

ALL THOSE YEARS...

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The perception of time was a finnick thing.

Sometimes it felt like it was passing too slowly. Were the seconds *intentionally* moving too slow because you were excited for something? Maybe time felt like it had come to a halt because you *really* wanted something to end. These were common feelings, but it happened in reverse too. Sometimes time moved far too *quickly* when you wanted things to slow down. Why does ‘time fly when you’re having a good time’? It was a little *mean* when all you wanted to do was squeeze as much enjoyment out of something as you could!

For Homura Akemi, however? Time didn’t have much meaning *at all*. At least any longer. She was essentially a master of time itself, able to pause and rewind it at will. But the circumstances under which she had come to *possess* these abilities were incredibly tragic. She had become a magical girl at the behest of Kyubey, part of the trap laid by the Incubators of which that furry menace was but a small piece of. But Kyubey’s plan to use her like he did the others had unwound in the end.

Because in this case? The magical girl that he had created had begun to perform outside of his understanding. All because she had been understandably traumatized by the loss of the girl she loved. A loss that was both exacerbated and intended by the Incubators in the first place. They had *killed* Madoka Kaname, the girl who essentially made Homura feel like her life was worth living. And so, if there was a world where Madoka *wasn’t* allowed to live? She would just *fix it*.

And thus, had begun the girl’s efforts to do so. She wielded her magic to rewind time back far enough that she would have enough time to

potentially save Madoka. She would make her best efforts to prevent the girl from dying, and if it failed? She would just rewind again and again until she got the result that she wanted. It sounded simple enough on paper, but early on? She had hardly accounted for just *how* hard this could potentially be. Even *if* Madoka didn't become a Witch and die that way, it always seemed to be the case that something else would take her life.

Over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

How many times had she failed by this point? Homura had lost count a long time ago, but she didn't allow that to bother her. She couldn't give up. She *wouldn't* give up. Even though she had rewound time so much that the accumulative number of reversed days now added up to roughly *thirty years*, she would just keep going. She was going to save Madoka. *She was going to!*

But for now? She needed to *sleep*. The teenager may have been a magical girl, but she also needed to rest if she wanted to accomplish her goals. Traditionally, during every loop nothing of note happened during this particular night, and so she had returned to her apartment around five in the evening with that in mind. She soon found herself distracted by something *out of place*, however.

“...Did someone break into my apartment? This has never happened in any of the past loops though.” She'd returned to find



a set of clothes hanging on her bedroom door that *hadn't* been there when she had left that morning. It was a pink magical girl costume composed of a corset-like top, a frilly skirt, and a number of pink bows including one on a big headband.

The girl had never seen them before in her life, in fact, and that included during the many, *many* times that time had repeated itself at her behest. She knew a trap when she saw one, and so she wasn't going to interact with the clothes. **“I'll just go sleep at a hotel...”** That seemed to be the best possible way to go about things.

If Homura believed that she had any say in the matter of that outfit's existence, however? She had another thing coming. Something in the air changed all of a sudden, and when it did? She found herself dressed *differently*. In the ridiculously pink outfit that had just been hanging on her bedroom door, in fact. **"Damn it!"** The magical girl clicked her tongue and began to try to yank down the pink skirt – seeing as it would be the easiest thing to remove. She could feel frilly, lace panties beneath it that would have to go too.

"Wh-What!? Why won't this come off!?" Try as she might, however, she couldn't get her fingers to slide between the skirt and her skin to help pull it – much less get it to budge by pulling from the skirt's base. It was an issue she found was common amongst *every* piece of this clashing magical girl ensemble. She couldn't seem to remove anything, almost as if it was glued to her skin. But when she moved naturally? She could feel things slide around naturally. Was it just resistant to *removal*? **"Is this a trick? Am I under attack right now?"**

Homura had to consider that possibility. It had to be magic that had put the clothing on her in the first place, right? And if it wasn't her own (as she knew for a fact that it wasn't) then there had to be an outside source for it. Making matters worse? She couldn't seem to transform. But she did feel a similar power welling up from within. *Maybe*. Was she in danger, or was something else afoot? It was really hard to tell during the initial thirty seconds or so.

