

SUMMER BOUNCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I wonder if there’d be a way to get him into the game again...”

Joseph had been bouncing ideas back and forth online with another of his online friends basically all day that day. Not *constantly*, of course, but here and there depending on when he and his friend, Urban, were more or less free to do so. It wasn’t even a *serious* issue. Could it even be called an ‘issue’ in the first place? After all, the two had just been interested in getting a mutual friend to play a game again.

It certainly wasn’t that serious, and they didn’t really plan on pushing too hard about it. But Axel had more or less stopped playing Fire Emblem: Heroes. Which was *fair*, really. There were a million games on the gacha market these days, and it was inhuman to expect a single person to keep up with all of them. But they also knew that Axel was a big Fire Emblem fan, and with the summer event coming... Well, it was a good chance for him to get back in!

But in the end? Realistically, the best way to get him back into it would just be to show him the new characters, right? The game had added a rather *enticing* Goldmary alt with a swimsuit Bernadetta attached. So, independent of Urban’s efforts? Joseph ended up linking the character art to Axel through Discord. **“Hm? Is he not home?”** There wasn’t an immediate response, but there also didn’t *need* to be one. He just went back to his talks with Urban.

“...What is he trying to send me?” With the topic of swimsuit Fire Emblem units on their minds, Joseph had asked Urban who his favorite was. But the linked image that had been sent to him was... corrupted. **“Weird.”** Was it a Discord problem? Wondering, he switched over to

the file that he had sent Axel to find that it, too, was corrupted. The image was darkened with damaged pixels. But when he went to delete the message?

FLASH

“...*Uh?*” Had it been a camera flash? No, Joseph’s computer screen had *definitely* lit up all of a sudden. He had been temporarily blinded, and when his vision returned? He seemed to be sitting on an old, worn down bench at a beach? “**How did I end up here!?**” He shot up immediately and looked around. There were no modern buildings around with nothing but forest behind her. The only architecture was a shack made of sticks down the beach. Like a changing room, or a bathroom?

There were *tents* pitched in the opposite direction, however. Was this a beachside camping site? Even if it was, it didn’t really answer *how* he had ended up there! “**My computer obviously did something. Did it knock me out? All because of that glitched image?**” A part of him wanted to dismiss things as a dream, but somehow that didn’t exactly *feel* right. No, because this all felt *too* real. The sun was too hot. The salt in the air too strong smelling.

Joseph hardly knew the half of it, really. He had been caught in a trap and that trap had yet to finish with him. You didn’t really need to look any farther than his *skin* to come to that conclusion, which in of itself was kind of an odd place to draw that conclusion in the first place. Nonetheless, you would normally expect someone’s skin to *redden* or *darken* under the hot summer sun, right? That... didn’t *really* appear to be the case for Joseph. With his skin’s tone being olive in the first place, such a dramatic darkening was likely impossible in the first place.

The issue was that his skin’s color was *lightening* beyond his notice. It was a phenomenon that was *absolutely* impossible, and yet the shades of his complexion appeared to lighten little by little the longer he lingered out in the sun; until his flesh was a pinkish pale. This even extended to his nipples, making them much pinker than they had been before. “**Is there a way for *me* to get home?**”

He coughed. His voice had cracked a little and he had *assumed* it was just a little hitch in his throat. He’d been *wrong* on that front, but it wasn’t as if he’d yet to clue in on what was happening. In fact, it seemed unlikely that Joseph even *would* clue in. Else he might have noticed how his short, dark hair was lightening. Something that would have *only*

been noticeable because it was *lengthening* too, growing into a messy mop top of faded purple, bangs crossed between his eyes.

“Home is so far away though...” The crack in his voice *clearly* hadn’t improved and had instead gotten worse. Stranger still? ‘Home’ had been in reference to a modern house, right? Why was the home he was envisioning now small, cramped, and almost *medieval* in design? Like a cozy little cabin in a medieval city? **“Askr...?”** Why had *that* name come to mind? It was the name of the main kingdom in... a game... but *which* game?

