

RAISING YOUNG

COMMISSION STORY

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DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATES?

Joseph stared down at the tiny double screened device, his 3DS, open on his desk with confusion at the time. He had woken up after a good night's sleep after perhaps staying up a little *too* late, only to find this cryptic message displayed on the screen of his previous generation gaming device. Was it some kind of firmware glitch? **“In the first place, wouldn't it be ‘fate’ and not ‘fates’?”** At the time, he had managed to just turn the device off and hadn't thought anything else of it.

But the word ‘fates’ had stuck with him throughout the day. Not relative to the message, though he *had* confided about it with his friend, Axel. Rather, it had led to a spirited discussion about *Fire Emblem: Fates*, a popular 3DS entry in the series despite its many difficult to ignore issues. Axel was a fan too, so they'd had plenty to reminisce about.

There was *so much* to reminisce about, in fact, that Joseph found himself recalling the details of his file perfectly – right down to who had S-supported who. He'd been rather proud of himself, but when Axel jokingly remarked that he must have gotten *something* wrong, the man went to open his game to prove him wrong. **“...Darn it, I *did* get something wrong.”**

He'd been off the mark about two of his pairings, but he'd been so certain. **“Did I really pair Charlotte with Odin? I thought it was someone else...”** But just as he went to turn off the device to tell Axel (even though he was still so certain it was wrong), the screen went off on

its own and once again displayed the message from earlier that morning. “**Agai—?**”

The next thing he knew, everything had gone black for a moment, and he found himself sitting in a *very* different location. This place was cold, unwelcoming, and not even remotely modern. “**What... just happened?**” He immediately sat up off the rickety old bed he’d found himself resting on. If anything, they looked like the type of barracks you’d find in old medieval fantasy series.

“**Brr... Why is it so cold?**” Joseph couldn’t stop shivering. There was a small window in the stone room he was presently occupying, but it was up so high that even *he* couldn’t see through it. All he could tell was that it must have been nighttime based on the moonlight filtering in through the pane-less gap. “**There’s no way its winter out there, right?**” But based on how he could see his breath...

At the very least, he *did* begin to feel warm again all of a sudden.

Which, at the time, was a relief since he *had* been concerned about freezing. He just didn’t recognize that it was the side effect of a strange energy – no, a strange *magic* – pulsating through his body. “**Where do I even start with this?**” For all intents and purposes, this should have been *impossible*. And yet it couldn’t be a dream, either.

Joseph attempted to grapple with the situation, wholly unaware that his presence in this world had been deemed incorrect and was being *adjusted* to suit it. Take the man’s build, for example. He wasn’t someone who was overweight really, but he also wasn’t fit by any means. Yet the little fat that his body possessed was hardening away beneath his clothing, developing the kind of muscular tone that you would expect from someone who worked out on the regular. Even his arms and legs swelled with strength, making certain he was much more powerful physically.

This left his clothing feeling a *little* tight, but he didn’t really notice this aspect of any potential clothing malfunction... because he was plagued by something *much* more jarring just seconds later. “**Hey!?**” From his perspective it was as if the cold room was suddenly growing bigger and bigger before his very eyes. Or at least that was the perspective until he simultaneously became aware of how his *clothing* was growing larger around his nearly six foot body too.

“**A-Am I *shrinking*!?**” He *was*, and furthering dismay was a sudden crack to his voice that would ultimately linger. Joseph dipped below 5’7”, and so his shirt was becoming incredibly baggy around his body.

This made it *very* difficult to make sense of his body's silhouette, which made it difficult to tell that his waistline had slimmed inward so that his gait felt more feminine by design. He reached down to grab his pants as he felt them slipping, but stopped short once that feeling *went away*; courtesy of his hips pulling several inches wider despite his overall regression of size.

By the time he bottomed out at 5'3", he was left tugging at oversized clothes with fingers that were daintier themselves. But it wasn't just like his digits were *smaller*. The skin across his palms had hardened, worn down with an excess of callouses, which detracted from the otherwise femininity of how his nails had extended an extra inch or two. His feet had undergone a similar shift, with rounder yet hardened heels and daintier toes within socks that now slipped a bit. **"I can't believe this... I'm so small..."**

But I bet I look adorable! All the better to get a poor, unsuspecting noble to fall for my charms!

