

# TSUN TO KUU

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“What does he mean I’m too prickly!? I need to be a little calmer if anyone is going to like me!? He really has some nerve, that stupid familiar!”**

One Louise Françoise le Blanc de la Vallière (*who will simply be referred to as ‘Louise’ for the rest of this story for the sake of my sanity*) was not in a pleasant mood, but there was a case to be made for her not typically being in a good mood if you say her very often. Sixteen years old, and of petite stature with long, pink hair, the girl had something of a reputation... as a *tsundere* of all things.

She was absolutely terrible at saying what she felt, and so a lot of the time she came off a lot louder, and a lot more abrasive than she really wanted to – deep down, that is. It wasn’t really her fault though, and she believed it! But... But! Her familiar! The boy she’d summoned from another world, Saito Hiraga.

Something must have really put him in a sour mood, because even though he was usually so patient with her, he’d lashed out over an argument about *tea* of all things. And all of her peers at the Tristain Academy of Magic had overheard, as well! So as she slammed the door of her room behind her, having run off in a huff, she was both embarrassed and agitated at that chain of events.

Louise knew she’d have to find her courage to go to class before the lunch period ended, though. For now, she just needed a moment to destress the best she could. **“Yes, I’ll talk to Saito later. Sometimes emotions between two people run a little high, that’s all!”** Now that she’d had a moment to calm herself, that answer made the most



sense, didn't it? People fought sometimes; that was just the nature of how relationships worked at the end of the day. Louise was sure that he had his reasons for coming off so strongly, and in fact? Now that she thought about it, he'd seemed a little agitated earlier in the day as well.

Unfortunately, she wouldn't be given much of an opportunity to ask him about that, much less make amends. Because a glint of purple light upon her desk's top beneath the immense windows in her bedroom caught her eye before she could turn around and head back out into the hall. "**Hm? Did I leave a gemstone or something out?**" Sometimes gems were needed for her magic, but she couldn't recall practicing with any as of late.

When she drew closer, what was revealed was quite *clearly* a stone. A dark purple one, with some sort of unfamiliar emblem imbued upon its surface. Like three orbs swirling together. Louise should likely have exercised some degree of caution, but since it looked like just a regular stone? The petite girl touched it.

*And it immediately disappeared.*

"**Where... did it go? I wasn't seeing things, was I?**" Of course she'd have questions about such a sight, but in truth it hadn't disappeared. Perhaps it had moved to a place where the girl herself couldn't really see it, but when it came to its location? It was still very much within the confines of the room. Louise looked around carefully nonetheless, believing that she might catch its glint again.

At least until a strange reverberation ran through her body, forcing her limbs to seize up suddenly. "...**Nn!?**" It had come seemingly from nowhere, and the best the girl could mentally describe it was like an electric current was running through her body, stealing away her ability to express herself physically. And that was the truth, because the stone she was seeking? *It had become one with her body.*

Sparks of electricity promptly began to dance around the small dorm room, and paralyzed as she was Louise wasn't really in any position to understand their point of origin, but... *they were coming from her body.* Zapping out from her skin, passing through her clothes, and crashing into objects in the room. If a bolt struck the carpet, it blackened. If it

struck a vase, the vase exploded. For Louise's living quarters this was more of a tragedy than the girl herself!

Not to say that there still wasn't plenty for the girl herself to be worried about. As the bolts passed through her Tristain Academy uniform, they left a number of holes in the beginning. It wasn't long before these holes became so numerous that tatters of singed cloth had begun to fall to the ground, leaving more and more of her body exposed. Not that the sixteen-year-old was really in a position to do anything about it. She could feel *something* happening, but without the ability to turn her chin down she could only make wild guesses.

Which left ample opportunity for other things to get underway, the first of which being something so simple as the appearance of several markings upon her once pure flesh. The first of these was a purple marking that took shape beneath her right shoulder blade, a marking that was a perfect match for the stone she had touched that had began this entire incident. It was undeniably a tattoo, but Louise certainly wasn't the type of girl to have such things.

