

BAKE-SAKE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why am *I* the only one who had to stay late?”

Could you even really *blame* me for complaining? It was already 10pm at night and there wasn't a single person on the floor of the city-based office that I worked at. It was so vacant that most of the lights were off, for crying out loud! Yet I was stuck in my cubicle, tippy tapping away on the keyboard with a pile of documents that still needed to be entered into the system. Maybe if there had been at least one other person there with me, then things might have been more bearable?

I could complain all I wanted to, but at the end of the day there was a good reason I had ended up in that situation, and it wasn't really *anyone's* fault. There had been an emergency with a coworker being rushed to the hospital earlier that day, and not only did her work still need to be done but it had distracted everyone else for a good hour or so while that situation was addressed. I had *technically* volunteered after hearing the compensation package I was going to receive in exchange for staying. I was just *tired*.

My break aside, I had been inputting data for over twelve hours by this point. It was monotonous work even during my normal eight-hour shifts, and it didn't help that I had been up so long by that point in time that my eyes were getting heavy and agitated, both from being tired *and* from staring at a screen for so long. **“Okay... Maybe it's time for a break.”** Breaks were important, after all. ...Ignoring the fact that I'd only taken one about twenty minutes prior.

This time, I thought, *why not check out the break room for a bit?* Being an office, we naturally had a proper break room with the things you'd

expect. A fridge, a microwave, a water cooler, a big table... It wasn't too fancy, all things considered. But I also needed a change of scenery and maybe a snack. I hadn't brought enough food for the whole night, so one of my coworkers told me she'd left some stuff inside for me. Fortunately, it didn't take very long to get there from the office proper.

I was quick to stick my head in the fridge. I hadn't eaten a meal since I'd ordered McDonald's to the building before the front lobby had closed, and that had been around 5pm. **"Eating something will probably help. Along with some coffee..."** I was *definitely* going to be drinking a lot of coffee, especially when it seemed like I would probably be going at it for another *four* hours at least.

"So, let's see what's in the fridge." My coworker hadn't explained to me *what* she had left for me, but honestly, I wasn't really going to be picky. **"She said everything on the seconds shelf was for me, right? So... there!"** There was a paper bag where she had said it would be, and inside? A number of Tupperware containers containing pasta, garlic bread, and parmesan? As a big pasta lover, that was like hitting the jackpot! So, I put the pasta and bread containers into the microwave for the time she had written down on the bag.

I needed something to drink though, and coffee probably wouldn't have paired well with that meal, so I decided to save the coffee for *after* I'd finished eating. As my luck would have it? Upon returning to the fridge, I noticed that I had missed something *behind* where the paper bag had been on the second shelf. A glass bottle? One that was full of a clear liquid but was missing a label. **"Is that water, or...?"** There was no way it was *alcohol*, right? Alcohol wasn't permitted on company grounds.

Still, since it was on the shelf that was set aside for me, there was no harm in investigating it, right? I removed the bottle and removed the cap to take a sniff. **"...Definitely alcohol."** I had the odd drink myself once in a while, but I wasn't really much of a drinker. I couldn't tell what *kind* of alcohol it was from the scent, and it probably *shouldn't* have been there in the first place. Alcohol was banned on the premises and whoever had brought it would *definitely* get in trouble if one of the managers caught wind of it.

I knew better than to try it. It may have been on the second shelf, but it *probably* wasn't for me for that reason alone. And yet? For some reason I felt compelled to take a swig of it before I put it back, closing the door in a panic. **"Wh-Why did I do that!?"** I mumbled to myself after swallowing the liquid. It didn't taste *bad*, but whatever it was, I had definitely never had it before. **"But that was some good sake... I kind of want some more..."**

Sake? Was that what it was? How do I know that?

Whether or not the mystery had been solved, I could recognize that my newfound desire to drink *more* of it was a big issue. It was against the *rules* to drink at work, and getting drunk wouldn't help *anything*. Not to mention that it wasn't *mine* in the first place. It would have effectively been stealing if I'd taken more than I already have... Ignore the part where the fact that I'd already taken a sip at all was *technically* already stealing!

DING!

