

SUMMER GRANBLUES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The summer season was horrible for a number of reasons. Hot weather, tumultuous storms, bad gacha luck... What? You don't think that third one is as bad as the others? Well, you would be mistaken! Perhaps the most harrowing thing about the summer season was, in fact, the gacha push that came around that time. Looking to capitalize on the feelings of warmer weather and vacations, game after game released special units starring their characters in swimsuits – some much more revealing than others.

There were few games that *didn't* engage in this practice, in fact, and this meant that for those poor individuals that played *multiple* gacha games, there was never an end in sight to the suffering. Predatory as these game models were, when you were hooked? You were hooked. Such happened to be the case for Joseph and Axel, two men that had their hands in the cookie jars of arguably too many games, yet they saw no real harm with it.

In terms of which game had brought them the most trouble this year, though? There was no denying that Granblue Fantasy had been the most difficult. The gacha pool was just so saturated with characters that it usually felt impossible to get even the rate-up ones. Which was exactly what had happened when swimsuit season had rolled around.

Even though that had been *months* ago, the wounds still felt fresh. So much so that the two of them had brought up their experiences once again during a Discord conversation. Not in a serious way, mind you, but just in an aside about bad gacha experiences as a whole. But neither of them had anticipated what would come next, an experience that would, in some way, rectify their terrible luck.

“Holy! This has to be a dream, right? How the heck did I end up on a beach?” Joseph was beyond surprised by his current situation. While he had once been sitting at his desk, on his computer while discussing his horrible experience trying to roll Summer Vikala in Granblue, the next his tush was promptly fastened to the bottom of a beachside chair. Not that he sat there long before getting up with surprise.

The sky was blue, the ocean was bluer, and the man felt bewildered by the natural beauty of his surroundings. The sandy beach was pristine, and he could see that just a little ways down the stretch of land there was a city of some sort. But didn't this all look, and feel, a little familiar? **“Where have I seen this before...?”** It probably would have been more obvious had he done the summer event more recently, but this was clearly Auguste Island. Which was an island that only should have existed in Granblue.

It wasn't until he squinted and something in the sky off in the distance that he began to put two and two together. **“Is that... floating land?”** But it was honestly also too little, too late. He had not been brought there to enjoy a vacation. Or well, *he had*, but not as himself. And that process had already begun.

If you were to gleam the man's skin for any reason, you would quickly understand the significance of that claim. His complexion was typically of the olive persuasion, a hefty touch darker than any Caucasian individual, and yet? Across every facet of his skin, paler pink dots had begun to emerge almost as if they were inverted freckles. While few at first, it did not take long at all for them to multiply until they utterly and completely covered the man's body, leaving him with a perfectly pink alternative to his usual olive hue.

“This isn't real life then, right? Is it some kind of dream?” If there really *was* a floating piece of land off in the distance, then there was *no* way he was awake. Maybe he had just fallen asleep at his computer and was dreaming the rest? That felt the most logical. And yet as he stared off at that hovering piece of earth? The pigmentation of his irises changed in color, moving to an abnormal crimson red.

Traits relative to the man's build began to alter as well, for while he was slightly overweight by nature? He also had a little bit of muscle to him despite this, yet ultimately? He would be left with neither. All of the weight upon Joseph's body seemed to slowly evaporate, with arms, legs, and torso all thinning out until there was hardly even a scrap of excess

meat to his body. This left him to look incredibly thin, and since he was nearly six feet tall this just contributed to a stalky look to it all.

“H-Huh!?! What’s, um... happening here!?” The man’s alarm came about because he could clearly note his point of view drastically regressing, height collapsing suddenly and shockingly. Yet while he expressed his surprise at this, he also did so with an odd tinge to his voice. He wasn’t one to typically sound so sheepish, especially when he was surprised like he presently was.

But regardless of *how* he responded, nothing changed about what was actually happening. He truly was shrinking, and as he did his clothing became ill-fit for the overall build he now sported. His shirt soon hung off him like a dress, just barely hooking onto one of his shoulders as the other side ultimately became lopsided. Pants had falling from his hips despite awkward attempts to hold them up as well, but was it really any surprise by this juncture?

After all, rather than almost 6’, he was now a mere 4’9”.

Joseph blinked, his mind a little messed up. **“Umm... Is my height... is being so small... wrong?”** His voice was both higher and softer now, ultimately leaving him to sound more like a girl. Although glancing at him was enough to wonder if, in fact, he was? Not only had he grown shorter over the course of the past few moments, but his face had rounded and softened. He appeared younger, like he was around the age of *fourteen*.

Naturally you look much more androgynous when you’re younger, but that wasn’t exactly what that was here *either*. His face seemed rounder, fuller, with eyes big and lashes longer. The aesthetic of a young maiden was much more apparent than a young man, and that was helped by lips that were just a touch more swollen. He didn’t even look like he had as a kid by this juncture – and that was helped further by his hair.

