

# GORYACHIYE ISTOCHNIKI

## COMMISSION STORY

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It was a good idea to relax now and again.

The Investigation Team that dealt with the TV world, Shadows, and the like were no exception to this. In fact, it perhaps applied to them even more than others. Despite all the did in secret, despite the lives that they had been saving without anyone knowing? They were still just *kids*. Teenagers who had no business being caught up in such heavy goings on, yet doomed by the narrative itself to be thrust into dangerous situation after dangerous situation. Not that they lamented this very often if at all. They were happy to do what they could.

That was why days like that day were so important. It wasn't uncommon for Yukiko Amagi, a member of the Persona-wielding investigation team, to invite them to spend a day at her family's hot springs. But with Golden Week upon them it was finally a *golden* opportunity to take her up on that offer. **“Sorry Narukami-kun! You're the only guy here yet, so we'll head in ahead of you! It's time for some girls talk!”**

It was Chie Satonaka who pushed the leader of the investigation team, Yu, through the curtain into the hall that led to the mens' changing room. The Amagi Inn's hot springs *were* in fact split between men and women, which was probably for the best. Even the cool-headed Yu would stand no chance sharing a pool of hot water with the girls in his group, likely dressed in little to nothing.

**“I get it...”** Stuffing his hands in his pockets, he headed down the hall once he'd been pushed ahead. Of their group it was only Yu, Chie, and Rise that had arrived so far. Yukiko had to help with the inn's early

morning operations, and everyone else was running late for this and that reason. But because Chie and Rise were already together on the girls side, they had decided that it would be better for everyone to go in on their own while the others showed up. **“It’s a little mean if you ask me, though.”** No other guys were here yet so why was it that he was the one being left alone!?



**“Come to think of it, why didn’t they just let me wait in the lobby for the others? Are they up to something?”**

He was suspicious about their intentions. Chie and Rise were good girls, but at times that could be mischievous. In the end he decided it probably wasn’t worth worrying about, not when Kanji had texted him to let him know he’d be there soon. Maybe it would be better to just get changed before anyone else showed up? Less awkward that way at least.

And so with this new resolve he pushed through the next hanging curtain into what was meant to be the changing rooms. He had been to the Amagi Inn a number of times in the past so he knew his way around pretty well. Which was why he *immediately* realized something was off. He wasn’t standing in the changing room at all. He was *outside*? Beneath the light of the moon despite that it had been first thing in the morning, surrounded by cold and snow despite the fact that it should have been late spring.

Turning around, there was a small wooden hut behind him and some outdoor hot springs ahead of him. The heat from them had melted the snow along the path that he stood upon. **“Wha... t?”** Was this the TV world? How else could he have suddenly ended up somewhere else entirely? But it *wasn’t*. He knew that. He could *tell*. After all of his dives into that world, he had a sense of how it felt. And it didn’t feel like this at all.

Mostly? He felt *cold*.

Even in his uniform, because he couldn’t have bothered himself that day to dress casually (mostly because Nanako had taken all of his laundry hostage), the biting cold of the chilly wind nibbled down to his bone. *At first*, anyways. But was the cold going away? No, it was more like... **“Am**

**I getting warmer?”** Deep down in the depths of his body. That was what it felt like. It was almost *pleasant*.

Right up until the moment where a sharp feeling radiated from his groin. No... *Her* groin! **“H-Huh!?”** It had felt almost like she had been kicked in the nuts – and yet only in terms of force, there was no pain. Still, a bare hand reached down to indecently grab where her dick should have been, even probing to desperately grab *something*. But Yu, instead, poked into something. A crevice that shouldn’t have been there. **“Do I have a pussy!?”**

*But why would I not? I am a woman after all.* **“No... I’m not?”** A thought in the back of the boy’s mind was communicated sternly to a quick rejection from his lips. And yet even those lips had begun to carry the femininity that the absence between her legs conveyed. They were plumper, rounder, rosier; all traits many saw desirable in lips to be stolen. The girl’s silver hair slowly crept out in length behind her in the meantime, dropping inch by inch past her shoulders as the color lightened several shades.

Her confusion prompted her to squint, eyes rounding and lashes lengthening. The color of her irises came alight with red, but the shapes around them likewise were robbed of their Japanese aesthetic. They became inherently closer to those of a *Caucasian* woman by design, as did her facial structure on the whole. An *older* Caucasian woman that that, if raised cheekbones and the shapes of her eyes conveyed. Perhaps one in her mid-twenties, one with long, flowing silver hair that touched the rocky path beneath her.

