

# HALLOWED COMFORT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The eve of Halloween had come and gone and Makoto Nijima felt one part refreshed and another part offput. After doing a little trick or treating with her fellow Phantom Thieves, they had all returned to the attic ‘apartment’ that Joker used for a fun little party. There had been snacks, drinks, and a mix of movies and video games. Honestly? It had run pretty late into the night, so much so that she had needed to catch the 3am train back to the apartment she shared with her older sister.

It’d still be another five minutes or so before the train arrived at her station, and the teen was simply flicking about her phone as she waited. There didn’t seem to be anyone else in her car, which worked fine for her. This typically would have been true for *normal* comfort reasons, and yet she was exceptionally on edge during her return trip. The cause? *Futaba*.

The youngest member of the Phantom Thieves had capitalized on the spooky theme of the party to host a brief ghost story session. None of them had known just how effective this session would be, because with the internet at her disposal their junior had uncovered all manners of terrifying tales – and some had secretly shaken even the cool-headed Makoto to her very core.

**“They were just stories, I’m not sure why I’m so...”** Worked up? She had definitely lost her composure. But when you dealt with the Metaverse and Shadows, the things in horror stories didn’t sound all that implausible did they? Ghosts, monsters, SCPs... Any of them could *technically* be real. **“Seriously, I’m just getting into my own head.”** Still flipping through her phone, she shook her head in an attempt to dissipate those feelings of hers.

**“I wish I wasn’t so worked up. It’ll be better once I get somewhere I know is safe, I guess.”** Like her apartment. That was the most secure place she knew. She *also* knew that all of her worries were silly and unfounded, and she absolutely didn’t have anything to worry about. But sometimes? It was easy to get lost in your own head and overthink things that didn’t really need to be overthought.

But unfortunately her concerns, in this case, had consequences.



Because tied on some level to her feelings, the Metaverse app on Makoto’s phone suddenly took up her whole screen. **“Huh? Wait, is there a Palace near here?”** Those moments were the only times in the past where the app had started by itself, and yet she was on a speeding train so it wouldn’t have easily been able to lock in on a Palace’s coordinates.

Without giving the teen a choice in the matter, red began to swirl about her surroundings, and the next she knew? She wasn’t on a train at all. She was sitting on a stool in a *very* spacious closet. Or well she *was* sitting, but she immediately stood up. **“Seriously? I need you to send me b— Where is my phone?”** It had been in her hand a moment ago, and she could have sworn she’d accidentally dropped it beside the stool after transporting, but there was nothing there.

**“...My clothes, too?”** Even stranger, if this was supposed to be the Metaverse then why wasn’t she dressed in her Phantom Thieves outfit? It was a change in her attire that occurred *automatically* these days, or at least it was *supposed* to. But she was still dressed in the spare uniform she had brought to the party, to change into after they had all shed their costumes.

At least she looked to be somewhere rather *isolated*, though the spacious closet had its own eccentricities as well. It wasn’t lit by electric lights for one, but instead by a series of torches that were spread out to avoid lighting any of the closet’s contents on fire. None of the clothing even really appeared *modern*. In fact, much of it seemed to consist of big, white dresses. Whoever owned the closet, they didn’t seem to wear much outside of their range of comfort.

**“This isn’t the Metaverse, is it?”** It just didn’t *feel* right. It felt too much like reality. Like she had been warped somewhere else entirely. **“So how do I get back— Huh!?”** The sudden sensation of a weight

falling from above and landing gently on her head prompted both of her hands to reach up, eyes following them. And what they found was the golden underside rim of a big hat. A hat that pulled up into a tall point, as her fingers discovered. **“Is this a witch’s hat?”**

It *clearly* was. The Japanese teen didn’t need a mirror to be able to tell as much. What perplexed her the most about it, however, was the fact that she couldn’t seem to remove it from her head. **“Uh... What? Why won’t it come off?”** Pull as she might, she couldn’t quite seem to even loosen it much less remove it. Yet there was no tugging sensation on her hair nor scalp, so it wasn’t *fastened* to her head? It was almost like a mysterious force had pinned it in place! All things considered such a concept wasn’t even all that farfetched.

