

THE FIRST NOELLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been about half a year since Deltarune chapters 3 and 4 had finally come out, marking the ‘official’ release of the game.

More specifically, it was December. And that seemed like a good of a time as any to finally do my replay! Well, that might not have been the *only* reason I had decided to do one. The Christmas holidays reminded me of a group of characters *in* the game fittingly known as ‘The Holidays’ – as in ‘Holiday’ was their last name! They consisted of a family of reindeer-like monsters that *loved* and even all had their names *themed* around Christmas. Whether it was Carole, Rudy, December, or Noelle; it was kind of like watching a Christian movie about baking and seeing a character named ‘Christian Baker’.

It was all a little too on the nose, but that was the humor of it all. Toby Fox’s tongue-in-cheek humor was effective even if it was a little corny, and it wasn’t like these characters were one-off side characters either. The Holiday family had become a central aspect of the overall story of the game, with the youngest daughter Noelle featured in chapter 2 with her own secret (and dark) route and continued focus within chapter 4. Not to mention the mysterious circumstances surrounding her sister, December, and the introduction of her overly strict and somewhat shady mother, Carole.

So, if you squinted really hard, Deltarune was *basically* a Christmas game, right? That meant that December was the best time to play it! It wasn’t like I really needed to justify it all that hard either way. If I wanted to play a game, I could just do it whenever! But a little bit of *Holiday* context was probably necessary for my run... and for what would come near the end of that run.

How near the end? Well, everything was certainly normal at the start. I had done my initial run of the game back in June on console, so I decided to pick it up again on Steam and play it that way. While I always did games blind on my first run, I didn't usually hold myself to that on subsequent replays. I was taking my time as I went through each chapter, searching for all of the secrets I could and, if I missed anything, I would simply replay it.

Deltarune's chapters varied in length a bit. The first one was very short, with chapter 2 probably being the longest. 3 came in not long far behind while 4 depended on how much you wanted to go out of your way to collect everything. Things had more or less gone as expected, but realistically, how could they have gone any other way? It wasn't like games just changed unexpectedly, and certainly not without any *patch notes* or anything of the sort.

“Huh? Noelle’s Secret Stash?”

And yet, while playing through chapter 4 again, I found something I hadn't seen *nor* heard of before. At the beginning of that chapter there's a story segment where Kris and Susie go over to the Holiday's place to work on a project. It was definitely *quite* the sight, because while it wasn't exactly Christmas time *in game*, the house was decorated from head-to-toe like it was. Christmas trees, tinsel, suspicious decorations that played Christmas songs... it was very on brand for how that family had been designed.

There was a point in this segment where you could explore Noelle's room without her at your side, giving you an opportunity to get flavor text about this and that. She was not-so-lowkey a huge dork that loved video games and the like, and her nerdy interests could be found everywhere. It was amusing, so I had been doing so even though I had read it all before. But upon clicking on the bed? I'd received an item. *Noelle's Secret Stash*. **“Was that always there?”**

As it turned out, it *wasn't*. In fact, I couldn't find any record of *anyone* online finding it before despite it being in such an *obvious* spot. You'd think that someone would have *definitely* found it already, and it seemed to be an equippable? So, opening my menu, I did what anyone else in that situation would do. I equipped it onto Kris. If I was going to post about it online then I needed some proof, and I definitely needed to describe what it did... because it didn't really mention any stats or anything.

What happened on my monitor when I did so was certainly *odd*, though. Nothing had been immediately apparent, at least not until I closed the

menu and uncovered Kris. Or, well, what was *supposed* to be the player controller character, Kris. The issue was that it *wasn't* them, not by a long shot. **“Uh... Why am I playing as Noelle?”** Their sprite had been completely replaced by the sprite of the deer girl. Considering her importance to the secret Strange route, was this some sort of additional unusual route? Had I triggered something in a past chapter that no one else had managed to in the past to unlock it?

That would have been some *crazy* luck, but something about the whole situation felt *wrong*. I tried to open the menu back up to no avail. I tried *several* times, in fact, but not a single one was successful. Rather, Noelle's sprite moved to and sat *on* the bed without me controlling the game to have her do so. **“Uh...”** That was *definitely* weird. I had no idea what to make of it. **“Maybe I should reset the— Woah!?”** Resetting the game *would* have removed any weirdness *in* the game, I'm sure.

