

AZURE COOL

COMMISSION STORY

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What was a gacha hell, really?

It was a term that probably had a slightly different definition depending on what gacha games meant to you and what you took away from them. For some, gacha hell could be defined as playing a game that *forced* you to constantly roll in order to keep pace with the newly released content. Games with major powercreep issues like Fire Emblem: Heroes were good examples of this. The hell was trying to stay on top of the meta.

For others? A gacha hell could be a prison of one's own making, especially if it was difficult to save up. At the heart of every gacha player was the primal urge to *roll*. Do you like the look of that character? Roll. You've put too many rolls into this banner to walk away empty handed? Roll again. Such was the cycle that many fell prey to.

Joseph was usually pretty good about falling into that trap with Granblue Fantasy, but at *this* time of year? During the *summer*? His self control was at its weakest point. The game added too many good looking girls in swimsuits, and unfortunately? He'd had no luck in rolling *any* of them. At the very least? He managed to find company in someone whose luck had been just as bad as his own.

His online friend, Axel. His rolls had been going just as poorly, and the two had been venting to each other about it over Discord. **"I wish we could just get all of the characters for free. That would make my life way easier. Oh, and you could share I guess."** Joseph had jokingly mused over the text chat at one point. But maybe he should have assumed that *Hisa* would be keeping an eye on their conversation logs?

The next thing that the man knew, he was sitting in a much smaller room than the bedroom he'd *been* in, staring at a door that was only a few feet away. **"Woah!?"** There was sand beneath his feet and a hook on the nearby wall. It was likely a *changing room* of some kind. One set up on a beach. It wasn't a mystery how he might have ended up there. That nekomata had a bad habit of just poofing Axel and his friends away without any warning.

Usually when she thought of a fun transformation trick that she could play on them. So, that begged the question... **"What is she planning on doing this time?"** He knew he likely wasn't alone. Axel was either nearby, or he'd been there soon – subjected to the same prank as he was. Traditionally, though? Joseph wasn't really himself to recognize as much at that point.

He stood up and tried the changing room door. Nothing. Not only could he not open it, but the lock wouldn't even budge. Hisa's power had likely sealed him inside. Which likely meant that he wouldn't be leaving until she'd had her fun. **"Tch. Well, guess I'm about to find out..."** Not that he'd remember being transformed in the end, in all likelihood. She only allowed them to keep their memories if she thought they'd be annoyed by it.

As Joseph expected, however? He didn't have to wait very long at all for Hisa's magic to get to work. It was very vague, but he could feel a tingling sensation spread across his skin from head to toe. Aside from the hair that grew from his scalp, his brows, and his pubes? Any other hair on his body was *smoothed away*, whether it was growing whiskers, or the darker hairs upon his arms and chest. He *watched* this happen, just as he watched the complexion underneath these hairs gradually *lighten*. His olive skin tone was paling so that the only color that could be made out beyond the pale was the vaguest of pinks.

"This doesn't really narrow it down, but I guess I'm becoming a woman..." That or he was becoming a *child*, but even then, it would probably be both results being true at once. Having body hair wouldn't have *really* made a difference if the intention had been to leave him as a man. So, assuming he was becoming a *paler woman*. Well, there was a *lot* of characters that fit that vaguer description. **"Wait, if my skin changed color, then..."**

He looked up to try and see if his hair was visible yet. He expected it would length, and it *would*, and at that point he could check if the color had changed. But he'd had no such luck just yet. Rather? The eyes he'd lifted to the tops of his eye sockets were the parts of his body that had

actually been changing in color in that moment. A yellowish amber possessed Joseph's irises, which actually wasn't the *only* change that had befallen his face in that moment.

"I guess not *yet?* Uh... Wait..." Hands immediately reached up to pat his cheeks as he heard the sound of his own voice soften, an expected femininity taking hold at the same time. His cheeks felt soft, smooth, and *too round* – something that was just as true visibly as it was to the touch. His eyes were rounded, lashes longer, and his nose was even more petite. The only thing that *didn't* shrink in the end was his *lips*, which actually became slightly fuller. **"Yup, I have a girl's face..."**

Contrary to how the rest of his body looked, he looked like a girl in his mid-teens facially.

