

SUNNY DISPLAY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had seemed like a good idea at the time. An all-expenses paid vacation on Auguste Island, including free access to parks and shows that would have otherwise cost a fortune to attend. Even for the infamous captain of the Grandcypher it would have been too much of a hassle to gain entry to most of these venues without a large sum of money -- and they didn't *have* room in their budget for big leisure purchases.

It almost seemed a little too good to be true...

“**Eh? Paperwork?**” And when something seemed too good to be true, reality checks often revealed that, in fact, they were! It had been through an ad that Lyria had found that they'd signed up for this two person vacation but the moment they'd gone to check in at the inn, the secretary had given Lyria the keys to the room and had asked Gran to come with her to fill out some *'important forms'*.

As the elevator dinged and the doors to the floor she and Gran had been assigned to, Lyria just sighed. “**I hope it doesn't take too long to deal with the paperwork...**” She was honestly wondering if she'd torn out the whole ad when she'd shown everyone, or if in her vast excitement she'd only taken half of it? It seemed like if paperwork should have been required they would have made note of it in the advertisement.

But what was done was done, and she stuck her key into the lock for room 325, their assigned staying space. “**Oh wow!**” They'd only ever stayed at smaller inns, and this one was surprisingly technologically advanced. But even then? It was way better inside than she'd expected! A queen sized bed, an assortment of tasteful and expensive looking

furniture, and even a balcony that overlooked the town below! Well, they were only only the third of five floors. It wasn't *that* big of a building.

The blue-haired maiden ran in and did a little twirl after closing the door behind her, the space far more than they needed but a welcome perk. After all, Gran had brought some board games from the ship in case it rained and they were always a pain to play in smaller lodgings. **"Whoa! Even the bathroom is super huge!"** With a toilet and a big sink and huge shower! She was actually a little excited to bath later!

But once she poked her head out of the bathroom, her attention had been drawn to a pair of white boxes atop the white comforter of the bed. Huh? Had those been there before she'd gone in the bathroom? She supposed maybe they'd escaped her attention since they didn't really stick out again the comforter, but she wandered over nonetheless. One was addressed to her, and the other to Gran.

"Now what could these be...?" Since it was addressed to her and it didn't sound like Gran was coming back anytime soon, Lyria opened hers to find a swimsuit inside. A black bikini top and bottom with a big white sunhat, complete with a blue ribbon! There also seemed to be a translucent, white cling for her shoulders, a cross shaped necklace, and a matching white wrap for her waist with a blue ribbon tie. It all looked very expensive, but...

She got changed in a matter of moments. If it was addressed to her then it must have been part of their all expenses paid package, right? The quality was nice, even though she had to over-tighten the straps of the bikini to fit her small chest and waistline properly. How had they gotten their measurements anyways? Because *clearly* they hadn't done a very good job of it.

What was she supposed to do now? Wait for Gran to finish with the paperwork? That was probably the most reasonable option since she didn't have the foggiest idea which part of the inn they'd taken him to, not to mention it was her first time in this specific building. She could be wandering for ages in a swimsuit, and considering she might attract unwanted attention dressed like this...

BUT UNWANTED ATTENTION IS *EXACTLY*
WHAT I WANT!

Lyria wasn't the type that liked to have all eyes on her. It stemmed from how she was hunted by the empire, the fear of always being observed. But for a brief moment there something had run contrary to her typical

rejection of the spotlight. A bubbling desire - no, need to be seen in this beautiful swimsuit. Showing off her *ample* curves to an audience. There was just a very jarring dissonance between these sudden impulses and reality: she had no ample curves to speak of. Her body was that of a young girl that couldn't be any older than twelve or thirteen and was extremely waif-ish by design. She didn't have *anything* to flaunt.

“B-But why would I want to!?” Concern came stuttering out, point made. Where had that desire come from so suddenly? It was more than a burst of confidence born from adorning a nice looking swimsuit. It felt more fundamental. It was almost *unnerving*.

To add to the pile of uncertain, a sudden and jarring tingled suddenly overcame the girl's facial features. Delicately she raised a hand to touch her cheek out of concern, but there was only a numbness there. Her cheek felt a little bloated, and bring her finger down to her lips she found *they* felt bloated as well. Recalling a large mirror in the bathroom, she ran to it as quickly as her tiny legs could carry her there. But what she discovered...

