

# MMO SUMMER IV

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Sakura-chan? Takamaki-san? Is anyone here?”**

As had been the plan made via text, Haru Okumura had arrived at the Sakura residence as soon as she was done with her previous business. Everyone, especially the girls of the Phantom Thieves, had been growing increasingly worried about Futaba as of late. Great progress had been made in getting her to open up as a person and come out of her room more frequently, but ever since she had been consumed by a new game (as Haru understood the situation) she had holed herself away again.

This wasn't really Haru's area of expertise though. To say her understanding of modern technology in general was *lacking* would have been a severe understatement. At times it almost seemed to be a miracle that she could operate her *phone*, so was it really any wonder that she didn't exactly understand the nuances of Futaba's situation when it came to things like video game addictions? Even Futaba's desktop computer might as well have been a foreign entity to her despite having to use desktop computers at school all the time.

**“How strange... Did they manage to get her to go outside?”** Not only had she expected to find Futaba in Futaba's bedroom, but Ann and Makoto had apparently arrived before her. The room was empty, none of them were there. **“I'd like to think they might text me if they were to leave however...”** Since they were all such good friends, such a simple gesture would have been warranted. Strangely even their phones were littered about the room.

Haru pouted because she didn't know where everyone had gone. There was, however, something being displayed on Futaba's computer

monitor. It looked like a game of some sort? It was probably a waste of power to leave it running, right? Sitting at the desk though? She realized she didn't know *how* to turn it off. "**Hm...**" Not that it bothered her for long, as what was displayed on the screen had caught her eye.

It was a character creator for the game Futaba had been playing. "**Oh, she's beautiful...**" And considering her love for plants, Haru was immediately enamored by the sight of the character on screen. A woman with green skin and a floral motif – how could she *not* like a design like that? Without thinking she began to tinker with the game settings to see if she could try and learn more about her, but considering her lack of expertise in this area...

She unintentionally turned off the '*make changes temporary?*' option. The only thing that would have returned the others back to their world after a day had past. Meaning she had just inadvertently trapped Futaba, Makoto, and Ann within the game world in their new bodies. And this was something that would soon extend... *to herself*.



**"H-Huh!?"** Haru had difficulty comprehending what had just happened. She had been fiddling with Futaba's computer to try and learn more about that beautiful plant woman one moment, and in the next? Not only was she not sitting in front of that computer, she was kneeling in a bed of pink and purple flowers in the middle of what appeared to be a forest. What's more, looking down...? "**UWAH!?"**

She found that her body had been stripped. *She was completely naked!*

Immediately shooting up and doing her best to cover herself up with her hands, Haru looked around frantically for something she could cover her body with. Not that there was anything obvious. Unless she had the time to weave the flowers at her feet into a dress of some sort, which she did not. "**How is this possible? I'm... outside...?**" Putting her nudity aside for a moment, her surroundings...?

The teen was definitely outdoors, but the trees weren't of the sort you would find in Japan. Was she in a different country? But, no, that *also* couldn't be right. Because she was something of a plant enthusiast. Enough to recognize that the flora that surrounded the clearing she was in were unlike anything she had ever seen before. Even the flowers at

her feet, while resembling roses of pink, purple, and blue, were *not* roses. There were no thorns on their stems.

**“This... isn’t Japan.”** Where *was* she then? Was this even Earth? She could smell salt water nearby, she was *definitely* near the ocean. But even still she couldn’t trust that. This also wasn’t the Metaverse as simple of an explanation as they might have been, because she hadn’t changed into her costume. The opposite had happened really, seeing as she had absolutely *nothing* to wear.

Her best instincts told her to move. She had to get covered up before she figured out just *where* she was. In service of that she had naturally gone to lift one of her feet with the intention of moving forward, and yet? **“H-Huh?”** There was a tug. One that prevented her from lifting not one of her feet, but both of them. Haru looked down in a panic, and midst the strange roses? It almost looked as if her feet had been tangled up in vines? **“How did that happen...?”**

Embarrassing as it was to move about naked, the girl had no choice but to bend over to try and pull the vines off – poking her bum towards the sky in the process. The moment she grabbed hold and attempted to pull them free, however? Something *odd* caught her eye. She could see her foot beneath the vines since they weren’t covering them *completely*. And that foot? No, both of them. It had a pale green coloring. Like the stem of a plant. **“That... can’t be right, can it?”**

Yet after tugging on the vines a little bit with her hand, she watched the very same phenomenon spread into her fingertips and down into her hands, before beginning to crawl up her arms just as it had begun to do the same to her legs. **“Ah!? It’s... spreading!?”** She abandoned the vines and stood completely upright once more, gawking at green hands and the extension of her fingernails into sharp points colored purple. This purple wasn’t paint, mind you, but the natural color of her nails now.

Just as green was becoming the natural color of her skin.

It had reached her shoulders and hips now, and like a wave it crashed into her torso. Strangely, anything dyed green was robbed of any hairs upon it. Whether it was the fine hairs on her arms and legs or the pubic hair above her loins, it was all pulled into her body before the potential of hair ever growing there again was entirely erased. She rubbed at the green on one of her arms as the coloration consumed her breasts next, dyeing nipples a darker green that had likewise decorated her loins. This green skin was very smooth, and she felt like she could feel the sunlight filtering in through above much more keenly?

