

PARTY REPLACEMENT II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why did I even come here again...?”

Masachika Kuze stood before a building that he had known *of*, but it was technically his first time visiting officially... at least that he could properly remember. It was the local Naval Base, a location that he honestly would have forgotten about if not for their insistence in getting involved with local events. In fact, they had sponsored a summer beach party that had happened several days prior, but... Even though he had been invited, he hadn't *actually* attended, right? He had no memory of it.

So then, why was it that when he looked up at the building three days later, did he vaguely recall leaving it with supplies *for* the party? It was one of many things that hadn't recently made sense to him. He kept feeling a *pull* towards the building, like he was being compelled to visit. It had bothered him like an itch that he just couldn't scratch, and while he'd been able to ignore it for a while? It eventually became too much of a pain in the ass.

The boy *did* feel a little guilty, though. He eventually went after school *without* inviting or even *telling* Alisa about it. They were technically in the same boat, having the same hole in their memories as well as the same compulsion. But he was worried it was dangerous, so he didn't want her to come. He didn't know *what* about the Naval Base was compelling him, but if he could get answers without putting her in any danger then that was for the best.

“Well, here goes nothing.”

“What the hell do you mean I was a *woman* for a night?” Of all the answers that he had expected to receive, that wasn’t one of them. Upon entering the naval base, he had found a soldier that had directed him to someone higher up in their chain of command. He was led *much* deeper into the facility where he was seated in a small office. He asked if he had been to the base before, and if there was some reason he might have felt obligated to visit it.



Apparently, that compulsion had been an unintended *side effect* of being exposed to *nanomachines*. Supposedly they had transformed his body and mind into that of a young woman that worked as a *ship girl* for the navy, whatever that meant. And that those nanomachines, while they could be separated from his body, had been bound to it for the time being. **“That doesn’t make *any* sense. Is this some kind of prank show?”**

Masachika didn’t believe it. How *could* he when he had no memories of it? But the soldier came back with a suggestion of sorts. **“Either way, if you want the nanomachines removed you’ll need to believe that you *have* them, so why not sign this contract? We’ll give you a similar experience to prove it to you, and if you dislike it, we’ll remove them. You’ll have more control over your actions and memories at the end.”**

The man slid a piece of paper towards him – a contract, like he had said. The boy picked it up and looked it over. He still wasn’t convinced that he wasn’t on some sort of prank show, and that the navy was in on it. There was *no* way he could just *become a woman*, and what was the implication there? That he might *like* it and want to *stay* that way? It felt like a *challenge* more than anything. Fine then. He would call their bluff.

“I’ll sign it. But I’m going to want them removed after. This is just to prove that this is nonsense.” And because while she hadn’t come *with* him, there was no guarantee that Alisa wouldn’t walk in there someday soon and demand similar answers. If he could confirm whether this was real or not, then he could give her an answer without her needing to subject herself to any sort of contract. He didn’t like that the man appeared to *laugh* at his suggestion that it was nonsense while the boy signed the contract, though.

“Very well, come with me.”

Once he had signed, the soldier led him into a small chamber just down the hall. There wasn't much *in* there. **“This is for the safety of others. The nanomachines *can* be volatile. If they activate too close to other people, it could ‘infect’ them so to speak.”** Which meant that if he really *had* been affected by them before, then he must have been lucky that he'd been alone. Still, his theory that this was all a prank or an act was waning. The soldier was taking things *very* seriously.

“...Alright.” As the door shut, he couldn't help but feel like he'd just been locked up in prison. The door wasn't *locked* or anything like that, but being in a cramped, dimly lit space – even if the seat behind him looked rather comfy – invoked thoughts of a prison cell. It was more likely the place where misbehaving soldiers were sent to reflect or something like that. Masachika almost sat down but was prevented by a memory of something the soldier had said to him while they had walked over from the office.

“I'd recommend standing up until it's finished.”

