

# SARDEGNAN HOLIDAY GETAWAY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



As things always seemed to go, they hadn't exactly gone *as planned* for Ren Amamiya and Makoto Niiijima. Which was a shame, because as of late? *Things had been going pretty well*. There was their work as the Phantom Thieves of course, and while there had been a few dicey moments they at least appeared to be well on track to change the hearts of all the crooks whose Palaces they had dove headfirst into. The both of them had been up and well on their studies, too. But neither of these areas were where things had been going *best*.

Because what was making them happiest as of late was the company of one another. Or more plainly put they had started *dating*. The two teens had been an item for just over a month now, and seeing as it was January they had just had a *very* romantic Christmas together. It had gone so well that the two had planned a little vacation together for this very weekend.

Yet that was where the problem had emerged. Weather at the airports had been poor, and their trip to Hawaii had unfortunately been *grounded* because of it. Now? The two of them had been left alone in Leblanc's attic after dark, and even more unfortunately? "**It's so cold...**" Ren wasn't normally the kind of guy to make such throwaway comments, but that was just how bad it was. They had been trying to swipe away the blues from their cancelled trip by watching a movie together, but the heating in the attic?

It wasn't the best, and there wasn't a TV with a DVD player in the restaurant.

**“You can say that again.”** Makoto certainly wasn't going to argue with his assessment. Even as she laid up against him underneath a warm blanket, *it wasn't exactly warm*. They had come back to the café right after school because the weather had gotten bad, and even though it was only just after six, the café was already closed for the same reason their flight had been cancelled. If things didn't improve? Makoto would likely have to stay the night. Which might have been a win in the sense, if things could get warmer.

The movie they were watching was actually a DVD that had been burned after the data had been extracted from a VHS recording. A movie from the early 2000s, it had only aired on TV and as you could imagine, there were commercial breaks. Eventually one aired featuring a warm beach and a lovely vacation. It was unlikely the resort still existed in that form considering how many years had passed, but Makoto couldn't help but comment. **“A beach in Italy? I wish we could have at least gone somewhere like that...”**

But she had said it very sleepily, nodding off in the end.

*Both of them had.*



**“Huh!?”** Ren awoke with a start some time later. How much time had passed? With his eyes closed it was like the sun had been beating directly down on him, but it was the *temperature* that had awakened him so suddenly. Because it was incredibly *hot*. The light that greeted his pupils once his eyes were opened was blinding, and it took a moment for them to focus. But he'd gotten up into a standing position and he could feel something crunching underneath his socks.

...*Sand?* On some level he had assumed as much, but that didn't make it any less shocking once his eyes had focused to reveal that, well... He was standing on a beach. **“How the...? Is this a dream?”** The beach looked unlike anything he'd seen in Japan. More like the beach on that commercial. In Italy? **“No, could I be in the Metaverse?”** Somehow that made more sense than a dream because this felt too

*real*. Neither answer was correct. Unsure of what to do, and doubting the authenticity of what his own eyes were seeing?

He reached down and picked up a nearby volleyball in the sand.

**“I didn’t change into Joker though, so maybe I need to rule that *out*!?”** The boy’s voice ended both with the sound of surprise and a high pitched voice crack, but neither of these things were a product of each other. Rather, after the multi-colored ball had been held between both of his hands for a moment, a sudden and overwhelming tingling sensation had bled from the ball into those fingers, and almost instantaneously right through the *rest* of his body. It prompted him to drop the ball and stumble back in the sand. **“What was *that*!?”**

Ren coughed, trying to shake the voice crack once more. It was strange, but what was stranger was something he *hadn’t* really realized was off. Wasn’t he being just a touch louder and more expressive than his usual, reserved self? It was hardly as notable compared to the tingling, mind you, though that tingly gave rise to equally concerning issues very quickly.

And the term ‘rise’ was used both figuratively *and* literally, as the youth quickly came to realize. **“Uhm...”** The tingling was more blatant around his chest, and rear, and in both of these areas his clothing felt a touch *tighter*? Almost like he was somehow bloated, which didn’t make a *lick* of sense considering the places in question. If he was getting bloated it *should* have been his tummy, not that he had eaten anything that reasonably could have caused that problem in the first place.

What he was feeling and seeing, however, were completely *undeniable* things. Because he could see the weight of his own chest pushing out against the underside of his uniform and jacket. **“Wait...”** Hands hesitantly reached up to brush against them, and when he did? He found them rubbing against nipples that felt *much* bigger than he was used to. There was no denying that, while not substantial in size... **“Boobs!?”** This time the voice crack felt a little more *warranted*.

