

MAID-ELOT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There was nothing special about Hiiro nor Erik.

This isn't being stated to be rude, and in fact the both of them knew this better than anyone. They were merely a pair of fifteen-year-old boys that had been friends since beginning high school, and even then they weren't *exceptional*. They were just a pair of students unlike any other, not athletic nor too dorky, just rather plain by comparison to most.

Hiiro? Of Japanese descent, he was roughly 5'7" with a thin build, brown eyes, short brown hair, and the type of guy that wore shorts and a t-shirt even during the colder winter season. While Erik? He was Caucasian with green eyes, short, spiked red hair, and was more properly dressed for the February chill, wearing jeans and a dark blue hoodie. Despite his age, his height was closer to 5'10", but he was a little on the chubbier side as well.

The two were on lunch break, and with their spare period afterwards they had time to kill wandering around town together. Sure, they could have working on their math homework, but what was the fun in that, really? Plus Erik had wanted to show Hiiro a new shop that was opening soon!

“Check it out! An honest to goodness maid café! Plus they’re hiring, maybe *you* should apply?” Standing outside the tiny shop, Erik chided his friend a little. It was a recurring gag within their friend circle that Hiiro looked a little feminine. It was inappropriate and uncalled for, but they were still basically kids at the end of the day. Not to excuse the teasing at all, but that was just what their group relationship was like.

Hiiro groaned. **“Knock it off, would you? No way you’ll catch me dead in a maid costume. Plus people would be able to tell right away.”** At least he *hoped* they would. But he truly wondered how well a maid café would take off in a town as small as theirs? He couldn’t imagine there was much of a market for it. But then again? There were plenty of pervy, old men around. He wasn’t too young to not recognize that much.

He'd expected a retort from Erik though, but that retort never came. Weird, he was usually the type to double down when it came to teasing, so—

When Hiiro turned to look at his friend though? He was missing. It wasn’t like he’d just run down the street or anything, he couldn’t see the other boy anywhere. **“Erik...? Hey, Erik!?”** Not a single response, and before he could project his voice to call out again? *His vision was overcome by darkness.*

“The hell? Where the fuck am I?” From Erik’s perspective, he had been outside with Hiiro just moments ago, but after a scenario where it felt as if the lights had been flickered off and on again (*even though he’d been outside*), he’d found himself in a space that was much more cramped. **“I’m inside? Inside where...?”** The space was certainly small, with little more in it than a tiny bench to sit and what looked like a dark-colored maid uniform dangling from one of the walls.

Oh, it was a changing room. Considering the presence of the costume as well, could he be inside of that maid café? But how? It wasn’t even open yet, and they hadn’t walked inside. It was pretty much impossible for him to just be snatched away suddenly, that much he knew. Or, well, it *should* have been impossible. **“Huh...”** He didn’t have much else to say on the matter though, he wouldn’t get any answers if he stayed inside the booth. So, he moved to reach the metal latch and—

“Ouch!?” A jolt of static electricity jumped from the steel to his fingers, making him recoil for only a moment before he reached back to give the metal a jiggle. The latch, however, did not budge. **“Hey! Let me out! Someone’s gotta be out there, right! Let me outta here!”** He got in here somehow, so that means someone brought him here, so someone *had* to be around?

No response, however. And the latch continued to be stuck, so much that Erik’s next course of action was to try kicking it. **“Fu--!?”** In the end it did more damage to himself than the door though, and he was left cursing himself out for trying something so stupid. Though, in part? The

kick hadn't felt right. It hadn't connected at all in the way he'd expected to. It wasn't the length or anything of the sort, but the strength? Not weaker... it just felt strong. Way too strong. Which contradicted the fact that it *didn't do anything*?

“Er... the hell?” It was the appropriate reaction, but if he'd had anyone to mention this to, they likely would have looked at them like he was crazy. If only the boy had held access to a mirror though, because this strange feeling had come with an unusual aesthetic change. The tips of his spiked, red hair had taken on frosted tips of all things – or at the least, that was what they appeared to be. In a matter of moments, however, they'd slurped up the original color in its entirety. It wasn't even a blonde, not a typical shade, but a more whiteish variant of the color; an almost eerie pale.

All the meanwhile, the boy's physique? It was shifting in a way that might have seemed unsettling *had* he noticed while it was happening. For he was a chubby guy and had been pretty much all of his life. With a but of a gut on him, for all of the shit Erik liked to talk he wasn't exactly in peak physical shape. That was the long and short of it, but in terms of shape and of fitness, his clothing's fit would soon be in question. In a matter of moments, he almost looked to have lost three inches of height?

