

# SUPERCHARGED PET

## COMMISSION STORY

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This was likely an awfully bad idea, but Mikoto Misaka was going through with it anyways. She was always hesitant to sign herself up for research tests that involved using her *Electromaster* esper abilities. Being a LEVEL 5 meant that scientists and scholars everywhere were interested in the potential of her strength, but for Mikoto herself? It really was a pain. How many incidents had she been involved with at this point just because she was strong?

Not that she minded helping if needed, but at times it felt like problems arose just because she was present, and then it was her job to clean up. Who knew who might be taking readings from her to use that data for evil, for example? Thinking back to the Radio Noise Project and the advent of the Sisters, she was certainly cautious.

But this test? It had been recommended by Kuroko and investigated thoroughly by judgment prior to that recommendation. The people behind it were legit, and none of them had anything close to a shady background – much to Mikoto's delight. The payment she was receiving would be substantial as well, and with Christmas coming up it would have been nice to have a little pocket money to buy gifts for her friends even if it wasn't *that* big of a deal in Japan to celebrate.

Either way, Mikoto was the kind of teen that just liked to spoil her friends.

The setup inside the lab was pretty simple. White walls that were transparent from the outside, a white tiled floor, with a triangular machine in the center of the room. As far as the LEVEL 5 was aware, the test was a simple electrical capacity test, meant to get an accurate

reading of how high her power could go while also testing the tolerance of the machine itself. Apparently, Kuroko had requested an expert from Judgment look the machine over before the trial went underway, and things seemed to be safe enough. Just to be extra sure though, Kuroko had come along and was waiting in the insulated observation room with the scientists.

Or so she'd *thought*. But the reality of it all? The moment the door into the trial area had closed, Kuroko had been dragged away by another set of espers and thrown into a cell. Not only could they not have her getting in the way, but she would also be an important Subject B later.

**“Alright, so I just need to put my hand here, right?”** Apparently when installing the observation room they hadn't had time to include a PA system that would allow subjects to communicate with the ones watching, so Mikoto was going off of her memory – completely oblivious to the fact that she was being played despite that being her greatest fear. **“Seems simple enough...”** There was a gauge to measure the wattage in terms of how much it had past her general limit, and she could tell the device was grounded.

**“Sometimes it's nice to let loose, too.”** If she went all out normally, she had to be worried about things like hurting people or causing property damage. And so, this? It just felt good to be able to fire off as much energy as she wanted to without potentially causing an accident. So, Mikoto held her right hand up to the black panel that was meant to absorb the electric current.

To release as much energy as she could, it would take all of her focus. She breathed in and then out again, in and then out. Closing her eyes would be no good because she had to keep an eye on the gauge, so she had to tune everything out manually. Focus only on the device and the release of the electrical current that radiated from her body.

Sparks danced from the tips of her fingers as the light on the machine flickered to life. Such a weak current wasn't enough to light up the first of the five lights on the machine even completely, so what about the level of energy she exuded while utilizing a coin as a railgun? More electricity danced from Mikoto's body as she adjusted the output, and the first three lights lit up. Knowing this, she was fairly confident light four would ignite if she produced the energy needed to make a railgun shot out of a large object, so she had to push it *beyond*.

Electricity sparked from the fourteen-year old's body and jumped around the room wildly. She had been guaranteed this wouldn't cause any damage, so there was no *real* reason to worry about that. The machine reading quickly jumped from a three on the gauge to a five,

before it began to make a rather strange noise that provoked Mikoto to step off the juice. She'd been warned that if anything strange happened, she should turn off her powers but keep her hand on the panel, but... that had been part of the trap.

**“HEY! IS IT OKAY TO CONTINUE!?”** Looking over her shoulder at where she *knew* the observation room was, the girl called out. No response of course. But the machine? It appeared to be doing something *weird*. Electricity was bouncing off the pyramid, but it didn't show the same blue as the energy she'd put into it. The coloring was far too rich, far too—

**“GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”**

Suddenly it discharged, firing all of the accumulated energy back into the only exit point available: Mikoto's hand upon the panel. This dark blue electricity poured into the girl's shell, a mix of pain and pleasure felt as a natural response to her body receiving such an intimate injection of what she now realized was soiled energy. Something in the machine had *tainted* what she had charged it with. And now? All of that *taint* was flowing back into her body.

