

OCTOGAL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Of all the days to forget my wallet...”

I was *annoyed*. Not with anyone else, mind you. There really wasn't anyone else that I *could* blame for the predicament that I found myself in, and it was one that *most* people had probably experienced at least once. I'd left the office on my lunch break with the intention of grabbing something to eat. I *never* packed lunch on Fridays because I worked near a district *full* of food stalls and restaurant, and I didn't mind spending a little bit of money once a week to have something nice.

All week, there had been a new sub shop that I had *really* been looking forward to trying. It had been on my mind at every waking moment—Okay, well I hadn't been thinking about it *that* much, but I had certainly been excited about it. They had *very* good reviews, and I'd heard *great* things about their pulled pork from one of my coworkers. *Delicious pulled pork...*

But my dreams had all come crashing down when I'd arrived at the sub shop in question only to realize that I didn't have my wallet on me. It was a problem made even *more* distressing after I'd called the office and learned it wasn't *there* either. Had I dropped it? No, it was probably more likely that I'd left it on my nightstand. It wouldn't have been the first time that I'd forgotten something while rushing out the door at 6am after oversleeping a little *too* much.

“So, what the heck am I going to do about *lunch*?” I still had a few hours left after my break, and I was *starving*. I probably could have borrowed some money from a friend at work, but... Did I have time? I had to run back to the office, get upstairs, and ask for money, and then

run all the way back to the plaza. That *probably* wasn't going to happen even if I *did* run. **"Looks like I'm probably going to starve..."** It definitely didn't help that I'd been in such a big rush that morning that all I'd had time to grab was a *coffee*. I was practically running on fumes.

With no other option, I sulked back off towards the office building I worked at. My steps were even *more* sluggish than normal, energy lacking since I hadn't eaten. And I had to put aside the loud rumblings in my tummy while trying to ignore the enticing scents wafting out from the nearby shops and stalls. Fortunately, I knew a shortcut back. It wouldn't have been enough to save the time I would have needed to run back and get food, but it at least made the trip a little easier.

It just wasn't the most *pleasant* of places. A rather wide alley that ran between two of the restaurants. It didn't take me long to navigate it, but at the end? There was something that I hadn't expected to find. **"...Is this a new stall? It's kind of in the way..."** At the tail end of the alleyway was a *stall*, one that I appeared to be selling *Takoyaki*, which were a Japanese treat typically consisting of cooked balls of dough filled with octopus.

The stall had a grill set up that was pointed *into* the alley as if that was where the vendor would work, with the customer area naturally in the street. It was an *odd* setup, and probably one that was against a number of laws since alleyways had to remain unobstructed. Did no one tell them that? That wasn't even my *biggest* question, all things considered. There wasn't anyone present, but there were octopus balls cooking on the grill...

Completely unattended.

I didn't like where my mind was going. I was *extremely* hungry, and I didn't even know if I'd like *Takoyaki* in the first place. But there were a *lot* there, so if I just had a couple, then... I was *very* quick and careful about it, grabbing about three balls off the grill without touching the grill itself. They didn't feel *too* hot, so I stuffed them in my mouth, chewed, and swallowed. **"Hot!?"** Okay, the insides had been hotter than I'd expected!

Naturally, I'd turned tail to *run*, but ended up bumping *directly* into someone. A Japanese man that was a little taller than me, and I was *pretty* tall. **"Well, well, well. I guess this works out. I was looking for someone to help man the stall. And now that you have a debt... Hm. About 888 Takoyaki will do."** Based on what he was saying, he must have been the owner of the stall, but... I didn't really get *what* he was going on about. Well, I had an idea...

“H-Hold on! Sorry! I’ll pay for them! I just... forgot my wallet at home!” Even *I* could tell how lame of an excuse that was. It really sounded like I was just making it up. It *was* my fault though, I’d done so without asking. **“I can bring you the money tomorrow, I swear! So, you don’t need to call the cops or anything like that!”** Of course, what the man had suggested didn’t involve the police at all. He was just standing there, smirking with a wide grin.

