

ADOPTIONSSSSS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ci-ssi-a!?”

Belle cried out, knowing that the woman whose name she'd called probably wasn't within earshot to hear her. Or, if she was, she would likely be hiding away to avoid the repercussions of her own actions. Either way, the half-owner of Random Play couldn't help but sigh as she began to pick up a *plethora* of wrappers that had been left strewn about her bedroom. All of them empty, and all of them from the secret supply of snacks she had stashed away for the express purpose of Cissia *not* finding and eating them all.

Alas, with her sharp sense of smell, it seemed like she'd have to figure out a more *comprehensive* approach for future snack stashes. This had unfortunately become a common occurrence. The two siblings of Phaethon had let the snake Thiren stay with them one time, and now there was a recurring trend of her sneaking in and sleeping in their beds when they were out or otherwise going through and eating their things.

Wise was still mourning that limited edition pudding he'd been saving,
and now Belle felt his pain.

Just moments after she had put everything away and sat down on the couch in her bedroom, her phone had rung. **“Severian?”** The Senior Commissioner of NEPS and Seth's older brother. He was a very *stern* individual who she had become acquainted with *through* Cissia. He was in charge of her and considering her wild personality she could understand *why* he'd been assigned to be her keeper in the first place. **“Is this about Cissia?”** She asked him directly when she accepted the call.

“Correct. She was at your place again, right? No need to answer. We have a tracker on her. She’s still there somewhere.” So, she *was* hiding somewhere in the building. Good to know. Severian didn’t give her a moment to chime in just yet, however. **“I’m just calling you to give you some *advice*. Please don’t baby her too much. I imagine that’s why she keeps heading over there. You need to be stern.”**

Why was she suddenly being lectured like a new mother that didn’t know how to take care of her child? **“Um... Okay? But I’m not her mom, you know? It’s not exactly my place to tell her how to live her life. She’s a grown woman!”** While she didn’t know the Thiren woman’s *exact* age, she had been assuming that it was around her own age group of the mid-twenties at most. As a little sister, she was pretty sensitive to the idea of people treating others like children when they weren’t.

Even though she kind of understood *why* he was treating Cissia that way. She *was* annoyed, but she wasn’t about to treat her like a little girl that wasn’t capable of making her own decisions. She’d treat her like an adult that had made a mistake *as* an adult. **“Please. I didn’t mean any offense by that.”** Severian’s voice came through loud and clear on the other side. He clearly hadn’t expected any pushback, which made her think it wasn’t just his opinion alone that had led to that phone call. **“Regardless, have a nice day and please let me know the cost of any damages she’s caused.”**



“Right... Will do, bye!” He’d hung up on Belle before she had even managed to say her goodbyes. **“He’s... pretty rude sometimes, huh?”** It was possible that he had felt bad and hadn’t known how to end the conversation, but he still had to think a little more about how he was coming off. Was Cissia really that much of a pain point for him? **“...Wait a second.”**

After hanging up, the woman had been fiddling with her phone. She only wanted to check Interknot quickly, but a text message popped up on her screen instead. *Need parenting tips? Then click on this link!* **“I don’t need parenting tips! I’m not a mom!”** Who even was the sender? Opening the popup, it had come from a number that she didn’t even recognize. It was probably just *spam*, but it was some pretty ill-timed spam if so.

Or, after overhearing her conversation with Severian, Fairy had decided to play a little prank on her. She was *kind* of right, but it wasn't Fairy that had overheard her it. It was a hidden away remnant of *Youkai* that had decided to take advantage of the situation to his own ends. But simply sending her a text message wasn't the full extent of this plan. It required her *opening* the link in the text message, which she probably wouldn't do on her own, so...

“Hey!? I don't think I *clicked* that, did I?” Even though Belle had tried to *delete* the message, the link had opened in a new window anyways. She even tried to close it *as* it was opening to no avail, but what it did open was— **“Oh, this is *totally* a scam page.”** It was just a blank, white page with the word ‘MOM’ on it in big, black text. Was it a hyperlink? She was only assuming it was. She definitely wasn't going to click *that* to find out. But she also didn't need to. Because the next time she tried to close it?

She felt a sudden zap.

