

SIMPLER, BOUNCIER TIMES

COMMISSION STORY

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2025 was *already* almost over, and *what* a year it was!

...Which was meant in a *negative* sense, of course. Unless you were a scammer or a billionaire, it was probably a hard year for most people to quantify as 'good'. The rich got richer, the poor got poorer, and everyone's standards of living felt like they had dropped significantly. It was difficult to say for certain if things would get better in 2026, but surely the sentiment would probably be a resounding 'it won't'! But that didn't stop people from dreaming.

For Joseph, his year had been... *just okay!* Some good things had happened, as well as some bad things. It was best just to try to not get caught up in the doom and gloom of it all and live your life to the best of your ability! Did he have things that worried him? Of course! But did he have things that served as ample enough distractions? Naturally! Video games were more or less his primary outlet, whether they were proper single player experiences, multiplayer games, or gachas – of which he played *plenty*.

Because it was already December, it meant that he had plenty to look forward to in the gacha game space. Plenty of those games decided to celebrate the holidays in some way, and if not? Then they would theme events and the like after the winter season itself. You'd frequently see games release winter-themed units or skins to the clamor and their audiences, with some more limited than others.

Take the skins that Nikke released, for example. For the most part, they *never* reran, so if you didn't purchase one when it was in the gacha or on a pass then you'd never have a chance to get them again. There were a number of skins that he'd wished that he'd scraped the money together to buy back when they had been up for sale, but now he didn't have a way of *ever* getting them. **“Man, I wish I could get the kimono Blanc and Noir skins...”** Those two in particular he had some regrets regarding. *Especially* the Noir one.

TWO OVERLAPPING WISHES? DON'T MIND IF I DO!

Joseph wasn't sure about *what* had just happened at first. He'd *definitely* heard a girl's voice talking about wishes overlapping... or something. But she hadn't given any context about *which* wish had overlapped with his own, much less *who* had made that wish in the first place. **“Uh... Where *am* I?”** Of all the questions that he had, the one he uttered was probably one of the more important ones. Right after he'd heard that voice – a voice that he didn't recognize – he'd wound up *elsewhere*.

In what looked to be the room of a *resort*? How was *that* possible?

He had only concluded that it might be a resort based on the arrangement of the furniture. It looked like a room made to resemble the interior of what he could only imagine was an old Korean building. And it was also extremely cold despite the thermostat on the wall. But it was so cold that he could only imagine experiencing such temperatures in the snowy north! And he had never seen snow in person in his life.

...Until he looked out the window beside the queen-sized bed. **“H-Huh? Is that real snow!?”** It must have been late at night what with how dark it was, but there were white speckles falling down past the window in a flurry, each illuminated by the light of the moon beyond the clouds in the distance. He almost wanted to go outside and stand in it, but... **“N-No way. I'm not dressed to go outside!”** To be fair, he wasn't dressed to go outside *yet*. That could – and *would* – change.

Joseph had taken to pacing around the room in thought. Leaving would have made sense, right? He had no memories of renting that room, which meant he could have *possibly* been trespassing. If it *was* an inn like he suspected, then maybe there was a phone at the front desk? He could call someone from back home and... *what*? Explain that he'd somehow ended up halfway across the world? Somewhere where it *snowed*? **“But what else am I going to do?”**

But *as* he paced around the room, wasting time that would probably be spent better exploring, something became rather *odd*. He found himself picking at the back of his shorts (which honestly, the way he was dressed was probably contributing to how chilly he felt), but he was focused on the whole ‘teleported’ thing so much that he didn’t give it the attention that it probably deserved. He was picking at it because his boxers *and* his boxers were growing tighter, compressing against his ass, which...

Well, his ass *was* the problem – or *part* of it, at least. Each step he took as he paces led to it jiggling, and as it jiggled? It grew an additional inch. Within ten steps it *stopped* growing, but by that point it had already developed a notable bubble butt that wasn’t *excessive*, but it was still more bombastic than any man’s ass might be. What didn’t help the woes with his pants was that his hips had likewise inched about two inches wider to accommodate this new weight.

And, well, a jiggling slightly *below* them. “**Whoa!?**” Joseph ended up *almost* stumbling from the shift in his gait, but he managed to catch himself so that he could continue pacing even though his lower body *continued* to change. The jiggling *had* shifted lower, down into a pair of thighs that rippled with added meat as the legs of his shorts became significantly *less* loose and the hair that covered them was erased along with the *rest* of his body hair. These things were bulging, but not so much that they overshadowed his shorts. Even so, they looked very *feminine* in a way.