Before finally giving up, Makoto gave the hat one final, *big yank*. If she couldn’t remove it with that much force then she would have to consider an alternative solution. And for but a brief moment she had been ready to celebrate a potential success. **“Aha!”** She had managed to get lift it a few inches off the top of her head! It worked! But all of her joy ultimately was swallowed by a despairing disappointment as the force holding the hat smacked it back against her head, leaving her back where she had been in the first place.

Albeit with one *noticeable* difference.

On the moment of impact between the hat and her head, the teen had been forced to close her eyes from the shock. Yet what would typically be seen as just a regular gesture responding to a shocking moment had prompted something completely *abnormal*. For when her eyes slammed shut, they *changed*. Her eyelids were took new shapes, providing her eyes with a much rounder and more circular look that appeared European rather than Japanese.

But aside from the shapes, a striking change had likewise come about in their *color* by the time those eyes had reopened, too. Her eyes were typically such a bright brown that they almost appeared *red* under the sun, she would never have their colors mistaken again. Although was the *green* that they had taken a better color? Back in Japan she plausibly could have been asked *different* questions about them.

**“Darn, I was so clothe thoo... Huh?”** Speaking as she normally did, a strange lisp prompted Makoto to raise an eyebrow. **“That’s weird. Why did I sound like that?”** But the next time she spoke, that lisp was gone. From an outsider’s point of view the cause of that lisp might have been much more obvious, though. Because her lips were much, *much* plumper and rosier than they had ever been. They looked

comparable to the lips you might find on a supermodel, befitting more of an adult woman rather than a teenaged girl.

Not that it was isolated to her lips for long. Her eyes *already* showed signs of it with their new shapes, her gaze bearing a greater maturity than they typically did. But this bled into the features around and between her eyes and mouth, with her face pulling longer and her chin sharper. Her nose? It developed a subtle hook while eyebrows thinned, and in the end? While exceptionally beautiful, her face bore all the wisdom of a woman around the physical age of thirty or so.

Although strangely enough? The ears on the sides of her head looked a little longer. A little pointier, too...

**“I still don’t know how I ended up in *my* closet...”** What she had *meant* to say was ‘this closet’, but she’d spoken it in a possessive manner without even realizing, ignorant to just what was happening to her body still. This included the trend that had begun to sweep through her head of short, brown hair – ultimately seeing the length and color of it all changed permanently.

The green that had dyed Makoto’s eyes returned with the vengeance, first seeping into her eyebrows and pubes before jumping straight into the color of the hair on her head. It wasted little time in its pursuit of complete hair domination, and before long it’s whole length was done up in a soft green. The additional issue was simply that there was *more* of this length in the first place, with it both lengthening and thickening so that her now pointed ears were hidden and it reached past her ass. Bangs were all swept into the sides, leaving her forehead bare, but it wasn’t as obvious with her hat obscuring that notably larger forehead.

She stumbled a moment, catching herself without thinking much of the imbalance in the first place. But it *hadn’t* happened without cause, as the fit of her spare uniform showed. Her midriff had been left exposed slightly, and her black tights had been yanked a touch down her butt. The cause? The *woman* had grown taller. *Three inches* taller, actually. It didn’t sound significant, but the jump up to 5’8” from 5’5” left her sleeves shorter on her arms too.

And while this should have been *extremely* notable, Makoto didn’t even seem to take note of it. She was still perplexed. **“Did I come in here to get changed?”** Her voice was deeper and she had long stopped speaking in Japanese. She couldn’t comprehend the events that had brought her to this space. Why did it feel as if she had suddenly arrived there from far away? That couldn’t have been possible, right? There are also the matter of the clothes. If this was *her* closet then why did they all look too *big* for her?