And yet, while Joseph himself had pointed it out after even probing his lips? In the back of his mind there had been a strange thought. *I've always been a girl though?* Which definitely *wasn't* true. It was just a sign that Hisa's magic was beginning to infiltrate his mind. He *did* feel a little *bubblier*. And what color of hair did people often associate with bubblyness? *Blonde*? It probably wasn't a coincidence that this was the color that his once short, dark locks ended up taking as it grew into a chin-length bobs with bangs parted to the right.

He *should* have realized that his hair had grown. He'd been *expecting* it before! And yet? He didn't think about it again. The man's understanding of what was happening to him had faded, leaving him standing in the changing room idly as he grappled with thoughts that were confusing for different reasons. **"Eh?"** Thoughts like: *Is the changing room getting bigger, or is it just me?*

It was 'just him' in the literal sense of the phrase, actually. Joseph was a man of tall stature, who was almost six feet in height overall. The explanation behind why the room seemed so much larger was that he was *no longer* that height anymore. His limbs and torso had shortened, and in the process his hands and feet had become thin and dainty as well. It hadn't taken long at all to drop down to a meager 5'1" – a height that had his t-shirt looking more like a dress, and his shorts and boxers? They were now around his ankles.

The t-shirt was so large, in fact, that it was actually kind of problematic. Not that he was actively looking to see what had changed anymore, and in fact he didn't even seem to realize that he was shorter, but the top was so baggy that you couldn't really tell what was going on underneath it for the most part. Because it basically reached his knees, for example? You couldn't actively tell that his thighs were actively thickening,

growing several inches wider across a space that became a touch more generous thanks to widening hips. That gait had an added benefit too – his butt swelled, cheeks burgeoning out into a pleasant bubble shape that *did* lift the back of his shirt a little.

“Was I getting changed? I guess that makes sense...”, he mused. He *was* in a changing room, and what he was wearing felt more and more *off* to him somehow. That feeling probably wasn’t helped by his waistline pinching in a little, nor by how it almost seemed like the weight lost there was fed up into his chest. The flesh beneath his nipples swelled as the nipples atop them became puffier, growing into a pair of perky *C-cups* that *could* be seen pushing out his shirt’s top a little. **“Yeah, I just need to—!?”**

She had expected it to happen as early as the transformation had begun, but because she’d *forgotten* all of that, she hadn’t been prepared for the sensation that suddenly tugged on her loins, effectively finalizing her transformation into a teenaged girl. She ultimately shrugged it off with the thought of ‘*Well that was weird...!*’, but in the back of her mind she’d *always* been female. The moment she shook it off; she reached down to grab the base of the shirt and pull it up and over her head.

Considering her shorts had already fallen off, it would have been reasonable to assume that she was *naked* underneath the shirt. And yet that *hadn’t* been the truth of it. As she lifted it up? A one piece swimsuit was revealed to hug her curves, although it was a *little* tight around her chest and pelvis. It was most white with red and blue accents, featuring a skirt around the bottom half beneath a brown belt. There was a cutout that showed off her tummy, now toned, and it was effectively backless. There was a brown belt around her left thigh, a clip in her hair, and a red and blue scrunchie around her right hand.

While she’d held the *shirt* in her hands at first? When she looked down? There was a long, orange towel there instead. One she wrapped around her arms with a hum before sliding on sandals that



had appeared under the nearby bench.

“Huh? Why was I hanging out here all by myself!? I finished changing into my swimsuit a little while ago, right!?” Joseph had been correct. *Djeeta*, the captain of the Grandcypher, couldn't recall anything about being a *man*, much less realize that the world she was now in was a *video game* back where she had 'come' from. From what she could recall? She had come to Auguste's beach with her crew for a bit of summer fun and had headed out to a changing booth to get ready.

A process that had taken a decent amount of time considering all the accessories that accompanied her outfit.

The door to the room unlocked with ease, allowing the blonde to stepped into the sun of the beach without looking back after grabbing the bag she'd stuffed her usual pink dress into. **“Where did everyone else say we'd meet again...? Oh! Right! I should probably wait for Lyria! Whoops!”** Her attention turned to the changing room that had been right beside the one she'd been using. *Djeeta* was excited to see all the other girls dressed up in their swimsuits when she saw them, too.