The other of these markings was much more obvious, because it rose upon her *face*. It wasn't something artificial like a tattoo, but instead a black spot that rose from the paleness of her skin. A beauty mark beneath her right eye, plain as day. Although there was something to be said about those eyes themselves in the end, for the crackling of the electricity storm that had been jumping from her body seemed to stir within them all on their own.

These eyes were typically of a pinkish hue that was just a little darker than the eyebrows that rested just above them, and yet like thunderclouds rolling into the sky of a setting sun, a darkness quickly seized them. A purple that ultimately did lighten in color ever so slightly, but instead they took light, glowing ominously in a room that was growing more and more dimly lit as bolts of electricity destroyed the light fixtures.

Not yet finished with Louise, that purple found ways to spread beyond just her irises. Tinier bolts crackled around her eyebrows, and these bolts stained the tiny hairs in the same color as her eyes themselves. It wasn't a trifling matter on its own, but if you stole a glance at the electricity that had begun to dance around *the hair on her head* it was clear that the situation was only going to worsen from that point on.

To Louise, it felt as if she'd just rubbed her feet against the carpet while wearing fuzzy socks with how the electricity interacted with her hair. And strands did very much so find themselves standing on ends as the miniature storm upon her scalp did worsen. But these bolts, like all of

them, brought her no physical harm. Before long the purpose of it all revealed itself to be similar to what had happened to her eyebrows. Purple danced among her pink locks, darkening them profusely while pulling each and every strand straighter than it had ever been before.

Not *just* straighter mind you, for as the slight natural perm that usually gave the teen's hair some sway was pulled out longer just as it was straighter. It fell farther and farther behind her, locks that were now decorated dark purple earning highlights of a different color at the same time – a wild blue that looked set to weave amongst the purple proper. It all fell as far as her ankles, while her once swept bangs straightened out entirely. While everything in the back had lengthened dramatically though, the locks that framed the sides of her face had thinned and shortened to become much more manageable.

“**Wh... at...**” Still largely paralyzed, Louise finally managed to croak out a single word slowly. She was panicking deep down, completely taken off guard by what was happening. For all she knew, her head just felt a little heavier. She couldn't put a cause to the feeling at all. And while she had managed to croak out a word, she had also been left to feel like her lips were interacting strangely, almost like they were *bigger*. Which was, in fact, *true*.

Her lips had indeed bloated, their shapes protruding forward in a way that gave her face a much more adult appearance. But, then again, there were multiple things working in tandem *to* give off that impression. Not only did her complexion age in a way that was noticeable, but her cheeks raised, and her chin thinned to give off a more aged look. Most shocking (*no pun intended, maybe*) was the shape of her eyes, which took on a dramatic slant that made her appear far more like the race of the familiar she'd summoned from another world.

And now, with the foundation for what was to come put into place, the real meat of the presence affecting Louise's body could bear fruit.

At no point had the bolts stopped poking holes into her school uniform, and much of it had already peeled over while her face and hair had undergone their transformations. But the garments that remained? Their time had ultimately been limited, for it took no time at all for the next change to push them off entirely. After all, damaged as they were, nothing held the integrity any longer to hang on in the face of the girl's body swelling.

The sound of the cloth that remained tearing was obvious the very second Louise's spine and limbs began to stretch, yanking her childish visage upwards in a very dramatic way as if to make good on the years implied by her face's new design – a design that made her look to be in

her thirties at the very least. And if that were the case, her body really had a *lot* of growing up to do.

Most of it seemed to come in the blink of an eye, flesh bursting through singed cloth and snapped undergarments without any trouble at all, almost as if she was a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. Without any resistance at all, the girl had grown into the body of a woman so quickly, height swelling to roughly 5'7" with complete ease. But Louise didn't really understand. *Did my point of view just grow higher? Why? How? ...Perhaps it doesn't matter.*

Despite how extreme it all was, something in the back of her mind tried to dismiss it entirely. And as that voice grew louder to stifle her confusion, the lightning strikes exploding from her body grew stronger and more frequent, damaging more and more of the room in question.

