

# SHADOW SKILL

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Hello? Anyone out there? Senpai? ANYONE!?”**

Rise Kujikawa was in a bit of a pickle, but then again since awakening her Persona had there ever been a day where she *wasn't* in a bit of a pickle? A lot had happened over the past few hours: General Teddie had returned, their friends from the Labrys incident had seemingly been captured, she'd somehow repurposed her Persona for combat use, and the Investigation Team had been climbing something that was apparently called the Tartarus? It was a lot to take in!

But that was only the tip of her ‘what the heck is going on’ iceberg! She'd finally reunited with everyone only to trip and land in an elevator, one that fell down and down and down and down at an incredibly fast pace. The young navigator would never admit it if asked later, but she screamed. *A lot.*

***DING!***

Once the elevator had come to a screeching halt and the door had opened, she was naturally on a completely different floor than she had been before. Was it above the ground floor? Below it? It was not like this place had any windows for her to look outside and see. But then again, there didn't seem to be much of anything on *this* floor. The room seemed as spacious as a gymnasium, perhaps even larger, and was decorated completely in white sheets. The floor was covered in a white sheet, the walls, even mysterious objects were clad in white.

**“This is creepy...”** That might have been the understatement of the year, but at the same time it didn't look like going back up was even an

option. There weren't any controls on the elevator, and it seemed content to merely idle until the Investigation Team's navigator stepped off.

Which, against better judgment, *she did*.

No sooner than her weight had been removed from the elevator did it *DING* once more, before shooting back up into the ceiling where the hole left in its wake closed mysteriously. There really was no making sense of this place, and in that vein, it was very much like the Midnight Channel. "**No way but forward, I guess...**" And so, Rise proceeded, unable to see the room's other side with how dimly lit it was.

**"Some navigator I am, falling for an enemy trap like that."** The teen certainly had gripes about her own performance here. She was supposed to be the one leading the others out of danger, not falling into danger herself. This couldn't be anything other than a trap, really. "**I'm sure if I was more talented... I bet SEES' navigator wouldn't make this mistake.**"

Little did Rise know that she'd fallen into more of a trap than she had initially expected. This entire space was meant to pull someone's insecurities into the forefront and present a solution. Albeit a solution imposed upon them against their will. For the idol, the effects were fully put in motion when she walked past one of the objects in the room veiled by a sheet, only for the sound of the sheet falling unprompted to steal her gaze in that direction. "**Huh?**"

She caught the tail end of the sheet falling, but what really took her attention was what had been beneath the sheet. It was an oil painting of a young woman with green-blue hair, and one she recognized at that. "**Isn't this a painting of Yamagishi-san?**" SEES' navigator. A gentle, beautiful woman that had a nurturing air about her. This painting almost had her framed like she was the Mona Lisa, but what on Earth was *this* doing down here? "**This is weird.**"

What was weirder was among the things Rise had yet to take note of, for the outlandish, Shadow-spawned trap had now been sprung. It was actually her clothing that had taken the first hit, and her modified winter Yasogami High uniform appeared less like itself with each passing moment.

The black fibers that wove themselves amongst one another lightened gradually. In places they appeared dark gray, in others an even lighter shade, with the ultimate goal of becoming a white as pure as freshly fallen snow. This lightening cloth thinned, but only because it fixated itself to the blouse Rise wore beneath it with the intent of forming a

single garment atop her torso (*aside from her brassiere, of course*). The material ruffled, but it also lengthened so that it hung as a dress that usurped even the girl's skirt in reach. What remained was a cute, decorative, button-up dress piece that was slightly loose against her thin frame with a lower neckline. Her yellow ribbon? It darkened and thinned into a string, the bulk forming a diamond charm upon what was now a necklace. As for the skirt, it darkened completely to black and became one with her thigh highs until it was a proper pair of leggings that snugly held her hips and waistline beneath the dress.

Rise paid it no mind both consciously and subconsciously. When weighed against trying to find a way out and wondering what the point of the Yamagishi portrait was, she'd hardly turned any attention inwardly. This allowed an opportunity for further manipulation to take affect, and this time it wasn't so harmless as to only change her uniform into a cute dress. *This time it came for her body.*

The supernatural phenomenon that had begun to reshape her started by tickling her face. It was so subtle in feeling that the girl affected hardly notice outside of a wriggle of her nose.

