

RISE TO THE MOMENT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Alright, alright. Try not to get too overwhelmed...”

Travel was an interesting thing. There were *plenty* of factors involved that varied wildly depending on a number of things like: when you wanted to go, what you wanted to do, and perhaps most importantly, *where* you wanted to go. There were few countries in the world where traveling from one end of the country to the other would lead to culture shock or a dramatic difference in primary language, for example. But if you traveled to an entirely different country that you’d never visited before? Your experience would *definitely* be wildly different.

If that country spoke a different language, and especially if you didn’t really speak it yourself? You were doomed to face a much more difficult adventure than if you were fluent. It was a problem that *I* was struggling to deal with, and it was a problem because the trip I was on had been *pretty* expensive. I just wanted to have fun! Unfortunately for me, I *also* had a lot of social anxiety that was exacerbated when I wasn’t able to properly communicate with someone. Wish I’d known that *before* I’d gotten on a plane...

But I had been *very excited* back when my friend had pitched the trip to me. After all, she had suggested we go to *Japan*, and I was a pretty big weeb. It had always lowkey been a dream of mine to visit the country, to see the sights that I had seen rendered in manga, anime, and video games all my life. And as a man in my twenties that worked fulltime? I had been in the best financial spot to *go* on that trip. My friend spoke fluent Japanese, and she promised that she would always be at my side to help.

...But she was *missing* as I walked down the streets of a small country town in late evening. We had been traveling to Kyoto from Tokyo when our rental car had suddenly broken down, and it was so late that they wouldn't have been able to get a new vehicle to us until the next morning. Which was *fine*, since they were going to pay for the inn room we had rented. We just hadn't been supplied for the evening, so we'd gone down to a local convenience store to pick up food.

“Wait... What does this sign say? I'm going the right way, right?” Things had taken a strange turn on our way back, though. My friend had turned a corner ahead of me only to *disappear*. No matter where I looked, I couldn't find her – leading me to believe she was playing a prank on me. No, she couldn't be. She wouldn't do this to me knowing I couldn't speak or read the language.

I didn't realize I had walked *right* past the path to the inn and had gotten *myself* lost.

I raised my cell phone up so that I could get the street sign within the camera's focus. At least I had the translation app to work with, but it definitely wasn't enough to help with conversations. **“I guess the street name doesn't really help. Wish she'd text me back at least!”** She probably *hadn't* because she'd gotten too caught up in cooking the food we'd purchased. She had a bad habit of laser focusing on whatever she was doing at the time.

Maybe it would have been better to stand still and wait for her to come find me? But when would that be? The sun was *already* setting over this small town of... what had the town's name been? **“Inaba?”**, I reminded myself. When we had learned it earlier, we had both joked about how it had the same name as the town in Persona 4, but of course there was no way that it *was* the same town, seeing as the one in-game was completely fictional.

“I feel so out of place just waiting here, though...” I certainly didn't blend in very much as a tall man that *clearly* wasn't Japanese. Not that there were many people walking by. In fact, had I even seen anyone *since* we had left the convenient store? Maybe it was just a cultural thing to not go out after a certain time? Or maybe it was just a consequence of it being such a small town in the first place. **“I kind of wish I fit in a little better...”**

With my friend's potential reply to my text being my only hope, I'd kept my attention fixed down on the phone in my hand. **“Huh?”** But all of a sudden? The screen on my phone flickered and *froze*. **“Hey! I need you so I can find a way to get back to... Eh?”** As I lamented the possibility that I'd be stuck on the side of the street for a prolonged

period of time, it finally occurred to me that I *wasn't* on the side of the street anymore.

I was standing in what looked like a small changing and makeup room.

“When did I even walk in here!?” Wait, was that even *possible*? I'd clearly been outside, and even if I'd somehow stepped through a random door on the side of a building there was a pretty low chance it would lead into a *changing room*. And even on the off chance that this *was* possible? There was no door! Just a miniature television buzzing with static beside a makeup mirror. The moment I noticed the television, though? I couldn't pull my attention away. It was almost... *hypnotic*.

