

EMPRESS ACCEPTANCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Yu Narukami had been excited to go home after a long day of classes.

As important as he knew it was to enter the Midnight Channel whenever it was necessary to do so, there was an aspect to those trips that was seldom brought up by the Investigation Team. The fact that it made it *very* hard to get a good night's sleep after spending a good amount of time training within the TV world. Fighting Shadows was tiring, that much was true, but no one *liked* to fight monsters after 12am, and all of that exercise could also get your blood pumping and make it even *harder* to pass out.

There were just some nights where Yu would return after exploring and would just *lay in bed* for one to two hours, completely incapable of getting the rest he needed to function the day after. And since he had school six days a week? It could *definitely* be pretty tough to keep at it. That day was one of those days, when the leader of the Investigation Team had suffered through a rough night, but his scholarly obligations had led to him getting up early after only about three hours of sleep.

By lunch time? He was already nodding off at his desk, sleepily scarfing down the sandwich he had purchased from the cafeteria. It seemed that everyone else had their own things to do at lunch time, which suited him just fine. He wasn't exactly at a high enough energy level to go hang out on the roof or engage in any meaningful conversation. How was he even going to survive until the end of the school day? When he was already... struggling... to keep his head off of his desk...?

Thump.

Yu had been so tired, but the next thing he knew? He felt *wide* awake. It took him a moment to piece together *why* that was, but it became obvious enough after he managed to let his surroundings sink in. It was a place that he had been to *plenty* of times over the past year, usually by choice, but sometimes against his will. This case seemingly fell under the *latter* category, but he also knew that it wasn't actually a problem for the same reason that he didn't 'feel' tired.

He was sleeping. He had been pulled into this place while he was *likely* asleep at his desk. ...Hopefully someone woke him up before the next class started.



So, where *was* he? It was clearly the Velvet Room – though the one that he knew was more like... the interior of a limousine? It maintained the same shades of blue that other iterations did, but a shadowy scenery passed by the windows and there wasn't a *ton* of space inside. It was definitely wide enough to *move around*, although Yu would likely need to lean forward a bit if he wanted to move about without hitting his head. Sometimes he wished they could have raised the ceiling a *little* bit more?

But while the setting was familiar to the boy, something was also wrong. “**Igor? Margaret?**” Usually, the master of the Velvet Room would be sitting behind the table at the back of the limo, and on the occasions where he was absent he would at *least* be greeted by the Velvet Room's *attendant*, Margaret. But there was *no one* in the Velvet Room at that moment aside from himself. And since they were in (what he assumed was) a moving vehicle, there wasn't really anywhere to *hide* unless one of them was in the driver's seat.

...Actually, who *did* drive the limo? Maybe no one did at all.

Yu approached the table at the end of the limo where Igor usually sat, passing by the bar to his left and the seats to his right. It didn't make sense to him that *no one* would be around, because this wasn't an instance where he'd traveled to the Velvet Room on his own to improve or examine his Personas. He'd been *summoned* by the Velvet Room

itself. Could it have possibly been some sort of error? But then... how did he leave? The usual exit point hadn't apparated.

"Hm?" He'd approached the table looking for clues, and he had seemingly found one. The table had been completely cleared off aside from one item: a flipped over tarot card. With no other leads, the young man picked it up and flipped it over. It was the card of the *Empress* arcana? He'd definitely summoned Personas associated with that Arcana before, but what was the significance of leaving that one specific card behind? It often went hand in hand with *Justice*.

He went to put it back, but ultimately ended up *dropping* it onto the table as it had suddenly begun to *glow* a brilliant gold. Yu didn't know how to react to this sudden turn of events, only recoiling from both the light and the *warmth* that the light carried. No, was it *really* warmth? It felt like there was an energy flowing from the card... and into his body! **"What is this!?"** Was it a trap? Had Igor placed a trap? No... That didn't sound *like* him, unless it was some sort of trial.

But he'd never been tested by the Velvet Room or its denizens directly before.

While the light faded not long after, revealing that the card itself had mysteriously *disappeared* – side effects lingered after the fact. That warmth the boy had felt continued to radiate from within, but it was more of a *soothing* warmth that didn't heat his flesh, but made him feel... *nice*? Not that he could piece together *why* that was. **"Curious. A lot of this doesn't add up..."** And speaking of things 'not adding up'? Something soon caught the boy's notice.