It poured into her for roughly thirty minutes before subsiding, and once it had finished the reaction had left the girl completely naked in a room that was otherwise untouched by the reaction. She panted heavily, sweat poured off of her, and some of the blue jolts still danced from her flesh as she had become *overcharged*. She didn't have the natural capacity to hold all of the power that had bled into her and so it was trying to escape.

Well, she didn't have the natural capacity *for now*.

**“I need to discharge this...!”** Through grit teeth she spat her plan, and yet it wasn't so easy in execution. For some reason or another she couldn't release the electromagnetic power like she usual did, the tainted charge dwelling within her without release. The worse part? She could feel it eating away at her core.

That erosion would chew away at her self-control and morality while bolstering the shape of her body to make it a suitable container for this power, and in pursuit of the latter Misaka's body had already begun to find its form '*refreshed*'. For the sake of a preliminary shift, her body was too young. It wasn't substantial enough in size, and that needed to be fixed first and foremost.

And so, standing there in a daze, the girl's body had begun to grow. Age piled onto her face first, for a brief moment its visage more reminiscent of a woman in her twenties than her physical shape *actually* reflected. From enlarged lips to longer lashes, it wasn't merely a shift in aged skin quality that sold this look. She would be remiss to hear that she almost looked like a dead shoe-in for her own mother – well, if at that moment her mother's face had been pasted onto her fourteen-year old body. But this dissonance was only temporary, and the rest of the look clicked into place not long after.

Mikoto's body expanded. Upwards, outwards – in every possible direction and in every comprehensive way imaginable, because she was changing into an older woman. Inches decorated her height, seeing limbs lengthen along with her spine in order to create the perfect frame, while attached hands and feet grew to better accommodate and maintain a consistency in size.

She peaked at roughly five feet and six inches, which was a fairly sizable jump for her in the grand scheme of things, but when it came to filling out it certainly looked rather sloppily done by comparison. But then again, there was no good way to apply fat and girth to key areas; it just *couldn't* be done in a consistent way.

That was why, as her hips flared out and the meat of her thighs poured on thick, the girl – becoming a woman – struggled to maintain her balance while doing her best to comprehend her circumstances. “**What... is... this!?**” The feeling of her ass jutting out with more vigor than usual stole her attention and she craned her neck over her shoulder to see, but in the process Mikoto realized something else: she was beginning to feel *extremely* aroused, to the point that she wasn't sure how much longer she might be able to resist its sway.

Her breasts certainly didn't help things, not as her tiny A-cups bounced up to a more excitable C set in plain site, provoking her balance to lean slightly forward. The **woman's** hands immediately cupped them in shock, but her confused expression was dyed pink from the sheer embarrassment of it all. “**Wh—BOOBS!?**” At first, she'd covered them to hide them from watchful eyes, but feeling how good it was to merely cup them, she'd in turn began to squeeze as her breathing became more erratic.

Without the intention of doing so, her voice had lulled into a sensual purr as she twerked her nipples and dug her fingers into the flesh of her tits. Her mind? Gradually, it was being rewired by the tainted energy now that her body was in a better shape to receive its 'blessings'. Blue electricity crackled off her body more intensely now, but it still wasn't

being properly released and she couldn't identify the reason through logic alone.

But that is where *instinct* guided her.

One of her hands left her breasts, fingers tracing a line down a fitly formed belly before gracing the messy mass of pubes above her pussy before, finally, plunging three of her fingers into the depths of her vagina. “**GRR—AHN!**” What she was doing was indecent, the sounds she was making were indecent, and yet she cared less and less for the fact that she knew to have an audience as she worked the walls and depths of her own enclave. At times, the noises she made didn't sound human, but at the first sign of release...

## **BLUE ELECTRICITY FIRED OUT OF HER BODY ON ALL CYLINDERS.**

The instincts bestowed upon her by the taint corrupting her mind had not led her astray. To dispel the excess energy? She had to be stimulated sexually – it was the *only* way. Her tongue hung out in a depraved pant as fingers worked harder now with this knowledge, and the woman keeled over onto her side on the floor for ease of access while her body shifted towards a form more befitting of the beast in heat she was acting as.

