

MAYA FEYHEM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was the most wonderful time of the year.

Or at least that was what a certain holiday song and *plenty* of advertisements on TV said. Everyone who *wasn't* stuck in gift shopping was holy and jolly as *other* holiday songs spoke of. But that was just how *Christmas* was. Perhaps the shining star of capitalism; a sea of advertisements meant to generate as much revenue as possible by bottling wants, needs, and a dash of whimsy to disguise the more materialistic traits.

Not that *Joseph* was really thinking much about that. He'd spent the past few weeks knocking out a laundry list of tradition Christmas preparatory steps. Decorate the house, get the Christmas tree, decorate the Christmas tree, buy presents, wrap presents, prepare desserts and food... Sometimes it felt like the list went on and on, but it was always worth it in the end.

“Whew. Just have the main event tomorrow, finally...” The man had been busy, but before he knew it? It was *already* December 24th – Christmas Eve. Well, Christmas Eve *day*. It was early in the morning, and he found himself alone in his home. It was so quiet that nothing was stirring, not even a mouse, *really*. He had just poured a hot drink to start his day off right and had wandered in to where his Christmas tree was set up.

It hadn't been his intention to spare a glance at the tree, but a glint of light had guided his attention towards it unconsciously. A shimmer of green that *wasn't* the morning light reflecting off the branched. In fact, his windows were covered so there *wasn't* a way for the sunlight to filter

in. While he *had* looked that way, he hadn't expected to find anything worth looking at for a prolonged period of time. He had just assumed that it was a random glint, and he'd go back to sleepily wandering about since it was still so early.

But the source of light not only caused his gaze to linger, but it ended up momentarily fixated. It was an ornament on his tree, as expected. The issue was that he didn't recognize it. "**A... magatama?**" Well, that wasn't *exactly* true. He knew *what* it was, it just wasn't supposed to be nestled in the branches of his Christmas tree. It was a bright green gemstone molded in the shape of something like a distorted teardrop, with a hole in its center.

Joseph had seen it before. How could he not have? After all, he was a *huge* fan of the Ace Attorney games, and the magatama was a very important part of its gameplay loop (depending on which entry you were playing, at least). It looked 1:1 with the magatama that Phoenix Wright used in the game, actually, and it looked like there was a note attached. "**Did someone slip this on my tree when I wasn't looking?**" It *was* possible. People *did* know he was a big fan.

Now *much* more awake, he reached a hand in to grab the glowing item. There was an ornament hook on it to imply that it was supposed to be strung up on the tree, but whoever had left it there hadn't hung it from a branch. As any person with common sense would, he immediately checked the note that was affixed once he had it in his hands, hoping that he could acquire some context about where it had come from.

Dear Joseph, Merry Christmas and a Happy soon-to-be Birthday boy! I know you've been pretty busy lately, so I got you something that will help you take a much needed break!

"...Huh? Is that it?" He'd been right that someone *had* left it for him, and his birthday *was* in a couple of weeks. But the note wasn't signed, *and* it was typed, making it nearly impossible to trace it back to a sender. There was also the matter of what the note actually *said*. A magatama Christmas ornament was *extremely* cool, but how would it fulfill him receiving a 'break'? "**Maybe there's another part to the gift?**" He turned the glowing item over in his hands (and was it getting brighter?) as he searched for any other clues.

The note had been wrapped *around* the magatama, meaning he couldn't see its underside. Wondering if more was written on the other side of the paper, he ultimately tugged the paper off to expose the magatama in its entirety underneath. He couldn't have known this, but doing so was a

trigger. Because the magatama ornament couldn't fulfill its purpose until the stone was unobscured by what actually had amounted to a sealing paper.

“Why is this thing so bright!?” And where did the batteries for the light even go? It was completely smooth and translucent, so if there *were* batteries inside, he couldn't see them! Of course, this question hinged on the assumption that the light the object was emitting was artificial and not *natural*. But it *was* getting brighter, so he set it down on the nearby table so that he could examine the underside of the note without going blind. Hopefully the light would just dull on its own.

But there was nothing on the note's underside. **“No other clues, huh?”** While there might *not* have been any additional clues regarding *who* had left the magatama for him, he *did* begin to become acutely aware that something felt *off* somehow. Joseph cocked an eyebrow up but didn't say anything about it, namely because he couldn't place a finger on *what* felt off in the first place.

