

LAZIEST DAYS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Preying upon her master and his friends had becoming something of a cruel hobby for the nekomata, Hisa. Born from his aspirations to create an original character capable of transforming whenever, however, she'd ultimately grown beyond the realm of fiction and had been actively seeking to make that master's life a *huge* pain in the ass.

Be it magic or technology, she was conscious of every means capable of seeing her intentions through, but above all else? She enjoyed creating 'boxes', micro-realms where she could spy on her targets and change them based on how they reacted. She always had her master's form in mind, but his friends? It was more interesting to observe *at first*.

The girl known as 'Ori' had found herself in one of these micro-realms, lost and entirely confused. "**I—Wasn't I laying in bed just now...?**" Anxiety was communicated through her voice as she stood there, clutching the chest of her hoodie with eyes moving from side to side. The room was both dark and chilly, a far cry from the warmer climate she was used to, but more than that was the style of this space.

She could only describe it as *Japanese*. Well, it looked more like a traditional room she might've seen in an anime. Not particularly large, a carpeted floor, a kotatsu in the center, a flat screen TV... It was more like a tiny living room than anything, especially with the shelf nearby full of snacks and another shelf that looked to be filled with movies and video games. "**Either this is a dream, or I died and went to heaven...**" Ori really couldn't find any reason to complain about this situation. Well, short of fears she might be arrested for *trespassing*.

In a way, the room somehow reminded her of someone. A character. She'd really gotten into Fate / Grand Order as of late, and this room just screamed 'Osakabehime', the shut-in princess who holed herself within her bedroom. Based on the legend of the spirit that dwelled within Japan's Himeji Castle, she had been reborn for the game as your typical hikkikomori character – one that was slowly working to improve herself, but that didn't change what she was at the end of the day. Ori could always appreciate characters like these, for there was something of a sense of kinship between herself and their struggles.

HMM... SO THAT'S YOUR TYPE? WELL, I
SUPPOSE YOU TWO DID DO SOMETHING LIKE
THAT ONE TIME...

“Ah?” For a moment, Ori wasn't sure if she were hearing things. Had that been a child's voice? No... 'voice' was the wrong word. It felt more like someone had been speaking *into* her, like someone else's thoughts had been transmitted directly to her brain. But what did that girl mean? 'You two'? Who was *that* referencing? **“H-Hello? Is someone there?”** Come to think of it, there didn't appear to be any doors or windows in this room. Could she escape? How did she even get in here then!?

Her question went unanswered, which made Ori all the more wary. **“...Hello?”**

YES... YES... THAT'LL DO! DON'T WORRY,
YOU'LL COME TO THINK OF THIS AS YOUR
HOME SOON ANYWAYS! YOU'LL NEVER WANT
TO LEAVE!

That was cryptic as all hell and didn't answer a thing. But the moment this disembodied voice had said her fill, Ori began to feel... *strange*. Before she had time to react, the lights in the room suddenly flickered on and off again, and the moment they'd come back on? She could immediately recognize that her clothing had changed. **“What the--!?”**

Ori was a fan of loose-fitted clothes. Even when she'd arrived here as a prisoner, she'd been wearing a dark-colored, hooded sweatshirt and a pair of equally loose jeans. So, it was none too surprising that, if she had suddenly been forced into wearing something far tighter in terms of fit, she would immediately take notice. Well... it was largely tighter around her waist compared to everywhere else.

“How is this possible!?” She’d read fiction like this before, where people ended up in strange situations and were slowly transformed, and while she hadn’t seen any changes to her body yet, looking down at what had become of her clothes? This was a good start. Whether it was the pink cloak that was tied around her neck and hung from her shoulders, the tight but frilly white blouse that hung loose around her chest, the pleated, purple skirt that fell from her waist to her mid-thighs, or the ribbon-trimmed sleeves and socks that fit her limbs snugly, none of this was anything she’d ever catch herself wearing. **“Osakabehime...?”**

Looking down, however? *That Servant’s name came to mind once more.*

It was a little difficult to tell at the angle she was peering from, but didn’t this look like her costume? Was this some kind of cosplay? No... if her gut feeling was correct, there would be more to worry about than just her clothes soon, and the ill fit of it all was probably indicative of what was to come in that regard.

Even now, while her messy hair had always *been* brown, it always leaned towards the medium side of the color spectrum. It *always* had, at least *until now*. Almost one by one in the beginning, the strands of the hair across the young woman’s head were plagued by a sudden darkness – and not even all that exceptionally dark, just darker than the color of her hair had been prior. The fact that it was all brown was still undeniably retained, though it leaned more towards dark chocolate in terms of tone.

Were the color not enough however, it soon snaked out behind her. The messy style straightened profusely as the dark locks poured down her back dramatically, reaching as far as her ankles. Once it had reached those ankles, though? Something happened to the coloration of the tresses, and it all lightened to a brighter brown that was still brighter than her original color. The weight of this excess hair could not be ignored by Ori, particularly as a mysterious force guided it over the front of her shoulders, while ties decorated with white poms bound them in place.

