

HAPPY BLUE YEAR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I really wish he’d treat me better. We’re on the same side now and everything, but he still acts like I’m invisible half of the time and is mean to me the other half!” Noel Vermillion had plenty to gripe about that day. Her relationship with Jin Kisaragi had never been a pleasant one, as far back as when they had attended the academy together. Another day, another incident, even though all of them had aligned against Hades Izanami and her allies – it just seemed like he would never accept her.

So all Noel could do in the end was groan to no one in particular as she readied her bed within the Sector Seven barracks they were using. Clad in her baby blue night gown, clutching a panda plushie, she eventually crawled into the depths of this bed while continuing to bemoan her circumstances, cheeks puffed up cutely while bringing her comforter to her lips **“I wish we could... get along...”** Even as she drifted off into lala land, she reiterated her fondest wish. That she could live in a world where Jin just treated her with a little more respect.

IS THAT YOUR WISH, THEN?

“E-Eh!?” Noel was certain she’d fallen asleep, but a loud woman’s voice boomed, stirring her from her slumber. Or so she’d believed, but not only was she in a standing position when her eyes had opened, her surroundings were *completely* unfamiliar. It was as if she’d suddenly been deposited in a dark forest, the only light keeping her surroundings aglow being a greenish light that filtered in from above.

Noel was stunned. Maybe this was a dream? Even though it felt so... vivid. She answered without thinking because she was so panicked. **“Th-**

That Major Kisaragi would treat me better? Yeah... I really wish he would.” As far as she believed, there was no real harm in reiterating this wish. At best this was some sort of dream, and at worst maybe she’d eaten something unusual for dinner? Either way, it weren’t as if her wish could easily be granted.

VERY WELL, WE WILL COLLECT THE PAYMENT TO SEE YOUR WISH COME TRUE.

“H-Huh!? A payment!?” No one had said anything about a payment!? Wait! Hadn’t she *just* been telling herself that this was all impossible to begin with? So why was she so worried about it? It was just a dream! *It was just a dream!* Surely the voice would confirm as much if she were to ask, right? **“Um... Excuse me!? I’m dreaming, aren’t I? You can’t grant wishes, and there’s no ‘payment’? I mean, I don’t have a lot of money...”**

There was no response. But Noel’s lack of money? It wasn’t really a problem. After all, the payment was not one made with coin or gold. In order to see a wish of this nature granted, an equivalent sacrifice needed to be made.

“E-Eh!? What the heck!?” Her queries were merely answered by a sudden warmth that sprung up throughout her body. It seemed to be focused on a number of unsavory places, like around her breasts and loins. The feeling was certainly pleasurable, but Noel was completely confused about the cause or reason. At least, until... **“Oh!”**

Over the course of her short life, something had cursed Noel Vermillion more than anything else: jokes about the size of her chest. She was pretty flat, she knew that! She just didn’t know why people were always pointing it out and making fun of her! Even though her wish here had been for Jin to get along with her? A bigger bust size had definitely been on her Christmas list as well.

So, for such a thing to actually happen without provocation? She was absolutely delighted! **“My breasts are growing!?”** Her night gown was fairly spacious, but she didn’t need any degree of clothing malfunction to tell that the weight upon her chest was swelling. That wasn’t even to say they ultimately grew all that substantially, but even a cup size or two was enough to bring Noel a great deal of delight. Even though she was standing in the middle of an unfamiliar forest, she couldn’t help but cup them through her cloth to make sure this was really real. **“How big are they now!? Bigger than Tsubaki’s!?”** *No, absolutely not.*

She was so elated, but she was also confused. How was getting bigger breasts supposed to be a payment? It was just a bonus if anything... And that bonus kept on giving, for Noel's already impressive waistline found itself gaining additions as well. She already had a rather substantial hip width, a rather perky rear, and fairly abundant thighs (*to make up for her lack of chest, surely*), but now? Those hips were dancing with added weight. Her ass filled out the back skirt of her nightgown splendidly, while thighs looked even more supple and tender than they *ever* had.

Strangely, Noel could feel her enthusiasm draining? It wasn't as if she still weren't excited, but the level of expression she could find to communicate that? It felt lessened. She was becoming less prone to emotional outbursts, even the energy in her voice mellowing out in the end. It was something that occurred among the more subtle of changes, which likewise included the girl's pink skin darkening just the *teeniest* bit.

“I still don't understand how this is a payment...? ...Hm? Wait. Why is my voice... Why can't I drum up excitement?” Noel finally noticed it, for it was paired with a deeper pitch as well. She rubbed the nape of her neck with her fingertips thinking that might help, but unfortunately this didn't seem to be the case. Deep down she was still super excited about her transformed figure, so why couldn't she communicate that!?