Joseph’s knowledge bank was shifting away from what he knew entirely. Memories of modern technology and comforts were lost to him, leaving him a little disoriented and uncertain as his mind reached for memories that no longer existed. It served as the perfect distraction from the continued changes to his body that he suffered. Namely? Well, if not for being so disoriented, he might have immediately noticed how his point of view was *plummeting*.

There was only one obvious explanation for this. The man was *shrinking*. Beginning at a height that neared six feet, the inches unraveled in ways that saw his limbs and torso shorten while hands, feet, and even his head became smaller so not to mismatch what was happening otherwise. Shorts skipped from his hips and his shirt? It ended up becoming an impromptu dress across a body that was then a mere *4’11”*.

It was the height of someone who was probably much younger, and admittedly his face had come to reflect that as he’d shrunk. Joseph had spiraled back down through his twenties and even into his *teens*, looking to be a short individual of around *eighteen* by the time his face had finished shifting. There *was* another issue though. **“Um... What was I?”** The crack in his voice had seemingly become permanent and, well...

That voice was a perfect match for a face that had lost any of its masculine edge. Eyes, tainted by the same purple that had dyed his hair, had grown larger and rounder. His nose was small yet contrasting with the smaller size of his cuter face, his lips were a little fuller. He looked like a teenager *girl*, not an adult man. A familiar one too, at least to anyone who played *Fire Emblem*.

An uncertainty gripped him. **“Did... Did I really come out here all on my own?”** The shift in concerns was concerning in its own right, but it paled in comparison to the continued dive into the physically feminine now that he looked far more like a girl than a boy. But the girl he was becoming? Well, *she* didn’t really have much to her body compared to some of her peers.

And ‘she’ very much applied to Joseph in that moment. Her male genitalia had sought to burrow into her pelvis, leaving a woman’s working plumbing in its place beneath a tiny bush of purple pubes. This lead to her butt and thighs swelling a little fuller in shape. Plush, like the legs and behind of a girl, but certainly not anything that would blow someone’s mind. In much the same way? The inevitably *breasts* that built upon her chest pushed the front of her shirt forward a little, but those small *B-cups* didn’t have much going for them aside from their perkiness.

“**I, um...**” Joseph had never been the sort of person to have a ton of confidence, but she was *definitely* lacking in it now. Her small fingers with nibbled nails were pulling at her skirt, unaware that it’s form was even changing beneath her grasp. The cloth darkened into a translucent, purple dress with a gold pattern at its skirt. You could see through it enough to watch a dark purple bikini top and bottom press into her skin, covering the essentials as decorative sandals clad her feet and a scrunchie was fashioned around her left thigh. A yellow teddy bear hood ended up concealing her head too, bound by a yellow bow to a light purple cape with various beachside decorations fastened to it.

“**I... It feels like something is pulling me...**” The specifics of what had just happened to her were difficult for *Bernadetta* to grasp now. Memories of her past life had been slowly dissipating throughout her transformation, but now she couldn’t really remember much at all. The sheepish, demure girl that she was now? Well, she could recall *always* being that way. And she *really* wanted to go inside! But it really was an uncanny feeling.

A mysterious force was *pulling* her towards the seaside shack that functioned as a bathroom and a changing room off in the distance, even though she now recognized the tents in the other direction as the campsite her group was using. “**I... I don’t like this.**” Or so *Bernie* said, but her bare feet trekked through the sandy beach towards the shack without much resistance. She was a little nervous about what she might find, but deep down she knew as much.

That it was where she *needed* to be.



Urban, meanwhile, was recovering from a very similar phenomenon to what Joseph had endured. The man adjusted his favorite hat after

succumbing to an odd flash – provoked by the image of Summer Camilla that he had sent to Joseph moments before. “**Am I dreaming?**” It was a little easier for Urban to come to that immediate conclusion with the ocean spread out wide before him. He was a little farther down the beach than his friend had appeared, on the opposing side of the seaside shack to hid him from Joseph’s view.

