

BOTTED & WORN

COMMISSION STORY

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“Hm... That’ll work, but there’s something *missing*. A way to make things a little more... fun.”

Kicked back in a computer chair in a room *full* of monitors, the nekomata Hisa had her gaze trained on the ceiling rather than any of those screens. She looked like she was deep in thought, and she *was*. She was concocting her next big plan; her next source of ‘amusement’, which would certainly involve transforming at *least* one person. That victim had already been picked out, and it would naturally be her ‘father’. She’d already had a form in mind, preying on one of the games he had been playing lately.

But she wanted something *more*. **“What haven’t I done in a while? There’s gotta be a way to spice things up, right~?”** What angle could she take? Could she involve someone else? **“Involve someone else...”** She had done that *plenty* of times in the past, but there were ways to make it a little more *unique*. **“Well, *she’ll* need a free set of clothes. And perhaps a close companion?”** The cat girl smirked.

“Yeah, that’ll work!”

“Uh... Whose bedroom is this?” Joseph *had* been having a normal day. He *had* been getting dinner ready since it was early evening, and of course he had been in his kitchen to accomplish that. But in a literal blink of an eye, he found himself *elsewhere*. It was a man’s bedroom based on the dark sheets on the nearby bed. The room was somewhat open with all of the furniture you’d expect, but the look of it all didn’t really matter, did it? Not when he wasn’t *supposed* to be there.

It was the bedroom of his friend, Axel, who was incidentally Hisa's creator. While the two of them were friends, they were friends *online* and so he naturally didn't know what Axel's bedroom *looked* like. In fact, despite being friends with Axel and being a frequent victim of Hisa's antics, he couldn't remember the nekomata *at all*. If he could, then he probably would have immediately dinged his displacement as her doing.

She'd simply wiped his memories of her to spice things up and get a more amusing reaction. She was watching from afar on one of her screens, in an entirely different dimension.

The man was naturally a little panicked, and that lead to him moving towards the door. But it wasn't until he moved the first time that he realized things were a little *breezy*. Too breezy, all things considered. "**Wh-Why am I naked!?**" And from what he could tell, his clothing wasn't out in the open anywhere! "**Crap.**" Was he going to have to rummage through the dresser in search of something to wear? And why was there *snow* outside the nearby window? How far from home *was* he!?

It quickly occurred to him that he had more to worry about than merely his location, however. Well... It was more like it quickly occurred to *her*. "**Mmn!? Wh-What the hell!?**" It came on *fast*, and what made it all the more bizarre was that nothing else changed at first. Even so, sensing a disturbance upon his crotch, Joseph's attention had fallen downwards where he *should* have had a dick. And there *was* still one dangling there when he'd noticed... there just wasn't *much* of it.

As his pronouns finally transitioned into feminine ones for real, she watched what remained smooth away, but she pulled her attention away before she could see or feel a slit open in the place of her original genitals. All things considered, she had just *assumed* that she had developed a pussy in its place. "**Why am I a woman!?**" But that wasn't *actually* the case. Her pubes had been removed, and she certainly didn't have a dick, but... she was completely smooth down there, with no genitalia whatsoever.

She could hardly be faulted for drawing the incorrect conclusion, though. Joseph's vision of her crotch was soon obscured by the sight of her own chest *ballooning*. "**Hold on! I-I haven't even been able to process what's already happened yet!**" Not that *whatever* was happening to her actually cared about her ability to process things. As it turned out, there was something of an optical illusion taking place when it came to her body's reshaping.

It almost *looked* like the weight that her waistline was carrying was being pushed up into her chest with a hearty jiggle, but both of these phenomena were separate from one another. Her waist was thinning and her chest had begun to swell with weight on their own, and that became apparent once the weight that compiled upon her bosom exceeded the weight lost farther down. What were once mounds became hills and then hills jiggled into proverbial *mountains*. But there was something *strange* about the eventual *H-cups* beyond the fact that they existed, and Joseph couldn't help but comment on that issue.