And this before she grew ever so slightly taller, beginning a plague of malfunction that would soon curse her outfit. **“I suppose... I am a woman?”** Her voice was firmer and notably feminine as her brain accepted the reality placed before her. Not only did she have a pussy, but her pants and boxers had begun to burst at the seams from an associated swell. One that forced hips a handful of inches wider...

But only because that room was *necessary*. The front button off of Yu’s pants was sent flying off into the snow, the tension of her waistband straining under the grown too much for its stitching to bare. The necessity was born from an engorgement of both her thighs and her ass, with both areas bloating tremendously to not only suit a more feminine silhouette, but to dwarf the expectations typically associated with one. Thighs were so thigh in the end that the seams of her pants split, and her ass showed off some cleavage as pale cheeks poked up and over the back. Her boxers, on the other hand, were chewed up by her ass crack and pulled into her pussy.

Memories of time spent in the TV world with friends, of Yu's past in *general*, were quickly being replaced. No longer did she think much of her changed sex, and memories of hunting, of traversing the sea, of shooting down her foes – these all took prominence. Some of the woman's hair lifted on top of her head, style changing a touch to gift her layers. But only because of a pair of mechanical horns, black in color, had appeared.

**“Hmph. Such a strange thing to be confused about. I know what I am.”** The woman spoke with such confidence, and yet a touch of lingering insecurity still existed within her. It made her uncomfortable, but not *as* uncomfortable as the fit of her dress shirt was. To be fair? It wasn't the shirt's fault. Breasts had been born from naught, nipples swelling to match the size of her eyes as fat pooled beneath them. Bigger and bigger this bosom became until the top few buttons of the shirt were flung off. But just as her G-cup tits were exposed entirely to the snowy elements?

A flash stripped her, a white towel instead wrapped around her otherwise naked form. A mechanical tail fastened to just above her ass. Much like her horns it wasn't conventional. It was a *weapon*. But its weight and size didn't bother her at all. In fact, the attractive young lady had found clarity.

Had she thought the hot springs she had arrived at were unusual? *Kursk* slowly shook her head as if trying to dispel those doubts with a little shake. **“I am a hunter of the snowy north, why would it be odd for me to be out here?”** The biting chill of the cold didn't bother her despite the fact that she was only wearing a towel. A towel that would quickly freeze if she wore it *into* the hot springs, but as she approached them? She tossed the towel off to expose her bare body to the night sky, nipples still fully erect from the cold.



**“Such thoughts are unnecessary. After all, I'm here to enjoy good company.”** The warmth of the hot springs touched her loins as she waded into them, and she ultimately got comfy against one of the rock walls as she submerged herself all of the way down to the tops of

her tits. **“This steamy hot spring... is a rather novel experience. I left spots for them, so I hope they come sit down already.”**

**“Hopefully they remember to take their clothes off first.”**

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**“Huh? Rise?”** Chie Satonaka was more than a little confused. Since they had confirmation from Naoto and Yukiko that they’d be joining them in the changing room soon, both of the girls that were already there had walked through the curtains and into the changing rooms after a long discussion about Rise’s growing affections for Yu (thus why she had shooed him away). Yet once she had stepped through that curtain?

Not only was she *really* cold, but she was *not* in the Amagi Inn. She was definitely in a changing room, but it looked more like it was in a cabin? Rise, who had come in directly behind her, was absolutely *nowhere* to be seen either. The curtain was gone too, there was just a wall. Like Yu, she had a similar thought. **“Is this the TV world? But I didn’t pass through a screen...”**

How else could she really explain a situation *this* weird though?

Fixated on the prospect of *how* she had arrived in this place, the tomboy remained ignorant to the initial changes that her presence had wrought. They were isolated to her face largely, and much like Yu? Her eyes changed dramatically in shape, altering her perceived race towards something Caucasian as the yellow tinge to her skin leaned more into a pinkish coloration instead. In terms of color, though? Brown eyes did not shy either, not as a soft pink replaced them.

**“TV world? A place like that couldn’t...?”** It couldn’t exist, could it? She shook her head, and in doing so locks that should have been styled in a short bob almost appeared to *loosen*, draping down against her shoulders and beyond as brown locks lightened almost as if bleached, and yet it wasn’t towards a blonde color they crept. It was a pastel blue, one that stained all of the hair on her body but *especially* the head of hair that now reached down to her thighs.

