

ECCHANNEL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“A package? That’s pretty rare.”

The time was a little after lunch and I’d gone out in the warm, pre-summer air to check for any mail. You know how it is: when you become an adult the best you can expect to receive is a bill, or maybe a bank statement unless you ordered something from Amazon or the like. An unexpected package, however? I really had to wonder if I had ordered something a long time ago and had forgotten all about it.

But strangely enough? There was no return address, and the small box itself didn’t have any identifiable information about where it came from. Was it a trap? Something I should be worried about? No, it wasn’t like I had any enemies to speak of. At least none that would try to *kill* me, I hoped. So I brought it inside with the intention of investigating the contents.

Pulling a pair of scissors from my kitchen drawer, I snipped away the tape that bound the box’s top and carried said box towards my office in the next room. I had commissions to finish, and that quick walk outside had been all of the break I needed before getting back to it all. I was planning on just checking the box contents before getting back to it, but what was inside was peculiar to say the least.



“A cassette tape?” It *was* 2021, wasn’t it? Who was still using *cassette tapes*? But there it was, and a custom one at that. Written on the label was ‘(DEMO) My Galaxy’, words that somehow struck me as familiar but not really in a way I could

place. Could it have been some sort of message or something? Why would *anyone* send this to me? Funnily enough though, I did have an old cassette player laying around on one of my office shelves, so after freeing the cassette from its box, I popped it in.

What played was... a song? **“Of course it’s a song, what else would it be?”** No one was going to send some random writer that lived alone an encrypted message in an old cassette or anything like that. Real life wasn’t an anime. But the song itself? Again, there was some familiarity to it, almost like I’d heard it somewhere in the past half year or so. The sound of it was very JPOPy, but there were no lyrics? There definitely felt like it was *meant* to have them.

Almost like I knew where those lyrics should be, I had begun to hum to the melody for a moment before catching myself. **“Huh? Maybe I have heard this song after all.”** That was the only explanation, right? My musical sense wasn’t particularly good, I definitely wasn’t the kind of person that could usually keep a beat, either. What I *did* know was that unless I figured out where this song came from, I wouldn’t be able to focus on anything else for the rest of the day.

A writer’s curse, to be sure.

But there was actually something *much more* cursed at work here. The cassette wasn’t even from this universe, but one entirely different. One that others might even refer to as a ‘*Servant Universe*’.

Believing that I’d heard enough, I reached up to press the *STOP* button on the cassette player for the time being. I was going to have to try and figure out the source through YouTube or Google, and having it playing in the background while listening to video clips through my computer would just be a pain in the ass.

The second I pressed the *STOP* button, however? No, I didn’t even actually press it. The second my index finger so much as brushed up against it, I was struck with what I perceived to be an electrical shock. One that knocked me flat on my ass. **“Ugh, what the hell?”** Had there been some sort of malfunction with the device itself? Maybe the power connector was loose in the back? I wasn’t really sure. All I knew for certain was that the song was still playing, and my body had become all *tingly*.

Common sense in that situation might imply I was just numb from being electrocuted, so I went with that – without even paying other potential causes of the sensation a second thought. **“Not the way I saw my day going, that’s for sure.”** It took me a minute to stabilize myself after pulling myself back onto my feet while using my desk chair

for stability and little did I know at the time that I had already fallen into a trap that would change the course of my future... *as well as* my past and present.

I noticed it immediately, although at first it was easy to wave off as merely being dizzy from my sudden shock and fall. My body was swaying from side to side. I felt off balance. The chair I'd used to stabilize myself? It looked a little bigger for some reason, though not for any reason I could make sense of at first, because anything I could think of was either nonsensical or utterly impossible.

But any denial on my part was futile, and one of the 'fantasy' explanations I'd come up with was the *legitimate* reality of my changing perception. I was *shrinking*. That was why the computer chair looked bigger, and it also explained why the gray sweatpants I was wearing were beginning to hang to one side and my black golf shirt was beginning to dangle from my shoulders like a dress.

