

# ICED CHAI

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“This is the right way, right Peppermint!?”**

The crimson-scarfed brunette man looked down at the black, robotic cat that ran behind him as he pushed through the halls of the Vandelay Technologies factory. The robot cat’s name *wasn’t* Peppermint, but instead 808, but Peppermint was the cat’s creator and typically used it to communicate with the man, Chai, throughout his little *adventure* through the Vandelay buildings.

Well, it wasn’t really much of an ‘adventure’ from a technical standpoint. It was a *raid*. Vandelay had been a noose around the neck of society for some time now, and that noose had only been getting tighter. But for Chai, a college dropout, to get involved, he had needed a more *personal* stake. It wasn’t until he had attempted to get a new prosthetic and Vandelay’s systems labeled him a defect to be disposed of that he started his little rampage.

The music powers he had been given thanks to a special mp3 player had certainly helped things along, though.

Ever since that moment, he had made it his life’s mission to take the company down from the inside, destroying its buildings and defeating the evil heads that controlled it as he crashed his way through the various facilities. He had *quite* the bounty on him now, but that didn’t matter. He was the main character! Well, he had toned down that mentality a bit thanks to the friends he’d made alone the way. Chai was still selfish, but he wasn’t *that* selfish anymore.



“Uh... **Peppermint? Earth to Peppermint!?**” There were bots on the man’s tail, and normally he would just stop and *kick their asses!* But the Vandelay factory that he’d crashed into had been outfitted with a pretty *dangerous* security feature. There was a giant, iron ball rolling down the hall behind those bots, and it was picking up speed. “**I am *not* about to be made into paste by a trap that tasteless!**”

Chai whipped his head back to look at 808 again. “**OH, COME ON! PEPPERMINT!**” It was hard to tell if the signal between 808 and its creator was being jammed, or if she was just fucking with him. It wouldn’t be the *first* time that she had played a prank on him while his life was in danger. Of course, there was *one* other solution available to him. It was just a bit of a risk. “**Fine then!**” If there was nothing else to try, and it didn’t look like there was an escape, then...

Brute force it was.

The man’s sneakers squeaked as he pivoted, stopping himself abruptly in the hall as the giant steel ball continued to barrel towards him. He had expected he might have to go through the bots that were chasing him, but as he turned they were all screaming because the ball had run over them. Chai wound up his robotic right arm in preparation for a *powerful* punch, waited, and only swung when the ball was close enough. According to the beat he could perceive, of course.

“**PISS OFF!**” He’d swung at stronger opponents before, so he had been confident that he could send the ball flying. But he hadn’t considered the fact that the ball was *rolling* at high speeds as it towered over him and collided with his fists. Its propulsion meant that— “**Wait, shi—!?**” Instead of the giant ball going flying, it was the *man* that went flying in its place. Chai was flung back before crashing back into the hall’s floor with enough force that he crashed through the ground.

Which worked out in a way, right? “**Ow... Why didn’t I think of that?**” He had landed on a beam below, just deep enough that he watched the ball roll over the small gap his fall had created. “**Uh... But what about 808?**” Peppermint would have *killed* him if the cat had been destroyed. It likely slipped in between the ball and the wall and was looking for him up top, but...

## **CRASH!**

**“DAMNIT!”** The beam that Chai had landed on soon collapsed, and he fell deeper and deeper, until he landed in something very wet and *extremely* cold. A pool of water!? It wasn't very deep, but it had been enough to break his fall. Given a moment, he was able to pull himself out of the pool and onto a metallic yet icy platform. **“BRRR!?! What the hell even is this place!?”**

Well, he had a thought. The factory must have been running some *extremely* hot equipment that required cooling, so it would make sense that they had cooling chambers to accomplish that. **“Well, at least there's no giant ball of death chasing me down here, but...”** He shivered again. How could he not? He'd been dunked in freezing cold water and pulled himself up onto an icy, snowy surface being blasted with even colder air. The only part of him that *wasn't* aching with cold was his robotic right arm.

**“And how do I get out?”** Back up the way he fell? He didn't see a *door* or anything like that, but could he climb in that condition? Peppermint and the others would likely figure out where he was eventually, so he could also just hang tight until rescue arrived. But waiting around to be saved wasn't really his *style*. If there was a way that he could get out on his own, then he would sooner find it. **“At least the cold isn't as bad as I thought. Maybe I'm getting used to it?”**

In a way he was, but that wasn't a random phenomenon. It was because his body was warming up to it. And that was only the beginning.

