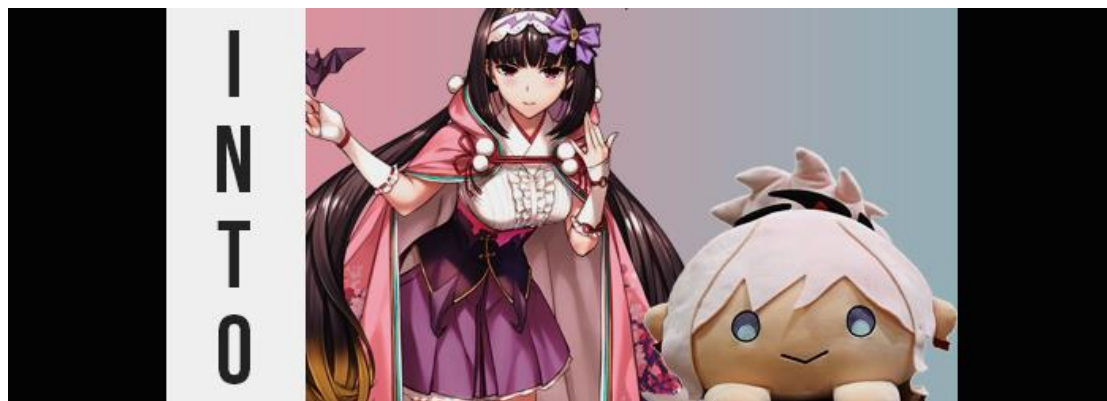


HOLIDAY COMFORT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... Maybe *this* would work.”

Axel had spent maybe an hour by this point trying to figure out what to buy for his friend, Joseph, for Christmas. He had an idea of *what* he wanted to get him but finding it online, well... Trying to find merchandise that was only sold in Japan on a site that shipped to North America without having to rely on a reseller was *hard*. Resellers *could* be fine, but the chance of the price being double or more what it was worth was a fairly common problem with doing so. Not to mention sometimes the shipping times could be a little iffy.

But then he had found *it*. The item he'd been searching for from a seller on eBay at a reasonable price point with quick shipping. **“Next day shipping? Well then, NanayaHobbyShop77, you have my attention...”** And there was a money back guarantee if it didn't arrive the very next day. What could be better than that? Well, so long as the item was authentic.

The next day in question, Joseph had returned home from a day out to find a shipping box on his bed when he had returned to his bedroom. It must have been an item that had been delivered while he'd been out, but it was *already* Christmas Eve – he'd long since purchased all of his presents. And he didn't recall ordering anything for himself that he hadn't already received. Axel had left the gift a surprise and hadn't notified him it was coming, either.

“I guess the only way to figure out what's inside of it is to open it, huh?” Picking up the basketball-sized box, however, he didn't have

very high hopes. The box was a little too light for the size of it and he couldn't *feel* anything moving around inside of it. Perhaps it was just something *very* light? By after delicately opening the box he realized that this was... *more or less the case*.

It wasn't that there was *nothing* inside, it was just that what *was*, well... Could a single piece of paper be considered an item? Would you not just send a single letter in an envelope? You know, like through *regular mail*? The specifics about it beside, Joseph's curiosity naturally lead him to pick the piece of paper up before giving it a read.

Heyo, Joseph! Here's a little gift I've prepared for you, courtesy of your friend Axel. Threw a little something for him as well~ I'm sure you'll both enjoy this bonding experience!

**Best wishes,
Nanaya Mika ~<3**

"...Which leads me back to wonder if there was some kind of mistake?" Because while the letter made him believe that a present of some sort was supposed to be *in* the box, there *really* wasn't anything inside. **"Maybe I should just ask Axel?"** That would definitely be the most sensical plan of action. At least he could figure out just *what* was meant to be inside of it. And so he dropped the note back into the box and went to turn away, but before he could properly do so a bright flash of light from inside the box stopped him. **"Huh?"**

He initially believed that it was just a trick of the light and, when he turned around, he would find himself looking at a non-glowing box. But much to his dismay that *wasn't* the case. More alarmingly? The light, rainbow in color, appeared to be arching *towards* him. Like some type of connection had been established. And he could *feel* it. Like a gentle warmth flowing into his body, bringing the hairs on his skin to rise and the skin itself to tingle. **"That... is probably not normal."**

It wasn't. But neither was the sight of those arm hairs receding, nor the very color of his *complexion* changing. **"Wh-wha!?"** Before his very eyes splotches of pinkish pale arose throughout his otherwise olive skin tone, and they very rapidly began to overpopulate and overtake his original skin coloration. The splotches merged and spread, and when they overtook things like his lips and nipples, these areas were instead painted a much darker pink. **"What is happening to me!?"**