“Am I getting smaller?” I was certainly shocked when it clicked, but I wasn't exactly anxious nor panicking over it. Was it because I'd always wondered what it was like to be shorter, *desiring it*, even? Or maybe it was just a side effect of whatever was changing me in the first place? Either way, my observation came out more like I was stating a fact rather than getting up in arms over my body rapidly changing before my very eyes – something that *absolutely* should have been impossible. **“Is this for real?”**

I raised my arms subconsciously to keep my shirt from falling off, although my pants and boxers weren't spared from that same fate. It was just fortunate that I'd lost so much height that my shirt, designed for a bigger fellow, was so ample that it now hung flat down to my thighs. But therein lied another revelation. I was a bigger guy. Heavier set, so to speak. So why was the front of my shirt so flat? A loss of height shouldn't have changed my thickness, so... **“Thinner too?”**

Again, it was hard to be as freaked out as I was surprised, considering that was a more of a net win from my perspective. How many failed diets had I been on at this point? I couldn't tell just how trimmed I'd become, but all of the excess fat had been erased from my body altogether. My tummy was flattening even now, and once my belly button had deepened, the skin all around it rose as the workings of a subdued yet notable abdominal muscle set sprung up. Abdominal muscles? On *my* body? Unheard of!

When all was said and done, my stature had diminished from roughly the six-foot mark, all of the way down to five feet only. And my build? It was thin and firm, muscles having kissed my arms and legs just as they

had my tummy. I eventually allowed my arms to fall so that I could examine myself, and fortunately the right side of my shirt caught on my very narrow shoulder, holding it up even though the upper part of my left arm was now exposed. **“This can’t be real? I... Huh? My voice?”** My left hand traveled to my throat next, rubbing it with uncertainty (*and not feeling a single trace of an Adam’s apple*).

It sounded *higher. Sweeter*. But also a little *monotonous*. **“Wait, can I not talk with more infliction? Why can I only muster this deadpan?”** Mentally I was attempting to change the infliction of my words so that I sounded enthusiastic, sad, or *whatever*. I was going for anything other than ‘empty and soulless’, but I couldn’t score a win there. Almost like my emotions had somehow just been switched off.

To compliment my shrunken height, I had actually become younger to match. My changed voice was a small part of it, but there was a softness to my complexion that had stolen away all of the scars I’d earned with age. Acne scars, scars from wounds, soiled pores – it was all corrected, leaving me rejuvenated.

I eventually raised the shrunken hand from my neck and began to caress my cheek, feeling just how smooth it really was. Those fingers had grown a little longer but weren’t nearly as thick around as they once were. And while I was a notorious practitioner of biting my nails, said nails both extended an inch past my fingertips and were properly manicured.

The rubbing of my face had been prompted by a tingly sensation that had spread through these features, similar to the one I had felt after the initial shock that had set this transformation in motion in the first place. I couldn’t really make heads or tails of it without a mirror in front of me (*and considering my low self-esteem, I kept reflective surfaces as far away from myself as possible on the daily*), but it felt a little like my skin was *wriggling*?

In some places it tightened, and in others it loosened. All in all, the intention was to completely strip me of both my masculine features as well as any of the features that made me, well, *me*. And it ended up being successful. **“Whath now...?”** I slurred my words for a moment thanks to my lips, which had swollen and received a glossier glow to them that some might call effeminate. My cheeks slimmed down, but were still quite soft, while the span of my forehead narrowed too. My eyes? They widened, even though their color remained for now, and my nose took a much gentler arch with smaller nostril to accentuate it.

My face was so smooth, and it now looked the part of a girl in her mid-to-late teens. Likely Caucasian? *Even though stuff like that doesn’t*

matter in the Servant Universe... Or so my mind seemed to echo. The Servant Universe? Like from the Fate series? Why was I thinking about that? *Because I'm from there...?* Oh, right, because I was... *Huh?*

My short hair was lengthening to contribute to the girlish appearance the rest of my body was taking on. Dark colors pales into a platinum blonde, and my already straight locks fell just past my shoulders in the back. In the front, my bangs grew long and swept to the left, while growing even longer at the sides. A noticeable chunk of hair then sprung up from atop my head. An *ahoge*, idiot hair, true as could be.