Though, as she dwelled upon her mental and emotional alterations, other changes decided it was time to take root. In one such case, quite literally. For a *purplish red* had darkened the roots of the young woman's hair, and was barreling out towards her tips, full stop. It was something that was made all the easier, for the long length of Noel's mane appeared to withdraw somewhat. Before long, instead of hanging as low as her (*now plumper*) ass, the longest length was cast just past her shoulders, hair spread out more wildly by design. Her bang ended up swept to the right, covering much of her eye. The length of the hair on the sides of her head did a good job of concealing her ears as well. *Concealing the fact that they'd drawn to points, at least.*

The shape of the attached head was changing as well. Well, perhaps not so much the head itself, but it could certainly be seen in Noel's *face*. Its structure rippled, giving it a longer visage as each individual feature shifted to match. Be it her cheekbones becoming slenderer, or her eyebrows thinning to take on the same color as her hair, or her nose appearing both longer and rounder at the same time.

There was a drastic change in Noel's eyes as well, for it was like the yellow had been slurped right out of their green pigmentation, leaving them a bright blue instead. Her eyes didn't look bigger or smaller, but

they did appear somewhat fatigued by comparison. She certainly felt it come on, a sluggishness that was abated by a sudden difficulty of recollection.

Who was she? Why was she here? Her name...? She'd made a wish of some sort? There would be a payment? She felt like she hadn't thought too much of it at first, but... *This was the payment*, wasn't it? Changed form, changed memories. She was... a human? No, she had never been one. But this was different. She was... *Dökkálfar*? As that term settled upon her soul, the final touch of that race's biology blossomed from her back. Shredding the back of her nightgown, a pair of butterfly-like fairy wings erupted, black, with dark reds and blues awash within their beautiful designs.

No sooner than she came to this conclusion did the rest click into place, and a pair of green, diamond tattoos appeared beneath her eyes. **"Hm...? My clothes... We were planning on going out, weren't we?"** Responsive to the emergence of this memory, something told the woman to throw her arms out to the sides.

The moment she had done so, an elegant kimono, open, was summoned through magic of some sort and was pulled tight against her body, the nightgown she'd been wearing shifting into undergarments in the meantime. She was left adorned in a multilayered kimono, the outermost white and silky, and pulled into a wing-like pattern around her legs. White socks tickled her feet along with wooden sandals, black gloves tightened around her hands, and a rose ornament with a green, thorny strap appeared upon her head, selling the look that she was ready to ring in the new year.

But not alone.

Triandra's mouth was left agape as she looked around at the nearby forest. **"How did I end up here? The festivities... Peony wanted me to go with her."** She'd even adorned this elaborate kimono as Lady Sharena of Askr had recommended. The *Dökkálfar* did not typically honor the changing of the calendar year in this way, but as they had been invited by their dearest friends? She knew that Peony had been excited. **"I wonder if she is still in her chambers?"** Deadpan as she always was, a mighty flap of the fairy's butterfly wings saw her float gently into the air. If she were correct, a short five-minute flight would take her to her destination.

She only hoped that her dearest friend was already changed, lest they be late.

“What the hell!? Where in the world am I!?” Jin Kisaragi should have become accustomed to being teleported all over the place all willy nilly. That damned vampire and her minions were always a big fan of scooping him up whenever he was in the middle of something important, but this... it wasn't the same. He was fairly certain he'd gone to sleep, only to find himself lingering among a bedroom he didn't recognize.

The décor was obviously designed for a young woman. A lavished canopy bed with a glittering which curtain wrapped around it was in the room's center, while a wardrobe with a large mirror atop it resembled something man might have seen in a fairy tale in his childhood. All things considered, this wasn't the kind of room he should be remaining in. What if the owner came back? That would be an issue for a plethora of reasons.

How had he ended up here? Why? He had no answers for these questions, but he also figured that there was nothing to be gained by lingering. So he moved past the mirror and towards the single, oaken door in an attempt to leave. Pausing only when he'd caught sight of something very strange in his reflection. **“What!? My hair!?”** It was long. A little *too* long, so much that it could probably be styled.

It sat as low as his shoulders – no, it was still growing longer than that. And the color? It just *wasn't* right. The blonde had been retained as a base, but Jin knew his own hair color to be bright and golden. On the other hand, as it was discolored now? That blonde was duller, plainer, dirtier, like if it darkened any further (*it didn't*) it would be better described as brown.

Jin was aghast, and yet as his fingers ran through it with shock? He couldn't help but think *‘this would definitely look cuter if I curled it!’*. The young man immediately shook his head. **“That isn't... I would never...”** He was offended at his own thoughts, which just made the situation all the more surreal. As much as he wished to ~~eurl his hair~~ keep his eyes glued onto the hair situation, however, it was his eyes themselves that made him scowl even further.

But was he really scowling? It was hard to say, for on the whole? His face had begun to appear *cuter*. Those eyes were definitely a part of it, for while a bright purple had seized them, they had likewise grown bigger, rounder, and more expressive – with long lashes and thinner brows to boot. But there was also the matter of, well, *everything else*. A subtle youthfulness had washed through him, making his cheeks appear softer, his nose more petite, and his lips? They bore a definition that was downright effeminate.