“何!? My hair!?” She’d scooped up one of these tails, fingers getting a sense for how hefty and soft it was. The fact that she’d just blurted out **‘NANI!?’** may have completely slipped her notice, and yet the reasoning was reflected in her facial features, most notably her eyes.

Asian. In just a matter of moments, their rounder shapes had pinched inwards, giving them an evidently Japanese appeal. Their colors? The brown of the young woman’s irises took light, brightening to a vivid purple that shouldn’t have been possible to attain for a living person without colored contacts. It was a trend that bled into her face overall, giving her porcelain complexion a softer reconstruction as any

blemishes faded from her face and her features, other than her lips, became more petite. Her words had even converted themselves completely into Japanese, but for the sake of readability (*and not wanting to rely on Google Translate*), they will be communicated in English from hereon out.

“Is this seriously happening!?”, she couldn’t help but cry out as she tugged on both her twintails. Her voice had become very shrill as the Japanese language left her lips, her panic now unbottled entirely while aspects of a brand-new personality began to seep in and mingle with her old one.

Distracted by her hair though, the fact that her height was gradually succumbing to change escaped her notice. It was only two inches, so she couldn’t really be blamed all that much, but were she more alert it was likely she *could* have realized. It made the fit of her clothes a little more bearable, and with the sudden sensation of her waistline being yanked inwards? **“Oof!?”** At the very least nothing on her person was now too tight, but there was certainly a looseness still to be found, largely around her chest and waist.

The former found itself correcting with haste not long one after. **“Wait! Waaaait a minute! It’s true that Hime-chan’s figure is more abundant than this, but...!”** If *Orisakabehime* had to be honest, she wasn’t exactly sure why she was fighting this. The more she changed, the more at peace with herself she felt. Even as she tried to refer to *Osakabehime* as if she were a separate entity, she’d begun to make mention of herself as *‘Hime-chan’*. Her head? It felt completely jumbled. A mixture of who she *used* to be, and a mishmash of sudden youkai lore and art aspirations. She’d been a little bit of a weeb initially, but now? She’d become what was likely a super ultra hikkikomori weeb, one that would max out her credit cards buying all of the latest merch.

But, *back to her figure!* Her fingers pressed into the front of the frilly, white blouse in hopes of sizing up her chest. Her bosom had never been ample, or anything really close to that, but now? She could feel them swelling to far greater heights than she could’ve ever hoped. And honestly? *She liked it.* The steadily bulged into DD-cups, filling out the front of her costume without a single inch of space going to waste, and she couldn’t help but cup them fondly. **“I always wanted them to be this big...”** Or something to that effect. She couldn’t make sense of what she wanted and what *Osakabehime* wanted anymore – mostly because they’d practically completely blended by now.

Finally, she groaned uncomfortably once her hips swung wide, filling the waistband of her skirt better so it fit more acutely. This snugness only ended up bolstered as her ass and thighs swelled thick, her rump

round and shapely, bulging to fit the panties she'd forcibly adorned much more comfortably in the back, while her thicker thighs helped keep them fit in the front. On the whole her figure certainly wasn't bombastic, and there was a slightly pudgy softness to it all, but Osakabehime saw no real issue with it. Finishing the ensemble, a single pair of glasses fell onto the bridge of her nose – though they didn't really do anything for her vision.

“EEK!?” *Osakabehime* sensed it before she could even really come to terms with everything. Magic was at work, and it was pulling someone else into this room! Nervous as ever, she ducked beneath the sheets of the kotatsu, prying eyes peering through the tiny gap at the base of the blanket, just in time to see him appear. A human? And he struck her as familiar, even if she couldn't recall ever seeing him before. Still, it wasn't familiar enough for her to give away her hiding spot, so she simply observed.

That man? His name was Axel, and he was Hisa's 'father' in a sense. He'd created her, and the moment he'd appeared within this space? He *knew* this was her handiwork. **“Hisa... What did you do now?”** The young man rubbed the back of his head, grazing his short brown hair. Not unlike how Ori had been, he was dressed in a hoodie and jeans, his slut gut apparent in the front. There was nothing at all exceptional about him. Well, short of creating a TF happy nekomata girl.

**YOU SEEMED UNEASY AS OF LATE, MASTER.
SO I THOUGHT I'D LET YOU SPEND SOME TIME
WITH FRIENDS!**

This rationale sounded surprisingly well-intended, but he also knew that Hisa was the type to feign positivity to disguise the fact that she simply enjoyed messing with people for fun. **“With friends? Did you involve outsiders again?”** If she was going to mess with him, then so be it. But she kept bringing in people he knew to make them a part of her 'games', and he used that word incredibly loosely. **“You keep going too far, you kno—”**

**WAAAAH, NOT MY FRIENDS! THAT'S WHAT
YOU SOUND LIKE, MASTER! BUT IN A MOMENT
YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME, MUCH LESS CARE!
YOU'LL BE AS RELAXED AS CAN BE!**

Ugh. Now she was mocking him? Axel certainly wasn't amused, but since he was here, he was already caught in her trap. *‘Why bother*

arguing with her when I could just be taking a nap?’, he’d thought. But after that thought lingered a moment, his eyes widened. **“You’ve already started it then?”** He didn’t know what nor who she’d decided upon, but the nekomata had initiated a transformation. He didn’t need to doubt his assumption, as she didn’t reply to him at all.