Streaks of a deep blue not unlike the color of the lightning crackling around Mikoto began to permeate throughout her hair, be it that on her head or elsewhere on her body. Pubes were dyed more quickly thanks to their relevant distance to her pussy however, and while they turned blue, they also ended up trimmed and rearranged into the shape a lightning bolt that looked to strike her clit. Not that this was easy to see with how tirelessly her fingers worked at her pussy while she purred and fired off the odd blast of electromagnetic energy.

Upon her head? Hair lengthened while changing in color. It had rested upon her shoulders by the time her earlier age progression had climaxed, but now it fell both over and behind her shoulders, reaching far past her ass and towards her feet – at least, it would dangle that way if she were standing. Her bangs spread out wildly in every direction, and on the whole, there was just something very dishevelled about her appearance. The tips of some of her strands took on a much brighter blue than the rest and glowed consistently, clearly outlets for her growing electrical powers.

“**Nyaarw! Oh! OH! NYAAR!**” The only sounds Misaka was making now resembled a mix of beast-like mewling of arousal and the sounds

one would typically expect of a human woman in the throes of pleasuring herself, but the reason for the formed was becoming quite evident. Features of her body were becoming increasingly weasel-like. Sparks danced from ears, and they began to rise along the side of her head towards the top while hair shifted around them to accommodate. Drawn up and into the points typical of many mammals, bright blue fur spread across their outskirts while thinner, silver strands decorated the inside. These ears allowed for a much better range of hearing, yet at present all she could hear was her own moaning and the *squicking* sound of her fingers going to town down below.

From her tailbone erupted a, well, *tail*. It grew several feet and was quickly decorated by long, wild style blue fur that matched the rest of the hair upon her body while it swished from side to side, only ever stopping when she orgasmed and another release of tainted electricity poured out of her body. This time the release brought a swelling to her proportions, seeing breasts bounce to a much more sensitive set of DDs while her ass quivered with an extra sizing of its own. All to make her appear more tempting to a potential mate.

Fur that was silver like that which lined the insides of her ears was the last of her hairiness woes, and it largely consumed her feet and the back of her legs. The feet themselves saw toes merged beneath the layers of fluff, giving her only two on each divided by a thunderbolt-shaped stretch of blue that divided these toes. Silver fur otherwise completely consumed up to her ankles, at which points tufts ran up only the backs of either leg until they reached her knee.

For a brief moment, Mikoto laid still. She felt satisfied, completely spent, and her head was swimming from the afterglow of it all. Her intellect hadn't been stripped from her, but instead it had swallowed all of the tainted lightning she'd absorbed and been corrupted all the same. Her mind was a mix of human and sex-starved beast, and as she climbed up into the standing position once more the extent of the corruption could be seen in the brands on her body. Bright blue lines glowed against her supple flesh, down her breasts, meeting at her belly, before sprawling out to her thighs. Her eyes, too, gleamed a supernatural silver.

“**What...? I...?**” The **Raiju** seemed unsure as she swayed from side to side while sweat dripped from her body. Something felt off, but she felt so good that it hardly even mattered. She felt *powerful*, and despite just orgasming three times, still *horny*.

The beast's ear twitched at the sound of something opening up above her, and from a small slot in the ceiling a collar was ejected. It had been launched directly at Misaka's neck and snapped around it while administering a pleasurable shock that nullified any building aggression.

A *control collar* meant to force the Raiju to follow orders while rewarding her with pleasant shocks whenever she behaved. The initial jolts were enough for her to understand she was little more than a pet, and so she didn't even attempt to remove it.

Another compartment above opened, and this time a human girl was lowered in front of Mikoto. It was Kuroko. The ex-LEVEL 5 could still recognize this, and yet... she wanted nothing more than to copulate with her. Before she could approach, though? A jolt of lightning from the collar made her growl.

**“VERY GOOD, MIKOTO. NOW HERE ARE  
YOU FIRST ORDERS: CORRUPT THAT GIRL  
AND TURN HER INTO A MONSTER JUST  
LIKE YOU.”**

The Raiju seemed hesitant to follow the orders that were administered over the intercom, but it didn't take long for her to cave. Her personal feelings didn't matter in the face of her bestial instincts. They would do *whatever* necessary to drink the sweet nectar of ecstasy.

What kind of fate would await the poor Kuroko?