She was an idol, and so naturally her beauty was... *natural!* It didn't take a ton of makeup to bring Rise's natural attractiveness into the forefront, and even then, she preferred going natural over getting excessively dolled up. That beauty should have been a constant, at least until she started getting up there in years, but as things stood? The need for makeup to reach the same level of born attractiveness was creeping up onto her.

Not to say that Rise's facial features were becoming ugly, their beauty was just becoming much *homelier*. One's impression might be '*she's beautiful for a regular girl*' instead of '*that girl is drop dead gorgeous*', the kind of change that might as well have been minor for most but would have been a dealbreaker when it came to her idol career. Eyes that were rounder and less angled struck the initial chord of mundanity here, and that was further bolstered by how her cheeks became ever so subtly plumper. Pair all this with lips that had lost their natural POP, and there was no way she could be a convincing idol. Still a very pretty girl of course, but not *idol pretty*.

As her eyes flickered with slightly shorter lashes, the painting of Fuuka Yamagishi reflected in her irises, those very same irises brightened from brown to a forest green that wasn't particularly eye catching either. But that was fine – her eye color had never been a big part of her appeal, and the fact that it hardly matched the color of her hair would likewise be less of an issue quite shortly.

**“Weird painting of *me* aside, how do I— Wait, did I just say this was a painting of me? It obviously isn’t, it’s a painting of *me*. H-Huh?”** Why was her mind playing tricks on her like this? She knew that was a painting of Fuuka Yamagishi, *and that was her own name*. It wasn’t! She was... was... **“Drats, what was my name again!?”** If she had been the old Rise, then she most certainly would have said something cruder than ‘drats’ there.

Struggling with her identity as she was, the avenue was opened for even more of her old self to be stripped away and replaced. Her hair was quick to go the same way as her face had, with twin tails first unwound as the ties that held them in place came undone and were eviscerated by the curse. With her hair hanging loose behind her, a light blue began to bleed into her brown strands: the very same blue reflected in the hair on the oil painting. It washed throughout her entire hair, remaining healthy but becoming slightly softer to the touch (*indicative of a vastly different hair care regimen*). And by the time it was completed? The style was quite different as well. More of her forehead was shown by a thinner bang line, and while her earlier hair ties had disappeared, a new one rested at the base to contain a braid that hung over her right shoulder.

She hardly looked like herself at all now, and in the case of her mental state? That warzone was similar in the sense that it now bore very little resemblance. Rise herself seemed quite confused by her circumstances as they were. **“I’m... I’m Fuuka Yamagishi, aren’t I?”** She felt more certain of that fact than she had just moments ago, which came just in time for the remnants of her physical transformation.

Her body type altered subtly. No longer did she possess the tight, fit shape of a practicing, popular idol, but instead it was more like all of the muscle and weight in her body just relaxed all at once. She didn’t *gain* weight, but it was more like the weight in Rise’s body was just spongier without the tireless workout routine behind it. The fact that her face reflected an age substantially older than it had been didn’t help, but then again peaking at nineteen wasn’t really all that much older. It was still enough to make her a high school graduate however, and her memories reflected that.

Completely transformed, Fuuka just fidgeted nervously.

**“Where... are the others?”**

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Around roughly the same time that Rise had been thrown into the room of sheets, another guest had been deposited in the very same space through the very same means, albeit on the opposing side of the giant space. It was Yukari Takeba, a member of SEES and currently rocking

her Feather Pink costume. This entire incident had come on rather suddenly, okay!?

**“Now this is just great. Right when I’d finally reunited with the others, I get thrown into an elevator and taken who knows where!?”** Unlike her fellow captive, Yukari was far angrier about her predicament than she was wary. The level of experience between her and the members of the Investigation Team was just staggeringly different. She had never really compared herself to them (*and certainly hadn’t been afforded a chance to do so*), but the fact remained that everything they had dealt with in Tartarus and during the aftermath? It was more dangerous than whatever had transpired in the Midnight Channel.

