

PEACHES EXPOSED

COMMISSION STORY

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As always, 2024's The Game Awards ranged from the worst show ever to the best show ever depending on who you asked.

The winners of the various awards were always hotly debated by the gaming community in the aftermath. With game quality as subjective as it was, it was only natural that people would have varying opinions. I honestly just wished that people could express those varied opinions in much more reasonable ways. Attacking others, be they fans of other games or even the developers, wasn't a productive use of one's voice. But the internet really had become much *meaner* in the last couple of years in general.

Despite the name of the show implying that the focus was on *awards* that wasn't typically what most viewers watched The Game Awards to see. They were nice for developers, but most people watched them for one reason in particular. It doubled as a showcase of announcements, be they for known upcoming games or for brand new, never before seen 'World Premieres'.

2024 had more bangers than most in *my* opinion. A ton of great looking upcoming new games were revealed (along with one terrible looking cat game), and among them there were numerous sequel releases for games that hadn't received new entries in over ten years. Those were more exciting to me than brand new IPs if only for nostalgia's sake, and yet even among those there was one announcement that stood out about the rest.

OKAMI SEQUEL!

We didn't know if the game was going to be a direct sequel to the first game or if it would even be called *Okami 2*. The specifics didn't really matter to *me*, who had grown up with the original game and had long since given up on it *ever* getting a sequel. The original project lead had left Capcom, and his studio had up and closed. But that was part of the magic behind this announcement: both of these problems had been rectified. The sequel project was *undoubtedly* in good hands.

I'd been so excited for this sequel announcement that I felt compelled to replay the original game for the first time in a long time. I didn't even *own* a copy, seeing as I had last played it on the original Playstation 2. But buying it again wasn't hard *or* expensive. I ended up picking it up on my Nintendo Switch for a reasonable price and ultimately played for about an hour that morning the day after the announcement.

“I don't remember the intro being so long, actually...” I was at around that one hour mark when I finally remarked on the game's early pacing. I was still in what was essentially the game's prologue after all of that time. I hadn't even passed the earliest tutorial sequence where you unlocked all of the starting abilities for Amaterasu, the wolf deity that you played as. A necessary tutorial to pass and finally begin exploring the adjoined town.

But before long, I was finally before the great Konohana tree of Kamiki Village. The narrative of the prologue revolved around gaining the power to cut down the pink fruit that was dangling from the otherwise barren tree. Doing so would revive the powers of Sakuya, a wood sprite and tree spirit that would guide Amaterasu throughout the earliest leg of her adventure. I had always been fond of Sakuya. She was cute, quirky, and *well...*

A character design where her cleavage *and* butt were out had certainly spoken to the teenaged me that had played it at the time.

“Phew, finally!” By the time I got out to the tree again, I was *more* than ready to explore the game properly. With a slash of Amaterasu's brush, the fruit finally fell to the ground and— **“H-Hey!? Did the game freeze!?”** The image was stuck for a moment and then turned a *pastel pink*. That wasn't a *normal* visual error to see in a game, but I also couldn't deny its plausibility. When was the last time I'd saved? I *hoped* I remembered to do so on the way back to the tree, else I'd have to do most of the tutorial sequence *all* over again.

I held a little bit of optimism that hope hadn't been completely lost and waited a moment to see if the game would resume on its own. Unfortunately for *me*, it didn't. I also couldn't open the Switch's Home

menu, which meant that the only option available to me was to reset the entire system. And so, I held down the power button while pacing impatiently around my room until— ***H-Huh?***

Everything went pink?

It had happened so fast that not even *I* realized what had happened at the time. I wasn't *actually* standing in my house. At least not anymore. The pink void that had been on my Switch screen now composed the entirety of my surroundings, be they the walls, ceiling, or the floor. ***"What the hell!?"*** It was as if I was standing in a peachy pink void. What were my feet standing on? Was I in danger of falling? I had a million questions at that moment.

But none of them actually addressed the question of *where* I was or *how* I had ended up there. It was something I hadn't *seen*, and a reality I couldn't possibly fathom. That I had been drawn *into* my Nintendo Switch and was now *on* the screen that I had assumed to be defunct just moments ago. Regardless, my first reaction had been to assume I was dreaming. Or perhaps I'd been slipped something? I'd never been high to know, though.