**“Why did I turn green!?”** It was a valid question that she didn’t have an answer to now that even her face had been consumed by it. She still couldn’t move her feet, and the sun’s rays were making her feel increasingly *good*. Satisfied, yet somehow *craving*. Haru just couldn’t piece together *what* it was that she was craving just yet.

Distracted by her skin and attempting to identify the means through which it had changed, an alteration to the color of the hair atop her head went unnoticed. The very tips of her hair took on a bright pink hue while the bulk of it from the roots became blonde before taking a gradient into that pink. These curly locks soon unfurled and thinned, not only turning entirely straight but soon spilling down past her shoulders thanks to a *dramatic* increase in their length. When all was said and done they reached the back of her knees, bangs parted now perfectly in the center so that you could see her forehead.

A wave of dizziness prompted Haru to groan before she could even acknowledge her hair growth and color change. **“Ngh...?”** It wasn’t *painful*, but head had begun to pound excessively to the point that it left her feeling off balance. Green fingers with lengthened nails reached up to grip the sides of her skull just in time for the feeling to pass, but it had *only* passed because the cause had materialized. A pair of *horns* erupted from the sides of her head. **“What the—!?”** Hands gripped them, confused. **“Horns? But...”** Why did they feel like they were made of wood? They seemed to have twigs and flowers growing from them too!

That was because they *were* made of wood. Like the trunk of a tree.

Just below these new growths the shapes of her green ears changed next, peeking out from behind blonde locks in a pointed fashion, though they each had *two* points to distinguish them from the ears of, say, an elf or goblin. They were also shorter than the ears of one of these races despite poking out. **“Why do I have wooden horns...?”** They were fastened firmly to her skull, and not to mention— **“My hair is different too? It’s like I’m becoming some sort of...”** *Monster?*

Humans didn’t have horns and they *certainly* didn’t have green skin. So did that mean she was becoming something *inhuman*? It actually wasn’t a matter of *becoming* though. She had already *become* something that wasn’t a human. Biologically speaking she was now a fantasy race tied to plant life – perhaps a fitting form for Haru the gardener of all people. And yet her transformation was *far* from over. Her needs as a human had been replaced by the needs of something else, and her green skin was now actively absorbing the sun’s light from above. Plants needed sunlight to grow, and so naturally...

“*Mmn!?*” Haru couldn’t believe the sound that ultimately escaped her lips. It was akin to a moan, sultry in its sound and deeper in its pitch. She idly licked her lips in an erotic fashion without thinking about it too, though in doing so she completely missed the fact that her lips had been in the process of swelling, doubling in size while turning bright pink. Her eyes soon reflected a bright, ocean blue as lashes lengthened, but their shapes narrowed in tandem.

It all left her face looking *older* and significantly *less* like Haru herself. A beauty mark had surfaced beneath her lips and the overall shape of her face ultimately shifted to be longer and thinner. Those eyes hardly looked Japanese, but it was also difficult to pin them to a specific real world race. Structurally they were closest to those of a Caucasian woman, perhaps? But in the end it all gave off the impression not of a teenaged girl, but a woman a little past the age of *thirty*.

Why did she feel so *good*? She’d felt a little off ever since her skin had changed, and that *craving...* The plant girl was beginning to understand its nature. It was *sexual*. Her moan was one born of arousal, and looking at her body it wasn’t difficult to see *why*. Like a plant being nurtured by the sun, she was *growing*. Initially it was merely in the vertical sense, as several inches saw her spine and limbs lengthen.

But then? In key areas her green skin had begun to glisten. That arousal she was feeling built exponentially, so much so that it was becoming difficult to dismiss it. “*Oh dear, I feel so... Mmn...*” Even the woman’s choice of words seemed to be changing now, opting for a manner of speech that felt even more ‘refined’ than the one Haru already used. Yet there was something playful and flirty about it at the same time. She sounded, and was beginning to *feel*, far more confident than she ever had before.

In terms of appearances there were plenty of causes for that confidence now. Her hips had been nudged several inches wider not as a courtesy but as a change that was rendered *mandatory* by a swell that saw her ass and thighs alike engorge. Even with legs parted, those thighs saw fit to press up against each other in thick, plush forms that were almost as wide as her waistline now was. When it came to her *ass* on the other hand, well it would have filled that *other hand* and then some. Green cheeks bubbled and curved, skin jiggling as they filled and were pulled tautly around her new rump.

It was the kind of ass that would look amazing in, say, a hot pair of yoga pants. And yet it paled in comparison to the pair of tits that bounced to attention upon her chest. Nipples tripled in size, puffing out erotically as her arousal had already rendered them erect. Each as big as an eye, they led they charge as fat pooled in the small chest beneath them –

until they were notably the polar opposite of such a descriptor. Her tits mirrored her head in size in a matter of seconds, their heft prompting her to lean forward before correcting her stature, Haru's will struggling to stop herself from groping them just as it was becoming increasingly more difficult to stroke her aching pussy.

