

ONE HAPPY FAMILY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Birthdays were a complicated time for Axel, although it wasn't so much of a struggle as it was overly complicated. By his own admission he was *terrible* at gift giving, much less doing something like writing a card or even a meaningful message. Which was equal parts funny and sad considering he made his living off of writing in the first place. But here another birthday had come along, and he was stuck with the problem of trying to figure out what to gift.

“In another case of *if I only had more money...*”, he mused to himself while at his computer. While writing paid his bills, it certainly wasn't enough to give him much excess in the way of spending money. Enough to get a game here and there, but it mostly essentially went to bills and paying off debts from an era of his life where he spent money much more egregiously. **“It isn't like I could just pay for a trip to Japan, cool as *that would be.*”**

Checking his savings account, he probably couldn't even afford a *cake*.

**YOU REALLY SHOULD STOP MUSING THESE THINGS
ALoud, FATHER, I'M STARTING TO THINK IT'S
INTENTIONAL.**

A disembodied voice called out before something appeared in the corner of Axel's eye. A Japanese girl done up in a kimono. One with cat ears and a pair of cat tails that swished about behind her. He *immediately* closed his eyes. **“No, Hisa.”** But he knew full well that considering her personality, it was already *much* too late.

“Uh... What?” The eyes of the birthday boy himself, Joseph, shot open to find his surroundings to be not what they had been just a moment ago. He had been checking his emails when suddenly a flash of light had temporarily forced him to jam his eyes shut, and the next? He was sitting on a bed in what looked like a *girl’s room* considering how small the bed was and how *pink* the walls were. Not to mention the text on all of the cute posters about... *was that Japanese?* **“Did I fall asleep at the desk or something?”**

He could only wonder if he’d been watching too much anime as of late when a woman’s voice, muffled through the door, began to call. **“Kana-chan! Kana-chan! Time to wake up! It’s time for breakfast!”** Who was Kana-chan? ...Much less the person calling for her name? Joseph *should* have been alarmed by this. After all, he was in a stranger’s home, and a stranger whose language he didn’t really speak at that.

But instead of feel anxious or scared by this, he felt annoyed? *He had just woken up after all, so it was annoying that she was calling for him like that! And on his birthday to boot! “...Huh?”* Why had those thoughts and feelings crossed his mind? He didn’t know who was calling him, yet her voice was somehow... comforting? Idly, he reached for the phone beside the bed sheets he had pulled himself up from under, looking at it as normal even though the phone was pink. It took him realizing the top text was in Japanese to even realize. **“Why am I looking at a stranger’s phone like it’s mine?”**

Why had he been able to *unlock* it?

“This has to be some kind of weird dream after all, huh?” Too much made next to no sense for Joseph to continue believing this was somehow reality. He couldn’t have just suddenly been teleported to a Japanese girl’s room – he lived across the freaking world for crying out loud! And yet he was wrong. There *were* forces outside of his understanding, and he was no being subjected to their power. *Her* power.

In fact, those forces were already well at work, making changes that he had yet to notice and, perhaps, never *would*. To begin with, the young man’s health and fitness had begun to take a turn for the positive. Any excess to his body fat was drained away, leaving him lither and without any semblance of a belly beneath his shirt. Not to say that he had ever been obnoxiously large, but like many there had still been weight to lose. *Not any longer.*

Although in terms of loss, weight wasn't the *only* thing that was stripped from him. That said, what was additionally stolen didn't as easily go unnoticed. It was actually obvious enough that even the man himself could readily take note. After all, it completely affected his vision – or at least the angle through which he saw. “...**Huh?**” He had to wonder if he was seeing this in fact, because had the room somehow gotten larger?

Of course that *was* impossible, but what had actually happened wasn't really any *more* believable. Nonetheless he could feel it now. His loss of weight had *already* left a bit of extra space in his clothing, but now his shirt, pants, and boxers were becoming just downright *loose*. It prompted him to look down and, after raising an eyebrow, it finally clicked. “**Am I getting smaller?**”

The level of calm he made that remark with was, in a way, shocking in of itself. Shouldn't he have been more alarmed to find his body legitimately shrinking in size? After all, he'd dropped all of the way down to 5'1” after standing over the 5'10” mark initially. It was such a substantial, implausible – no, *impossible* – drop that he should have been completely flabbergasted. But instead?

Joseph was certainly surprised, but it also felt normal? Like this was the height he was supposed to be. “**Am I wrong in the head *righto nowu?***” He was still speaking in English too, but he had begun to pronounce those words strangely. Almost like it was his second language rather than his native tongue. *But maybe I was always this height? I'm afraid I've already stopped growing, actually...* His thoughts reflected the fact that change was affecting him mentally as well.