Chai grumbled as he realized he could really see up the hole he had fallen through from the edge of the pool, but soon found his attention drawn down to his *right arm* – the robotic one. It was rattling uncontrollably, and it felt a little *weird*. Which was part of the problem. It was a *robotic* arm. A *prosthetic*. It wasn't supposed to *feel* like anything. **“What's going on here...?”** He grabbed it with his left hand to try and stabilize it, but that just led to... the fingers falling off!? **“Woah!?”**

The finger pieces fell off, and then the hand. The man could only wonder if the ice cold water, or something *in* the water, had done irreversible damage to the limb. But when he looked down to examine the damage? **“What the hell!?”** The hand *wasn't* gone. There *was* a hand sticking out of the robotic arm, but it was *flesh and blood*! It didn't even look like his own hand, really, being much smaller and daintier, with fingernails longer, yet neatly trimmed, and even painted blue.

**“Whuh!? Huh!? IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLE!?”** The warmth of this hand was undeniable, and that warmth traveled *up* his arm as more and more of the robotic limb fell off and landed with a thump on the icy platform below him. The arm that was revealed was daintier, but also hairless, and it connected perfectly to his bare shoulder as the last of it fell to the ground. Chai had been so distracted by his robotic arm that he hadn't been paying much attention to his pre-existing flesh-and-blood one, however.

And if he had? He would have noticed *uniformity*. That hand had shrunk and grown delicate as the hair was shaved off of *that* arm as well. Until the pair of them were matching, right down to the blue, manicured nails. **“Okay. So, *that's* probably not good.”** He couldn't fight properly without that arm, right? And his ability to sense the 'beat' around him? Had something happened to the mp3 player that was embedded in his chest? It was like all of the 'artificial' components of his body had been stripped away, which was alarming.

Alarming enough to put aside the feminine crack that had sounded in his voice ever so briefly, even though it was a sign that there were things transpiring that he had yet to even notice.

There were plenty of signs of it in the man's *face*. Its long shape had slowly compressed, for example, with his chin taking a sharper point and his cheeks taking an overall rounder design. His lips soon erupted with fatty tissue, doubling their weight while pushing them up into an almost *seductive* resting pout. Chai's big nose did shrink with nostrils left flatter, but it was the man's *eyes* that made the greatest departure.

The browns of his irises deepened slightly, but that paled in comparison to how the shapes of his eyelids narrowing, pinching into rounded almond shapes with lashes that thickened with both natural length *and* mascara. This mascara wasn't even the *only* makeup, such as the red lipstick that enhanced his lips even further, blue and sparkly eyeshadow, and just a touch of blush. **“Why do I feel so... *cute*? Almost like a chick? My voice even... Uh?”**

Chai didn't even notice that his own face had developed into that of a pretty, young *Korean woman* in her early twenties, nor that his mess of brown hair lengthened a tad, spanning out to the sides as the right half darkened to black, and the left half paled to white. It was soft and voluminous, and there was a clear style to its *mess*. The same could be said of his thinned eyebrows, and even his pubes had found the same shadowy blackness.

**“Hold on... My voice, my hands, even the way I'm thinking. Am I *actually* becoming a woman!?”** It was a realization that *naturally*

alarmed him. Chai had prided himself somewhat in his masculinity, and yet... was that really the case still? He'd felt pretty *happy* thinking of himself as 'cute' before. Was becoming a woman *really* something to be all that *worried* about? While not much, he had even lost half an inch of height without realizing it.

Little by little, his body continued to transition into the feminine. It wasn't *only* his arms that had lost any unneeded hair, for example, and his torso and legs had been shaved clean as well. Weight was lost from his waistline so that it pinched inwards several inches beneath his shirt, while contrastingly? The smooth skin of the neighboring tummy, while remaining fit, did *soften* with the thinnest layer of feminine weight above hips that found themselves stretching wider about three inches.

**“In fact, if I’m becoming a woman then why not become one that’s just as into music as I am!?”** Small, manicured hands clapped together while he practically *danced* upon feet that had shrunk in a similar vein. Chai's feet were daintier within his sneakers, and this made it so that they *slipped* slightly when he moved. Further up? There wasn't *any* risk of his *pants* somehow slipping off.

