

A-MOO-ZING GF

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why did I say that?”

Joseph found himself in something of a predicament, even though it was a predicament *entirely* of his own making. He had a big family dinner coming up with people coming from all over to participate. Of course, this meant that those family members would be bringing their romantic partners, even those that were younger than him. Personally? He wasn't that pressed about being single. It wasn't the sort of thing he was interested in rushing, and he wasn't even *sure* if he'd have the time for a girlfriend even if he could find one.

But his family held a different opinion. Maybe it was natural to start worrying about someone's bachelorhood if they were still single by a certain age, but he was intermittently asked if he was seeing someone. Over and over. It was mildly annoying at best, but even *he* would be getting a little *too* annoyed after being asked enough times. **“Oh, yeah. I have one! She'll *totally* be at the dinner!”** When he'd said this? He was being sarcastic.

But the family member he had been speaking to had thought he was being serious. Before long it had become a rumor among family members, and by the day of the dinner? *Everyone* was under the impression that he would be bringing this mysterious girlfriend. **“Uh... I guess I should just come clean...”** Joseph hadn't learned of the expectation until he was at the dinner itself. It was at a somewhat fancy restaurant, and there had been a spot reserved beside him for 'Joseph's girlfriend'. After asking his cousin... Well, he'd learned the truth.

“I wish I had solution to this problem...!”

And while he'd be provided with one?

I couldn't possibly have expected that *I'd* be the solution.

“Oh...” A lot had happened all of a sudden. Or, well, maybe in terms of *surprise* factor, but I guess very little had *technically* happened? I hadn't really been doing much of anything, simply minding my own business when I had been struck by the unsettling realization that I wasn't where I shouldn't have been. In fact, I was no longer in a place that I could no longer *recognize*, and that was applicable in a multitude of different ways.

The first way was the most obvious one. I quite simply did not recognize the space itself. I was in a bathroom, that much was obvious. It wasn't the private bathroom of someone's house, but instead a public and well taken care of bathroom. Like the kind you'd see in like a movie theater or a restaurant – although I leaned more towards the latter based on how *clean* it was. There were a number of stalls, but no urinals, which could only lead me to one conclusion.

“Is this the ladies' room?” Because in no world did it look like where men would go to use the bathroom. There were beautiful marble counters with large mirrors. If it *was* the bathroom used by the opposite sex, then I was lucky that it was otherwise empty. **“I... should probably leave.”** And then figure out where I was. But somehow I felt like I wasn't even in the same *country* somehow?

One of the primary reasons I had that opinion was the *climate*. I could tell that air conditioning was being circulated through the room, so it *was* quite cool. But it was also strangely *muggy*? The part of the US that I lived in *could* be muggy in the summer but not only was it too early in the year for that to be the case, but there had basically been *zero* humidity when I had checked the weather like an hour before. Or... *two* hours before?

That was another thing. There was a clock above the mirrors, and it showed a time that was an hour later than it had been a second ago. I could assume that what had felt like a second to me had been an hour in real time, but that really didn't make much sense? I was intuiting that time hadn't actually passed. It was possible that if I was no longer in the same country, then I might not be in the same *time zone* either. So, I was possibly now much farther south in an entirely different time zone.

Which meant that the biggest question in the back of my mind was *how*? *Why* was also a good one, but there was too much about my

circumstances that was utterly unfathomable. I couldn't think of an explanation that wouldn't be filed under me dreaming, alien technology, or magic.

Technically that last option was the correct one if you considered wish-granting as *magic*? A star had streaked across the evening sky the moment he had made his wish, which was a fact that was otherwise unbeknownst to the both of us. He had wished for a solution to his problem, and that problem had required needing a *girlfriend*. So, the blueprint for this 'solution' had been drawn from his own memories... and would be enforced upon my very being.

Whether I was willing or not.

It began in a way that was immediately noticeable to me, but being noticeable didn't necessarily mean that it made any *sense*. Because all of my skin suddenly came on feeling *tight*, and that gradually led to my clothing feeling baggy. "Uh...?" Was it a problem with the climate? No, a different climate wouldn't cause that sort of thing. It wasn't until I pressed my hands against the front of my shirt that I actually recognized the issue... even if it felt more or less impossible.

"**A-Am I thinner?**" That definitely *felt* like the problem. There was still a softness to my tummy, but there seemed to be less and less of it until only a slight bump in the front remained. That was probably normal enough since I wasn't young anymore, but weight wasn't *just* lost there, either. My man boobs were gone, and my arms and legs were effectively weightless compared to how they had been before. No, maybe they were a little *stronger*?

