

IT TAKES A CAMERA

COMMISSION STORY

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And so, it had happened again.

Subaru Natsuki had died. At this point in time he was more or less used to it. His life had essentially become a *very* cruel video game where the world around him was real. The people were real, the animals were real, and the monsters were real. But the reality of this world was one of a constant struggle where any of those lives could be snuffed out with a moment's notice – including his own. But Subaru? Thanks to his special ability, one he dubbed '*Return By Death*', he would eventually revive after dying.

It was a curse that brought the young man immeasurable suffering, and yet at times provided him with boundless hope. He saw his friends die over and over again in this cruel world, but *Return By Death* gave him the means to save them by repeating the same events over and over at the cost of his own suffering.

Between every death, he found that he returned to the same place. An eerie realm that was more akin to a void than anything. It would always come soon after – a dark hand that gripped his heart and crushed it, ushering in the reset to follow. But in this cycle? The boy had learned a new spell to try and counteract it. It was *very* unlikely it would work, but what was the worst that could happen? He'd die? More?

The risk was one worth taking consider things couldn't get any worse, and the second he felt cold fingers lace around his heart? He set off the trap.



“Huh!? Where the hell am I!?” As far as Subaru could recall, his spell had activated. The hand hadn’t closed fully around his heart, and a reset *hadn’t* occurred. But instead? He found himself in an unfamiliar location – on the middle of a stone pathway heading up the mountainside towards a large building at the peak. Everything about the aesthetic of the stone to the building above elicited some nostalgia on Subaru’s part.

Because it all appeared very *Japanese*.

Was he back in Japan? If that was true, he had mixed feelings about it. He couldn’t leave behind everything in that world. Emilia needed him, and he had to save Rem! But at the same time? There was something off about this place. If it really *was* Japan, then it didn’t appear as civilized as he remembered. Even looking back at the steps behind him, there was nothing but forest down there. No cities, no towns, *nothing*.

“What good was doing all of that if I’m left even more screwed than I was before!?” He was understandably peeved by it all, and there was a thought gnawing at the back of his mind that would have made him even angrier if he accepted it as truth. The thought that this might have been a completely different world. *Again*. It *had* felt like he’d been sucked through something back when he’d used that spell.

Subaru didn’t have many options here, though. He needed information, and the only building was what looked to be the shrine at the top of the stone steps. **“These are going to be a pain in the ass to climb...”** And for what? This place was so in the middle of nowhere he didn’t even know if anyone would be there!

...And there didn’t seem to be. He was exhausted by the time he’d reached the peak, and there was nary a soul about. **“Damn it!”** There *were* signs that the shrine was maintained though, and the somewhat large building behind it? While vacant, it looked lived in. **“IS ANYONE HERE!?”** He needed to get back to Emilia and Rem no matter what! He couldn’t be stranded and ultimately die in this place! Speaking of death, what would even happen if he did so now?

Maybe it was best *not* to think about that.

“Ugh. Maybe I’ll take some pictures, just in case I get lost.”

When he returned outside, this thought had crossed his mind. His only option now was to follow the path down and into the forest, and if he had some photos of this place it would make it easier to return if he needed some shelter. But when he reached to grab his phone from his pocket? He ended up pulling something else up to his face. **“Huh?”** It was a camera. *Just* a camera. There was nothing digital about it at all, and seemed to operate with a film roll.

While turning it over in his hands with no shortage of confusion upon his face, Subaru accidentally snapped a picture and the flash in the camera went off, temporarily blinding him. **“Crap!”** It took him a moment for his vision to correct itself, but even before it had he’d felt something... strange. Not with his body (*yet*), but it was a little drafty around his legs.

It definitely didn’t take him long to realize *why*. **“Huh!?! What the hell happened to my clothes!?! Why am I wearing a skirt!?”** He certainly was wearing an outfit that would better suit a lady all of a sudden, and the surprise coaxed him into dropping the camera on the ground. From the black skirt with white, ruffled trim to a white, button-up shirt that fit a little too snugly across his torso (*both sporting a leafy pattern on opposing sides*), to the folded socks and red shoes upon his feet, there was nothing exactly *masculine* about all of this. **“Did the camera do this!?”**

Things on the costume front were worse than he thought, for he felt the weight of a hat atop his head move when his head did. That little hat had two crimson strings that dangled to the sides, each decorated with two white pom-poms. Subaru was trying to not even think about his underwear situation, as something tighter than normal was strangling his junk. It *probably* wasn’t a pair of boxers like it should have been.

