

GOLDEN WEEK

MAY 2026 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Woohoo! Golden Week, baby!”

“Cissia... New Eridu doesn’t even celebrate Golden Week. Did you get scammed?” Wise lifted his attention from the newspaper he’d been reading in the backroom of Random Play to look over at the snake Thiren that had crashed in through the door while carrying a trio of paper bags. He knew *what* Golden Week was because the woman had been talking about it nonstop. It was an old Japanese holiday week at the end of April that ran into the beginning of May. But unfortunately? With New Eridu being the last civilization left on the planet, it was one of those holidays that had fallen through the cracks.

It was the week it would have fallen on normally had it still existed, and this actually wasn’t the first time he had heard Cissia talk about it. She must have stumbled on a page on the Interknot about it, because she had been going on about how cool it would be *to* celebrate it. **“Cissia... where did you even get those?”** Belle, Wise’s sister and co-owner of Random Play, had been sitting on the couch in the same room when she’d noticed what the snake was carrying.

“Hey!? Why’d the two of you basically say my name the same way!? Don’t tell me you’re... *doubting me!*?” But that was *absolutely* what they were doing. Cissia had a penchant for getting herself into trouble. Her name might as well have been synonymous with ‘problem’ sometimes. But so long as she had wasted her *own* money on whatever was in those bags, then the Phaethon siblings weren’t going to concern themselves with it too much.

Unfortunately, Cissia had a habit of making her problems into *everyone's* problems, even if she didn't intend on it. Because what happened next was a strange *glow* from the bags she was carrying until, all of a sudden? Wise's paper fell to the ground and the clothing the three were wearing collapsed into piles where they had been sitting or standing. The room was left *completely* empty.

Well, aside from one white snake slithering around.



“Uh... Where am I?” Wise asked a fair question. He definitely wasn't sitting where he *had* been. In fact, he wasn't even in *Random Play!* It looked like he was in a college dorm room? One done up with red wallpaper, red furniture... Enough to make him think that whoever lived there *really* liked the color red. There were more pressing concerns beyond the stylistic choices however, namely that it was clearly a girl's room and he was *naked*. **“Uh...”**

There couldn't have been worse circumstances for him to find himself in, really. If someone walked in at that moment, he one hundred percent would have looked like some sort of weird pervert. It didn't get any better when he glanced out the nearby window to realize *where* he was. He was in the girls' dorms at Celestia School for Girls – the same school that Alice attended.

Wise looked around for something, *anything* that could have helped him out. But that was when he noticed it: a familiar paper bag on the single bed in the dorm room. **“Wait... Isn't that one of the bags that Cissia was carrying?”** There *had* been that light. Was it all related? But he didn't get a chance to check inside, at least not before he noticed that something was *amiss*.

He'd only looked down at himself for a brief moment, but that had been enough time for him to wonder if his chest appeared *puffier* than it should have? **“What's...?”** He touched one of them with his hands, only to shudder uncomfortably. Why was it so *sensitive*, and his nipples were so *full* and *puffy*. **“Am I having an allergic reaction or something?”** He couldn't think of a better explanation for what was in front of his very eyes, but he ultimately removed his hand. After all, a naked man *touching himself* in a girl's room wouldn't have been any better of a sight.

“I wonder if there’s any medication I could take in this room...” *Nah, I don’t keep allergy meds handy.* **“Oh, right... Wait.”** How exactly had answered his own question there? He hadn’t even bothered to look, and yet he just *knew* there weren’t any to be found? That was incredibly strange, and yet it was hardly the strangest thing that was going to happen with him over the next few minutes. In fact, something stranger was happening to his body at that very moment.

It was making it so that Wise felt *weaker*, but he didn’t really think much of it with everything else going on. Had he bothered to look down at his body again, he might have noticed that the muscle that his body had built, meager as it was, had been softening away into weakness while the body hair across his torso and limbs was shaved away. He was still thin, but he certainly wasn’t *strong*.

Only once that process had completed did something far more blatant transpire; something that couldn’t *possibly* be ignored. **“H-Huh!? Wait a second!”** The man was struck by an imbalance, and one that’s cause was fairly blatant all things considered. The room grew bigger around him, but he wasn’t so inept to actually believe that this was actually the case. He’d watched enough movies that he drew the correct, albeit improbably conclusion that he was— **“I’m shrinking!?”**

And a fairly significant amount, too. It wasn’t like he was shrinking with any consistency, like someone had cast a spell on him to turn him into a doll. No, his limbs and torso were shrinking in a way that was just turning him into a smaller *person*, with his hands and feet not just growing daintier, but the nails upon them becoming long and manicured. His waistline ended up dipping in beyond his shoulders and hips as he finally collapsed to about *4’10”*.