Admittedly, the teenager didn't really know *what* the commander had meant by that. Would it have been dangerous if he'd been sitting down? Well, not *really*. It was more a matter of *comfort*. Clothes tended to get caught and *dig into things* if they sat while the nanomachines worked, so it was just a suggestion they made to anyone using them by default. **“For the record, I still don't believe this is going to do anything.”** Was he saying this for the ‘prank cameras’ he was trying to convince him were present? In a way, but it was more like he was trying to convince *himself*.

Mind you, there was already probable cause for Masachika to start believing that the nanomachines really *did* exist and could do what the navy officer had said. Seeing as the changes were isolated to his *face* at the very beginning though, there wasn't much he'd notice in such a small room without so much as a window to check his reflection in. **“This is ridiculous... Pfft!?”** That was why it had struck him as so strange the next time he spoke. His lips were sticking together? Had he forgotten how to speak? It was like he was using his lips for the first time.

That wasn't the explanation, obviously, and because he was still in denial, the boy was still waiting for more substantial proof before admitting he was wrong. Whether he believed it or not, that didn't change the truth of what was happening. His lips felt weird because they had *swollen*, with their once flat yet wide shapes swelling out, but

pinching in at the corners so that his smile would have been a little shorter.

And that wasn't even the *only* change that his face had undergone at the time. It became unrecognizable in many different ways, whether it was his cheekbones rising and chin narrowing to give its structure a smaller, yet vaguely longer design that came across as *foreign*, especially with his nostrils slimming upon a nose that lengthened a tad to match her longer face while becoming slightly upturned at the tip. This made it so that Kuze's face appeared much more *androgynous*, but that androgyny turned into outright *femininity* as his eyes rounder and his lashes lengthened... a soft pink possessed once grey eyes.

The roundness of his eyes revealed another fact, however. Not only did he look more like a woman as the officer had suggested it would, but it also appeared more *Caucasian*. Not to mention like it belonged to a woman that was in her early twenties, rather than a teenager. “**There’s seriously no... way... that... Um!?**” Whether it was because his face had changed, or maybe because his Adam’s Apple had smoothed away, his voice’s pitch had shot *way* up. Attempting to clear his throat didn’t change anything, meaning that it was likely his *vocal cords* that had changed.

“**Was it really— real!?**” Masachika hardly needed to ask that question when he all of a sudden found himself forced to grab the frame of the door in front of him to prevent himself from *falling*. He’d felt unstable, and his eye level had dropped so sharply so suddenly; the combination of these two things had caused a misunderstanding that wasn’t corrected until he saw the hands that were holding the door frame. They were smaller, daintier, and before his eyes he could see their nails inching longer into a feminine manicure. Come to think of it, his uniform felt *exceptionally* baggy now too. “**I just shrank!**”

There was no need to question it when his self-awareness was still fully intact. He’d dropped from 5’8” to 5’5” in a matter of seconds, and it had influenced his appearance in more ways than *just* his hands. Take the young man’s *feet*, for example. They succumbed to a similar fate, toes curling within his socks and shoes as his toenails became more neatly trimmed. The architecture of his heels shrunk as their skin softened, but what happened to the skin of his feet was happening to his skin *everywhere*.

Eventually, it was all as soft to the touch as it was creamy in color. Not to mention entirely hairless everywhere aside from above his crotch and eyebrows.

But didn't male genitalia usually have hair on their balls, too? Yes, but that would require *her* having balls in the first place. "**Ahhhhh!?! It's gone!?**" Masachika didn't need to reach down to check (even though she was a little curious) that her cock and balls no longer existed. The sensation of them shrinking and subsequently pulling up into her new slit where her dick became her clitoris had been far too uncanny – and strangely *arousing* – after all. "**I'm actually a girl!?! For real!?!**"

So, he really *had* been telling the truth? But wait! He'd said she would have control, but she was clearly *acting* different! The way she spoke was a little more *energetic*, not that was a very high bar with how reserved she had been as a boy. Try as she might, she couldn't even *force* herself to act like how she used to; she was compelled to not only be a little bubblier and chattier, but even her mannerisms were more feminine... like how she was resting a hand on her hip, or how she flipped her hair over her shoulder.