“Uwah!? Who is this!?” It was definitely her reflection staring back at her, except... it was wrong. Everything from the neck down looked as it should have, but her face? Thick lips, round, doll-like cheeks? The bloating she'd noted only seemed to be a small part of it. Her lashes were long, her eyes wide and, not only that, but they were a completely different color.

Well maybe not *completely*. They were still blue, but the blue itself wasn't as vibrant as it should have been and was instead a little steelier. Even the size of her forehead and the shape of her chin was drastically inconsistent with her memories, creating the illusion that she wasn't *really* Lyria.

THIS IS WHAT MY FACE REALLY LOOKS LIKE!
HOW SILLY OF ME TO FORGET!

Once again there was a thought that rejected reality -- or perhaps it was accepting reality? Either way, for a brief moment Lyria had accepted this reflection as the truth before tugging herself back to what she *knew* to be true. That the face of the girl in the mirror was *not* her face.

“That's not me...! Something is really wrong here! I need to find Gran!” It was definitely a sound plan, but before it could be executed something else in the mirror gave her pause. Sparkling and shimmering, it was the sight of her very own hair. **“N-No? Wait?”**

The blue that was so closely tied to her identity as, well, the Girl in Blue? It had become plagued by strands of shimmering silver. Thing had only begun with a single strand that glistened, but before long one had become two, two had become four - doubling over and over until the entire length of her mane shone in this new shading. And not only that; it had shortened length-wise. Instead of falling all the way down to her ankles, it stopped just past her shoulders. It was a little freeing in a way, but it added to the sensation of not quite feeling like herself.

Lyria was struck by her own reflection again, dumbfounded by the fact that she looked even less like herself than she had just a moment before. But she couldn't deny the reality in front of her. The reality that *her body was far too scrawny! That didn't look right at all! "E-EH!?"* No! It was her face and hair that were wrong, weren't they? What had that been!? Was her face looking... normal? What was normal? The line between truth and illusion was blurring and the girl was powerless to keep her head straight with the facts as much as she *desperately* tried.

But her form was conforming to one of these truths regardless of which she believed to be correct. For not long after thinking her figure too scrawny, that scrawniness was profoundly and irreversibly tweaked. It began with the girl's height, and in the mirror she could perceive her eye level slowly growing ever higher at a gradual pace. Because she was wearing a bikini there wasn't any difficulty with her costume as her spine lengthened, tugging her tummy higher while all four limbs remained consistent. It wasn't like Lyria grew significantly - it was only a few inches in the long run - but it was still a striking difference.

What grew up must then have also grown out, and hips momentarily dislocated before resettling into place at a much more pronounced width. **"Whoa! Seriously!? What is happening!?"** A side effect of the previous height growth had been a deepening of the girl's voice. It showed more in her facial features but she had become older and was likely, at bare minimum, eighteen years old - the deepness of her tone only contributed more to it. That was without mentioning her choice of words and general temperament. It was coming off as a little more measured and mature, like a young woman of her age.

Wider hips allowed for vacant space to fill - particularly between Lyria's thighs. A fairly substantial gap had been left, but fat fed itself into the scrawny area above her knees and plumpness graced them with a keen, firm jiggle. Any excess? It found housing within the confines of her cheeks. They sprung to attention, filling out the back of the bikini bottom and even forcing an adjustment to the overly tied straps so that they could better accommodate the newer, more attractive weight until the once oversized swimsuit bottom was now the perfect size for the *woman's* new rump.

Her hands shot up in surprise as a sudden and excessive pressure began to build beneath her chest. **“What now!?”** Perhaps the question was made unnecessarily though, because deep down Lyria knew the answer. A bigger butt was usually found accompanying bigger other things, but strangely enough she now felt far more comfortable with her bigger, bouncier lower half.

NOW ALL I NEED ARE MY BREASTS TO BE THE RIGHT SIZE AND I CAN GET TO WORK!

Another invasive thought that confirmed her previous suspicions. The pressure was accumulating, and as it did it bubbled up. Her torso lurched forward as the pressure built into tangible weight that filled the space beneath engorging nipples that were otherwise obscured by the bikini top. Slack was given to the straps to allow for the growth as if guided by a mysterious force, but it was fortunate since the enlarging of her bosom quite suddenly kicked into overdrive.

Lyria’s chest had been the same tiny size for years now, but as the pressure began to subside finally a pair D-cup tits had completely filled the once-large cups of the bikini top. She couldn’t help but sink her fingers into the flesh gingerly as if she were fondling them for the first time, but...

OF COURSE THESE ARE MY BREASTS!