“Why is this happening!?” And by the time it had finished? One had to wonder how *old* he was. Age had peeled off of his facial features, instead making him look more like a *teenager* – one that could only be *eighteen* at oldest. But even when Wise had been eighteen, he hadn’t quite looked that... *feminine*? His lips slowly grew thicker and upturned, with a small nose and rounded eyes that were dyed crimson. Rounded cheeks helped him look more and more like a pretty young *lady*.

Which would have made sense when you took in his changed figure. Wise’s dick still hung between his legs, albeit smaller than before, but with all of his body’s muscles and height lost? The swollenness of his chest prior now made sense. They looked like *A-cup* breasts now, perky yet soft and sensitive, seeming larger than they had before considering his body was so much smaller. A similar weight soon padded his thighs

and butt, seeing them burgeon so that his rear end jiggled into a small but notable bubble, while thighs took on a bit more to bulge sensually.

The issue was that they were bulging against his cock. **“Mmn!?! Wait... Since when did my voice...? I totally sound like a...”** *Girl?* Well, the discomfort that her thighs had brought on soon subsided, if only because there was nothing for them *to* rub against. What remained of her cock soon flattened away, allowing a slit to appear beneath a bush of pubes that brightened with the same red that her eyes had developed. **“Wait... Why wouldn’t I sound like a girl? Duh. I am one?”**

The girl likewise sounded surprisingly *vapid*, but that didn’t seem to register. Whatever had changed felt *normal* to her, and she couldn’t see anything that had *yet* to change still. Her hair *had* remained unchanged, but it was possessed by red and soon lengthened to her shoulders, just before something *very* strange sprouted from her head’s top. A pair of *ears*? Her human ones were preserved, but a second pair unfolded, covered with red fur as they twitched like the ears of a *dog*.

And if there was any room for doubt? Well, the short and fluffy tail that emerged from above her ass certainly made it clearer. She was part *canine*, no doubt a *Thiren*. It wasn’t uncommon for them to have human ears, *and* the ears of whichever animal was in their DNA. But *she* knew that. She’d been one since birth after all.

“Tch. Guess I gotta close the blinds...” At nineteen years of age, *Aki Motohara* was a *canine Thiren* that attended Celestia School for Girls. That said, she *clearly* didn’t have the same demeanor that was expected of her peers. Everyone was supposed to act with manners and show off their more delicate sides. Meanwhile, Aki was walking around her room completely naked with the windows uncovered. She *really* didn’t care about being *classy*.



She closed the curtains in the end, worried about getting yet another citation on her record, before heading over to the paper bag where she pulled out what *she* remembered ‘purchasing’. **“Perfect! This Golden Week’s gonna be bomb!”** It was a golden bikini small enough to suit her petite figure. She was going to wear it under her school uniform in a sexy way, and it didn’t take her long to tie an open, white, collared shirt around the bikini top once it was on underneath a red sweater, while having her skirt disheveled and thigh highs that were a touch too small.

Her friend group was *really* going to give the faculty something to gawk at! The school placed a lot of emphasis on *preserving history*, and Golden Week was a part of human history! And there was an old fad where girls would dress up in golden bikinis, so... They were just respecting the school's wishes! **"They're totally gonna love this!"** Aki said as much, but realistically?

She was just lying to herself. She *knew* the faculty would *hate* it.



"Celestia School for Girls? How the heck did I end up here!?" Belle had ultimately found herself in a situation very similar to her brother's, but there *were* some minor differences. For starters? Whoever occupied the dorm room that she had found herself in clearly had no shortage of love for the color yellow, because it was all over *everything*! The other major difference was the pace at which the sister speedran some of her realizations.

The fact that she was *naked* was immediately obvious to her but being a woman herself, she wasn't *as* pressed about the idea that she was in a girl's room. Unethical as it was, she could steal something to wear if she really *had* to – a liberty that wasn't afforded to her brother. She *also* noticed the bag on the bed, but didn't really think *that* much of it? She was going to check, but not until she'd closed those curtains! Yet, by the time she had managed to do so?

The *fun* had begun.

It manifested differently in Belle than it had her brother, namely because the young woman didn't *need* to become female in the first place – she already was! But instead of taking that route? It seemingly targeted her femininity first and foremost, and she almost *instantly* recognized how this was manifesting. The issue was that she didn't have any context as to why. **"H-Huh?"** She was almost instantly taken off-guard by her posture being pulled forward because of an imbalance in her weight.

An imbalance that, at least at first, inconsistently targeted her *upper* body. Specifically? Her *breasts*. **"What in the world!?"** The Proxy knew her body well. She knew she had a pair of C-cups at max, which had always been enough for her since she was relatively short compared

to most of the women her age. The issue was that her bosom clearly wasn't *that* small any longer as she stared down at her exposed flesh.

