

LEISURE ISLAND II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh. That’s weird. Djeeta was supposed to be meeting us for lunch, wasn’t she?”

It wasn’t odd to find the co-captain of the Grandcypher, Gran, worrying about his fraternal twin sister. The two were usually inseparable – well, along with Lyria and Vyrn – and weren’t typically away from one another for a long period of time without a good reason. Well, it wasn’t like he was worried that she was in any sort of *danger* in this case. They weren’t exactly in a dangerous location at all, or at least the island of *Voluptas* had never been *pegged* as a dangerous location.

The *Pleasure Island* was exactly that. A recreation and relaxation hub that skyfarers from across the world visited for the sake of easing away their stress. That, or where gamblers came to lose all of their money as far as the gaming section of the resort was concerned. Regardless, there wasn’t really any reason for Gran to believe that Djeeta was in any danger. And she *wasn’t* really. She was simply off living her best cheerleader life.

And any Djeeta that would arrive later wouldn’t quite *be* the same Djeeta that he had known.

The young man pushed his concern aside for the time being as a waitress came to their table to take their drink order. He was in a small café with Lyria, Vyrn, Katalina, and Narmaya – the café where they had all agreed to meet up in for lunch. But ordering his drink had been a little *harder* than it should have been. Namely because their waitress was dressed rather... *unusually*. Which probably wouldn’t have been as big of an issue if she hadn’t been so *attractive*.

Big, bouncy breasts could barely fit into her bunny girl uniform, and they rested on the table in front of him beneath lilac locks as she leaned in to grab his request. **“O-Oh, just a water is fine.”** Fortunately she scooted off just as quickly as she had arrived, leaving everyone else at the table to stare at him judgmentally. **“Wh-What!?”** In the end they all got a good laugh out of it, at least until Lyria made things relatively serious again.

“I still haven’t shaken the feeling that something’s wrong though... But it isn’t like my life link with Djeeta has been disturbed, so I think she’s fine. Maybe I’m overthinking it...?” Lyria *had* mentioned something about sensing a Primal back before they had landed, but it didn’t seem like anything had come of it *that they knew of* at least.



Gran saw it fit to take her hand reassuringly. **“If anything’s wrong, we’ll figure it out. But we can’t deprive everyone of their vacation either, right? We all came here to relax for a change.”** Still, he wasn’t going to write off her hunch. Just as he was certain Djeeta hadn’t. Maybe she was late because she was looking into things? That would have been very much like her. He had to put that aside for the time being, though. **“Gimme a second.”**

He really had to *pee* and, after asking for directions from one of the other employees, eventually was led to a private bathroom in the back of the restaurant. **“I’m surprised they don’t have a more public bathroom...”** Or so he mused to himself while ‘taking care of his business’ to speak.

But it was a relatively small and quaint café, it was likely just a matter of not having the space. It didn’t exactly matter so long as he could empty his bladder and wash his hands. Which he had managed to accomplish.

After Gran dried his hands and turned to leave, however? **“Wah!?”** He almost walked right into an outfit that was hanging on the back of the door. Had it been there when he had walked in? The captain couldn’t recall for sure, but he felt like it *hadn’t* been. Nonetheless? It was a carbon copy of the blue bunny costume that his waitress had been wearing. Right down to the white tights that were looped around the leotard’s base and the collar and bunny ears clipped to the cups. Even the same heels were beside the door. **“Guess this must also be the**

changing room for the staff, huh? I wonder what it's like working in a place like this...?"

A question that had probably been best left *unasked*. Because the Primal wasn't content with only changing his twin sister. Anyone whose ears had heard Lyria's concerns, including Lyria herself, were at risk of being targeted by its powers. It didn't want to leave *anyone* in one piece that was suspicious of its nature. That was why they always gave up after being promptly swapped. And now that Gran had expressed an interest in the wearing of the uniform... Well, he'd *already* found himself staring at her tits.

That had *actually* been enough to trigger what was about to happen.