“Oh!?” The timer on the microwave finished, which caused me to spin around with the bottle in my hand... even though I probably should have put it back in the fridge. Did my voice crack when I had cried out there for a second? Nah, it was probably nothing. ***“Oh, right! The food! GULP!”*** I'd been reminded of the pasta for a brief second, but ultimately ended up distracted by the bottle in my hand again. Well, more specifically the fact that I had ended my comments with a *much* bigger swig from its spout despite previously telling myself not to. I just couldn't help myself! *...For some reason.*

It tasted just as good the second time. No – maybe even *better*? Had I developed a taste for sake that quickly? Part of me wanted to deny that possibility, but for all the wrong reasons. *How could I just now develop a taste that I've always had? For hundreds of years?* That was obviously *impossible*. Humans couldn't live that long, and I'd only lived for... for... ***“How old am I?”*** I wasn't asking as a joke. I genuinely couldn't remember such an obvious fact... because the number felt *much* too distant.

In the end, I was left staring at the bottle, contemplating drinking even *more*. But it wasn't my tastes alone that were in the process of *changing*. The eyes that were fixed on the bottle narrowed in shape as I stared at the glass. My eyelids gradually evened out until they were monolids instead, but perhaps more intriguing was the almond shapes that they developed. It made them appear more *Asian*. Specifically, more *Japanese*. My irises gradually dulled to a chestnut brown color too.

“One more wouldn't hurt, right?” As I contemplated *stealing* yet another *gulp* from the sake bottle, the pitch of my voice gradually rose until it matched the crack it had suffered from previously. It heightened while my face continuously changed, not that *I* was aware of it. Those facial features of mine softened a little at a time, its shape shifting as if it

was completely malleable. My lips swelled into a thick pout, for example, while my nose was pressed closer to my face so that my nostrils widened between shorter yet vaguely chubbier cheeks. It all fed into the *Japanese* look my eyes had suggested. But it also fed into another impression.

An impression of *femininity*.

That aligned with the sound of my voice, but *likewise* the length of my hair? The strands of the hair on top of my head had been inching out. They became *shaggier*, but also changed in color to a chestnut brown unlike the brown of my eyes as they now were. It curled down towards at my chin in a shaggy mess, but didn't actually grow *past* that length at any point. Farther down on my body? My *pubes* changed color and grew as well, becoming much messier above my... my... *What am I supposed to have down there again? Not a dick, right?*

My logic was simple: **“Why would I have a dick?”** It was a stupid question that I followed up with a *very* deep gulp from the bottle. It was because I was a *man*, right? And yet... That which *made* me a man was dwindling in size within the dress pants I wore for work. It not only shriveled away into nothing, but then pressed *into* my pelvis where it formed a *woman's* slit at my pelvis's base. My bush spread lower to account for the lack of a dick hanging low. I shuddered as my internal organs shifted to account for a womb and all related equipment, but I drowned the uncanny feeling away with yet another drink from the bottle.

It was already two-thirds empty? When had *that* happened? Well, I hadn't really been keeping much of an eye on it. Wasn't I fetching food from the microwave or something? But the sake's grip wasn't letting go. I *just* wanted to drink it. So, even *more* passed through my lips as I tilted the bottle higher. For some reason, the bottle's peak slowly inched farther away from the ceiling, though. ...Because *I* was inching farther away from the ceiling.

Every aspect of my uniform, from my dress shirt to my pants, was growing baggier against my frame as I drank. From a third person perspective the truth behind this phenomenon was *blatantly* obvious. I was *shrinking*, bringing my height down to a demurer stature from the relatively tall point of view I'd had before. By the time I lowered the bottle again? I was only 5'3" with my sleeves now so long that they were bunched up around my wrists – and ditto with my pant legs around my ankles.

“Eh? The bottle is almost empty... Boo.” For some reason it didn't strike me as odd at all that I'd almost consumed the *entirety* of that

bottle of sake, and yet I wasn't even the slightest bit tipsy. I didn't drink enough to have much of a tolerance for it... *right? I drink all the time though! Fufu... How much of a lightweight do I take myself for?* I shouldn't have taken myself for one at *all*. I was a woman who could drink all night and only get a light buzz!