“**My tits!?**” All she could do was crudely blurt out as she watched her mammaries expand, skin stretched by an abundance of flesh as her nipples swelled in size to keep pace. She *knew* it was indecent to do so, but for some reason she really didn't care even though she normally *would* have, and she ended up bringing her hands to *sink* her fingers into them, giving a shake to what soon amounted to a pair of jiggling *H-cup* tits that were so large you could make out her veins vaguely moving away from her rock hard nipples. “**What the fuck!?** *These are pretty hot!*”

It didn't escape Belle that she probably shouldn't have sounded *excited* about this prospect, particularly when she could hear it in her words *and* voice that she didn't sound like herself at all. But it didn't feel *bad*? *Why complain about a blessing like growing fatter tits?* It wasn't even *just* her tits that were benefiting from it, as her hips slowly pushed away from one another courtesy of a second helping of extra fat that targeted her body's lower half.

A plushness pulled the skin of her thighs until a glossy sheen reflected off of them, mass seeing them double beneath a bush of pubes that slowly lightened in color to *blonde* before being shaved away entirely. It was fed into her ass as well, with her rump ballooning to *thrice* its original size in a way that really made use of the width that had been granted to her hips. She ended up subconsciously shifting all of her weight over to one leg, and that subtle movement alone was enough to make her tits and ass jiggle and bounce a little.

Trashy. That wasn't a good descriptor for her body alone, because having an hourglass figure didn't make a woman dumb or slutty. It was an adjective better pointed at her *demeanor* than her body, because her mind had increasingly been becoming *unsavory*. She slapped one of the cheeks of her own ass with enthusiasm, for example, and groped at the opposite tit needily. “**Yeah. This body's fucking hot.**” Belle wasn't even saying this as if it was a *realization*. It was more like she was confirming something that had *always* been that way.

Perhaps that was why she didn't really blink when her eye level began to raise. A dorm room that now looked *very* familiar to her felt even more 'right' as she began to look upon it from up high, for her limbs and torso had slowly been inching upwards until she'd gained about *five* inches of height overall. She stood at 5'7" by the time it had stopped, and it distributed the new weight of her body a little more evenly without stealing away its sexual appeal.

Oddly? Despite the fact that she had grown taller, she didn't appear to be any *older*. It was actually the *opposite*, and her facial profile had grown more *youthful* even as it departed from what had made Belle into Belle in the first place. Her lips nearly *doubled* in their pout while her eyes narrowed into a *Japanese* gaze, her nose lengthened, and her cheeks became leaner. She looked closer to *twenty*, which meant she had slipped back in time approximately three years, give or take. But it was undeniable that she looked like a completely different person now. **"Hm..."**

Still groping herself, she looked about *her* room just as her blue hair began to liken. Much like her pubes, it inherited the same yellowish blonde as it spilled down her back, but a paler blue remained on its lowest layer even as it crept down to the base of her thighs. It was soon disturbed by a *tail* that emerged from above her ass, too long and fluffy to be a dog's. But the furred *ears* that sprouted from on top of her head made it clearer that the animal she had become was *slightly different* than a canine.

"I swear to god, they better have sent me the right size." *Mieko Itoh* left one hand resting on her hip as she strut right up to the paper bag sitting on her bed. Like Aki, she was a student attending the college that certainly didn't fit into the mold of what a model student should have been. She was a seductive gyaru *fox Thiren* that was only really in attendance because her parents had money and wanted to 'reform' her. But based on the contents of the paper bag? That wasn't going very well.



It hadn't taken her long to slide the golden bikini over her huge tits and ass before slipping on a look similar to her smaller friend's. The only differences were that her skirt was yellow, she wasn't wearing thigh highs, and the sweater hanging off her shoulders was black. Her fox ears twitched and her tail swished throughout the process. **"Oh, they are so lucky this fits!"** She mumbled to herself as she put the black choker around her neck and gloves on her fingers to complete the look.

Like Aki and their third mutual friend, they had something of a rep of being campus sluts on top of being delinquents. And considering it was an all-girl's school? Well, they were naturally *bisexual* or *lesbians* depending on the girl. It was the only way they'd end up getting any on campus after all! **"Guess I should totes meet up with Aki... I bet the other one will be late."**

Weird. Why couldn't she remember the third one's name?



“Uh... *Okay?*” Meanwhile, Cissia wasn't really thinking all that much about her situation in general. She'd ended up in some weird bedroom with a *lot* of blue on the walls and furniture, but she wasn't going to realize *where* she was. It was all a little too highbrow for a snake Thiren that had grown up on the streets of the Outer Ring. She'd never set foot on a fancy college campus like this one! All she cared about was that her paper bag was still with her! She'd paid a high price for whatever was inside! “**Where's Chalky!?**”

...She didn't know *what* was in them? As it turned out, no. She'd seen a shady booth trying to sell those 'Golden Week bags' with the tagline that purchasing them would 'give her the best Golden Week ever'. So, she'd bought one for both members of Phaethon along with herself and run home. And now she was very naked in a very blue bedroom. But before she could check inside?

