

# SQUADING UP

## COMMISSION STORY

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***“HUUUUUUH!? I’m o FOR 2!? FUCK!”***

You would think that an all-powerful nekomata who could bend the fabric of space, time, and reality wouldn’t be easily upset. You might think that there was nothing in the world that she couldn’t get for herself, especially when she was a great hacker on *top* of a power level that made her sound like she’d been created by someone who spent too much arguing anime character power levels as a teenager (which she had). If she could transform people to her will and send them into other worlds, then what could *possibly* be outside of her control?

The simple and humorous answer was: *gacha rolls*. Perhaps some wires had been crossed during her creation, but the one thing that Hisa couldn’t cheat was *luck*. Whether it was trying to roll a character in a game, scratching a lottery ticket, or being tricked by her father setting up traps for her, bad luck still hit her sometimes. It stung knowing it was the one thing that she *couldn’t* control.

But it *really* stung in this case. When it came to her gacha games, she had been *really* into Zenless Zone Zero as of late. Hisa had also really wanted the two new characters: Seed and Orphie. But when Seed’s banner had rolled around? She had failed miserably, and then she didn’t have enough currency to guarantee she would hit pity again when Orphie’s banner came into play. She was deflated, but if she couldn’t have them in the game...

There were alternative methods for her to get her way.

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**“Why is it so stuffy in here?”** In terms of the concerns that Joseph should have had at that moment, the stuffiness of the space he occupied *probably* should have been pretty low on the list. He’d been off minding his own business and going about his day one moment, and the next he had found himself in what *appeared* to be something akin to a weapon’s lab? Or maybe it was a military facility? The scents of steel and gunpowder hung heavy in the air, and it was pretty warm.

Was he shocked by this? In a way, but he was far more *confused* than anything. Being whisked away instantaneously by a ‘mysterious’ force wasn’t all the new for him. He was familiar with the nekomata’s antics, and he had a *vague* idea of what was probably in store for him. How much he enjoyed it in the end would probably depend on how she implemented it, though. **“Going off of context clues... Maybe this is in the world of ZZZ?”**

She hadn’t left him any clues regarding *where* he’d been sent this time, so he was forced to make an educated guess. Zenless Zone Zero was the first thing that came to mind, *and* it was actually the correct answer. The general vibe of the place gave off the impression of something inspired by urban fantasy, and that narrowed the pool down significantly.

*Whatever* she had in store for him however, its effects weren’t exactly waiting for him to figure it out before proceeding. In fact, they’d *already* begun, just in ways that were far subtler than what would come later. Take the man’s *build*, for example. It was happening too slowly to be blatant, but all of the skin across his body was *tightening* as if it was becoming more youthful. But the tighter it became, the *paler* it turned as well, sapping away the olive pigmentation that it possessed.

Joseph wasn’t exactly overweight by any *real* definition. He wasn’t *buff* or even super fit; his health was more or less just *good enough*. So, the fact that he was becoming thinner wasn’t so much a matter of losing weight as it was a matter of his *bone structure shifting*, with the skin tightening to cling to his body shape even after, say, his waistline swung in his ribcage became more petite. The only part of his body that *really* contradicted this was his hips, and they ended up inching out a touch.

All in all, it wasn’t enough to drastically disturb the simple shirt and pants combo that he was wearing. **“I probably shouldn’t hang out here too long, though. It’s likely restricted space...”** Of course, that was assuming that Hisa *wasn’t* turning him into someone that would have the appropriate credentials... which she probably *was*, though it didn’t seem like he was gaining the body of one.

It had previously been stated that he wasn't losing weight, and while that was *largely* true, it was more like he hadn't had a specific amount to lose in the first place. The little fat that his body *did* possess eventually dried up though, making it seem like his body was almost *starved* with how thin and bony everything was. It was as if everything he did was done with assistance, *because getting into shape to go outside was too much work!*

*Who wants to go into public when they don't have to? Blech!*

Were those *really* his true thoughts? It didn't really matter in the end; it was just a sign that Hisa's powers were working as intended. "**Huh? Oh! I'm getting smaller!**" His mind *must* have been under her power's influence, because why else would he react so positively to the stable, nearly six-foot height that he'd had for years now rapidly unraveling? Or that his voice had a higher, girlish ring to it? Joseph fully understood that he was in the throes of a transformation now, and by the time he had dropped all the way down to a meager 5'0"? A *lot* had changed.

Aspects of his body's shape had shifted to coincide with his shorter stature so that nothing appeared *too* bizarre. This included his hands, where fingers had shortened and thinner with his nails cut short, but it was a little more pronounced in his *feet*. They had lost several inches of width *and* length, with each toes smaller than before, but at the same time? There was something about his now rounded heels and soft skin that made them more *enticing*. The impression you might get was that he took *very* good care of them, and there was a reason for that.

Something in Joseph's mind had been rewired so that he could effectively use them as tools. More than just *walking*, he could wield them as a second pair of hands as needed.

He rocked back and forth on them almost childishly. In fact, his attention span had taken a pretty sizable hit as part of the mental changes. "**I feel like I'm supposed to be doing something~? Was I going to go play a game?**" A game? *There* of all places? That couldn't have been right! Whatever maturity the man had possessed had been sapped away.

And that wasn't isolated to his personality alone, either. His dropped height had led to his skin softening overall, inheriting a much more youthful glow that was demonstrated in the structure of his *face* more than anywhere else. On the other hand, it was more than a simple rejuvenation procedure that had cleansed his skin.