For all of Yu's internal concerns at first that he'd hit his head if he stood up straight within the 'vehicle'? He was now doing so just fine, with the top of his head now an inch below the rooftop with his legs, neck, and spine all *completely* straight. **"Erm... Did the Velvet Room get larger?"** With his overall lack of information, this was actually a relatively fair assessment. Unfortunately for him, it was also *incorrect*.

What was occurring in *actuality* was that the boy's height was *lessening*. It was happening at a snail's pace compared to everything that would transpire over the course of this loss of stature, but his bones were painlessly shortening in size, bringing his overall height to gradually diminish in a way that didn't feel especially unintrusive. His distance from the roof aside, this could also be observed in how his uniform seemed to be *very slightly* bunching up, but since he wore his shirt untucked in the first place it wasn't so dramatically different that it was initially obvious to the teen.

In fact, there was more happening in that moment than he could even *hope* to recognize, namely because some of what was transpiring wasn't necessarily within clear view of his eyes. In part because, well, his *eyes* were part of the 'problem'. A shine soon illuminated his golden gaze, shifting the colors of his irises from silver to a bright amber. The recognition of this color change from an *exterior* point of view was only helped by his eyelids not only rounding in the corners, but also by how one's attention could be drawn to lengthened, fluttering eyelashes.

Had that not been enough? Yu's very *race* soon became something eligible for question, as the overall shapes of his eyes widened, slowly shifting towards a design that was inherently far more typical of a *Caucasian* individual. This was something shared with the rest of his face as well. Its overall shape thinned, his nose grew longer, and the boy's lips, well... It's possible you could say that the way they *swelled* made them seem a little more Caucasian by design, but didn't they swell a little *too* much? This became thick, puffy, and glossy; much like the lips of a *girl*.

It had already become apparent enough that this was the case with the shapes of his eyes, but the next time he spoke – incidentally after his Adam's apple had smoothed away – it became difficult to deny. He'd finally realized why he could stand up straight. "**Am I... growing smaller? Erm... My voice?**" Not only did the pitch invoke the sound of a young lady, but wasn't he speaking... strangely? Far too proper, like he was student council president or something like that.

Yu wasn't sure which of these realizations should have taken precedence. The one where his body was *clearly* shrinking before his very eyes, with his height now beneath 5'5" when he'd been almost six feet tall before, or the one where he sounded like a *girl*. ...He was beginning to put two and two together though. All of the girls in his class were *shorter* than him. Most girls in general were. "**Why... is this happening to me!?**" Yu also wasn't normally this *chatty*. He typically kept most of his thoughts to himself.

His recognition of the fact that he was getting smaller didn't *stop* it by any means, though. His shirt not only reached well past his waist as he rapidly approached the 5' mark, but it had slipped over to one shoulder because they had slowly been slimming in the process. This was a phenomenon shared with a waistline that pinched in, but it *definitely* wasn't shared with the boy's hips. They took a notably *opposite* approach, with their bones pushed farther apart to not only buckle his knees but keep his pants and boxers from falling.

"**If I'm becoming a woman, then at least make it just...**" It almost felt like some kind of strange joke that *her* genitalia chose to

reshape themselves just as her thoughts lingered upon the possibility. Nonetheless, her masculinity was finally stolen just as her height slid down to 4'10" – but it also showed no signs of stopping just yet. Her clothes had become so loose that it was difficult to make out most of what was happening beneath them.

The loss of her dick was counted among that particular set of changes, but it was also a matter of Yu's lower body as a whole. What was *actually* happening down there almost felt unconventional, because since she was shrinking so much you might assume that she was becoming a child. Yet, her face spoke to the fact that while female, her age had more or less remained unchanged. In fact, the state of her changing figure almost felt like it was becoming *too* mature despite her height?

"Oh!" Yu was accustomed to her body being tall and lanky, so the sensation of her thighs suddenly pressing up against one another through her pants took her by surprise. Shaved of any hair, they had been rapidly *fattening* until they were thick and shapely, curving nicely into the cheeks of a rear that had ballooned to roughly *four* times their original size since there had been no femininity to their mass in the first place. Still, she was so small at this point that none of this really stood out through her pants themselves.

