

DEATH ACCEPTANCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How many times had he been here at this point?

The question buzzed within Makoto Yuki's head as he passed through a glowing gate within the depths of his local strip mall. This 'gate' was essentially a door that existed only for him. No one else could see it no matter how hard they tried, because it was something intrinsically tied to his abilities as the Persona user that wielded the Fool Arcana. *It's still sometimes jarring to pass through that door.* Or so he mused internally, because Makoto wasn't really much of a talker.

Was he *wrong* to think that? No. Passing through the door to the *Velvet Room* was a process that defied the laws not only of physics, but of reality in general. He would be walking through a perfectly normal corridor in the depths of a perfectly normal strip mall one second, and the next? He was standing within a small room that was painted like the interior of a blueberry.

Maybe it wasn't quite correct to refer to it as a *room*, though. The walls were more like a fancy cage through which you could see the outside passing by at an even pace. The Velvet 'Room' was more like a Velvet 'Elevator', and upon arrival he was always met by its attendant, Elizabeth. Part of the reason he'd made the trip there that evening was to report on some of the quests she'd assigned to him, in fact.

"...Empty?" While Makoto was practically mute ninety nine percent of the time, on rare occasions he *would* speak up unprompted. This was one of those occasions, because upon arriving in the Velvet Room it was *obvious* that something was amiss. No one greeted him. Elizabeth wasn't around, and neither was the master of the Velvet Room, Igor.

Could he even *leave* the elevator? The teen had never seen the large-nosed man outside of it. “...”

Should he leave and come back later? Makoto definitely *considered* this change of plans, but time didn’t pass outside when he used the Velvet Room. Plus, the next night was the full moon. SEES was planning on tackling Tartarus during the Dark Hour that night, which was his primary responsibility as SEES’ official leader. Investigating the twisted labyrinth that their school became during that time was their primary goal.

But in this case, they just wanted to train to fight whatever powerful Shadow would arrive the next night.



With his resolve hardened to wait until Elizabeth or Igor returned, the student slowly crept over towards the table in the middle of the room. There was a chair on either side – one for him to use, and a more elaborately designed one for the Velvet Room’s master to rest upon. He was polite enough to *not* cross the threshold of the desk and step to the other side. He had never been invited over, and he wasn’t going to be too nosy.

“...**What’s that?**” Or so he’d thought at first. Now that he was looming over the table, the boy did notice *something* out of place. Even though Igor wasn’t there, there was an arcana card sitting face down on the side of the table that Makoto typically sat at. They were used during Persona fusions or when going over his Social Links; Igor carried a deck where he kept them all neatly stacked. That deck didn’t appear to be nearby. Was it on his person?

But it also didn’t seem like the sort of mistake the man would make. He didn’t have anything to back that assumption up beyond his own instinct, but he still stuck to his guns. If that card had been left there, then it must have been left there for a reason. Because he hoped doing so might reveal some answers, the boy finally placed his index and middle fingers against the back of the card and pulled it to the table’s edge so he could grab it.

He immediately flipped it over so that he could see which arcana was printed on the face side. “**Death.**” By name alone, it was perhaps one of the most intimidating sounding cards. The meaning could vary depending on who read it though, and not all of its implications were negative ones. If he was to take this as some sort of clue, then what

could it plausibly mean? Certainly not that Igor and Elizabeth had *experienced* death...

Again, he had nothing but his own intuition, but he was pretty certain that they *couldn't* die.

So, did it have a different meaning? The Death arcana *could* signify a major change in someone's life. Had they undergone some kind of change? No. And Makoto was completely misreading the purpose of the card. Its meaning wasn't relative to Igor or Elizabeth. It was related to *him* specifically, and he probably couldn't have fathomed in a million years what *way* its self-proclaimed prophecy was about to come true. "...Hm?"

This was true even *as* the situation took a rather unusual turn. The arcana card that he was holding began to *glow* with a dark purple light, a description that almost sounded contradictory if not for it perfectly describing the sight before the young man's eyes. This light was also *warm*. He could feel that warmth radiating through his body *from* his hand. Something deep down told him to put the card down, so he did just that.

Unfortunately, it was *already* too late.