Chie pouted wholly unintentionally, a side effect of the bloat that inflated her lips midst her facial reconstruction. Raised cheekbones and

a sharper chin framed a smaller nose between her widened, yet more mature eyes to give off further impression that she was a Western woman. One in her twenties. “**No, what am I doing? I should be looking for my comrades.**” She’d had every intention of talking about her friends, but a word from another language with a similar meaning had been spat out in a deeper, softer tone.

The girl’s visage bore a more mature expression, and yet her body had hardly grown to match... *just yet*. Several inches soon made their way into her spin and limbs though, and that lifted her bike shorts higher upon her thighs while separating her turtleneck jacket and undershirt from her skirt enough to show a touch of her tummy. Yet while this was the extent her vertical growth had shown of her belly, another force lifted her clothes higher and higher to show more of it.

“**Um... Wow. Was I always this top heavy?**” Evidently she had noticed it. How could she not when she was being forced to lean so far forward though? The zipper of Chie’s jacket was being yanked down as weight ballooned within it, shirt tightened and bra snapping thanks to the girth of her *own* pair of G-cup tits. She managed to correct her posture, but by the time she had corrected it? Her breasts were massive enough that they tore through her undershirt, bouncing to attention. “**I guess I always have been? Da.**”

Memories were corrected in real time, her past life becoming more and more of a figment of her imagination as time wore on. Tactical knowledge replaced her preference for just *smashing things* in combat, and the sound of ranged weaponry sounded much more enticing to her now. It would be less difficult to pull off with a body so *shapely*. Something she was quickly becoming *quite* proud of.

Chie’s torso had thickened a little, her exposed belly stretching horizontally to match widened hips that pushed up her skirt at the sides and tightened her already skin tight bicycle shorts. But those shorts, and the panties within them, found additional struggles as her ass bubbled into a full heart shape, and the legs of her shorts gripped thickened thighs to the point that what wasn’t bound had muffled several inches beneath their hem. Panties were wedged tightly in her rear too, but ultimately? None of that mattered.

Because just like Kursk, even though her larger feet did not fit in her shoes, those shoes were taken from her along with everything else. Only a towel bound her body, wrapped so tightly that her tits appeared prepared to pop out at a *moment’s* notice. Bare feet danced across the floor. *Am I lighter somehow?* She wondered, even though technically her body was *much* heavier.

“Hm? Did my Comrades set foot outdoors before I was ready? How hasty of them.” Voroshilov lamented

her solitude in the changing room, wondering just when the others had managed to sneak out without her noticing. Had she not come to these quaint, mountainside springs in their homeland with two of her peers? It was rare for ship girls like them to have the chance to take these vacations, and so their Commander had



told them to use it as a bonding opportunity as well. “Comrade Kursk is a professional that I respect, but sometimes she likes to go alone...”

She turned her attention to the door that led to the outdoor path with a smirk on her face, adjusting the towel that snugly hugged her voluptuous body in the process. “The cold wind blowing through, the steamy water... They could be likened to fire and ice, couldn't they? Heehee.” Just an idle thought that had crossed her mind. Being a ship of the Northern Parliament, the cold was something she was used to. It did not bother her.

“The water will be warm, but perhaps some skinship might make it warmer?”

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“S-S-So cold!? Is this the TV world!?” While Rise Kujikawa had arrived in the mountains of the Northern Parliament at the same time as Yu and Chie, she had found herself in *front* of the small cabin that housed the changing room. She was naturally *way* too cold to consider lingering out there with a door right in front of her, so she immediately ducked into the cabin's small lobby. It was clearly set up like the lobby to a spa, or something of the like. But there didn't appear to be any staff?

Rise hugged herself to warm up. “Unless I walked through a TV instead of the changing room doors though, that doesn't make much sense. Is this some kind of power we've never seen before?” Seeing as Chie had walked in ahead of her, was the girl nearby? Some investigation seemed to be in order! Not that there was much a lowly idol could do, especially since it seemed she couldn't summon her Persona.



So did that mean this *wasn't* the TV world?

**“HIC!?”** It certainly wasn't strange to have hiccups, and Rise was prone to them when she was nervous, but this... No, it was more of a burp, wasn't it? Rise's expression immediately soured when it happened because it had carried an unpleasant taste. **“Is that... alcohol?”** The idol was young, but she had certainly sampled booze in the past. What had been burped up from her stomach? It tasted *and* reeked of it. **“I haven't had anything to drink though!”** Nor had she thought about it.

