

TANGLED WITH A WHISPER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph didn't really have much going on for Valentine's Day.

Was it by choice? Well, he really didn't want to talk about it. But either way, he was content with simply treating it like any other day. It definitely helped that it was *Saturday*, which meant it was the start to his weekend, and he wouldn't be thinking too hard about anything in the first place. He had slept in, gotten ready, had breakfast, spent the rest of his morning playing games, had lunch... and so on.

He admittedly wasn't planning on doing much *else* with his day, either. After he finished cleaning up from lunch, he planned on, you guessed it: playing more video games! But those plans weren't necessarily set in stone, and he found them almost *immediately* deterred after he finished drying his hands from doing dishes and there was the sound of a *knock* at his door. **"That's weird. I wasn't expecting anyone."** Was someone soliciting something? It wasn't like people usually knocked when they left the mail these days.

Checking had been easy enough. There hadn't been anyone at his door when he'd checked, but there *had* been a thick, brown envelope dropped at his desk. Addressed to him from... **"IDW Publishing? I don't remember ordering any books..."** That *must* have been what it was, right? A brand-new comic book? It wasn't impossible that someone had bought him one as a gift, so he brought it inside and opened it up. What he found was... *interesting*?

“Uh... Is this a misprint or something?” It was *definitely* a comic book. **“NEW Tangle & Whisper? Did they make a new spinoff?”** Tangle and Whisper were IDW Sonic the Hedgehog characters that became popular and were often shipped romantically together by the fandom, even if the comics themselves refused to make anything official. They’d even become so popular that they were getting added to the new Sonic racing game. A lemur and a wolf respectively, they... didn’t actually appear on the cover? **“Why aren’t there any characters on the cover?”**

It wasn’t *just* the cover. Joseph flipped through the opening pages and while *side* characters were drawn in, the titular characters were nowhere to be seen, with plenty of panels that seemed to be missing the girls altogether. **“Well, maybe this will end up like a collector’s item?”** He still didn’t get *why* he’d received it however— **“Huh?”** There was a sudden light that filled the hall, and the book fell to the ground... with no one left in the hallway whatsoever.

“...Ow.” Much to Joseph’s surprise, while he’d *been* standing, all of a sudden he was laying in a *very* short hammock that *snapped*, allowing him to fall onto the floor of a *very* small... *house*? He could stand up in it so long as he leaned forward a little bit, but it was clear that everything inside was created for people that were closer to *children* in size? He was *terrified* of knocking something over. **“What just happened? Where am I?”** These were *both* valid questions and asking them didn’t even do how confused he was any justice.

And how do I get out of here? That question went unspoken, but it was also at the forefront of his mind. There *was* a door. The ‘house’ only had the single room with two doors, one that clearly went out and one that must have gone into a bathroom, but he was *too big* for either of them. **“Funny though, this almost feels like the inside of a house you’d see in a Sonic comic...”** Surely that was just a coincidence!

Yeah right.

Because he was so afraid of bumping his head on the ceiling, Joseph had placed his right-hand palm up on the wooden roof above him to remind himself not to raise his neck too suddenly. It remained stationary in the sense that he didn’t move a muscle, and yet all of a sudden? Those fingers had begun to *slide*? His fingertips were clearly pushing against the ceiling even though his hand was completely flat. At the time, the man didn’t really think all that much about it. It would have been awkward to try and look up at his hand, and it wasn’t bothersome enough to adjust his grip.

“So, am I *trapped* in here? There has to be a way out, right? He was more concerned about escaping his unusual prison, and rightfully so. But whether or not he was paying attention to his hands didn’t change that something was *wrong* with them. His hand *wasn’t* sliding, and in fact had remained rooted where it was. But his fingers were being pushed away from his palms... palms that were *growing*. Therein was the problem. The man’s hands were *doubling* in size and thickness, making them almost *cartoonish* in appearance compared to the rest of his body.

But that impression was only *enhanced* as the pigmentation of the olive-colored skin around them seemed to shift. It paled to a... *silvery white*? That certainly wasn’t a normal skin color, which would have been more concerning if it *was* actually his skin that bore that color. But that *wasn’t* the color of Joseph’s skin, and that made it all the *more* concerning. Instead, the silvery white was dyed upon short *furs* that surrounded his enlarged hands, even consuming his fingernails so that tiny *claws* could grow from thickened fingertips instead.

