

# LEISURE ISLAND

## COMMISSION STORY

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*The island of Voluptas.*

There were many islands in the skies of the Skydom. They all had their own environments. Some supported civilizations, others were completely painted over with wildlife. Some even housed powerful Primals and similar entities. And Voluptas was *one* of those Primal-housing isles. Yet humanity had made peace with this Primal. The people that lived there took full advantage of the benefits that it offered, and yet its very existence was a *secret* to the general populace.

Voluptas had another name in tourist circles. *Pleasure Island*. With a resort at its core, the island had been built up as a land of rest and relaxation. The beach resort was naturally a big draw, but there were also a number of varied facilities that provided whatever entertainment you could think of. Did you like to gamble? Well then the island had a *huge* casino. Were you into sports? There was a facility dedicated to any and all of them, from training to live competitions.

And those were only two examples. Restaurants, game facilities, dance halls... if you could think of it, Voluptas probably had it in some form. And yet the island's secret, that this was all being created and maintained by a Primal of Pleasure in the island's depths, remained a secret to any and all outsiders. If people learned of their secret then it would be *devastating* for the island's economy. And that was why the Primal always *dealt with* any potential issues in the most peculiar of ways.

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**“Hm... Lyria said she sensed a Primal on the island. But could that be true? There’s no rumors or anything like that...”**

Typically when Primals existed at the root of something there were at least *rumors* or something of the like to suggest as much. Djeeta was thinking about that as she made her way over to the sports facility. When the Grandcypher had docked at Voluptas the Girl in Blue had mentioned it. It had been very brief, but she had sensed a powerful Primal’s presence.



But there were no reported findings nor rumors of Voluptas having a Primal. **“Maybe she was wrong? I’m sure if she senses it again she’ll let me know.”** They hadn’t come to the island to work in the first place. It was time for a holiday vacation for the crew – or at least those that didn’t celebrate with family. When the New Year’s shenanigans finally came to a close, resort rates and the like tended to be cheaper since most vacationers had gone home.

Auguste was a resort island, but going to the beach twice a year could wear a little thin after a while. And so Djeeta had suggested they go to Voluptas for a change. It *had* a beach but there was *so much* more for them to do. There was even a ski hill for those who were more inclined to do something in a colder environment. But of all the venues to attend to first, Djeeta had decided to go to the sports center before anything else. She wasn’t as physically strong as *some* of the people in her crew, but she absolutely did enjoy playing sports.

**“Wow, this place is huge!”** Upon stepping inside and wandering around the sports facility for a while, the scale of the building and the attached amenities was far greater than she had first assumed. There was a soccer field, a bowling alley, a swimming pool, a racetrack... and this was just a small sampling of what was provided. She really could do *anything* she wanted. So what was it going to be?

She had an activity sign up form on a clipboard with her, given to the captain at the front desk. She just had to choose what she wanted to try. **“So what *do* I want to try?”** A more conventional sport? Maybe she could see what the gym was like? But something caught her eye outside a nearby window. A group of pretty women waving their pompoms around. Cheerleaders, and they looked like they were having a lot of fun!

The silver haired woman in the front in particular looked like she was having a good time. **“Maybe I could try that out!”**

And so Djeeta had decided on her activity.

After filling out and submitting her form, she was led over to the changing room where they said a uniform would be provided. But there *wasn't* one. **“Huh? The clerk said *this* locker, right? 421?”** It was empty so there must have been some sort of mistake. **“Do I just go back and let her know? That must be it...”** But as she went to close the locker door? There was a *flash of light* and a uniform appeared. One that looked identical to the one the silver haired woman she had seen earlier had been wearing. Size and all. **“That’s... not going fit.”**

Well it *would* if she gave it some *time*.

Was the fact that a uniform had just magically appeared something she should *worry* about? The thought *did* cross her mind. The Skydom wasn't devoid of supernatural happenings though, and who was to say this wasn't a technological feat? Voluptas was a mysterious place where the technology seemed to be all over the place. Maybe it had just been sent to her through some kind of *teleporter*? Grabbing and holding out the top, she couldn't help but wonder why it was designed to show the underside of the chest of the woman wearing it. She *definitely* didn't have the curves to—

**“H-Huh!?”** There had been a lapse of awareness. Things had gotten dark for what felt like only a moment from Djeeta's perspective, and yet the next she was aware of what was happening the cheerleader top was no longer in her hands. Nor was it in the locker. Instead? Her usual dress was folded up inside, and her body was dressed in, well... **“UWAH!?”** She was wearing the cheerleading uniform! It *clearly* did not fit her properly! The boots were too roomy, the skirt was loose around her hips, and the top hung so low that even the exposed underboob wasn't at all exposed. There was just too much slack. Not to mention the headband that could now be found in her hair.

