

TIDDY OF TIME V.

COMMISSION STORY

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Parties really weren't Suzuha Amane's jam.

Being a time traveler from the future, the girl really had mixed feelings about mingling too much with the people of this era. After all, a lot of them were people she knew from the future... or were no longer with them then. It was difficult, and she couldn't imagine that anyone could understand just exactly how it felt to be involved with people from your past *in the past*. It just *sucked*.

So while she had been invited to the girls' party? She also had used every trick in the book to get out of there whenever she could. Suzuha would reappear for a moment only to disappear again, almost creating the illusion that she was present when she was *actually* slinking off to get some fresh air. **"It's just not really my scene. I don't mean to offend any of 'em."** This was how she excused her actions, at least so that she didn't feel as badly about it.

How was she spending her time *away* from the party, then? Naturally she gravitated to the roof. That was where the time machine was after all, and it was her only *real* item of comfort midst all of the familiar unfamiliarity. She'd gone up and down the stairs heading to and from the machine multiple times over the course of the party already, so what was one more trip up?

Or that had been the plan at least, but the last she had been down to the party? She had heard that Mayuri had gone up looking for her with tea in hand. It left Amane feeling a little guilty. So someone had noticed that she had been sneaking off after all? **"And it had to be big sis Mayuri..."** Perhaps the kindest of the group that had gathered. It was

kind of a pain in the end, but Suzuha ended up running to the roof to meet up with the big sister figure she was a little sad she had disappointed.

Once she climbed out of the little room the stairs bled out of, however? She realized that something was *wrong*. The door to the time machine was open, and the machine itself was glowing? “**Crap!**” Had Mayuri done something? If she had, it was unlikely to have been intentional at all. Nonetheless, she only had a limited amount of time to act before the worst happened!

Unfortunately, that was the last thought she had before the light of the machine swallowed her whole.



“**Tch!**” Suzuha clicked her tongue and bit her lip once she realized she had been too late. After all, she was no longer standing upon the roof of the Future Gadget Laboratory, but instead in a place that was wholly unfamiliar. She was inside a building, and from the architecture alone she got the vibe that it was an older manor of European design. Yet she also couldn’t shake the feeling that she was still in *Japan* somehow. “**Is this possible? The machine shouldn’t be able to affect anything outside of it...**”

She knew of the machine’s limitations better than anyone. It didn’t work in a way where people not inside of it could be moved through time. At least it wasn’t *supposed* to work that way, and yet she could hardly doubt that it was possible now that it had happened to her. But what of Mayuri? She couldn’t even *see* the time machine anywhere. “**Wait, crap. This is super not good, isn’t it?**” Without the machine she had no way to return to the time she had come from, much less her own time.

Okay. Calm down, Suzuha. Looks like you’re in the foyer of a mansion. There’s a lot of stairs, and a big blank portrait behind you... If she acted out of panic, then she risked making the situation worse. Still, this really was a strange place, wasn’t it? Why was there no picture behind her where they should be one? Then again, who made a picture that big the centerpiece of their crazy huge foyer in the first place?

It wasn't a portrait that would *remain* blank mind you. At least not for long.

Should she find help? She had no idea what time she was in, so how would she be received dressed like she was? Depending on the owner of the property, she could also very much be in danger. *Me? In danger? With my power? How cute.* But a voice within disagreed with that assessment somehow, boasting of a strength that Suzuha most certainly did not possess.

In fact, no sooner than Suzuha was stunned by this uncharacteristic line of thinking did a strange feeling begin to radiate from within. It would have been wrong for her to claim it was a physical feeling – although those would most certainly come with time – but instead it felt more fundamental, almost ethereal. **“H-Hey, what’s going on here? I end up some strange place, now I’m feelin’ strange? Is it a side effect of the strange time travel?”** She was *naturally* worried. Time travel had all manners of risk involved, and if done incorrectly it wouldn't be unfathomable that she might be at risk of *dying*.

Fortunately for her then, this wasn't the case. What she was feeling was her very nature as a living being getting altered. Or rather? Her humanity was being replaced with something more significant, and with that significance came new and great power. She just lacked the knowledge to wield it *just yet*.

Suzuha's fingers fidgeted together, and as she poked and twirled they began to look quite *different* beyond the girl's notice. They were growing slightly longer for one, but the transition of her fingernails from short cuts to long, pointed growths painted in a crimson red wasn't quite as subtle. Nor was the sudden discomfort in her shoes brought about from her feet growing but a single size. She was so distracted that she hardly took notice of that *minor* discomfort, however.

But what of a discomfort that was much more *blatant*?

That was something that became apparent not long after, in a place that immediately left Suzuha staring downwards at her own chest. **“Huh? Why’s it so warm?”** She may have been a teen, but she had most certainly felt arousal in the past – and this *wasn't* it. Still, she could see her nipples were erect even through her jacket and her sports bra. Had they gotten bigger somehow? That shouldn't have been possible, right?

But really, in the end? Her nipples were basically the *least* of her worries. Because everything else beneath them began to surge forth vigorously, quickly filling the tight space of her jacket to the point that the zipper had little choice but to begin yanking downwards from her

neck. “**My chest!?**” Her hands instinctively reached up to grope herself through the sleek material of her biking coat, almost as if she was trying to push them back down into their regular sizing. But that didn’t exactly work, and instead their sensitivity began to arouse her as the continued to swell within her grasp.

Her face flushed, she was understandably confused about what to do in a situation like this. One’s breasts didn’t just *grow*! And yet there they were, swelling up like balloons to the point that the bottom of her jacket had been lifted to show a bit of her tummy. They’d grown so substantially so quickly that the zipper of the coat had gotten stuck at the peak of her bosom, showing off cleavage that was exceptionally ample directly below her. Each breasts was about as large as an *actual* melon, and her sports bra had *clearly* snapped in the back to accommodate their growth.

