

# IT TAKES A MIRACLE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kazuma Satou couldn't help but stand there in disbelief.

**“I... *died?*”** The Japanese youth had awakened within a black void, sitting upon a basic looking wooden chair, while being told by a beautiful woman in blue that he had passed away. And honestly? Despite his skepticism, his memories matched up in a way that suggested she was telling the truth anyways. After all, the manner in which he had died that the woman had described... **“AND IN SUCH A *STUPID WAY!?*”**

There were plenty of stories out there of men that passed away while pushing women or children out of the way of traffic. Sure, the fact that these stories were so commonplace was more of a testament to the terrible state of driving laws worldwide than anything, but if Kazuma was going to go, if that had been the cause? At least he could have felt some pride in the matter.

But as this woman, this self-proclaimed *goddess* had put it? Not only had the girl he'd pushed out of the way been perfectly safe, but he'd died from shock in the process. Not to mention he had voided his bladder in the process! And this goddess... this *stupid* goddess! She was **LAUGHING AT HIM!**

The conversation had carried on with some back and forth between them. She introduced herself as Aqua, and told him that she could reincarnate him into another world. Not unarmed, mind you. She had promised him he would receive a special ability or weapon of his choosing, and there were *so many* to choose from. Kazuma spent quite a bit of time wracking his brain over just *what* to choose.

**“Why don’t I just bring *you* with me?”** Kazuma had made the comment more as a joke than anything, unaware of the fact that in another timeline such a thing might have come to fruition. In this telling, however, things took a very different turn. Aqua merely shrugged her shoulders. **“What, would that take a *miracle* to pull off? Man, I bet it’d be way easier with the powers of a *goddess* on my side!”**

Aqua snickered, point blank. **“What’s that? You want to powers of a goddess? I’m sure that can be arranged! Just give me a second!”** For a moment Kazuma believed that she was actually going to



come along. But he hadn’t really thought about the wording of what he had demanded and how it might be interpreted in a manner different than intended. **“And there! Have fun, human! Or should I say ‘goddess’?”**

Kazuma had been on the verge of asking her what she’d meant, but the void around him had disappeared and he suddenly found himself standing somewhere completely different. In front of a Japanese shrine upon a small mountain, forests sprawled out all around him. **“The hell!? Did I reincarnate back in my own world!? I thought there was supposed to be a Demon King or something!?”**

On the other hand, which part of Japan was *this* undeveloped? Surely at such a height he should have been able to see a developed town or even village. But there was nothing. **“And why the hell did she call me a goddess? ACTUALLY, wasn’t she supposed to come with me!? That’s what I asked for! HEY! YOU WORTHLESS, NOISY GODDESS! YOU CAN’T EVEN GRANT WISHES PROPERLY!”** Who was he even yelling at? There was literally *no one* else around.

On the other hand, Kazuma soon became aware of something. **“What the hell is this!? Why am I wearing a SKIRT!?”** It hadn’t been until the breeze had teased it that the young, Japanese man had noticed it. Gone were his modern clothes, and in their place he was wearing what looked like... Well, it appeared similar to those outfits that he always saw shrine maidens wearing in anime. Except it was white and *blue* instead of white and red.

**“I knew it! That worthless goddess was just pranking me, wasn’t she!? And this is part of whatever sick joke she was trying to play? I knew I shouldn’t have believed anything she said! I bet I didn’t even actually die, and this is some kind of weird reality tv show!”** It was easy enough for him to dismiss everything that had happened as an impossibility. Maybe he was dreaming? That was just as valid of an explanation, really. Regardless of where the fault lied, he was now just pissed that he’d been dressed up in something so *feminine*!

Kazuma hadn’t even noticed the frog-shaped hairclip in his hair, nor that its beady, red eyes had begun to glow just moments prior. He was too fixated on how uncomfortable his clothes were, such as in the tightness of his shoes! Those blue pieces were clearly meant for a girls’ feet, and so they felt way too cramped! **“...Huh? Actually, I guess they don’t fit too bad. STILL! I shouldn’t be wearing something a chick would wear!”**

The underlying cause of the shoes suddenly feeling more comfortable really *had* been lost on him, but common sense suggested one of two possible explanations. One: those shoes had gotten bigger. An impossibility, surely. But it didn’t sound *as* impossible as the second potential explanation, which was that his feet had somehow gotten smaller. Which was, unfortunately for him, the *truth*.