It was almost like she'd hit a jackpot where she'd managed to get every swimsuit character at once...

“Hisa.” I certainly didn't mince my words when I realized that my surroundings had changed from my familiar office to the interior of what was clearly a changing room. I didn't like the feeling of the sand under my socks when I stood at *all*. You just *weren't* supposed to wear socks on the sand – that was what sandals were for. Of course, my *darling nekomata daughter* didn't deign to bless me with a response. Of course she didn't. That was part of the 'game' to her.

Which meant I had to try and figure out what she was planning on my own. I'd been talking to Joseph on Discord, and he'd made a joke about getting all of the characters for free. It was *probably* be related to that, so... Was I about to be turned into one of those 'free characters'? Maybe someone from the current summer banner? If I recalled, they were all busty, beautiful women.

So, I was in for something of a surprise.

“OOF!?” What happened first was a change that I had expected, though it didn't happen in a way I was used to. Because I was a heavier set man, 9.9 times out of 10, whatever *Hisa* transformed me into was significantly thinner. Those pounds were usually shed first to make things easier, but it was typically done over a thirty second or so process. In *this* case? All

of those pounds have been eviscerated *instantly*, leaving me thing, but also leaving me feeling like I'd just been struck by a motor vehicle as it all just *left* my body. The feeling of all of my skin tightening at once, erasing my stretchmarks in the process, likewise made me shudder.

It took me a moment to get my bearings after I'd basically had the wind knocked out of me. **"You know, you could be a little gentler... you?"** Wait. Why was I trying to talk to? I had a vague inkling of an idea about there being *someone*, but there wasn't exactly someone else in the changing room *with me*, was there? I felt confused because the mental reconditioning was beginning to take root. **"Wh-Who was I thinking of!?"** I had too calm of a disposition to pose that question with *that* much energy.

But in truth? My woes – at least as my old self would have perceived them – were only going to worsen. I'd already lost the clothes on my lower body from the weight loss, leaving my shirt to reach just past my dick. But it was now falling *farther and farther*, and not because I was losing more weight. Well, in a way that was *kind* of true? Bones carried weight, so if those bones were *as long* then they wouldn't be *as heavy*, right?

Like Joseph, I had been much closer to the 6' mark in terms of height than I had been otherwise. But *unlike* Joseph, the drop in height I suffered wasn't as easy to handwave – especially not when it happened *quickly and suddenly*. **"EEP!?"** The cry that left my lips certainly didn't sound like the voice of an adult man. It was high, squeaky, and borderline cute. All because I slipped all the way down to 4'11", just shy of the five foot mark. The shirt I was wearing reached *past my knees*!

And even then, it struggled to stay upright for different reasons altogether. My shoulders had slimmed, meaning that the neck hole of the shirt was almost as wide as my torso. My head had naturally shrunk along with the rest of my body, but more than that? My face seemed to belong to a *boy* that was significantly *younger*. I looked more like how I had when I was *twelve*, but there was a big inconsistency with the sound of my voice. **"Did I just trip!? But I don't think I even took a step..."** Soft and cute, like a young *girl's* voice. **"O-Oh!"**

Well, that certainly made a lot of *sense* suddenly, even though I couldn't exactly process it myself. I'd gasped at a strange feeling, but I was so young that even though I had just suffered a change of gender, making it so that I was a *girl* between my legs, I didn't react much beyond squeaking in the moment. That sex change had a very prompt, but very inconsequential effect on the rest of my tiny figure beneath my shirt-dress too.

My hips might have stretched an *inch*, accounting only for the slightest bit of pudge around my thighs and butt. While higher up? My chest puffed up ever so slightly, giving me so little weight in that region that it was up in the air if you could even *really* consider them *A-cups*. But looking at the rest of me? That made sense. I was tiny, I looked young, and I was beginning to look even *younger* in the face thanks to my facial features both rounding and softening.