“**That was weird...**” That near stumble had been fresh in his mind, and it finally made him take note of everything. From how tight his shorts felt around his butt to how much his olive-colored thighs were... bulging where they shouldn’t have been. “**H-Huh!?**” The realization made him hop back slightly, but that only amplified his confusion as the sensation of the jiggling worsened now that he was noticing. It all felt ~~wrong~~ *right*. “**Why are my thighs so... And my *bouncy booty!***”

Wait, was that the way he’d wanted to phrase that?

These back-to-back realizations drew another realization from the man... relative to that masculinity in the first place. If his ass and thighs had grown (something he still couldn’t wrap his head around), then shouldn’t his dick have been getting, well, *crushed*? He didn’t like to think he was *packing* or anything, but... “**Mmn!?**” He, or *she*, received her answer not long *after* she had question it. “**A-Am I a woman?**” She certainly *sounded* like one! When did her voice jump so high? When her shrinking dick had slipped up into her new pussy?

“**But... why *wouldn’t* I be a woman? Wait. No! That’s not right, right? Or... Weird!**” There was *evidently* something messed up with

her head, and it was progressively getting worse as the seconds ticked by and her physical changes became more pronounced. Looking at her face, for example, you could see that this voice didn't completely mismatch with her face, at least not *anymore*. The features of her face became slim and narrow largely, from her cheeks to her nose, to her eyes. But some things *grew*, like her eyelashes or the bloat of her lips into a succulent pout.

It looked like the face of a pretty young woman, one that was a very immature-looking *twenty* or so whose eyes soon swirled with a light pink. And that was just on the *surface* level. Internally? Joseph's eyes were now functioning differently. *Most* of her body was, because flesh, bone, and muscle were all gradually being replaced with *inorganic* counterparts. This included her skin, which *honestly*? Might have been the most notable, but only because her olive complexion slowly paled to a pinkish pale that made her appear far more classically Caucasian.

It was a striking change, and yet not even *as* striking as what she should have noticed as her *height* diminishing. The inches peeled off of her so that her shirt and shorts became incredibly oversized. Her near six-foot height dipped down to a meager 5'2" so quickly, with her hands and feet becoming slender and dainty in the process and she hardly batted an eye. "**Hm... I feel like something's different somehow?**" To the contrary, the almost near-complete *Nikke* seemed even more *ignorant* instead.

The changes in color to her appearance didn't end with her eyes and skin along. Her dark hair finally succumbed to a color shift of its own, inverting to a silvery white that spilled a ways past her shoulder behind her as lengthier bangs framed her face. This color change applied to thinned eyebrows and her bush of pubes, too, but that bush *did* thicken a little bit. So much so that there was a moment where she had to fight an *itch* down there.

Her body was almost entirely that of a pretty young woman now, and one who appeared to be quite bubbly and energetic. But she was still missing one key feature of a woman's body. Or, well, two of them, technically. She was making little hops as she moved around the room by this point though, and it highlighted their eventual appearance. Slowly but surely, her chest bounced where no weight had been before. A hairless, pale-colored chest jiggled as fat pooled beneath her new breasts, nipples becoming puffy under her shirt until they were perky *C-cups*.

"Ugh... These clothes are kinda..." *Uncomfortable?* She was going to finish the sentence with that because of how her nipples were hard from all the rubbing, but by the time she managed to glimpse down

again? She saw what she had *expected* to see. A skintight, black body sock underneath a *very* short, largely black half-kimono that did nothing to hide her hips, ass, and thighs (aside from the body sock). The kimono had golden accents around the obi and the sleeves, which were actually attaches to a maid-like collar that hung across her shoulders. Black heels hoisted her up, while her hair was tied up in the back with horn-shaped ornaments and black bows. **“Never mind...”**

Weird, but what had she been thinking about again?

“I wanna go out in the snow...? But it’s cold!” *Blanc* tugged at her kimono enthusiastically. Why had she been so eager to head out into the snow anyways? She’d spent *plenty* of time in the snow in the past! And speaking of the past, something Joseph hadn’t realized at the time that technically, at least relative to the skin she was wearing as *Blanc*, she had been sent back in time. She was smack dab in the middle of the 2023 winter event that *Nikke* had run, but to her? It was just the ‘present’.



She had simply come to *Ludmilla*’s hot spring resort with her sister just in time for some chaos to ensue! But now that chaos had ended, and it was time to relax until New Year’s Eve... which was the next night, in fact! **“Hm... I should go find Noir and go to the hot spring! ...But I guess we have to go out in the snow to get to the girls only bath?”** It was still too cold and snowy for her to want to use the outdoor bath.

