

SECTION 6'S FINEST

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This... isn’t the grocery store?”

It had been far too normal of a day up until that point for Joseph to predict that this day would instead take a very *abnormal* turn. It had been a regular Sunday spent without much effort put into it at all – a much needed day off after a very long week. Things had only *just* returned to normal after the December holidays had come to an end. It was the new year, but that was no longer important in any meaningful way. Well, aside from needing to date things differently. He’d *already* accidentally put the wrong year a couple of times since the 1st.

A day of relaxation *had* been on the menu, and for the most part he’d lived it up to the fullest. He had decided not to go anywhere. It was a good day to stay inside, watch some shows, and get caught up on the *multitude* of gacha games that he was trying to keep pace with. When lunch time came around, though? It occurred to him that his day inside might not remain as such.

He had something to eat for lunch, but for *dinner*? He didn’t have anything in his freezer he could warm up, much less any ingredients to prepare something. Come to think of it, he had been running around all week. It wasn’t a surprise that he’d forgotten to go grocery shopping. And so, around 4pm? He ended up heading out to pick up some things. It was annoying, but it was still a process that should have been relatively *normal*.

But any sense of normalcy had been upended the moment he passed through the grocery store’s automatic doors. Joseph wasn’t greeted by the usual *DING* that one might expect, nor did he have a view of aisle

upon aisle of groceries to take in. What he'd walked into? It was *clearly* an office.

There were four desks of varied style, while the design of the office itself felt overly modern, even a little *futuristic*? His first instinct was to turn to leave, wondering if he'd *somehow* picked the wrong door. But those sliding doors were gone. There was an *elevator*, and the door was closed because the device was in use. "**Uh...?**" He pressed the button to summon it. But why was *down* an option? He *was* on the ground floor, right?

It seemed like the elevator was going to take a while. "**How did I get here? What do I do?**" These were both valid questions, and as he murmured them to himself, he wandered over to the closest desk – without thinking about *why* he'd chosen to do that. The elevator wouldn't take *that* long. And yet he was looming over what was surely the neatest desk in the office, eyeing a pair of round glasses beside a stack of paperwork.

Strange. He felt oddly compelled to *pick them up* and *put them on*. Even though they weren't his. Nor did he *need* them. He fought the impulse and glanced back at the elevator. "**It's taking a long time... I think?**" He squinted at the number that displayed the floor the elevator *should* have been on. Wait, why was he *squinting*? He should have been able to see it. He wasn't *that* far away.

That momentary loss of proper vision meant that he wasn't looking down at himself. Which was a shame, because it probably would have been *very* apparent to him that something was awry. After all, his olive skin tone wasn't quite that olive anymore. It pinkened and paled, lightening to a shade that betrayed the identity that his DNA was supposed to define. Until his skin was *entirely* that color.

He rubbed at his eyes for a moment, hoping that doing so might take away the blur. But by the time he opened his eyes again? Joseph's vision had actually gotten *worse* instead. What he couldn't observe even *if* his vision had remained sharper was that the *colors* of his eyes had darkened to a pinkish brown when he'd rubbed at them. No, it wasn't *just* that, was it? In terms of shapes, the corners of his eyelids had been narrowed and his eyelashes even appeared to be fuller. There was something strikingly feminine about their design.

But also? Strikingly *Japanese*.

"**Ugh...**" It was almost as if something had possessed him for a moment. He picked up the glasses on the desk without even second guessing *why*, and abruptly pushed them up upon the bridge of a nose

where they fit a little *too* well. Because its broader shape had thinned and its nostrils had shrunk, giving the man's nose a much more delicate shape overall. Rather, this trait spread to his face as a whole. Little but little it grew thinner, softer, and more delicate. Only his *lips* betrayed these trends, for they instead became plumper.