Joseph's narrowed his gaze at the thought, unaware that the *colors* of those eyes were brightening to a blue that was all the more visible as his eyelids rounded and pulled apart to make them much larger in shape. **"Why would I need to charm a noble? So I can live comfortably, of course!"** He really didn't like that he was just *blurting things out* now, much less that these beliefs and even the womanly sound of his voice came across as incredibly *familiar*. Or that he wasn't considering noble women, just *men*.

A change of pigmentation was due for other aspects of his appearance beyond *just* his eyes. The olive skin of not only the man's face, but his body as a whole had gradually been lightening ever since he had shrunk. It was taking on a clearer, pink hue that better highlighted how his face continued to shift into a state where it became a more pressing question as to whether or not masculine pronouns were even still appropriate. His eyes had already made this shift, but now it was a matter of his nose rounding and his lips puffing out into a soft and luscious pout. Even the shapes of his cheeks and ears became smaller and cuter. He looked a little younger too, like in the earlier half of his *twenties*.

Which lent an interesting contrast to just how *muscular* he was.

"This isn't right... I sound just like her! Aren't I lucky!?" What was beginning to sound weird to Joseph now wasn't the things he was blurting out... so much as it was his acknowledgment of things changing in the first place. *I've always been this height! And sounded like this! And been this cute!* Those thoughts were popping up much more frequently, staining his perception to fall in line with a new reality.

Seemingly, this reality was one where he possessed very long and *very* luscious locks of golden hair, because his short brown haircut unraveled into that very image. Hair tips inched longer and longer, stretching far away from his scalp as the blonde settle into place not only on his head, but also in thinned eyebrows and a push of trimmed pubes (because it was more ladylike to keep it clean down there). The lengthened hair from her head thickened as it grew, reaching well past the man's rump and curling near the tips. Even his centered bangs were thick and fluffy, concealing his brows slightly.

Looking down, he wasn't strike with ire towards the same things he had been prior. **"Ugh! I'm so not cute right now! This better get fixed!"** Not only was Joseph's tantrum out of character, but it was also nonsensical... if you looked at it through the lens of someone who realized they were being transformed and not of a young woman who was confident in her own appearance and wanted her body to reflect that confidence.

Fortunately, *she* didn't really need to wait long at all for those adjustment to bear fruit. The change of her sex was the least obvious, but rather than squirm or ache, she was overwhelmed with a needy arousal once her diminished into the folds of her new pussy. **"Mmn..."** And her change of sex was simultaneously accompanied by a softening of the flesh around her loins. Namely: her butt and thighs. The young woman's pants, that had previously loosened when she had shrunk, now stretched and tensed around a pair of muscular thighs that burgeoned with fatty tissue that made them appear soft and lush – suiting her new, heart-shaped ass that peeked out the back all the better.

Joseph wobbled from side to side, feeling a little tired all of a sudden. She wasn't at all identifiable by her old name now, not looking anything like the man she had once been. All that really remained was the cause of a forward push beneath her shirt. One clearly noticeable upon her *chest*. Where little had been before, mounds had gradually developed beneath engorged, erect nipples that stretched larger themselves. Almost like these mounds were *pulsing*, they pushed forward in size, jiggled, became bigger, jiggled, and so on, lifting the base of her shirt up as they did so. The tits that formed were *well* above average size, clearly around *F-cups*, if not a little larger.

She was lucky she was so strong, else their weight might have been
inconvenient.

With a sexy, hourglass figure now complete, it was evidently now time to *show it off*. The woman was a warrior, and so parts of her clothing hardened into steel armor – most notably in silver greaves, spiked

shoulder pauldrons, arm guards, and a belt around her waist. What was concerning was how much skin was *showing* despite how cold it was. Her cleave was bare as her chest was covered only by a raised, white crop top that left her toned tummy completely exposed, while her pelvis was shrouded in matching cloth so lacking in coverage that it might as well have been underwear. Sandals were all that protected her feet, but at least she got a big, white bow in her hair?