Even *if* his hips hadn't already widened substantially, the bloat to his thighs that saw them burgeon until the sides of his pants split and supple flesh peaked through would have stopped them from falling. Just as a fattening ass would have kept them pinned in place behind him, with a supple heart-shape developing where almost *nothing* had been before. With thighs as thick as his waist, and an ass to match, well...

This posed a problem for the cock hanging between his legs. Chai's pants were being pulled *into* it because his bigger bottom stole the space away otherwise. **“Things are kinda uncomfortable though...”** Fortunately, that discomfort was alleviated. Not because his pants had become any roomier, but because *her* dick was growing smaller. It had grown soft and shrunk into a nub – but rather than be absorbed into the front of her pelvis, it slipped farther down and became the *clitoris* of her new pussy. **“Well, that’s that I guess!”** She didn't have to wonder if she'd been becoming a woman when she had *totally* become one!

Her new sex came with a little 'extra', mind you. She'd already been leaning into it before her sex changes, but she felt much *bubblier*. *Calmer*. She knew things she hadn't known before, like all the latest fashion trends, how to sing and dance, and how to wield a *power* she hadn't possessed before. **“That solves the whole ‘defending myself’ problem, I suppose.”** It was an *icy* power. No wonder she had grown used to the cold. She was one and the same with it!

Mind you, her body's transformation hadn't *entirely* completed just yet, even if it *was* close. For a woman, she was missing a couple of *key features*, but they didn't really hesitate to present themselves once her loins had adapted. The rose upon her chest, lifting the yellow shirt that had once rested so loosely upon her torso. Mounds? Mountains? Where no weight had lingered before, it rapidly accumulated beneath nipples that grew puffer themselves. Her *breasts* were clearly growing in, and as goosebumps spread across her engorged areola, they rubbed sensual against the fabric until they peaked at perky *D-cups*.

**“These clothes are a problem too! But with a little bit of...”** **SNAP!** All it took was a snap of the woman's fingers to put those new powers of hers on display. In that very instant, everything that she was wearing froze over and shattered in a manner that almost resembled a reptile molting, because as shards of ice fell to the ground? Chai was left wearing something else entirely. Something that was *far* more fashionable comparatively.

And something that was much better suited to her new body. It largely consisted of appropriately fitted undergarments worn beneath complex, silver shorts that readily showed off the curvature of her hips and ass, fastened by a stitched belt with her thighs bare above tall, black and blue thigh high platform boots. She was now wearing a blue cropped jacket that left her toned tummy largely bare, although some blue from the jacket did reach behind towards her ass with a cutout above, clearly a stylistic choice. The jacket had a raised collar with a black sleeve on the right and white on the left to match her hair, both sides with fingerless gloves. Finally, crystals earrings now hung from pierced ears.

**“My body changed... a lot! But this isn't so bad, right?”** She had begun to think more optimistically about it the more her transformation had unfolded, but while she'd lost her robotic arm and the powers she'd gained from that mp3 player, but the powers she had gained instead were *much* more useful. A dominion over ice, along with the power to heal others? Not to mention she felt like she understood music *much* more intimately than she used to. Nonetheless, while she looked *and* acted differently, Chai's awareness of her own circumstances had been entirely preserved.

It was just that she saw herself *as* the woman she had become. She saw herself as the Korean superhero, *Luna Snow*. The heroine didn't



waste any time dwelling on things, really. She stepped onto the basin of water that she had fallen into without fear of going for another swim. That was because the water at her feet turned to ice, giving her the footing she needed to look up at the hole she'd fallen in through. **“Well, I guess I should get out of here, huh? This *did* take a lot out of me, so it might be a good time for a break!”**

And she knew *just* the place! She just needed to use her powers to launch herself up!

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**“Uh... Who are *you*?”** Peppermint emerged from the shower she'd set up at the Hideout she shared with Chai and the others, expecting to see the man in question considering she'd heard the door open. Only people affiliated with their little rebellion knew where the Hideout was, much less the password to get inside. But there wasn't a familiar face crashing on the couch at all. There was a pretty damn hot woman of a completely different ethnicity than her friend.

The woman just laughed casually. **“Well... You might not believe me, but I'm Chai, I guess? You can just call me Luna now, though! Ask me anything about who I was before until you're satisfied!”** If she was Chai, she really didn't seem to care much. Plus, she was pretty cute, Peppermint thought, so why not hear her out a little bit?

**“Alright then, start convincing!”**