The boy’s mane was *already* a natural black color, so not much had really changed in terms of its color. What *did* ultimately change was the length and feel of it. It tickled his ears and eventually his shoulders, ceasing their growth just past them while bangs were fluffed and the edges framed the sides of his face.

“U-Umm...?” Was something wrong? Something was definitely wrong, right? But he couldn’t seem to figure out just *what* that something was. If only *she* was holding onto her *rat ears*, then she could more confidently figure it out? This wasn’t a typo, either, for the fourteen year old boy was promptly repurposed into a fourteen year old *girl* in terms of the appropriate equipment.

She shuffled about awkwardly in place, the sand below her making for unsteady footing as she tried to grapple onto something to take the next step forward. Confidence? Somehow she felt it wasn't like her to be so self-conscious, and yet... The personality of who she was becoming had so cleanly taken root along with developing memories that she couldn't really question it.

Young as she was, while her figure was more appropriately adjusted to her new sex, it didn't do so *significantly*. Her hips did ultimately pull a touch wider, with her bum and thighs bloating to be appropriately dense, but they were still indicative of a girl that was growing rather than one who was anywhere near being fully developed. And the slight puffiness that came to her chest did the same.

“Ah!?” A strong gust of wind soon blew, forcing the girl to recoil and close her eyes briefly. But when they opened once more? The oversized men's clothing was completely gone. Instead? She was dressed up in swimwear resembling black shorts and a matching halter top, with a white sunhat and a jacket draped over her shoulders. She gripped the coat anxiously while debating taking a step with tiny feet that were now clad in sandals.



“U-Umm... What was I doing? I was thinking about... something important, wasn't I?” While she had idled during her transformation, the girl now slowly stepped across the sand of the beach towards the nearby city as she tried to get her thoughts together. After all, *Vikala's* mind was presently a jumble of two lives, although the new one was quickly winning out as sense was constructed from the life of the Divine General. Of course, it didn't help that without her rat ears she felt *incredibly* meek and self-conscious.

So much so that she was stuttering even despite the fact that she had no audience. That was just how unsure of herself she was. Had she actually been thinking about something important? Had she forgotten? She couldn't really be sure, but the passing feeling that there had even been something to be concerned about in the first place was quickly drying up.

She tugged at her black shorts and fixed her hair as she walked. **“Maybe... Maybe it was nothing after all?”** She really wished she had her ears, because she would definitely have been much more confident in her answer if she did!

“I’m way too claustrophobic for this!” The very first thought that Axel had possessed, he had stated aloud after next coming to in what looked to be a changing room or hut of some form. He had been at his computer when a strange tugging sensation had disrupted the fun little conversation he had been having with Axel, and when darkness had momentarily overtaken him and it had cleared, he was sitting on a bench in this tiny room.

He didn’t know how he had gotten there, and quite honestly he didn’t immediately *care*. It was hard to gather any information while being holed up in such a tiny space, but much to his concern he couldn’t manage to unlatch the swinging door that kept him inside. **“Er... Why won’t this open?”** It didn’t look like it was mounted in place or anything, it just simply *wouldn’t* budge an inch!

Admittedly, the man had *some* familiarity with being whisked away to foreign worlds by the way of a creation of his. But in this case? It didn’t have any of *her* hallmarks. This wasn’t her doing, it was something *else*. But because it didn’t have her hallmarks, he didn’t think it was the same sort of event. You know, one that changed you? No, Axel believed this was just some routine magical kidnapping.

But he would have been wrong.

It was already more than evident when it came to the man’s *hair*, after all. It looked fuller in form than normal, and given a bit of time? Longer as well. And not just a little bit, for it fell far past his shoulders and towards the center of his back, where natural waves stole away its natural straightness. Atop his head, one tuft even curled down across his bangs, which were now cut straight above his eyes.

“Hello? Anyone out there!?” Still confident he wasn’t in any danger, because he’d been wired not to notice anything that didn’t affect his direct area of view, Axel called out to see if anyone could open the door for him to no reply. As he wasted time with this approach though, an almost silvery blue began to shine across his luscious new locks, all of the way from his roots right down to the tips. It was something that plagued his brows and the hair of his loins too, yet if it was going to affect the rest of his body hair? It wasn’t obvious, because a mysterious force had otherwise shaved him bald.

In fact, Axel reached up to tuck a strand of his new, long blue hair behind one of his ears – before immediately wondering why he had even bothered. *Why would I tuck hair there? My ears aren't there, they're out of reach...* With his eyes now shining gold in color, he looked up at the ceiling quietly as if he were pondering this.

And while he did, his strange thought appeared to manifest in the physical realm. Because his ears began to slowly crawl up the sides of his head while pulling longer and longer, eventually finding their tips pointed as a blue fuzz spread around the exterior. It wasn't your traditional hair, but was instead *fur*. With a pinker variation growing on the inside so that those ears looked more like that of an animal than anything.