“Yeouch!?” In the end, she had been so surprised by it that she had ended up dropping the phone on the floor with a thud. Had that been caused by a jolt of static electricity? Modern phones were pretty grounded, so she didn't consider the possibility that it might have been some kind of malfunction. Static felt like the most plausible explanation, even though it wasn't usually something she experienced in Random Play... and even though it far more commonly happened in the wintertime.

She bent down to pick her phone up but found herself stopping just inches short of touching it with her fingers. But it was the fingers that she was reaching out with that had given her pause. **“Uh... Huh?”** The lengths of those fingers *were* longer than she remembered them being, right? No, just as striking was the length of their *nails*. She usually kept them trimmed enough, but they now reached several inches *past* her tips and were painted with a dark silver.

In that moment, she put the thoughts regarding her phone aside and stood once more so she could more comfortably examine the differences. The skin around her fingers... it was hard to describe, but it all appeared slightly more *worn down? Aged?* **“That... That's not right. But how is that even possible? It's almost like— EH!?”** Belle had been so concerned about her hands that she'd been taken *entirely* off-guard when her body underwent a far more dramatic shift.

And her hips suddenly flung roughly *five inches* wider. It was so sudden and so dramatic that her knees buckled harshly with her feet still positioned in the same places on the ground. It took her a moment to

adjust her feet to undo it, but it was so dramatic that the sides of her skirt were forced up, teasing the base of her panties as fabric begun to dig into her flesh. Seconds later? The sleeves of her shirt tore at their hems because her shoulders had broadened similarly. **“H-Hey!? Wise!? Sweetie!?”**

All things considered, Belle had been Wise to try and call for some help in that moment – even if it was unfortunate that no one could *hear* her call for it in the first place. If anything, it just made the young woman *more* alarmed. *Why did I just call my brother ‘Sweetie’!? But hm... A brother? Since when did I...?* Why was this such a confusing topic for her all of a sudden!?

The fitting of her clothes was already ruined by her wider gait, but she was quick to realize that it was a *growing* problem. Because, well, *everything was growing*. The Proxy had been so distracted by her shoulders that it took a moment to click that her widening hips had only been the *start*, and that the surrounding flesh had begun to fatten once that mantle had been formed. Her thighs did swell several inches thicker, somewhat filling the widened gap between her legs now that her hips were so wide.

But compared to her *ass*, the swell of her thighs had been lackluster at best. At most, her thigh growth had pushed the legging of her left thigh down, but when it came to her *skirt* and the fat pooling within it? The damage done to it was *far* more severe, especially with her hips already so wide. The back of the skirt was flipped up, and the tense sides of the skirt tore as her ass bloated into a supple heart-shape that was ripe for the grabbing. Well, if she’d *let* anyone. Her undergarments were uncomfortably wedged into her ass crack before long, but rather than overreact?

Belle idly reached a manicured finger down to pick it out. **“Hm... Should I not feel more concerned about this?”** Concern about *what*, though? *My daughter seeing me with my ass out?* **“Wait... Daughter?”** While that was certainly a point of confusion worth dwelling on, had she really not heard the difference in her own voice? It was deeper. Sultrier. More *mature*. Well, she certainly had the fat ass of a more *mature* woman.

And it wasn’t even *the* fattest part of her body. No, not her stomach – although her belly *did* bulge into a small paunch that was suggestive of this age, paler as all of her skin was suddenly losing its color. Rather, it was the bosom *above* this little tummy bulge that was burgeoning, mass rapidly overwhelming the fit of her bra, but forcing the cups underneath her tits as her shirt was pulled up from below rather than snapping the strap in the back outright. **“Whoa?”** It *was* surprising, right?

So, then why did she sound more *delighted* than anything? Delighted to grow a pair of fat tits that usurped her own head in size but ended up flopping somewhat even with the resistance her undersized shirt provided. This, too, was a sign that she was older than she had been before she had been zapped. But as she cupped those boobs with her slender fingers? She wore a smirk upon a pair of lips that not only swelled thicker but found a silvery blue paint spread across them.