Perhaps they didn't explode with as much vigor as her now bare bosom did, however. "*Nn...!?*" There was a sensuality that arose when her breasts began to swell that forced her to gulp and let out the beginning of a moan despite her inability to do anything otherwise, for her nipples had pulled themselves tight in their swelling. They grew several coins in size once erect, and the lackluster showing beneath them followed suit so that her tits were a much better match for her new age and height in terms of sizing.

That wasn't to say that they grew excessively large in any sense of the idea, but as electricity danced past them, they jiggled with new life once fresh meat saw each teat bounce forward with added volume. They naturally became more sensitive the larger they swelled, and once they peaked at D-cups their difference in size compared to Louise's natural A-cups couldn't be any more striking.

Then again, the same could be said about what was happening below her beltline. Unprompted, her hips had popped several inches wider, forcing the student's otherwise frozen posture to buckle with knees pointed inward. It gave her a much womanlier gait, and the space that it made room for was quickly filled with new life much like her tits had been.

If looking from the front, it was her thighs that were the most readily apparent. An ample thigh gap had been left by the combination of Louise's scrawny thighs and the new width of her hips, but given a moment it filled in stupendously. In fact, each thigh appeared to be thicker than her breasts were large, taut skin pulled against them to give these shaved delights a pleasant, natural sheen. From this angle, it was also important to note that the trimmed pink hairs above her pussy had grown longer and darker, granting her a thick, purple jungle.

Yet if you were to observe from the rear, it was in fact her, well, *rear* that was much more obvious. Cheeks looked like they were about to erupt as they were forced both backwards and out to the sides, giving her a big, full, peach-shaped ass that made good use of the space afforded by those widened hips. With each step they would undoubtedly rise and fall in a delightful way.

And then, finally, the woman's paralysis wore off.

But Louise? Rather than freaking out as she looked down at her sexy, powerful looking form, she gave a single snap of her fingers wordlessly as if to hide what was running through her head. On cue, under her control, another flash of lightning danced across her body. And from it? New garments took shape.

Purple thigh highs, a complicated purple kimono with skintight sleeves, and geta upon her feet clad most of what needed to be, while her hair had found itself instantly wrapped into a long braid that now fell to the base of her thighs with her added height. Among the larger sleeves of her kimono was that very marking that had been tattooed onto her back near the very beginning. *The Electro marking.*

The bolts of purple electricity that had bounded off the woman's body were not subdued, not even as the transformation finally reached its conclusion and the girl known by the name of Louise Françoise le Blanc de la Vallière (*okay, I lied*) was no more. In her place stood a woman much taller and more beautiful than that girl would ever become. But what was *most* striking about her was actually not her difference in appearance.

*It was her difference in demeanor.*

As she'd been prior, it would be difficult to claim that Louise was a girl that carried herself with any manner of composure. Yet now? Even with those electric bolts jumping from her body and singeing the walls and furniture around her, her face was entirely blank. There wasn't an inkling of a mood to be perceived. Even if she was confused about her circumstances, and she certainly was, it wasn't something that could be sensed by observing the woman.

Were Louise still herself, she might have noted just how strikingly similar her face was to that of her familiar – as her features were very Japanese. Or Japanese-esque, since the world she hailed from now was not Earth itself. When thinking of her homeland, the name '*Inazuma*' instead came to mind above all.

She'd stopped murmuring so much as a word by the midpoint of her transformation, only for her to finally offer speak the skepticism she refused to show with her face. **"Where in the name of the gods am I?"** She was just as agitated as she was confused, and that came in the form of the sparks of electricity that jumped from her skin and kimono. That anger rose, and so did the sparks of electricity until Louise's room...



*It exploded.*

No doubt in a manner that would attract all of the students that attended the school, what with a singular room suddenly being obliterated. But this new woman. This *Baal*. This *Raiden Shogun*. She had absolutely no attachment to that space, much less this building. More than anything, she simply cared about finding her way back to her world.

She had an eternity to acquire after all.