

# BLONDE AND BRAINY

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Ugh... I can’t *believe* this.”**

Reimu Hakurei was in a sour mood; the worst of the worst, teetering with rage! Well, it wasn’t really that unusual of a sight to find her in such a state. Considering her usual demeanor, the demeanor of a girl who was far too lazy to even try and get along with others a reasonable amount outside of drinking together, and the demeanor of a girl that didn’t really *care* what other people thought of her, she was hardly the type to even hold her tongue.

So, what had pissed her off on this early summer morning? Gensokyo hadn’t suffered from an incident in almost a year now. Things were slower, which meant that the offerings donated to the Hakurei Shrine had slowed as well. Reimu wouldn’t *admit* this, but it was actually her own fault. Because she wasn’t very active when there wasn’t any danger, the local villagers forgot about her and in turn stopped donating as frequently.

It was a very *entitled* way of thinking on her end. ‘If I help people, they should donate to the shrine even if I’m sitting around all day’. If she *actually* wanted the donations to keep pouring in, then she would have made the effort to help around the village even when nothing serious was happening. It also didn’t really help her case that she was continuing to slack while also dealing with *competition*.

**“How is she bringing in *way* more than me? I bet it’s this fancy donation box...”** Reimu had flown to the local village that morning to check on the donation box she had set up in the main street. It was *empty*, but across the road a *second* donation box had been set

up. It had been there for years now, put up by Sanae Kochiya of the Moriya Shrine. Reimu liked to think that the two of them were on good terms, but they were still ‘business rivals’ in a sense.



And while the Hakurei offering box was empty? The Moriya offering box was practically *overflowing*! She was quick to make excuses, like insinuating the craftsmanship of the box just attracted more money, but only because the truth was something that she didn't want to admit. That Sanae was actively coming down to the village almost *every day* to help the regular humans that lived in Gensokyo with even their most mundane problems.

**“Everything’s been a pain in the ass since that shrine appeared. Maybe I should teach them a lesson...”** It almost sounded like the Hakurei shrine maiden was contemplating flying up to the shrine and beating Sanae up. Well, even if they were to resort to ‘violence’, the laws of Gensokyo forced any disagreements like that to be settled with danmaku battles. So, if violence was out of the question, then... **“Maybe the box needs to go instead!”**

Annoyed as she was, Reimu wasn't going to go as far as to *destroy* the offering box. She was principled enough to not actually take things to that level, just like she was principled enough to steal from a box that didn't belong to her shrine in the first place. She did, however, fish something out of her pocket. A long, white stick with a black top. An item from the outside world that she had purchased from Nitori called a ‘permanent marker’.

In an act very *unbefitting* of a shrine maiden, she then crouched down in front of the box and began to scribble... and scribble... and scribble some more. By the time she stood up and stepped away to admire her handiwork from afar? What was scribbled on the front of the box was a childish ‘MORIYA SHRINE SMELLS LIKE YOKAI POOP’. **“Hehehe...”** Reimu seemed proud of herself, though.

At least until the box began to... *glow*?

The woman had a hard time making sense of what happened after the fact. The box had *glowed*, and then her body had been *yanked*? That

was the best word she could think of to describe what it had felt like to be displaced without the use of one of Yukari's gaps. She was just all of a sudden... back on the Hakurei Shrine's property? Standing in the middle of the yard. **"...That was weird, but if they wanted to send me home too then I'm not going to complain."**

It was definitely odd that the gods of Moriya Shrine had boobytrapped their shrine with some sort of technique that sent anyone that tampered with it back to the Hakurei Shrine! Or maybe it just sent anyone that tampered with it 'home'? Either way, she wasn't going to complain about a one way trip back to the shrine that her futon bed was housed in. It was so early in the morning, and she was so annoyed by the lack of the donations, that it was time for a *depression nap*! And she would have gotten away with it too, if not for that meddling *tingle*.

