

HOLIDAY CLOSENESS

COMMISSION STORY

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The holidays could be the best of times, but also the worst of times.

Some years, they were hardly *anything* at all. Everyone had their own circumstances, naturally. Not everyone celebrated them, whether because they just didn't celebrate, or perhaps because the stars didn't align and they didn't have anyone *to* spend them with. Some people didn't care either way, while others cared a ton. There was no right or wrong answer; you simply did what you could and felt the way that you did! Ultimately, though? The holidays were *over*.

New Year's Day had just passed, and Joseph had been left to reflect on how *his* holidays had been. All in all? If he was going to rank them, he probably would have given them a 6/10 at best. Not the *worst* holiday season that he'd ever had, but he'd certainly had *better* ones too. Some of his family members had been busy or unavailable, so he hadn't seen them either for long if at all.

And then, when it came to the family members that he *had* seen, he still had some gripes. Those gripes weren't with *them*, not by a long shot. As he saw it, they hadn't done a single thing wrong at all – the problem was with *him*, or at least his attitude when it came to family bonding. He would be the first to admit that he wasn't particularly *good* at it. From the outset, he wasn't particularly sociable, but when it came to his family members sometimes he just didn't know what to say.

Because of this, there was a *closeness* he felt like he was lacking compared to what he expected other families probably were like. **“I wish I'd been able to spend more time with everyone over the holidays...”** But perhaps that was something he could keep in mind for

next year? It wasn't like he could do anything about it *now*, not with the holidays already passed. Or, at least, that was what he had *thought* at the time.

His circumstances changed *very* quickly, however.

“I...? Huh...? Whuh?” Joseph hadn't been doing anything particularly *exciting* when he'd been thinking about all of that. He'd just been laying on his bed after a long day. Was this information of particular importance? Not *really*, but it explained why he was so jarred when he suddenly found himself *standing* up, which wasn't even the *weirdest* part.

He was *outside*, standing on stone steps that were covered by a light snow that was falling. **“S-Snow?”** The cold *immediately* bit the skin exposed by his shirt and shorts. It wasn't like he'd never *seem* snow, he'd seen it on television and in video games plenty of times in the past. But he had *certainly* never seen it in person before since he lived so close to the equator. It definitely didn't snow there.

Snowflakes fell on his skin, tickling it before melting and reminding him of just how *cold* he was. **“There's no way this is a dream! It feels way to real!”** Wasn't he in some sort of *danger*, though? He could freeze to death if he wasn't careful, and aside from a snow-covered pedestal behind him, he didn't see anything nearby he could take shelter in. Even so, a warmth eventually helped relieve some of that chill, making him wonder if he'd caught a fever. But *that* quickly?

“Maybe I'm already getting sick... Oh my...” Joseph didn't think much of his choice of words at the end there, but perhaps he *should* have. It had actually been a very important clue, not only to the fact that something *else* was happening, but it also worked as a clue towards whatever that *something* was. Then again, as subtle as it was, there were *much* more obvious clues that had begun to make themselves known. It was just a matter of him cluing in on them.

Which... he didn't *immediately* do. In fact, he'd taken several steps upon snowy stones that he reasoned must have been brushed off at some point, because if he'd gone *down* those steps then he likely would have ended up ankle-deep in the white stuff. Whether or not his body felt warm internally, he also couldn't shake the cold. He found himself cradling his own body with how little he was dressed in, not looking at his body as much as he was at his surroundings in search of a path to somewhere *warmer*.

This ended up being a mistake. **“Where can I go...?”** Because his arms and legs were exposed, it would have been very easy to see that his olive complexion was *paling*, gradually taking on a light pink hue that was more commonly associated with people of Caucasian descent depending on where in the world you lived. But it wasn’t *just* a matter of his skin’s *color*. Whether it was the stubble his face, or the body hair growing from his arms, legs, and torso; it all disintegrated, leaving it soft and hairless.