As he found himself incapable of gathering the energy to leave the bathroom now that he was done. **"Huh? Was there something else I needed to do in here?"** There wasn't, was there? But there also existed the nagging feeling that this wasn't the case. That he needed to 'fix' something that was an immediate problem. Was it related to his clothing somehow? But how could that be possible? Those were the clothes that he had put on just that morning and, honestly, it was the outfit he typically defaulted to.

What could possibly be *wrong* with what he was wearing? At least wrong enough to want to change. And even *then*, even if there *had* been a valid reason to change in the first place, his only option would have been the ridiculous bunny girl costume hanging from the door. And that was an outfit very clearly designed for a *woman*. Something that Gran was not and wouldn't under any circumstance *become*. At least not without asking Cagliostro first!

But if Gran's rejection of the outfit on the door was born from his understanding of what sex would look better wearing it, then... That was the first aspect that the Primal would treat. **"Hm?"** It had begun with a strange shudder that had run up the young man's spine, leaving him wondering if he was catching a cold for all but a moment. But seconds later? **"AAAAAAH!?"** The bathroom he was in was soundproof to protect the privacy of anyone who used it. Which meant that absolutely no one heard him *scream*.

So what had prompted him to scream? Nay, not *just* scream but also slide a hand down his pants. It had been a tug, a feeling of folding, a *yank* – all centered on the part of his body that any man treasured most. Yet in the end? His hand had arrived too little too late, probing instead into *her* pussy. **"I'm a chick!? W-Wait, stay calm. If this lingers I can just have Cagliostro fix it, right?"** She wasn't sure what

methods she'd employ to do so, but so long as things didn't get any worse...

Which was certainly an optimistic thought for her to have when she could *already* feel the fit of her outfit shifting. Then again wasn't really the outfit itself that had changed as much as it was the *contents*. Micro-changes quickly occurred to move the rest of her body in line with her new genitalia. Namely among them? A slight widening of her hips and thickening of her thighs and butt. Her face softened a little, and the sensitive sensation of puffy nipples rubbing up against her sweater atop A-cup breasts was difficult to ignore.

“Ugh... Wh-What do I do...? E-Eh!? What’s wrong with my voice...?” She supposed it made sense that she would sound more like a girl now, but wasn't that too strong of a departure from her usual sound? From what she could tell she looked a little more feminine now, but she still looked largely like herself. But her voice was *extremely* soft all of a sudden. Soft in sound and stutter in quality. It felt almost like most of his confidence had been somehow sapped away. ***“I need to get help but... not dressed like this?”***

Why was she still hung up on her clothes when so much else was wrong? The expression she made was a vaguely embarrassed one as she thought about it, but that embarrassment was enhanced because that resemblance she had to her male self? It was rapidly fading. This was plainest in her facial features right off the bat, as any chiseled edges and even her sharp jaw line were smoothed away. Her nostrils flared a moment as she anxiously bit a lower lip that had bloated fuller. It was plain that a switch of some kind had been flipped mentally.

Why else would her now cute, blue, girly eyes flutter about so anxiously?

“What do I do? Wh-What do I do?” Was she going to be late? Late from what? Her break? ***“B-Break? But I wasn’t working... But I look... like that waitress...”*** This thought appeared to freeze her up more than anything else as she saw a familiar reflection in the mirror. New memories were being slotted in along with her old one, leading to some of them naturally clashing within. For the time being it made it difficult for Gran to process her own thoughts, which in turn just so happened made it harder for her to properly focus on the continued changes to her flesh and... *hair*.

The short, choppy, and brown hair style that she'd had almost her entire life didn't succumb long after her face had. Spikes flattened before anything else, before even the color of each individual strand lightened towards a blonde at first, before taking a sharp turn to a light purple that bordered pink with its lustrous hue. It spilled out an astounding

speed, length dropping far past her butt in the back, whereas her bangs? They fell to sweep over her left eye. “**E-Eh!?**” Were those supposed to be there? Were they supposed to be that *color*? No, right? And yet...

Any attempt to dwell on her hair was quickly swept up in further discomfort. Gran felt *heavy* all of a sudden. Had her clothing always weighed so *much*? It was equally strange because her waistline was dipping inward – so much so that her pants and boxers slid off without any warning. Not that anything was revealed as a mere two inch drop off her height had made it so that the sweater was worn more akin to a dress.