That was largely because she was looking in the wrong places, though. When the magic girl considered her transformation, it was only her clothing that changed, so her clothes were what she had been focusing on (hoping that would free her from *this* costume). Especially when it was just as true of every other magical girl she had ever met. *Had* she been looking elsewhere? Then she might have better understood what was going on before it was too late. Not that she could have done anything about it even if she did.

But Homura? She had begun to look like a *different girl* altogether. Her age remained unchanged, but the nature of her identity was very quickly something worth debating. So how did this make itself known visually? In many different ways that more or less took root all at once, in fact. Take Homura's long, dark hair for example. The insanely long length of it all was unraveling, almost like its length was being tugged back into her scalp inch by inch. This loss *eventually* stopped at her chin, but by that point *most* of her hair was gone. And this wasn't even factoring in how its color had slowly changed from dark grey to dark brown.

Then again, the colors of her eyes took on a similar pigmentation.

“It doesn’t feel like a — COUGH — What is wrong with my voice?” The sound of it definitely hit her ear wrong at first. Had it *always* been so soft? And where was the *edge* she typically spoke with? It was like she was speaking more like a *normal* girl her age. But she was also beginning to look just that: much more *normal* than she had been. It could be seen in the girl’s face, too. Features became a little rounder, her nostrils flared a little bit, lips became wider. All in all? They made her look like a different girl altogether, rounded shapes of her eyes included. **“Er... Hasn’t my voice always sounded like this?”**

There was obviously some form of mental aspect incorporated into the phenomenon that was causing this, because despite noticing things like her voice? She didn’t seem to linger on them long and eventually put them out of mind. Even though her butt and bust grew a little bit, allowing her body to fit more comfortably into this new costume? She didn’t really seem to *realize*. It was far too subtle, despite the fact that she more or less looked like a completely different fourteen year old by this point. Did this mean she wouldn’t notice *anything* else? Well, no. The costume’s ‘curse’ entered its next phase, and she certainly took notice. At *first*, at least.

“UWAH!?” Putting aside how Homura cried out in a way that she never would have been caught dead crying out before, it the shock of a very sudden – and very dramatic change to her physical form that caused her to exclaim. It compromised her balance, and she nearly took a tumble, but managed to throw her arms out to the sides in a way that allowed her to recapture her balance. Yet those arms helped highlight just what it was about her that was changing.

Their reach had extended *significantly* and were noticeably longer. This wasn’t really isolated to her arms alone, mind you, and her legs and torso had stretched in such a way that the pink top pulled up to show off her tummy, whereas the frilled skirt just *barely* covered her undergarments. Her height had risen up to about 5’8”; a very dramatic jump that made it clear she was *not* fit for the attire she adorned. Broadened hips and shoulders helped make this clear, too.

Once she finally managed to correct her posture, the *woman* looked down at herself with confusion. **“My costume doesn’t fit...?”** For some reason, she recognized the pink outfit that she was wearing as *hers* now. Yet, she couldn’t seem to properly recognize that she had grown or that, for that matter, she had *aged*. Her face had matured a great deal as she had grown older, and Crow’s feet plagued the corners of more mature eyes about thick, kissable lips. She looked like she in her *forties* at best, and as weight made her cheeks look a little rounder that became even more evident.

...*Weight?* “**N-NO!?**” Longer fingers with worn skin and lengthened, manicured nails dug into her stomach as if trying to prevent something, and it was fairly evident what the *something* was even though Homura herself was uncertain about the circumstances. But the facts were undeniable. Just as her cheeks had become fuller, so was her *belly*. Stretch marks formed around her gut while the mass of her belly protruded further and further forward with an abundance of jiggles and gargles. It eventually jutted out about *five* inches past her pelvis and lipped over the already ill-fitted skirt.

