

# TAN OF THOT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Shirogane. I demand you take me to your sister.”**

It wasn't unlike Miko Iino to make demands of her peers in the Shuchi'in Academy student council. Not at *all*. She was an inherently bossy person when she had a goal in mind, often seeing others as tools to help her accomplish her goals rather than just regular people. But she always rationalized it as being for the sake of bettering the lives of others. She strongly believed in order and discipline and would go to great lengths to see these concepts upheld, too.

This love of order was what had led to this demand in the first place. The president of the student council, Miyuki Shirogane, had been speaking a plethora of complaints about his sister as of late. Apparently, she had been holing herself up in her room to stream, and whenever she came out? She was wearing lewd clothing that was making her father and brother concerned. It was *odd*, though.

She was certainly Shirogane's sister had been *younger*, but he was talking about her like she was an *older* sibling. Any attempt to question him on this had led to him reaffirming that he'd never had a younger sister. But Miko had *met* Kei before. Something wasn't right, and she wanted to get to the bottom of it. Partially because she was concerned, but partially because she liked the idea of reprimanding a girl who had gotten out of line.

Her demands *had* fallen on deaf ears for a few weeks now. Shirogane seemed apprehensive about letting Miko scold his own sister, but ultimately he caved. Apparently, she had been walking around without a top on. *That* had been his final straw? Men could be so weak! ...Or at

least that was what Miko had thought at the time. She didn't really realize *how* bad it was until she ended up going after school one day. Shirogane had *immediately* made an excuse to go shopping, leaving her alone in the house as his sister... slept? In the early evening!?



**“Hm... What do I do until she wakes up?”**

Miyuki's dad was out too, so she had been trusted to essentially be left alone in the Shirogane household. A better person would have just kept to herself and waited for the sister to wake up. But Miko? She was nosy. Since she had nothing else to do, she decided to investigate in order to try and get a sense of just *how* bad things were with Kei.

There wasn't much to look at in the kitchen. The sink was full of unwashed dishes, but she would chide Miyuki for that when he got back from his 'shopping trip'. With two members of the household that made digital content as their new careers, she could at least see *how* that dish buildup would occur. But as she would quickly realize, that buildup wasn't isolated to the kitchen alone.

She'd worked her way into the laundry room next, and the situation was just as dire. Hampers of unwashed clothing were messily strewn about, but it was clearly a *woman's* clothing. Miko carefully picked up a black lace bra from the pile and held it in front of her like it was a dangerous object. **“...This is way too big to be Kei's. Did Shirogane's father get a girlfriend?”** The cups were *way* too big. A size she couldn't even fathom. But Shirogane *surely* would have mentioned if his dad was seeing someone, right?

The bathroom was next, and it was more of the same. **“...How is Shirogane living like this?”** It was overly cluttered with makeup products and perfume bottles. But she'd also begun to put two and two together. If Kei was making a lot of money from streaming, could she have been doing a lot of online shopping? There *had* been a lot of shipping boxes bundled in front of their home. But if she was buying *this* much, then she should have been responsible for cleaning her own laundry or organizing her own makeup.

But even though this was the explanation she had settled on; it still didn't really make sense. Kei wasn't the type of girl to be into makeup or perfume this intensely, and the clothing in the laundry room was *not* sized for her as Miko remembered her. **“I guess I should just wake her up and see— GYAH!?”** Her cry was sudden, but not unprompted.

Miko had accidentally bumped into a shelf while trying to leave the bathroom, and a number of unsealed perfume bottles had toppled over so that the contents splashed onto the floor. It began to smell of pleasant, yet overly pungent floral and spice flavors in the bathroom rather quickly, and the girl was left to cough with agitated lungs as she pushed out of the bathroom.

*I hope the one ones Kei-senpai ordered for me weren't in there!*

**“Wh—? Kei-senpai? Ordered me...?”** It took her a moment to catch her breath after exiting in the hall. And maybe it was the work of the fumes, but that *very strange* thought had forced its way into her head, leaving the typically level headed girl feeling rather perplexed. **“It must just be a side effect of inhaling so much perfume...”** Was that *really* the kind of side effect you could suffer, though? And so suddenly at that?