Or, at least, it *was* hypnotic up until the moment it suddenly turned off. **“Huh!?”** I was able to snap out of it, but something still felt *wrong*? It was as if my mind was unusually fuzzy. It was a little hard to think, actually. Any concern that I *probably* should have felt about the fact that the room had no *door* was immediately dulled away, lost in a mental fog that stopped me from doing more or less *anything*.

This was, in fact, intentional. I didn't intend it, but the power that had pulled me into that room in the first place *had*. If I freaked out *too* much, it might have disturbed the process. The process of *granting my wish*, even though I hadn't wished for anything thinking that it would actually come true. Little did I know that when I'd been distracted by the television, the colors of my eyes had shifted. They paled to a soft brown, but that wasn't all...

The *shapes* of my eyes also changed in a way that would have been hard to believe... not that my eyes changing color in the first place was especially *believable*. Regardless of how plausible it might have sounded though, that didn't change that it *was* happening. My eyelids narrowed and pinched in the corners, giving them an undeniably Asian shaping complete with monolids. Making matters even *worse*, my eyelashes lengthened a little to give them a subtly *feminine* appeal.

Regardless of how masculine or feminine those eyes looked, though? It only got *worse*. This newly established femininity took a stronger hold on my facial features as a whole before long. Everything ended up becoming *smaller* somehow. A smaller nose, lowered cheek bones, but *fuller* lips that were a touch thinner in girth but had made up for it with a profound poutiness. **“How do I... I...? Watashi?”** What had begun as a simple question led to me repeating one word over and over again.

My voice sounded... *strange*. *Pretty*, even? And there was also a matter of the language spoken. It was like a switch had been flipped in my head, and all of a sudden, the language of this country I couldn't speak before

had become my *first* language... oddly in tandem with my Adam's apple smoothing away. **"Does my voice sound different...? Nah, it must be a trick of my imagination!"** I felt pretty... *chipper*? Despite how anxious I'd felt before, I felt pretty at ease all of a sudden. I didn't feel as out of place in the small changing room anymore. In fact, it almost felt *familiar*, like I'd been there before.

My body's appearance didn't stop changing just because I didn't feel anxious anymore, however. The changing room had felt very *small* at first. Like a closet, and one where I was tall enough to easily reach the ceiling by extending my arm. But little by little? As I stood there, the room gradually grew *larger*. That wasn't *actually* what was happening, of course. It wasn't so much that the room was getting bigger as it was a matter of *me* getting *smaller*.

I had *been* fairly tall. I was slightly above average height for a young man, tall enough at least that I didn't really have any complaints about it. But I probably would have had room for some once I had shrunk down to 5'1". It was a drop in height so substantial that it had even affected my hands and feet. Digits became slenderer, and my fingernails grew several inches past my fingertips and were painted pink. There had been some plausible deniability about my gender before, but now that I was smaller?

It was beginning to seem more likely that I really *was* becoming a woman. No... It was more like I was becoming a *girl*? It was a little harder to tell, but as I'd shrunk? The number that defined my *age* had shrunk as well. I aged backwards rapidly, slipping back into my teens in a matter of moments – and my appearance reflected that. My skin became lighter and softer, with any wear from my previous age smoothed away with any scars I had accumulated over the course of my life. This was *much* more obvious in my face than anywhere else. It was daintier. Cuter. I couldn't have been any older than *sixteen*.

"I should really try and stop taking so many gigs this late on school nights..." A small part of me *did* wonder what I was talking about initially. School nights? I hadn't been a student in a long time, or at least not one where I had to worry too much about how late I stayed out. But eventually I was left wondering why I'd even doubted myself. I *was* sixteen? I couldn't remember being any older than that, and I was so small and pretty...

As if it was responding to my changed memories, my hair was slowly altered over the course of this internal debate. It *lengthened* inch by inch, thickening and becoming more voluminous in process as it fell past my daintier shoulders. But when *did* they become daintier? It must have been when I'd shrunk. This hair ultimately reached the center of

my back, but a copper color swept through it from my roots to the tips, even painting my thinner brows in its color. It was long, luscious, and pretty.