Joseph furrowed a brow as it occurred to him that there was no obvious route to take. If there had been a path then it had snowed over, but he could have easily assumed it at least *began* at the bottom of the nearby steps. The snowflakes that fell from above occasionally caught on his eyelashes, but it seemed to become a more common occurrence, namely because those eyelashes had grown slightly *longer* and *fuller*. **“Do I risk stepping out into the unknown?”** It didn’t look like anyone would come to *him*, and he was liable to freeze either way.

A soft purple possessed the man’s irises as their shapes rounded. The lashes already made them appear that way, but they certainly looked much more *feminine* – just as the *rest* of his face eventually changed to comply with the same aesthetic. Rounder cheeks, a smaller nose, and lips that grew exceptionally full and pouty. It all made him look much more *feminine*. Much *prettier*. But also *younger*, like a *woman* in her *mid-twenties*, even if those pronouns didn’t *yet* apply.

“I suppose it’s... a... risk...? E-Eh?” The next time Joseph spoke was after his Adam’s apple had smoothed away and his vocal chords had *clearly* been affected. His voice was soft, smooth, and maternal, which simultaneously sounding *familiar* in a way he could not place. It was a phenomenon that occurred while the same purple that had possessed his eyes bled into the roots of his short hair and, once fully dyed, that hair grew out in thick waves behind him until it reached past his buttocks. **“Why are my bangs...?”** Only his right eye remained uncovered, because lengthier purple bangs had been swept to the left at the same time.

Something was so *clearly* wrong with his body, but at least that internal warmth had grown so intense that the external cold wasn’t bothering him, at least. **“I suppose that’s one positive, but I don’t quite understand...”** What was *happening* to him? He sounded like a woman and he had long hair... **“I’m not becoming a woman, am I?”** But then? A strange thought crossed his mind. One that made absolutely no sense, all things considered.

How can you become what you’ve always been, sweetie?

Joseph had questions about that, or at least he *would* have if he hadn't been distracted by something far more concerning just seconds later. As if to answer his previous question without *literally* inverting his sex at that exact moment, he was bestowed with traits that were undeniably a woman's regardless. A *pair* of traits that sprouted from a *chest* that had been completely flat just moments prior. "**O-Oh my!?**" The t-shirt he was wearing was pushed forward with a great deal of force all of a sudden, the bottom lifted up as a new weight jiggled that brought him to stumble upon the cold, snowy stones.

He caught himself, but not before absent-mindedly grabbing the *G-cup* tits that had ballooned. The realization made him blush. "**I have breasts!? Or... Wait, why in the world would *that* be strange? No...I shouldn't... Should I?**" The man's hands gave them a little shake, their jiggling weight feeling far more *familiar* than not. But when it came *to* those hands, they were smaller and daintier now... while simultaneously having become far more calloused. Like he was used to holding a heavy tool or weapon. The lengthened fingernails betrayed that rugged impression, though.

Even as he stumbled, Joseph's very feet were adjusted. Smaller toes, longer yet thinner shapes, and callouses spread across their bases as well. Considering he *was* clearly becoming a woman, it was surprising that he didn't shrink. In fact, he actually grew slightly until he was an even 6'0" tall! But at the cost of his shoulder slimming, and his waistline slimming even further than that as his body's musculature hardened until he had toned arms and abs.

"I feel... strange. I'm sure doting on someone could fix me~!" *Would* it? That would definitely be an unusual therapy technique, but it also felt right to *her*. That was when it finally happened. Her cock and balls shriveled, milked into the voice and pushed up *into* her pelvis as a woman's pussy took shape instead. It provoked the rest of her lower body to *engorge*, beginning with wider hips that endangered the fit of her shorts.

But they hardly fit for long after that. The front button *popped off*, revealing strands of purple pubic hair peeking out over her boxers too. They were pushed into view all the more-so as her thighs and ass bloated, not only taking all of the available space in those shorts but pushing the back seams to split so that the crack of her heart-shaped ass could breathe... and have some snowflakes melt upon its flesh. At the very least, this wasn't a long term issue.