**"Hm?"** Not even Reimu was certain of whether or not she was actually feeling anything worth reacting to. There was just a weird *tingly* feeling that vibrated from her chest all the way to the tips of her fingers and toes before bouncing back to her chest and disappearing again. She was liable to consider it 'strange' because of the reverberation. That *wasn't* typical. **"Maybe it was just a side effect of the warp spell... curse... thingy?"**

She really *hoped* that it wasn't a curse. She was going to spend her day sleeping, and if she'd been *cursed* then she would probably have to seek out Marisa to get some help. It wouldn't have been the first time such an incident had occurred, but that was only assuming that she had been cursed with something simple. Like a curse that made her talk backwards, or made her hair grow continuously. Unfortunately, it wasn't *anything* as simple as that.

Reimu was misled early on into think that might have been the case, though. **"Huh? Ugh, it's doing something to my hair, isn't it?"** The shrine maiden had caught it in the corner of her eye. A strand of *very vivid blonde* stuck out like a sore thumb amidst the fringe of her bangs that she could just barely register. Even if she had missed the first sign, the rest of the hair that she could see was illuminated by the very same color. It took to one strand, then the next, then the next, until her entire head was dyed in that very silly color. She knew blonde people. Marisa was blonde. Junko was blonde. Both despite being Japanese.

But wasn't *this* blonde a little *too* blonde? It seemed like it was practically as yellow as a lemon!

The young woman had almost wished she had a better way to examine it, though she couldn't have fathomed that this desire would be granted... in a very unusual way. **"Wait... Is it getting longer too!?"**

That certainly *appeared* to be the case. Reimu had kept her hair hardly any longer than her shoulders for her whole life. When it got too long? She found it itchy and difficult to take care of, but she also didn't like making it so short that it felt *boyish*. So, as is? Her hair was usually maintained somewhere in between. Or it *should* have been maintained at that length, at least. The fact that it was growing was *very* easy to notice with her attention already on her mane. Yellow spilled over the front of her shoulders, and her bangs hung lower to make it easier to see them between her eyes. **"This is so stupid."** What? Were the gods of the Moriya Shrine trying to turn her into a *dumb blonde*?

...That assumption was actually 50% correct.

Even the slightest bit of length more would have been 'too much' for Reimu, so by the time it had finished growing? It was *way* too long instead. It reached past her butt in the back, while the hair on the side of her head hung over the *front* of her shoulders at a comparable length. The shrine maiden just took a handful in groaned, but promptly redirected her attention with a **"Huh!?"** and grabbed her *boob* of all things.

Her cropped red top had felt a little *tight* initially, subtle enough for her to ignore it out the gate. *However*, it became tighter and tighter, and when she found herself looking down at the hair that had fallen towards the front of her armpits? She noticed that her chest appeared to be *pushed forward* a little farther than it should have been. She *felt* like it must have just been a trick of her mind... at least until she grabbed one.

**"...It's heavier."** Reimu's voice sounded all the more tired as she gave what she was holding a shake. It was certainly heavier in that moment, but within her grasp it was becoming heavier still. *Both* of her breasts were! **"Why?"** You would think a woman with an average sized rack like herself would have welcomed the sight of her breasts ballooning, growing closer and closer to *E-cups* while lifting her top so that their undersides could be teased. But having big tits had always looked like such a pain in the ass to her.

And she was presently being vindicated by just how much more effort it was to keep her back straight. **"These things are huge, like onee-san's!"** ...*Eh?* Wait. What 'onee-san'? Reimu had no siblings, *right*? She had been a singular child, and never in her life had she ever even *seen* someone through that sort of lens. **"It's just a slip of the tongue, Hakurei, calm down..."** Unsure of how it tied into what was happening with her tits and hair, she tried to put it aside for the time being.