Both feet had crunched down in size so that they fit snugly into these shoes; the beginning of a trend that would find his figure, piece by piece, changing to fit into the robes he was already complaining so vehemently about. This meant that within the confines of those shoes, all of his toes had condensed, and his heel had smoothed down so that he was closer to the ground ever so slightly.

In the meantime, the upper equivalents of his feet, his hands, changed without the push of any sort of clothing. The nails of his fingers grew several inches longer first, but the shapes of those fingers that they were attached to did not take much longer after the fact. They became ever so delicate, bones thinned in a way that forced the flesh around them to follow suit. This daintiness extended to Kazuma’s palms as well, and before long each hand was just as dainty as his new feet.

Kazuma, on the other hand, was too naturally ignorant to take notice of anything yet. He was even scratching at his ass through his skirt with those longer nails like he was some mannerless brute still hiding alone in his bedroom. Well, he was more or less confident that he was all alone anyways. **“This sucks. I guess I can use the shrine as shelter if it rains, but what the hell am I supposed to eat?”**

**What if I go into the forest and get lost? I'm a shut-in, damnit! I cannot survive out in the wild on my own!"**

The intensity of his gripes were met in scale only by the intensity of his hair color; something that had begun to shift all on its own in the meantime. Since Kazuma didn't typically let his hair grow *that* long, and what length he had was always naturally styled into messy spikes, it was not exactly a simple affair for him to notice without any prodding. And, well, as he'd already noted there wasn't exactly anyone around *to* prod him.

That color was still there, though. A forest green that didn't make any logical sense for a regular human to possess in any thinkable capacity. The process began at the tips of his hair, before rapidly continuing down into his roots. Whether it was the hair he already had, or hair he would grow later? It would be this shade of green henceforth. Even the color of his eyebrows and the messy bush across his loins took on the same tone. But for now? The length of it all remained untouched.

Still, the green continued its advent. It traveled into Kazuma's eyes next, and while they were already a shade of green in of themselves, the color that settled in, much like his hair, was brighter. Were this all there was to note in regard to his eyes it might not have been *that* notable, and yet not only did his lashes grow slightly longer, but the size of his eyes swelled so that expressions were far more readable upon them.

They appeared downright *feminine*, honestly.

Kazuma rubbed at the back of his neck as he kicked at a beetle that was crawling across the stone steps nearby. It tumbled down the stairs, and the boy was immediately hit with a pang of something he normally wouldn't feel. *Guilt*. **"Huh? Why would I feel bad!? It's just some stupid bug!"** He knew he had a point, but there was something like a voice within that was saying 'every life is precious though!' as if he was some kind of tree-hugging hippie. Or of a spiritual mind, at any rate.

That thought predated a strange feeling in the back of his mind that *disoriented* him. He began to feel groggy and out of sorts, making his thoughts come slowly and more vaguely. **"Did I have too much to drink...? Huh? No, I'm not even of age..."** This grogginess had actually been Aqua's doing from the other realm. She was tired of him yelling, and wanted the show to end quickly.

As the boy wobbled to and fro, so too did his hair begin to bounce. The green spikes eventually flattened against his head, and in the back and at the sides alike, it cascaded longer so that it reached past his ass in the rear. On the right side of his face it was shorter, but on the left it almost

fell to his navel and soon found a white snake decoration wrapped around it.

Building upon the feminization of his eyes as well, so too did the rest of his face succumb to an unparalleled girlishness. Pudgy cheeks and a rounded jaw highlighted this well enough, but his lips swelling so that they became big and glossy, along with a button nose, certainly gave him an appeal he didn't possess before. The appeal of a young, beautiful Japanese woman, that is.

**“I really feel... kinda funny...”** Complimenting the new look of the boy's face, the very moment his Adam's apple smoothed out he found himself cooing in a voice that was just as pretty as his face. Thanks to Aqua's influence, it was clear that the remaining changes had moved into overdrive – and her plan to keep him more subdued throughout was working flawlessly.