Even though these were much more obvious though, Ren was unaware of just how substantially a root of femininity had taken hold. Because if he had taken the time to recall, it had been around more than just the B-cup breasts that were buried under his clothing. After all, a similar weightiness had seen to it that the fit of his plaid uniform pants were wrapped more tightly around his flesh, with his ass swelling slightly fuller and rounder, and his thighs following a similar trend.

All the while, his facial features had been smoothing out towards the feminine. Not to the extreme where he no longer looked like himself, but

it was more like the young man had begun to look more like himself... had *she* been born a woman instead. “**AHHHH!?**” And with a feminine scream, that *finally* became the case – for his cock and balls ceased to exist after a sharp tug, hands reaching down to feel a flattened front.

“**There’s no way! I’m a woman!?**” Even the sound of her voice now spoke this truth. However, if she was in the mindset that she was *merely* undergoing a magical sex change, then she was incorrect. Other unusual things had begun to occur now that this sex had been tampered with, and if you were to gaze upon Ren’s hair in that moment it would be fairly obvious what one of those things *was*.

After all, the roots of her hair had become a different color than the rest of it. They were a dark blue, almost sporting a violet hue under the light of the sun, and before long this color had stretched all of the way to the tips of each strand. Once *that* had been accomplished? Her hair lengthened, locks slithering while the volume thickened and it all eventually spilled about halfway down her back. “**My... hair?**”

She had noticed the growth, and fingers that were now smaller and thinner, not to mention sported manicured nails, reached up to pull some forward. But looking at it beneath the bangs that now framed her face? The girl was not shocked by them. Their color and consistency, the care that had been clearly been put into them? The sight of her hair filled her with a sense of *pride*.

As she gawked, the eyes that were doing the gawking themselves shifted. Their shapes widened to bear more of a resemblance to a girl of Caucasian descent, and the color of her irises between lengthier lashes shifted to a crimson red from their usual brown. It was all part of a wider sweep of changes that rendered the boy’s face rounder and cuter, with plump lips and a tiny nose – and even left her looking a touch *older*, perhaps around the age of twenty.

But at the same time, this meant that she no longer looked like herself.  
Or, well, her *old* self.

Passively, Ren’s posture had shifted from that of a stocky boy that was unsure about his situation to something more confident. How could she not be confident? *I look so good, after all!* Maybe it was ironic that this thought accompanied a drop in height that shaved *four inches* off her stature? Still, she was naturally pretty with her face and hair the way they were. *Even better than my sister!* ...Since when had she had a sibling?

It was just that the *rest* of her body had yet to catch up. But it did, and with little pause for her to process it. Because the subtle curves she’d

already earned when she had changed into a woman in the first place? Well, they were amplified *dramatically*.

In tandem with each other, both her tits and her ass began to swell exponentially. But despite how *obvious* this was, Ren didn't so much as bat an eyelash. Instead that confidence she had been gradually developing seemed to blow through the roof to the point of '*Well, of course my tits are massive and my ass is huge?*'. So why bother caring about their emergence so much? And she certainly hadn't been *wrong*.

The white turtleneck she was wearing as part of her uniform was *torn through* by the weight of her tits, which expanded to a size where either breast rivaled her head in size. But despite the fact that they seemed to break free of the shackles of her uniform, they were still clad in *something*. A yellow bikini top that must have affixed itself earlier in her transformation, for it just barely covered her erect nipples.

Meanwhile her ass practically exploded out of her pants, cheeks shining as the blew through even her boxers. Yet similarly to the bikini top that had appeared above, a yellow bikini bottom had been tied around her hips. One featuring a cute little chick on the ass crack. Her thighs burgeoned so much that the plaid cloth had hole after hole poked through it, but before long the scraps of the uniform disappeared so that she was *only* wearing the bikini. Well, with some white thigh highs, shades, and with her hair pulled into twin tails.

**“I cannot believe Maestrale hit the ball this far away from the net. I've wasted *far too much time searching for it.*”** The ball that the woman had dropped over the course of her transformation had been returned into slender fingers once more, but it seemed that she had no recollection of the 'original' reason it had ended up there. Instead her mind now remembered something else. Playing volleyball a ways down the beach with *other* Ship Girls when one of them had hit the ball *much* too far.

And that was exactly what *Pola* was. A Ship Girl, a young woman modeled with the abilities of a battleship – which might have sounded absurd, but it was a completely reasonable thing to say where she came from. She gingerly dusted the sand off the ball before holding it to her sizable bosom, which





was actually larger than the ball itself. “**Ah well, I’ll just have to teach her a lesson when I return the serve!**”

Pola’s overwhelming pride was, well, *classic Pola*.