Perspective could be a bitch, though. No sooner than she had subconsciously acknowledged this inconsistency did the force changing her set out to correct it. It began with a change in her physique, seeing her somewhat muscular build soften up. She was still *strong*, but that strength wasn't made evident by any muscles. Rather her body appeared much plusher, as if touching her skin anywhere would see your fingers sink in. This had the unintended side effect of making her look fuller, and her clothes felt a bit tighter because of it.

Well, fuller everywhere except her waistline, which narrowed several inches.

Narrower as it now was, the sight of her waist versus her hips felt more exaggerated once those hips themselves swung out so that they were wider. The term 'child-bearing' likely wouldn't even have done them justice, for they reached out to surpass her shoulders by several inches in terms of size and this lifted her skirt at the sides. It *also* forced her knees to buckle before a bountiful weight stretched the tights around her thighs. Meat saw them flourish, making short work of the thigh gap between her legs as they now rubbed together passively – rips formed in the tights.

“*Mm...*” Makoto wasn't sure why she felt *pleasant* all of a sudden. Her thighs rubbing against each other were one thing, but a tingling in her loins and other sensitive regions only helped it build. Her ass was among them, but the reason was clear enough. After all, her skirt was flipping rapidly in the back while plain panties found themselves wedged in between her cheeks. With her hips already so wide it was inevitable that the waistband of her underwear would eventually snap. Only to not fall with tights holding on and the back stuck in between a huge bubbling butt.

The cloth of her turtleneck could be seen stretching in a very similar banner, though of course her lower half had little to do with that. More and more of her tummy, which had just the slightest bulge thanks to being older, was exposed as the base of her top continued to creep upwards.

Bound atop the turtleneck was a black halter vest that was sliding up all the same, but its straps seemed to be tightening for some reason. Well, that reason was obvious. Much like her egregiously large ass, her tits were bloating and filling, taking on the weight and shape of a woman in her thirties. Perhaps a little *more* than most women in that age range in fact, as either tit rivaled her head in size. She found it difficult to breath with her bosom so heaving, and their growth had forced her to lean forward passively.



“Oh dear. If I don’t hurry I’ll be late for the party. But... Just what am I wearing?”

From the perspective of the archbishop *Rhea*, she had entered her ample closet just a few minutes ago with the intention of getting changed. Garreg Mach was hosting a Haunted Harvest Festival, and all of the students and faculty were expected to come costumed – the archbishop was ultimately included in this requirement as well. That was why she’d had a witch’s costume made, and she was already wearing the hat.



Yet the rest of her body? Why did it look to be clad indecently in the remains of an outfit that most certainly did *not* fit her what with how abundant her figure was. “**This is bothersome...**”, she sighed as she ripped and tore through what remained with inhuman strength, ultimately tossing these scraps into a nearby wastebin while standing there in her birthday suit.

From the nearby rack she picked one of the few outfits in the closet that weren’t the typical long, white dress that hugged her huge hips and fat ass. It was a royal blue witch’s gown trimmed with gold that perfectly matched the hat atop her head. Fortunately, Rhea did not need to remove that hat to adorn it – for she simply had to step into the back of it. And naturally it fit her, leaving her as snug as a bug under a rug.

Of course, her most appealing features were still highlighted by this festive gown. And not even for the *sake* of highlighting them. The archbishop simply appreciated wearing clothing that was comfortable. Anyone ogling her with poor intentions could *very* easily be dealt with. In fact Seteth had been well trained to deal with anyone doing so.

After slipping on her heels, the woman then smoothed any folds out of the dress. **“Perfect. Now there will be no complaints about my costume.”** Not that she had anything to be concerned about, really. She knew full well she would always be *safe* and *comfortable* within the walls of Garreg Mach. No ghost story could change that.

*Ghost story?* Where had *that* thought come from? The woman shook her head as if to try and dismiss it. Dragon or not, perhaps she hadn't been getting enough sleep as of late? It was understandable considering how much work arranging this party had been. She could sleep as much as she wanted tomorrow. Secretly. Because no one could know the archbishop secretly enjoyed sleeping in till noon.

**“Now, shall I make my party debut?”**