“**Why do I feel so...?**” *What* had changed? In that baggy sweater it was difficult to tell, but if you took a peek underneath that hood? You might have noticed how *soft* her skin was. None of that well defined muscle that her body had forged over years of conflict remained and her flesh was gentle and smooth in its absence. “**I feel so heavy...**” And she began to feel *heavier*.

Her hips pressed out into the sides of the hoodie, the woman herself paying it little mind. She was still trying to piece her memories together and figure out what to do about the uniform. Little by little she had actually been changing so that she *fit* into it, and her widened hips were definitely part of it. They had only widened in the first place because of changes to her lower center of mass, mind you. Thighs had been bloating to abundance, quick to jiggle to life as each one swelled to a sizing just shy of the width of her waist. They touched each other gingerly beneath her pussy, and that pussy was even *easier to see* thanks to her bloating, now heart-shaped ass helping to lift the sweater.

A soft squeak sounded once Gran felt the cool air tickle her loins. It was odd. She’d been a man up until moments ago, and yet the sensations of her new genitalia felt familiar. Like she knew how they felt and what to expect from them. Just as she seemed to expect... “**Oh, just get it over with...**” ...the mass that then wasted no time weighing down her upper body while lifting her hoodie higher.

Her chest had just been barely notable up until just seconds before even after her sex had initially changed, only for that flat surface to bloat like a sponge into a pair of small mounds that *once again* bloated into a pair of basket balls. Each passing moment found another surge of weight applied to her growing breasts, nipples growing bigger in kind while their erect forms rubbed into the undersides of her blue top. Once they reached D-cups they began to jiggle more akin to water balloons, still climbing and climbing in size until they matched her head and, in the end, even *surpassing* it.

Ultimately? Those tits of hers were I-cups at their most generous interpretation. And they weighed a *ton*. No wonder the waitress had them sitting on the table while taking Gran's order!

But their heft didn't really weight on her mind that much. Her priorities had... shifted. **"Wh-When did I change out of my uniform? U-Um... Whose clothes am I wearing? N-No, these are mine, but...?"** *Louisville* felt like she was buried under layer after layer of confusion as she struggled to peel the blue hoodie off her body. It got caught on her huge tits, which eventually bounced up and down sensually with nipples puffy and erect. Like with *Djeeta*, '*Gran*' was still technically in control of her body in some form. She could recognize that she had been transformed and that things were different, and yet... **"My name is *Louisville*? But it's *Louisville*! I'm a woman! A woman! U-Um..."**



It didn't matter how *much* she wanted to, she was entirely incapable of referring to herself by her previous name or sex. It was like she was trapped into another person's life, so much so that she was now putting on the revealing bunny girl uniform like it was the most natural thing in the world to her. It *was* in a way. She had memories of putting it on nearly every day. She knew how it was to work in this café, to live *as Louisville*.

She also felt compelled to finally leave the bathroom once she had gotten changed, placing her old clothing in a laundry hamper in the room's corner. **"Lou! I think table three is ready t'order!"** A man's voice calling out from the kitchen prompted her to meekly reply respectfully. She moved like it was completely natural into the dining area, the sensation of her exposed breasts jiggling occasionally distracting her.

"Table three...? That was...? E-Eh!?" Her steely blue eyes finally settled on the table in question. It was the table where *she* had been sitting as *Gran*. *Everyone* was there. But that was a big part of the issue. *Because Gran was there too*. Even though *she* was supposed to be *Gran*! The two exchanged a look for a moment. What was that? Was he different too? Was he... *her*? Was he the original *Louisville*? In the end it didn't matter.

Louisville had wanted to ask, or to cry out for help to the others when she arrived at the table. But she couldn't bring herself to do it. As much as she spurned herself deep down to do so, the words that came out of her mouth contradicted what she *wanted* to do. "**H-Hello! Are you ready to order now?**" And without thinking much of it? She leaned next to the brown-haired boy so that her big tits pressed into the table top, making him blush *again*.