Her expression, passively, was both needy and sadistic. In her newfound maturity, for she was certainly an adult woman whose physical age now matched her face, matters of her new race and age came flooding into her brain. She still retained her sense of self as Haru, but this *new* self was powerful, beautiful, and overwhelming. It was probably only a matter of time before she lost herself. **“Well now, I certainly feel good.”**

The vines that had bound her feet moved with a wave of her hand, and they then crept up her body to hug her curves and firm into a brand new outfit for her person. A *very* small and pink bikini bottom through which you could clearly make out her pussy was bound to a matching bikini top that merely covered her nipples. Vines held it all together, criss-crossing towards a rose-decorate choker around her neck. Fingerless gloves were fashioned around her arms, blue at the top and pink at the bottom as vines held them in place, and a singular thigh high clad her right leg in the same style.

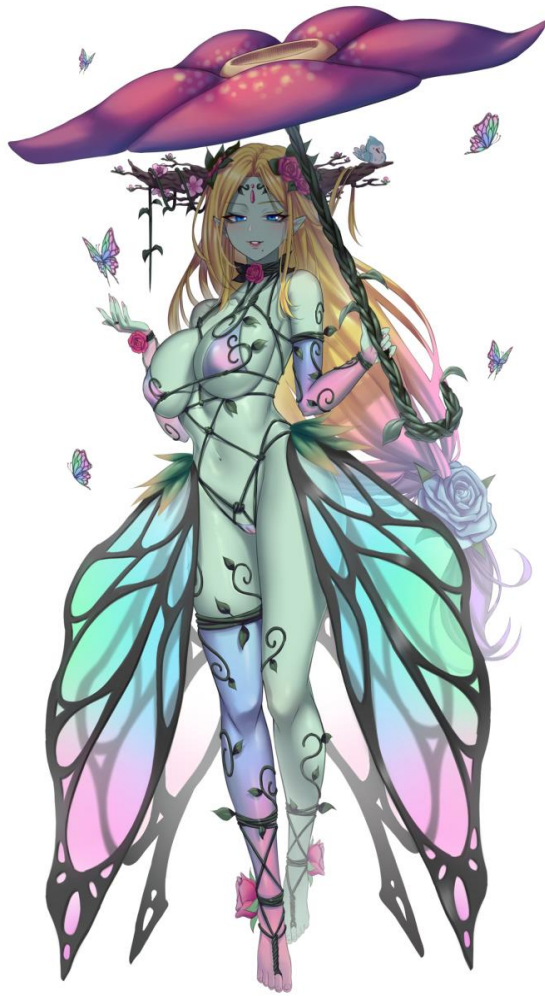
With a brush of her hands against her thighs, guided by instinct, a skirt resembling the wings of a butterfly fell from the vines that hugged her hips, and a gemmed headpiece soon ran across her exposed forehead. Pink roses appeared on her head not as a decoration, but because they had grown *from* her body. Those vines, these clothes, they were all technically *grown* from her.

**“I’m... Oh my, I really *am* like the Alraune upon the, erm... What was that device called again?”** *Izess the Alraune* was in a difficult spot mentally. She could remember being Haru, she could remember her old life, but the *details* of it felt groggy. If she didn't understand technology very well beforehand, well she couldn't even remember what a phone *was* now. It was a side effect of her old self blending into the new – an Alraune character that had spent her entire life within this game world, not even understanding that it was a game.

Her green body, via photosynthesis, savored the light of the sun that filtered through the clearing above as it produced the nourishment she needed. Fingers grazed her skin and her body shuddered, this process rendering her more sensitive than many of the other races. **“No, I should not get too caught up in this. I am not a plant monster, I am *Izess*... *Izess*... *Izess*? N-No, surely I can say my old name? *Izess*?”**

But she *couldn't*. She knew it was Haru deep down, but she could not speak it just as she couldn't stop herself from speaking in such a proper, fanciful way. Why would she *not* speak like that? Her people were among the most regal and elegant in all the land. They were lucky that someone as beautiful as an Alraune had come to the beach that day, even though she was a ways in towards the shore because her body did not work well with saltwater.

**“I shant forget my old self, else I'll completely succumb to this... *feeling*.”** Ever since her transformation had begun she'd felt it. A primal need, a desire, something ingrained in every Alraune. Like any plant they had to absorb nutrients to live. Photosynthesis was *part* of it, but while a playable race in the game, in terms of lore Alraune also fed on the life force of men and women alike. Making them closer to *succubi* in nature, wrapping up sexual partners in their vines so that they could milk their sexual energy with their bodies.



She shuddered at the thought. Attuned with the forest she presently resided within, she *knew* that the nearby beach was teeming with potential ‘partners’, but she couldn’t imagine suffering through stepping onto the nutrient-free sand. It would be *horrible* for her beautiful, green skin. **“N-No... I should not care about that! I need to find a way to return to... to...?”** Her head continued to fill with desire and need. She wanted to fuck, to feed, and that felt more important than her past life.

**“Oh dear, perhaps I could just lead some into the forest with an enticing floral scent?”**

Why was she smiling so sadistically as she said that?