“YAAAAAWN!” The tall, muscular, hourglass figure-having woman showed no panic at her current situation any longer, instead taking to pacing around *her* barracks with a carefree smile present on her lips after yawning. **“I guess it’s getting late!”** *Charlotte* did feel like she could potentially turn in for the night, but her mind was full of other thoughts. It didn’t strike her that she had just *transformed* and that was what had led to this, but she felt a little *frisky*. If she could at least find someone to *attend* to her for the night... That would certainly warm her up!



“Or I could go down to the dining hall and have a drink! There’s always the chance I’ll meet Mr. Right tonight~!” At the end of the day, *Charlotte* was a mere border guard for the kingdom of Nohr. She had yet to meet *Corrin*, and hadn’t been thrust into the war in the way that it would unfold later. Her mind was simply full of thoughts of eventually marrying rich and not having to worry about anything for the rest of her life. She was definitely *hot* enough for that, right?

“But when will I meet the right guuuuuuuuy?”

She’d definitely meet *Odin* sooner or later!

“Uh...”

I had a *number* of questions about what had just happened. I had just been on Discord talking to *Joseph* about *Fire Emblem: Fates*, and the next minute everything had gone dark, like I had been cast into the void. It was fortunately only a momentary phenomenon before I found myself sitting in a very *rustic* chair in what seemed to be a common area? A

fireplace was lit, and the early morning's light filtered in through a nearby window. There was something oddly *medieval* about this.

Unbeknownst to me, I had ended up in the very same game world as Joseph. ...*Kind of*. It was actually well into the future, but that duration varied. It had been three years since Charlotte had been 'created', yet the astral plane I was in was roughly eighteen years older. **"Is anyone else here? Where am I? I wonder how my parents are doing?"** After standing up and looking around, I didn't feel like I was any closer to an answer. Though, wondering about my parents at a time like this was a little *odd*, wasn't it?

But I didn't really *need* to find those answers. They'd be pushed onto me in the end.

Beginning with, of all things, a gurgling in my gut. **"This is not the time to be having indigestion..."** I murmured to myself. Anxiety caused an upset stomach for me sometimes, but that wasn't *exactly* what had triggered that reaction in my protruding gut. It was, instead, an *emptying*. Not just of the contents in my stomach as my digestive system was provided a 'reset', but of the fat that surrounded it – and *all* of the fat in my big body.

It wasn't until I went to pat my tummy, and my fingers pushed against loose cloth that it struck me. **"Huh!?"** My belly was *gone*! Well, it was still *there*, but there wasn't any excess fat in it, my arms, my legs, my chest, my face... *anywhere*! **"What foul sorcery is this!? I-I mean, what's going on!?"** I liked to think I was a pretty grounded person. At least grounded enough to *not* blurt out the kind of sentence you'd expect from a chuunibyou.

"How did I— Ugh!?" To suddenly become thin was certainly a disorienting experience, but to feel one's male genitalia be *yanked* inside of them? It was a much more *disturbing* feeling. Because it occurred much earlier on in my own transformation, I was *very* acutely aware of it. So much so that my hands darted down to feel around for a bulge that was no longer there. **"No way... It's gone!?"** Evidently, having your balls obliterated had a lasting impression on the pitch of your voice. It was much higher.

Okay, maybe the two changes weren't *that* dependent on each other.

"Does that mean I'm a... girl?" *Has a dark magic convinced me otherwise!?* I was conflicted. My sex had definitely changed, right? But my thoughts and memories had begun to speak to the contrary in an increasingly dramatic way. The hands that had been exploring the lack of anything upon my crotch were growing smaller, fingertips softening

and palms narrowing while my feet did the same. There was only a brief moment of inconsistency in the size between my hands and the rest of my body before I... *fell*. “**Wha—!?**”

I cried out like the girl I was so obviously becoming as, while once standing at a height close to the six foot mark myself, I rapidly dropped down in height until I was a mere 5’0” instead. This loss of verticality was seemingly accompanied by a loss of *age* as well, for a youthfulness returned to my facial features that hadn’t I hadn’t possessed since I was around *eighteen*.

Though, the youthfulness of my facial features was only brought out further as my newfound femininity swept over them in kind. My face’s overall design became shorter and much rounder, while my eyes dimmed to a silvery grey within widened eyebrows that sported lengthier lashes. This was to say nothing of my now button-shaped nose, or how my lips bloated ever so slightly into a resting pout. I was very *cute*, but this face didn’t look at all like the face of Axel.