Power had flowed into his body, taking root within its depths. He'd unknowingly become subjected to the whims of Death itself – though, not the *Death* that he was familiar with. Its influence immediately became apparent in the boy's *gaze*, where the steel blues of his irises found red mixed into them, turning them vaguely purple, and then again to pinkish red as the blue hue was sucked away entirely. "***I-I feel weird...***"

While he couldn't tell *why* that was, the fact that he had muttered this under his breath in the first place was another sign that something was awry. Or, perhaps, it was more like *how* he'd muttered it that gave it away. He may have been quiet, but Makoto *never* stuttered; he was the quiet but confident type. Yet, once those words had even passed through his lips? Those lips *also* appeared to be *different*. Slightly fuller. Poutier. Plusher. Like the lips of a *young lady*.

And there were other reasons to draw comparisons to the realm of the feminine. Just looking at his now pink eyes, you could easily see that they didn't appear quite *right*. His lashes had grown a touch longer for one, while the shapes of those eyes seemed to grow *fuller* and more expressive. That said, this also wasn't the *only* way the shapes of his eyes had changed. His eyelids shift in the corners so that the way they

framed his eyeballs was rounder. Not like the eyes of a Japanese person, but instead more like a *Caucasian* one?

“D-Did I do something wrong...?” Remember what had been said about Makoto being *confident*? Well, then it didn’t really make sense that he was expressing self-doubt in that moment, but even then, it was hardly as nonsensical as why his *voice* sounded so *high* and *soft*. Its changed pitch clearly coincided with the changes to the boy’s face, which had also included gaining a smaller nose and narrower facial profile. But it also coincided with a shrinking Adam’s apple.

There was a *delicate femininity* to his facial features now, paired with a shyness to his voice that made the leader of SEES seem all the more *androgynous*. Of course, it only really *seemed* this way because it was difficult to tell what was happening otherwise. His clothing covered far too much, and some things could only be noticed from outside depending on how his body interacted with those clothes. There was also another *obvious* problem.

And it was that despite how different his face looked, and voice sounded, Makoto himself hadn’t *acknowledged* anything? You could easily dismiss not noticing his face because there wasn’t a mirror in the Velvet Room, but surely his own voice would have caught his ear... *maybe*? That might have been the case, perhaps, if his ears hadn’t been affected as well. But what could even really *happen* to a pair of ears outside of vaguely changing shape?

...The possibilities were only really limited if you assumed that he was meant to remain human. **“Maybe I did something bad? Hm?”** For a second, he raised a brow. The boy’s voice *had* hit his ears wrong, but only because it had sounded rather muffled? If he’d noticed what was happening to his ears, however, he probably would have at least understood *why* it sounded that way.

Their positions changed upon his head, gradually sliding up towards his skull’s peak as their cartilage was pulled into a pair of triangles. They looked *very* odd when they were *bald*, but they also didn’t remain that way. Fine hairs grew from them. No, *furs*. Thin, dark purple furs that coated them to give them a more *beast-like* appearance. *Which* beast? It was difficult to say. Dog? Cat? Fox? All of these answers *felt* feasible.

Makoto rocked back and forth. His sense of balance felt strangely *off* in ways that he really couldn’t place. **“I didn’t have anything to drink, did I? N-No...”** But this was where the loose fit of his uniform was causing problems, because it *really* wasn’t that obvious. What was happening to alter his balance wasn’t overly dramatic in execution, even

though the implication was quite extreme. The implication that he was, indeed, *becoming a girl*.

“*Hmn!?*” The animal-eared girl squeaked suddenly thanks to the genitalia that existed between her legs. One moment? She had possessed what you’d expect to find on a young man. A good, old-fashioned dick with a pair of balls. But the *Reverse Uno* card was eventually played, pushing that bulge to invert into a young lady’s equivalent in a matter of seconds. She blushed not because she realized that she’d just undergone a near instantaneous sex change, but because the process had left her feeling a little *aroused*. “*C-Calm down...*”

It was a little difficult *too* calm down, though. Makoto’s changed sex led to a momentary hormone imbalance. Estrogen replaced the testosterone, and so her figure adapted in kind. The issue was that she wasn’t changing in a way that was particularly *dramatic*. Take her waistline, for example. It *did* pinch in a couple of inches, and her hips extended about the same amount to help support her pants, but you could hardly make this out with what she was wearing.