Wait. The woman had been looking down, but she lifted her head suddenly so that she could turn it to the side. She was met with a face full of *silver hair* that she could tell was *still* growing. It was heavier than she was used to be, and it moved about whenever *she* moved, which was a sensation that was slightly distracting seeing as she wasn't used to it. But she'd *become* used to it sooner than later. It wasn't long before it reached past her butt, and... "**It's really pretty though! I like it!**" Did she *really* like it?

Or was that simply part of her *mental* transformation? She couldn't be certain.

"**Oh!**" The shock that Masachika had felt before was still present, but it was being communicated with a much more optimism in her voice. Seeing as it was *her* body and she was becoming progressively more comfortable in it; she stopped shying away from touching herself too. The woman pushed the open jacket of her uniform away so that she could grope what had prompted her most recent squeak. Beneath shoulders that had become slenderer, weight had amassed upon her chest. It slowly expanded, jiggling without the support of a bra and with sensitive, puffer nipples rubbing up against the cloth of her uniform shirt. "**Breasts...**" And perky *C-cup* ones to boot.

Was it strange that despite having had no familiarity with cup sizes before, she could now aptly identify her own? Not really, seeing as there was some degree of mental adaptation beyond adjusting her personality. She now knew how to put on a bra, do her hair, which shampoos and deodorants were best... And she didn't bat an eyelash at any of it. It just felt *normal* to know?

Her body's transformation came to an inevitable end with a subtle flaring of her hips that had been forced by her thighs and ass. Her cheeks had bloated several inches, bubbling its shape into something perky and feminine while her thighs swelled to make use of the added space her widened hips allowed. They were plusher, but also a little toned – just as her abs had remained. There was no denying that she was *fit*.

And those aspects were *really* shown off once the nanomachines targeted her attire. It was like her high school uniform was *melting away*, revealing what looked to be a very skimpy cheerleader's uniform underneath. It was composed of a leotard-like top that was translucent and black around her torso, revealing her hips before a short, white, blue, and pink cheerleading skirt rested upon them. The upper portion of the leotard matched the skirt, with a cleavage cutout and exposed armpits beneath blue sleeves with white forearms that connected to her neck. Her legs were clad only in blue thigh high socks with white rims and black runners, and her long, silver hair was pulled into a cute ponytail by a big, blue bow.

“... can't believe this. Even my clothes.” The soldier's words *had* been true. The young woman was still aware that she had been a younger boy before, and she had undeniably become a young woman. The cleavage window she could see when she looked down confirmed that along with the emptiness between her legs. If there was *one* issue, it was that she couldn't *fully* remember her past life? Specific details, particularly her *name*, *friends*, and *family* were all things she couldn't recall. Likely so that she couldn't tell anyone who she actually was. To those ends, the only name she could recall for herself was *Casablanca*.



While she couldn't tell how her face looked, with a name like that she could only assume she no longer appeared *Japanese* either.

Casablanca *did* have some questions, though. **“Why was I dressed up like a cheerleader? It's almost like... Oh!”** She didn't actually *need* to seek someone out for answers. Her memories were still adjusting so that she had all of the information she needed. **“Right! I'm going to be working at a sports arena, representing the navy base as one of its soldiers!”** It was still summer for a few more weeks, after all, and that job would take up two weeks of that time!

The woman pressed her hand against the door and stepped out. She did feel surprisingly... good? She wasn't sure if it was because her personality had been tampered with, but she felt pretty happy? Which was dangerous in a way, because it might lead to an outcome where she didn't *want* to change back! She had enough control still to avoid that outcome though, right? **“There’s no way I’ll want to stay this way! ...Even though I feel pretty cute. Hm...”**

She was lost in thought as she navigated the once confusing hallways of the base, even passing by the officer who had asked her to sign the contract. **“Hello, officer!”** Casablanca and smiled and waved as she'd passed him, her chest jiggling from her bouncy steps. What? She was making sure she had the whole *cheerleader* thing down! If she was going to dance, then she had to get used to her boobs bouncing and her butt shaking, right? Though in terms of priorities, was that *really* something she should have been concerning herself with at that time?

Well yeah! I have a job to do!