

BOUNDARY – SKILL

COMMISSION STORY

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Something was amiss in Gensokyo.

That was the conclusion that the librarian of the Scarlet Devil Mansion had come to, and not without any grounds for her to assume as much. No, other than what she deemed to be a disturbance in their world's energy, something that she could only really sense as an astute practitioner of magic, there were personal reasons for her to think this, as well. The issue was that if she were to admit those reasons to anyone, that they would likely dismiss her thoughts as hearsay.

Because those reasons? Well, she was fairly certain that her memories had been tampered with. What should have normally been a phenomenon that would go undetected had been uncovered by her intellectual mind... *perhaps*. What had stuck out to her most was that fact that her perceived mistress, Rayfa, was not the kind of individual that would give a manor a name like 'Scarlet Devil', and she could very much recall her mistress being the one who had named this location in the first place.

There were a number of inconsistencies in her memories like that, each convincing her more and more that something had changed beyond not only her, but *everyone's* notice. Could a tome within her library aide with uncovering the truth? The moment she had realized, she had most certainly begun to investigate that very fact. The issue was that the forces that had accidentally caused this incident in the first place had no intention of sparing anyone in Gensokyo. At least none of the youkai.

ACHOO!



One moment she had been in the comfort of her library, the next Patchouli found herself outside the mansion's front gate after being swallowed up by some manner of unexpected hole. "*Erm...?*" She was naturally perplexed, her dark pink eyes scanning the forest line in front of the gate and then the actual gate behind her. Her presence there aside, there was something missing that was equally as baffling. "**Why isn't Meiling here?**"

It was the martial artist's job to guard the gate. Not that she always did the *best* job of it, what with how some questionable folk were always slipping in. Nonetheless it was an important job that she knew Meiling took seriously. So she couldn't imagine her just up and walking away without notifying someone? As of now, the gate was entirely unguarded. "**Why is no one here?**"

Or, well, Patchouli just wasn't aware that the job had been *reassigned*.

Analyzing her surroundings even more carefully than before, the magician didn't quite pay attention to the signs. Signs that her integrity as an individual had begun to grow compromised, and that she would, gradually, over time come to accept where she had appeared as the place that she was *meant* to be. Whether she wanted that to be the case or not.

The process had begun in features that Patchouli didn't exactly take all that much pride in, despite the fact that there were plenty of women who did. That is to say that her curves, something she had in abundance, had begun to regress in varying capacities.

When it came to the fat upon her chest that gave her one of the more sizable bosoms in Gensokyo, that fat had begun to deteriorate little by little, peeling inch after inch from her bust line while the front of her pink and purple dress gradually turned flatter and flatter. When it came to her nipples, they two grew smaller, but all wasn't lost in the end. Her breasts were perky B-cups, ultimately, but that was still a dramatic loss when compared to what they had *once* looked like.

Although the same could be said of the magician's rear end. Her rump was cushy and sizable under normal circumstances, perfect for lounging around in a library all day. But the back of her dress had begun to fit much more loosely, all thanks to the cheeks of that big ass deflating. The fact that her dress hugged her ass crack so tightly became a thing of the past, for its definition soon disappeared without the great girth to support it.

But in both her chest and her ass, something *had* appeared to replace the soft and lazy fat. It was much firmer though, and left ripples nearby. That is to say that her *muscles* had tightened around these places, laying the foundation for a more powerful Patchouli Knowledge physically. Hard as that really was to believe. **“Why do I feel so restless? Like I really need to *work out*? ...Eh?”** Not even the woman herself could ignore how strange that sounded. Since when had she cared about exercise? And why was it *all* she could think about doing now that it had crossed her mind?

The restless feeling she had begun to endure was actually easy enough to explain from a biological standpoint. The muscles that had firmed up in her pecs and glutes were not isolated incidents, and the rippling of strength had quickly made its way through the bulk of her body as a whole. The rippling power shaved the excess softness off of her stomach as muscles and skin alike tightened, while her thighs retained some softness as the muscles beneath hardened. The restlessness was because her body was practically overflowing with the energy this new power provided.

Well, that, and because her mind was becoming simpler as well.

Without thinking, Patchouli had begun to stretch out her body so that it was more limber. **“If I don’t do this, my muscles won’t be up to snuff! But what about my... erm... Why can’t I...?”** A mental struggle had obviously begun to unfold, for a part of her really wanted to move about, while another part of her was desperately trying to cling onto the knowledge that made her a potent magician. The latter half was clearly losing, because every time she grasped a spell or technique, it quickly fell out of her mind and was replaced by other techniques... Techniques for increasing her body’s physical strength, at any rate.

