

SKINTIGHT DE-LITE

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“Uhm...”

Have you ever ended up in a situation when you had *no* idea how you ended up in it, nor did you have any clue how to get out of it? Something that had been sprung on you with so little warning that you hadn't known how to respond? And then another party had taken advantage of just *how* off guard you had been taken? Maybe I should explain from the beginning...

Honestly in retrospect? Perhaps I shouldn't have been playing mobile games on my phone in the mall, especially one where the fanservice tended to be a little *excessive*. If you'd never heard of *Nikke*, it's a game that features hot girls with guns in a game system that made a point to exemplify their asses in the combat segments while being otherwise fanservicey just in general.

It wasn't like I had expected anyone to stare over my shoulder and see what I was doing! Especially since it was close to the mall's closing time and there wasn't really anyone around! But someone *had* been watching. A teenaged girl that worked at the nearby anime shop. “**Hey mister! Big fan of Nikke, huh? Why not come check out what we have inside?**”

The double whammy of being called ‘mister’ and being caught red handed playing a game of that nature had taken me off guard, and the next I knew it I wasn't just in the store. I had somehow been ushered into one of the changing rooms? Aside from selling anime merch the store also sold cosplay items, and they had said there was something they *knew* I'd love.

“Uh... You girls are taking a while? If it’s for cosplay, Nikke is a game with only girls in it right? And I don’t really have the figure for cosplaying or anything.” The silence had been alarming but not unexpected. Why did I feel like I was being made fun of? Not that it mattered; I probably deserved it for playing that game in public in the first place.

Thinking that I should *probably* just see myself out, I reached for the doorknob that would allow me to exit the changing room. **“Huh? Why is it locked!?”** The terrifying thought that those girls had just planned on leaving me locked in a changing room overnight came quickly. And if that *was* their plan, then they probably wouldn’t let me out even *if* I banged on the door. But the mall was still open! If I banged then there was a chance a customer would still hear me, right!?

HIIIIIIIIIISS!

Before I could even swing a hand at the door I finally became aware of a low hissing noise that filled the stall along with... what seemed like a pink mist? No, was this gas!? It smelled a little like bubblegum but what *else* could it have been? **“The hell!? Are you trying to kill me!? Let me out of here!”** For all I knew it could have just been some poorly executed prank. But I didn’t manage to pound on the door, largely because I could feel my strength *leaving* me.

“Don’t do... this!? H-Hey! My voice!?” I had tried calling out again, but the sound of my own voice immediately caught my attention. It was extremely *high*. Was there helium mixed in with this gas? Because that was the only thing I could really think of. Was this *legitimately* just some prank I was being subjected to? And yet at the same time I couldn’t shake the thought that maybe I’d heard that voice somewhere, and very recently at that.

I tried to cover my mouth and nose with my shirt to filter out the gas, but obviously that wasn’t working. I felt weak and *dizzy*, and the changing room was so thick with the gas that I could only just barely make out my surroundings. I hadn’t thought to look down at my body to check for anything concerning because, honestly, why *would* I have thought to? Gas couldn’t exactly inflict wounds or negatively affect the physical state of your body.

Too weak to say much else though, I hadn’t even noticed that this was *exactly* what was happening. I wasn’t exactly ‘thin’ by any measurable standard – or at least I wasn’t *supposed* to be. And yet all of the unhealthy weight that my body had put on both from age and poor

health habits melted away in its entirety. My gut dissolved, leaving my tummy not only flat but *toned*, and my arms and legs were left in a similar state. I, on the other hand, was finding it hard to even stand without support thanks to the gas' effects. I'd given up on trying to avoid inhaling it. It took all of my energy just to stay upright and conscious!

My head continued to spin and I felt like I was falling. But I was confused and my knees *hadn't* buckled nor had my feet left the ground. What I interpreted as falling was instead my body *shrinking*. Inch after inch was peeled off my height while my complexion became porcelain white in the meantime. My body felt increasingly *cold*, but that was once again easily chalked up to an effect of the gas.

Pants and boxers alike slipped from a smaller, slimmer waist. My dip in height didn't help because I was only 5'3" by the time the 'falling' sensation had subsided. That was at least enough for my oversized shirt to essentially work as a *dress* though, hiding my dick and balls that rested between my legs. "**Let... me...?**" The pink gas *did* seem thinner and I managed to croak out a couple of words. I had been so close to blacking out just a minute ago, but now my nearly frozen body didn't feel as heavy. My motion was slowly returning – clearly related to the *amount* of gas in the small room.

