hit. I wasn't actively thinking *in* it, and I had to force myself to translate what I wanted to say *into* English. **“This isn't good..”** That realization had me ignoring the weight of my own hair tugging on my scalp. It had been growing *much* longer, while also becoming a silky *black* color. Before long, it reached just above my butt.

Despite all of this, though? I hadn't *stopped* growing. Every so often I looked down at my phone, where I saw more and more messages of praise popping up. It made me more flustered, which only exacerbated an issue that was already untenable. I could feel my shorts and shirt – or what was left of them – begin to reach their limit. My body was outgrowing what they were capable of containing once I finally shot over the *seven-foot* mark

But what *finally* robbed me of my shirt wasn't what I had anticipated... although maybe I *should* have considering my prior conclusions. A great deal of pressure had built suddenly upon my chest, and well... you could probably imagine my surprise when the front of my shirt's remains just *burst* open, setting free a pair of mounds that soon blossomed into a bouncy pair of *D-cup* tits! And their size was only comparable to my *height*. They probably looked a *lot* bigger from the perspective of someone with a normal height.

“B-Breasts...” Now naked from the stomach up, I suddenly became aware of the fact that I was standing beside my *kitchen window*. I turned my back to it so that no one could see the perky flesh hanging from my chest and I pushed the phone around the counter in the process, but the swaying and jiggling of this new weight felt... strange. I also made the mistake of seeing a few more of the comments pop up, returning that ‘feel good’ feeling that was provoking the growth to happen in the first place.

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

I had gone to all of that effort to turn my tits away from the window, but that ultimately didn’t solve my problem as the back of my shorts, which were now pointed *at* the window, split open and separated at the seams, allowing *all* of the remaining cloth to fall off of my body in tatters. The culprit? The fact that I was nearly *eight feet tall* was a big part of it, but it was actually more because my buttocks had decided to make better use of my parted hips. I tried to look back to see, but.. **“Ow!?”** I ended up smacking my pretty face against my *ceiling lamp*!

The top of my head was just inched from the ceiling now, so I forced myself to lean forward a little. This unfortunately made it slightly more inconvenient to see what was happening with my lower body, because if I looked back I’d *probably* end up hitting my head again. Still, I probably didn’t need to *see* it. I could feel how my pale butt cheeks were becoming fuller and rounder, giving my ass a peach shape and my thighs a plumper circumference in the meantime.

“A-Ah!? W-Wait... No, I guess that makes sense, but...” At the end of it all, there was a tug between my legs that indicated the inevitable conclusion of my manhood. My cock and balls had been stolen from me in favor of a pussy, and honestly? My thicker thighs had begun to clamp down on them with so much pressure that it was *probably* for the best. One wrong move and it probably would have *hurt* if they had not disappeared. Even so, it felt really *weird* to have an empty slit between my legs. I reached one hand down far enough to make sure there really wasn’t anything there anymore but only looked when my fingers grazed the stubble where pubes *should* have been. There was just a black fuzz above my flat pelvis.

But a lot had just happened, and I couldn’t really afford to fixate only on the fact that I was now 100% a *woman*.

“U-Um... This is a pretty *big* problem...” I was obviously speaking literally, and I was *extremely* glad that my kitchen’s ceiling was higher than the rest of my apartment. How was I supposed to cope with the fact that I had become a *hasshaku-sama*!?

Specifically, I had become *Yachiru*, the hasshaku-sama from the manga I had just binge-read the first few available chapters of! Tall ceiling or not, I still had to bend forward to fit considering I was *eight feet tall*.

But the problems relevant to my size were twofold. Because I hadn’t just *stretched* and my proportions had grown with me, I couldn’t effectively interact with a kitchen that felt *much* too

small for me. My hands were several times too large to handle my phone, much less get me through the doorway without breaking something. In fact, I was way too broad to even fit *through* the door.

“W-Wait. If I’m *Yachiru*, that means I’ll return to normal size once I calm down, right? So...”

I just had to *calm down*! I had to just not think about all of those DeviantArt comments and eventually I’d shrink, but... “*Erm...*” My phone’s screen was pointed up on top of the nearby counter, and its screen was still staring up at me. I could see more comments coming in. Were they going to stop? Could I ignore them!? The fact that I was naked made my circumstances all the more concerning in a way that made me wish to shrink faster.

After all, my naked ass was pressed up against the nearby sink and window, and the kitchen wasn’t exactly large enough for me to shuffle too far away. What would someone think if they just happened to walk past and look inside!? That was way too embarrassing! “*A-Actually,*



let's just try and turn the phone off? I just need to... In my head, if I was careful enough I might have been able to accomplish it. I just had to be very, *very* careful! And yet...

CRACK!

As my oversized index finger and thumb pressed down on the sides of the phone to try and grip it, the force exerted was still enough to shatter the screen. Leaving me to sigh a *very* dejected sigh. **“Well... I guess that takes care of the phone problem. It's going to be a problem when I shrink back down though...”** I was going to use a delivery app to bring me some clothes to wear! ...Not that I knew what my new sizes were.

...But I was pretty attractive, wasn't I?