In fact, before he realized it, the face of an unfamiliar girl was staring right back at him.

“Who... Who are you!? Gack!? My voice!?” Uncertain, Jin had immediately thought someone else was in the room with him, as opposed to choosing to believe that it was his own reflection; particularly as this girl looked to be a little shorter than he was – or was shrinking to be such, anyways. He’d gone to bed in a tank top and shorts, and both articles of clothing had begun to feel and look big on him as his height evidently dropped a handful of inches.

More pressingly, what was up with his *voice!*? It sounded just like a girl’s, likely one in her teens! It was a voice that was a perfect match for that girl in the mirror, for... *herself*. **“This is... impossible! It’s...!”** But was it *wrong*? Rage that had been bottled up within him his whole life had been slowly melting away, an optimistic energy bubbling up in its place that practically forced a smile across his girlish face. That smile doubled once he saw his ears, now pointed, poke out from behind his hair. **“This feels... it’s right, isn’t it?”**

Forget hating Noel Vermillion. It was almost impossible for him to hate much of *anyone* now. Specifically, in regard to Noel? He felt like he wanted to see her. To hold her close. Just, not the Noel he’d known. Rather, he wanted to see the woman she’d *become*.

Jin wasn’t ready though, not yet. It had been painless, but the front of his shorts, already loose, became even *looser* as that which *should* have hung there found comfort *within her*. More plainly put: she’d just undergone a sudden sex change. Something that certainly should have been alarming, but she was so amped up by her new personality traits that she couldn’t help but be elated. **“Well, that’s how I’ve always been, right!?”**

She actually couldn’t even remember being a man. Could such a thing be possible? Maybe within the dreams caused by the Dökkálfar, but certainly not in reality. And this *was* reality. Memories of being born a girl, being raised a girl? They were all there, and so the rest of her flesh was kneaded into this new reality as well.

While not substantial, her chest puffed up. Where muscles had once been, melted away as she’d shrunk prior, tissue built generously – but not *too* generously – until the front of her tank top had been puffed up with a pair of B-cup breasts. They were firm and bouncy despite their smaller size, but she couldn’t recall having any complaints about them. Her waistline was – or at least had now just become – so small that they looked bigger than they were anyways!

Her hips swelled out too, keeping the shorts from falling to her ankles while fat bestowed the areas around her sandy blonde pubic hairs, trimmed short, with an appropriate figure. Thighs were youthful and tender, her ass well-defined by the arch of her back, but much like her breasts, not especially gratuitous. Admittedly, *Peony* looked kind of sexy dressed in a man's pajamas, but that ensemble was not destined to remain. **“Triandra is picking me up for the festival soon! I'm so excited to see her!”**

And so, she too threw her arms out to receive layer after layer of formal, festival wear. A kimono like Triandra had received but born from a completely different design with colors that better suited the feisty fae's personality. Bright greens, yellows, oranges, and reds littered its visage, even though the base design was similar with a tightly fit obi, a flower and butterfly wing accessory fastened to its front that matched one on Triandra's own person. Wooden sandals clacked against the ground as she fidgeted too, her attention drawn to her reflection as she felt her hair begin to wriggle.

The young woman's dirty blond hair began to curl as it was pulled to either side, ultimately twirling with an orange that amounted to a flower on either end. A pair of flowers that were complimented by the girl's new hairpiece. A green headband made of interwoven vines, topped off with a big, orange flower to the right of her head. Beneath all of these layers as they tightly snuggled up against her body, the tank top and shorts snugly hugged Peony's flesh as a plain bra and panties.

From intentionally cut gaps in the back of the many kimono layers, a bright green light began to glow. Slowly but surely, a pair of insect-like wings bloomed outwards, vast in their size and surely enough to allow the girl flight. They resembled a butterfly's, and were bright yellow in color.

“Peony? Are you ready to go?” The door suddenly opened without Peony realizing, and in peered Triandra's head. Was she hiding how she looked in the kimono that had been picked out for her? **“Sorry I was late. I got a little... lost.”** She still wasn't sure *how* that had happened though.

Wooden footwear clacked across the ground as the blonde fairy skipped towards the door and yanked it open, just as quickly grabbing Triandra's hand into her own and pulling her towards her bed. **“Not so fast, Triandra! I want to see how pretty you are!”** It was difficult to escape Peony when she was motivated, and the darker skinned fairy ended up caught in her trap as the two of them collapsed into the canopy bed, with Triandra wrapped in Peony's arms.

It was extremely cute. *At least until you remembered it was technically Jin cuddling up to Noel.*

“Peony, please...” Monotone or not, her cheeks were incredibly pink. These feelings she had for her fellow Dökkálfar? They long and far transcended the feelings of a typical friendship. It was practically love, if not literally so. **“We need to go...”** Peony, on the other hand? She had no sense of urgency and cuddled up to Triandra even more tightly.

“Come on, let’s just stay like this for another five minutes!”

Well, *these two* certainly got along!

Wish granted?