But *just* as amazing was the fact that his build was changing with his skin color, not that Joseph still wasn't gawking at the former. He had completely missed the sensation of the bit of excess weight his body

housed not only thinning away, but that fat was soon *replaced*. The skin around his body was pulled *tighter still*, in fact, as the little muscle he had bulged even tighter. He'd become *incredibly* fit very quickly. "**W- Wait!?**"

Of course he quickly realized he had *other* things to worry about and so his new fitness level went unnoticed. What *had* caught his eye was that the floor was growing closer to his face and that his clothing felt looser and looser – two related phenomenon that could be explained away with a single change. "**I'm shrinking!?! H-Huh? And my voice!?**" Joseph *had* been right on both fronts. His nearly six foot physique had been diminishing at a rapid pace, with hands drawing closer to his shoulders, feet to his hips, and his torso crunching in painlessly but *oddly*.

In the end he had lost about five inches and was 5'6". It was a height change that he *definitely* noticed with his clothing hanging off of him, pants almost falling right off. Not to mention everything in his room felt so much closer to his head. But then there was his *voice*, which not only sounded higher in pitch – it sounded undeniably like a *woman's* voice. Something that might not have seemed *as* bizarre to him if he'd lifted up his now oversized shirt. He would have seen how curvy his waistline had been carved had he done so.

"**This feels so weird! I'm not supposed to be this short!**" While you might have assumed this voice coming out of a man's mouth might have appeared a little *odd*, he'd been obtaining a little bit of unwanted help. His facial features had been softening, stubble withdrawing away. His chin narrowed and lips inflated, Joseph's nose shrunk in and his eyes widened. But those eyes also changed in *shape* so that they were pinched in at the corners. Pointedly Japanese as could be, but also... it contributed to the increased impression that he was becoming a real Japanese beauty.

The color of his dark hair lightened towards a very platinum pink, but at the same time it elongated. It crept over his shoulders and down his back with a very silky sheen. This dyed hair didn't grow much longer than a few inches past those shoulders but it was still plenty longer than it had been. And with loose bangs in his eyes, the man noticed. "**Even my hair...**"

He really felt like he was piecing two and two together. The color of his hair and the sound of his voice were both *familiar*, and if he could see his eyes change to a shade of blue he would have been more certain. "**I... Am I turning into MusaSHI-!?**" If *she* wasn't certain before then she certainly *became* certain thanks to a squirming tug between her

legs. Her sex had been changed without any warning, and as a direct result the surrounding areas became plusher.

The new woman's thighs thickened a number of inches, disguising the toned muscle in her upper legs and her hips stretched a few inches wider. This was a necessary change in the end, because the swell of her rump jutted out behind her and made good use of the new space in her pants now that she was smaller. In a similar fashion, the ballooning of a pair of *tits* beneath her shirt lifted that top up. It wasn't gradual nor slow, they had simply bounced to attention in a single motion, erect nipples poking up against the fabric as she tried to regain her balance.

“N-No way! I’m Musashi from Fate!?” The woman might not have understood this without a mirror if not for her own voice. Joseph could definitely recognize it, and so she went to speak again to try and make doubly sure. But... *something* stopped her. **“MMPH? MMPH!”** Before the woman could say anything else she found her own mouth sealed up. It was as if it was *frozen*? But to make matters worse, she quickly found her mouth filling with the taste of cotton.

“MMMMMPH!?” Her cheeks grew puffier and puffier and, in the end, this was the final sound she made. The responsiveness of her muscles disappeared all of a sudden and she took a terrible spill, falling down on her side in a tumble that Joseph had assumed would hurt. But it *didn't*. She just quietly hit the ground as if her bottom was... filled... with... cotton? It hit her as she hit the ground, but she couldn't move her body to check if her suspicions were correct.

On the exterior though? What she was thinking *was* very easily verified. Her skin was looking less like *skin* and increasingly like a soft, fuzzy fabric. It coated her from head-to-toe, wiping away any blemishes or unnecessary features like nipples. Her ass and pussy were filled and sealed in kind, and fingers and toes regressed until hands and feet were little more than nubs that were... slowly regressing into her sleeves and pant legs. **AM I BECOMING A STUFFED TOY NOW!?**

Was this some sort of nightmare? While he couldn't move anything he could still feel what his *skin* touched, and he could feel everything from his arms to his butt slowly inching closer to his head through the clothing. What was his body shaped like now? It couldn't have looked *normal*, could it? Not with his head remaining the same size.

