

BIG AT THE BEACH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Mahiro Oyama was *suspicious*, and she had plenty of reason to be.

Out of nowhere her sister, Mihari, had invited her out to a beach house for summer vacation. It was the type of offer that she normally would have rejected, preferring to stay inside her own room and all, but Mihari had been *very* persistent. So, what was wrong with that? What was suspicious about one sister wanting to spend time with the other? It all went back to what *kind* of sister Mihari was.

While Mahiro looked like the younger sister of the two, the truth was that she hadn't originally been the younger one... or even a *sister*. She had been the *older brother*, and she had unfortunately been the test subject for a 'medication' that had been designed to turn boys into girls. It had been rough trying to get used to being turned into such a young girl, but she was more or less at peace with it for the time being.

She had to admit that things had improved for the better despite her misgivings.

“But I know when she’s up to something...” The two had only been at the beach hut for about an hour when Mihari had insisted on going into town by herself to pick up supplies. She had asked Mahiro to unpack, which had suited the smaller girl just fine. Mihari had been so pushy about the trip that Mahiro was assuming there was another 'experiment' in the works, and she was worried that she was going to be the test subject.

So, seeing as how she had been tasked with unpacking, she had made sure to go through *all* of Mihari's stuff first as she loaded it into the

dresser they had been provided. But strangely? She didn't find anything that stood out as suspicious. It was just clothes, snacks, her toothbrush, and whatever accessories she needed. **"Wait... a snack!"** Come to think of it, she *was* a little hungry! But she wasn't so stupid as to eat anything in *Mihari's* bag; that could have been part of the trap!



And so, Mahiro ended up rummaging throughout her own bag, eventually finding a bag of chocolate chip cookies that she had packed herself. Her small hands fumbled with the seal for a moment before she managed to open it and pull one out. While they were pre-sealed, they were nice and soft! Her favorite! And so, she didn't even hesitate to throw one down the hatch.

She didn't think twice about it and ate a few more as she unpacked her own things, which took about five minutes. **"Huh. Mihari is taking a while. What did she even go out to get?"** Mahiro wasn't *overly* excited about being at the beach. It was hot, and no doubt Mihari was going to make her wear a girl's swimsuit again. **"Wait... Was that her plan all along?"** Not quite. But there *had* been a plan, she'd been right to be suspicious. But its results only began to show when...

Her tummy began to gurgle.

"Uh..." Considering the circumstances, Mahiro's first assumption has been the common sense one: that she was experiencing indigestion. It wasn't the first time it had come on so suddenly in her life, and it probably wouldn't be the last. She simply rubbed *at* that belly, oblivious to the fact that it was the first sigh of something far more *concerning*. **"Well, if it gets too bad I'll just go to the bathroom!"** A commonsense solution for a common problem!

With that said, the girl was unknowingly displaying *ignorance* in that moment, although it was an ignorance she could have been expected to overcome considering what she was ignorant *of*. It was, of all things, her *hair*. The silvery pink it possessed had been a side effect of her transformation into a young girl in the first place, but even that color was being compromised by a very mundane... *brown?*

It was more of a chestnut shade and started from her roots before sweeping all the way down to her tips in a process that was made much shorter by her hair doing the same. Within a matter of seconds it had regressed until it only tickled the top of her neck, and her bangs had been cut so choppy short that her forehead was almost *entirely* bare. **"I**

feel kind of off though...” And it wasn’t just because her stomach had gurgled again.

Although it *was* related. The hair growing from her scalp wasn’t the *only* hair to change in color or style, for example. Her thin, silver eyebrows had been darkening to the same brown as the hair on top of her head, but they also *thickened* into fuzzy, caterpillar-like ovals. This wasn’t even the *only* change to her face. Her lips swelled, her nose lengthened, and not only did her eyes grow rounder, but a dull brown settled into her irises. It was a face that looked... older than the rest of her body. Like a woman around *twenty-five* or so?