Maybe it was a little conceited to think that way, but that’s why those feelings would remain private.

With the elevator gone it seemed she really had nowhere to go but forward, expecting there might be an exit on the other side of this incredibly creepy room. It looked like something out of a horror movie, and the objects covered by sheets looked like they might be mirrors or portraits. In either case she wasn’t exactly enthused about seeing what they *actually* were. **“I don’t even want to hear what Kirijo-senpai is going to say when I get back up, I bet she wouldn’t have fallen for something like this.”** Case in point: it wasn’t Mitsuru that had fallen for such an easy to avoid trap.

But those words were enough to trigger the sound of a nearby sheet falling, forcing Yukari’s attention towards it. **“Wait a second... Isn’t that a portrait of Kirijo-senpai?”** With the sheet on the ground, the presented image truly was as described. It was well done, too. An oil painting that had a very realistic quality to it, casting into doubt that it had actually been painted naturally. If anything, it *might* have been a trick of the Shadows that were occupying Tartarus, even if they hadn’t been particularly violent thus far.

Of course, she was blissfully unaware of how that painting would reflect its image on her own person.

There were differences between what was happening to Yukari and what had happened to Rise on the other side of the room, however. Since she knew Mitsuru personally she had a much stronger impression of her strong willed senpai, and since she had seen the beautiful woman naked enough time and that had likewise left a *‘strong impression’*, well, that impression was quickly applied in the physical sense over the mental or attire-bound sense.

And so, it was a tightness of her Feather Pink costume that immediately gathered the young woman's attention. **"Hey, what's going on here!?"** She was quick to shriek, and it was a wonder of the room's architectural setup that Rise hadn't heard her freaking out on the other side of the space. It was a strange, selective feeling that wasn't as widespread as it should have been in a case where she was bloating or growing significantly larger. In fact, at first there were only two key areas where it could be felt. Those two key areas? They were they mounds prodding out from her chest.

Yukari's breasts weren't particularly eye catching. In layman's terms they were pretty standard. With the costume she was wearing it made them look a little bigger, but the actress herself had always wished she'd been blessed with a larger pair. Then again, that was in part because she had spent so much time around Mitsuru. And the Kirijo woman? She was absolutely *packing*.

Inspired by this more fortunate bloodline, her breasts as they were now had begun to borrow some of this *grande*-sized mojo, and the bloated feeling was because it had begun to replicate in a *very* physical sense. The front of her Feather Pink costume was readily strained while the sensation of flesh throbbing and swelling beneath brought an almost pleasurable discomfort, so much that Yukari's fingers gripped both sides of her open neckline so that she could pull and try to free up some space. **"Umm... This isn't *actually* happening, right? It feels like my tits are growing!"**

But the truth of it? *They actually were*. The flesh of her breasts that she could see with this triangular shaped cleavage window was evidently pressing inward and upward, a side effect of the confined space they had been trapped within as they wriggled to break free. A full cup size and a half had been realistically applied when all was said and done, but the restrictive nature of her costume kept their plump, round shapes from seeing their proper shapes take form beneath the suit's top (*yanking up the bottom a little in the process*). At least for now.

Swelling progressed, but this time the effects were felt a little lower on her frame. Yet, once again the restrictive nature of her costume made them far more uncomfortable than they might have been otherwise. Yukari's hips popped wider while her waistline thinned in slight, maintaining a delicate balance that might have seen the costume tear if pushed too far.

*...Too bad her ass didn't get that memo*. Cheeks spread and fattened, pushing out against the back of the costume with such an intensity that it couldn't help but bulge up and over the waistline as the pants became ill designed for such a prestigious rump. It was a fit, muscular rear that

also sported generous pudge to supplement its size. Any step she took would immediately communicate this with the sway of her hips in partnership with her rear, that much was certain. Excess weight found its way into her thighs as if they were acting like an overflow mechanism, the integrity of her costume once again put on death watch.