Even then that head was actually *bigger*. Cheeks had puffed out and stretched, the shape of her cranium no longer bound by a skull but instead being stretched out by what felt like a soft, infinite cotton. But while her brain became part of the cotton collective her consciousness remained, just as it remained without a beating heart or organs. Hair

matted into long pieces of cloth that were styled in Musashi's signature hairstyle, hairpiece and all, and before long all of her facial features had been replaced by felt counterparts. Sewn on, chibi, blue anime eyes that she could still somehow see through, and a V-shaped mouth.

Musashi(?) felt free of her clothing at the end, and her head suddenly tilted forward so that she was standing on her... *feet*? She couldn't see them, but all that remained of her torso were a pair of nubs sticking out from under her head. No neck, no torso, *nothing*. In a similar fashion her arms and hands had slid up the sides of her head, becoming little nubs that stuck out from behind her hair.

She sat still on the floor. What else was she *supposed* to do without any ability to move? Hands and feet had been reduced to little nubs (one set of which were now her 'ears') and her body was basically just a big, plush head. If being turned into *Miyamoto Musashi* hadn't been enough, being turned into a marketable plush blob of her had certainly piled on the concerns. *I'm a plushie but I can still think, feel,*



and hear? Not to mention smell. She simply couldn't taste which made sense since her mouth was no longer technically a mouth.

I— HEY! Before she could think of much else, the bright lighting of her bedroom dimmed... or no, her surroundings changed? She soon found herself staring at a wall? *Was* it a wall? She couldn't look up since her eyes were fixed as the eyes of the Musashi plushie, but she *could* smell *cardboard*. *Is this the empty box!?* Being the only box she'd interacted with, this was the first idea that came to mind.

But then everything went dark.

“The hell? Did I put the wrong address in? No... I'm sure I *didn't*.” Not even an hour later, in front of his own home in an entirely different country, Axel had been alarmed to find a box in front of his door that had been sent by the eBay user that he'd purchased that Musashi bean plush from for Joseph. He had only purchased the singular item and, checking his e-mail through his smartphone, he *hadn't* sent it to his home. He hadn't even given NanayaHobbyShop77 his address, so there was no way they should have known where to send it. **“Something shady is going on here...”**

Of course the bigger man didn't know the half of it. He couldn't have known that the round stuffed toy staring at one of the walls of the cardboard box was *sentient*, much less the friend he had intended on

sending the gift he had become to. **“This looks like a genuine article at least. Maybe I’ll just text him a pic and tell him it’ll be there in a few days?”** With both hands he picked up the plush from the sides and stared into its eyes, unaware of the internal screeching the Musashi doll was doing as she felt a strange energy radiating from inside of her own being.

But Axel didn’t seem to notice it like she had.

In fact, a spell had begun to work its way throughout the man’s body in sudden and striking ways and he didn’t even bat an eyelash at it. Not that his heavier form was rapidly lightening, excess body weight removed but not removed *entirely*. There was still a softness to be found to her shape because no muscles had been forged in their place, and his belly *did* remain slightly puffy even though his waistline had dipped in very significantly.

This dramatic weight loss alone had been more than enough for his pants and boxers to slip right off his hips, but his junk was thankfully disguised by a significantly ill-fitted t-shirt that was fated to fit him even less as his stature unfurled next. **“Well it’d be really weird if they sent me a fake. I’m a pretty loyal customer at this point!”** The things Axel was saying didn’t make much sense and they certainly didn’t address his nearly six feet of height slowly unraveling, inches shaving off so that his increasingly feminine-shaped body had shrunk down to a mere 5’2”. The base of his shirt basically covered all of his thighs now!

Reality was changing for the man. He now believed he had purchased the Musashi bean for himself but, as his mind continued to change, he began to think he’d purchased her a *long time ago*? Perhaps this was an unsurprising revelation considering everything else happening to his body. Much like Joseph, for example? His thinned face gradually became much more petite and far more *Japanese* by design, with a natural beauty setting into those rounder cheeks, smaller nose, and fuller lips.

Axel’s hair wasn’t left untouched either, of course. While eyes began to shine red, his already dark hair had been in the process of lightening *very* slightly towards a slightly lighter chestnut shade. It wasn’t a very dramatic color change, but on the other hand? Its change in *length* was incredibly noticeable as brown locks fell like crashing waterfalls over his shoulders, down his back, and past his ass and thighs where the brown lightened at the tips. Bangs framed the sides of his face and were cut into a neat hime-cut above vaguely enlarged and highly feminized eyes.