This fur began to creep into the man’s wrists and up his arms – because it wasn’t *just* the one hand that had changed, but both of them – and as it traveled up them? His arms thinned *considerably*, making his big hands look even *larger* by contrast. It ended up creating the impression that his arms were shorter than they were too, and before long? His arms were just thin, furry twigs. Once again *cartoonish*.

He’d gotten away with being ignorant about his body’s transformation thus far, but a building pressure in his socks that was followed by the sound and sensation of them *tearing* finally snapped him back into reality. **“*Huh!?*”** He leaned forward just in time to see his toes *erupt* through the front of his socks, each toe somewhat oddly shaped? They vaguely resembled hands, or at least a mix between hands and feet, and were covered by a dark silver... fur? Not to mention they must have been *double* their original size! They reminded him of some of those cartoon clowns where they gave them big feet and— **“*What!?*”**

That line of thinking led to him looking towards the hand dangling at his side, and then the one on the wall. Both of which were bigger, covered with a light silver, and... **“*What’s happening to my body!?*”** Well, the thinness of his arms didn’t help. At that moment, the light silver fur from his hands and arms was crawling up his legs from his ankles, thinning them in a similar fashion until they were a little thicker than his arms. But it was also around this point that he realized that the roof he’d been pressed up against was beginning to get farther and farther away.

Joseph had *definitely* noticed. His eye level was dropping, and while his giant hands and feet were shrinking *with* him, they were still maintaining their unusual proportions as the fur spread across his torso and forced *it* to narrow as well. Before long, his shoulders were practically nonexistent and there was a slight dip to his waist that gave his hips a more pronounced shape. And yet his head... *remained cartoonishly large* comparatively.

Considering the size of the house, the drop down to 3'3" made him feel more like he was *normally sized*, but that only ended up contributing to the sinking feeling he'd had ever since he'd noticed the fur. He'd drawn a conclusion that he couldn't help but share as he floundered about in clothes that he was practically *swimming* in by this point. "**Am I becoming a Sonic character!? Am I becoming...**" He could narrow it down more than that based on the comic that had led to it all, considering two characters had been missing on the front. But the sound of his own voice gave him pause. It was higher, more girlish, bubblier... and the character he was thinking of had only recently been given an official voice.

"NO WAY!" The man couldn't even stop himself from barking out with a burst of youthful energy just as dark silver wrapped around the bottom half of his face, pulling it out into a subtle snout as his nose flattened into a wet, black triangle and his lips thinned into more animalistic, leathery strips. The face on his big head became more egg-shaped and his eyes grew *significantly*, with them taking up about 1/3 of his face's available space overall. Purple possessed irises that narrowed into small slits, and the paler silver both grew around his forehead and seeped into hair that became a big tuft on top and smaller tufts behind his darker cheeks.

Considering he looked more like an animal than a human already, it wasn't surprising that his human ears had been moving and growing in the process, taking on the darker fur until they had risen as a pair of short, pointy *lemur ears* on the sides of his head. He definitely looked *more* like a Sonic character now, especially with another big tuft growing upon his chest, but... His face communicated two other big changes. First: *age*. He looked significantly younger, likely *fifteen* or so. But with longer lashes and a prettier face, he also looked like a *girl*.

No, *she* was a girl. "**Uh... Wait a sec! A 'Sonic character'? I know Sonic, but what would that even mean? ...I know Sonic?**" The change between her legs was accompanied by a dramatic shift in her memories. She couldn't remember what she'd been so hyped about just a moment ago, but that wasn't really all *that* strange for her, right? Her changed sex *had* lead to her butt becoming a little fuller and, below the tuft of fur on her chest, a small pair of breasts had developed. But she

was an anthropomorphic animal teenager. None of that was going to be too dramatic.

If there was a spot where a lot of weight *was* gained, it was in the *thing* that was wiggling around underneath the oversized shirt behind her. With her mind succumbing to the pages of the comic book she had unknowingly been trapped within, she didn't exactly find the wiggling of her own *tail* to be very odd. It had only been a short nub at first, but it grew and grew until a bushy, dark silver tip pushed up the back of the shirt like it was her third hand. The tip of the tail was thicker than her torso, and the striped appendage was ultimately longer than her body was tall. It was so prehensile that she could feel around for her pants below her.