Because beneath the fat of my tummy I could feel a firmness. Muscle? Then why didn't the rest of my tummy harden away? No! In the first place, this was all *crazy*! What sort of phenomenon could even explain what was happening to me in the first place? Because when I lifted my eyes for the first time in a few moments? I became aware that my losses weren't just isolated to my weight alone.

"**Wait...**" I had only been in that bathroom for a few minutes, but that had been enough time for me to get a sense of how *big* everything was. The issue was that everything looked *bigger*? I'd been so distracted by it all that I wasn't able to catch my pants before they slipped off my hips, but at the same time my shirt had gradually been falling lower, both slipping off one of my shoulders and reaching down past my thighs. These things were all related because— "**I'm *shrinking*!?**"

I had to ignore that crack in my voice, momentarily excusing it as a side effect of becoming smaller. And I really *had* become smaller. I was lucky

I had been wearing a t-shirt or else my sleeves would have swallowed my hands, and even now I could see that my hands themselves were smaller too. Small, with neatly trimmed nails upon fingers that looked a little more *calloused* than they should have been? My feet were left in a similar state, but my height must have dropped all the way down to 5'3" at most. *No, I'm totally 5'3"!* Oh, right!

It was kind of weird that I knew that for certain, but oh well!

This was all so *weird*, and I could only react to what I could see. “**Why is this happening to me? I’m so small, and... I kind of hope I’m cute!?**” I was taken off-guard by that hope, partially because of *what* I had said and the energy behind it, but also because I was communicated in a peppy voice that sounded like an adorable young woman’s voice. “**Oh!**” No, it wasn’t just a matter of *sounding* like one, was it!? After all, there’d been a tug between my legs like something had been taken. But that was weird! What could have been there? I’d always *been a woman*, after all!

Whether or not that was the truth, I certainly appeared to believe it! I had the face of one, didn’t I? My eyes rounded in that moment as a bright blue spread throughout my irises. Almost as if it was in service of making this a reality, my nose shrunk and my lips became supple, glossy, and full. Even my teeth subtly hardened and healed, returned a more youthful look and strength. *If you want to eat whatever you want, you need to take good care of your teeth!*

Strangely, though? As the color of my hair not only began to pale in color to a pastel pink but likewise spill down behind me as it thickened and lengthened, my thinned face no longer appeared *as thin* as it had when I’d originally lost all of that weight. The more I thought about eating something, the rounder they became until they were soft and chubby. But it wasn’t *just* my face where this was happening, either.

As my hair curled somewhat behind me, it eventually lengthened past my ass while a pink ahoge sprung up from the top of my head, above bangs that were layered to both frame my face *and* swing between my eyes. My shirt concealed what was happening *beneath* it as my hair crept lower, but my body was gradually becoming softer. Not ‘fat’, but ‘pudgy’. My arms appeared much softer for example, while that slight belly bump I’d been left with extended several inches that stood out all the more now that I was shorter.

But considering my changed sex? The weight that returned in several *other* regions was far more substantial. “**Oh!? Huh! What was I... I’m here on a date, right?**” Did I even care if my thighs and ass were thickening, though? I had been thinking about *food*, and *wrestling*, and

now my *boyfriend*! Even though I had been a straight man before? No, that's silly! I'd never been straight! Bisexual all the way!

My thighs and ass really *were* thickening though, and pretty *significantly*. The side of my oversized shirt had been afforded so much space, but now it was straining courtesy of my hips, which had been forced significantly wider. They had no *choice*, not when my thighs, now hairless like most of my body, had burgeoned to almost *five* times the size they had been after my weight loss. They were plush, abundant, and jiggly – the perfect lap pillow to pair with my full ass, which had lifted the back of my shirt after extending about five inches. The perfect *natural* pillow for me to sit on!