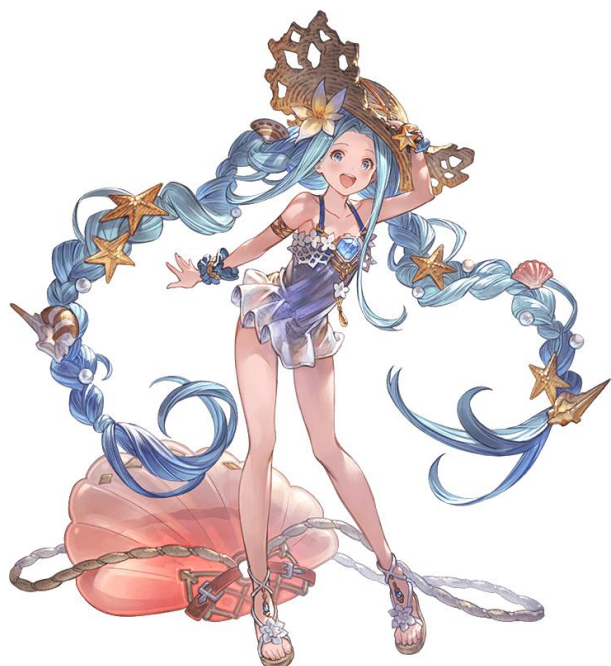
I looked around, a touch of confusion still evident on my face. “*Hmm!*” I sounded pretty chipper despite that! I hadn’t the foggiest idea that my eyes brightened to a blue that was as vivid as the blue sky above, nor that their shapes became more feminine. My nose ended up button shaped and my lips thing – suitable for an age that seemed to suggest that I’d maybe grow bigger someday. *Actually... I’m pretty sure I’ll never grow up at this rate. But that’s okay!*

The final physical change I experienced came to my *hair* of all places. It made sense since it had remained short and dark all this time, but that almost made what happened to it seem *cartoonish* compared to what had happened to the rest of my body. My hair just *exploded* both in length and in color, cascading out behind me with the *ground* as its bottom limit. Yet, as it grew longer and longer and a bright blue settled into my locks? That hair began to braid itself into a pair of long twin tails that were tied at the end, and seashells and starfish appeared amidst these braids.

At the very least, I didn’t *need* to lift my old shirt up and off my body. My hair would have *definitely* gotten in the way had I tried. Instead? The fabric tightened against my body, paling in color and becoming transparent until you could see a blue, one-piece swimsuit hugging my cute figure beneath it. That shirt became a dress that was *attached* to that swimsuit, leaving my shoulders, arms, and legs completely bare aside from a scrunchie that matched Djeeta’s on my right arm, a band beneath that shoulder, and a pair of sandals around my feet. A blue gemstone was also affixed to the dress right below my neckline.

I always wore that!

“Oh! I hope I’m not making Djeeta wait *too long!*” It



took me a moment to fetch the large sunhat that had unknowingly appeared out of nowhere on the hook behind me with my small hands and plant it firmly on my head. It really helped bring my outfit together, completing the look with my long, blue hair. It was that long, blue hair that made me *Lyria*, really! Before leaving the changing room, I smoothed the translucent white dress I was wearing out over my blue one piece. I smiled and nodded to myself childishly when I was finally content.

The hot sun hit my body like a *woosh* as I stepped out and onto the sand. Thankfully I was wearing sandals, else the sand might have been a *touch* too hot to stand on! “*Djeeta! Sorry I took a while!*” I immediately noticed the blonde woman I’d been looking for! The captain of the Grandcypher and the woman I shared a life link with! We were close companions that went basically everywhere together. “*How do I look? Hehehe...*”

I skipped up to her blushing a little. *I* was the one who had chosen the swimsuit, so why was I suddenly so bashful? I just really hoped that she liked it! And much to my delight... “*You look cute, Lyria! It really suits you! I like what you did with your hair!*” I couldn’t stop myself from rocking back and forth, holding my cheeks in my hands. That meant this swimsuit choice was a success!

While Djeeta was the captain, in a strange way I was kind of like the co-captain? First mate? It was like the crew of the Grandcypher was also *my* crew in some strange way. So, I was also excited to go see what everyone else was wearing! “*Thank you! You look really pretty as well, Djeeta! I’ve always thought that swimsuit suited you!*” What I *didn’t* say was that it looked like it was getting a little *tight*? Maybe next year she’d have to buy a new one...?

But that was neither here nor there. It was time to join the others!