“**Doesn’t feel much like a dream, though...**” His *hat* certainly felt real, and that was more or less enough for him in the end. But he recognized that he wasn’t any closer to the truth about *how* this had happened, dream or not. He just knew that it was hot, and he was *not* dressed for this weather. Well, that and his body felt a little *tingly* for some reason. “**Hm?**” Unlike Joseph, there had been a *chance* of Urban noticing that something was wrong with him.

After all, it should have been *very* difficult to notice that his body’s *figure* was changing. It began with an inward pinch above his hips, forcing his waistline to dip in – yet simultaneously, his shoulders slimmed a little but too. There was likewise a change that contrasted the losses, providing gains to his *hips* of all places. They flared out nearly *four* inches, testing the fit of his pants as they struggled to accommodate the growth. Eventually, a button popped off. And that button popping was what had pushed him to make that “**Hm?**” in the first place.

Unfortunately, his one chance to notice was ultimately squandered unintentionally. “**H-Hey!**” The wind had picked up for a moment and had stolen his pride and joy from him: his *hat*. It must have been a stronger gust than he had even initially thought, because that hat was lifted *high* into the air. Urban instinctively jumped to try and grab it, but even that little hop wasn’t left undisturbed by change. The push off had more *strength* behind it than normal. And while in the air? His body grew heavier.

Courtesy of his *muscles*. The young man had never been especially buff, but that had *clearly* changed beneath his clothing while airborne. All of his limbs and his torso had all hardened, muscles swelling until they were appealing but not *too* abundant. By the time his feet landed in the sand again – without a hat between his fingers – he was also standing at a height of *5’9*”. “**My hat! Come back, dear!**” His voice cracked. He’d always *loved* his hat. But calling it ‘dear’ was still a new one.

He could only watch as the accessory flew off and over the water. *If only my wyvern were here...* A thought crossed his mind that *surely* wasn’t normal. No one from a modern world would consider having a *wyvern*. As the sunlight shone against Urban’s eyes, the coloring of his irises took on a shade of steely purple. No, it was *more* than that. Those eyes

rounded and his lashes fluttered long like the wings of a butterfly. His gaze seemed better suited to a *woman*, and well...

“Mmm!” A squirming sensation between *her* legs led to an odd moan, brief in its expression, leaving lips that seemed to thicken as she bit down on them in the aftermath. **“That was a *pleasant feeling*.”** The woman almost considered following up on it with her fingers, which were thin and delicate now, but she stopped short of doing so. She simply gazed back out at the ocean; her hat no longer visible. *Why would I wear a hat of all things, though?*

Urban wriggled her nose a little while it shrunk, conforming to the increasingly feminine shape of her face. A face that much more keenly matched a voice that was effeminate and sultry now. She didn't seem to bat an eyelash once her left eye was concealed entirely by dark hair that was growing, falling down to just above her ass as its color lightened to a more pastel purple than Bernadetta's. While her left eye was completely covered by her bangs, the right was entirely exposed.

The pleasant feelings only continued, too. She looked every part of a young woman in her *mid-twenties* already, but she was still missing *meat* in some key and anticipated areas. And so, there was *growth*. Beginning with her chest, which her whole life had been as flat as any man's. That was soon a thing of the past, though, as the mass of fat one would expect from a pair of tits began to gather beneath her nipples.

Those nipples stretched and grew themselves, both sticking up against the underside of his shirt and rubbing sensually against it as they grew. What were only little mounds at first soon flourished into a size comparable to a pair of apples, then oranges, and eventually *coconuts*. Their *massive* sizes pulled the base of her shirt up so that you could see her tummy, but more of her skin was revealed once that shirt turned into a purple bikini top instead.