There was no shortage of confusion on Miko’s face, and yet the fact that things were far more dire than simply knocking over some strong smelling perfume bottles had yet to occur to her. Likely because, much like what had happened to Kei, what was happening to her was something that just *wouldn’t* get noticed. It didn’t matter how striking the phenomenon might have been, Miko just *wouldn’t* identify it properly.

That said, the earliest of these changes that were focused on her *face* would have been a little difficult for her to put her finger on now that she had stepped out of the bathroom and away from the mirror anyways. Otherwise, how else was she supposed to know that the brownish red of her eyes had been overwhelmed by a deep blue instead? Or that a beauty mark had emerged under the corner of her right eye? Or that those eyes of hers were even *changing shape*, narrowing in the corners as lashes not only lengthened, but were painted with mascara to make them look longer and thicker?

Even then, what happened to her eyes was merely a small sampling of what was happening much more broadly to not only her face, but her *entire body*. Her face was merely where the signs showed the earliest, for besides her eyes? Her nose changed shape to grow a little bigger, and her lips swelled to a *significantly* larger size. A thick, pink gloss spread across them just as blush reddened cheeks that thinned in part because the girl’s face had elongated. She looked... *older*. Not significantly so, but at least around the age of *nineteen* or *twenty*.

**“And this is what I end up doing what I don’t have classes anymore, huh?”** Rather than take note of anything being amiss, the young woman instead commented on *why* she was in the Shirogane

household in the first place. Which incidentally was something that she *did* notice was off. **“Don’t have classes? Huh...? I just came from school, though.”** It was like she’d been talking like a graduate or something. She wasn’t there yet, and if she was? She wouldn’t have had the time to just lounge around a friend’s house like this.

It didn’t occur to her that she had begun to subconsciously tug at her uniform dress here and there. The outfit wasn’t sitting properly on her body – specifically feeling too tight around her shoulders, and like it was resting off of her hips. This was because while Miko was *normally* a meager 4’10” when it came to her height? That had been steadily *increasing*.

Her limbs and torso extended longer, offering additional height to her body while she *broadened* slightly in turn to keep her from appearing proportionally *odd*. This broadening was largely seen in her shoulders and *especially* her hips, but her stomach widened slightly too. *None* of this, however, was good for a school uniform that had been designed for a short teenaged girl, so by the time she reached her intended height of 5’4”? It was already a mess. Her sleeves tore off from broadened shoulders, the skirt of the dress had been lifted high enough that you could see her white panties within her tights, and even those tights themselves had frayed thanks to her widened gait.

**“Ngh. Speaking of. Like *why the hell* am I dressed in a school uniform? Wait... Why wouldn’t I...? But I *shouldn’t*, right?”** Memories both old and new were pitted against each other as Miko expressed her confusion in a deepened voice that sounded all the vapid – and pointedly less intellectual as her prim, proper, and uptight persona gave way in favor of something a little more foolish, crude, and *shameless*.

That last personality trait was demonstrated almost immediately, because the young woman? She began peeling off the scraps of ill fitted cloth one by one, revealing skin underneath that appeared to be *darkening*. Not biologically, but *artificially* as what appeared to be a copper spray tan darkened her from head to toe. This tan job was surprisingly *thorough*, because even as she discarded her bra and panties, it was evident that even her most unmentionable places had been dyed all the same.

Miko, as she had been prior to this whole kerfuffle, would *never* have stripped down until she was naked in a public space, much less in a house that wasn’t her own where the risk of Miyuki of all people seeing her was a threat. But now? Once she was finally nude, she stretched and dropped her arms extremely casually, without a single care about her visibility. Rather... **“Too bad there’s no one around to see how**

**sexy I am~!**” A declaration that didn’t *really* align with what her body had to offer. At least not *yet*.

Before that could be addressed in full though, she found herself running her fingers through her hair. Fingers that were longer and now had stick-on nail extensions, mind you, and through hair that was growing a *little* longer as she touched it. The perceived color of her locks even changed, for a strong dye seeped into each individual strand until it was a platinum blonde that she’d apparently even dyed a thickened bush of pubes with. Paired with her tanned skin and increasingly sexy body...

