

MMO SUMMER II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ann Takamaki had come to the Sakura home with the best of intentions in mind.

With the summer season upon them, Futaba was more prone than ever to keeping herself locked up. She didn't seem to like the heat much, and the streets were always a lot more crowded during the summer too. Which was definitely saying something seeing as Tokyo was *always* crowded. Ann, being Ann, had wanted to do something for her fellow Phantom Thief and friend. She wasn't planning on pulling her outside or anything though.

Her intention had just been to offer some company. With a bag full of snacks and a few games she'd taken from home, she thought maybe Futaba would appreciate a girl's afternoon? It was Joker that visited her the most, and while he was definitely the closest to her, he was still a guy in the end. Every girl needed a fellow girl time! Out of their group, Ann was probably the best equipped of the girls considering she had some hobbies others would consider boyish or dorky.

Much to the teen's surprise though, what she had found when she'd arrived was an empty bedroom. **"Her computer is still on, but...?"** Bathroom? Did she go to the bathroom? Leaning back out the door, she craned her head back to check the nearby bathroom door. It was open, so Futaba wasn't in there. The youngest member of the Phantom Thieves was so meticulous about her tech that she couldn't imagine her leaving that computer on for no reason, though.

"So what do I do about this? She'll be back, right? Maybe texting her is the better option...?" Ann was quick to step back into



the bedroom and put her bag of things on her friend's bed, yet on the way to sit her butt down a strange jingle from Futaba's computer reminded Ann that it was on. **"I should probably turn that off too. Futaba gets pretty antsy when her computer is left on."** Which was honestly a big part of the reason this was so surprising. She sighed.

"Futaba-chan? Where'd you go?" There was no reply of course, but the teen still strolled over to the computer to see what was on the screen. **"Is this a game? Character Creator?"** It looked like where you made your character for a fantasy game? The character on it was short and green though. **"A goblin? They're kinda gross!"**

The computer screen flickered.

ZAP!

It didn't take much longer for Ann to realize there were consequences for turning the machine off, for the moment she had even grazed the power switch a jolt of electricity jumped to her body from the plastic piece. Ann went flying backwards from the shock, and her butt ultimately landed on some creaky, wooden floorboards. **"Huh!?"** Had the lighting in Futaba's room changed as well? Wait a second... **"This isn't Futaba's room!"**

If anything, it resembled a crude-looking changing room. Clothes were hung up, but there wasn't anything modern about this place. Tiny windows were the only sources of light – there didn't appear to be any lights, and even the clothes strung up on the walls were mostly rags and armor pieces. **"Is this the Metaverse? No... I'm not Panther... Maybe I'm dreaming?"** It was a pretty *real* feeling dream though.

Although if this was a dream, she couldn't remember experiencing a dream that she'd ever felt *bloated* during. **"Urp! What a time to have gas..."** It didn't really register to Ann that such a thing wasn't usually a phenomenon associated with dreaming of any sort though. There was a rumbling in her tummy in the worst way, and while she didn't take note of it at first...

It came with a very off-putting, physical change.

Her stomach had developed a bulge. One that was very slight at first, yet given a few moments it began to push out her zip-up hoodie from beneath. Generous helpings of fat bolstered its growth, taking her from a girl with a model's physique to giving her what resembled a beer belly in just a matter of moments. It was only natural that, given the pace of it, that stretch marks would form across stretched skin, and the bottom of her sweater was inevitably lifted higher up a potbelly that reached four inches out from where it should have.

Of course, by that point it was a change that Ann could not ignore. **“What the hell! Did I just get fat!?”** There was definitely a politer way she could have phrased that, but considering how shocking of a revelation it was she hadn't really been weighing how socially acceptable her words might be. Her hands patted the growth, noting how they sank right into the flesh – which meant she wasn't pregnant at least, thank God.