With nothing visually indicating 'ground' beneath me, I was a little hesitant to try moving. ***"Assuming this isn't a dream, just what the hell am I supposed to do here!?"*** Stand in the void until I was released? I assumed that in *most* cases, people generally wouldn't associate being in a void with anything *good*. Quite the contrary, in fact. That said, there *was* something soothing about the peachy pink coloring. And speaking of peaches...

"Actually, why would a void smell fruity?" I wouldn't say it was *peach* scented, but it definitely smelled of a sweet fruit. I hadn't noticed at first because it hadn't been *as* strong, but the smell was *definitely* growing stronger. Almost *distractingly* so, to the point that it almost felt like it was dulling all of my other sense, like some form of *intoxication*? It was very much part of the trap that I had unknowingly fallen into.

And said trap was already working a magic I had yet to comprehend. I kept my bangs short, so my forehead was always bare. That's why it would have been easy to see a swirling tattoo of purple ingraining itself in the dead center of my forehead, while a thick dot appeared above either eye. The presence *of* these dots had a detrimental effect on the eyebrows just below them, though. Because those eyebrows?

They were shaved away by an invisible force.

It wasn't exclusively the hair of my eyebrows that met this fate, though. *All* of the hair on my body that didn't belong on my head – pubic hair included – was all shaved away until my skin was bare. But this *also* went a step further. No hair would ever grow from the follicles of these locations again, meaning that I would be perpetually hairless. That wasn't a trait a *human* could ever possess. But no one said I'd still *be* a human when all was said and done.

I swung my head from side to side, wondering if a way out would suddenly *materialize* before me out of thin air. No such luck was had, unfortunately, and I was too afraid to take a step still. Had I bothered to look down at that time? I might have caught onto a context clue about why it was I could remain standing. Or, at the very least, I would have ended up with more questions about it. “**Hm...**”

Because my feet? They had become *obscured*. Amidst a void of peachy pink, a yellow fog gathered around my toes – or was it coming *off* of them? Either way, my tootsies were obscured before long, around the same time I began to feel much more *weightless*; something that caught my attention instead. “**Wait, why do I feel oddly...?**” *Light*? I was a big guy. There wasn't exactly any reason for that to be, not with how heavy-set of a guy I was. Or, well, *had been*.

Such a fate was no longer in the cards for me. I looked down just in time to see the curvature of my gut smoothing away, feeling my skin tighten not only around that gut, but my arms, legs, chest, and face to boot. Any stretchmarks that had developed over the years were cleaned away along with any other blemishes. Until, ultimately, my figure had been rendered perfectly trim without a single ounce of weight out of place. “**Th-This is impossible!?**”

Perhaps it is improper to be shouting here?

I wasn't quite certain where *that* concern had come from, especially when I'd just witnessed my body go from obese to *not so much* in a matter of seconds. Had the losses ended there, then I might have been content with this abnormal series of events. I'd always wanted to be thinner. “**なんてこった!**” *Shorter*, on the other hand? Not so much. Nonetheless, I was subjected to a downward inching of three or four inches, bringing me down to 5'7". This left the clothes that I was wearing to feel *very* loose.

It only struck me a moment later. “**私は今何と言ったのでしょうか? Wh-Whatto did I—?**” I... wasn't speaking English? And when I *tried* to, it came out awkwardly, like I wasn't accustomed to it at all. I was speaking in Japanese, and with a voice that sounded soft, high, and *feminine* all

the while. The change in my language caused me more distress than anything else, which was why I likely didn't recognize just how much my face was changing in the interim.

And yet, regardless, it *had* been. My facial features were rendered much, much smaller on the whole, with my chin pulled farther from my forehead and my lips swelling thick and rosy. What ultimately became *extra* rosy were my paled cheeks, which had thinned beneath eyes that had narrowed to an almost *uncanny* degree. It was like I was squinting at all times, concealing my irises and sclera alike. There was something almost *artistic* about them, but they were also quite pointedly *Japanese*. Which made sense with how I was now speaking.

