

CRUISING TO EMPLOYMENT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Tadano Hitohito couldn't believe his good luck!

Well, that was a sentiment that was probably shared between *all* of the students at his school, honestly. It was Itan Private High School's 100th anniversary, and in celebration of that milestone? The school's beneficiaries had extended a *very* generous offer to all of the students that attended as well as the staff that worked there. *That* was why the high school student was standing in a *harbor* of all places, despite being dressed up in his school uniform on a Monday morning.

It made sense considering the school's private status, but the people that bankrolled the school must have been *incredibly* wealthy. He couldn't have fathomed how they could have afforded what they had offered otherwise: an all-expenses paid vacation aboard a cutting-edge cruise ship for *everyone* involved in the school's operation and attendance. His head was spinning just *trying* to think of how much this three-night trip would have cost for one student, much less *hundreds* of them.

“Did I get separated from Shouko-san? Hm...” Tadano had been led into the ship along with a group of other students before anyone else. They'd been allowed to board early if they volunteered to help get the other students settled once everyone else was allowed on board, and as a former class representative he couldn't resist pulling his own weight. Plus, he'd wanted to tour the ship with Komi before things got too noisy for her to walk around freely comfortable.

But, looking around as he was ushered towards where he'd be staying? The boy couldn't help but think he had lost his chance. They must have been separated when their smaller group was guided along. In fact, it looked like there were about *half* the students with them than there had been a moment ago? A different attendant must have taken them elsewhere – likely to a different set of rooms? **“Oh, it is only guys left...”**

That made sense. They probably didn't want the boys roomed near the girls and vice versa.



“Oh, thank you.” The attendant stopped in front of cabin 101 and asked him to enter by himself. **“You said I just need to get changed? But could I ask what happened to the girls?”** The attendant reaffirmed that getting changed *was* what he needed to do, and that there would be a uniform waiting for him on his bed. But she also explained that the girls were getting changed elsewhere and that ‘his girlfriend would be rejoining him shortly’.

That last line really stuck with Tadano as he was pushed gently through the door, which closed behind him. **“G-Girlfriend? Does it really look like that!?”** Maybe he had to cool it if he looked like he was pining over her *that* much, but he did wonder what she meant by ‘rejoining him’. Were they being paired up to help with the other students in an hour?

Because it was a three-night trip, the student had packed a fair bit of luggage that he'd compacted into a wheeled suitcase. His first instinct was to put it by the bed where he'd apparently find his uniform, but... **“Wait, why are there two beds in here? Do I have a roommate?”** Come to think of it, weren't the low numbered cabins typically reserved for the *staff* on ships like these? They weren't expecting the kids who volunteered to work for the *entire* trip, were they?

His questions only grew in number after setting down his luggage between the two beds and checking both. Tadano was *certain* that the woman had said he'd find his uniform on the bed, but there wasn't anything set out on *either* of them. **“...All things considered, I wondered if she accidentally put me in the wrong room? I don't want to get anyone in trouble, but maybe...?”**

The boy left his luggage by the bed and went to open the door. He was going to peak out and see if the woman was still around to ask, but...

“H-Hey, is this locked?” The door *wouldn’t* budge. He couldn’t see an interior switch to press, nor a dial to turn. Unless he was missing something, there was no way to lock *or* unlock the door from the inside. In a panic, he banged on the door from his side. **“Hey! Can someone let me out!? I think there’s been some kind of mix up!”** Regardless, he still didn’t think there was anything nefarious going on. This all *felt* like some kind of accident.

It wasn’t, however.

This was something that had been planned by the crew of the ship. They were short-handed but had access to something contractual by a seedy company. A potent ‘solution’ being rolled out to riskier businesses that were important to the Japanese economy: like tourism. While Tadano banged on the door in hopes that someone would hear him? The vent in the corner of the room began to push ‘air’ through as a hissing sound that was practically inaudible began to sound.