“We could use the indoor mixed bath if we drag Pit Boss along, though!”

Who wouldn’t want to bathe with a pair of beautiful twin sisters who had no problems sharing their man?

TWO OVERLAPPING WISHES? DON’T MIND IF I DO!

As it turned out, I’d heard the very *same* voice at roughly the same time as Joseph had, but the desire I’d expressed had been slightly different. The lament about 2025 being an awful year had been much more relevant to *me*, and *I* had expressed something along the lines of **“I wish I could go back to simpler times”**. Anything pre-2024 would

have been great, really. At least then I wouldn't have to deal with as much AI bullshit.

The next thing I knew? I was standing in what I could only describe as a *cafeteria*? The décor was very log old-fashioned Korean-esque, but there were a number of tables set up with what looked to be a self-serve table of delicacies off in the distance. You'd assume that people would gather there to eat, but as far as I could tell? I was the only one there. "...*Hisa*." That nekomata was the only person that could have teleported me so suddenly, but I had a hard time guessing what her intention was.

I could have assumed I'd gone *too far* back in time based on the architecture of the building... if not for the modern food warmers where all the food was being kept. That meant it probably hinged on that 'overlapping wish' – but I didn't know *who* had wished it or what they had wished for. The end result wouldn't have even *given* me a clear answer, even if I'd remained conscious of who I was at this particular moment.

Unfortunately, that probably wouldn't last *too* much longer.

Naturally suspect that she'd already begun to work her magic, I lifted my arms and gave myself a once and twice over in search of some sort of clue. Nothing *immediately* stood out, but as it turned out that was *effectively* by her own design. She likely assumed that I would do just that and had decided to target more *subtle* things from the outset. Changes that would be less obvious to someone who knew to look for them, and she had even factored in what I was wearing when she did so.

"**Hm... Did it not start yet?**" I mentioned what I was wearing because, unlike Joseph, I lived in a part of the world where it snowed at this time of year. I was wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt, which naturally hide most of my skin aside from my hands, neck, and face. Well, skin *and* body hair. It was the hair that had gone first, and before long I was as smooth as a baby's bottom from head to toe – even including my *pubes*, leaving even my balls, well, *bald*. Not that this was going to be a problem for much longer considering Hisa's ways.

But we weren't there *quite* yet. The lighting in the dining area wasn't particularly bright. It was at least dim enough for me not to notice that the color of my skin was shifting, darkening to a caramel-shaded tan that might as well have been a complete inversion of Joseph's own skin change. I was only looking at my hands in passing, and with the light so dim? It just went under the radar, even though *all* of my body's skin had adopted a color change – extending even to my hair, which browned to a shade of dark chestnut.

“So, then what is she doing to me? She...? Um... That girl with the cat ears? Did she have cat ears? What was her name...?” I had known it just a second ago, hadn't it? I felt like that was *definitely* the case, but I couldn't remember! My eyes shone with a newly painted amber, signaling that my internals were changing into a Nikke's even if those changed weren't visually obvious. Was it getting hard to think? No, I just couldn't remember stuff. Stuff like where I lived, which was, um... **“On base? Wait, base? Did I live on a base...?”**

Putting *that* aside, had my voice always been so light and airy? So...
feminine.

“EEP!?” And *speaking* of feminine, the lighter melody my voice turned into a sharp squeal because everything *sucked*. Not in the sense that it was *bad*, but it was literally *sucked*. I'd been tall but overweight – and that weight was basically pulled straight out of my body and presumably into a *void*, because I now stood there completely skinny. Maybe *too* skinny around my waist, which was now just over half the width of my shoulders. And my weight wasn't even the *only* thing that had been sucked away.

My dick had been too, leaving a slit between my legs that twitched from its sudden formation. I was a *woman*. *Um... What else would I be?* And I was certain that this had *always* been the case! It was a reality that became truer and truer as the seconds ticked by, as my thinned facial features altered in shape further so that my chin was sharp but my cheeks soft. My tanned nose shrunk, and my eyelids narrowed with the lashes upon them fluttering longer. I looked much younger, like I was around *twenty* or so. My now brown hair wasn't even spared, because it grew thicker so that my bangs delicately framed my face, but also cascaded down past my shoulders. **“H-Huh? Why isn't my hair tied up?”**

Was it supposed to be? I guess I didn't always wear it up, but I was supposed to have it up while I was at the resort for my outfit...? **“Wait... Wasn't I thinking about a girl? Like... Um... Was I thinking about Blanc?”** Blanc was my twin sister, so that was the first girl I'd naturally think of! But that also didn't really sound right. As I pondered this, I tapped a finger against my chin. The nail upon it – upon *all* of my fingers – had grown longer and were now painted black.