What *did* catch her eye, however, was what was happening to her shirt and jacket. The latter article of clothing was *much* too big now (because she was 4'6"), so she allowed it to fall off her shoulders and land on the ground. She was practically swimming in the button-up shirt, with her sleeves hanging loosely over the hands they had swallowed. But despite how large it *was*? She was able to witness the front begin to push forward.

She could feel her nipples growing, both erect and in terms of general size, and becoming *far* more sensitive as they rubbed against the cloth. **"My chest is... Well, I am a woman?"** The girl perhaps had said that a little too matter-of-factly, as if she was convinced that had always been the case on some level. Her expression also became increasingly *proud* as mass gathered upon her bosom, eventually ballooning into a pair of distinguished *K-cups* upon her chest. They were *hefty*, but somehow their weight didn't bother her.

4'4". That was the height she finally stopped shrinking at. Most human women wouldn't have such bombastic proportions at such a mediocre height, but the keyword there was 'human'. A golden blonde passed through the hair atop her head, and in kind those golden locks lengthened and curled until she had a fanciful pair of drill-shaped twin

tails stretching out behind her. But that *wasn't* what stood out the most atop her head. *Especially* if she was supposed to be a 'human'.

Her ears were one aspect of this. From behind parted bangs of gold, they began to peek out and push to the sides. Their cartilage lengthened and folded, almost resembling the ears of a bovine more than a person by the time they had extended six inches. And the cow-like shape of these ears appeared to also correlate with what soon protruded from the sides of her head. A pair of brown *horns* that hooked and curved, their piercing points extended about five inches up from the sides of her skull.

The woman felt very *overwhelmed* mentally all of a sudden. Memories bled into her mind that shouldn't have existed, making those of her previous life feel less and less relevant. "**I... My name...? What was I...?**" Lives bled together, and as they did? Quick work was made of the Japanese high school boy's uniform that didn't fit her in the slightest any longer. It was replaced with a magnificent, white gown with a neckline so low that her impressive cleavage was laid bare. One with white lace gloves and a swath of gold that hung from beneath her chest. An ornate crown with crimson gems was then affixed between her horns, and as her feet were raised by silver heels and her thighs were gripped by snow white thigh highs?

A scepter appeared in her right hand.

The vehicle that the Draph woman was in finally slowed, and without thinking she stepped out of it and onto a... *deck*? The familiar deck of a familiar airship. "**Hm? What manner of vehicle did I just— Ah? Was it all a trick of my imagination?**" When she turned around, *Maria Theresa* observed that there was no such vehicle there. How could one have brought her up into the skies in the first place? "**No, that's not quite...?**"

She felt a little dizzy. Things didn't *quite* make as much sense as she would have liked. Much like Nier, Maria was someone from another world who had been *transformed* into her current state. *Unlike* Nier, though? Her old memories weren't *completely* gone. There was something akin to a voice deep in her subconsciousness that somehow broke through and rang an alarm bell.



But her new reality was far too convincing for her to take those alarms at face value.

With a shake of her head, she put it out of mind and continued towards the lift that led to the different floors of the ship while tapping the base of her staff like a queen. Or an *Empress*. “**I have no time to worry about such trivial things, not when I must live according to my own justice. Even so...**” For as *serious* and *proper* as she had been talking, she couldn’t help but let a yawn escape into the back of her free hand. It would have been rude *not* to cover her mouth, obviously. “**Why am I so tired?**”

Funnily enough? Now that her transformation and displacement had been completed, Yu’s fatigue had caught up to her from her past life. She felt *overwhelmingly* tired. More tired than was probably advised if she was going to *function*, at least. “**I suppose the most just thing I could do in this moment is return to my room and rest my eyes.**” That meant tabling the rest of her plans for the day, but that was alright. Even those with justice flying behind their sails required moments of rest and relaxation!

...Now if only she could stop herself from having these strange thoughts about ‘not’ being Maria Theresa. Where had that idea even *come* from?
Perhaps she really just was *that* tired?