“That's impossible! That's... AH!?” Impossible as she believed it to be, her bright blue eyes grew even wider as another section of her sweater began to stretch forward. If not for what had already happened to her belly, the teen might have been elated. But now, watching her breasts begin to swell, she couldn't exactly consider that much of a positive. *But boy did they grow!*

If Ann's eyes had grown any wider in surprise, they would have exploded off of her face – but that was just how dramatic of a change her tits were showing. The zipper of her hoodie had little choice but to unravel, tugged down as the meat housed within pushed with such might that the strap of her bra had little choice but snap, though her undershirt kept these mammaries mostly hidden, nonetheless. She could feel how ill-fit that white undershirt was now, yanked up past her swollen belly but also struggling to contain a pair of E-cup tits.

The thought of *‘what if I'm pregnant!?’* did strike the girl again, because engorged breasts were a side-effect of that as well, but... it still didn't feel right. She'd never been pregnant of course, but she just had a feeling that it wouldn't feel like *this*. Meanwhile, the nylon of Ann's red tights showed signs of stretching. Both around her thighs, which had grown thicker than ever before, as well as around her ass. Yanked down off her hips properly by the growth of her rear, it sagged just slightly because of the weight she'd put on.

All in all, she just had a chubbier figure now.

Absent-mindedly, she began to nibble her fingernails anxiously. It certainly wasn't a habit she was accustomed to, because she always took *such* good care of them. You wouldn't know it looking at them now though, as even those she hadn't nibbled showed signs of being chewed down. A symptom of an anxiety disorder, in all likelihood. **“Why did I put on weight!? It doesn't make any sense for *Ann* to do so!”**

Nor did it make sense for Ann to refer to herself in the third person, and yet she'd gone and done so without a second thought.

The weight of her body was a big concern of course, but in the grand scheme of things it was only one concern of many would-be ones. No sooner than her body's growth had culminated did her hair begin to thicken and fray, the hair ties holding them in place ultimately pushed to their limit as this messy do became more abundant than it would soon be likely to accommodate.

Frayed tips actually darkened, and as an oily sheen covered her hair in its entirety, so too did blondes darken to black. Not reserved only for the hair atop her head though, it also made its way into the hair of her armpits and pubes – tiny bushes popping up in all of these areas, standing contradictory to Ann's usual grooming habits.

An odor soon began to waft too, one that she wrinkled her nose at. **“Ugh, what is that!?”** It was her own body, actually. A side-effect of something her clothes were masking; a change in both skin tone and quality, for the look and touch of it had become much slipperier. Contributing to that though, the pigmentation was wrong. Beginning with a series of freckles across the teen's face, it soon became a very widespread phenomenon.

Not that they were actually freckles, nor was their color at all *normal*. They were an undeniable, light *green* that looked like a skin color you might find on a fantasy race. But then again? Based on the little fangs that had begun to poke out from between her lips, maybe that wasn't much of a far cry after all.

“*Ann* feels all gross! And *she* smells gross... too...?” Two things became understood by the time she finished that statement. The first was that she was referring to herself in the third person, even as she thought about herself. The second? Well, she'd been flailing about a little as her anxiety built and she became less sure of how to deal with it. This ultimately led herself to catching sight of her very green fingers. **“*Ann* is green!?”**

She would have marveled at her hands a little longer, but for some reason both of her hands had been swallowed up by her sleeves. And

everything felt a lot looser than she was used to, even though she was chubbier— *WAIT!* “**Now Ann is shrinking!?**” The teen gagged on her own words, shocked by how her tone sounded so different. It was a little higher, and was climbing even further the smaller she became.

To an observer, it almost looked like the girl’s outfit had swallowed her whole. Limbs pulled inward and her torso became stout, so even her head disappeared into the hoodie a moment before she freed herself with a gasp. Now standing at only *two feet* in height, it was a balancing act to avoid being left completely naked. And she was very scared to do that. In part because someone might see, but mostly because she didn’t *want* to see.

Because her shrinkage? It hadn’t been consistent. She wasn’t smaller with the same proportions, but instead everything had pulled in. Her arms and legs looked chubbier than ever with ankles and wrists that hardly looked thinner than the rest of her limbs at all. And her pudgy gut and big tits? Even though she was smaller than a child, they’d remained big and cumbersome. Ann could feel her body rubbing against the inside of the clothes, and it made her uncharacteristically aroused.