Yukari's fingers did not hesitate to grope her own butt with both hands, taking stock of just how abundantly they filled each hand. **“No way? My rear end as well? Hm? That's strange... Why is my manner of speech so measured?”** She couldn't shake the impression that she was speaking oddly. Her voice sounded too deep, and her verbiage? Had she ever placed so much emphasis on utilizing such a proper vocabulary? She almost sounded like... *Mitsuru*. **“Am I not Mitsuru Kirijo? No, of course I'm not. My name is... Hm.”** Why could she not remember her old name? Or perhaps there wasn't an old name to remember in the first place. She couldn't be sure.

While the internal struggle of her own identity distracted her from her previous overreaction to her changing body, the curse that had been inflicted on her worked to make sure her form matched the changing mental landscape of her memories. This meant transforming her so that she looked more and more like the original Mitsuru Kirijo, and these changes seized her height and strength. Her spine and limbs stretched while the woman climbed several inches in height, and muscles swelled beyond what they were capable of until she had a clear and sexy eight pack upon her tummy.

Not that any of this was easily seen, for change had finally swept into her Pink Feather costume. All in all, it wasn't looking especially *pink* anymore. The top and bottom both mended into a single, dark gray garment while the material tightened around her flesh until it was skin-tight. This was actually of some relief to her newly bestowed curvature, for it eased out around her breasts and ass to take on the perfect fit for her new proportions. With studs down the front of what was clearly a bodysuit and the utility belt and gun holster, it was evident enough that this ensemble had been designed for combat. Although one might wonder how she could fight in such intimidatingly high heels.

**“How did I end up down here? This isn't good.”** The events that had transpired thus far were blurring for the young woman, and her words were almost momentarily slurred by the changing design of her face. It became longer, took on a sharper jaw and more prominent nose, and once her eyes had narrowed the colors of her irises became a dark red that matched the color of her freshly applied lipstick. That paint did little to hide the fact the endowment of the lips in question, for they had become quite pronounced when compared to their prior look.



But the color red wasn't done, and it then seeped in to dye her hair a matching, dark crimson. With this coloration her skin almost looked paler – undoubtedly a trick of the mind – and it found itself not only dyeing the regular length of her mane but likewise drawing its length out farther and farther. What was once a simple, shoulder-length cut was quick to become a long, flowing body of hair that was as voluminous as it was red. Even her bangs lengthened, ending up swept across her left eye in a way that likely made it difficult for her to see.

But it didn't bother *Mitsuru Kirijo* one bit.

**“Kirijo-senpai? Is that really you? I thought I was all alone down here.”** A soft and familiar voice tore Mitsuru's attention away from her circumstances, herself, and the strange portrait made in her image (*just who had the time to do such a thing?*). It was Fuuka Yamagishi, a dear friend and the experienced navigator that had been helping with their investigation. Well, at least until they had been kidnapped. **“I thought we were freed, but it seems we're trapped again. I can't even summon my Persona for some reason...”**

The group leader raised an eyebrow and tried to summon the Persona that was tied to her own identity, but alas there was no response. **“Strange... Neither can I. Is there some sort of field in this space preventing us from doing so?”** There wasn't. Since they weren't the real Mitsuru and Fuuka, it only made sense that they couldn't communicate with the Personas belonging to those two individuals. They were merely copies transmogrified by Tartarus' Shadows, imitations that would have no place in this world because the originals still walked among the living.

*For now. But that destiny could be changed.*

Something tugged at their minds, something foreign, like an inhuman whisper. Already tainted by the effects of the Shadows, the two were at their beck and call without realizing. *‘There are impostors higher in the tower that have stolen your identities and Personas. Bring them down here and we will see it all returned to you’*. These ideas were implanted in their heads, and because of the corruption neither woman even thought to doubt them.

In fact, the new Mitsuru took charge without a second thought. **“Well, Yamagishi? It seems we have a pair of imposters to deal with. We cannot have them sully our names, can we?”** Despite being an impostor herself, the attention this Mitsuru commanded was nothing short of breathtaking. But then again, the original was the very same way.



Fuuka seemed hesitant, but she also wouldn't doubt Mitsuru either. She was a passive soul, just as the original always had been. But, of course, both of them thought themselves to be the originals and nothing could possibly change that now. "**Y-Yes...**"

If it's of any reassurance, the Shadows would merely turn the original Mitsuru and Fuuka into Yukari and Rise to maintain the balance in the world.