Something was really off about all this. He’d been flung into another world again presumably, his phone had been turned into a camera, and now he was dressed like a chick? Unfortunately, it wasn’t just a matter of being *dressed* like one. Subaru merely lacked the awareness to put two and two together in the beginning because of the discomfort of his ensemble.

Because that suffocating feeling around his dick? As he flailed about in disgust at his current state of dress, that feeling grew increasingly less prevalent and not because the white panties he was wearing had grown bigger. There was just an absence between his legs. Sorry, *her* legs. Both balls and Subaru’s cock alike had slipped up and inside her pelvis – and she’d hardly noticed beyond being relieved that it no longer felt like she was being squeezed of her essence.

“Wait a sec, something else feels wrong here...” The freshly changed woman pulled at her skirt, sensing that it was somewhere down there but not quite putting two and two together that her sex had changed. Although it wasn't *quite* the vacancy between her legs that she had taken notice of. It was her legs themselves. All of the little hairs that protruded from them were shaved away, leaving them clean and bare.

Which left them looking all the more appealing once they began to change shape. Mind you, there were several things happening in tandem with each other by this point in time and one of those things was the shedding of several inches from Subaru's height, which ultimately impacted her legs' design. But what stood out wasn't so much their change in length as it was their change in *mass*.

The skin around her thighs specifically came into focus beneath the cusp of her shirt, for it jiggled and bounced with glee as the muscles she had earned from training dwindled and a fattier tissue filled the vacancy left behind. This left her thighs to look plump after expanding several inches, with their inner surfaces rubbing up against each other passively. If left that way there would undoubtedly be some chaffing in Subaru's future.

So fortunately they *didn't* stay that way. The sides of the skirt fanned outward with no shortage of thanks paid to her hips, which gradually parted the touching thighs with several inches of additional sway. What couldn't be seen from the front, though, was that this phenomenon was brought about by what was going on in the back.

“Oh!? H-Huh!? What's up with my voice!?” Whatever was going on back there, it had come on so suddenly that Subaru had been incapable of crying out. But instead of checking out down below, hands reached up to rub her neck after her voice came out hoarse, and then higher than normal. She didn't notice that there was nary an Adam's apple there any longer, nor that the fingers with which she caressed the nape were slimmer and decorated with slightly longer nails than she was used to.

Distracted as she was, the transforming woman had completely forgotten about the sensation that had provoked the use of her voice in the first place. It was the shape and size of her ass that had forced her hips to widen, both cheeks swelling out with a full and perky weight. Whereas her panties had been a little loose initially, the backs were stretched to the point that cloth wedges slightly within the crevice of her rump.

Thinking it best to pick up the camera off the cold ground, Subaru knelt forward and *that* was when it dawned on her. With her ass pointed to the sky, she could feel that the slope of her posture was different, and with fingers wrapped around the camera, she could see that they were more feminine. **“W-Wait!? Am I becoming a girl? What’s... Holy cow!”** Were she still in the same place mentally as she had been when she had first arrived, she undoubtedly would have used an expletive there.

Hands reached back to grab her ass through her skirt. It was so big and perky! She’d always dreamed about getting to touch a girl however she wanted, but the girl in that dream wasn’t supposed to be *herself*! **“Even my dick is gone! ...Eh? Did I have one of those? No, no, I did, right!”** Who was she asking, exactly? She felt really confused all of a sudden after patting down the front of her skirt to the realization that there was no bulge to be felt.

Her look of bewilderment was becoming enhanced by a more expressive facial design. Not only did the girl’s eyes widen, but their darker colors lit up with an orangey amber that shone beneath lengthened lashed. Her puzzled expression was all the better represented by them, just as it was by lips that were fuller between softer looking cheeks. Her nose wriggled a moment as its size was lost, and on the sides of her head? Beyond Subaru’s notice, her ears were pulling into little points that didn’t quite seem *human*.