The issue, as I was quick to learn, was that the weirdness *wasn't* isolated to the game alone. It was a hard feeling to describe, but what I had felt something akin to a gut punch that had me roll back in my chair with confusion. As I looked down in a panic to figure out what was *wrong*, I was struck by an unbelievable sight. The unbelievable sight of being *thin*? **“Okay, now I'm way more convinced that I'm dreaming, or hallucinating, or something!”**

Faced with an impossibility, I stood in a panic at the cost of my jeans slipping from my waist. It *was* winter where I lived, so I was dressed relatively warmly. Evidently, I *hadn't* just lost my gut. My arms, legs, face, and chest were all now not only thinner, but *softer* too. Any body hair that had been there was *gone*, with my shirt now dangling to my thighs with all that weight lost. It was impossible! It *had* to be!

“Whatever is going on, the game...?” I looked back over at a screen that still lacked a player character. There was just no way a video game could have thinned me? But as it soon dawned on me, it was even more concerning than that. Getting thinner was a blessing in disguise for me, but could the same be said of getting *shorter*? **“W-Wait, something is still happening?”**

Standing, I had to look down at my monitor. That didn't necessarily *change*, but the angle slowly did as my eye level was lowered. The desk slowly became closer to my face too, and in the process? My hands and feet became smaller and daintier. I had *been* almost six feet tall, and while I was still 5'8" at the end, it was still more than enough of a drop to notice – and one that led to my shirt's base reaching my *knees*.

“I'm smaller!?” It was definitely *more* than that, right? I could clearly hear it in my voice! It sounded higher, almost *feminine*? **“Why... do I**

sound like a girl?' It was a question that could have easily been answered with a *mirror* – something I did not keep in my room because I had anxiety about my own reflection. But it hadn't occurred to me that something *else* was happening as I'd shrunk. First and foremost? The skin of my thinned face had tightened and smoothed along with the rest of my skin. It made me appear *significantly* younger, like someone around *sixteen* or *seventeen*.

But that alone didn't justify the change in my voice. At that age, I hadn't sounded much differently than I did as an adult. But there was no denying its change in pitch, nor the almost *nasally* quality that it had. Plus... **"How's this happening!?"** I definitely sounded way more energetic, right!? But that was where the *other* changes to my face came in. Youth aside, my facial features shifted in a way that brought out a more *feminine* side of me. Bigger, blue eyes, full lips, and a narrower facial shape all made me look like a teenaged *girl*.

An aesthetic that was all pulled together as the hair on top of my head then lengthened just past my shoulders, its dark color stolen away in favor of a very golden blonde. **"Uh...!?"** It would have been *pretty* crazy if I hadn't notice that hair and how it framed my face. It was *heavy*, and I ran my fingers through it confusedly. The tips were a little frizzy even though it was so soft overall. Oddly enough, I felt like I'd seen hair that blonde somewhere before, bangs swept to the left and all...

"O-Oh no!?" There were probably words in my vocabulary that could have better expressed what had just happened, as I felt an absence open up between my legs, but out of fear of sounding inappropriate I couldn't bring myself to say them out loud. *That sort of language should be saved for raunchy fanfiction!* So, I simplified what had caused me to shudder in the best way I could. **"I'm a girl!?"** Things had *definitely* been trending that way, but to think it had been true!

My body was quick to respond to this sex change in kind. My hips widened so that my thighs and butt could become as shapely as any young woman's would, with a slight bubble butt and soft-looking thighs. But, just as the B-cup breasts that appeared on my chest suggested, nothing about this figure was particularly 'sexy'. I was tall and perky – nothing more than that. And it all became highlighted by a sudden change of *clothes*? **"E-Eh!?"**

I looked down with renewed confusion, now at my attire. I had been wearing socks, but now I stood barefoot with no trace of my fallen pants anywhere beneath me. I *must* have been dressed in underwear befitting of my new sex, but it was underneath a knee-length, black skirt with a matching button-up top that was worn underneath a green and red

checkered sweater vest. Even my frayed hair in the back had been bunched up into messy pigtails.