The lights flickered off and on again, and he immediately realized something was amiss with his attire – because it was both *far* too restrictive and *far* too revealing. **“Geh!?”** He recognized this ensemble immediately, for it was one he’d looked at innumerable times for stories and pleasure alike. It was the costume of Ganesha, or Jinako Carigiri who had become the Pseudo-Servant *of* Ganesha.

A pair of blue pants clung tightly to his legs, yanked as high as his knees while a red drawstring ran across the front. It was evident that the pants were meant for someone far shorter than he was based on their fit, but that wasn’t the only area where this was clear. There was also the matter of the yellow jacket upon his torso, which sported puffy sleeves that only came as far as his elbows and felt as if they were crushing his shoulders with how small their sizing was. White wrappings bound his chest too – again, too tight, but most of his chest and all of his belly were *completely* exposed. A bindi dot nestled in his forehead, and a cartoonish pink elephant hat upon his head all brought the look together.

“Really? Is this what you’re—” Hisa’s game plan was now extremely evident, but Axel knew he was powerless to stop it. As he was forced to cough he could feel his tone of voice shifting higher and higher, and at the same time his thoughts were jumbling, rendering him both confused and converting to naturally think them in Japanese despite having had no prior understanding of the language otherwise.

He could hardly move in this costume, but Hisa’s powers seemed fit to correct this first. For, all of a sudden, he felt his point of view beginning to drop dramatically. He was on the higher end of the 5’ spectrum, and if he could recall? Jinako was roughly five feet tall, which meant the drop was fairly substantial.

As limbs shortened, both the pants and jacket revealed themselves to actually be quite baggy as they rested comfortably against his frame. With his spine collapsing as well, most of the excess weight needed to go somewhere, and it all appeared to settle in his belly, which grew rounder and plumper, pushing forward into the perfect, jiggling shape as any hair upon it regressed back into his body, leaving it completely bare.

“WhoooOOOooooOOAH!?” A much more carefree and comical personality was conveyed as his stubby arms reached out to the sides to maintain his balance, only for it all to fail as his rounder body tumbled

backwards, knocking into the shelf covered with snacks and sending many of the treats falling to the ground around him. The fall had been somewhat cushioned, his butt having become just as soft and round as his belly had.

A bag of chips ended up landing directly on his chest, but as he moved it away? He realized his chest was, well... "**Breasts!?**" Plump and round themselves, they were no mere manboobs. They were proper tits, he could tell by feeling just how engorged the nipples were beneath the material of the white chest wrap. Axel knew he should have been shocked, but considering Hisa's usual antics?

Well, no. That wasn't even true. More than what was happening to his body, a rumbling in his tummy fixed his attention on the bag of chips before him. Stubbier fingers fumbled clumsily as they popped the bag open, and he was quick to stuff a handful into his face. "**Omnomnom!**" A face that looked increasingly better suited for his new body.

Cheeks puffed out, becoming soft and round. His nose? It took on a short, button shape while chapped lips, swollen, practically inhaled the potato snack being shoved into them. What was most miraculous were his eyes however, for as brown washed away their regular, brighter color, they became increasingly Japanese by design despite the fact he was wearing more tradition Indian garb.

But such is Fate.

Head resting against the shelf behind him, his short, brown hair grew out with exceptional speed. It fanned out in every which direction, creeping towards the ground below and knocking around things on the lowest shelf behind him until more bags of chips fell to the ground. This mane was unkempt and in need of a shower, but somehow the tiny, pink bow that appeared on the left-hand side made things seem a little *cuter*. Without thinking, salt-covered fingers pushed a pair of thick glasses up the bridge of her nose – though she didn't realize they'd only *just* appeared.

"**Huh? Whatcha spyin' on me for there, Hime-chan?**" Chubby thighs rubbed together as *her* new sex was put into place, but *Jinako* didn't really seem to notice or even mind all that much. She was simply distracted by a pair of eyes peering at her from beneath the kotatsu. Honestly, the thirty-year-old woman wasn't even sure how she'd ended up in this room. It felt a little like she was forgetting something important, but...? Video games and snacks trumped her anxiety, so she just pushed those thoughts aside.

Osakabehime eventually crawled out from underneath the heated kotatsu, being sure to snatch up a big of chips of her own as she propped her back up against the shelf beside the other Servant. **“I-I wasn’t spying! Hime-chan was just getting all warm and – om! – toasty, that’s all!”** She immediately stuffed her face, forgetting entirely that she had just watched a human man turn into Jinako. Somehow this all just felt kind of... right? It was hard to describe, really.

In the meantime, Jinako had finished off her bag of chips. She was way too lazy to lean forward to grab another bag (*not that it’d be easy with that round belly of hers*), but she did see another avenue to flavortown. Leaning over, she planted a kiss upon her fellow NEET’s lips, stealing the salty flavor. *“Huh? Why’d I do that?”*

“WHY DID YOU DO THAAAAAAAAT!?”