Since this had all happened where she couldn’t really see without a mirror, Mahiro was still more or less oblivious to the problems beyond her gurgling tummy. She was about to be given an irrefutable sign that something more insane was at work. And it began with her eye level *lifting*. “**...Eh?**” Had her voice just sounded strange there? A little *deeper*?

Considering her body was *growing*, she didn’t really spend too much time thinking about her voice. “**Hold on! Mihari did do something!**” That was the only reasonable conclusion she could draw, with her meager height rapidly stretching up towards something much more impressive. Before long, her shirt was practically a crop top, and her shorts were microshorts instead. It didn’t help that she *broadened*, with widened shoulders tearing off her sleeves and widened hips popping the front button off of the shorts.

She’d grown all the way up to around 5’7”, which was *way* taller than she had been before. For a brief moment, Mahiro had possessed some hope that she was turning back into a man... only for that hope to end up dashed when it occurred to her that her breasts weren’t thinning – they were doing the *exact* opposite. What had once been A-cups stretched against her shirt unhindered by an unnecessary bra since it was summertime, and fattened nipples eventually *lifted* the shirt so that it was above them.

“**H-Hey! I don’t want them to be so big!**” They had to be like *D-cups*, right!? The woman sounded alarmed, but she also sounded a little *excited*? They were heavy and lewd, or at least she probably would have seen them that way if she was still a guy. She probably would have felt the same about the weight that saw the back of her shorts split and her panties wedge between her cheeks, because her *ass* swelled into a heart-shaped to make use of her widened hips, pouring excess into her thickened thighs. “**Why did she make me older?**”

Mind you, nothing that had happened so far had been planned by Mihari at *all*.

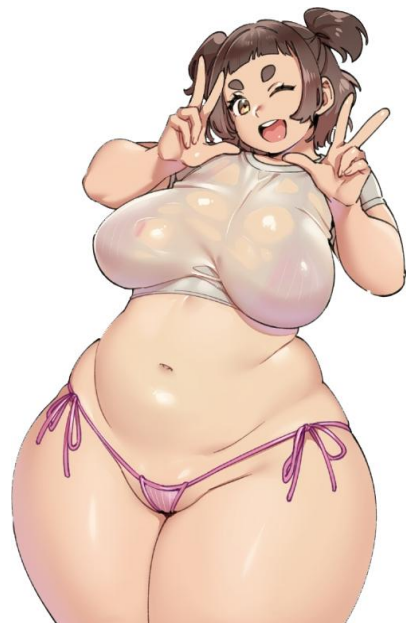
The woman didn't look at all like the girl she had been before. She was older, more buxom, although at the cost of her face looking a little *plainer*. This also wasn't where her transformation *ended*, however. The noises her stomach had been making had dulled for a time, but they returned in full force, prompting her to lead her hands down to rub her belly in an attempt to *soothe* it.

This was when it struck her. “**So soft... WAIT!?**” Her belly had never been *soft*! Even as a shut-in, Mahiro had never let things get *that* bad! Her attention was drawn back down again, but not only were her breasts blocking her view... but they were growing to do so with even greater success. “**Hold on!**” Her breasts had doubled – no, *tripled* – in size in a matter of seconds, their weight so massive that they slapped down against her... bulging tummy?

She had to use her hands to get a feel for how bad things were *below* her tits, but they were bad. Her belly had initially been soft, but now its skin was stretching and jiggling as stretchmarks were scarred into their lower perimeters. Not only did her belly grow forward, but weight pooled to the sides as well, eventually forcing itself into her hips and thighs which swelled with a similar vigor.

Mahiro struggled to lift her leg, and when she did? She could feel the pooling weight of her thighs jiggle and rub up against each other. Her shorts were utterly *shredded* as her thighs were forced to widen nearly *half a foot* beyond the extra width they'd already developed, with each thigh probably as thick as a *trashcan* before long. “**There's no way! I feel so... heavy...!**” Even her arms had practically doubled with fat, and she really felt that when she struggled to pull off what remained of her shirt. Each word felt slightly harder to say, if only because her cheeks grew chubby and a double chin formed. Even so...