At the very least, the view of the office became crystal clear again once he adorned the glasses. For a brief moment he had thought it strange that he was wearing them in the first place, but that belief simply *faded* away. His vision was now perfect, so why *wouldn't* he wear them? Putting aside that he was increasingly beginning to look like a *woman*, that is. This is something that was likewise represented in Joseph's mane. His hair had slowly been lengthening *while* his face had changed, eventually cascading down past his shoulders while bangs were both centered *and* framed his face down to his narrowed chin.

Before long, its darker color even lightened to a pastel pink that was shared with his brows and a neatly trimmed set of pubes just above his cock.

Joseph blinked. "**Something's... strange. Isn't it?**" With his Adam's apple now smoothed away, he asked this with a newfound feminine softness to the pitch of his voice. He felt like he was on the cusp of recognizing *something*, but at the same time he couldn't place his finger on it. A finger that, beyond his notice, had narrowed in thickness and earned nails that now slipped an inch past his fingertip.

"**Hm?**" Why had he even been waiting for the elevator in the first place? Had he called for it? Turning back to the desk and the pile of paperwork upon it... *No, I won't have an opportunity to leave the office for at least a few hours.* He felt so certain that he was *supposed* to be in the building now, and seemingly couldn't recall calling for the elevator, either. Feet shuffled from side to side impatiently, his shoes feeling larger and larger while they shrunk slightly within.

The most certain of this he became, the more his changing body reacted. He normally stood at almost six feet, but the inches slowly slipped away – leaving the fit of his clothing increasingly loose. His top dangled and his pants seemed like they might slip at any moment as he dipped below 5'10", and before long the loss of stature finally concluded when he was a mere 5'7". But verticality wasn't *all* that had been lost. His waistline had slimmed at the sides to give his silhouette a much more hourglass-like shape, not helped by his shoulders narrowing but *not* his hips.

Those hips were actually the *sole* reason his pants and boxers hadn't fallen right off. And it wasn't like they hadn't changed at all. "**Hm... Why do things feel a little tight?**" Joseph could zero in on

sensations, but seemingly couldn't draw the correct conclusions. Slimmed fingers tugged at the increasingly tight waistband of those pants; room compromised not only by how his hips had flared out several inches.

But also, by the thickness of his own *ass* and *thighs*. With much of *her* transformation complete, she only really had to inherit a woman's curvature. A preparatory step had been delivered in the form of her male genitalia diminishing, leaving a woman's slit between her legs. This worked in the favor of her comfort, really. If she'd still possessed a cock and balls, they absolutely would have been strangled by her pants and boxers as her swelling thighs and butt stole away any and all room in her pants. The thighs alone met between her widened hips, whereas her ass bubbled into an impressive heart shaped that peeked *over* her pants.

“Ngh...” Things certainly *were* tight below her waist, but they weren't alone, either. A chest that had once been flat began to bubble above Joseph's pinched-in and now muscular tummy. It began with her nipples swelling plumper and longer, making much more sense upon the chest of a biological woman – just as the weight that gathered beneath them did. What was once flat jiggled to life as a pair of tiny mounds. But then those mounds bubbled into hills, mountains, and then surpassed even *that* analogy. Before long, each breast was almost as large as her *height* and obscured her view when she looked down. They lifted her top enough that you could see her bare bellybutton.

But none of that mattered. She couldn't be distracted. She had a lot of work to do. And she certainly wasn't *dressed* for that work! Much to her relief, the discomfort of an outfit that hadn't been tailored for the body of a short, buxom woman faded as those clothes were reshaped and parted into different pieces and layers. Before long she was instead wearing a white, button-up blouse overtop a huge, black lace bra. She also wore a black pencil skirt overtop a thong that matched the brassiere, black gloves, and heeled boots. Finally? A green jacket hung off her shoulders.

Now ignoring the elevator, *Tsukishiro Yanagi* gently traced the paperwork stack with a black-gloved finger for a moment before letting out a tired sigh. That same hand rose to push up *her* glasses upon the bridge of her nose. **“There's no way we're going to get through all of this paperwork with just the chief and**



me. *If she even works...*” What she was doing at the Section 6 office, as well as what she’d been doing before, was all completely vivid to her. The pink haired, bespectacled beauty had no doubts about her identity. Nor did she recall ever being anyone else.