It was at that moment that I felt a chill run down my spine.

I glared at him and attempted to urge him to give me an answer despite what I had assumed must have been a *draft* or something like that. **“Well?”** But he just *laughed* it off with a wry smile and *turned his back* to me as if to say that he wasn’t going to respond to *anything* I had to say. The main problem was that he was blocking my exit down the alley, and I couldn’t go *over* the stall because the grill covered most of it. I was *not* going to burn myself just to get around this guy who was... *quite tall?*

No, wait. **“...Huh? Did you have a growth spurt or something, dude?”** Were my eyes playing tricks on me? Had he been crouching down before and I hadn’t noticed? I was wondering because *I* was a pretty tall guy; around 5’10” in fact. When I’d first come face-to-face with the man roughly a minute ago, it hadn’t *quite* been ‘face-to-face’. We weren’t the same height with me being a *little* taller than him. But looking at him now? My eyes must have been at his chin. No... They were dropping even lower? Was he *growing* right in front of me!?

That couldn’t—!? ...No, it really *couldn’t* be happening, and it wasn’t. It was the opposite, and I only realized it when I realized that my hands were stuck inside the long sleeves of my shirt. Those sleeves *should* have reached my wrists and no farther. In terms of my clothing, everything felt... *baggy*. Looking down, my fears were realized. **“I-I’m shrinking!?”** Saying it out loud didn’t make it any easier of a pill to swallow. That wasn’t the type of thing that could *actually* happen, right?

Could I even ask that question when it was happening to me in *real time*, though? I must have been at least 5’6” by that point, and while I couldn’t quite see them, there were other sizing changes that had been taking place at the same time. My hands and feet were both notable examples of this. Whether it was my fingers *or* my toes, they were more petite now, with my nails inched a little longer. They were delicate, almost... *feminine*. But that was true of other aspects of my body as well, such as how my shoulders were slimmer and my waistline even more so.

“How are you doing this!? Why are you doing... this?” The Japanese man didn’t respond, much less turn to look at me. But I *heard*

it. Was my voice... *different*? It was hard to say considering your voice *did* tend to sound a little different to your own ears than if you heard it on, like, a recorder. And yet it sounded too *high*. Too... *cute*? **“I sound like a girl? But...”** *That was impossible?* ...I’d shrunk all the way down to 5’4” ultimately, so I couldn’t really say what was or wasn’t possible at that moment.

“But you’re starting to look so *cute*.”

Master finally broke his silence, making a comment that didn’t make sense seeing as he hadn’t turned around *to* look at her. It turned out he was *right*, though. *I* hadn’t realized it, but while I had been shrinking? My facial features had been softening, rounding, becoming *cuter* as he’d said. My nose was smaller while my lips had swollen into a pout. Freckles darkened across squishier cheeks, which were nestled beneath smaller, yet far more *orange*-colored.

That orange arose elsewhere. It dyed the hair atop my head, eyebrows included, but also appeared to *lengthen* it. It cascaded down my back like water dyed in the glow of the setting sun. Of course, it was still *lunch time* so there was no such light source. These hairs were not only thick and wavy, but reached down past my butt. It was *heavy*, not that I noticed until I turned my head. **“...M-Master, why are you calling me c-cute? A-And why am I calling you master!?”** My freckled cheeks had pinkened. What an embarrassing thing to say to me! Why was it making me so flustered?

Seriously, why was I calling him master!?

It was *already* difficult for me to keep to a single question, but all of them faded, at least temporarily, when I found myself squirming in place with a more intense blush. Something had just happened *between* my legs. Like... there was an unusual *vacancy* that had come after a sharp tug. It was almost like... **“It’s gone...”** I didn’t have to reach down *to* check. I just *knew* it, that I was now a *woman*. **“Wh-Why are you turning me into a girl!?”** I’d moved well past caring about the plausibility of it all. I just wanted it to stop! **“...Ah.”**

Unfortunately? It *didn’t*. I could feel erect nipples rubbing up against my shirt, and that shirt *moving* as the front was pushed forward. Weight was gathering beneath those nipples, stretching the skin with a playful jiggle as they formed a pair of *C-cup* tits beneath my shirt. **“I... have boobs... And they’re pretty big, I think...?”** What was considered ‘big’ for a pair of boobs in terms of cup size? I usually just eyeballed them and decided if they were big or not *that* way. And they certainly *felt* big.