She burped again, her expression soured once more just as quickly. Yet this time? It seemed almost like her frame had deteriorated ever so slightly. No, it *was* deteriorating. Rise had gotten a little bit shorter and she wasn't particularly tall to *begin* with. Only 5'1" at her current age, she had dipped down to 4'9". Her uniform, something she'd chosen to wear since she was just going to be wearing a towel in the springs anyways, sat a little more loosely upon her now.

And while one might assume that by getting shorter that she might be getting *younger*, her figure changed to support an opposing conclusion. The stitching of her uniform top overtop a button-up blouse was stretched as weight was applied to her bosom. Nothing as fantastical as the other two, but they *did* grow a size larger. More than that? Her nipples practically *tripled* in their swell.

Rise's footing wobbled a bit. **“HIC!?! A-Again? But...”** Once again the taste of booze found her tongue, but it wasn't beginning to taste so *bad*. Rather? What was this she was feeling? A *craving*? Did she want an alcoholic beverage in that moment? Such a desire *was* growing. Just as her rump did, panties pushed a touch between thickened cheeks while plumper thighs rubbed sensually around them.

Again, not as abundant as Kurk nor Voroshilov's. But for a woman of her height? They were respectably full and highlighted by widened hips. She certainly didn't *look* younger thanks to her enhanced figure, one



that saw the peaks of her thigh highs strained even *despite* the fact that her body was shorter now. **“Mm? Maybe I should search for my comrades...?”** It wasn’t like Rise’s voice was higher when she spoke, but it certainly sounded *different*. Almost a touch *mischievous*?

It was also a trick to wonder if her face was growing more mature or not. There were aspects of it that suggested maybe she had grown a touch older. Perhaps around the age of eighteen or nineteen? But enlarged, rounded eyes certainly carried a much more youthful aesthetic – with a matching Western design like the other two. She was a young Caucasian woman now, that sharp chin and that nose helped demonstrate it along with the eyes. But her lips only swelled slightly, so there was still a little childishness to her.

**“HIC!?! Mm... Tasty!”** Any semblance of disgust for the taste of vodka on her breath had seemingly waned, and Rise found herself craving the genuine article – in liquid form, of course. Her motions were a little clumsier and uncertain now, making it easier for the mental changes to seep in thanks to the fact that she was, in actuality, *intoxicated*. She hadn’t noticed that she was transforming at all because of it.

And so naturally? She also didn’t notice how her hair lengthened, straightened, and lightened towards a pale silver. It danced in length all of the way down to the smaller feet contained within her shoes, hair straighter than ever and her twintails forced undone by the growth. Among the hair that framed the sides of her face, however? Streaks of black or perhaps a dark gray could be found. They helped draw attention not only to the young woman’s face...

But also the pointed, elf-like ears that now stuck out from the sides.

She almost fell a moment, a mix of her intoxication and tripping over her own oversized shoes. **“Oop!?”** The small woman caught herself though, helped by a sudden change in clothes. Unlike the other two she was not clad in a towel, but instead a loose kimono-like bathrobe that was tied by a pink sash. It hung loosely on her shoulders, drooping down to expose more of her cleavage. It was likewise so short that her hips and legs were completely bare, including those abundant thighs of hers.

**“Hahaha! Did Kursk and Voroshilov really leave me alone with the pantry!?”** While she was certainly smaller bodied than the other two, *Sevestopol* was still a young adult. And one who had a habit of drinking too much booze if unattended at that. So once her head had cleared she had immediately noticed the cabin’s pantry and had skipped over to it, making no attempt to fix the robe she was wearing in the process. But she *did* notice it. **“Come to think of it, when did I even**

**put this on... I-I mean, gotta dress right for a hot spring bath, right?! See? Look, I even tied the sash right!”**

But it wasn't *really* tied correctly. In fact, Sevstopol was *already* intoxicated as had been made more and more obvious as she'd transformed. "**Hic! There you are, all for me!**" She found a bottle of vodka in one of the pantry cupboards and hugged it between her small breasts while dancing in a tizzy towards the changing room. The door to the hot springs was in there, and her comrades were most certainly already waiting for her. She'd probably drink half the bottle on her own over the course of the short walk, but oh well!



**“I wonder if Voroshilov is in one of her moods? Hmm... Maybe I'm in the mood!”**