She squeaked. **“Wedgie!?”** It felt like an indecent thing to cry out, but it very much *was* the reality of the situation. Fatty tissue had gathered in her ass and thighs alike, seeing the former push out into a big heart shape behind her that chewed up her boxers and lipped over her pants. The excess tightened her pant legs around her muscular thighs until they finally tore. Or at least until they became a bikini bottom with a translucent purple skirt wrapped around her legs. She received matching sandals and some white hibiscus flowers in her hair.

“Whew... I’m not a big fan of the heat, but I suppose I *do* look good in this swimsuit.” The princess of Nohr, *Camilla*, pulled at the strings of her bikini to make sure that everything was properly fitted. Of course, even the slightest tug was enough to make her voluptuous figure bounce, a feeling she all too well familiar with considering just how *long* she had been so beautiful. **“But what do now? Hm...”** She supposed she could do some tanning? Perhaps some of the ladies back at camp had lotion?



If it wasn’t clear, her past identity as Urban was just as absent as her once favorite hat. She had no doubts about her new identity. It filled her with strength and confidence, and the buxom woman knew how to use both traits well. Camilla would get her chance to do so, but...

“Hm?” Something else caught her attention for now. Was that the sound of the shack’s door opening? She *thought* she had heard someone inside, but that wasn’t someone leaving.

“Did I miss a cutie coming over? I wonder if she has lotion!”

“That is the *last* time I click on suspicious image files on Discord, I think...” Aside from the scent of salt in the air, I didn’t really have any context about my current location. Joseph had sent me an image file relevant to a new character in Fire Emblem: Heroes, or something? I’d just checked quickly on my phone, but the image had been corrupted. I’d wondered if it was just a compression issue and clicked on it, but when I did?

Well, I’d ended up *here*. In what seemed to be a wooden shack. It was a little run down inside, but there were lockers and a toilet. **“Is this a changing room? Where? For what?”** None of this made a lick of sense to me. But there was a strange feeling deep down aside from an odd *tingling*. It was like an urge. An urge to change into something lighter? Well, it *was* pretty hot. I felt pretty hot in general.

Well, isn’t that to be expected~?

“Hm?” That had certainly been a strange thought to have crossed my mind. It was playful and cocky. I didn’t consider myself ‘hot’ and

certainly *wasn't*, but to think that way had just come so *naturally*. I didn't realize that this thought had come with a visual cue, either. The coloring of my eyes had shifted to a light brown – and a slightly darker variation of that color ended up running through my hair soon after.

I wasn't *wrong*, though. “**My body is *waaay* too heavy to be...?**” Or so I had thought. I was obese, or at least I was *supposed* to be obese. But before my very eyes I watched it happen. Looking down, I could see my gut gradually regressing, the cloth of my big tee hanging looser and looser with nothing to cling onto. “*I'm...*” My brain didn't fixate on the cracks of my voice. *It's a beautiful voice, isn't it?*

“**No, my body is just the right weight!**” I declared as much so confidently, memories of *just* watching myself become thinner now tossed away. I somehow felt like I had *always* been this thin. Thin and *toned*, as things turned out. But there had actually been more to my losses than I had even realized – beyond my voice sounding much more like a proud young *woman's*, anyways.

I had actually shrunk a little bit. I stood closer to the six foot mark by the time my height had peaked in my teens, but I was 5'8” all of a sudden. It had dropped when I had thinned, both feelings mixing into each other much like my shoulders becoming narrow, or my hands and feet becoming small *and* dainty by design. My figure's shape was becoming inherently feminine just like Joseph and Urban's bodies had. And just like them it seemed I was incapable of realizing as much.

“**Eep!?**” The sensation of a sharp tug between my legs pushed a very *girly* cry from my lips. Funnily enough, things were happening with two *different* sets of 'lips' at the exact same time. The first of the two were the lips you'd expect. The lips on my face swelled into luscious, kissable shapes *as expected of a beautiful woman like me!* While the *other* lips? They were fashioned in the place of the dick that had just left me, completing my indisputable change into a biological *woman*.