“Man, these clothes are hard to move around in though!” There was a gruffer, tomboyish sound to her voice as she bounced around in place. She had kicked off her slipper like shoes, revealing feet that bore greater definition than they had possessed in the past. But they also revealed something else, that the color of the skin on her tootsies was somewhat *askew*. Having lived a life largely indoors, it went without saying that Patchouli was wholly incapable of tanning. Yet her feet looked undeniably bronzed.

And it wasn’t *just* her feet, either. From them, the color spread up her firm legs and across her abundant thigh gap. It tickled her loins and slid past her deepened navel, sliding across her eight pack of abdominals while then traversing into her arms, hands, and face. The process didn’t take very long, but her complexion had been irreversibly changed from

sickly pale to a healthy tan. One that strongly contrasted the rest of her color scheme, from her hair to her clothes.

Neither would be an issue for long, however. Just as quickly as her skin had been repainted with the permanent touch of melanin, so too did her purple locks find themselves compromised by a new shade. It was a silvery brown that took root in, well, her *roots* before reaching towards her tips. Yet at the same time? Those tips dramatically decreased in length, pulling in towards her head where her mane was ultimately restyled into an almost boyish bob with her bangs swept to the right. Of course, her eyebrows and pubes received similar color changes – with the latter hairs shaved almost entirely away.

She blinked, finding herself flexing to nobody in particular. But as her eyes opened once more, they revealed that her irises had changed in color to a silver not unlike her hair. What's more, the shapes of those eyes pulled wider, and the overall look of her face began to lengthen. Features ended up appearing a little *rougher*, but only because Patchouli's lips had thinned and her nose had grown more pointed. Racially, there was no resemblance left between her appearance now and how she had once appeared.

But really, that was true of her entire being. Had she just been confused about something? She couldn't remember! All she knew was that her clothes were— **“Maybe I need a nap?”** As soon as that thought had crossed her mind, she had looked down. Only to find that there was nothing wrong with her outfit? A sporty, brown leather crop top, matching shorts, a regal and fluffy jacket dangling off her shoulders, gloves, leg guards, and shoes... They were all what she normally wore, weren't they? Of course, this outfit had intentionally been picked to show off her amply muscles.

“Huh? What was I doing standing around? If I have time to idle, I have time to work out my muscles!” It was clear enough that the keen intellect that had once belonged to the magician, Patchouli Knowledge, had been utterly obliterated from this tanned, muscular



woman's mind. Not only were her thoughts simpler, but she had notably become something of a muscle freak.

Such was the mentality of *Fiorito*, the woman who now understood herself to be the guard that watched the gate of the Scarlet Devil Mansion. While it sounded like a boring job – and it most certainly was – this exercise fanatic didn't exactly have any *real* complaints about it. After all, you could work out anywhere and anywhere! She could just drag out some weights from the storage shed if she wanted to, or just do burpees or pushups anywhere! Man, she loved how her toned body glistened in the sunlight while covered in sweat!

...She did feel a little like she was forgetting something important, though.

ACHOO!



“*Whodawhatta!?*” Unlike Patchouli, who'd had her suspicions about Gensokyo's circumstances prior to her transformation, Hong Meiling had possessed no such concerns prior to suddenly being spirited away by a portal. Not that it had sent her far, seeing as she was just in the library of the mansion that she guarded. Still, she was supposed to be guarding the gate! She couldn't lounge around in the library! Well, she *had* been napping prior to falling through that weird hole, so maybe this was karma in a sense?

Just as she was about to head off to the library's exit, however? Something froze her in place. It wasn't something like another's power that kept her bound, but a simple thought. One that didn't make a lot of sense considering her place in the manor, but one that arose, nonetheless.

Why should I hurry out of my library?

That thought gave the martial artist pause. “**My library? That nap must've taken more out of me than I realized...**” To be fair to Meiling, she *had* just woken up thanks to the phenomenon that had transported her. But her grogginess *wasn't* the reason that this thought

had crossed her mind. With Patchouli transforming elsewhere, it went without saying that the library required a new caretaker. And in her current form, Hong Meiling just *wouldn't* do.

The guard looked around the library, wondering where Patchouli was at during such a strange event. But she hardly realized that the eyes she was gazing around with were in the process of changing. Their usual blues had begun to reflect a light brown instead, but that wasn't even the full extent of what made it so unusual. The shapes of those eyes themselves appeared to widen, lashes shortening ever so slightly as the arching of lids that made it clear she was of Chinese descent was all but erased.