"I do not understand..." Despite the translation, I very much was still speaking in Japanese. And I *continued* to do so while my short hair darkened to a pitch black and became... *far less short*? It lengthened *dramatically*, with those hairs almost becoming a stylized veil that wasn't allowed to fall against my shoulders. Rather? This hair seemed to *levitate*, floating off to the side supernaturally. But that wasn't even *all* that was floating.

The yellow fog that had concealed my feet had *also* concealed that they had changed. Much like hands that were now smaller and daintier, those tootsies were small, soft, and cute. But they also weren't *touching* anything. I was just *levitating* there, and it didn't strike me in the least that I was no longer resting on solid 'ground'. I bore the shape of a human still, yet I continued to come across as increasingly *otherworldly*.

And I was beginning to feel as if I served some *greater purpose*. **"Ah!?"** One that I wasn't offered a moment to reflect upon, for a sensual squirming sensation seized my loins. I buckled forward from this jolt beneath a thinned bush of blackened pubes, but shied away from reaching down to check on what I could recognize based on feeling alone. **"I... I... I..."** I was a *woman*.

This was already visually difficult to deny, but that reality had an abundance of help from an *abundance* of added body fat. Was what I had previously lost returning to me? *Not quite*. It was only really targeting *key areas*, bringing a flat chest to rise into a pair of small, bouncy melons beneath my shirt that had to be at least *E-cups*. They were certainly nothing to scoff at, nor was how my ass pushed out behind me so that it lifted the back of my pants. Thematically, it held a perfect *peach* shape.

And one that was only exemplified moments later. **"A-Ah!? What divinities are causing this?"** My unusual phrasings continued while

I reacted to the yellow fog lifting and *swirling* around my body. It obscured my vision, but I could *feel* something changing. I began to feel a little *heavier* if only for a moment, while I could likewise feel my clothes being pulled away and *refashioned*. When the tornado of yellow faded? I was left floating in a pink kimono with sleeves so big that they hid my tiny hands, with a red obi and green cups that showed off my abundantly deep cleavage. While I hadn't realized as much, the kimono had a cutout in the back that allowed my *entire ass* to hang out too. Otherwise, I had purple earrings and a leafy hair ornament hoisting some of my black locks into a bulb atop my head.

“Ah. Wait. This cannot be? Is it true? Am I really *her*?” Had I truly become *Sakuya* from Okami? The great tree spirit? A wood sprite? Such a thing felt impossible, but I could not deny the sign of my own abundant cleavage nor the cool air against my exposed rump within that extremely tight kimono. I even spoke in Japanese, though my words were... filtered. I was making strange chirping noises while the pink wall in front of my displayed what I was saying in a text bubble. **“Why do I sound like this? It is like I am in a... story?”** I had *wanted* to say ‘video game’, but that term wouldn't leave my lips.



For it was a term that the character I had become shouldn't have known.

But how was this possible? I had become a Japanese woman, one whose beauty could have been spoken of in legend! And I was such an important character in Okami to boot! Was it my destiny to live like this forever? To see to it that Amaterasu was able to complete her mission? **“Well, I really *would* be honored to fulfill such an important role. And if it is one that only I, Sakuya, can do!”** Wasn't I getting a little *too* into it? It felt natural. Almost a little *too* natural. To the point that I began to wonder if my own will was—

There was a flash of light, and the next thing I knew? I was no longer standing in the void. But neither was I in my room! I was standing in a Japanese village with a great tree off in the distance. A familiar tree. *My* tree? The Konohana tree. It felt as if I had been imprisoned for a very long time, and on top of that? My power felt extraordinarily weak. Ah,

but that was the case, wasn't it? A dark power had swept across Nippon, and I had been sealed. Then for me to be freed once more...

I turned around and saw *her*. A white wolf with ornate markings and a Divine Instrument floating above her back. “**Ah... Glorious Amaterasu...**” It was as if my mouth just moved on its own, like lines were being fed to me and I was forced to utter them. I felt rather like a puppet, but it felt *right* too. “**What a pleasure to witness your heroic deeds! I am in awe.**” Not only had I become one with this sumi-stylized world in form, but now in mind and soul as well.

For it was the greatest pleasure to guide Amaterasu.