But have I not always been a woman?

The thought lingered for a moment. It must have been true, right? *That's why I have such a pretty face and beautiful, long hair!* It was like my thoughts were becoming reality itself. My lips had *already* changed, but the rest of my face followed suit. My cheekbones thinned and my chin rounded. Nostrils flared a moment while shrinking, and my browned eyes both widened and gained longer lashes. In a similar vein? My already browned hair cascaded out behind me while my bangs thickened too, but the force that was changing me pulled it over my right shoulder and braided it. Just in time to put a white sunhat on my head.

And my gorgeous figure, of course! What was going to unfold from this point on would have been obvious even *if* I hadn't thought about it. After all, I was the spitting image of a certain Fire Emblem character already, even though I didn't know that was a video game series anymore. My mind wouldn't even have been able to comprehend what a video game *was* now. And I really didn't need to. I had memories of wielding heavy weapons, and of how to apply makeup, and how to look my best as a woman. All important things!

I felt a little embarrassed, as I suddenly lost my balance and stumbled forward. **"Whoopsie!"** But I tried to play it off in a way that seemed *cute*, not acknowledging why I had even stumbled forward in the first place. All of that space that had been left in my shirt was being made use of as my thinned chest grew fat again. It was just, this time, the fat was *welcomed*. It wasn't from obesity; it was simply the sort of fat that gave me a fat set of *tits*.

And that wasn't even an understatement. I had begun with naught, but they rapidly *ballooned* into gigantic melons that surpassed even Camilla's by an inch or two. They were *very* heavy even with my body so fit and vaguely muscular, and so as eye-sized nipples had led the charge and that weight had surged forward, I hadn't been anticipating that much weight that quickly. I manage to catch myself and readjust, but since I wasn't wearing a bra, my huge boobs bounced several times when I corrected my posture. Only for that bouncing to stop once my shirt tightened into a frilled, white bikini top. Beneath a pearl necklace.

"Hm~?" My breasts were so big that they obscured my vision when I looked down. Everything *looked* normal to me. I had briefly wondered if something was *off*, but that feeling had just come about because of my changing memories. I'd mostly wanted to see past my tits because my pants felt a little tight. But that was because my hips, thighs, and ass had all been growing too. My butt bubbled, but it didn't become anywhere near as abundant as my tits had as pants were refashioned into a white bikini bottom and a translucent, yellow skirt. Like the others, I was adorned with a pair of sandals – and I also had a frilly, white strap around my exposed, right leg.

"I'm afraid this just won't do!" After giving my own tits a big squeeze and making them



bounce, I made a cute little wink to a nonexistent audience. What just wouldn't do? The bounciness of my voluptuous, but battle-hardened body? **"I'm just *too* beautiful! If I go out like this, all the other women will become green with envy!"** Well, I *was* right? Wasn't I? As *Goldmary* this had always been the case! **"*Heehee!*"** It *was* strange though. It almost felt like I wasn't complete somehow.

At least until the door to the hut opened and a small, purple-haired girl sheepishly entered. **"O-Oh! It was just Goldmary... Of course... since we're bound..."** The sight of Bernadetta provided me with some ease. This cute, little girl was my 'partner'. We had been summoned together, and as a result we had a strange *connection*. I wasted no time in running up to her aaaaand— **"H-Hey!?"** Bernie immediately went beet red. How could she not? I had embraced her firmly, burying her face in my boobs.

"My other half! I just want to eat you up, you know? Would you like a little kiss, too?"

"N-No!"

"Oh my~! Am I interrupting something?" Another voice pulled our attention away, not that I let Bernadetta go. It was a tall, voluptuous woman with light purple hair. I recognized her. She was a princess summoned by Askr, was she not? And in a bikini to boot! **"Allow me to get in on this~!"** Without so much as asking permission, she hugged Bernadetta from behind, allowing out tits to dock around her. **"Now what were you two doing in here all alone?"**

"Help me..."

RIP Bernadetta.