Because how could *that* possibly be? It may have been a Sunday evening, but after the incident at the port, Section 6 had been *drowning* in paperwork. Release forms, incident reports, the whole shebang. Soukaku and Harumasa had managed to get out of coming in last minute, but Yanagi wouldn’t allow her chief to slither out of it. After all, Miyabi had been at the center of that incident. Not to mention she *was* technically in charge of their group. **“I bet she’s training downstairs. That elevator coming up better be here.”**

If it wasn’t, she’d be giving her an extra scolding when she finally *did* show up. And she better show up!

“A gym locker room? But when did I even...?” Try as I might, I couldn’t *fathom* how I could have possibly ended up in a *gym*. I had been in my own home just seconds ago, and I knew for certain that my house didn’t have a *locker room* in it! If it did, I probably would have repurposed it into ‘Axel’s Recreation Room’ or *something*. I wasn’t much of a gym-goer. Basically *never*, in fact. But looking back at the doorway I had walked in through?

It was now covered by a *door* I couldn’t recall stepping through, either. **“No, no, no. This has to be some kind of mistake. This couldn’t even be *real*, surely?”** I said as much, but it certainly *felt* real. And I didn’t make any attempt to challenge its reality, either. In fact, I found myself stepping closer and closer to a certain *locker* as that classic locker room smell filled the air. It hadn’t even occurred to me that this wasn’t the men’s locker room.

It was for women.

Before I knew it, I was standing in front of that specific locker. The door was slightly ajar, allowing me to catch a glimpse of what was stored inside. It looked like... a *katana*? Swords were cool, but who would leave one in a locker? They weren’t just things you *carried around* where I came from. There definitely shouldn’t have been one in public. That was dangerous!

But I couldn’t... take my eyes off of it? It was as if I was in a trance, and as my gaze remained affixed on it? The colors of my eyes inherited an *uncanny* shade. Rather than a standard coloration, they glowed with a menacing *crimson* that would have otherwise only been possible with

contacts. But this color was natural. Just as natural as the narrowing of my eyelids to take on a Japanese look of their own. **“That sword...?”**

I felt like I'd seen it somewhere before. On my computer? On television? *Hm? It's my sword. Of course I would recognize it.* My subconscious fought against the idea that I had seen it in some form of media. And it fought against that idea *hard*. My own thoughts proved to be jarring enough to distract me from just how *serious* things were becoming very quickly. I paid absolutely no mind to just how *loose* my clothes were becoming, for example.

Because there was *less* of me. *Much* less of me. I was an overweight man, or at least I was *supposed* to be. Yet all of that excess was sapped away by the same force that had altered the colors of my eyes as I was gradually assimilated into what I didn't realize was a different world entirely. It wasn't long at all before I was not only thin, but any stretch marks left behind had been smoothed away and my build actually *hardened* a bit. The muscle I gained didn't *seem* like a lot, and yet somehow, I felt *dramatically* stronger. Even *superhuman*.

“Hm?” Which almost felt like a *contradiction* as I grunted with a lighter voice. My pants had slipped *right* off my waist, but it didn't really matter as my shirt now reached my *knees*. That was because weight wasn't the only ‘mass’ that had been lost. **“Is it just me, or is the locker taller? ...Maybe it's a trap?”** A trap? A trap set by *who*? *An evil to be defeated!* ...It definitely wasn't anything like that. And the locker wasn't taller, either. I had shrunk dramatically, from the near six foot mark down to 5'3". My hands were smaller and thinner, as were my feet.

It *was* odd though. That voice in the back of my mind was *insisting* that I was 5'7" instead.

