

CAST IN ABYSS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Boredom was something that plagued everyone from time to time.

Mind you, for immortal beings, it was *all* the crueler. If one who lived forever had nothing to do, than wouldn't they be better off dead? It was a question that surely crossed the minds of any who knew naught of death, for they would never truly experience it. Among such immortal beings was Hisa, an ageless nekomata that been inadvertently created by a TF writer while experimenting with potential original character ideas.

Brought to life with no shortage of powers at her disposal, not only had she concocted her own pocket dimension, but she made the most of her time by preying on others. Perhaps taking some of her creator's preferences into herself, she was content being something of a living, fetishistic monkey's paw.

Listening to the wishes, wants, and needs of others, she would grant them their desires. For free! Or so she'd claim, but it was all for the sake of her own amusement. You see, humans were so near-sighted that they never truly considered the wording of the things they said. Their wishes were always full of so many holes, so many ways to misinterpret their intentions... even if she did so willingly. But that was where the fun lied for Hisa at least.

“I wish I was a better artist.” There it was. She knew if she listened long enough, she'd hear it. A wish. And from one of her creator's friends, to boot! To be fair, Hisa was cheating in a sense. She could monitor as many people as she liked from her own dimension regardless of which world they lived in, or *where* in that world they lived in.

In this case, she was watching Kay struggle with his drawing. The life of an artist wasn't all sugar and rainbows like so many assumed it was. Nothing was ever as easy as people assumed it to be. Slouched over his desk, he was suffering a momentary instance of defeat. One he knew well enough that he'd get over on his own. But Hisa? She didn't really care about *that*.

In fact, she'd already devised a mischievous scheme based on his wording. "**He wants to be a better *artist*, hm? I guess that can be arranged~! Heeheehee!**" But couldn't she pair this with something her creator had said recently as well? Flicking through a digital compilation of all of the people she'd been watching as of late, she eventually settled on the moment she thought she'd observed.

Her creator, Axel, slouching down at his writing desk. Not writing, mind you, but running through his bills. He was dealing with other stresses. "**I wish being an adult wasn't so costly. I don't have the money to deal with this.**" Which young adult *didn't* grapple with such a concept? Well, barring the privileged. But the nekomata didn't exactly care about the meaning behind those comments. She was just looking for a way to have a little fun – for herself only.

Now, she just had to cross-examine which two series these two young men shared an interest in, and...

“Perfect!”

“I... Huh?” Kay was absolutely flabbergasted, and he had all the right to be. He'd headed to his kitchen to grab a glass of water to help himself focus, but the moment he'd stepped through an ever-familiar door, he'd found himself in a wholly unfamiliar room. An eccentrically designed bedroom, it seemed, one done up with gold, crimson, and marble. A canopy bed set up in the corner, white and gold furniture strewn around...

The man paused to rub at his eyes, greeted with the same scenery when he opened them. Making extra sure, he glanced back at the doorway he'd walked through, finding it clogged by a big, alabaster doorway. **“This is *not* my kitchen.**” It certainly wasn't, and yet while it was unfamiliar, something about the room struck him as a little *nostalgic*.

**I THINK THIS POINT IN TIME IS FINE, RIGHT? I
GUESS IT'S NEAR THE GAME'S END, BUT...**

Wait. Kay knew that voice. He'd heard it before. "**Hisa?**" A youkai, of all things. Most assumed monsters like those didn't exist, but he'd unfortunately had a lot of firsthand experience in dealing with her by this point in time. He was friends with Axel, so she went to the trouble of bothering him from time to time. But displacing him from his home? This was a first.

**YOU WISHED TO BE A BETTER ARTIST, RIGHT?
SO I'M MAKING YOU THE GREATEST ARTIST...
OF THIS WORLD, ANYWAYS!**

She was actually being quite liberal with the word 'artist' as well, not that Kay could have possibly known this. Instead, he was left wrestling with a strange sensation that put his hairs on end. It wasn't a bad feeling – it was warm? But he'd also heard plenty of horror stories from Axel. That Hisa just did whatever the hell she wanted to. And now *he* was in her sights.

Tue rei ze croa riou tue ze...

For a moment, Kay thought he'd heard a familiar melody. No, maybe 'heard' wasn't quite the right word? Could you feel a melody? Because that was how he could best liken the sensation. "**Isn't that from Tales of the Abyss?**" An older JRPG and one of the flagship titles of the Tales of series, it was one of the more infamous entries to the Western audience. But that melody? Wasn't it part of the Fonic Hymn that was sung by the game's female lead, Tear Grants?