“There’s nothing strange about them.” She finished the thought aloud this time. Despite the weight on her bosom being completely foreign, it wasn’t. Despite this not being her reflection at all, it was. **“Wait. Who am I? Ly...ria?”** It was a struggle to dredge up that name at all. It sounded foreign on her plump lips, the sensation of her tongue making them not as familiar as it should have been.

Her mind was wracked as she left the bathroom and moved towards the hotel room door. She kept repeating the name in her head. Lyria. Lyria. Lyria. Like forgetting it would be a terrible idea. Without thinking too much about it as a result, she left the inn room and moved elegantly towards the elevator, crossing paths with Gran in the process.

She recognized him, but she didn’t. He smiled and flirted with her, making her heart beat a little. Yes! This is what she was here for! To woo the guests, to earn their attention! To be eye candy! Yet, strangely enough, she left him with a cryptic phrase. **“You should try on yours as well, mister!”** ‘Mister’? Even though she felt like she knew him on an intimate level.

Wait. The thing she'd been repeating in her head! She'd forgotten it! Well... *maybe it wasn't all that important?* As the elevator opened on the bottom floor, the organizer called her name. "**Vestal!**"

"**Y... Yes!**" Vestal replied immediately, a little frantic. She'd been a little late, she knew that! "**I'm so sorry, it won't happen again!**"

"But where is the one you were paired with?"

Meanwhile, Gran opened up the inn room he had been assigned to expecting to find Lyria, but she wasn't there. Instead there was a box with his name marked on the spacious bed, and beside it Lyria's dress was neatly folded up. He'd been the one to bring up their luggage with them so what had she gotten changed into?

Fingers slid beneath the cover of the white box and opened it, but Gran looked less than amused by the contents. It was a woman's swimsuit. A stringy, royal blue bikini beside a large, elegant sun hat and a floral hair piece. There were a couple of other accessories there as well, but he really didn't know where they were supposed to.

"**Uh...**" Was this assigned to the wrong person? He couldn't imagine putting this on, but... "**Huh!?**" Gran couldn't imagine wearing a woman's bikini, but his body was moving on its own. Fingers tugged down his pants and boxers, only to then tug his blue sweater off before throwing it on the ground. "**I can't stop myself!**" It was like his body was acting on autopilot, and all he could remember was the words of the cute young woman he'd tried to put the moves on in the hall outside.

YOU SHOULD TRY ON YOURS AS WELL, MISTER!

It had been cryptic, but was this swimsuit what she'd been talking about? But how was his body being controlled? Little did he know that touching the box had been the key - nanomachines had leaped to his body and had taken root in both his mind and physical form, and the very same fate had awaited Lyria previously.

Guided by the programming being enforced onto his ego, he took the blue bikini bottom from the box and outstretch a leg to slide it over, before putting it down and sliding the next one through. The blue latex was pulled up to his crotch, where its stringy shape did little to hide his dick from the outer realm. It was uncomfortable, and yet it was only a momentary distraction. For no sooner than he'd allowed the latex to slap against his flesh... did his dick curl up and crawl inside of *her* body. Only for the frumpy pile of pubes above to turn *pink* as they shortened.

“Wait! Seriously! Stop!” Gran could tell what had happened (*there had been nothing comfortable about it after all*), but she was powerless to properly investigate as her masculine fingers tracked the sides of her thighs. Stimulated not by the touch, but by the fact she was wearing the bikini bottom, the muscle in her thighs quite quickly melted away onto to be replaced by beautiful, bulging fat that gave legs a tasteful, sexual, womanly volume that only spread into her ass.

Cheeks erupted like they’d been held back only to suddenly be released, with plumpness growing so ripe that the top of her ass could quite visibly be seen poking up and out of the micro-bikini like a freshly baked muffin in a tray. This wasn’t an error - it was the correct fit for the swimsuit in question which spoke to a level of self-confidence about her body Gran certainly didn’t have, even as her feet below crunched into smaller, daintier shapes. **“I’m turning into a woman!? No way! I’m not--”**

I’M NOT THIS *MASCULINE* LOOKING OF A WOMAN!

“...!?” A thought had finished her sentence for her, and it absolutely wasn’t what she’d planned on saying. It had been accompanied by a feeling: the confidence she thought she was lacking. Her legs were *sexy*, her ass was *sexy*. It all came together for a look that would have been ample for catching the attention of beachgoers. But what was wrong with her upper half? It was all *gross* and *blocky*. Why did it look wrong? **“No... Wait... It’s below my waist that’s wrong. I’m not a woman! But I am... But I’m not!”** Mind lashed back and forth, but even through protest her body began to move for the contents of the box.