Though, on the subject of *that* womanhood? Aside from my new pussy and the memories asserting I *was* a woman, my body hadn't quite developed the traits you would expect of one. But that was something that *was* promptly addressed. I raised the bottle to my lips one final time, and I *really* had to crane my head back to get even the final drops from its base. Yet, while I did as much, my hips inched out wider in a way that pointed my knees in slightly.

It also saw fit to present me with some of the padding a woman's body *should* have possessed. My thighs, now hairless, bloated until they were twice as plush as they had been. While *behind* me? The weight that was fed into my *ass* saw it grow into a seductive heart shape that would *definitely* wiggle back and forth as I walked. It was already taking up a sizable amount of real estate within my pants, with its shape clearly defined.

“Glug... Glug...” There was only a teensy tiny bit left, but I was desperate to drain it dry. My chest was aimed up with my posture aimed back like it was, but that just made it all the more obvious. What, exactly? The sight of my button-up shirt slowly *expanding*. My back muscles hardened behind me, and they didn't really have much of a choice, because little by little a chest that had once been as flat as could be was *jiggling*.

Weight had pooled beneath my nipples (which became puffier in kind), swelling into mounds, then orbs, then *melons*, and then into a pair of somethings *much* larger. These new *H-cups* pushed the buttons of my shirt to their limit, and the upper ones popped off so that my cleavage became *bare*. Fortunately, this was only a momentary problem... because if HR caught me with my tits out then they would *definitely* fire me!

“Hah!” I let out a noise of satisfaction when I finally pulled the empty bottle from my lips, utterly oblivious to *everything* that had happened to me. My shirt repaired itself in the meantime, growing and rebuttoning itself around a white bra that had formed to hold my gigantic tits up. It was tucked into my ‘pants’, which had actually been in the process of changing into a blue pencil skirt overtop a thong and black tights. My height was even elevated slightly by a pair of heels.

But there was still something *odd* about this new outfit. Just above my ass, in the back of my skirt, there was a nonsensical *hole* cut out of it for seemingly no reason. It only seemed that way at *first*, though. Something soon pushed out of it: a fluffy appendage that grew in length *and* in size, puffing up as stripes of dark and pale brown spread horizontally across its fur. It looked similar to the tail of a *raccoon*? As did my *ears*, which grew up and out into a pair of furred, black circles atop my head.

“Mm... One whole bottle and I’m not even drunk yet!” Not like I was *surprised* about that. As *Mamizou Futatsuiwa*, my alcohol tolerance was *extraordinarily* high. After all, as my big, fluffy tanuki tail and ears proved, I was *not* a regular human. I was a Bake-danuki, a racoon dog youkai, it was only natural that my tolerance would be high. **“Good thing they aren’t allowed to have cameras in the break room, else I wouldn’t be able to stretch my tail like this!”**



If you were wondering how this office had managed to hire a *youkai*, then it was because they had no idea~! I could alter my appearance at will, so I usually disguised my ears and tail in front of humans. It made things *stuffy* at times though, so it was nice to return to normal – and working this late shift had given me a chance to not only do that, but to drink the bottle of sake *I* had hidden in the fridge. **“Still... Am I forgetting something?”**

I really *did* feel like I was forgetting something *very* important somehow.

With a swish of my tail, I *almost* knocked something off the table behind me, but it had all been in the service of reaching the microwave where a plate of pasta awaited me. **“A good thing she left me something to eat, but I wouldn’t have gone hungry nor gotten tired in the first place for just *one* night.”** Again, I wasn’t human and so it wasn’t that troubling of a problem. I could have done maybe *three* days without needing rest? If anything, I felt like I just needed more booze.

The rest of the night went as expected. I ate and then finished the work, but by the time I had finished it had almost been time to start my morning shift. That said, the break in between *had* given me an

opportunity to brainstorm some pranks for my coworkers. It was a shame for them that they couldn't let me go because of how *good* at my job I was! And there was also the matter of that woman who had left me food.

I'd make sure to 'repay' her generously... once I was in the mood!