

FANCY LIVIN’

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“PHWOOOOOO!”

It was Junpei Iori’s first time visiting the Kirijo Estate on Tatsumi Port Island all by himself. He’d visited during their summer trip the year prior, of course, back when they had met Aigis. But it had been long enough at this point that he’d basically forgotten how it looked. Evidently, it was enough to make him whistle because he was so impressed. **“Was it *always* this fancy? Or did it get fancier since the last time I came?”** He wasn’t necessarily the sharpest tool in the shed, so it wasn’t exactly that out of character that he couldn’t understand that it was basically the *exact same*. No one had done any redecorating.

He had visited to meet with Mitsuru Kirijo, his fellow SEES member and friend. Well, was it correct to refer to her as a ‘fellow SEES member’ anymore? Technically they hadn’t had any work since they had defeated Nyx, and that was for the best. In fact, graduation was in a week. *That* was why he had wanted to meet with her. He was planning a party for Mitsuru and Akihiko, both of whom would be graduating and leaving the rest behind.

The last Junpei heard, Mitsuru planned on further her education as she took control of the Kirijo Group proper. He wasn’t sure what her plans were for the company, and he honestly wasn’t that curious. Any talks of that nature would have just gone over his relatively empty head, for better or worse. Anyways, he’d come to give her the invitation himself, since it was way more personal to do that between friends, right?

A servant of the Kirijo Group had met the boy at the estate's front entrance and had led him down weaving hallways. **"So, like, how many people does it take to keep a place like this clean? Everything's so damn shiny, so it's gotta be a lot, right?"** He tried to make small talk with the woman who was escorting him, but she didn't really seem interested in engaging with him. *What? Do I look too poor or something?* It was more like she had certain rules she had to follow. If she said anything about the estate's shifts and it fell into the wrong hands, it could lead to problems.

There were plenty of people who had it out for the Kirijo Group, after all.



The two of them had taken about five turns into different hallways before he was finally led into a small room. ...Or maybe it was too big of a room for what it was going to be used for. **"Miss Kirijo will be with you in a moment."** Was it a room that was only used for personal meetings? It was bigger than the foyer of their dorm, but it wasn't anywhere near as furnished. Junpei himself dropped down onto a fancy looking couch with his legs spread, prompting a sideways glance from the servant.

"Alright, thanks for all your help!" The woman simply bowed quietly towards his thanks and stepped out of the room, leaving him to his own devices without offering another word. **"Whew. Cold."** But since he was alone, and he had nothing else to do while he was waiting for Mitsuru? He got up from his seated position and began to peek around the room. **"So, this is how rich people live, huh? Pretty nice... But what's the point of all *this* stuff?"**

There were a number of expensive cabinets set up alongside the outer walls. Some had glass windows that showed old-timey silver and dishware, while others had what he could only assume were artifacts from across the globe sitting on top. They were *definitely* expensive looking, but even his best guess about their value was dramatically undervaluing their true worth.

Junpei stopped in front of one item in particular. An almost comically oversized, golden coin that seemed to be the centerpiece upon one of the cabinets. **“Damn! Is that pure gold? In terms of yen, I bet that thing’s a literal goldmine!”** He shoved his hands in his pockets and turned his back to the object, deep in thought. **“But I don’t really get the point of any of this? Is it just to show off? I really don’t get rich people, man.”** In his mind, all of that stuff would be way better off in a museum or something.

“Still, wish I could live this fancy. I’d have some better ideas than just having a bunch of stuff that sits around the house, hah!”

The boy himself didn’t see as much, because his back was turned to it in that moment. But the coin he’d just been looking at? A shine traveled across its surface from one side to the other, as if it had been reflecting a nonexistent, moving light source. **“And she’s taking a while. It’s been a few minutes, right?”** Not like he had anywhere *to* be. But he’d have to catch a ferry back to the mainland before it shut down.

“Huh?” Was it just a trick of his imagination, or did the air feel kind of *funny*? It was humid outside now that spring had sprung, but the estate was *clearly* air conditioned to take that stickiness away. That wasn’t what he felt in the air, however. It almost felt *electric*. **“Ugh, did shuffling around on the ugly carpet on the floor cause static buildup?”** He was totally going to get shocked when he touched something or someone else later, wasn’t he? If the cause had been something so simple, he would have been far better off.