"Mm..." I hadn't really had much desire to resist the transformation from the outset. Ever little thing that happened better reflected the kind of life I'd always desired deep down, honestly. But by this point in time? I was more or less lost. My surroundings looked vaguely unfamiliar, and my memories were fragmented – mixed between two worlds, two realities.

I hardly batted an eyelash as the front of my oversized shirt suddenly pushed forward. My nipples were erect and swollen, but I didn't really care. It was probably just cold in this room, was all. It *was* a little agitating for them to rub up against the shirt as fatty tissue saw my chest bloat into a perky, B-cup bosom though. My reaction was so subdued to this that I didn't even bother to comment. Not over the fact that I now had tits, not over the fact that my waistline had narrowed. Not over the fact that my ass had bloated to push out and lift up the back of my shirt with bouncy cheeks.

And not even after my thighs squirmed together, their bloating into soft, tender masses only secondary to the fact that the dick and balls between my legs had withdrawn up inside me, leaving a pussy in its place. I was a girl. So what? I'd always wanted to be one, deep down. *Haven't I always been a girl, though...? Why are my thoughts so strange?*

I'd been on the verge of mulling over why everything felt strange when a sharp pain hit my eyes. *"...Ow."* ...Even though that monotonous cry was all I could muster in response. My eyes themselves had started glowing gold, and with the color change came an excessively clear view of the world around me. My eyes had become so sharp that just looking around the room *hurt*.

"..." Was this room *really* bright? Why did everything just look so *intense*? My eyes hurt a *lot*, and for some reason I was subconsciously pining for my glasses. Why would glasses help with something like this? – or so I wondered for a moment before a pair of glasses settled upon the bridge of my nose and the world suddenly appeared *normal* once more. *"Better..."*

My voice was soft and feminine, but it didn't convey a lot of energy. I should have recognized this all as strange and bizarre, but it all felt simply *natural*. What was unnatural was where I was, even though my demo tape was playing. I worked hard to make that. I hummed along for a moment before



standing on my tip toes to reach the player on the shelf, ultimately hitting eject and plucking *my* cassette from within.

“I should go...” *Wherever* this was. Because it wasn't familiar I was fairly sure I shouldn't be here. This world seemed normal. Too normal. As a *Servant*, as *Mysterious Idol X Alter*, I probably didn't belong here at all. But then how did I get here? *Why* was I here? I couldn't have been summoned here, could I? I lowered my golden gaze downward with uncertainty.

Did this displacement also explain my oversized shirt? Tapping into my potential as a Servant, I forced a 'reset' on my attire and was left temporarily naked and cold as any clothing related to me exploded into golden particles before reforming as a cute idol ensemble that consisted of a big, puffy white jacket and matching skirt, as well as a black top that revealed my firm tummy and equally puffy boots that saw my legs exposed other than black belts strewn across them.

It was a cute number befitting of an idol, one that made me want to dance around even if my expression remained largely blank. My hair was pulled up behind me too, finally freeing me from the annoying sensation of it all tickling my neck. **“Well, I guess there isn't a point in remaining here any longer.”**

I looked around at the office space one last time, ignoring an open box on the desk and the words scrawled on the computer screen. I didn't know where I was, but something about leaving this place made me feel a little sad? It was really a hard thing to try and reason with myself, because I couldn't tell where this feeling was even coming from. But all I could do was press forward, right?

Using a small device at my side, I contacted Chaldea with whom I was contracted, and before long? A tiny portal had opened in front of me. The moment I stepped through it, I would return to where I was meant to be. Where I could practice my songs. After all, it was the least I could do for the one who had pushed me along as an idol in the first place!

And so, ready to take that step, I finally stepped through. It wouldn't be long before I forgot about this place entirely. But until then? That little bit of sadness would linger.