“I’m confused. Moreso about what I was confused about before than anything?” Was her body *changing* or something? She examined it with eyes that pinched in size wise in the corners, with lashes longer and thick with mascara as her irises began to glow yellow. They were clearly the eyes of a woman of *Japanese* descent, and her face structurally shifted to match, lips aside. A shorter nose with wider nostril didn’t impede upon her growing beauty, nor did her shorter and thinner *silver* eyebrows. But its more ovular shape was cursed with subtle signs of age, like vague dimples and Crow’s feet.

Rather than a woman in her twenties, she looked more like a woman in
her *forties*.

Just as the pupils in Belle’s eyes stretched into almost serpentine slits, the roots of the woman’s hair were *bleached*. Not to blonde or anything like that, but instead the same pale silver that her eyebrows had already inherited. It whisked through her blue mane rapidly, but then ultimately committed to more. More *length*, that is. Because her short bob crept longer and longer, with the hair spilling down her back behind her while long bangs were swept over her right eye. These locks smelled fragrant and were clearly well taken care of.

“If anything, aren’t I a little *short*?” Looking down at herself, was that *really* the main problem she should have been focusing on? Well, it was true that her height had remained unchanged until that moment, so had she then wished it into existence? It *seemed* that way, because her 5’3” stature rapidly *elevated* no sooner than she had uttered as much, limbs and her torso stretching as her eye level rose all the way up to 5’8”. By this point? Her shirt *barely* covered her tits, and her ass was practically all the way out. You could even see that her pubes had grown bushier and taken the same silver hair color.

While her feet were now a little too large for her socks.

That said, she didn’t even *need* to wish for a change of clothing. One was provided to her well before she could even properly ruminate on her outfit situation. It happened so suddenly that the relief was immediate, because she was dressed in a grey, form-fitting dress that barely reached

past her pelvis with only black, thigh high leather boots on her legs. A white fur coat hung off her shoulders, with the left shoulder and upper breast completely exposed by the dress's design and the golden clasps that ran down that side. A black choker wrapped around her neck, with an ornate earring hanging exposed on that ear. Otherwise? The arms of her coat were wrapped with gold and black and from which belts with golden ornaments dangled.

All chosen by her *impeccable* fashion sense.

The tall and attractive, *older* woman reached down to pick up the phone that she had dropped only a minute prior, unaware that the phone was not only a different color, but an entirely different *model* than the one she had been carrying before. Well, the concept of 'before' only really mattered if she recognized what had happened to her, right? But *Mrs. Snake* had no recollection of a life lived as belle. She was simply a mother renting out a room in Random Play with her daughter.

“Strange... Why do the past few minutes feel like such a blur?” Things like that happened as you got older though, right? She ended up shrugging it off and looking back at her room. **“It seems that my darling daughter has been up to her old tricks, hm?”** Mrs. Snake *could* remember her own stash of goodies being raided, as she was reminded when she stepped back into the bedroom and glimpsed into the trash.



That said, the room was *completely* different. The couch was gone in place of a second bed, with all of Belle's things replaced by more mature belongings. Even the closet was full of clothes and *undergarments* that not only suited the older Thiren woman's fashion sense, but the size of her ampler curves as well. If she recalled, she was due to help watch the store later that day, right? It was part of the contract she had with the owner, Wise, for renting a room.

A shame that her daughter was more adverse to actually living up to their end of the bargain.

But speaking of... “**Eh!? Who’re you!?**” A familiar voice at the door prompted Mrs. Snake to turn her head, where her eyes fell upon her blonde-haired daughter. “**This isn’t Belle’s room? And you’re not... You’re not my mom, right?**” If that was the case, then why had the thought even come to mind? She wouldn’t have had any reason to think that she was her mother, right? But... she *was* her mother? “**WAIT A SECOND! SOMETHING ISN’T RIGHT!**”

Cissia didn’t even afford her ‘mother’ an opportunity to explain, not that she had the ability *to* explain when everything seemed normal to her. If anything, it was her daughter that was acting strangely! While reality *had* changed, it hadn’t quite taken with Cissia just yet. Perhaps because she was the closest person *to* Mrs. Snake in this new reality. Or perhaps because she was, with no offense intended, *not the brightest*. “**Oh. Hm... That was odd...**” Her darling daughter *did* act out strangely sometimes though, and this must just have been one of those instances!

After all, what else could it be?