“To feel so jarred... could it be that a villain has sought to use their divine weapon against me!?” Try as I might, I just couldn’t seem to speak *normally* anymore. Everything I wanted to say came out in the same dramatic, theater kid way that made it sound like I was delusional. But even then? I wasn’t sure *what* was wrong specifically anymore.

It surely wasn’t my *hair*, right? Hair that was snaking longer, creeping past my shoulders and down to the center of my back. The style of this mane was messy, and the color? It lightened considerably towards a blonde that was slightly dirtier in shade than Charlotte’s. The ahoge that sprouted on my scalp’s center, incidentally, added a little something to the foolish way I was acting.

My *lack of* key feminine features was all that truly remained of my body’s prior, masculine design, and even they were due to change. Unfortunately, just without as much abundance as *mother’s*. The breasts that sprouted upon my chest were perky, but tragically lacking in much else for they conformed to a pair of *B-cups* on the smaller side, whereas my rump pleasantly plumped out into a fair peach, pressing hips wider and sharing the excess with thighs that became a touch pudgier themselves. *I truly wish they’d grow to be more like mother’s size, however!*

‘Twas fortunate that I was bestowed my usual wear not long after, for those foreign clothes did not fit me at all! My translucent, black leotard hugged my tummy to the point that my bellybutton’s depth could be perceived through it, while a dark yellow bikini bottom wrapped around

black guards upon my hips, leaving the plushness of my thighs, and even a peek of my butt through my legs, exposed. Matching, black, toeless, thigh high boots with a spiked cuff hugged up just past my knees, accentuated with the same yellow as my bottom. And that yellow likewise fashioned itself on the outskirts of my cape (that was black on the inside), as well as the outer trim of a top that showed off much of my cleavage barring the black that tightly hugged my nipples.

I reached up to adjust the gold chain circlet bound to yellow cloth atop my head, a gemstone hanging from its center, with hands that sported fingerless, black gloves.

“Ah, to think I’ve fallen into such a whirlpool of despair! Only the fated reunion with mine mother could free me from this accursed destiny!” I, *Ophelia*, was never one to *completely* succumb to despair! But such was the curse that I bore as one raised within the astral plane! Was I destined to be lonely forever? I practically *danced* unceremoniously amongst the chairs and couch before the flames of the common room fireplace, woefully longing to be freed from my incessant loneliness!

But if I was to be serious for *just a second*, it wasn’t that bad! I’d recently been taken in by mother’s army now that I was *finally* eighteen! As a powerful mage, I just *knew* that I could be an asset! But sometimes? It was nice to return to the astral plane where I grew up *away* from all the conflict for a few days. Such was the privilege that was afforded to me! **“And yet, my beautiful mother must have been spirited away by a dark lord, for she had yet to show her—Oh! Hello, mother!”**

A familiar face stepped into the common room, and I practically *launched* myself into her arms for a hug. Of course, considering Charlotte’s build... I basically got a face full of her bosom. But it was warm, and her familiar scent brought me ease. **“Sorry I’m a little late, sweetie. Your father wouldn’t leave me alone this morning. You know how he is~!”** Well, I knew my father, Odin, to be madly in love with my mother. I didn’t quite want to *imagine* what



she was referring to, so I instead focused on how she was stroking my hair.

“Well, as father has delayed our reunion, should we not delay ours with him? Last we spoke, you told me you would help train me, mother! Surely we have a little time before we go back to do just that?” It was a promise that we shared between mother and daughter! I was a talented mage, but I was nowhere near as strong as Charlotte. If I could become more talented *physically*, then perhaps I could be of more use to the army!

Mother broke our embrace to look down at me thoughtfully. **“Heehee! The last time you picked up an axe, you almost fell over. But shall we see if you’ve improved any?”** I immediately blushed. It was a foul move on mother’s part to bring up such an embarrassing spectacle! I was but a young girl who had never wielded such a heavy weapon before.

“M-Mother!”

Elsewhere, Odin had begun to wonder where his loving wife and daughter had gotten off to.