The color of my hair had lightened midst the pink mist, darker colors dyed a pale pink that looked like it might be faux. However? It was my *natural* hair color now. My eyebrows, pubes, and all of the body on my hair had taken on this same color, though in terms of body hair much of what I'd possessed had fallen out to leave my arms, legs, and face silky smooth *permanently*. The hair *atop* my head rebelled in this regard, it all lengthening and cascading down my back in messy waves while bangs better framed my face. It was a long and girlish hairdo, and it was parted in a way that made it seem like it was used to being styled in tails.

"Wait... Was the stall always this big?" I finally pushed off of the wall that I'd been using for support now that the dizziness and weakness were almost gone. It was then that I noticed my clothing situation and put two and two together. "**N-No, I got smaller!?**" Even looking at my hands! My fingers were small and dainty, and since when had my fingernails been so *manicured*? Taking a single step, my shoes stepped right out of footwear and socks that were much too big for smaller, effeminate tootsies.

I then noticed my hair, and fingers reached up to touch my face. It felt *wrong*. Where was my stubble? It was gone, and in fact my face had become smaller overall. Grazing my lips I could feel that they were puffier, but I couldn't see that they were pinker too. My cheeks were softer and squishier, and my eyes... My eyelashes weren't normally that

long, were they? If I'd had a mirror on hand I would have been able to see my irises change from a normal color to a pinkish red. "**I-I'm turning into a girl!?**"

That was what all of the signs were pointing towards, and my assertion was *immediately* proven by a sensation that could only be likened to being kicked in the nuts (without the pain). My hands shot down from my face to my groin, pressing against the area of my oversized shirt that covered my crotch. Much to my dismay my hands didn't grasp a dick nor a nut. Instead? My pelvis was flat, and my index finger reached up into something warm, moist, and *sensitive*.

"**N-No way, that's...**" Unfamiliar with the feeling, I shuddered violently and removed my finger posthaste. It was a woman's pussy. I didn't need to see it to know that. And my posture dipped only seconds later because my hips had widened, making way for the additional changes that came with a changed sex. My thighs bloated for one, skin turning shiny as they became about seven inches wide. Anything extra saw my ass bloat and lift my shirt behind me in a perfect, perky, bubble shape.

I gulped and touched both hands to either side of my chest. It had felt sensitive all of a sudden and the stimulation from accidentally fingering myself had left my nipples aching. But they were also *way* too puffy to be a boy's. I could see them plainly even *through* my shirt, and they become more obvious as weight build beneath them. Before long my manicured fingertips were pressing into a sensitive mass that continued to push against their pressure, a once flat chest jiggling into a pair of D-cup tits. I couldn't help but cup them out of curiosity, lifting and dropping their weight so they bounced.

But that bounce suddenly stopped as my outfit instantaneously changed into a pink, skin tight bodysuit with a hot pink upper jacket atop my breasts. White sneakers lifted me slightly, and a pair of pink headphones cupped my ears with cute little ear ornaments. As it had previously seemed, curled locks were lifted up into twin tails.

For how hot I'd felt throughout my transformation, the addition of the pink, skintight bodysuit that was now wrapped around my body actually *cooled* me down. "**No... No way!**" This all but confirmed what I had already pieced together. From my petite, maidenly appearance to my outfit and mannerisms, aside from my unchanged memories I was exactly like—

“Alice! You make a really cute Alice!” I’d had my small back turned to the changing room door and so I hadn’t even noticed that one of the two teenaged girls that were running the anime shop had opened it. I jumped a little and spun around, my expression naturally confused. **“Now we’re totally going to win that cosplay competition at the con next weekend!”**

I blinked. Something seemed to *click* after she had said this. I could remember the local anime convention was the following weekend and I had been planning on going with my friends...? Even though I was a high school graduate I was only a year older than them. My name was *Alice* and I looked exactly like her, so obviously my cosplay would be the best!



“Wait! Rabbit, what did you do to me!?” *Rabbit*? That was what Alice called the protagonist in *Nikke*. I was applying it to this girl who I subconsciously identified as my ‘*bestie-slash-girlfriend*’ now. **“My name is Alice! I’m not supposed to be a man! I’m a girl! A nineteen year old girl! –Ah!?”** Everything that I’d said there was *wrong*. It was the opposite of what I’d meant to say!

The teen simply smirked. **“Exactly, Alice! A nineteen year old girl and my girlfriend! And together we’re totes taking home that prize next weekend! Now let’s get you home! I bet you’re excited to see just how different your life is now!”** It seemed that in the end I really *had* walked into a trap. But as upset and disoriented as I was in the moment?

When I’d wake up the next morning I’d feel like it was all completely normal.

“I STILL DON’T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU EVEN DID THIS TO ME, RABBIT!”

“It’s a trade secret!”