The reason for this would be plain as day if one could see him naked. The front of his hoodie sunk inwards given a few moments, for example, because the fat of his belly was being stolen away. Thinner and thinner he became, until his tummy was as flat as could be. But on the other hand? Did his navel look a little deeper? There was a reason for this, and that reason came rippling on in as his skin was pulled even tighter.

Firm muscles soon decorated his stomach, giving Erik a fit appeal that was taking an androgynous lean as the sides of his waist punched inwards dramatically – met with a greater gait in no small part because of the very same cause that was finding the waistband of his jeans tighter: his hips? They'd swung wide. **“What's going on now?”** Wondering if maybe his pants had merely become disheveled, he reached down with a hand to try and correct them with his right hand – but he couldn't fit his finger underneath the jeans?

He tried a second time, but in this instance? It was a goal that felt even *more* impossible. Just as jeans were beginning to feel even more cozy, particularly in the back. And all it took was a glance over his shoulder to see why. **“The hell!? Why's my ass so damn huge!?”** The back of his baggy jeans had bloated, round butt buns arching beneath them so that the denim was stretched far thinner than it should have been. It certainly wasn't an ass most fifteen-year-old girls had, much less guys

like him. Even as he watched it, it became more ample to the point that the butt cleavage was peaking up and over the top until, finally...

POP!

The front button flew straight off, ricocheting off the changing room door and hitting the ground. “**I need to get these off!**” His first instinct had told him to remove those pants no matter what, and yet great difficulty was met trying to slide them down. After all, his ass was plump as hell, and his thighs? They’d grown meaty as well. Meaty *and* muscular, making them a double threat.

Struggle as Erik might though, he finally got them (*and his boxers*) free once a burst of strength ran through his arms. Any flab was erased from them, replaced with bulging muscles that had an almost feminine leanness to them. But, then again, his fingers had turned long and girlish in the process, with nails sticking long and finding themselves painted with a *dark purple* polish. “**Agh! Finally!**” With thighs laid bare, didn’t they look a little too pale? No, his fingers too... Was it his skin in its entirety? And the plumpness of those thighs could not be undersold.

“**I look like a—NGH!?!—GIRL!?!**” Those thick thighs had no choice other than to squirm against one another as an uncomfortable sensation plagued Erik’s groin, and within a matter of moments... well, his dick certainly wasn’t there anymore, with a woman’s pussy resting in its place instead. “**No way!**” Even his voice now carried a husky, feminine tone (*likely to do with his missing Adam’s apple*), which oddly didn’t look that out of place.

Her facial features had squirmed, you see. The shape of her face was much more angular, but there was a womanly softness to it. Womanly, and not girlish, because it did not reflect the age of fifteen she was supposed to be at all. Instead she looked like she might be in her mid-to-late twenties, with big, plump lips, and wide eyes fashioned in gold. One might have mistaken her face for that of a supermodel, and with her hair growing down to her shoulders? That fit was even greater.

Hands cupped her bare ass, embarrassment keeping her from toying with what rested between her legs, all while her hoodie and the shirt beneath it began to grow excessively tight. “**Oh no...**” All things considered, that could only mean one thing – and so her hands reached back up to cup them: *swelling tits*.

Her nipples were as erect as could be, and she felt them sticking up and into her clothing even though the mass of the flesh beneath them had

not built that substantially. Given a few moments more, though? The front of her tops had inflated to such a size that one might wonder if Erik had stuck a pair of watermelons beneath her top. They were authentic breasts though, and once she'd removed her sweater that was plain as day, for they flopped down against her chest with great heft.

“Miss Alter, your shift starts in five minutes, are you ready?” Despite the shop having been silent the entire time thus far, it suddenly came alive with sound. Customers, and the one speaking through the door before walking away... it was her manager?



“Hah!? I don’t work in a place like this, do I!?” Looking down at her pale form and purple nipples, the woman was confused. Being told her shift was soon had sent her into a complete tizzy. She could remember who she was but being called ‘Alter’ just felt right. Thinking about working here, with her *sister*, felt right too. Acting seemingly by instinct, she put on that maid uniform mounted on the wall piece by piece, until she was fully dressed. Despite never wearing woman’s clothing before, she’d done so naturally. It was all just so *natural*.

“...” Alter was hesitant, especially since she could still remember being Erik, but work was important too. As a 25-year-old, she had to make money in this world. It was just the fate of an adult, and she could now recall having bills to pay along with her ‘sister’. With a groan, she slammed the changing room open and stormed into the lobby.

“I shouldn’t have called Hiroya a goddamn girl like that!” The constantly angry tone of voice? That was a new feature, brought to you by his subtle personality change.

The flow of time in this shop had already proven itself to be strange, so perhaps it shouldn't have been none too surprising to hear that Hiiro had appeared in the very same changing room sometime later. Was it later that day? Later that week? Later that month? Perhaps it didn't matter, because Hiiro himself didn't have the foggiest idea that any time had passed in the first place. The transition from the outdoors and into the booth was as smooth as butter.