It almost seemed like each tap upon my chin in the meantime lowered my eye level, not stopping until I'd dropped from almost six feet to around 5'8” – still six inches taller than the woman I now considered to be my twin sister. I was *already* strikingly different appearance wise from Blanc, and those differences only grew more abundant. 'Grew' and

'abundant' were two words that were *very* fitting for my transformation's finishing touches, in fact.

My loss of weight and height had left my shirt and pants sitting *very* loosely against my frame, with that long-sleeved shirt *far* looser. But that didn't linger for long. **"Wh-Whoa!? Why am I so clumsy todaaaay!?"** I *fell* forward because an immense weight pulled me down so suddenly that my internal sense of balance didn't instantly keep up. The source of that weight was *obvious*. Lead by nipples that had swollen as if stung by bees until they were bigger and browner than my eyes, it wasn't an overexaggeration to say that my chest had *ballooned*, lifting up my once oversized shirt up until it *tightly* fit around a pair of tits that were easily one and a half times the size of my head, and it *barely* covered my nipples.

I managed to eventually catch myself and correct my posture, but I straightened it so suddenly that those huge tits lifted, fell, and bounced *several* times with a sensitivity that provoked an embarrassing moan to leave my puffed-up lips. Ultimately? I'd caught myself with a little *help*, too. My *backside* had grown heavier – like, *significantly* heavier – striking a better balance at the cost of the back *and* the sides of my jeans splitting. My tanned ass burgeoned out into an ass so full that it could basically be used as a *shelf* if I didn't move, whereas my thighs burst through the seams and forced my hips to widen four inches from the mass that soon had them rubbing up against each other.

"My clothes are ruined! They're... Are they my clothes?" Why would I put on clothes that didn't fit? Didn't I have something else I should have been wearing? I squinted down at my attire, and for a brief second they closed completely. But when they opened again? **"O-Oh! Maybe I'm so hungry that I'm seeing things..."** My tummy *did* let out a loud growl! And what I was wearing... Well, I had a pretty good view of my cleavage!

That was because I was wearing a kimono that was supposed to match with my sister's! My caramel-colored hips and thighs were almost *completely* bare unlike Blanc's though, with only black thigh highs reaching up to the center of those thighs – just below a heart-shaped drawing on my right thigh. My ass was basically out in the back, while my kimono was half white and half black with the same gold decals that my sister's had.

Differing from her, I wore brown, knee-high boots and my kimono sleeves were attached to the rest of the kimono. They were also very *long*, as was the string of silk that concealed that I *wasn't* wearing undergarments in the front. My hair was also up! See? I hadn't misremembered! It was styled into a big, fancy bun above me, decorated

with bright red flowers, black bows, and golden pins! Bringing this super cute look together was the white collar around my neck, all Japanese in their designs!

“I’m so hungry... and since no one is here... I can eat to my heart’s content!”

I began to practically *skip* past the tables towards the food bar, each movement sending a jiggling surge throughout my massive tits and bare thighs. My outfit was kind of embarrassing, wasn’t it? But it was comfy, and I didn’t mind showing skin if it was in front of Pit Boss and Blanc! I was, after all, her twin sister, *Noir*! But people always said that we didn’t look all that similar! It was true I guess, but fraternal twins existed!

Even though people would say I was tall, and pretty, and even sexy, I was still really self-conscious! That applied to my appetite too, so even though I was *super* hungry I had been too self-conscious about looking gluttonous if I took a big plate of food in front of the others! Which had just made me all the hungrier! But now the food was just a few feet away! I just had to make it to the counter, and I could shove my face full of—
“WAAAAAAH!?”



A white-haired blurred darted at me in the corner of my eye, a sight I had seen enough times in the past to know that it was my energetic sister, Blanc! She dashed in and grabbed my arm, pulling me away from the cafeteria with all of a Nikke’s strength. **“C’mon, Noir! We’re going into the hot springs with Pit Boss!”** What!? Why!? But wait...!

“BUT I’M SO HUNGRYYYYYY!”

Then again, some alone time with Pit Boss in the hot spring didn’t sound *that* bad... Maybe if the two of them dialed up the charm, they could seduce him and see where things went...

This was also a very roundabout way for Joseph to ‘get the Noir skin’ – seeing as Noir was her sister, was wearing that skin, and was presently

within her grasp! Not to mention since it was technically 2023 *outside* of the game world, my wish to go back in time had been granted!

Win-Win?