It could be seen in how the sides of his top appeared looser. This was because the curvature of his tummy had tucked in to give his torso a gentler arch – one you might more prominently expect to see from a young woman, rather than a man that typically had a straighter gait. This curvature worked to the benefit of his changing design though, for the waist of his skirt tightened around them so that it fit a little more proficiently.

Because his hips had widened, of course. It had come with a popping feeling that forced his knees to buckle in towards each other, but in the state Kazuma currently was in, it was easy enough for him to dismiss it as an imbalance. **“Reimu's gonna pay for that...”** Though, on second thought? Who was this 'Reimu' he was babbling on about?

With his hips so much wider now, there was plenty of space between his legs – albeit hiding by his skirt. In all the chaos he hadn't even thought to check what his underwear situation was like, but Kazuma's dick was nestled neatly within a pair of black and white striped panties. That said, they were hardly stifled there for much longer. Slowly but surely the size of his cock and balls alike diminished, ultimately finding themselves pulled inside of *her* where they formed the lining of a new pussy.

**“Ahn~! E-Eh? Why would I make a noise like that? It felt kind of good, though...”** Still groggy as could be, it was hard for Kazuma to even note that her demeanor had been changing. She was speaking in a manner that was more proper, and surely the burst of arousal that came from one's dick turning into a vagina was something that would have warranted more skepticism otherwise.

Instead, she merely swayed from side to side on legs that were inherently thickening. Her thighs became very meaty beneath the blue of her skirt, their masses jiggling the most keenly near their peaks while the bush of pubes between them suddenly found itself trimmed. Her ass, on the other hand, ultimately pushed up the back of her skirt slightly. Cheeks filled up nice and firm, like a large and perfectly ripe peach. They filled her panties to perfection so that the cloth was only barely wedged within her crack.

**“Woah...!?”** Her cry sounded more like that of a drunken person as Kazuma almost fell forward, for a weight upon her chest took his inner balance by surprise. This was, of course, because she was growing *tits* at this juncture, and they certainly weren’t content with being averagely sized. In fact, with thick and erect nipples leading the charge, they quickly took what was once a very flat chest and reshaped it into a pair of undeniable, E-cup honkers that bounced with every movement.

*Because she wasn’t wearing a bra.*

The growth of her tits likewise had lifted the base of her top to reveal one of its features: a cutout that showed off the navel of a belly that wasn’t quite toned, but wasn’t quite chubby either. On the whole, Kazuma now appeared to be a beautiful, young Japanese woman in body. She had also become one in *soul*, *memory*, and *personality* though.

With her transformation complete, it didn’t take long for the grogginess imposed by Aqua’s goddess powers to final lift. Because as far as she was concerned, the show was over. Yet with these ill effects removed, everything made sense, and *Sanae Kochiya* felt *free*.



**“Huh!? What was I doing again? Oh, right, right!”** Spinning on her heel, the young woman’s ample bosom bounced once she noticed the offering box stationed before the shrine itself. **“I need to change out the offering box, right? But... Eh!? That’s odd! Why didn’t I bring the replacement box with me? That really is odd...”**

Sanae was certainly an eccentric, but she wasn't forgetful. Rather, she was an intellectual that far surpassed anything her previous self could have ever hoped to accomplish.

Not that she could remember that life. If she could, it would have just made the shrine maiden *sad*. Even then, simply referring to her as a 'shrine maiden' was underselling her abilities. She was a goddess in the living flesh, and so in the most roundabout of ways, Kazuma truly had gained the goddess' powers that he had request from Aqua.

He had simply never specified that they had to be her *own*.

But Sanae? She carried on as (*what she considered to be*) usual. Giving a shrug, using her powers she promptly lifted off the ground. **“Okay, so I need to go back to the main shrine and get a replacement box... Because there's no way I'm letting the Hakurei Shrine outraise us! Well... Not that they ever have!”** Within this world, Gensokyo, there was another shrine with another shrine maiden named Reimu Hakurei.

Sanae knew what her mission was. It wasn't something as silly sounding as 'defeating the Demon King', even if that was what she had believed when she had first arrived in this world as Kazuma. No, instead? Her mission was related to that rival shrine, and that rival shrine maiden.

**“Under no circumstance am I going to lose to Reimu Hakurei!  
We're rivals after all!”**