

NAVI VARIABLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Navigator life was a tough one, particularly in unfamiliar terrain.

Which *honestly*? Sounded a little odd considering navigation was the name of the game, but this was a little different. The incident surrounding the *Cinema* had gathered Persona users from across time, bringing them into a single location with a confusing series of labyrinths to solve. Because of the nature of the locale, they often went in with teams so that the others could be on standby, but the Navigators? Not only could they not fight, but they were precious.

Keeping them on the backline, in the *Cinema*? It was the logical choice because their enemies wouldn't be able to reach them. Or so had been the train of thought, but in the end things certainly didn't pan out that way. Any intentions of keeping the navigators safe through this methods, ultimately, backfired spectacularly.

For in the midst the most recent expedition into the labyrinths? Contact had been lost with both Rise Kujikawa and Futaba Sakura, two Navigators associated with the Investigation Team and the Phantom Thieves respectively.

Incidentally, the two had gone exploring on their own without telling anyone else, since the others had all gone on an expedition that required extraordinarily little in the way of supervision. In fact, the destination of the two Navigators had been the dungeon of Rise herself, nestled inside the TV world. Considering how strong they were now, the two were confident that there would be anything lurking about there that could cause any issues for them.

But in the end? *They had been proven wrong.*

“Rise and shine, sleepyhead! Just how long as you going to snooze in that chair, hm?”

Futaba awoke with a start, in no small part because that voice had basically been speaking directly into her ear. **“H-Huh!? Rise-san!?”** She’d coughed the name up because the voice had sounded like that of her fellow Navigator, and yet something about it had been... artificial? Almost like there was a strange, mechanical echo to it all.

Wherever she was? It was dark. And she could tell her glasses had been snatched away because her vision was blurry. She could barely make out the visage of Rise standing in front of her, leaning down, but... Did her eyes always glow gold like that? They really stood out considering the poor lighting, even with her blurred vision. In fact she felt like she’d seen eyes like that somewhere before, but considering she was still drowsy, it was hard for her to put two and two together.

The shut-in girl hadn’t been panicking at first, but as she’d gone to move, she suddenly found plenty of reason to. **“H-Huh!? Rise-san, why are my arms bound? I can’t get up!”** Most of her body seemed to be under a sheet – the kind you usually wore when getting your hair cut – so she couldn’t see. But she could feel, and it *felt* like her wrists had been bound by a pair of steel clasps.

“Hmmm~?” ‘Rise’ hummed as she wandered off to the side, grabbing something from a table in the shadows. **“Don’t you have the wrong idea, you boring neet? I’m not Rise! Well, I am, but! I’m her Shadow, you dolt! Can’t you see these golden eyes of mine!?”** With an amazing speed, the Shadow dipped back down and looked Futaba directly in the eye, showing off her glow once more.

That was where she’d seen eyes like those! Futaba had met her own Shadow in her Palace, but that Shadow had been helpful. This one, Rise’s? Her voice carried a sadistic mischief with it, giving off bad vibes that only amplified once Futaba felt the Shadow’s fingers begin to run through her hair. **“Th-Then where’s the real Rise? And why did you bring me here!? Are you.... Are you going to do something!?”** Was it going to *kill* her?

In a sense, perhaps.

“Nonsense! I’m just going to make you the idol I know you want to be deep down! Don’t you want to be pretty, adorable, and the center of attention!?” Actually, that sounded like *hell* to

Futaba. The last thing she ever wanted to be was the center of attention, that was in part why she'd chosen the life of a NEET in the first place.

Before she could protest however, the Shadow grabbed a brush from a nearby table, dark as it was, and began to run it through Futaba's straight, orange hair. But what should have been straight did not remain as such, for once the brush reached the tips of each strand (beginning with the roots), the length of what was just brushed became... *fluffier?*

It softened, taking on a volume suggestive of an intensive hair care routine, as locks curled naturally until they were cute and wave – and somehow a little shorter as well. Shadow Rise skipped to the table and back again, and before long Futaba could feel her using hair ties to pull her hair out into a pair of bushy tails. **“H-Hey!”** Futaba went to protest as the Shadow's hand then fluffed up her bangs, turning them soft and sideswept, but her complaint was muffled internally after she'd thought about it a moment.

‘I bet my hair looks super cute like that!’

“What... What was I just—”

“Were you thinking how super cute your hair probably looks now? You should! It totally looks cute!” The Rise in the room locked onto Futaba's anxiety before she could finish speaking. **“An idol needs to have cute hair, and you're going to be a super great idol! With all of your confidence and general appeal!”** Futaba herself wasn't sure if she should laugh internally. Confidence? *Her?* *‘Well, if I really am that cute!’* No... Wait? Why was she feeling as if she could take on the whole world?