But it didn't need to, because that old outfit was erased and a new one was drawn in. A sleeveless, cropped amber top was worn over a black bodysuit with orange stripes on the side, plainly worn to allow the tuft of fur on her chest to stick out. There were big yellow, black, and white sneakers over her feet, while amber bandages were wrapped around her forearm into fingerless black gloves with orange guards on the back. The girl had all but forgotten she'd been wearing something that didn't fit before, instead...

“AH!? MY HAMMOCK!?” *Tangle the Lemur* felt like she'd just snapped out of some kind of *trance*, but because she was the type of girl that liked to just *go with the flow* in the first place, she'd been able to shrug that off without really questioning it much. After spinning around within her humble little home, though, she found her hammock on the ground with its wires snapped! **“Who could do such a cruel thing to my hammock!? Wait... Did I do that!?”** She kind of vaguely felt like she had, but...



There was no way, right? Her tail was pretty strong, but you'd need some *real* weight to snap that so cleanly! **“Aww... Whatever! I just need to fix it, right? I've got time!”** It was kind of a bad day for it to happen, though! She had company coming over later, and it was the kind of company that would be nice to cuddle with in a hammock if the situation allowed! But who was coming? Well, it *was* Valentine's Day! And if there was anyone coming to visit *Tangle* on a day like that, then...

Only one person really fit the bill!

The endless blue sky above me was beautiful, but... “**WHERE THE HELL AM I!?**” I had to shout *up* at it out of frustration for just a second in an attempt to clear my head. I had been checking my mail after getting in from going shopping on Valentine’s Day, only to find a brown envelope from *IDW Publishing* of all places. It had contained a book titled ‘*NEW Tangle & Whisper*’, and I’d wondered if it had been some sort of promo for their Crossworlds inclusion. But while Tangle had been on the cover and among the pages? Whisper had been nowhere to be found.

From what I could tell, there had been a flash of light, and I’d suddenly found myself in this *forest*. It was weird. It all looked realistic enough, but everything seemed to be too *vibrant*? Like someone had upped the saturation so that the sky was bluer and the grass was greener. I had been liable to assume it was a dream... if not for the fact that when I’d initially appeared there, I’d landed on my butt, which had *hurt*. “**This is crazy right? This has to be some sort of dream... or... something...?**”

My little game theory on *how* exactly I’d ended up in the forest had become *immediately* interrupted by the realization that the trees around me felt bigger... along with the clothes I had been wearing. I looked down to not only find that the ground was closer than I remembered, but likewise that the gut I was so used to seeing when I looked down was hardly as apparent as it usually was. It actually seemed to be flattening *as* the ground became closer and closer?

“**...What?**” Considering the explosive reaction I had given when I had suddenly found myself in the forest in the first place, the softer tone I took when it occurred to me that I was *shrinking* definitely seemed to be *very* out of place. I was just as alarmed, but it was like something deep down didn’t want me to make too much of a ruckus – even though I was gradually being swallowed by my shirt, and my pants and boxers were falling right off. I was getting short. I was growing *thin*.

But it somehow felt less and less freaky as the time wore on. By the time I stopped shrinking I must have been perfectly thin... but I also must have been as small as a child. Which was confusing, because I *wasn’t* a child. My arms, legs, and torso had all shortened so that it was more like I was a shortstack... but as a man that didn’t really mean much. But it hadn’t occurred to me that I *wasn’t* an adult, either.

You could see it in my face. I appeared *significantly* younger, like I was around *sixteen*. But I was also 3’3”, meaning I was *substantially* shorter than any teenager had any right being. “**I really don’t get what’s going on**

here...” I’d begun to whisper, which somewhat concealed just how much higher my voice had become after shrinking. It felt like one wrong move would lead to narrowed shoulders slipping through the neck hole of my t-shirt, and then I would have been completely naked.

“Ow...!?” I’d been clutching the side of my waist with one hand out of concern of that shirt slipping, but a pinching sensation led to me quietly yelping and pilling my hand back. It had been like several sharp objects had suddenly dug into my flesh? Examining my hand explained things... sort of. **“H-Huh?”** It explained them in the way that I knew what had stabbed into them, but that didn’t make things any easier to process.