The same could be said about the surrounding areas. With her hips widened, there was a little more room between her legs for her thighs to swell. They did just that, the fat that lined them making them appear much more supple by comparison. There was a burgeoning of the weight in her *ass* that proceeded in a similar fashion, leading her cheeks to bubble out into a cute little caboose behind her.

And ultimately? Not even her *chest* was spared from a taste of this feminine weight gain. In fact, they might have been the greatest benefactors from this boon. “*Ah?*” Had Makoto actually *noticed*? She was staring straight down at her button-up shirt. She could *see* how the folds of white were shifting as mass pooled beneath swollen nipples. They inched forward little by little, forming mounds and then little *balls* until she possessed a pair of breasts on the smaller side of *C-cups*.

Not that she was able to observe them for long. Dark purple hair that was practically *black* had fallen from atop her head. The color of the fur on her ears had evidently seeped into not only the hair atop her scalp, but *all* of the hair on her body. The hair on her head lengthened while she was distracted by everything else, and before long? It reached down to just above her ass. Her bangs framed her face neatly, but some of the hair in the back had fallen over the front of her shoulders in the meantime.

Or wait... did her hair actually reach *past* her ass? Had her hair actually grown longer after pausing? *No*, in fact. Her hair’s length hadn’t changed. Instead, Makoto’s height had dropped. A full six inches were

peeled from her 5'7" height as the final aspect of her physical form that was altered, leading to her looking around with confusion for a second. **"Was this space always this big? N-No, aren't my clothes a bigger issue?"** She was a mere 5'1" now. Even her hands and feet were daintier. But why was she thinking about her clothes? Was *that* why she'd been staring at her chest?

Yes. She'd noticed her *uniform* earlier. The girl didn't know *why* she was wearing a boy's uniform. **"...Oh."** By the time she looked down at herself, however, she wasn't sure why she had even *thought* that. **"This outfit is normal."** Was it normal, though? When she hadn't been looking, the fabric of what she'd been wearing had merged, darkened, and *exploded* into a long, puffy dress fashioned from black material. The skirt had several layers and hid her black heels, while long, lace gloves wrapped her arms. Her cleavage and pale shoulders were *entirely* bare, with a lace choker and even a tiara holding a dark veil in place over her hair.

Nope, it *definitely* wasn't normal. But it suited her.

"...Hm?" The black-furred animal ears of the teenaged girl twitched as a loud ding filled the air and the *lift door* in front of her finally opened. She stepped out of the tiny space and into a wooden hallway lined with door as if it was the most natural thing in the world, even though she absolutely *should* have had questions. After all, her surroundings were *entirely* different. At her transformation's conclusion, the Velvet Room had turned into just a normal lift stationed upon a normal... *airship*?



Had *Nier* retained any of her past self's memories, she probably would have denied the concept of airships altogether. Planes and helicopters

existed in the world she had been in prior, but not literal ships that could fly. The young Erune woman had been entirely assimilated into this new world that existed above a sea of clouds, though. She didn't question anything.

The girl certainly stood out as she walked down the hall in her flowing, black gown, however. Its similarities to a wedding gown weren't unintentional. She just returned from what *she* considered to be a date with the captain of this ship, the Grandcypher. She had become smitten by that young, blonde woman. The issue was that whenever Nier loved someone, a tragic fate typically awaited them. Typically, at Nier's own hands.

“Shall we retire for the night, Death?” Placing a hand on the doorknob of a specific door, the girl seemingly spoke to the thin air as she turned the knob and stepped through into *her* cabin. Her relationship with the Death arcana in this world was *beyond* intimate. She was bound to a Primal that carried its name. A being that provided her with an immense power that was responsible for the downward spiral she'd once suffered.

Thanks to Djeeta, for the first time in her life she was finally on the up from that spiral, but she still had a *lot* of kinks to work out. ...Like dressing up in a goth wedding dress on dates. But Nier was *never* going to work out the *absolute emo* from her tastes. **“I think that date went well. But I can't wait to see them again tomorrow. Hehehe...”**

It wasn't like she had anywhere else to be!