“**I've become such a big girl!?** **But... At least I'm older? I'm about the age I was before!**” The woman had been distressed throughout her transformation, as she'd become bigger and chubbier, but for some reason? She didn't really mind *as* much now. Some clothes that actually *fit* her would help, but... She just couldn't help but feel excited and energetic even as her body's fat jiggled with every motion. Her boobs and



butt were big too, so that was nice! **“But hm... I should probably pick a new name, right? No one is going to believe I’m Mahiro!”**

She spent a moment pondering it as she paced around the room completely naked. **“Oh! I know! What about Hana? That’s a cute name, right?”** And so, *Hana Oyama* she had become. She was bubblier, but she wasn’t an idiot. It must have been her little sister’s doing, right? **“But I can probably lose a lot of this weight eventually and then I’d be pretty hot, right? Than again, some boys like a fuller figured girl!”** Wait.

“When did I start liking boys!?”



Mihari had been more than a *little* shocked when she had returned to the beach house with a bikini in hand to try and make Mahiro wear, only to find a tall, pudgy woman in her place that wasn’t acting like herself at all. Despite her size, she was *very* active and kept on going on about *boys* of all things. She’d figured out the culprit pretty easily. She had tampered with her sister’s cookies by coating the chocolate in a new concoction she’d made that was meant to help *keep* her thin, because she’d wanted to use it on herself.

But not only did it do the opposite, but it had completely altered Mahiro’s appearance and personality? That was probably dangerous.

“Mihari-chan~! I baked you some brownies! Try ‘em!” The sun had already set after a busy afternoon. After figuring out what had happened, Mihari had run back into town to buy a bunch of clothes that would *fit* her. For some reason, Hana had settled on a pink bikini that *barely* fit her. Maybe she was in a beach mood? But if she was going to feel so happy that she was going to bake her things, then maybe it wasn’t so bad.

The younger sibling didn’t even hesitate to eat one of the brownies. It was surprisingly good, and after saying thanks? She watched Hana retreat back into the attached kitchen of the beach house. But no sooner than the door had closed behind Hana did Mihari began to feel *strange*. A little sweaty, and her stomach let out a strange gurgle. **“Um...”** She stood, thinking she could just walk it off.

She’d *assumed* that she was just having a little bit of indigestion, just as her ‘sister’ had at the start of her transformation. But she only assumed

this because she believed Hana had consumed all of her test batch. There shouldn't have been anything left for her to suffer a similar fate. And yet... What she ended up mistaking as 'feeling a little bloated' ended up becoming something much more dire. "**Wh-What...?**" As she felt the front of her red, button-up shirt begin to lift and push away... pushed by her belly itself. "**Hold up!?! Why am I gaining—!?**" And then it hit her. What had she just eaten? A brownie made by Hana! Had she done something to the treat without telling her? But how? With what!?

Mihari wanted to run into the kitchen to inquire immediately, but she found moving to be... *difficult* at best. It wasn't just her shirt that felt tight. Her bra, her panties, her socks, and even her lab coat were all becoming increasingly restrictive as the flesh beneath it became heavier and heavier. This could especially be seen in her face, with her already round cheeks becoming heavier and double chin forming at the peak of her neck.

"**Come on... Move...**" Her voice sounded deeper there for a moment, but why did it sound deeper? It was only then that she remembered that Mihari hadn't just gained weight, she'd practically become a different person altogether. An *older* person. It was very likely that the same thing was happening to her, and that became all the more plain when it occurred to her that she was growing *taller* on top of heavier.

Her clothes were *already* struggling to contain her body with the weight she had gained, but their fate had effectively been sealed the moment that she started to grow taller as well – especially when the weight she was gaining didn't appear to slow much, either. Her stretching belly, her button bare, jiggled over the upper hem of her skirt while that skirt felt smaller and smaller.