“Wait... This outfit...?” I tugged at the sweater vest with my fingers. **“Isn’t this Noelle’s!?”** It was, in fact, the *exact* outfit that Noelle Holiday wore in Deltarune – just blown up to a realistic size to fit my body. Did that explain my hair and why I also felt so *mousey*? Probably! But if that had been the intention, I took solace in knowing that it couldn’t get much worse than that. After all, there was no way for a human to become a deer!

...Or so I had *thought*. But I was quickly plagued by an itchiness that spread across *all* of my body’s skin, whether it was hidden by my new attire or not. Looking specifically at my hands, I stood flummoxed at the sight of small, brown furs sprouting from them, covering my fingers and even absorbing my fingernails. It grew down my legs and torso, but it was actually *white* fur that covered my chest and tummy as brown wrapped around the back. **“W-Wait!?”**

I couldn’t really say this was *impossible*, not when whatever was going on had *already* transformed me into a teenaged girl against all known rules of the world. But if I was really growing *fur*, then things were about to get even more bizarre! And they already were, as I hadn’t noticed that brown ears had begun to peek out from beyond the blonde hair on the sides of my head. Folded downward as they grew, they certainly *resembled* the ears of a deer. As did the three pronged horns that forced themselves out of the top of my skull.

“Horns!? H-Hey!?” I’d *felt* them growing and had reached up to touch them out of curiosity, but I ended up stumbling in the process against my floor. Those footsteps had been soft *thuds* at first, but as the reason I had stumbled in the first place became obvious, those thuds turned into *clacks*. My feet shortened *and* hardened, toes merging into a layer of keratin that made up my short, flat *hooves* – as to be expected on the feet of a deer girl. Just like the short, cute tail that popped out from between my sweater and skirt.

I had wanted to comment further, but briefly found it a little difficult to move my mouth. I wasn’t ignorant as to *why*, of course. My jaw had popped *loose* for a brief moment before being fixed once more, but what had happened between those two events was the sight of my own face pulling slightly forward into a *snout*. My thickened lips had become thin and leathery, whereas my front, top two teeth almost *tripled* in size to become buck teeth instead. My nose was flattened into the tip of this snout, but not without becoming *red* as a line of leather ran from its base to my lips.

It looked halfway between the face of a person and a deer. Cute, but cartoonish. Clearly surreal in the real world, but if I wasn't longed for the real world, then...

“H-How is this possible!?” I'd been asking myself similar questions over the course of the transformation of course, but now that it appeared to be *finished*, I had to ask one final time. My body wasn't *just* like the body of *Noelle Holiday* from the hit game, Deltarune, but I was dressed like her and was even *acting* like her! **“This really must be a strange dream! OR SOMETHING!”** Because thinking about it, how was I supposed to live my life going forward?



There were no documented cases of living, breathing *deer people* in real life, and I was *definitely* an anthropomorphic deer girl! I was going to get turned into a science experiment by the humans that lived in this world... or something! Was it maybe a little notable that I was thinking about humans like I *wasn't* one? Like they were slightly foreign to me? Possibly. I also didn't seem to be thinking of the world I was presently in as my own, but...

“Ah!? Where did I go!?” I had turned back to the computer monitor, only to find that there was *no one* sitting on my bed. Wait... It wasn't my bed! And that sprite wasn't me! ...Right? But that was still a problem! The game had transformed me – it *had* to have! So, I needed that sprite to change myself back! I desperately began to type on the keyboard with my furry fingers, but all of a sudden there was a *flash*. **“WAH!?”** And then only *darkness*.

“Mmn...? Did I fall asleep?” It was kind of weird. I didn't really *remember* falling asleep? Kris and Susie had come over, and then... **“OH NO!?”** Had I fallen asleep with company over!? With *Susie* over!? I shot up and looked around at my bedroom. I was definitely on the bed, and nothing seemed to be out of place aside from... **“My stash!?”** Why was *that* on the bed!? It was my collection of childhood trinkets! Some of them were *pretty* embarrassing...

I quickly shoved them back into the box and slipped it under my bed. Phew! Crisis averted! But I couldn't relax for long, could I? We did have that group project to do, and it felt like we hadn't gotten much done...