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The circumstances that Makoto had woken up to were hardly different, but she *had* awoken farther down the beach than Ren had – something she immediately took stock of, seeing how notable his absence was. “**This... can’t be real.**” It certainly was too realistic to be a dream, but it also wasn’t the Metaverse. Her phone wasn’t present, nor was she dressed up like Queen. This was something *else*. The issue was that she didn’t have any context for what that something else might actually be.

Uncertain, she began to walk a little ways down the beach while wondering if she should remove some clothes considering it was so hot. Lost in thought, she wasn’t really looking at where she was going, and eventually? She *tripped*. “**Ah!?**” Fortunately she caught herself before she fell, but looking back as socked feet found their footing again? “**How did I not see that surfboard?**”

It was so *big* and *red*. Was she blind?

Makoto shook her head. She had never been surfing in her life, yet what was this strange compulsion to *try*, and at that very moment? She didn’t have time for that, she had to find Ren! And yet taking step after step away from the surfboard, she found her journey... was taking longer than she imagined it might have taken. “**Hm?**” Not only that, but did her cardigan and skirt feel a little loose? Her tights a little bunched up?

The teen froze in her tracks and looked down, finding her eyes *much* closer to the ground than they had ever been. At least not *since she’d been a child*. But realistically that was more or less along the lines of what had been happening to her as she had tried to walk away. Her height had gradually been diminishing, and with time she had dropped all of the way down to 4’8”.

But her height had only been a small part of it, because otherwise she would have appeared very *unusual* proportionately. And so other than the length of her limbs and torso, there had been regression applied to the young woman’s *proportions* as well. Her breasts, for example, which had once been on the heftier B-cup sizing at *least*, had now diminished

to the point that they were essentially *nothing* but small lumps atop her ribcage.

Similarly, all of the weight below her hips collapsed as those hips themselves narrowed. Her thighs became scrawnier, but were still a touch softer than the thighs of a boy, and her bum was robbed of any definition whatsoever. This all meant that tiny hands had been swallowed whole by sleeves that were much too long, and her skirt had fallen past her knees. **“HUUUUH!?”**

Makoto’s voice cracked into something much higher and more childish, but it really made sense considering she now resembled herself at the age of ten, eleven, or twelve at *most*. Everything about her was tiny now, and that included how round her face was with baby fat. There wasn’t a single speck of maturity to her appearance whatsoever.

**“Why am I so teeny tiny!? Why’m I talking like this? I sound like a little kid too!”** She felt energetic as she blabbered about aimlessly, which was a big change from how methodical she typically was with her words. Thus far Makoto seemed conscious of the fact that she had changed, but the more this energy built and the more childish she acted, the farther away her old memories seemed to become.

Streaks of silver had begun to emerge midst her hair in the meantime. Those streaks ultimately stood out not only because of their color, but because they were notably longer when compared to her brown locks, reaching down past her shoulders. But little by little the browner, shorter hairs were replaced, and ultimately the silver won the day.

That said, this wasn’t the only area where a change in color became apparent. Her almost red eyes below were soon very much *not*, with an ocean blue stealing away her irises. This occurred while the shapes of her eyes in the first place seemed to bear a more Caucasian aesthetic just as Ren’s had, though in her case they were much larger and more childlike. It was something that was made clear by minor other tweaks to her facial structure, so that she looked much more European without even a tinge of Japanese to her.

The girl blinked, evidently confused. **“Why’m I so— WHAAAAO!?”** Makoto’s clothing had struck her as odd not because it was so big, though that was part of it, but because they didn’t look like something she would wear? A burst of energy had stopped her from finishing her query about it though, because it had prompted her to trip over her leggings and fall face first.

As she fell though? Her uniform dissipated into nothing, exposing swimwear beneath and putting a sunflower ornament into her hair that lifted the left side into a tail.

**“Glub! Glub! Big siiiis!?”** Tripping again had ultimately been disastrous, but it *had* been the fault of her clothing changing into a school swimsuit so suddenly. The cloth had constricted and her legs had gotten tripped up, and before she knew it? *Libeccio* was face first in a shallow pool of salt water, crying out for her big sister once she managed to pull herself free. An energetic panic brought her back up onto her feet, but she was wriggling about with an excess of energy now.



Clearly the silver-haired child thought nothing of how she had just transformed. Or maybe it was that she had *forgotten* it had happened at all. In fact she could recall coming to the beach with her sister and some of the other Ship Girls! She'd brought a real big surfboard and was going to play with the birdies! **“Ah!? But I wanna build a lotta sand castles first!”** And off she ran. Eventually she would run into Pola, but now? Their relationship was completely different.

And just *who*, exactly, were these sisters the two had been thinking of?