In actuality, the young man hadn't simply *only* been robbed of his height. There was a glow to his visage that was much more youthful, and in fact it had impacted his energy levels in a complicated way. He felt like he was teeming with energy, but simultaneously? “**YAAAAAWN!**” A yawn that was almost girlish and cute escaped his lips, the type of yawn you'd make shortly after waking up. But Joseph had been awake all day?

His face now reflected a boy in his late teens rather than the young man he had been, and it gradually began to appear even *more* youthful as time wore on. But not because he was getting younger – his age had been fixed at *eighteen*. Any additional youthfulness came courtesy of the softness that beset those facial features at the behest of an implied changing of *sex*.

Cheeks, for one, became significantly rounder and softer. That softness carried over to Joseph's lips as well, but they also took a fuller form at

day's end, while his nose flattened and nostrils flared a touch. The lashes upon his eyes danced longer, yet as irises soon took a striking red color? The shapes of his eyelids pinched in a touch until they bore more of a resemblance to the eyes of a *Japanese girl*. "**Nani?**"

Something had prompted him to question things again, but by this juncture he had already begun to speak Japanese without realizing. His voice was likewise much more effeminate and shriller, but also somewhat melodic. His question had come courtesy of his *bangs*, which not only now dangled over his right eye when they hadn't before, but had they always been silver? *They always have been, right? Even though my hair is such a striking color, boys still never notice me!*

Joseph's entire head of hair was silver, and it had grown to his shoulders with bangs swept to the right.

Pants finally slid from his hips, just narrowly missing a change that would have kept them upright – because his hips had swung a few inches wider, all while the mass of his thighs appeared to greaten in amount. Skin was pulled taut around the fat that built there in its youthfulness, and a beauty mark even appeared on the inside of his left thigh. Meanwhile, in the back? Hidden by the length of his shirt versus how short he had become, the cheeks of his rear obtained new abundance as they burgeoned into a plump peach shape.

And any semblance of *her* manhood was stripped away, forcing those new thighs to rub together. "**Eh!? Not this early in the morning...**" Speaking in Japanese though, she had mistaken the feeling for a bout of arousal in her loins. This changed sex was soon swathed comfortably by bright pink panties that had been fashioned from her boxers, while Joseph's shirt turned white and even baggier than before, though its sleeves drew closer to her narrowed shoulders.

The looseness of this shirt was very quickly highlighted by the advent of the final thing missing from her feminine form. Because until this point she had been without breasts, but *no longer*. In fact, it only took a moment before the sight of her engorged nipples could be seen pushing forward against the shirt's base, indicating she was not wearing a bra. After several bounces and jiggles, they were fully formed into a pair of impressive DDs.

"Ugh... Why is mom so persistent on my birthday of all days!? I was up late talking to Saki-chan about Miyamoto-kun... Can't I sleep in on my birthday?" *Sakuraba Kanae*, referred to



as 'Kana-chan' by her friends and mother, slid on her slippers at the foot of the bed once clarity returned to her mind. She let loose a final yawn, metaphorically expelling the remaining remnants of her past life. "**Oh, can't forget my phone!**"

She shuffled back to her nightstand table, each step in her oversized t-shirt and pink panties completely natural to her because, well, why wouldn't it be? She was turning eighteen, she was in her last year of high school! Exams were coming up and she *really* wanted a boyfriend, her concerns weren't much more complicated than that!

...But she really did wonder what her parents had gotten her for her birthday. Was it a car!?

"**Oh god.**" Rewinding time a bit, Axel was surprised (yet simultaneously *not*) to find himself suddenly standing in an unfamiliar kitchen. He knew the patterns of how his omnipotent nekomata creation worked, and this had all of the hallmarks of it. He didn't even need to dig a little deeper to understand where he was. "**She sent me to Japan, no doubt.**" But *also* knowing her, it was undoubtedly *not* going to be your standard vacation. After all, he was clearly standing in someone's home.

My home.

The thirty year old man shook his head. "**This isn't my home... Ugh, so she's already...**" He knew full well that it was pointless to resist, but he wasn't going to give Hisa the satisfaction of making a big deal about it, either. It was a fine line to walk, but one he'd had the displeasure of having to walk more than a few times now. This humble Japanese home? Well, considering how things were trending? It would soon be his. And he imagined he wouldn't be fulfilling the role of its owner as he was. In terms of identity *or* of sex.

Not unexpectedly, the latter was tackled first. Because Axel's body lurched forward at the sensation of the fellow that rested between his legs being tugged away. He didn't need to look or reach a hand down to the front of his jeans to check, because *she* knew what the answer was. "**And I'm a woman.**" There was no semblance of shock in his voice about it, but even saying it... He didn't feel that *mad*? He almost felt *comfortable*. "**Ugh...**" And that was according to her plans too, he imagined.