As this realization dawned on the young man, his eyes widened. Not... Not with *surprise*, per se. It was more like they had widened naturally, blessed with a rounder shape and, surprisingly, longer eyelashes. The brown of his eyes, in turn, was washed away as well. A brighter blue left in their stead, but only one of them was visible for awfully long.

"**Huh?**" Kay was forced to bring his fingers up to his forehead, pushing away bangs that were dangling across his right eye. That wasn't normal. But even after he swept them away, the moment they settled back into place there seemed to be even *more* of them. *Thicker*, too, carrying a lighter brown than his regular color. "**Something is happening, then?**" Considering what he'd heard about Hisa, it was wrong to say he felt panicked. There was definitely some concern in his voice, though.

The young man's hair was growing, that much was obvious. He could feel it tickling his ears and neck, and he could tell it was slithering longer still. Not just behind him, but down the sides of his face to – of which he took a handful to admire the color the best he could. On the

other hand, Kay's bangs had completely swept over his right eye, making it a little harder to see past them. But this hair was soft and fluffy, cut squarely and abruptly behind him, just above his butt.

“Well, this hair probably belongs to – *AHEM!* – a woman, I’d imagine?” And his voice, which softened after clearing what had felt like something was caught in his throat, evidently reflected this presumed, inevitable sex change. Kay's facial features were likewise continuing to be supportive of that assumption, softer cheeks accompanying a sudden pout of his lips that came about from how they'd swollen. This led downwards, erasing her Adam's apple, and leaving him looking the part of a teenaged girl from the shoulders up.

A familiar teenaged girl at that.

Croa riou ze tue riou rei neu riou ze...

Not that even his shoulders fared for long, not as Kay was subjected to another verse of the Fonic Hymn internally. In fact, his figure was warped in a manner meant to lay the foundation for a woman's curves, almost as if his flesh and bone were being played to the tune of the song itself. His shoulders pulled inward and took a much gentler slope down to his arms.

Meanwhile, his shirt was becoming emptier thanks to not only the reduced width of his shoulder span, but because the contents inside were emptying somewhat. He pressed a hand against his stomach with the shirt in between, prompted by a strange gurgling there, and he could feel the excess fat from his lifestyle melting away, leaving that belly trim. Seeing it become trimmer still, it seemed to collapse on the sides while his hips were pulled away from themselves. Presenting him with the perfect frame for an hourglass figure to form.

Va rei ze tue neu tue riou tue croa...

“I think it's pretty obvious what's going on at this point.” Or it had been, for a moment. Kay had ascertained the identity of whatever form Hisa had chosen for him, and he didn't really have any complaints. But on the other hand? His perception was shifting thusly that once something changed, he couldn't remember what it had looked like before. How had his voice sounded before the pitch had changed? Had it even changed in the first place?

While swollen hips had kept his pants upright, they suddenly fell thanks to a drop in height that affected him with consistency. **“*Whoa!*”** It took him a moment to stabilize himself after falling to 5'4”, feminine fingers just barely missing the waistline of those pants thanks to the

disorientation of it all. In fact, lengthened fingernails had just barely missed them – as they also missed his boxers.

...But they didn't fall *all* the way to the ground.

Riou rei croa riou ze rei va ze rei...

They'd gotten caught on his thighs, which were in the process of inflating with feminine glory. Taut and tender, skin was pulled tight around them as they became so dense that his pants were clenching them in a way that left them immobile – although they did receive a little help in the rear.

His butt cheeks were swelling in a similar fashion, jiggling slightly as the ass crack poked out from beneath a now-oversized shirt that had fallen to just above his dick. This bottom became so ample that it lipped over the peak of the pants that had wedged on his thighs, pushing them down just a little. But a strange pants situation aside? ***"This is very uncomfortable!"***

Kay leaned forward, jutting his swollen butt out behind him involuntarily as feminized fingers slid between thighs and cloth to finally yank his pants down to his knees. Those thighs had been rubbing up against one another, which had more or less been suffocating his di— Oh, never mind. That particular discomfort had faded, if only because a vagina had finally shifted *her* sex into the realm of the fair. Even the hairs above her new pussy bent to Hisa's will, dark color lightening and their overall cut trimming neatly.

"This isn't so bad? I'm younger, prettier, and... But what am I comparing that to, exactly?" Did she have some sort of comparison point? She was talking like she'd once been a *man* of all things!

Va neu va rei va neu va ze rei...