With the scent of a strawberry shampoo now radiating from it.

“I really need to put on the finishing touches, but *what* am I wearing? I don’t really remember putting it on...” Were my clothes *really* the problem? They had definitely gotten *really* baggy now that I was so small. They were so baggy that you couldn’t see what was happening underneath. That all of my body hair had been shaved away at some point over the course of it all, or that... I was developing something of a *girlish* figure. Which, honestly wasn’t really all that surprising when you considered...

I had *become* a *girl*.

My genitalia had undergone the necessary changes to make it so biologically, complete with a womb, I was undeniably female – and I *believed* that I had always been female. The rest of my body was quick to adapt to my changed sex, beginning with subtler changes like my hips parting a couple of inches while my waistline slimmed so that there was vague, underdeveloped hourglass shape to my silhouette. And while it would never blossom into a full hourglass with my newly altered genetics... That didn’t mean I wasn’t going to receive *anything*.

Clothing still stood in the way of it being visually apparent, but some aspects of my body *did* become... we’ll say *plumper* to put it delicately. My upper legs, more specifically my thighs, swelled a little bit. They became pudgy with the perkiness of youth, giving them a maidenly shape that was ultimately replicated in a perkier, rounder butt as well.

And, of course, if I really *was* a girl, there was a certain *other* place that needed to swell. It *did*, of course. The skin around my chest was pulled tight courtesy of the weight that flowed into the space beneath my nipples. What had once been flat swelled out into a pair small but perky breasts. They were *B-cups* at most, not even really big enough to push against the underside of a shirt that was *way* too big for me. At least until... **“Oh! Was I imagining things? I’m in my stage costume...”**

It really *seemed* that way to me, but my outfit had clearly been swapped out! Those stinky men’s clothes were gone, and I was dressed in one of *my* idol costumes. A white, cropped jacket with pink trim on the sleeves and around the collar covered my upper body, with black suspender straps being the only thing that covered an otherwise bare belly. You could see my perky breasts wrapped in a leather bra peeking through

the jacket, and I had a skirt with white and pink in a starry pattern hanging around my hips. My legs were wrapped in black, nylon thigh highs, and I wore pink heels. Otherwise? I was accessorized with ribbons that matched my skirt that held my long, thick hair into pigtails, yellow headphones, and matching ribbons around my wrists.

“I *think* everything looks good? Let’s do one more check!”

I energetically picked up a compact mirror from the makeup table and moved it from side to side around my face. I just *had* to double check my makeup job before leaving the changing room. It would have been a tragedy if I’d missed a spot or if things were uneven! Maybe this felt a little *too* meticulous for a sixteen year old girl, but considering my popularity as an *idol*? I’d more or less become used to it.



My fans expected the perfect *Risette*, or *Kujikawa Rise* as my full name was. Speaking fluent Japanese definitely wasn’t a problem for me since I *was* Japanese and had been raised here! But why was I doing a gig so late in the evening on a school night? They’d called me in to do a television interview, and Inaba wasn’t exactly a *big* town. The facilities were both few and small, which also made them hard to book. If I wasn’t going to head out of town, events usually had to be held in the evening!

Of course, there was also the whole *Midnight Channel* thing I had to worry about as a member of the Investigation Team. **“Now’s not the time to worry about that, though! I need to be in studio in five minutes!”** It was funny, because what had triggered this originally was my desire to ‘fit in better’ in Japan. And as a Japanese girl? Even though I didn’t remember expressing that desire, there was no denying that I definitely fit in. The funny part was that I was doing so by *standing out* as such a famous idol!

And if you thought I was famous at *that* point? Just you wait! Before long, there wasn't going to be a household in all of Japan that had never heard of Risette! The sky was the limit! No, the *stars* were the limit! I gave a cute little wink in the big mirror before standing up. “**Okay! Looking good, Rise! Let's go knock their socks off!**” And I definitely would knock their socks off!

Or else my name wasn't *Kujikawa Rise!*