Well, the fates of the other two already provided a blueprint for what was about to happen.

Although in Cissia's case? There wasn't a whole lot of work that needed to be done when it came to her figure. She already possessed large tits and a big butt, but her destined form simultaneously wasn't one where she would change much in that regard. “**I should probably get back to Random Play before the Proxies miss me too much!**” But Cissia *clearly* wasn't worried about any of that, not when she was so scatterbrained in the first place. She ended up barreling towards the door *even though* she was still completely naked. But in her defense? She'd forgotten about that teensy weensy detail anyways.

Even so, each step she took *towards* the door led to a shift in her body's weight, albeit slightly. Her naturally G-cup tits had shed a cup size, dropping down to F-cups that were at least rendered much perkier to compensate. But, as trends had already established, this perkiness did

come in part because her body was becoming *younger*. She had slid just out of her twenties into the age of *nineteen*, but this youthfulness didn't exactly show all that well on her face just yet.

Cissia ended up stopping just short of the door though, which was weird considering her prior enthusiasm. Equally as weird was what ended up coming out of her mouth, more-so due to the lack of energy behind it. "**Huh?**" She made the sound quietly and dryly, contrasting her usually explosive demeanor. She sounded confused and appeared just *as* confused, staring at the door handle for a time before turning away from it. "**Don't want to get in trouble. Don't need another misdemeanor.**"

While she could certainly get one from NEPS for walking around naked, it didn't sound like she was talking about anything quite *that* serious. It sounded like it was more likely to be mildly inconvenient than something that could potentially *put her out of a job*. Nonetheless, by the time she had turned around? The woman had begun to see the room more as *hers*, with all of the items inside following a similarly possessive line of thinking.

The woman herself didn't really think all that much of it though, just as she didn't think much about her thighs becoming a little fuller, her ass slightly jigglier, or her hips a bit wider to compensate for the added weight. Some of that weight had even made it into her belly, taking hardened muscle from all of her physical activity and melting it until it was soft and slightly pudgy. It wasn't *unattractive*, but she clearly wasn't as physically fit as she'd been before. Even though she *did* end up with the added benefit of growing several inches height wise.

"**Hm...**" Cissia drew closer and closer to *her* bed and the paper bag on top of it with an almost eerie calm – although that eeriness solely stemmed from the fact that it was so out of character. Even her expression had dimmed, although it was also subject to further changes to her face that stripped away her previous identity and began to implant a new one. This was accomplished in a number of ways, such as narrowing the shapes of her eyes so that she appeared to be just as *Japanese* as the other two, while her lips filled and her cheeks rounded. Her irises *remained* red, but they felt somewhat *empty* by the merit of her dim expression alone. She certainly *looked* the part of a nineteen-year-old more by this point, however.

An icy blue was quick to possess all of the hair upon her body not long after, pulling the hair atop her head up into a chin-length bob while the bush above her pussy was shaved away. Not even her *eyebrows* were spared from this, but ultimately it just made sense that they wouldn't be. Just like it would make sense that she too would grow a second pair of

ears atop her head, covered with the same blue but shorter than the fox's and pointier than the dog's. They were more akin to the ears of a *cat*, perhaps?

If there was any doubt about this, then the fate that ultimately befell her previously existing snake tail. It rapidly whipped about now that it was the only part of her old self that remained, rapidly shrinking both in length *and* thickness as scales were replaced by a light blue fur for the most part. By the time this process was completed, it was only about one foot long and four inches thick, with blue fur everywhere but the white-furred tip. Undeniably that tail of a feline.

Mizuki Onishi didn't really have much to say as she pulled out the golden bikini from the paper bag and put it on over her otherwise naked body, nor did she make a sound while putting on a uniform that matched the other two aside from her skirt being blue. Like Aki and Mieko, this cat Thiren had a reputation for being a delinquent slut on the college campus, but she was hardly as mouthy as the pair of them. "**Looks fine.**" That was the most commentary she could muster.

She'd rather her *body* do the talking, and so much of it was exposed that it most certainly *would*. As Mieko had assumed, Mizuki was in absolutely no rush to meet up with the other two once she had gotten dressed. She didn't mind playing along, but she could see the writing on the wall. They were going to get in *trouble* as they usually did, and it would all be very *noisy* and *annoying*. She just wanted to meet someone, have sloppy lesbian sex, and get on with her day.

Yet, it was hard to ignore the constant *vibrating* between her tits, where she had dropped her phone after getting dressed. It was definitely Mieko spamming her texts to try and get her to show up on time. "**Ugh...**" There went her plans to maybe try and take a nap first. Though it was her fault for staying up so late the night before.