The woman rocked back and forth on her heels as the soles of her feet grew gentler. Toes had shrunken, and her heels were lower to the ground. Socks had been kicked off with ease along with the pants as a result. Her thinned brows were raised as she felt a pressure build upon her chest, and before long she could see her nipples prodding up against the underside of her tee.

Breasts were the inevitable final piece of the transformative puzzle, and as they pushed the front of her shirt out, the bottom of the garment was raised so that everything below her hips was on full display. Momentary shyness possessed her, and hands desperately reached down to try and pull it down to cover everything. ***"O-Oh!"*** When all was said and done,

her bosom was of an impressive D-cup sizing; impressive for a girl of only *sixteen*, at least.

Croa riou croa neu tue rei croa riou ze rei va...

She understood now just how sacred that Fonic Hymn was, and just how important it was to her personally. Before the song could finish its loop, though...



The songstress shook her head from side to side, the disorientation of it all proving a little too much to handle for a time. **“What happened to me? Why am I dressed like this?”** Despite how shocked she felt, *Tear Grants’* voice remained calm and measured without a trace of fear. Her clothing was loose in some places and tattered in others, and what type of clothing even was this? She’d never seen anything like it here, almost like it came from *another world* altogether.

No... Hadn’t it? Hadn’t *she*? Pulling her thoughts back together was like trying to piece together a puzzle. Something would make sense for a moment, and then she’d forget. It left her a little anxious, yet in the fact of that anxiety? A melody crossed her mind. Infectious as it was, it rendered her incapable of thinking about much else.

“Tue rei ze croa riou tue ze...” Until the lyrics, spoken in an entirely different language, danced upon her lips. Something about the song just brought ease to her mind, and before she realized? Tear had forgotten about all of this other world ‘nonsense’. This world was in danger, and thanks to the efforts of her own brother at that. As a fighter, and as a musical *artist*, she had to prepare herself for what was to come.

Why wasn’t she wearing something that covered her crotch and butt, though?

“Ugh. Not again...” In another room in the same building Kay had found himself within, Axel had immediately identified the phenomenon of experiencing a dimensional shift and could immediately identify the culprit responsible for it. After all, how many times had she done it to

him at this point? **“Is there even a point in asking, or are you just going to give me some cryptic bullshit?”**

CRYPTIC BULLSHIT~!

Evidently, he knew his daughter rather well. But he was the one that had created her at the end of the day – wasn't that to be expected? Knowing her, it would have been pointless to ask her about her plans here. The room he'd found himself in was exceptionally gaudy, and basically the same as the one Kay had been in except for the fact that the bed was on the opposing wall.

So, expecting the worst, he simply sat upon the bed itself. **“You going to keep me company, or are you just going to watch quietly?”** Hisa was a little iffy on this. Sometimes she liked to provoke her creator, sometimes she lurked in the shadows.

UGH! YOU'RE SO BORING SOMETIMES! CAN'T YOU BE A LITTLE MORE EXCITED!? WAIT, IF I TWEAK THIS... HMM... HMMHMM!

What was that about? He couldn't imagine her doing anything that might— **“Whoa!? What are you doing!? This isn't how it normally goes!”** A little hard to describe, it was almost as if Axel's energy dial had just been dialed up to an 11 from a 3, and he suddenly couldn't keep himself calm. His heart was pitter-pattering all over the place – almost like he was excited? **“N-No way!? I'm not excited! I'm not some little kid that gets all upbeat about— Oh!?”** Inadvertently, he'd stumbled onto a clue regarding what she was doing to him, it seemed.

It was something that Hisa's magic had wasted no time on making a reality, because while Axel's feet were planted firmly on the floor with his knees in the air since he was roughly six feet tall, within a matter of only a few moments, the very same feet were dangling over the bed's edge, kicking up and down impatiently.

He'd been *shrinking*, naturally. A height that was considered to be tall even for a man by many was just peeled away, legs retreating into the legs of his jeans while arms regressed in toward his short sleeves until elbows were concealed. Before long, he was just flailing in place. **“Huh!? Wait, I'm all tiny now!?”** Perhaps because he was so small, now being a full foot shorter than he'd once been, but his voice had a much higher squeak to it now too.

But considering his own point of view, it was difficult for him to ascertain a more obvious truth, even if he'd assumed as much before the shrinkage had begun in the first place: he'd gotten younger. Not just five or ten years, but at best he now looked like he'd just barely scraped the surface of puberty – a far cry from the late twenties he'd fallen from.