Much like Joseph, Axel was closer to the six foot mark in terms of his height. But *also* just like Joseph, that height of his was compromised – just not in as dramatic of a manner. “**Oh? Was the booth always this big?**” Being a larger and heftier guy, he had barely fit in the little changing hut initially, and he had been able to almost peer over the top of the door. But as he soon perceived it, he now fit neatly inside without any chance of him looking over said door, even *if* he were to stand on his tiptoes.

His height had taken a significant dip, but ultimately it was only at a loss of eight inches or so, since he now rested between 5'3” and 5'4”. His shirt and jeans were loose, but they clung on for the time being, even with the loss being more than just his height. His gut, and all of that excess weight in general, had been completely taken along with his height. And so he looked much healthier despite the fact that he was shorter.

But again, like Joseph, there had been a clear change in his body's age that was demonstrated by his face. He was shorter, sure, but rather than an adult on the cusp of thirty, he instead resembled a teen around the age of *nineteen*. Which made the fact that his face was a touch androgynous all the stranger initially, at least until features completely adjusted.

Golden eyes ultimately appeared bigger than before, with lashes longer. His cheeks were certainly round, but only in the sense that they had been redesigned to appear soft. Otherwise, a tiny nose now sat above lips that were quite abundant and glossy. So that from the neck up he resembled a young woman as opposed to a man.

“**I think I need to clear my head? Why am I so...?**” *Her* heart was racing, and she couldn't quite place why even as she continued to speak with her softer voice. Something subconsciously had taken notice of her

changes, but was unable to speak out, and that was causing an anxiety she could place. Then again, it also wasn't helped by the presence of something else deep down. Another ego? A younger one, and one that she somehow recognized *should* have been there.

Her sex had changed, and the loss of her dick and balls had provoked a surprised shudder. But she moved past it quickly as the rest of her body followed suit in conforming to her new sex. A puffiness beset her otherwise flat chest for one, ultimately seeing her nipples expand into the size of several coins as the tissue below rose into a pair of paltry B-cups beneath her oversized shirt.

What came in more abundance was the weight to her lower half, for her hips were forced a *handful* of inches wider not of their own volition, but because the mass that built around them afforded them no quarter otherwise. Her ass swelled big and bulbous, cheeks poking out from atop once loose-fitting jeans, and even then? Their growth was very little when you compared them to her *thighs*.

Axel shuffled awkwardly in place the moment she felt those thighs begin to rub against one another beneath her new pussy. They had swelled so substantially in size that the upper legs of her jeans had been stretched to their limits, with pockets of flesh poking up out of fresh tears. *Why are they so big? People are going to call me chubby...* The woman *did* acknowledge them, but as a point of insecurity.

A cry of surprise escaped the woman's lips next as she tumbled back, her plush rump soon fell back onto the hut's bench. "**A breeze that strong inside?**" It had certainly surprised her, and she was quick to lift herself back up. But she didn't realize her outfit had been replaced with swimwear. A white bikini top with white swim shorts that showed off the entirety of her sensual thighs, with a translucent shirt covering her torso while leaving shoulders bare. It seemed designed to show off her appeal points, but the woman herself wondered how she'd been convinced to wear it.

"Hmm? I got so caught up in things, I didn't consider my heartrate... Why is it so high?" When the proverbial dust settled, the only individual within the changing hut was a young Erune woman in a white swimsuit – assumedly having just gotten changed herself, at least according to her memories. A doctor by trade, *Tikoh* immediately fixated on her physical condition. Why was her heart beating so fast? The second voice deep within, that of the girl she saved, was evidently just as confused as she was. **"Oh... Could it be because of how I'm dressed?"**

That made as much sense as anything, didn't it? She didn't often wear so little clothing, and when she was so scantily dressed... **“My... thighs are on display after all. I'm not used to it...”** On that note, she looked down and stared at those plump thighs of hers. Most would see them for what they were: exceptionally appealing and the kind of thighs you would like to lay your head on. From Tikoh's point of view though, she just thought that she appeared chubby.



The doctor wasn't even sure that she could venture out dressed as she was, but before she could commit to redressing herself? A small arm reached up beneath the changing hut door and undid the latch. **“D-Doctor?”** A soft and mousey voice stuttered, though Tikoh jumped nonetheless by the suddenness of it all.

Oh! It was just Vikala, a fellow member of the crew she was with. But she didn't have her ears on? It was good to see she wasn't being as dependent on them, because as a doctor she worried about the girl's mental health! **“Miss Vikala! Did... you need something? Is it about your ears?”** She was doing her best not to reach down to cover her thighs, since that would have looked even *stranger*.

“Umm... N-No, I just misplaced them...” That was a lie – her normal pair had been damaged after having a fight with Cidala earlier on in the day. **“B-But! Do you want to go swimming with me? No one else came to the beach today?”** Shy as she was, it must have taken a lot for her to ask that. Tikoh smiled in a motherly way.

“Sure!”