It was my nails. No... my *claws*? Because pale fingernails had darkened into sharp, black points upon the tips of finger that were *swelling* along with my palms, gradually leading to both hands becoming roughly *twice* as big as they had been before. If that hadn’t been strange enough, I soon caught sight of dark brown furs sprouting from them, even growing up arms that thinned until they were no thicker than sticks. **“Wait...”**

While shocking, this also reminded me of something. This whole thing had begun with a *Sonic* comic book, right? One with short, anthropomorphic creatures? The splitting of the front of my shoes to reveal fur-covered, gigantic, dog-like toes didn’t help convince me that I wasn’t on the right train of thought. Especially when I considered— **“The whispering...”** It wasn’t like I hadn’t *wanted* to speak more loudly. I couldn’t manage to do it, like something had been stopping me. There was only one character in the Sonic franchise that had that particular quirk, and they...

...were a *girl*.

“...!?” I couldn’t *see* it, but I could definitely *feel* it. Once a biscotti-colored fur had finished traveling up thinned legs from my ankles and pushed my slim hips wider to leave a sizable gap between them, what *had* been hanging between my legs was pulled inside so that a girl’s equivalent was bestowed upon me. My flat butt ended up perking up a little bubble as the biscotti covered my torso from both my arms *and* my legs. But just as a tuft of fur amassed across my bosom, so too did a pair of *C-cup* breasts gradually swell, undeniably completing the fact that I was now a teenaged *girl*.

Somewhere along the way, my facial features had begun to take a more feminine skew to them, but they inevitably skewed into the animalistic as well. Beginning with my nose darkening to black and growing wet, my face was soon pulled forwards into a short and blocky snout with thin, black lips that allowed lengthened canine teeth to poke through.

This snout was covered with the same brown fur as my arms, while white grew around eyes that I found myself unable to keep open. *More like why would I want to keep them open...?* Regardless, my eyes within those lids blued, and a grey eyeshadow decorated lids that became much wider to make up for the fact that my head was growing much *longer* on the sides. When it came to my short hair, the biscotti color returned. It turned the hair that I had into fur while lengthening most of it into what became a ponytail behind me, with the rest wrapping around the sides of my head with jagged lower corners.

I definitely looked like some sort of *canine*. And I didn't really find myself questioning why, not even with my ears pulling up into sharp, biscotti-covered points on my head's sides. Nor was I at all alarmed by a swishing sensation behind me that came courtesy of my own tail. It wasn't anywhere near as prehensile as Tangle's, much shorter and stiffer than the lemur's despite sporting thick biscotti fur of its own as it swished slightly. I'd briefly wondered about my clothes... but then I didn't.

Cream colored tube-top, grey leggings, boots on my feet and gloves on my paws, kneepads... Yeah, even *my* cape was there. Throw in a hair tie that held up my ponytail and the mask on the lengthened fur on the right side of my face that acted like bangs, and the Whispon in my right hand, and there wasn't anything really strange about it, was there?

"...?" Was I going crazy? What had been so confusing about my clothing until just a moment ago? This was clearly the path to Tangle's house on the outskirts of Spiral Hill Village. You just had to cut through the nearby forest to get there and voila: Tangle's home. Even though my eyes *looked* like they were shut, I was still squinting enough to be able to tell where I was going. My tail wagged being me as I thought about reaching Tangle's soon. After all, I was *Whisper the Wolf*; I couldn't help that my tail gave my emotions away sometimes.

With my Variable Whispon at my side, I continued down the path with my cloak shaking with a little more weight than normal. This was going to be a good visit because it was Valentine's Day... not that I'd admit that out loud. Despite how unfamiliar everything had felt before, I ended up following the path like I had *numerous* times in the past and eventually came up to a small cottage. All it took was a *knock, knock!* For footsteps to come running on the other side.



“WHISPER! YOU’RE HERE!” Tangle might have been the only one that could lock me in a hug before I could even react, but probably only because I was comfortable enough around her to not always have my guard up. My tail was wagging, but hers was whipping about too. It took me a moment to shake off the surprise, but I eventually hugged her back. **“HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY!”**

It took a moment for that hug to break so that I could step back and shyly mutter **“Happy Valentine’s Day...”**. I reached a paw into my cloak and pulled out a box of heart-shaped chocolates that I’d picked up in town on my way up and held them out to get. **“...For you.”** I whispered. Something that not only led to a *second* hug, but Tangle nuzzling her nose against mine.

“I LOVE YOU!”

“...Love you too...”