Alas, that wasn’t the case. The air felt odd because of the ‘magic’ that was radiating through the boy’s body, having leaked into the open from the light of the coin. The coin was *actually* an artefact uncovered not in Tartarus, but in a smaller yet otherwise similar labyrinth that had been used for preliminary Dark Hour research by the Kirijo Group. It had been a top secret operation that not even Mitsuru, the new head of the company, knew of yet. Perhaps she’d learn about it eventually. And *remove* the item if she noticed its unusual energy.

Junpei, however, was *stupid*. He was street smart, but he didn’t think critically enough for it to even cross his mind that what he was feeling in the air might have been something to be a little *warier* of. Although, even if he had, there wasn’t really anything he *could* do at this point. The energy would linger until the coin’s power had completed its work, with the energy practically bound to him so that it would follow him if he left.

It wasn't until the wish-granting 'magic' began to work that the boy finally raised an eyebrow. **"Wait a *minute*. Something's kind of weird here, isn't it?"** He didn't immediately catch on to what it was, but something about the room seemed *off*. If he'd spent more time in the room first, it might have been a little more obvious. But it took him a second to recognize that the furniture appeared to be a little taller, and the ceiling farther away. **"Is the room *bigger*? Wait. The hell? That's not..."**

Assuming the room was larger had been an incorrect assessment. What *was* correct was the one he had drawn when it occurred to him that the room itself wasn't the *only* thing that was becoming larger. His *uniform* was as well, with tucked in cloth bunching up around his stomach, his sleeves swallowing his hands, and his pant legs pooling around his ankles. **"Am I getting *SMALLER*!?"** He wasn't really known for his *underreactions*, so he naturally *freaked out*. His voice had even cracked!

He had been 5'7" before, and honestly Junpei had been pretty proud of his height. Yet, not only had he dropped so quickly down to 5'2" instead, but there were elements that he *hadn't* so easily noticed because he was so caught up in the shrinkage. **"This *cannot* be happening, dude! How could it even happen?"** He saw weird stuff during the Midnight Hour all the time, but this *wasn't* the Midnight Hour and he'd *never* seen anyone change.

So, either through sheer ignorance or because there was more at work affecting his *mind* than he had realized, what had the boy missed while those five inches had been shaved off his height? The reality that it wasn't *just* his vertical length that was regressing, for one. His shoulders ended up narrowing a couple of inches to give them smoother, rounder curves, whereas the curvature of his waistline slowly dipped inward as well. This, paired with the fact that his hips were perhaps the one part of his body that *hadn't* lessened in some way as he'd shrunk, instead parting a couple of inches wider instead, left him with a silhouette that was far more curved than any boy's silhouette had any right to be.

"Or... Was I always this tall?" Junpei raised an eyebrow that had not only thinned, but its hairs had also become lighter in color, inheriting a chestnut brown at some point. Was he really confused about what his height was *supposed* to be? He couldn't really focus on it, not when he was also grappling with how his voice sounded oddly *light* and *feminine*; a change in traits that had accompanied the smoothing away of the Adam's apple on his neck.

In the meantime, he was tugging awkwardly at clothes that didn't really fit him in different ways, while the hands he did so with were unknowingly shrinking and thinning in the process. His fingers were left

slightly longer, and the nails on their tips did creep forward into slightly longer, manicured forms. But as the trend *appeared* to be, they looked more and more like a girl's. Despite that, the callouses from swinging a bat around weren't relieved. In fact, they became *firmer* as if he was swinging around an even *heavier* weapon. "**Woah!?**" One wrong step even led to one of his shoes falling off, his feet now too small to properly fit inside of them.

"**Maybe things aren't as... awry... as I thought?**" But things were *plenty* 'awry', which by the way wasn't a word that Junpei would have ever known how to use in a million years. The way he was speaking was losing its casual edge, and he began to sound more like a *girl* trying to speak politely and intelligently at all times. Incidentally, this was reflected in a face that had been softening and changing in its shape little by little.