None of this should have been arousing, and yet...! There was a big part of her thinking ‘*It would be funny if Ann rubbed her naked body up against a stranger outside! ...But Ann is too shy!*’ like a mixture of mischief, arousal, and self-depreciation were jumbled up inside her head. Meanwhile, the cartilage of her ears was pulled out to the sides. It flattened vertically and stretched into two large points as a pair of monster ears. Each ear was just as big as her head was!

She didn’t want to see herself naked, but her transformation had other plans. Her vision had become really blurry while the blues of them dried up to be replaced by pitch black irises that blended with her pupils, but that vision suddenly returned – and with it, the burden of her oversized outfit disappeared. She could feel the weight of a pair of dorky glasses now sitting upon a nose that had been pushed in along with the chubbifying of her cheeks, and while Ann was no longer naked she was dressed in only a purple bikini.

But even though looking down to see chubby, green skin should have been unsettling, it only served to arouse her more for some reason. From her appearance to her natural scent, it was almost like something instinctual was building within that made her less and less hesitant about her body’s current appearance. And it eventually boiled over into a strange sound, one that didn’t really suit how Ann should have felt at that moment.

“Eheehhe!” While it was clearly meant to be a laugh of unrefined mischief, the voice that giggled out of the woman’s miniaturized lips carried with it a softness as if she were worried about being heard. Goblins, as she now was, were known for their mischievous nature and she held no shortage of it now. But at the same time there was apprehension. She was much more intelligent than most goblins, and didn’t like unnecessary attention. While pushing up her glasses, she couldn’t deny that she would rather be studying in a library than spend time at a beach. **“But if Twildi is going to get over her anxieties, she supposes she needs to try...”**



It was standard for goblins in Fantasy Quest lore to speak in the third person, and that had evidently carried over to *Twildi* as well. **“N-No, wait! Twildi isn’t like that! Twildi isn’t even a... Twildi is a human, right!?”** Fortune kept the part of her that was still ‘Ann’ present, and after lapsing a moment she was finally back in the driver’s seat. Looking down at her undeniably green skin, dirty fingers pinched at belly flab. **“Twildi become so small, but so chubby! And since when did Twildi have anxiety?”** Or wear glasses, for that matter!? If anything, she felt as if she’d become ‘Goblin Futaba’.

Even standing straight with her gut and thick breasts hanging out, she only stood up to where Ann’s thighs were in height normally. Her breath stunk, she was all dirty, and her hair was an oily mess. A single fang poked out from between both lips, but it was clear both canine teeth had lengthened. **“Twildi doesn’t like this!”** And, unfortunately, it skyrocketed her newfound anxiety to the point that she grew more and more skittish as time wore on. Twildi had just been counting her blessings that she was alone. At least until...

BOOM!

The door was practically blown off its hinges as a pair of giant, green women crashed through. Twildi was at no risk of being found though, because in her skittishness she’d disappeared behind a nearby bench just as quickly as the sound had cried out. Despite how chubby she was, her body was surprisingly limber. But what were those women doing

though!? They'd collapsed in the middle of the changing room floor, and they were— *THEY WERE SCREWING!*

“Skarsnaga thinks we may get seen here!” The dirtier of the two cried out, but the one mounting her dismissed the thought as she continued to thrust with an archaic looking strap-on. It was raw, and carnal, and disgusting, and filthy, and yet... Twildli couldn't look away! Instead, she'd started to get off on it. Tweaking nipples through her bikini top, probing her goblin pussy through the bottom. As Ann, such a sight would have thoroughly disgusted her. But as a goblin? Acts of intense sexual intimacy were commonplace, and her mind had adjusted to register then this way.

“Twildli thinks she might be in trouble here...”

Meanwhile, in the real world? Guided by a text Ann had sent her, Makoto showed up at the Sakura residence with snacks in hand, only to find Futaba's room empty. Ann's things were there though, and Futaba's computer was on.

Upon closer inspection of the screen though, Makoto noticed something interesting.

“Is that supposed to be a cat girl?”

TO BE CONTINUED...?