It was corrected almost instantly now that her body's transformation had completed. The warmth in her body was fading, and yet she was soon covered in much warmer cloth consisting of a red dress that teased

her cleavage and hips, worn beneath a short, brown cape with white cotton trim and a festive bell holding it around her neck. Long, black thigh highs reached up to her thighs' peaks with a similar white trim to the cape, her feet clad in ornate heels with festive bows attached to her thighs. If it wasn't festive *enough*, then the headband with reindeer ears and horns atop her head made it obvious beyond the shadow of a doubt.

She was dressed for the holidays!

“Oh dear. I’m bundled up all nice and warm, but I should probably find a place to shelter myself from the cold in case the storm worsens.” *Camilla* glanced back over her shoulder, revealing to her that the pedestal that had been covered in snow before was covered in it no longer. It was so plainly the summoning stone that Askr’s Order of Heroes used to summon new heroes to fight alongside them, and it seemed that *she* was the newest arrival.

Even dressed in her red Winter Festival gown, it was difficult to fight off the winter’s chill. But she would bear it so that she could head into Askr and dote all over the siblings she was so sorely missing! When it came to caring for family, there was hardly anyone as adept – and as persistent – as Camilla was. **“Hm... Shouldn’t I have been summoned with someone else, though? I wonder if she’s late...”** She didn’t know for *certain*. It was more of a gut feeling than anything. *I should have been summoned with a partner.*



But that wasn't even the *only* gut feeling she had. **“Well, I suppose there’s no point in waiting here until my tits freeze off~! I feel like there must be a small shack where I can wait down the way, I’m sure she won’t be that long!”** And so, through the snow she would trudge! She was correct, too. It was only a brisk, five-minute walk until she found a small cabin with a fire lit outside where she could wait!

Perhaps her new partner would soon arrive, and she could dote on *her* in the absence of her siblings!

“Brr...!?” A deep shiver ran down my spine, which wasn’t necessarily an *unfamiliar* feeling to me. Unlike Joseph, I wasn’t unaccustomed to winter weather in the least since I *did* live in the Northern Hemisphere, but *because* I was familiar with it I didn’t really make a habit of going out in the ice and snow in only a long-sleeved shirt and a pair of jeans. Usually I’d wear *jacket* at least, maybe a pair of boots so that my feet weren’t freezing?

But this was all besides the point. How I was dressed or how I *would* have dressed did not change my circumstances. **“Well Axel, if you told yourself you’d suddenly be teleported in front of a monument in the middle of a snowy morning today, you probably wouldn’t have believed it...”** And I knew that I was right about *that*, though it was a little strange that I wasn’t freaking out. I was too cold *to* freak out!

...At least until a warmth spread throughout my body.

It wasn’t so intense yet that I’d paid it much mind. I was weighing the pros and cons of following the footsteps I’d noted off in the snow, wondering if they would lead me to somewhere *warmer*. The issue was that I wasn’t wearing any footwear beyond my socks, and standing on the cold stone was already beginning to hurt a little. I wasn’t going to fare any better wading through inches of snow. That said, my mind was forced elsewhere with a sudden *drop*.

“...Drop?” It hadn’t really startled me so much as it had left me *very* confused. I’d been *almost* six feet tall before, but I had a strong hunch that this *wasn’t* the case any longer. My clothes felt baggier, and because my feet had remained on the stone beneath me, it wasn’t like I could have *fallen*. **“I... What?”** It just didn’t make any sense. I’d shrunk down to 5’8”, but how was that even possible? Then again, did I have any right to ask that question after suddenly finding myself out in the cold in the first place?

There were plenty of things for me *to* question, though. I’d naturally been looking *down* after I’d shrunk, ignorant to the fact that I didn’t really feel all that cold any longer. But *because* I was looking down, it was much, *much* easier for me to see that height wasn’t the only thing I was losing. **“H-How!?”** My voice cracked as I cried out at the sight of my *shirt* emptying, as all of my excess body weight simply bled away until my torso, limbs, and face were all perfectly *thin*.

Considering I’d been an overweight guy, that most certainly *couldn’t* have been under normal circumstances, but all things considered what could I even *consider* to be a ‘normal circumstance’ at that point? **“I’m shorter... I’m thinner...”** Wait. It hadn’t *just* been a voice crack, had

it? Because that was just how my voice *sounded* all of a sudden. I flailed my arms about in a shirt that was *way* too oversized for my thinner body, and my pants had fallen to the stone to leave pale, *hairless* legs completely bare.