The Grandcypher's captain was at a loss for words at first and instead settled for making a series of confused noises as calloused fingers tugged at translucent cloth. **“Did that really just happen? As I thought, it doesn't really fit...”** Even the swimsuit-like white garment that clung to her pussy was much too loose for comfort. Not only was she not curvy enough, she was too short as well. But these were all things that *would be addressed in due time*.

But out of the gate it was Djeeta's tertiary traits that seemed to undergo a shift – perhaps as to not alarm the woman of what was happening

before satisfactory mental fixes could take root to prevent her from making a scene. Nonetheless, her hair was among the earliest of things to transform. Locks of gold shifted instead towards a shimmering silver from the roots to their tips. Yet the bob style that housed her new, black headband didn't exactly mix up its formula. If anything this hairstyle became a little messier. It was her *pubes* instead, now silver as well, that changed in style as they were much more neatly shaved into a proper landing strip.

**“Hm... I should proBABly change BACK, right?”** She wasn't dissuaded by odd cracks in her voice, thinking instead about her clothing situation. If she started to jump around in clothes that didn't fit her then something was liable to pop out. The very thought made her eyes widen – wait, *no*. They were *physically* wider all of a sudden? Not just wider but rounder, prettier, and sporting lengthier lashes. Toss in a change of iris color towards a silvery purple and those eyes didn't look like they belonged to Djeeta.

Although the same could be said about her face as a whole. She seemed more *mature* somehow. Well, the 'somehow' was actually more obvious than that. Full lips, a sharper nose, a pointier chin and higher cheek bones not only made Djeeta look like she was in her mid-twenties, but they made her look like a different woman entirely. Incidentally... like the very same cheerleader that had inspired her to sign up for lessons in the first place.

She clicked her tongue. **“That's weird though. Do I need lessons? Why do I feel like I know how to cheer?”** Much like her face her voice was completely different. And she was *right*. She could think of the steps she needed to execute and yet she didn't realize that this knowledge had come at a price. She could no longer recall how to swing a sword or *any* weapon. Like all of her combat experience had just fallen right out of her head.

**“Whoa!?”** The captain still hadn't really put two and two together, but she was certainly being forced to reckon with the fact that her body was changing finally. Changes upon her head were difficult to recognize, but something like *her height springing up*? Well, that wasn't something she could easily ignore. **“W-Wait a second!”** A hand was thrown out to stop herself from wobbling, grasping the nearby locker door with fingers that were longer and now sported fake fingernails. Her eyes had risen *over* the locker where they had been even before.

She had to be about *four inches* taller. At least her feet fit in the boots now!

**“I, erm... What’s... happening here? Was my body always so...? No, of course it wasn’t!”** Regardless of how alarming this was, Djeeta didn’t seem to be as outwardly alarmed as she *should* have been. She wasn’t quite acting like herself in the first place, conducting herself and speaking in manners that were a touch more *refined* than normal. Which was quite the striking contrast seeing as, with her height now enhanced, her body was becoming increasingly *lewd*.

Now that she was taller her tummy was exposed. You could see that her belly had grown a touch thicker – but not in an unattractive way. You could still make out her abs, and it almost made it seem as if her hips were wider? Something that became the *actual* truth only a moment later. **“Huh!?”** ...As her knees buckled thanks to said hips *flaring* outward. **“My hips? My... thighs?”**

As she looked down at widened hips, Djeeta’s discerning eyes soon locked onto the shapes of the legs attached to them. A substantial gap had been left between her legs now that widened hips meant they were farther apart, but that gap was slowly filling with the weight of either thigh. They jiggled with a fatty weight that prompted skin to tighten around them until it was taut and shiny, only adding further to their appeal. With her skirt so translucent you could make out the flesh burgeoning even underneath, and before long each thigh was thicker than her waist.