Well, perhaps that wasn't *entirely* true. It wasn't as obvious as it probably should have been, but Joseph appeared to be ever so slightly off balance compared to normal. He subconsciously wrote it off as being a little disoriented by the light of the magatama, not even realizing that said magatama had found itself back onto the tree... and the tree itself looked a little different. It was thinner and some of the ornaments were plainer, most stylized like those you might find on a tree twenty years ago rather than in the 2020s.

“I guess it isn't a big deal. I can just ask around.” A loud gargling of the man's stomach steered his thoughts from there a little off course. He *had* been drinking from a mug, but he'd put it down with the ornament – and it wasn't exactly *food* in the first place. **“I skipped breakfast too... I could really go for a burger!”** This sudden compulsion took him by surprise. It was first thing in the morning, wasn't it? Who would eat a *burger* for breakfast?

The unsteadiness that Joseph felt was growing more prominent, so much so that his sock-covered feet slipped all of a sudden, seemingly out of nowhere. **“Woah!?”** It wasn't enough that he had been in any danger of *falling*, but it definitely took him by surprise as he struggled for a moment to regain his posture. The cause of this was twofold, and neither of them even immediately occurred to him.

One of them had to do with his *surroundings*. The floor he had been standing on now consisted of smooth, wooden floorboards that appeared to be freshly polished. He might have slipped from this alone, but his posture and the grip of his feet had been *compromised*. His feet

had gradually shrunken in size, toes becoming daintier and the nails upon them a little longer. This created more slack in his socks, which simultaneously made it easier for him to slip.

A similar phenomenon had actually affected his *hands* at the same time. He'd thrown them out to the side when he had been taken off guard, not noticing just how the digits upon them shortened and narrowed, or how the palms they were affixed to soften and shrank. There was something almost *girlish* about his grasp now, helped by fingernails that now extended about an inch longer.

“That was... *weird*.” There was a high pitched crack in Joseph's voice while he reached one of these smaller hands down to grasp a bamboo table – one that *shouldn't* have been in his living room. His surroundings were slowly changing. *Reality* was slowly changing, for every new object and surface seemed to be unusually *two dimensional*, almost like it was hand drawn.

Things only got weirder for him, however. His hands and feet shrinking was just a precursor for what was to come... at least in terms of size. Because what was in the stars for the man didn't exactly involve a *lot* of growth. It *did* involve a lot of shrinking, though! **“*EEP!?*”** His voice sounded incredibly high the next time he cried out, once again gripping the bamboo table with a hand to prevent himself from (*what he perceived to be*) falling.

To fall, however, your feet would need to leave the ground. And in Joseph's case that hadn't been a fact of the matter at all. For a brief moment when he *believed* to be falling, an odd thought had even crossed his mind. *I hope the Steel Samurai catches me!* The Steel Samurai being a fictional hero within the Ace Attorney games. But he'd thought of it like it was a show that he had personal attachment to. Like it was one he had watched time and time again. *Too bad the cable out here is so bad! I wanna live in the city!*

Didn't he live in the city though?

Getting back to the fact of the matter, what he had perceived as 'falling' had actually been *shrinking*. His eye level had dropped closer and closer to the table he was holding onto, as well as a window that had opened up above it that overlooked a small courtyard path with a furnace. There was something oddly *Japanese* about the architecture. But the man didn't register any of it as strange, not even how his pants slipped off and his shirt was practically hanging off of him like an oversized jacket. He was now *5'1"* after all... even though he *should* have been closer to the six foot mark.

His small hands and feet suited his new height *much* better, but a glance at his face more or less confirmed that it *wasn't* just a matter of getting smaller. His skin was clearer and softer, and that maturity that he'd possessed as an adult man was all but gone. It would have been easy to say that he now resembled a *teenaged* version of himself, perhaps one around the age of sixteen or *seventeen*, but that wouldn't have even made sense.

Because he didn't really look like *Joseph* either. **“That was a weird dizzy spell... Maybe I really *do* need a big, juicy burger!”** Again with the burger; and this time he practically *salivating* at the thought of a tasty slab of meat on a bun. His voice had stuck at its higher pitch, sounding light and maidenly. And looking at the rest of his face? It was clear that this was intentional. Its softness had not only been enhanced, but his cheeks were rounder, and his lips puffed out ever so slightly to give him a much more effeminate look. Like a *teenaged girl*.