Hands and feet were tiny, his arms and legs a little pudgy. Yet even though that were true, he'd actually lost a great deal of weight. During his height loss most of the excess fat he'd obtained from his lifestyle as a writer during a pandemic of all things had simply peeled off, leaving a weightiness that was more practical for a child of *thirteen*. What remained instead was much better described as 'chubbiness', largely in his arms and the very subtle bump of his belly. Most of it was hiding beneath a shirt that looked like it would fall off if he sprung back up and onto his feet.

...As he did. **“Wait! That’s not all! I feel so... Hey, am I a kid!?”** Axel threw his hands out to his sides, stopping the shirt from falling outright. His pants, though? They fell right off, and the shirt covered down to the center of his thighs. Thighs that, suddenly, seemed to appear just a little denser. A chubbiness claimed them, but it wasn't really childhood fat. It was the opposite, a sign that puberty had set in, a promise that one day his legs would be ample.

But that didn't make sense for a man. Not that Axel had ever assumed his creation *wasn't* turning him into a female. That was just how she operated.

Huh? I'm not a kid! I'm a woman! That's why I'm going to find a rich husband to take care of me!

Wait, was that true? And where had he heard intentions like those he was thinking before? A game? An anime? *...Anime? What's that!?* Unable to control his energy level, he was practically bouncing around the room with a wide-eyed curiosity. Though those wide eyes were exhibiting change now too. Blue eyes reflected a bright brown after he blinked at some point, and in the next? His lashed were longer. In fact, his whole face, while a little more androgynous from his age loss, no leaned more towards the feminine with his tiny nose and upturned lips.

Short, brown hair grew shortly after, almost like his head was a real, live Chia Pet. As it grew it darkened, and a slight but natural perm saw it all take on a wavier style that fell down past his shoulders. *I should style that in pigtails later!* Somehow, that just felt more *right*.

“Eep!?” *Her* prance around the room was promptly interrupted by a strange pulling sensation between her legs that took her by surprise,

only for her to forget about it not long after. Axel was too content indulging in this burst of energy to really care that her sex had just been changed, or perhaps she simply just accepted it all as the norm now?

Regardless of the reason, her body trooped on. Her hips stretched a little, and her bottom became a little perkier, just as the beginnings of a bosom protruded from her chest beneath the shirt. But it was clear enough that she had a lot of growing to do – and that when she eventually did grow, she'd be quite beautiful.

The girl noticed something on the dresser that might not have been there before, and she quickly ran over to pick it up. A stuffed... cat? It was messily put together, but there was some charm to it. **“There you are, Tokunaga!”** Both of her hands wrapped around it while calling its name as if it were the most important thing in the world to her, but that contact? It triggered her final change. The pale fingers that held it darkened to take on a slight tan, and that phenomenon spread throughout her entire body so that she wasn't nearly as white as she'd been before.

“Whoaaaa! These clothes are so weird!” The after effects of her transformation hadn't really hit *Anise Tatlin* as they had Tear, if only because so much of her mental state had been forcibly altered from the outset. Instead of worrying about, well, *anything*, she was bouncing around while dressed only in an oversized shirt while holding Tokunaga, pants and underwear getting kicked around the room via tiny, tanned, tootsies.

She wasn't sure why she was so restless considering it was so late at night, but with the final battle with Van Grants coming soon, wasn't there a lot to think about? Her financial statement notwithstanding. Boy, it was hard to be a thirteen-year-old girl who was trying to find a rich sucker to marry so she could live the rest of her life lazy and comfortable...!

...Well, these kinds of mentalities developed when your parents were tricked into debt when you were younger. Regardless, though? Anise pressed on! Both figuratively and literally, because she kicked down the door of the room in the fon Fabre estate she was using and barreled into the hall excitedly. Only to pause and slip into another, nearby room when she heard a woman singing. **“Heya, Tear! Can't sleep too?”**



“Rei va neu croa tue rei rei!” Tear, now dressed in a simple, pink nightgown, had been at the Fonic Hymn’s end when Anise had burst in. **“Anise? You as well?”** She patted the side of the bed she was sitting on, and the younger girl skipped over and plopped down, before resting her head on Tear’s lap with Tokunaga in her arms. But Tear didn’t really mind. Rather, looking at Anise as she was now... It looked like she was only wearing a shirt, and that if it sat any higher it might show more than a girl her age likely should have.

“...What are you wearing?”

She’d already forgotten about the men’s clothing that she’d kicked under the bed after getting changed.