Instead? Those eyes looked closer to those of someone from the West. It was something that ultimately affected her face on the whole, but at the same time? Her facial features were also left to appear much more *youthful* than they did typically. Meiling's cheeks were left fuller, and her lips deflated so that they were almost pencil thin. Like those of a child, or at least someone in their early teens. Even her eyebrows thinned, but more than that? Their flaming red color lessened to a sandy blonde that was not wholly unlike the color of Meiling's new eyes.

That color slipped into the red hair atop the woman's head, as well. Her mane shortened to her shoulders in the process, but that brown twisted and danced throughout her locks, soon transforming even the style into a short mess of curls. The color and style change even affected her pubes, although the little bush that it ultimately resulted in was hardly anything of note.

“Huh!? **Why's everything so blurry all of a sudden!?”** She fumbled about, confused as to why the library now appeared to be strangely... difficult to see. She didn't realize she had made a gesture to push up a pair of glasses that weren't even on her face, almost as if something deep down knew she was *supposed* to be wearing them, and had been wearing them for a long time. **“Statistically, one doesn't just...”** About to go off on a tangent about how someone's eyes just didn't magically get worse, she paused after realizing she was sounding unusually... *smart*.

But was it really all *that* unusual?

After all, she was a woman who *dedicated herself to her studies*. No, didn't she dedicated herself to the martial arts? But working up a sweat, being all sticky, *wasn't that a pain*? There was a very obvious disconnect here, and Meiling was left torn between the two versions of herself that she could envision. If she really cared about fighting, why was it hard to

envision throwing a kick? She could clearly remember the formula for firing a fireball using magic, so...

As if it was attuned to her reshaped knowledge, the woman's frame very quickly changed to better suit not the version of herself she had known, but the version of herself that was quickly becoming dominant within her mind and soul alike. The tight and beautiful muscles that decorated her body as a warrior had all begun to soften and slither away into supposed nothingness. And this left her with arms and legs that were practically twig-like by comparison. Of course, this also meant that her traditional Chinese dress felt emptier and emptier in the process.

Particularly since it paid no mind to her adult curves, either. Just as her muscles had all evaporated, so too did the meat that made up her breasts. They quickly faded into obscurity, with the green and beige cloth around her chest rapidly left to dangle empty with her bosom amounting to little more than begrudging A-cup breasts. Like a chest that might one day grow, but showed no signs of doing so just yet.

The same was true of her thighs and rear end, and both had flattened just as promptly. With hips narrowing now that they didn't have so much abundant mass to support, she was left with a long and lanky frame that didn't look fit for lift a five pound weight, much less fit for a woman who deemed herself to be a melee fighter.

And that was all *before* her height began to sag. The lankiness that was evidently out of place found correction, for her body quickly collapsed down to a height more comparable with that of a child – which in turn better matched the visuals of her face, naturally. Her outfit temporarily hung off of her like a series of hefty blankets, but before long that was all changed.

“Ah, that's better...” Not paying a single thought to when they had appeared there, the girl pushed up a pair of small, circular glasses upon her nose so that she could see better. Her big robes of varying purple, as well as her matching scholar's hat, all fit her dwindled body to a T. It went without saying that she no longer looked a thing like Hong Meiling, and that was absolutely the point. She *did*, however, look exactly like the kind of person that would watch over a library. Albeit a little on the young side.

Of short stature and without a single real muscle to her twig-like frame, it was probably expected that *Cardinal* had no experience with melee combat, and most certainly lacked the physical fortitude to guard something like a gate. No, that was a job assigned to her friend Fiorito, as much of a muscle maniac as she was.

Rather, Cardinal lived in the Scarlet Devil Mansion as its librarian and protector of knowledge. There was not a book in this place that she did not know from cover to cover, and that included where it should be located on its ample, dusty shelves. **“I suppose I should spend the day organizing again...?”** She wasn't fond of venturing outdoors, even if she had the autonomy to do so. As Rayfa's closest advisor, she tended to stay close to her.



What the librarian was *not* aware of, mind you, was that there was someone else in the room with her. Someone that had been trying to get her attention, and had been trying to get Patchouli's attention before. Tragically she'd been forced to watch the two get swapped, and then had watched Meiling transform into the magic wielder before her now. That is to say that Reimu – or at least the Hanyu that Reimu had become – had been desperately trying to seek help.

“Auau...~ Maybe I'll try the Moriya Shrine? Someone must be able to help me!”

Meanwhile, at the Moriya Shrine in question? A green haired young woman in a shrine maiden outfit with both a snake and frog ornaments in her head was seemingly yelling at nothing. **“HAS NO ONE ELSE NOTICED WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!? PEOPLE KEEP LOOKING AT ME LIKE I'M CRAZY, BUT PEOPLE ARE OUT HERE CHANGING! GENSOKYO IS IN DANGER!”**