“Hmm... But what should we do today, Musashi-chan? Wanna browse YouTube together?” There was no point in denying it. With

his Adam's apple smoothed away he sounded like a shrill-voiced woman. One who couldn't stop thinking about what she could do *inside*. Axel wasn't much of an outside person in the first place, but somehow those shut-in feelings were being pushed to the *extreme*.

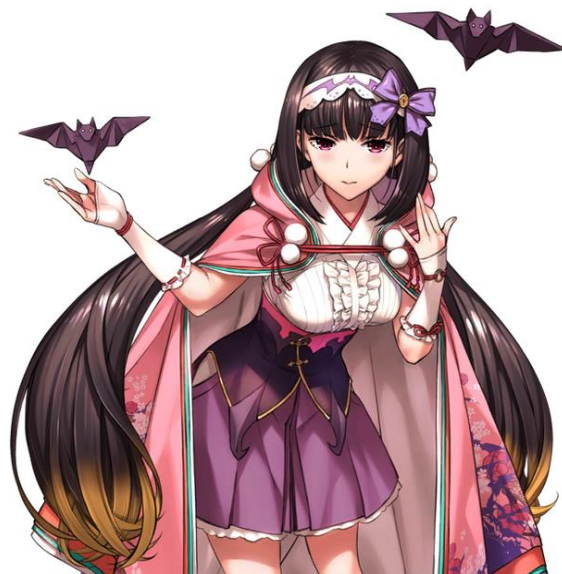
She shuddered. “**Wh-What was that feeling!? Why am I horny all of a sudden!?**” Why did she sound *scared* of being a little aroused? It wasn't so much how she felt as it was the feeling that had triggered the shudder, for her sex had fully changed over a matter of seconds with her dick and nuts shrinking and merging into the folds of her new pussy – which naturally burrowed deeper into her loins as she was rewired to possess a womb. The woman thickened up in kind, thighs and ass alike swelling to a perky perfection.

But not *as* perky and perfect as her bosom. Beginning from nothing, they slowly inflated like a pair of balloons being filled up with fattier tissue. Skin stretched around the orbs that took shape, and nipples engorged and pushed out in their more erect shapes against the inside of her shirt. Axel's posture tilted ever forward until the E-cups had finished their growth. A little more abundant than most, but from her perspective she had always had such big boobs. *Plus I'm such a talented shapeshifter that I could make them bigger or smaller if I wanted! Hehehe!*

Much like Joseph had, Axel now looked identical to a certain Fate character from her cute but pretty face to the slender fingers that clutched the Musashi bean. But another flash of light robbed her appearance of any doubt, stealing away her t-shirt and dressing her in a white blouse, purple skirt, and equally purple button-up that only came up to her chest. A pink, ornate Japanese cloak (complete with a hood) was bound over her shoulders and a headband with a purple bow was weaved into hair that had been styled into two long pigtails.

Otherwise, seeing as she was in *her* home, she was just wearing socks on her feet.

“**I'm so glad you're here with me, Musashi-chan! It'd be terrible if I was all holed up alone, y'know?**” Despite the bean's unheard protests, her soft face was pulled up tightly against a pair of equally soft mounds – *Osakabehime's* breasts, that is. Much to the Musashi doll's dismay it seemed that her friend



had been completely assimilated into her new role, not even noticing like she had how Axel's kitchen had rapidly morphed into a hikikomori's bedroom near the transformation's end. It was Hime's room in Himeji castle.

Ceasing the *extremely* tight embrace with the stuffed toy, the Assassin-class Servant practically crawled over to her kotatsu that housed both a drawing tablet and a laptop upon it. She eventually scooped up to it but left the doll on her lap, turning its face so that the eyes could see the screen. Musashi's consciousness appreciated that, if anything. But it was strange. From the doll's perspective, ever since being picked up and squeezed... Did she *like* this new existence of hers? It felt good to be needed. Maybe because it was a plushie's purpose, the bean had no choice but to inevitably adapt mentally to her new life.

Osakabehime exhaled and leaned against the toy, her tits pressing down into it as she scrolled the web on her laptop. **“What do you think, Musashi-chan? Should we buy you a new friend? It is Christmas after all, so we should treat ourselves! N-Never mind how pathetic that sounds.”** Hime was *more* than accustomed to sounding pathetic, and putting on glasses and headphones didn't help with that. **“With more friends we'll never need to go outside again!”** The doll wasn't even listening to what she was saying, though.

Being held like this? It was pure bliss.