Axel's transformation was quick to hit many of the same notes that Joseph's did, but not exactly in the same order. Her sex changing first had *already* demonstrated that, and now her body was shedding it's

extra weight at an exponential rate. But unlike with Kanae it wasn't *all* of her weight. Her skin was left loose around her tummy, giving her a slight gut that hung over her pelvis, and there was certainly some jiggliness to her arms and legs that suggested maybe the firmness of youth would not come for her.

And that did ultimately appear to be the case, looking at her *face*. It did take a notable turn for the feminine, face overall rounder and cuter. Her nose *did* shrink, and her lips swelled *gratuitously* plump as a beauty mark appeared underneath them on the right side. Her eyes may have turned blue and been reshaped towards Japanese as well, but there was an obvious resemblance between this face and Kanae's. But what had taken a stark departure between the two was its indicators of age.

The skin on her face, much like it was elsewhere on her body, looked a touch too loose. And in the corners of her eyes? Crow's feet were evident, speaking to an age that was most certainly past the age of forty – which was still at least ten years older than Axel was meant to be. Had she examined her pussy once it had formed, she might have realized it showed all of the signs of once having experienced *childbirth* as well.

“*Atashi...*” Her head felt foggy, and a singly Japanese word was uttered in a voice that was both comforting and soft as the woman attempted to piece together an increasingly fragile ego. Her dark hair lightened to silver in the meantime, bangs similar to Kanae's in the front, but in the back falling loosely to the base of her spin while locks at the sides curled. *Was I doing something important? I need to... wake her up?* Of course I do! She didn't even know who *she* was, and yet... “*Kana-chan!?*”

She shouted a name unprovoked, idly covering her plump, soft lips with long, slender fingers that had small patches of cracked skin as if she was confused as to why she had yelled that name. Why *had* that confused her? All the while, inches were shaved off her height so that she was now 5'6", a far cry from the nearly 6' height that was normal for Axel.

Lost height was oh so promptly made up for in other areas, as the tee she had been wearing was anxious to demonstrate. A slight and unprompted moan crossed her lips a moment because her nipples had begun to rub sensually against the grey shirt she had been wearing. Those nipples were several inches wider *and* longer than they had been before, and yet even then were still paltry compared to what grew *beneath* them. The base of her shirt was lifted clear up as G-cup breasts shaped themselves fully, their weight sagging due to her age yet still remaining incredibly attractive considering their girth.

“*These things always give me back problems, but my love enjoys them, so...! Oh my, why am I having such lewd*

thoughts today of all days?” She had placed a hand on her cheek and tilted her head like a cliché housewife, but realistically... There was no denying that this was her fate. Her ass and thighs grew into new abundance below, but they weren't as excessive as her breasts were – but were just as loose seeing as she was a middle aged mother.

What brought the entire look together was a change of attire. Boxers became white panties, and while she wasn't wearing a bra? Her top became blue and her pants became a black skirt. An apron – yellow on top but like a maid's apron over her skirt – was adorned. *Her favorite apron that she always wore when cooking for her loving family!*

“Kana-chan! Kana-chan! Time to wake up! It's time for breakfast!” She had initially been shy about doing it, but now *Sakuraba Miyako* wasn't shy *at all* about calling up to her daughter's room on the second floor. This was, of course, the calling that Joseph had heard that ultimately triggered his own transformation into her daughter.

For the first time since she had started calling, Miyako finally heard some movement from Kanae's room. **“Good, that means I can get her special birthday breakfast ready!”** Kanae really liked American-style waffles, and so she'd bought a waffle maker about a year ago to treat her daughter on special occasions. She wasted no time getting all of that together and set up, and before long the daughter in question finally came down, still sleepy-eyed and disheveled in terms of pajamas.

“Okaa-san? I really wanted to sleep in...” The daughter whined, but her lips turned up into a smile after seeing the waffle maker out. **“Waffles!?”** This reaction prompted a giggle from the mother. Oh how easy it was to goad a cute reaction from her daughter with a favorite food. Even though she had turned eighteen now, it seemed that some things remained unchanged. They always grew up so fast, didn't they?

“Mhm, waffles for the birthday girl! Happy Birthday, sweetie!” Once Kanae drew close, Miyako pulled her into a hug, and the daughter naturally blushed. Why was her mother always so embarrassing!?! Even her father could often be seen shying away from how affectionate his



wife was! It was extremely embarrassing going out with her in public, too!

Still, Kanae smiled and hugged back, allowing her face to dig into her mother's warmth. **"Thanks, okaa-san... But when are we doing gifts?"** Straight to the point as always, but she had an inkling. *She* was on break, but her dad had undoubtedly gone to his office job. **"When otoo-san gets home?"**

"Mhm!"

But the owner of this house was sure in for a shock when he got home from work to learn he now had a wife and daughter that loved him so much. Since when had he even gotten married!?