Despite everything, my crimson gaze remained trained on the katana through the gap in the locker. The daintiness that had graced the rest of my body had evidently seeped into my facial features, for my face had grown smaller in design as my skull shrank alongside my body. My lips became a touch puffier, but my nose, cheeks, and even my brows all became smaller and cuter instead.

Before long I had the face of a proper Japanese beauty. One whose short hair then extended, showering my shoulder and *well* past them until they reached past my ass – though the trip wasn't as long now that I was shorter. With my bangs now cut straight, a raven black ended up possessing *all* of the hair on my body. Including the bush of pubes that puffed up above my *pussy*?

My changed sex into a *woman* didn't even really register to me. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that I had always been a girl. It had always been that way, as far back as my mother training me as a small child and before that. From birth I had *always* been female. And it was only natural that I would have the figure to back it up.

The thing was that I didn't see my figure as anything too gratuitous, nor did I really care. Big breasts would get in the way of my training. How does Yanagi deal with them? Regardless, the pair that sprouted from my own chest were anything but 'tiny'. The *DD*'s that pushed the front of my shirt forward stood out against my small frame, and their perkiness was aided by the musculature of my chest. In a similar fashion, my thickened thighs and ass cheeks were perky but *not* excessive. My butt sprung into a nice, bouncy bubble shape.

"I must be imagining things." It only crossed my mind for a single moment. That something was 'wrong'. And it was because that I felt like my hearing was *bad* of all things. But I put it aside as that hearing sharpened, courtesy of my old ears creeping up the sides of my head and growing longer. A black fur that matched my hair grew from what amounted to four inch triangles that twitched about. Perky fox ears. And *that* was why I insisted I was 5'7". You had to count my ears!

My outfit was adjusted in time, and before long I was clad in a uniform not unlike Yanagi's. A white blouse covered my top, but my skirt was lifted beneath my chest so that its hakama-like design fit more snugly. There was a slit in it over my right thigh, revealing the black tights underneath that led down to short, leather boots. I wore fingerless gloves and had a green jacket over my own shoulders, but mine was styled more like a kimono – which could be observed in the sleeve over my right arm. Even my hair was braided just behind my ears, though the bulk was left to hang loose.

"Strange. Did I not set the correct alarm?" Upon pulling my cellular device out of my pocket, my crimson gaze stole a quick glance at the time that it displayed. *Yanagi will be mad. I'm going to get scolded.* I of course *recognized* that I was the chief and founder of Section 6, *Hoshimi Miyabi*. I had always been Hoshimi Miyabi. Who else could I possibly be? But Hoshimi Miyabi was not a woman



who typically put things like paperwork first.

I would much rather be training. At any time. Even if I didn't have the tools available. My large, black fox ears twitched at the sound of the elevator door opening in the foyer. **"I'd best catch that."** Before I caught an earful from Yanagi, anyways. I had promised her I would be there at 5, but it was already 4:58pm. If I was even a minute late, she would probably assign me a bigger portion of the paperwork file. And that would certainly be... *unpleasant*.

Quietly, I grabbed my sword from the locker I had been approaching and turned sharply on my heel after holstering it at my hip. I had to stay focused. No getting distracted. But I couldn't help but think about it all, really. *All of that training I'd be missing out on by doing paperwork.*

DING!

"Chief."

"Ah. Yanagi." When I stepped off the elevator about five minutes later, making it 5:03pm, I felt my skin crawl as I heard a chiding tone speak my title from the closest desk. There was Yanagi, already hard at work. I could *easily* tell she was upset with me, based on how she didn't even crane her neck to look at me as I stepped off the elevator with one arm resting on my blade. I quietly stepped over to my own desk, noticing a larger than normal pile. Well, that was to be expected.

I could probably put it off by— **"If you conduct any 'image training' before we're done, chief, I'll be placing *my* pile on top of yours. And I won't be ordering a portion of dinner for you, either."** My ears immediately drooped at the sound of these punishments. Waking up hungry from image training was the *worst*. And I usually wanted to eat something sweet.

"...Understood." What else could I even say, really?