Or a *Japanese* teenaged girl, based on how the corners of his eyelids narrowed on the edges of lengthened lashes. Joseph was just pacing around an increasingly Japanese-styled (and two dimensional) living room that looked almost nothing like his own, thinking of a warm, nutritious burger while this all happened. As his narrowed but brighter eyes dulled in color to a dark blue. Or as his already dark hair... well, it couldn't darken *much* more, but it *definitely* lengthened. It spilled well past his shoulders and down his back, passing his butt in a long and straight style that was cut perfectly horizontal at the base. While his bangs were swept to either side, they too were cut squarely just above his eyes.

“*HM!?*” For all the pacing Joseph had been doing, *she* stopped sharply all of a sudden thanks to a chill running up her spine. There'd been a very *weird* feeling between her legs – namely a shift in genitalia to irreversible make her the biological female that the rest of her body had gradually been teasing she was becoming. The process of *gaining* a pussy had felt odd, but once it was in place? It seemed totally normally to her, and she shrugged off the strange feeling with her slim shoulders.

Of course, she was still lacking a maiden's silhouette. And while she wasn't going to acquire *much*, the few gains that she was going to receive new bled into place as it became harder to perceive... namely because slowly but surely, her *own* body had begun to assimilate into the 2D world, even if it still *felt* 3D from her point of view.

That was why the slow and subtle swell of her chest as small, *A-cup* breasts pushed out into attention weren't particularly noticeable. Well, that and because her oversized shirt hid everything so well. This extended in kind to hips that *stretched* a couple of inches, if only to

accommodate the slightest bit of fat that gave her thighs an effeminate plushness. If anywhere swelled in comparative excess, it was in the girl's butt. Her cheeks pushed the back of the shirt out and lifted it up, her new cake bubbled enough to stand out.

“Something still *feels* weird though.” And it *wasn't* how much she wanted a burger! It was actually her outfit. Just the oversized shirt *wasn't* what she recalled putting on that morning, but that was soon taken care of. The t-shirt lengthened to cover her thighs while thickening, fabric lightening to a soft purple while a dark purple sash wrapped around her stomach. A purple with a shade that rested between the shades of the others was seen on an open, long-sleeved jacket, while geta sandals had lifted her up and a magatama on a pearl necklace hung over her chest. Not even her hair had been left out, with a small knot being pulled on top and the back being bound by a purple ring at the bottom.

The girl had ended up a little *out* of it by the tail end of her transformation as she wondered about her clothes, but a loud rumbling in her tummy stirred her from her involuntarily stupor. **“*Huh!?*”** The teenager *probably* should have been concerned. Not only had she suddenly become a young Japanese American teen woman, but her *surroundings* had gradually been shifting as her body had, too.

Even though she was in Kurain village, a small village in the American countryside that took plenty of inspiration from Japanese culture in its overall sensibilities? *Maya Fey* was standing in a traditional living room with a big Christmas tree set up in the corner. Various ornaments were strewn about along with some goodies to snack on, but her eyes were immediately drawn to the lightless magatama ornament on the nearby table.



“Oh, right! We’re finishing the tree, huh?” Ultimately? Everything clicked for the spirit medium-in-training. Her older sister, Mia, and her little cousin, Pearl, had come over to help her decorate for the holidays! While Maya would someday become the assistant of Phoenix Wright, she hadn’t met him by *this* Christmas. Which meant Mia was still alive. The girl clumsily reached up to put the magatama ornament where she wanted to, fumbling with it for a moment.

The sound of approaching footsteps stole her attention away just as she finished. Mia and Pearl entered carrying a plate of *very* specific food. **“Here we go! Christmas burgers, just for Maya!”** Mia announced with not even the slightest acknowledgment that it *was* strange. After all, burgers *were* Maya’s favorite food.

“Yippee! I was getting super hungry!” The aspiring spirit medium was the first to dig in, happy to have such a heartfelt moment alongside the two most important people in her life! She wasn’t aware of how Mia would end up murdered in cold blood within the next year, nor that Mia was... actually her friend, Kay, from another world. While Pearl was Axel. Did that mean Kay was slated to *die*? In a sense, yes. But *fortunately*, closer to that date Maya would have a ‘premonition’ about Mia’s death and would manage to prevent it.

Though it wasn’t exactly a premonition as it was memories of playing the game as Joseph. Either way? Phew!