**“I... suppose I look pretty hot? And *my* uniform is beginning to fit...”** Whether or not looking for a silver lining was a good idea under these circumstances, she wasn’t exactly *wrong*. The bikini bottom underneath the skirt was much snugger now, helped by widened hips and the fact that her ass was taking in the weight her thighs couldn’t accommodate. White latex dug into cheeks that formed an increasingly deep canyon of an ass crack, the heart shape that jutted out behind her ripe for a spanking. It would certainly jiggle if it was smacked, that much was plain.

The silver-haired woman blinked. Her posture was steadily tilting forward, forcing her to grab the top shelf of the locker to keep herself upright. Weight was gathering beneath her nipples, but she didn’t address that right away. Instead? While holding herself up, fingers grazed a mirror in the top shelf of the locker. Djeeta pulled it up and stole a glance at her reflection. **“Wait, isn’t this *me*?”** That wasn’t what she had intended on saying. Staring back at her was the woman she had seen cheerleading earlier. She looked *identical* to her, barring one final change that was already in the process of happening.

Translucent white around her bosom was gradually lifting, exposing the underboob window fully that the captain had previously believed wouldn’t

even show with her lackluster chest size. But that just spoke to the reality of it all. That her chest – her *tits* – had been ballooning at an astounding rate, filling the uniform’s cups and bindings until they shook to attention in perky G-cup shapes in front of her. Curiosity got the better of the woman and she gave them a squeeze. They were foreign to her, and yet they felt *familiar*? This realization prompted her to look at the mirror once more.

**“Ahh... I don’t even look like *that* girl anymore. I look like *Reno*. But oh dear... My name is *Reno*? Erm... I meant to say *Reno*, of course?”**

Standing in *her* cheerleader uniform in the locker room now was the very same silver haired woman that Djeeta had seen performing with the others back when she had chosen her activity. Except she *was* Djeeta. But try as she might, *Reno* just couldn’t introduce herself as such. She wasn’t even *acting* as Djeeta did, instead having inherited a brand new personality to match her brand new appearance.



Reno didn’t understand what had happened, but she had fallen prey to Voluptas’ Primal. The creature was sensitive to those that might reveal its secret, and because Djeeta had been made suspicious through Lyria it had decided to ‘fix’ things. It had the unique ability to swap the lives of two people so long as one party took a strong interest in the other relative to an activity upon the island.

So the moment Djeeta had taken notice of Reno earlier, *their* fates had been sealed. The new Reno didn’t know, but the old Reno now occupied *her* body, clothes, and personality. But she didn’t have the suspicions that the original Djeeta had. Essentially, the person known as ‘Djeeta’ had been silenced. And the woman now known as ‘Reno’? Something complicated like the existence of a Primal didn’t feel very *important* to her?

**“Will I even be able to explain things to the crew of that ship...? That ship? Its name was, um...? Hm...?”** Reno *had* been thinking of the Grandcypher, but found she was unable to remember the ship’s name – much less the names of anyone on its crew. Even though she could picture them deep down. Djeeta would remain at Reno’s core,

but she was completely incapable of acting on those old memories. **“Well I guess it doesn’t matter for now, right? Maybe I’ll bump into one of them and then I’ll remember...?”** That was the hope, but it was pretty unlikely.

The woman gave a little shrug before tugging at her cheerleader uniform. Something more important had come to mind: she needed to get to practice as the leader of the cheer group on Voluptas! But wait, was that really what she should have been prioritizing? She had her doubts, but deep down it really *did* feel ‘right’ to just focus on the cheerleader things. **“It’s pretty inconvenient to have breasts this big, huh?”** Even jumping a little made them bounce and jiggle in a sensation that felt both unfamiliar and entirely normal simultaneously. **“But it’s okay. I look pretty good, right!?”**

And as a cheerleader that was one of the most important things according to her new knowledge. Well, that and having the routine completely down! And Reno definitely did! That was why she was the leader of the cheer squad! But... she wasn’t supposed to be! Her mental state was so mixed up. **“I’ll... just go with the flow for now.”** She wasn’t even sure *how* to act on her doubts.

**“I’m sure it will work out!”**

But not before the Primal claimed *others* from her crew.