And the same thing was happening to every student that had volunteered. Not even Komi was safe; she had just been brought elsewhere to keep the noise to the minimum. **“Is no one going to come? Wait! I can use my cellphone!”** It suddenly occurred to him that he’d tucked his phone into his luggage, but it was already too little, too late by that point.

It shouldn’t have been a very long walk to reach his luggage – maybe eight steps at most – but getting there felt strangely *burdensome*. The boy’s steps felt sluggish beyond belief, and he ended up stopping about halfway there as the change in the air began to affect him. *Nanomachines* that had been designed to alter biological matter, so potent that they could even alter the subject’s behaviors through memory adjustments. It was certainly beneficial that they were *invisible*.

Because the boy had *no* idea what was happening to him. **“Why do I feel so... *tired?*”** He definitely wasn’t so tired that he couldn’t *stand*, but he would have opted to sit down on the bed if it hadn’t been so far away. But Tadano wasn’t so fatigued that he hadn’t noticed what was obvious. **“Tired? H-Huh!? What’s wrong with my voice!?”** It sounded *high*, almost like he had inhaled *helium*? And while he had inhaled *something*, it was unfortunately something much more potent than *that*. And it was affecting *more* than *just* his voice.

Tadano was no stranger to hearing from others that there was something *girlish* about his face. He *had* dressed up as a maid that one time and had received plenty of compliments, but even then there had still been enough masculinity to it for it to be clear that he was *not* a girl. This was relevant because his higher pitch... it wasn’t actually all that

much of a mismatch when compared to how he *looked*. His facial features rounded more than they already were, and as he stood there? His lips slightly swelled to give them a fuller and poutier aesthetic.

“Whath happening thoo...?” The next time the boy spoke, he found himself struggling against those lips. They kept smacking against each other since he wasn’t used to speaking with a pair that were *that* thick, and he went cross-eyed while trying to get a better look at them. **“...Waith...”** He could *see* that they were fuller, but didn’t his nose appear differently too? It was too... *petite*. But he couldn’t figure out *why*. There were no mirrors in the room, else he might have caught how a bright red had possessed his irises while his lashes had lengthened, and the shapes of his eyelids had narrowed. Not only giving off the impression that he was a girl...

But also, the impression that he was a little *older*. No longer a teenager, but instead a fully fledged (young) adult. The fact that he didn’t really look at *all* like ‘himself’ probably would have been just as alarming if he could see. There wasn’t a clear trace of his family’s genetic code in his face at *all* – while he began to change in additional ways that suggested her wasn’t exactly going to end up related to his previous life in any meaningful way.

“That was weird. I couldn’t speak properly? Huh.” Even Tadano, at least subconsciously, found it strange that the words and tone he’d spoken with in that moment had grown far more *flippant* than normal. They sounded more like the words of someone who didn’t even *care* that he was feeling unwell, but what he wasn’t noticing served as sort of a soft confirmation that the nanomachines were messing with his head *as* they messed with his body. After all, his uniform wasn’t as snug around his waist and limbs as it had been. His sleeves had almost swallowed his hand because he had *shrunk*. From 5’7” down to 5’4”.

He shook his head, thinking that it might help him recompose his thoughts. It didn’t really help, but it also highlighted that his head felt a little *heavier*? In the *physical* sense. **“Hm?”** The truth was that the boy’s hair had been growing longer, and that added length meant that it would be *heavier* too. It had already extended to his shoulders and was clearly intent on slipping past that threshold. He ended up grabbing some and pulling it over his shoulder. **“My hair?”**

There it was again. The young man should have been looking at something *shocking*, but he didn’t sound like he cared. He could hardly bring himself *too* care, actually. **“...What’s different about it?”** An incredibly strange question to ask when it was growing longer and longer before his very eyes *and* as some of those black strands paled to a light blue that eventually became the norm not only with the hair on his

head, but in his brows and pubes to boot. “*Hmph.*” What was grown was thrown back over his shoulder by the time it reached its final length, now reaching past his *thighs*.