“Where... did my nipples go!?” The questionably biological woman posed an important question. If she was developing a woman's breasts, then her nipples would naturally *grow*, right? But the *opposite* had happened. They'd shrunk away until nothing existed, leaving the fronts of these balloons entirely pale. In tandem, her voice had heightened in pitch as her face began to appear more feminine... in a way that made her look like a feminine version of the man she had been before.

Why didn't she have nipples? Come to think of it, what had *actually* happened between her legs? Joseph began to work up the courage to reach down and check, but... the moment she finally mustered that emotional strength? Her arms fell to her side, completely immobile. **“H-Hey!?”** Try as she might, she couldn't even move a finger, much less lift them. She'd assumed the issue was with her arms specifically, and so she didn't try and look at her hands. But perhaps she *should* have.

Starting from her fingertips, her olive skin was dyed pitch black, and that color began to move across the backs of her hands, while a pink seeped into her palms and up towards her wrists. It swallowed her fingernails and adopted a leathery texture, making them look more like *gloves* than actual flesh and blood hands. And that was by design, because—

THUMP! THUMP!

“What was that?” Still trying to figure out why her arms had become so numb, the woman was alarmed by a quiet thump sounding on either side of her body. She turned from one side to the other, looking down to find a pair of black gloves right beneath where her hands had been. And looking to where her hands *should* have been... **“WHAT THE HELL!?”** Not only were her hands *gone*, but the arms that remained looked utterly *bizarre*.

Where his wrists *should* have been, olive skin had not only darkened to grey but ended up looking translucent... deformed into *cuffs* that looked like the ends of a jacket's sleeves. She became *more* alarmed as *past* them, her skin developed the same translucency but also turned dark

pink. This traveled up to just below her shoulders, where black cuffs developed once more, but the pink of the arms inflated with a sheen, making them baggier and creating the impression that you *should* have been able to see her arms through them. But there was nothing there. They were hollow.

And her 'arms' fell onto the ground just a foot away from where her 'hands' had.

“Am I turning into clothing!? Why!?” Unfortunately, Joseph began to stumble as she reasonably freaked out, stumbling back a few steps and *falling* onto her back. **“W-Wait! I can’t get up!”** Putting aside that she had no arms *to* pull herself up, she couldn’t move her legs, just like she lost that ability in her arms. Even so, she realized that her pelvis was slowly being arched *upwards* even though she was incapable of movement and was momentarily confused about it.

But she hadn’t lost the *feeling* in her body’s lower half. She could still feel that her *hips* were being pushed a number of inches wider, and her *ass* was leading the charge there. Fat was filling her rump, bubbling it into a heart shape while her thighs bloated with feminine appeal. They were just as thick as her ass was fat, but all of that suddenly *collapsed* moments later courtesy of a pale white that had been spreading up her legs from her ankles.

The issue was that it wasn’t simply her skin tone lightening. Like her hands and her arms, her paler ‘skin’ wasn’t skin at all, but instead composed of a shiny, white fiber with a triangular holographic pattern on the insides of her thighs, and bumpier etchings on the outer sides of the legs. There was no point in denying that they looked more like a pair of *pants* than a pair of legs, and their contents had drained until they rested flat at the end of a belly that still had its weight... for now.

“I-I don’t understand! Why is this even happening!? Why is this... this... ERROR!? ERROR!?” Joseph choked on her own words. Her eyes twitched and she seized up, instead spitting out echoing words that sounded more like the voice of a *robot* than a living, breathing person. She was confused, but she couldn’t stop herself. She also couldn’t pull her neck forward to look at the rest of her body any longer. Her had had simply fallen back, entirely limp.

This prevented the woman from watching as her ‘severed’ feet darkened to black and hardened into a pair of black boots that fell to the sides when their transformations had completed. There were reptilian footprints done in pink on their bottoms, and there was dark pink trim on their upper edges and tongue. Like everything else she had become, it was all very *fashionable*.