“**I really am overweight...**” The woman commented in a way that suggested she *already* knew this, rather than being the words of someone surprised that she had just put on a *ton* of weight. That said, the weight gain wasn’t *even* isolated to her belly alone. It was certainly a major *part* of it, but aside from her arms becoming a little thicker too? Its abundance poured in into her breasts, ass, and thighs in equal measure. Her figure was utterly *inflated* as a result, pushing the already meager fit of that costume to the absolute limit.

Specific to her bosom? Breasts that hadn’t grown much since her initial perceived identity change *burgeoned* forth with a great deal of mass. The costume top, which had no straps or bindings – instead functioning more like a corset – had a *very* hard time accommodating things as a barely notable bosom quickly *erupted* into a pair of what were essentially small, squishy watermelons affixed to her chest. They sprung to life as they exploded, bouncing up and down in a way that moved the top with them. “**AH!?**” Homura went as far as to grab them in an attempt to stabilize things, but without that top they probably would have sagged a bit.

A byproduct of both age *and* of raising a child.

Raising a— *Huh?* At first that thought felt so *bizarre* to the woman. She couldn’t fathom raising a child, and yet among the added *thirty* years of memories she acquired, there were plenty of her doing just that. Along with some less savory ones, like the view of her thick thighs bouncing about as she straddled her wife’s strap-on in the bedroom. True to form, those thick thighs that she recalled saw to it that the skirt of the costume was lifted higher still, revealing frilled panties that were being *incredibly* cameltoed thanks to the combined efforts of her ass blowing up behind her, and her hips widening from all of that extra mass. Each thigh was *wider than her waist*. Her wife always *was* saying playing with them was her favorite bedroom activity, though.

“**How do I even look in the mirror...?**” Looking down, she was scared to look considering how much of her own flesh she could see just

doing that. While she had been in the *hall* before, now? She was standing in the bedroom not of an apartment, but of a small town that was actually in the neighborhood that Madoka lived in. Even stranger? She still remembered who Madoka Kaname *was*, but her relationship with her felt far more *distant* than it once had been.

“IT REALLY DOESN’T FIIIIIT!”

The *forty four* year old woman cried out like a child who hadn’t gotten her way might, clearly distraught by the sight of her aged, rounder body barely tucked into a magical girl costume designed for a girl in her teens. *Rina Akemi* felt justified in her distress and sadness, tears even welling up in the corners of her eyes despite her best efforts to hold them back.

This might have seemed *unusual*, especially since Rina absolutely could *not* remember her past as Homura. But there *was* a reason for it. The woman, a *mother*, was a magical girl in her own right. It was more like she was *retired*, but she remembered those days of fighting witches fondly. She had been hoping to recapture the magic of those days by trying on her uniform for old times’ sake, but the end result had been less than satisfactory.



Seeing as she was *thirty* years older than Homura, it was almost as if they time lost from rewinding over and over again had caught up with her all at once.

“Oh dear, what am I even doing? Of course it wasn’t going to fit...” The middle aged woman managed to dry her tears before long and decided to remove the costume when a knock on her door caused her to shoot up. Was her fourteen year old daughter already home from school!? **“I-Is that you, Kanako-chan? P-P-Please don’t come in, I’m changing!”**

“Eww! Okaa-san! Madoka-chan is here!” The voice of a teenaged girl filtered through from the other side. It was the voice of Rina’s daughter, Kanako Akemi. And it sounded like she had brought her *girlfriend*, Madoka Kaname with her from school. She really did like that girl! She was so kind and honest, always looking out for her sweet

little child! Yes, she'd very much love for Madoka to become part of her family officially someday. **"We're going to the arcade though!"**

But both girls were only fourteen for now. That was something to think about in the distant future.

The mother heard the two sets of small footsteps run off to the front door again. At least she was *safe* from her daughter seeing her dressed like... that. Still, the thought of going out with friends and having adventures like them... **"I sure wish I could go back to days like those..."** If only she'd had the power to turn back time, huh? But she didn't!