Even the hands that had tossed that hair was *clearly* changed. Tadano’s fingers had slimmed, and his fingernails had not only lengthened and been treated to a manicure but had been painted with a dark blue instead. His feet had fared similarly, with tootsies tinier and heels smoother. “*I do not want to start my shift.*” Shift? *What* shift? Wasn’t he just helping out?

It was already incredibly obvious that this was the case, so it likely wouldn’t have been that surprising to hear that his genitalia finally folded up and into *her* loins, merely becoming fodder for the pussy that opened up beneath a well-trimmed bush of blue as well. The woman herself hardly reacted to such a dramatic shift, electing to merely nibble at her lower lip before forgetting that she’d even felt strange at all. Whether or not she ended up acknowledging that her sex had changed, however?

The nanomachines trekked on with their work, and all they really had *left* to work at was her *figure*. It certainly felt like the most logical move to address the lack of wait around her crotch first, and lo and behold? Her thighs began to expand within the uniform pants that had once fitted her properly. Her shorter stature had left a little extra room inside, and her thighs burgeoned to the point that this space wasn’t only occupied, but the seams on the sides of the pants split so that flesh could pour out.

“*Mmn...*” Tadano was clearly *uncomfortable*. Her waistband dug into hips that were given no choice but to widen as her thighs thickened to thrice their original size, and any weight they couldn’t harbor was instead fed into her butt instead. Her cheeks swelled to the point that you could make out the indentation of her ass crack in the back seam, and while strands there did *fray*, they fortunately didn’t split completely.

She was already struggling with her pants, but her button-up uniform shirt and jacket didn’t fare much better. “*What’s...?*” The woman at *least* looked down inquisitively even if she was now far too far gone to properly process what was happening directly in front of her. Even as the top buttons of her white shirt popped *clean* off and her new tits spilled out from her jacket until they were full, perky *G-cups*, she was more left wondering why she had crammed her supple body into a teenager’s uniform in the first place than she wondered what was happening with her body.

That was her normal body, right?

“Mm... Why am I even wearing this? The managers really have some strange ideas sometimes, don't they? I clearly wasn't going to fit in this if they wanted us to cosplay as students... Good thing they delivered a maid uniform.” The words that escaped the silver-haired woman's lips were communicated softly. *Takina Takahashi* wasn't the type of person that liked to draw attention to herself. She'd been like that in high school, not making many friends even though the boys were always sneaking peaks at her and confessing to her because she was so 'hot'. But she never paid gave the time of day, because they never accepted who she was.



The irony of her new persona was lost on the twenty-one-year-old, namely because all of her memories reflected the life of a girl who had naturally reached the point of working as a *maid* on a cruise ship. It wasn't a life that had been particularly pretty, that much was for certain, but it was what it was. The *irony* was that she was a lot like Komi, but she clearly hadn't found the supportive friends (and crush) to dig her out of that hole.

So, now she worked as a quiet maid who had her *own* charms. She had no qualms with showing off her body in that uniform, though... **“Could we not have been given something a little more *tasteful* to wear for this job? Aren't we helping with *kids*?”** She cast a glance at the maid uniform on the bed, which was clearly very revealing. Well, Takina and her assigned partner *wouldn't* be. Once everyone was on board, they would be whisked away to help serve the teachers where their adult manner of dress would be more... *appreciated*.

Either way... **“I need to get dressed first though. I wonder who they paired me up with? I hope it's not someone that's too loud...”** Piece by piece, Takina stripped off the boy's school uniform that she'd mostly busted out of and managed to put on the revealing maid uniform that had appeared on her bed at some point. Her tits hung out and her round thighs were bare between a lace skirt and thigh highs, but she really didn't mind at all. Once her assigned partner was there, the two would head out to direct some of the students to their rooms.

Students that wouldn't even realize that the maids had been their classmates.

She wouldn't even realize that this new partner had be *Komi*.

But at least their 'close relationship' would continue!