Her *torso* ended up demonstrating this in kind. Her breasts began to *deflate*, but not before it became... *layered*? Black appeared under white as the bulk of it become a form-fitting, strapped, black crop top worn in the place of a bra, while the outer layer peeled off into looser white that left only the black on the right exposed. It wrapped around her back but didn't cover her belly or her shoulders. Any skin that was exposed? Well, it *disappeared* until that *only* clothing and a head remained.

“ERROR!? ERROR!? ERROR!?” On some level, as the head rested there limply without even a neck, for it had become a black choker, Joseph was *still* concerned within the error warning she kept blaring. And yet, its already robotic tone became even *more* robotic as she found her mouth *closing*. She was incapable of seeing that the skin upon her face was *hardening* into what looked like *steel*, smoothing away any human features as her nose and mouth were consumed by metal.

Her cheeks and skull expanded into the shape of a ball, and the metal of her head was dyed a dark pink with text engraved into her forehead. For a brief moment, her eyes *disappeared*, only to be replaced by hologram eyes that blinked in a very *animated* style complete with eyebrows. The sides of her head had deepened grooves in them, and curved horns crept out from her head's back... along with a very tiny, forked tail at the ball's base. Oddly, teal tape was slapped onto the left side of this head in the shape of an *X* as if that panel was at risk of falling off, but what she had become did not question that.

She was dealing with an *error*, after all.

“TINK-A-BELLA UNIT MUST REBOOT.” The pink, horned, ball-shaped robot that had been fashioned from Joseph's head bounced about on the ground as coded protocol guided her actions. Deep down, within the *Tink-a-Bella*'s coded protocol, there was a part of who she had once been that was still 'active', terrified at being reduced to little more than a mechanical orb painted hot pink. Any connection that she'd had to her 'body' – the clothing that was piled up beside her – had been severed, and her entire 'self' was contained within the robot.



That part of her old self wanted to hold on, because she felt like if she let it slip, she'd forget her humanity entirely. The problem was that her programming had identified this part of her as an 'error' and was attempting to force her to reboot her systems in order to 'delete' the error. Unfortunately, she was powerless to stop it. Her eyes blinked

several times before going dark. “TINK-A-BELLA UNIT REBOOTING...” How *could* she stop it?

She was, after all, a simple drone. One among tens. Reprogramming.
Replaceable.

“REBOOT COMPLETE. AWAITING MOTHER’ S RETURN. ”

I hadn’t been gone long. Only about an hour in the early evening as I went out to pick up more groceries from the nearby store. In a strange occurrence during that outing, I had been hit with the uncanny feeling that I had *forgotten* something, and I couldn’t have possibly fathomed that what I had forgotten had been Hisa along with everything she had done to me in the past. As far as I was then aware, my life had been perfectly, absolutely *normal*.

But after returning to my bedroom after depositing my groceries in the kitchen, I began to have *second thoughts* about that. “**Uh... Did someone leave their cosplay on my floor?**” There were a number of articles of clothing scattered about, and I *immediately* recognized them as the outfit of a woman from Arknights Endfield, the operator that was currently on rate up, Yvonne. There was no reason for those clothes to be there though, and I certainly wouldn’t have had any use for them as a man of my size.