She grabbed at the nearby table with an increasingly grubby hand, fingers thickening like sausages as her body's shape became more and more difficult to manage. "**Could you stop!?**" Vertically, she had been creeping closer and closer to around 5'5" where that grow finally ceased, and the deepened sound of her voice finally stopped changing as well. But by this point in time? She *clearly* appeared significantly older.

Mihari's chubbier face had matured as she'd grown. Not only did her lips swell *significantly* fuller, but the length of her nose also actually shortened and became slightly upturned, as her eyes inherited a dull purple between longer lashes. Dark circles appeared *under* those eyes, just as her thickened lips became slightly *cracked*? It looked like she wasn't taking quite as good care of herself as she had before.

“I don’t even want to deal with this right now...” She grumbled, hardly sparing any attention for the weight of her own hair shifting. Her locks became wavier and unkempt, its brown darkening as it... Well, it didn’t really *lengthen*, but it did become thicker and *greasier*. All in all, it didn’t really look like she went outside much. She looked tired and out of breath and, of course, her weight wasn’t helping much there.

She’d been inflating almost like a water balloon of fat the entire time. Her tummy extended outwards almost *five inches* past her pelvis, and her hips had been forced wide by thighs that had thickened to an equivalent thickness with that belly. Her panties ended up tearing, and the waistband of the skirt *finally* snapped once her hips had been forced so wide that there was no longer any hope for it.

Mihari’s arms thickened even more than Mahiro’s had by the end, and her breasts... They had grown both because of the weight she had gained *and* because her base body had changed to become a different woman in the first place. They would have been around *E-cups* if not for the excess weight, but *all* of the buttons of her shirt popped off, and her bra snapped, as they burgeoned to *G-cups* instead.

The woman, now around *twenty-three*, groaned as she began to try and tear off the clothing that remained clinging to her body. **“Just get this crap off of me. It’s a pain in the ass...”** The scientist had never sounded so tired, dejected, and crude before. But it felt *natural* to act that way. She didn’t really care. She just pulled until her tits fully showed and her lab coat had been discarded. She didn’t even really care that her pubes, which had thickened into a thick, unkempt bush, was completely exposed.

Well, she *cared*. But not feeling like her fat body was being *strangled* was more important.

“Why the hell did this happen to me? Ugh...” Similarly to Mahiro, Mihari had been plagued by a severe personality change by the time her own transformation had completed. She had become strangely *introverted*, but also grumpy and *tired*. **“I’m so stupid now!”** There was *that* too. While she looked like she *might* have been the smarter of the two siblings, she was now an idiot that would prefer to be inside all day, burying herself in stupid things like eroge and video games like her brother. **“HANA!”** If there was anyone to blame, that was the only one she could think of as she rubbed her



own belly.

The kitchen door swung wide seconds later, and Hana bounced through. It didn't take long for a look of surprise to show. "**Oh! It worked! Are you my *big* sister now?**" Mihari's eye immediately twitched at that line. It was *her* fault!? "**I added some of the chocolate chips from the leftover cookies in my bag! I'm really happy like this, so I was just thinking that you'd be happier too!**" *That* had been her logic!? "**But hm... You need a new name too, I think? How about Ren?**"

Ren Oyama's eye twitched again. "**WHO SAID I WANTED THIS YOU BUBBLY LITTLE—!?**" She couldn't even bring herself to finish the sentence and instead huffed over to the pile of clothes she had bought for Hana until she could find something that would fit her. Unfortunately, the only thing that *would* fit was a teal and green striped bikini with a thong and straps connecting from below the nipples *to* that thong. "**Ugh... I need a smoke... Since when did I even smoke in the first place!?**"

"Aw, but I'm sure there are some boys that would love you! Look at how soft your tummy is!"

"If you think I'm going out looking like *this*, you're crazy. Besides, I don't even like guys anymore."

"You're gay now!?"

"...You were into girls before I guess it swapped our preferences."

This was going to be a whole pain in the ass to sort out later. But for now? Ren wanted to take the *fattest* nap.