...Since when had they been hairless? “**How strange...**” Had that even been the best choice of words at that moment? Probably, but it wasn’t something *I* would have said. I probably would have defaulted to something more along the lines of ‘Holy Shit!’ but chose something with a little more dignity. “**I even sound like... like a woman.**” *Is that even all that strange? Why would I not?*

My mind was already going, it seemed. I was struggling to tell if something had changed, and things certainly *were* changing. My hands and feet were smaller, more delicate, but that was more subtle than what had been happening to my *face*. It stretched slightly *longer* as my lips swelled into a full pout, with my nose becoming both small yet narrow. A dark purple *swirled* among a pair of irises that were hidden within rounder eyes that soon bore lengthier lashes. It was a face that matched my voice. *Pretty* and *youthful*, like a *woman* that was *twenty* at oldest despite me having hit my thirties as a man.

And, well, there was no denying that I was in fact a *woman* at this point. “**Mmn...**” Despite how cold I’d been before? My body temperature had almost hit a fever pitch by the time my loins had been rearranged. My sex was altered just as my waistline pinched in and my hips flared out. Instead of worrying about any of *that*, however, I tugged at my oversized shirt with fingers that were slenderer and possessing longer nails. “**Why am I wearing... this? It isn’t suitable for the season...**”

While that much was *obvious*, it surely shouldn’t have been my main concern. Rather, perhaps my hair, which had been dyed the same purple as my eyes and reached down past my ass should have been more pressing? Or perhaps that the ass in question had ballooned out to lift the base of my shirt as a heart shape developed. My thighs thickened in kind by several inches. And not long after? My posture *was* slightly affected by the weight that built upon my chest, delivering me a pair of *F-cup* tits in a matter of moments.

“**Oh!**” I’d *just* been lamenting over my attire, but what was wrong with it? Was I not wearing my festive, red dress? The one that was paired with fishnet thigh highs that left my thighs exposed? The one that matched my white, heeled boots and the white-furred cloak that hung off my shoulders? Everything down to my long, white gloves, the star ornament above my exposed cleavage, or the veil before the little Santa hat that rested on my head’s right side.

So, all in all, everything was just how it should have been?

“I don’t imagine it’s preferable to stand out in the cold dressed like this, princess of Elusia or not...” I was Princess *Ivy* of the wintry, mountain nation of Elusia, so I was naturally accustomed to the bitter cold. I often rode my wyvern through the snow in just a gown, but perhaps the winters of Askr were even colder than I had anticipated. I looked around, first at the summoning stone behind me, and then at a path that had been etched before me with footsteps in the snow. **“Based on how they’ve fill in and the rate that it’s snowing, she must have been summoned roughly an hour prior.”**

Who? I wasn’t *quite* certain. I didn’t know it was Camilla yet, nor that the desires that had turned Joseph *into* her had inadvertently brought me along for the ride. I was simply Princess Ivy now, and one dressed in Winter Festival attire that match Camilla’s own. **“Well...”** I only one path in front of me, and it just so happened to be the only direction I could head in to possibly find some warmth.



Ultimately, I’d been correct. After about five minutes of following those footsteps later, I came across a small cabin with a fire outside. Whoever I had been following, they had clearly entered it herself, and so I didn’t hesitate to step inside with a graceful **“Hello?”** befitting of a princess. The cabin’s warmth was a welcome comfort to be certain, but there was an aspect of it that soon became rather *stifling*. Because I was grabbed by the side and pulled into a warm embrace with my head pulled down. **“Mmph!?”**

My face burned red because it was pulled into a very *ample* bosom. My own breasts were above average, but these were even larger! **“There you are partner! Happy Winter Festival!”** I wasn’t exactly in a position to *reply*, not with my face and nose buried in her bosom! I could only look up to the face of a beautiful woman. The sight and sensation made my heart race!

B-But wait, only the Divine Dragon should make me feel that way!