“MOTHER HAS RETURNED. RUNNING ADJUSTMENT PROTOCOL. ”

I almost jumped out of my own pants as something rolled out from under my bed and began to speak in a hollow, robotic voice. A small pink orb with a face, horns, and a tail. “**H-Huh?**” I *immediately* recognized it as something that shouldn’t have resisted in reality. It was one of those small drones that Yvonne used both in combat and to help with her work. “**How is this— Hey!?**” Before I could even finish my question, its eyes projected a pink beam at my body that not only made my skin tingle, but before my very eyes? *It disintegrated my clothes!*

“**O-Okay...!?**” That probably wasn’t the most *sensical* thing to say in the moment, but it was also all I could stammer out all things considered. As I’d watched my clothing disappear, it had clicked to me *where* I had seen that little robot before, too. It belonged to Yvonne. As you could imagine, pink was her favorite color. But how was it *real*? And what was that weird light!? It continued to point the beam at me even as I attempted to dodge to the side. It just altered its aim. “**Would you stop!?**”

I attempted to dodge one more time, but on the second occasion I felt... nimbler? My movements didn't feel as burdened as always, like my muscles were stronger? That *was* part of it, actually, but it was also actually *more* than that at the exact same time. It wasn't until I sidestepped one more time and things felt even *easier* that I bothered to look down... and realized that the heft I expected to be hanging off my body was no longer there. **"I'm... thin!?"** Even though the little bot continued to point its beam at me, I stopped my futile dodging because this realization was far too shocking.

There was no denying that I'd become perfectly trim physically, but it went a little *beyond* that too. My tummy had *abs*? Not to mention that any and all body hair – except for my pubes for some reason – had been all but eviscerated. My skin looked softer and smoother in a way that made it appear more... *youthful*? **"I don't understand... Are *you* doing this?"** I spoke to the ball with my eyes squinting. Eyes that, unbeknownst to me, were developing lengthened lashes and were widening in shape as my pupils grew into four-pointed star shapes within brightening blue irises.

I don't know why I even bothered to ask. The robot was the only thing that I *could* blame. It didn't answer me, however, and I was forced to reckon with the fact that my eye level had begun to drop closer to the bot itself. I was *shrinking*, but rather than speak in a panicked tone on this occasion? My brain decided to approach things with a more... *curious* attitude. **"How strange! I wonder what properties that beam could possess to pull off such a trick!? Erm... Oh! My voice? Even the way I'm speaking? Perhaps the beam has broader effects than I first thought... Why am I suddenly so enthusiastic about this?"**

A *lot* had just occurred to me all at once, and I was doing my best to process it. The pitch of my voice had become *significantly* higher, and there was a vaguely Northern English accent to it. It made me sound like a *woman*, but it was also *familiar*. I felt like I'd recently been thinking about *who* it reminded me of, but at the same time... *It was my voice, right? So, who else could it belong to?* My consciousness handwaved the notion that it was even different at all, and by the time my height had stop dropping around the 5'4" mark.

My skin had appeared more youthful to me previously, but by this point I could easily be mistaken for someone *much* younger than in his thirties like I had been. My face had been rejuvenated as I'd shrunk, and my voice had changed as my Adam's apple was smoothing away. My eyes had *already* leaned into the feminine, but as my lips swelled, my nose shrunk, and my face's shape became leaner, there was no denying

that I looked like a pretty young *woman* that was likely in her *mid-twenties*.

A pink similar in shade to the beam that was still pointed at me began to seep into all of my body's remaining hair, beginning at the roots before feeding towards the tips which, at least when it came to the hair on top of my head, began to thicken *and* lengthen, eventually curling into a pair of long hot pink drills down my back's sides. A single streak of blue appeared in the left side of my bangs, which were cut straight above my eyes but were also raised at the sides until they almost resembled pointed vents.

You would think I would notice the increased weight of this hair, if not the itchiness in my loins as my pinkened pubes became a little bushier, but I was a little disoriented. My memories were a jumbled mess, and things I had known about myself moments prior were completely different now. A good example of this was my *sex*. Even *before* my dick began to shrink into a nub, I'd already begun to identify as a *woman*.

"Hey!?" But the biological reality hadn't come much later. My dick *had* been shrinking, and what remained of my balls merged into my pelvis first before that nub slipped down to become my new clitoris. The slit that had opened felt natural to me. Why wouldn't it? I *was* a woman? And I was a woman with a *pretty* curvy body despite my height! You could see that pretty plainly in how my hips swung out beneath my pinched in waist.