It was the bikini top she’d grabbed this time, and outstretched arms saw the straps slid across them as the cups were pressed against a muscular, breast-less chest. Fingers reached behind to adjust the clasps holding blue and red strings together, and while they did so their shapes inherently changed. Nails became long and manicured, specks of dirty disappearing entirely while light pink polish spread across them. And the fingers themselves? They became longer and daintier while palms took on rounder, smaller shapes -- a proper pair of hands for a *young woman*.

Little time was needed for the latex bikini top to work its magic, further pushing Gran’s body into the realm of womanhood. **“No! Not there! Anywhere but there!”** As she cried out to reject that tingling beneath the bikini cups, her voice shrunk back into a higher pitch while the

Adam's apple that was on her neck flattened against her skin into obscurity.

The tingling led to throbbing, the flesh on her chest thumping in tandem with her heartbeat while her hands reached down to grab a small, circular accessory from the box. She leaned forward to put what was now more evidently a leg strap over her left leg, bringing it up to her thigh and letting it slap against her jiggly fat with its elasticity. But because she was leaning forward it made what was happening in her chest all the more blatant.

After all, it was all getting very heavy.

Nipples weren't only erect but terribly swollen, the reach of her areola widening in every direction until each was the size of a large coin. The weight? The cause came from blossoming breasts, fat squeezing into cavities that would shape her tits with each thumping of her heart beat. They swelled greater and greater, and in turn Gran's posture tilted even farther forward while she applied the thigh strap, but at no point did she tumble even as they reached their final size -- with each breast rivaling her skull in size and filling out the bikini cups nicely.

As she returned to her standing position, thick thighs rubbed against one another and her huge tits bounced against her chest, the weight uncanny. Yet while much of the muscle in her tummy and arms waned, becoming soft and smooth, those in her back remained up to the task.

“No way. These are my... breasts?” Considering how greatly Gran had been overreacting before, as eyes settled on her bosom she was sounding much calmer. Far too calm, almost like she was a different person altogether (*that was the point of the nanomachines after all*). But even as she reached for the sun hat and sat it atop her head, she wasn't panicking like she had been just moments before.

Even as the brown of her hair was swept up in the same **soft pink** her pubic hairs had been, as the style curled into a shoulder length bob and her fingers began to twirl pale blue strands of her leftmost bangs into a single braid, she just calmly allowed it to happen. Internally she was screaming, fighting. But once her chestnut brown eyes glazed over with a shimmering gold, and her softening features came to resemble a cool, cute, summertime beauty, there just wasn't the energy to reject what was happening anymore.

By the time she put the floral hairpin on the right side of her head, it no longer even felt like her body was moving of its own volition. It was being guided by her will and her will only, but why she was getting all dressed up was a detail she seemed a little confused about. In fact, her

memories felt a little jarred. Like her name? **“My name is... Gran? No? I mean, that sounds right. But it isn’t right, is it?”**

“Tartu! You need to hurry up! The organizer lady is getting a little scary.” No sooner than she’d wondered about her name did a silver-haired beauty suddenly crash through the inn room door. Tartu blinked calmly, the name ‘Gran’ falling out of her head gently while this new identity settled properly into place. This girl... She knew her. They were from the same workplace. But they weren’t close friends or anything of the like.

So why did she feel like there was a deeper connection there?

Pink hair shook from side to side as she bobbed her head. Vestal (*the other woman’s name according to her memories*) had provided a reminder about why she was here. They were in Auguste on a free getaway. Well, it was free provided the two of them worked as pair of eye candy pieces for the other guests during the daytime. They would dance and entertain, shaking their sexy little bodies. Some might have called it shameless, but Tartu didn’t really care. After all, she had the goods to shake in the first place.

“...Sorry. Go ahead, I’ll apologize in person when I get down there.” She wanted to double check her hair and makeup before the show started. Vestal just sighed and went on ahead as instructed. And so began the vacation for the two women, neither any the wiser that they had once been Gran and Lyria, or that the other was once someone closer to them.

Instead their new working relationship was tense, even tenser since they had to share the same bed. But it seemed to have its perks at times.

After all, neither of them were exactly *straight*, and there wasn’t really anything to complain about in sharing a bed with an extremely beautiful woman.