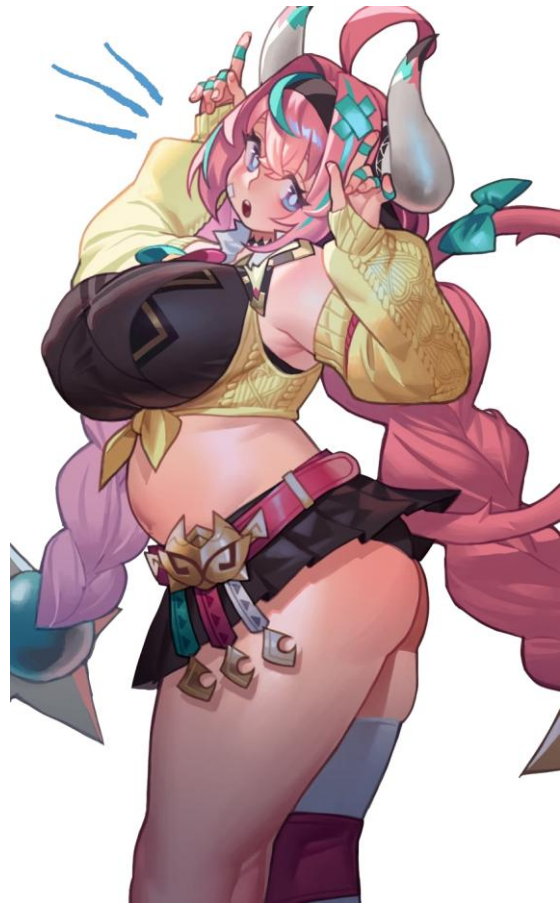
Was this weight a little *much*? I was technically overweight, yeah, but I didn't really care about that! I'd found someone that loved me for me, appetite and all! Of course, it probably helped that I had a *gigantic* rack! A rack that had begun to lift my shirt even higher as fat inflated my chest. The mass slapped against the bump of my belly from above while my nipples became large and swollen. They must have been G-cups? *H-cups*! Either way, my shirt had been lifted so high that you could see a bush of pink pubes peeking out from below now!

“**Hey!**” It certainly didn't help that my tail ended up moving it around in the rear, mind you. Wait, *tail*? *Yeah, it's hereditary!* Oh, right! I did have a long, ropey tail covered with pink fur! One with a cute little tuft at the end! It looked like a cow's, just like the white horns that began to push out from the sides of my head before curling forward. There was little point in denying they looked like a cow's horns! But then again, I *knew* I was part cow!

I clicked my tongue after looking down. “**Come to think of it, why am I dressed like this in public? This is kinda too big to be my boyfriend's shirt, isn't it?**” And while I could pull the pants up again, they'd probably be *way* too baggy even *if* I could pull them around my hips and big ass! I glanced at the door to make sure no one was coming in for just a second, but when I looked back at myself? “**Huh? Was I wearing something weird just a second ago, or...?**”

Everything *looked* pretty normal, right? Black crop top underneath a pastel yellow cropped sweater that was tied under my boobs, soft belly bare, detached sweated sleeves, a *very* short, black miniskirt overtop of shorter, pink shorts so that my ass was being teased but it wasn't *bare*. There was a black headband in my hair, right? Asymmetrical legwear, chunky shoes... even the teal bandages all over my fingers with some streaks of teal dye in hair that was tied into two thick, braided tails! My teal bow was still neatly tied beneath the tuft of my tail, and paint was splattered on the tops of my horns!

I wasn't *really* shy about my body, so even though I was *technically* in public? I didn't stop myself from slapping my own belly, watching the flesh jiggle a little bit from the impact before giggling to myself. **"Meeting the family today, huh?"** Really, it was all I could do to calm my nerves. How could I *not* be nervous? After all, I was meeting my boyfriend's family at dinner that night! I totally felt underdressed, but he'd asked me to just come dressed in whatever I felt comfortable with. **"Why is Joseph like this...? If I'd known it was fancier, I wouldn't have come in my work clothes!"**



That work being a gig as a wrestler. Well, not like a WWE wrestler! I was a local wrestler, but I was pretty popular! Everyone, especially kids, loved to come and see the Great *Varesa* put on a show in the ring! My casual clothes were inspired by my costume, though I had to make some adjustments due to my whole *being a cow girl* and all. Like a *literal* one! What? You've never heard of my people? We're part bovine! I guess we're pretty rare though, so I can't really blame you!

But the restaurant was pretty fancy and there I was with my belly hanging out! Well, and my thighs. **"Okay, get it together Varesa! It isn't really that big of a deal! Either way he loves you, right? And if it goes poorly? I'm not the one buying dinner, his family is! He already said I could eat whatever I'd like!"** Most of his family had yet to show up anyways! I had a bit of time to settle in and look at the menu! I was a big eater, so if I wasn't worrying about the costs... Well, I was gonna go all out!

Steeling myself with all of my courage as a wrestler, I ran out of the bathroom with my tail flicking behind me. It didn't take me long at all to find our table, sneak up behind Joseph, and give him a little kiss on the cheek before sitting down beside him. **"H-Huh!? Who are you!? V-Varesa?"** His reaction was a little *weird* though, right!? I was obviously Varesa, but why was he acting like he'd never seen me before in his life!? Was this just a little prank he was playing on me?

His cousin even leaned over to whisper “**That’s your girlfriend, right?**”!

Once he’d been told that, he still looked kind of confused, but he ended up calming down. “**You’re... really my girlfriend?**”

“**He’s just making a joke!**” The cousin chimed in.

“**Oh! Haha... Come on, Joseph, we’ve been dating for like six months!**”