The only real differences? The fact that the uniform dangling from the hook on the wall was different. It made sense since the previous one had been put on, but instead of blacks and purples, this one seemed to focus more on blues. He'd hardly paid much attention to it though because his immediate reaction was to leave. He hadn't lingered to think about it, he just wanted out. So he touched the latch, got shocked, rinse, and repeat.

“Ow! That hurt more than it should have!” But in this case? **“My clothes!”** The second he'd been shocked, his clothes had been eviscerated. A correction added by the one changing them after the clothing travesty that had been Erik's transformation. The process had been altered a little to see to it that the changes would be more seamless, and things almost immediately began to contort much to the boy's anxiety.

Or the *girl's* anxiety, as the issue quickly became.

“Iya!?” Hiiro squeaked, almost keeling over for it felt like *she* had been kicked in the nuts. If she had, it had been with enough force to remove those nuts in their entirety... and create a slit between those legs of hers, and, likewise, alter the color of her pubic hair. Her unkept brown bush shortened and turned neat, a golden blonde seeing to it that it stood out against her pink skin – and against the pinkness of her pussy. **“I'm a girl!? No way, no— Oh god!”**

The puffiness of his nipples could not be ignored, nor could the general puffiness of... everything else beneath them. Also as if he were having an allergic reaction, his chest looked incredibly tender in the beginning, but as things escalated that tenderness began to grow and take shape until, yeah, those were clearly a pair of tits upon her chest. Small at first, once they'd grown firm enough, the growth just excelled, and quite bouncily at that as they jiggled up and down with each breath she cast. To call them D-cups might have been an understatement: each one was roughly the size of her head!

Being a teenaged boy at heart, of course Hiiro couldn't help but to touch them. **“There's no way these are re— My voice too...?”** For as

excited and freaked out as the girl was, her voice sounded quite mellow and deep, though womanly. She wasn't as outwardly freaked out as she'd expected to be either, almost as if her personality were being tampered with (*it was*). Fingers touched her neck, finding no Adam's apple to speak of, and likewise finding that her fingers resembled those of a woman.

As for her face? Incidentally, he didn't quite look *Japanese* anymore. Eyes widened and blued, a far more Caucasian sense gotten from them than East Asian. His maw took on a slender shape as well, with plump lips showing a proper comparison to... Erik's, or the woman Erik had become. In fact, other than her complexion remaining pink and her eyes being blue, she looked identical to Erik as she was now. The bright gold of her hair was another variance too, but it still lengthened to the same shoulder length cut.

“Ngh!” Before Hiiro could investigate further, discomfort bellowed out from further down. She felt her knees buckle in, but it was hard for her to see the cause with those huge knockers of hers in the way. She had to shove both hands down her cleave and part them manually to see a thing, but the cause was fairly evident: her thighs had parted. Likewise, she could see that she had... abs? Her belly had become very toned, and her waistline very narrow.

It reminded her of things she'd seen in adult magazines. **“An hourglass...”** Yep! That was what her figure now resembled, and with her ass bulging out behind her and her thighs rippling with excess fat and muscle alike, this impression was only built stronger. Her figure was extremely impressive, with thighs flowing into long legs that bled into small but durable tootsies. It was hard not to marvel, and she might have if now for a knock on her door.

The moment she heard that knock, the silence of the maid café ended. Instead, the inside sounded extremely busy, and she could hear a familiar voice begrudgingly serving people within. **“Miss Artoria? Your shift's starting in five!”** So spoketh her boss.

...Her boss?

“I... I'm not ready yet? Wait, do I truly work here?” The part of her that was Hiiro said no, but hearing the name 'Artoria'? It awakened a second set of recollections, one that somehow felt realer. Both sets of memories seemed right, but only one matched her current identity. That of a 25-year-old woman that worked at a maid café with her moody sister to make ends meet. And so, she got to work putting on her uniform.

It took a few minutes, and she felt as if she'd done so a million times... *even if she hadn't*. Artoria even gracefully pulled the latch on the changing room door and stepped out without shame despite the fact that her uniform showed off so much flesh. If it was for the sake of paying the bills, then she'd wear even less!

...Well, within limits.

Guided completely by these new memories, she took a menu from the stand as she stepped into the dining area, and smiled at her sister Alter, who seemed to grumble **“About time you showed up”** under her breath. So that was Erik, then? No, as they were now, that was her twin sister. These two had been forced into an unusual set of circumstances.

And despite knowing as much? They'd find later that they were completely incapable of bringing it up, even to each other. Something just stopped them from mentioning their old names or bringing up their old lives.

The owner didn't want them to *quit*, after all.