Which set the stage for my thighs and butt to swell! My thighs were pretty thick, yeah, but my ass was always out of this world! It filled out into a perky heart-shape that rose, fell, and jiggled as I began to slowly pace, and it would look *great* in *my* tight pants that were on the floor! And if you thought my *ass* was big, you really had to check out my tits! Starting from nothing, they *ballooned* thanks to the fat that had begun to fill them almost like denser water balloons.

My skin stretched and my nipples became *way* puffier, eventually jiggling into a pair of hefty *J-cups* which, while *hot...* I knew well enough when it *wasn't* the right time to give them a little squeeze! *"Huh!"* Instead, I made that noise as if I'd just remembered something. I had, but nothing related to my tits. I was looking around at my surroundings with curiosity, and the final stage of my transformation began at roughly the same time!

It began with my ears lengthening into points that stretched several inches, and this was followed up by a pair of rigid, black horns growing out from the sides of my head where they curved up and forward. They had reddish pink guards on them *of my own design*. But why did I have

horns? I was a Vouivre, a race with ancient dragon traits! Like horns and, well... a *tail* of course! **“Whoa!? Whoops!”** That tail grew in fast and furious.

And it wasn't a short and skinny little one, either! I had cried out because I'd *totally* just knocked everything off the desk despite my back being turned to it. What had begun with a green-scaled nub at the base of my spine had shot out nearly *five* feet behind me, the base of that tail getting thicker and thicker as more of it shot out. It was heavy, but that explained why my abs and back muscles were so fit! Because the bulk of the tail was *just* as wide as my hips, and even wider than my waist!

“Hm~? Did the most recent temporal displacement experiment take a *strange* turn? I don't know where we are, but from the view out the window this does *not* look like Talos-II!” And it *certainly* wasn't my lab! Looking around at the room, it appeared quite a mess had been made! Suddenly losing control of my tail was one thing, but why were my clothes everywhere as well? Either way, there was a *very* rational explanation for all of this!

I, *Yvonne*, an operator of the Specialist Tech Division of Endfield Industries, had been experimenting with *temporal displacement* in my lab! Conceptually, it could transport things between *dimensions*... **“But things must have gone awry and transported us! Right, my sweet little Tink-a-Bella!?”** The pink drone at my side beeped happily when I smiled down at it. Thankfully, my drone should have had the power to reopen whichever rift we'd come in through!



“Strange though. Why did it strip me?” It didn't look like any of my clothing had been *torn* or anything, but I was *clearly* naked. Not that I minded when I looked so good! Still, I couldn't go about *nude*, so I picked it up piece by piece and put it on. For some reason, my Tink-a-Bella appeared to rattle every time something was put on, but oh well! I couldn't have imagined it was receiving some *strange feedback* because it was intrinsically tied to those clothes. Either way, some tinkering when we got back to the lab

would iron that little issue out. **“Okay, Tink-a-Bella! I’m good to go!”**

My bot hadn’t said much while I got dressed, but its eyes lit up the moment I addressed it. **“Affirmative. Enacting the return code.”** It spoke in a robotic version of *my* voice, and it began to glow. Within moments, a small portal with *my* lab visible on the other side opened. I just hummed a little song to myself as I picked the bot up, tucked it under my armpit, and strolled through – only for the portal to disappear behind me. That was an *intentional* design choice, so that nothing else could pass through.

“Good job, little buddy! But why didn’t it strip me *this* time?” I put the drone down and it beeped happily, before hopping over the several other Tink-a-Bellas while I approached my desk. It ended up blending in, and before long I couldn’t be sure *which* of them was the one that had made the trip with me. Either way, that was the *last* thing on my mind. **“So, what went wrong with our little experiment?”** My thick tail swished behind me.

“Actually, let’s put on some sick beats before we do more work, yeah!?”