The word ‘gyaru’ came to mind.

Gone were Miku’s memories of studying and upholding order in her school, replaced instead with memories of slacking off, dolling up, and fucking pretty much any man or woman that came on to her. “**Not even I can, like, keep my hands off myself sometimes!**” Or so she proclaimed to no one in particular. She’d felt that way because her breasts were aching... and for good reason in this case.

What were once a tiny pair of A-cups had begun to stretch, almost like balloons that were being inflated by a secret, invisible pump. Which might have been more literally if they weren’t inflating with *fat* that saw her small mounds flourish into a pair of hefty tits that surpassed even her head in size. They ached because they grew so large so suddenly, and so she had thought to treat that achiness with a gentle massage from her fingers. In the end it just made her a little more aroused, though. “**Okay, maybe I shouldn’t do that right now.**”

The fat that overflowed from her tits actually padded her tanned tummy, giving it a softness that demonstrated she was far from being in peak physical condition, but that slightest bit of pudge wasn’t really a turnoff. Especially when it flowed into thighs that burgeon with *far more* weight than that. Tanned skin was pulled tautly around this flesh, which nearly *quadrupled* in thickness and made great use of her widened hips. They were plush enough to make a great lap pillow, and pressing a finger into them would leave a mark that would take a few to even out again.

And this was to say nothing of how her ass bloated out into a full, heart shape. It was probably for the best that she’d stripped so that her body could swell into its current form without issue. But come to think of it... where had all of the clothing she’d stripped off *gone*? It was like it had disappeared into thin air! She couldn’t even remember *wearing* it, to be honest.

“**Huh? Why’d I strip down in Kei-senpai’s house? Was this, like, part of the lessons she was gonna give me?**” The twenty year old *gyaru woman* was initially confused about why she was

standing in her *childhood friend*, Kei's home, but she quickly shrugged it off and began to slink off towards the nearby laundry room. **“Good thing I left some clothes here when I slept over the other night, huh?”**

The black lingerie that Miko had picked up earlier actually belonged to her. Or the ‘her’ she was now, anyways. If any proof of this was needed, it was in just how *easily* she slipped it over her huge tits and ample ass. She was even thicker than Kei overall, but her appeal was a little *different*. Being a gyaru aside, her personality was much more *mature* and *extroverted* than her streamer friend.



Nonetheless, she had visited Kei's place that day for a related reason. Not even fully dressed, she skipped down the hallway again to the bedroom she *knew* to be Kei's, throwing the door open in *only* her underwear as her tanned flesh jiggled about. **“OI! KEI-SENPAI! YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE TOTES GONNA TEACH ME ABOUT STREAMING TONIGHT!”** She had *not* used her inside voice.

And the silver-haired streamer reacted accordingly, practically jumping out of her own skin as she sat up in bed, her disheveled state a clear sign of how poorly her current sleep schedule and amount of work were affecting her quality of sleep. **“WHOWHAWHEREWHENWHY—MIKO-CHAN!?”** And this was the first sign that at least *some* memories had been altered to accept Miko as the sexy gyaru she now was. Kei didn't even question their friendship, or why her freshly graduated from high school companion had shown up.

Well, it was more or less what she had mentioned, right? Miko was there for classes, and classes that she would *willingly* provide! After all, with a sexy gyaru on her stream? Those donos would pour in like never before! And then she could buy even *more* clothes! **“Oi, Miko-chan? Can ya buy me a new closet in exchange for the lessons?”** She asked, still clearly half a sleep.

**“Girl, do you think I have the money for that yet?”**

**“Yes?”**

**“NO.”**