“I'm not like that, I don't have that kind of—MFPH!?” Speaking more boldly now, and with a voice that sounded like that of the Shadow before her without the mechanical overlay, her chattier impulse had become quickly muffled once the Shadow pinched her lips and rubbed gloss against her lips. She couldn't see it, but once the light pink had been applied, the volume of those lips flourisher – they grew plumper, more kissable.

It was a trend that continued as the Shadow applied more and more makeup. Mascara saw her lashes lengthen (*and the size of her eyes narrow*), blush saw the chubbiness leave her cheeks as her jawline narrowed until it was soft and cute. Her forehead narrowed as well, and while Futaba's nose grew a little bit, the sharper point it took was more appealing in the end. The makeup was otherwise concealing an important fact: Futaba's complexion had improved entirely. All of her

acne had disappeared, her pores were healthy – it better resembled that of a model.

Or an idol.

Futaba arched a thinned eyebrow. Had her vision improved? She could see the room clearly now, in a perfect 20/20. Yet, that wasn't even the thing she focused on. **“Hey, so you were talking about me being an idol, right? Do you think I'm cute enough? I've never really thought about going on stage, but I definitely feel like maybe I belong there!”** Her voice was peppy, and her level of confidence had practically *exploded*. She'd honestly never felt this good in her life, and she couldn't imagine locking herself up in her room like she used to.



“You're definitely cute enough! Just one more thing!” Shadow Rise snapped her fingers and spun back to the table. She rustled around with something for a few moments, and during that period Futaba felt... energized? It wasn't surprising, for if one could see her body beneath the blanket covering the neck down, one would see all of the excess fat on her body bleeding away. Limbs shrunk, growing thin while subtle muscle surfaced in the place or erased fat. Her stomach now trim, it also stole away some of the jiggle in her ass and chest, but it was beneficial in the end. She was as fit as a fiddle, ready to take on the outside world! **“Put on this!”**

After unbuckling Futaba's wrists from the chair and helping her up, Shadow Rise held out an idol outfit done up in green. Wasn't this an outfit Rise Kujikawa wore? Though, not in this color. She was surprised to find that she'd been stripped naked, but the room was so dim that even as she dressed

herself, the girl hadn't quite noticed the extent of her changes. All she really knew was that she was cute, confident, and sexy!

“...I apologize. You shouldn't have brought Futaba here, but now I cannot resist That One's influence.”

In the next room down in the hot springs dungeon, Rise had awoken to the sound of Futaba's voice. ...Only to quickly realize that she was not in the company of Futaba, but her Shadow instead. Something about this Shadow was different, though. Clad in Egyptian wear, she sounded almost apologetic about having to abduct the idol and bind her to what appeared to be a makeup chair.

Rise had been seated in these plenty of times before her shows, but they were typically in front of a mirror, and she wasn't usually bound by the wrists into them. **“That One? Is someone putting you up to this? Who are they!?”** Was this a new threat? Her dungeon was supposed to be unoccupied. The TV world incident was supposed to be all but finished!

There was no response though, and in fact... did something seem off about Shadow Futaba? At first she'd seemingly been expressive, but now her gaze appeared empty somehow, almost as if she were acting on an autopilot of some sort. The dressing room they were in was dimly lit, but she could see the Shadow reaching for a hairbrush from a nearby table, before returning back to Rise's side as if a zombie. **“Earth to Shadow Futaba? Are you not going to answer me?”** Maybe if she tried again?

“You're going to love being a NEET. By the time we're done, you won't even dream about going on stage ever again...” Well, the words that came from the Shadow's mouth certainly *weren't* what she'd expected to hear. They weren't an answer to her question, and honestly? They didn't make much *sense* either. Love being a NEET? Rise loved the social life, there wasn't a chance in the world she would...

...rather...

...stay...

...inside...?

The brush in the Shadow's hand had yet to move, and instead her free hand had been undoing Rise's twintails, but the contact between Shadow Futaba and her hair alone was enough to make the idol feel *weird*. It wasn't enough to convince her otherwise, but an exterior influence had been seeping in, and for a brief moment she'd almost wondered if becoming a NEET might actually be a better lifestyle. **“Of**

course not! I'd hate that! My life is on stage!" Or so she shouted, but it seemed more like she was trying to convince *herself*.

A tugging sensation came next; the brush running through her wavy locks the *obvious* cause. Much like had been the case for Futaba in the other room, the color of Rise's hair was not at all affected by its influence – in fact, keeping their color schemes the same seemed to be wholly intended – but that did not mean her hair was unaffected. Rather, the natural curliness it had always sported was pulled straight without the tool that would typically do such a thing present at *all*.

What she couldn't see as the Shadow moved to brush behind her though, was that a greater length was brought to this mane in place of all of the volume lost (*for it became thinner and stringier by nature as it straightened*). Now, as the curls were undone it would have appeared longer in the first place just by nature, but it was clear it was growing even longer still, tips completely even in the back. Though, as the Shadow returned to her front and began to brush Rise's bangs, they two levelled off – losing their usual fluffiness and taking on a straight fringe as longer strands of reddish brown framed her face.