My breasts weren't the only part of my body that had grown, though. My ass had bloated within my pants, growing into a wide heart-shape that even parted my hips. It was at this point that you *might* expect my thighs to grow as well, but that didn't happen. At least not *technically*. **"You might want to pull down your pants."** The man's words almost made me cry out in embarrassed surprise... but I was stopped from doing just that.

Because those pants were pushed down all on their own. Something had sprouted *from* my hips, and multiple *somethings* at that. Two, four, six; all peeking over the waistband of my pants and forcing them down along *with* my underpants, completely surrounding my loins so that you couldn't see my pussy at all. They were *orange, sticky* nubs at first, and it was like they had a mind of their own as they *grew*. Little by little they stretched and flopped about. I could feel them sticking to my legs and then unsticking again, as if their undersides were covered in little, wet suction cups. Almost like...

"T-Tentacles!?" Everything below my hips had been covered by the same soft, slimy orange skin. And once the tentacles were long enough to curve out against the ground? **"Uwah!?"** My body *dropped*. It was like my legs had just *given out*? But it was more a matter of their *bones dissolving*. Orange coated them, and my feet slimmed into mushy, toeless points with the same suction cups upon them. They were pushed into the *back*, connected to the orange cheeks of my ass but not consuming them. And I soon found myself able to use all *eight* of those muscular tentacles to push myself up once more.

With everything happening to those legs, I didn't even notice the small, orange fins that had stuck up from my head as if they were a pair of ears. Still looking down at myself, shocked by the blasphemy of it all, I bore witness to the final touches. My shirt disappeared, but I was not naked. I was dressed in a Victorian era maid uniform, one with a skirt and apron that would have reached my ankles... If I'd *had* ankles. Instead, you could see my tentacles curling out underneath.

"What in the world happened to me? How can you turn a man into a woman, master!?" There it was again. I didn't even know the Japanese man's *name*, but I kept referring to him as 'master' as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Of course, the fact that I was now a *woman* was hardly the only thing wrong with my body now. **"And a woman with tentacles for legs at that!"** My lower half was *definitely* the lower half of an octopus. All eight of my tentacles were working to keep my torso upright, and I subconsciously understood how to 'walk' with them. **"...Wait. You're not going to turn me into Takoyaki, are you!?"**

Master laughed at the suggestion. **“What? No! If I was going to do *that*, I would have cursed you into the form of a *real* octopus. But don’t you think you make the perfect mascot for a Takoyaki stand? I even gave you a cute maid uniform!”** I definitely hadn’t missed *that* part. It was a little embarrassing, but it also wasn’t like I could wear pants with eight tentacles for legs! **“Just sell 888 Takoyaki balls! Then let me know and I’ll return you to normal! Think of it as paying off your debt!”**



I had my *own* job to return to obviously, but I didn’t say that. I actually didn’t *say* anything. My master had just told me to work, and so I did. In fact, I spent the rest of the afternoon interacting with customers and getting used to my *knew* appendages. Having eight tentacles... It was actually pretty handy! I could grab stuff off to the side like tools, but I couldn’t grab food since everything they touched ended up sticky and smelling vaguely like seafood. I was even excited to see my master every time he came by. He was *very* handsome.

N-Not that I’d ever say that to him!

“How many Takoyaki did I sell today. Looks like... 1000?” That meant that was more than enough to have him change me back, right? **“So, I could just return to me normal, human, stinky man life...?”** Saying it like that, it didn’t really *sound* appealing, did it? I could remain a cute octopus girl for all of eternity if I wanted! I only had to do *one* thing.

And not tell master what the sales were!