She hadn't really been given a *choice* other than to move on, though. Her crop top ultimately rose even higher, lifting its bottom so that the pinks of her nipples could barely be seen peeking out from underneath. Her frilly skirt rose a little higher than her knees as well, and both issues stemmed from the same cause. She'd grown a little taller; about *three inches*. "**Wh-What!?**" When she cried out about her nipples and tried to cover them up, however, she made the mistake of assuming it was still a side effect of her breasts... *growing?*

*...Eh? My boobs haven't gotten bigger in years now! If anything, I'm worried they'll start losing their perkiness once I hit thirty...*

Peculiar thoughts went unquestioned while she subconsciously waved away her prior panic. As her skirt was so breezy from the outset, she hardly showed much awareness once its folds were lifted up even higher. This lift *didn't* come courtesy of any further limb lengthening, but was similar to the malfunction she had suffered when her breasts had grown. It was her ass, thighs, and even her hips in this instance.

The skin of her thighs and butt cheeks eventually shone with an almost oily glare, at least once it was pulled tightly enough around the weight that was fed into those regions. Reimu's thin upper legs eventually *doubled* in their swell, while the additional padding in her butt forced it to bubble out into a peach shape that the cloth wrapped around her cheeks and loins struggled to contain. This fitting job only *worsened* due to her hips flaring wider to accommodate all of this extra mass, and it felt likely that one wrong move and everything beneath her skirt would slip right off.

**"Actually, what's with these clothes!? Why would I come out here wearing something that doesn't fit? Curious!"** Was it curious? The woman's voice sounded chirpier, more energetic despite how tired she had been, and somewhat... *smarter?* She was picking out far more intellectually sounding words, that much was certain. She tugged at what she was wearing as if she was pondering, but in actuality she was attempting to sort through some memories that felt *pretty* cloudy.

Her puzzled expression was one that had begun to change now that her voice differed. Not because she was showing a different emotion, but because its shape itself changed. Her Japanese genetics were retained in the general sense, even if her tired eyes did widen and brighten to show off a pair of irises that ultimately dimmed to amber, and even though her face's general shape lengthened ever so slightly. Her nose likewise grew slightly, while her lips plumped up. Until she eventually looked... a lot like....



### *Sanae Kochiya.*

Naturally, the real Sanae Kochiya did not have blonde hair but green instead. But it wasn't 1:1. Her boobs were slightly larger, and her face had very vague differences. Even her outfit, while changing, was not 1:1 with Sanae's. Well, in general design? *Maybe*. Red material pulled and brightened so that she wore Sanae's looser fitting shrine maiden top with detached sleeves, while her skirt darkened to black and retained the bright red for the trim. What gave her newfound similarities away the *most* was the red frog hairclip and matching snake tie that were positioned in her hair on the left.

*It's nice to match with onee-san, isn't it!?*

**“Okay! Let's see what we're dealing with here... Ew. Has anyone even been taking care of this place? I guess the previous owner was a pretty big bum as onee-san described it...”** While the young woman walking around the Hakurei Shrine's grounds now *looked* Sanae Kochiya, the truth was actually stranger. Sanae didn't have blonde hair nor amber colored eyes. And she *certainly* didn't dress in that much red! But then who or what *had* Reimu transformed into.



*Sanae's sister*, younger than her by a single year. That was the new reality that *Kaede Kochiya* had been assimilated into, altering the memories not only of herself, but of everyone in all of Gensokyo. As everyone including Kaede herself saw it, she had come to Gensokyo with her sister all of those years ago to help with the local Moriya Shrine. She had similar spiritual powers, though she was a little *dumber* than her sibling by her own admission.

**“If we're just looking to expand though? With a little elbow grease, I can probably make this place work!”** What she lacked in smarts? She made up for with style. She was good at building *and* decorating, and they had been eyeing this old shrine for a while now. Apparently, once upon a time it was the *Hakurei Shrine*? But based on how run down it was, no one had probably lived there in *years* – and the one who used to live there had supposedly been *super* lazy.

Kaede was already jotting down notes about what needed work. It might have been something of a major undertaking, but considering her shrine's partnership with Nitori's company it wouldn't be *that* much work if they deployed the kappa. **"Still, I can't believe someone lived in this dump. There are signs it was hardly even inhabitable before the old owner abandoned the property!"**

But assuming Reimu had still been the owner in this altered history, then what had happened to *her* for the property to end up in this state?

No one knew. She had just 'disappeared' according to records.