But for how shocked she felt, there was another feeling too.

Pride.

Strange as it was, she undoubtedly felt proud of these breasts. Proud of her figure as a whole, in fact, but the meaning of that broader arrogance didn’t make itself known for but another moment. Nonetheless, it *did* make itself known – and it compromised the fit of the rest of her outfit in the process. In fact, almost as if to lay the remaining groundwork? Her height sprung up ever so slightly, a duality of inches creation a greater gap between her spandex bicycle shorts and her now ill-fitted jacket. “**And my... ngh...**”

An increased tension around her pelvis and the surrounding area did not go unnoticed, but with her now *huge* honkers in the way, it made it a little difficult for Suzuha to see just what was transpiring down there with any amount of ease. But the spandex of her shorts? It was tightening, pulling uncomfortably thin as the flesh beneath began to expand.

This was a phenomenon that took place on multiple levels. On one level? Her thighs were bloating, with a jiggling weight seeing their girth increase while stretched shorts clung to them so tightly that their meat peaked up around the legs of the clothing. On another? Cleavage from her *ass* was formed as her rear end increased in volume itself. Her plain panties did little to contain this expanding, peach-shaped rear, forcing a wedgy while the skintight nature of her shorts completely showed off the depths of her new ass crack.

It was a protrusion of her hips that finally did her shorts in, with the meat of her thighs and rear forcing them to part wider. In turn, rips

began to form in her shorts, and that prompted crimson fingernails to reach down and trace her own girth. **“I’m so much thicker... It feels good.”** And while it was out of character for Suzuha? She licked her lips as she said this.

In fact, plenty about her mannerisms had begun to come across as just that. *Out of character*. Her posture exuded both elegance and confidence, and her resting expression had begun to come across as a lot slier – even if the girl herself didn’t realize. At the exact same time... was she even really a *girl* any longer? She was still undeniably female, her features proved that. But it was her age that was questionable considering how bombastic it had all become.

Change eventually made its way into her face though, and in doing so it became a little less questionable. Age was quick to apply itself to her facial features, maturity settling in where none had existed prior. But at the same time, Suzuha was left looking less and less like herself. Forget just not looking like herself – she was left hardly even looking *Japanese*. Whether it was how her eyes pulled wider, or inherited a blue color, or how her jaw became sharper or her lips quite notably rounder in their protrusion.

No, she didn’t look like Suzuha at all. Rather, taking the appearance of a woman in her late twenties, she instead resembled a woman of Caucasian heritage. An incredibly beautiful one, and with her ample curves she almost looked as if she had been created by a textbook description of what a stereotypical, beautiful European woman might have looked like.

“Mmm... Hard to believe I felt so confused by all this. It all feels so clear now.” She cooed with a voice that was much different than her old one, all the while snapping her fingers to see her disheveled outfit reconstruct itself into an elegant dress more befitting of the era she had ended up in. This snap of her fingers made good use of her now powers. Powers she understood. Powers that provoked arrogance.

But even then, her physical transformation had one final change. One that saw the color of her brown locks brighten to orange. Not only in the hair atop her head, but within her loins and across her brows. With her outfit changed, the hair atop her head was quick to be restyled into a braided bob with thick, bushy bangs though. And with yet another snap of her fingers? A long pipe appeared in her right hand.

The woman, well-endowed and dressed in a gaudy but elaborate ballgown dress, sputtered as the fragments of her memories began to piece themselves back together. In many ways she was still Suzuha Amane. Some of those fragments were of her past life, and spoke to her humble beginnings and the goals that she sought to accomplish. But these fragments were few and far between as the glass mural that composed her ego was formulated primarily by those of the woman she had become.



A cruel, sadistic, and all-powerful individual known as a ‘Witch’.

A Witch by the name of *Beatrice*.

While it wasn’t what *Suzuha* wanted, a depraved laugh eventually echoed from between her lips. **“Ahahaha! So this is the hand I was dealt, is it? Fun. Fun!”** And she most certainly couldn’t say no to a little *fun*. All powerful and undying, a Witch’s greatest enemy was time – and as a consequence of time, boredom. It was ironic in a sense, because time was the force that had put her into this position in the first place. It was because of a time machine that she had become *Beatrice* to begin with.

There was a small part of her that wished to use these newfound powers of hers to undo all of the loss that had come about in her own timeline. The lives she could save, the suffering she could prevent. It all sounded like a noble cause. Which was exactly why she *wouldn’t* do it. Something goodie two shoes like saving people? **“Disgusting! In fact, perhaps I should make sure that this can’t be undone?”**

Because, truthfully, she held the power now to undo her own transformation. By stopping *Mayuri* from spilling the tea, she could save herself from this unusual fate. But rather than that, using her powers? She reached her very essence not into the past, but the future, all of the way from the *Rokkenjima* of 1986 to do a little something. That is to say... Well, using her powers?

Beatrice used her magic to force Mayuri to trip, ultimately creating a time loop. What came first? Suzuha becoming Beatrice because she was sent back in time? Or Beatrice tripping Mayuri and sending Suzuha back in time? That line had become incredibly muddled, so much so that it couldn't possibly be undone regardless of whose power was wielded. And that made the Witch feel *great*.

“And with that out of the way, I suppose I can focus on the upcoming game.” The elegantly dressed woman spun around, now looking back at the portrait on the wall of the foyer behind her. No longer was it blank, but it was a picture of Beatrice herself. A picture that was suggestive of her power and how it would be wielded over the island of Rokkenjima. But for how strong she was, wasn't it boring to have that power left unchallenged?

That was exactly why she anticipated their arrival. The gathering of the Ushiromiyas...