“Whatever’s happening to me, it must be a big scoop!” A... scoop? Subaru didn’t even comprehend why she was blurting some of these things out. That was the sort of comment a reporter might make, but she wasn’t a... ***No, I’m totally a reporter! The best in Gensokyo!*** Gensokyo? Was that the name of this place? Her eyes might as well have been physically swirling what with how confused she was.

In the meantime though, her dark hair lengthened so that it was incredibly shaggy. It never grew past her shoulders, but the look of it was much fuller, softer, and the style overall much more chaotic. Before she realized what she was doing, the young woman was patting her chest with her free hand. It had felt a little agitated, and she quickly understood *why*.

The front of her button-up shirt was pushing outward, forced by its contents to stretch to fit, ultimately sacrificing the muscles found in Subaru’s torso to do so. The larger her bosom grew, the thinner her waistline became until she had very curvaceous sides. And her breasts? Perky as they were, at best they were only C-cups. Her erect nipples could be felt rubbing up against the polyester of her top, because she wasn’t wearing a bra.

“Did it get cold all of a sudden? Why am I so hard?” Rather than rationalize the growth of her tits for what they were, she was mostly perplexed about her nips being erect. It wasn't *that* could outside. Thankfully they softened again given another moment more, and the concern dwindled along with their firmness.

From head to toe now, there was no mistaking Subaru for a man – or even mistaking her for Subaru. While she was still Japanese and her hair color remained unchanged, she looked like a completely different person. But with her ears one very important question remained: was she human? *No*. The eruption of a pair of raven black bird's wings from the base of her back, slipping through slits that had gone unnoticed, created the impression that she was not.

Instead she resembled a type of youkai from Japanese legends.

Aya Shameimaru, the *tengu* reporter, stood stunned on the front steps of the Moriya Shrine at what had transpired. **“H-Hey? I'm forgetting something important, right? It had just been on the tip of my tongue... Remilia? Sakuya? No... Those names aren't... right?”** Weren't they? Try as she might to remember any other names, nothing came to mind. But the residents of the Scarlet Devil Mansion weren't exactly as close to her as this feeling made her think either.

Trying to clear away this haze, the young woman shook her head from side to side. **“Maybe it was... Just a weird feeling? Yeah... Yeah! That makes way more sense, right?”** Assimilated into her new reality, it was just easier to dismiss it as impossible. It really felt that way, at least.



“Huh? Aya? I wasn't expecting any company today.” The front door to the shrine building had opened at some point, and through it a young woman done up in a shrine maiden's uniform with long, green hair had stepped out with a puzzled look on her face. Unfortunately for

the tengu, just *hearing* the name ‘Aya’ was enough to put the final nail in the coffin, and everything just *clicked* all at once.

This was the Moriya Shrine, and this pretty young woman was the shrine maiden of the shrine, Sanae Kochiya. If Aya herself had come here, there was only one possible reason for that. **“Ahaha! Right! I heard that you guys opened a brand new shrine on the mountain, right? What’s the deal with that? Any big plans? How do you think the Hakurei Shrine will respond?”** She was utterly powerless once the investigative reporter inside took hold, and with her camera at her hip and a pen and paper in hand, she started spewing off a million questions.

Sanae, naturally, recoiled. These weren’t questions she was really in the mood to answer, but perhaps when a reporter shows up at your front doorstep this was the sort of encounter that should have been expected. In a situation like this, the best way to deflect would be... **“Aya? You’re looking very pretty today! Are you using something new on your feathers? They look quite shiny!”**

What? Aya *was* pretty!

No one in their right mind would expect such an obvious attempt at changing the subject by flirting to work, but... **“Oho! So you noticed? You’re looking quite beautiful yourself, Miss Kochiya! Why don’t we go inside to talk more over some sake?”** It was very Aya to just invite herself in, but as she threw an arm around the shrine maiden there was no resistance. And so the two moved inside.

Where the flirting would *absolutely* continue.