The girlhood that the sound of his voice had clearly been demonstrating began to shine as those facial features shrunk or swelled depending on what was most appropriate. It was the former when it came to his nose, but the latter when it was a matter of his lips swelling into glossier forms, or his eyes rounding while lashes lengthened and his irises brightened to a brown not unlike the hair of his new brows. In fact, his face was small, cute, and pretty before long, with any budding facial hair erased. Though there wasn't a single trace of Junpei's genetics in his appearance, and his forehead was... *quite large*.

He squeaked as the feeling of his hat being pushed off his head, and even turned his back to look at it on the floor, but... "**Why was I wearing a hat?**" If he was going to wear one, then it definitely wouldn't have been a *baseball cap* at least. Evidently, no line was drawn mentally between his hat falling off and the fact that his *very* short hair wasn't so short anymore. It had grown out towards his shoulders but became impossibly puffy and curly just above them as it lightened to a shade of auburn. Unfortunately, with the bangs parted to either side, his big forehead was still quite exposed.

Or, well, *her* big forehead was exposed.

Everything thus far had clearly been building towards that moment, but the girl still yipped in surprise as what became of her male genitalia was... utter annihilation. That sounded a little more dramatic than what had actually happened, where the rod had become small and flaccid before being yanked into the gap that became her pussy – connected womb and all. "**What was that?**" She was far too couth now to specifically say what had surprised her, but she didn't recognize that her sex had changed anyways.

With her chromosomes altered to XX, the aspects of her body that had yet to be feminized finally succumbed to the magic. Because Junpei was becoming an *eighteen year old* girl, however, what she received wasn't necessarily significant. This was evident when looking at her thighs and butt, which swelled to the point that you could vaguely make out the shapes through her baggier pants, but they were certain 'normally sized' for a girl her age. The same could be said of her chest, which burgeoned beneath her button-up shirt. The shapes of the mounds *could* be seen developing beneath the fabric, but it was so much baggier from her being smaller that the *C-cups* were a little difficult to make out.

That wasn't really helped even after her clothes transformed to better reflect her new identity. Girl or not, she was far more conservative-minded when it came to how she dressed now, so she was covered from head to toe. White tights with black stars, a pleated uniform skirt and blouse, underneath a *very* puffy, pink sweater with a turtleneck collar that zipped up. You could see the curvature of her bosom being propped up by a lace brassiere underneath, but only barely.

Was she wearing that sweater over a school uniform? *She* didn't really see it as an issue.

“Ah! Miss Kirijo might take offense if she sees me wandering around her meeting room.” *Haru Okumura* didn't seem to be unaccustomed to the concepts involved with meeting someone of a wealthier background. She was, of course, the daughter of the CEO of *Big Bang Burger*, a fast food chain from Shibuya. Well, she was *technically* the CEO now? Her father had recently died suddenly, so quickly that it had been difficult for everyone to adjust.

Because of that incident, the company had fallen into Haru's hands. She didn't know *what* to do with these new responsibilities, but that was when one of the Okumura aides had recommended she visit Tatsumi Port Island. There was a girl around her age that was in a *very* similar situation, and they had recommended that the two meet. **“The Kirijo Group's taste in décor is certainly different from father's, though.”**

If it wasn't evident, Haru held no awareness of what had just happened to her. She had a fancy estate to return to as a wealthy girl herself now, meaning that Junpei's 'wish' had effectively been granted. It just wasn't one that could have been granted if he'd remained, well, *himself*. It was only a few seconds since she managed to sit down that a beautiful, red headed woman around her age



stepped through the door. **“Okumura-san? It’s nice to finally meet you, although I wish it was under better circumstances.”**

As Mitsuru approached, Haru both stood and then bowed. **“It’s nice to meet you too, Kirijo-san! But you can just call me Haru, since we’re the same age!”** Admittedly, she hadn’t known how to start the conversation from there. **“I, uh... Yes. I admit it’s been a little difficult to navigate with the little experience I have in the area of running a company.”**

“My apologies. Haru-chan, then? You can call me Mitsuru. But hm... I’m sure there must be people in your company that could help you, yet if that was enough you likely wouldn’t have come to see me.” She wasn’t wrong. Haru didn’t like how *impersonal* it all was, not when it had all been pushed on her so suddenly. **“So, what about shadowing me for a while? Consider it a collaboration between our two families?”**

Would that have been okay?