"What are you doing to my hair? Cut it out!" Maybe it had taken Rise too long to protest it, but there was a reason she had. A reluctance. The idol was supposed to be extremely sociable, one who would never shy away from speaking her mind. But now? Somehow, it was harder to work up the courage. Something had taken root inside of her – a *fear*, an *anxiety*, a *desire*. *She wouldn't be put into situations like these if she'd just been able to stay inside*. **"W-Wait, what am I thinking...? I don't..."**

Shadow Futaba, instead of answering, had moved back to the table. She put the brush down and picked something up. A pad? Bringing it towards Rise's face, she naturally recognized the scent. The chemical smell forced a cough from her throat, and once it had cleared her voice sounded completely different. Different, yet familiar. **"M-Makeup remover?"**

"A NEET has no need for makeup..." Still chanting words as if possessed, the Shadow began to rub Rise's face with the pad even as the girl wriggled her face away to try and escape its influence. For a brief moment, she had even internally agreed with that statement. *'Right... If I'm a NEET, why would I need— NO! I'm not a NEET!'*

But the light makeup job she'd applied that morning was not the *only* thing being wiped away. As her face was gently scrubbed, it was as if she were become more... *mundane*. Her face was naturally pretty – and not even in the conventional sense, but in the sense that it made her a

natural born beauty for the stage – yet by contrast things were looking for ‘cuter’ in terms of description.

For one, the complexion of her face on the whole was a little more lackluster. Her pores opened, signs of acne had sprouted up where there had been none before, and on the whole her skin just lost the luster it possessed from her detailed beauty regime. On the other hand, was there more of her face in the first place?

Her cheeks had become a little chubbier, her forehead, while hidden beneath her bangs, a little wider. Rise’s nose? Her nostrils flared as it flattened. And while her eyes did not change in color, she suddenly found her vision blurring as their shapes engorged in size ever so slight. **“S-Stop it! I can’t see! D-Did those chemicals...?”** She was speaking with even *less* confidence, now through lips that were both thinner and chapped.

At the very least, the Shadow Futaba seemed to respond to Rise’s words this time. **“Right...”** She wandered back to the table and put the makeup removing pad down, and this time grabbed something else. With Rise’s vision blurred however, she didn’t know what it was she’d grabbed. At least until they had been placed on her face. Glasses, with lenses that were thick and round. Her vision had always been perfect and she’d only ever worn glasses in the TV World; these clearly weren’t for that.

“Y-You... My eyes... Y-You...?” She could hardly find the words to say what she wanted to, afraid of angering the Shadow now. *‘I just want to crawl up into a ball and die. Why did I even come out here!? I should’ve stayed in... I wanna play a game... or take a nap...’* NEETly thoughts and desires soon filled her mind, and as they did, the rest of her form it... Well, it collapsed.

It certainly didn’t do so literally, but this was more in the sense of Rise’s figure undoing itself. Being an idol meant staying in tip top shape. Her body? It was small but fit, or at least it was supposed to be. But all at once, beneath her clothes, it was like all of her muscles breathed a sigh of relief simultaneously. Muscles softened and her limbs bloated with subtle fat, making her arms and legs alike look much squishier.

Ultimately, this was a boon for her rear. It made it look a little bigger, though when it came to her breasts? Actually, they got a little bigger too! The issue was that it was clear they were only a little bigger because of the fat born from the fact that she was now out of shape, and her figure on the whole was rounder and more tender. A single inch was lost from her height in the process, and what remained?

She looked like Futaba Sakura. Well, not *fully*. Her hair and eye colors were still the same, and she still identified as Rise. On the other hand, her mannerisms, likes, and dislikes had come to match Futaba's own. It was hard to realize though, not without a mirror.

The Shadow undid the latches around her wrists and pulled the blanket away, revealing that she'd been naked this entire time. Rise no longer possessed the will to resist her anymore and accepted a pink version of an outfit that seemed familiar. Hadn't she seen Futaba wearing something like this before...?

“You look like me!”

“N-No... You look like me!”

Both girls had been led to a stage in the dungeon after their semi-twinning, and the two were shocked to not only see one another, but come to the realization that had kind of, sort of, turned into each other. It had been so dark in the rooms they'd changed in that they'd hardly noticed the changes to their own figures, but looking down now?

Futaba was elated to find herself trim and cute, an idol's bubble persona making her giddy. Meanwhile, Rise was shocked to find herself just a little chubbier and weaker but didn't really care too much. She just wanted to take a nap, maybe watch a comfort show... That didn't mean



they didn't have questions though, and the two turned to the Shadows that had brought them there... only to find that they'd disappear.

“Wait!?! How do we change back!?”

“I... don't think we get to. But I'm okay with it if you are?”

But how were they going to explain this to everyone else?