He had pointedly dipped down to around *twenty* years of age, and in the process his features had become far more *feminine*. A rounder jaw and shorter but fuller lips emerged, and his nostrils narrowed at the end of shortened nose bridge. Even his eyes changed, both in shape and color, with lashes fluttering longer as those eyes rounder while a pastel blue replaced the original colors of his irises.

His appearance just in general was *far* more befitting of a *young woman*. Not even his short, dark hair was left out of the ‘action’. It grew longer and softer, subtle waves added to its natural style before reaching the base of his shortened back. Joseph’s lengthened bangs were swept to the left, and a short ahoge sprouted from the dead center of *her* scalp. **“Yowch!? ...Wait, that wasn’t painful at all~? It was shocking though! Felt kinda nice, hehe...”**

Was Joseph taking this seriously at *all*? That definitely didn’t *appear* to be the case, else she probably would have had pointed words for what had clearly been the sensation of her cock and balls smoothing away. They’d shrunk into near non-existence first, before caving up and into the base of her pelvis in the form of a new vagina – connected to all of the appropriate internal plumbing, of course! From her perspective, had she not *always* been a girl? So, why would she spend time thinking to the contrary?

The change to the young woman’s sex stimulated a series of changes that provided her with the final qualities needed to finalize her newfound femininity. It made a lot more sense that her hips had widened now, for example, because her thighs and buttocks were blessed with the soft pudge of a woman’s femininity. They bloated with a subtle juggle, her butt bubbling out within pants that were hanging on by the skin of their proverbial teeth. While beneath her shirt? Fat rose to pad the skin beneath her nipples, forcing her bosom to swell into a perky pair of *B-cups* with nipples that were now the size of small coins.

**“Whoa~! I almost lost my pants! Wait... Since when did I wear pants~?”** The woman reached down to grab them before they fell, and it *seemed* like a fair question at the time. Seconds later, her hands hung loosely at her sides, and she wondered why she had even *asked* it. She wasn’t *wearing* pants! She was wearing a sleeveless, one-piece bodysuit that was largely white, and in some places translucent like it was across her neck and cleavage, before splitting into two separate layers around her waist. They created the illusion that they were separate articles, but they were fastened together at her waist. You could see black cups holding up her perky breasts underneath, just before it merged into a very short, black shorts section beneath white and grey that hung overtop.

White leggings were connected to the rest of it, right down to the toeless and heelless socks of the ensemble, with thigh cutouts on either side. She likewise wore gloves that reached her shoulders, with yellow fingertips and grey decorations that almost made them look metallic, particularly around the ends where they resembled clasps. Even her hair had been treated to new accessories, with the back tied into a braided ponytail in the back, and a silver, four-leaf clover implanted in her bangs... that matched a pair resting on the layer of her bodysuit that hung loose over the underlayer.

She'd already forgotten *aaaaall* about her old outfit, though!

**“Sniff, sniff! I smell him! Seed Sr. has gotta be around here somewhere, right?”** *A transformation? Like when a giant robot transformed to fight the bad guys!?* That was the only thing *Seed* could think of when the word crossed her mind, and it didn't *really* cross her mind at the time. She couldn't remember anything like *that*, and even if she could remember? She was far too much of an airhead to think about it seriously.

Without a second thought, she hopped her bare feet up onto the small hover-scooter that had manifested beside her when her clothes changed, and she began to float elsewhere in the facility while sniffing about as if she were a wild animal. **“Oh Seed Sr.~ I'm coming for yooooou~!”** She called out while rounding the next corner, slowing her scooter in front of a giant robot. *That* was 'Seed Sr.', an intelligent construct and a mech that Seed could pilot. He didn't *seem* like he was intelligent, but he really was!



**“Did you have a good rest!? Are you ready to meet up with the others!? Proxy is coming by~! I'm excited!”**

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**“I... Huh? Are these like... military barracks? Oh boy, where did she send me this time?”** Much like Joseph, my completely normal day had become very *abnormal* all of a sudden. I found myself in a new place, likely in a new *world*, and it was likely at Hisa's behest. I didn't know what she had in store for me *this* time, and this seemed to be an instance where she *wanted* that to be the case. Otherwise, she would have communicated with me beforehand.

I was in a small and unfamiliar room with the light the setting sun filtering through a tiny, nearby window. The ‘bed’ was a mere cot, and at my current size I didn’t think I’d be able to fit inside it comfortably, with barebones amenities inside otherwise. The reason I concluded I must have been in facilities aligned with some sort of military apparatus was the view from that tiny window. There were soldiers standing guard, and... robots?

“...Zenless?”

That was my best guess, and it turned out to be the correct one... not that I’d likely be in a mental state to realize that I’d been correct at that point, as these things tended to go. As it turned out, Hisa was done letting me explore and theorize – not that there was much available for me to do just that. The recognizable sensation of my body’s weight lessening rapidly struck me, as did my clothes growing larger and larger against my thinning form as a result.

“**Crap!**” I barked as my pants slipped from my waist before I could grab them. They had been within inches of my fingertips, but my shirt had gotten in the way and since I was beginning to shrink *vertically* as well, that had dramatically affected my aim in that moment. My height *had* been similar to Joseph’s, but I ended up succumbing until I was only 5’2” – a height that was two inches taller than Seed’s, not that I would have known that.

By the time my height had unwound that much, my body wasn’t *just* thin. Abs had developed across my stomach, my pecs were firming, and there was the slightest bulge to my arms and legs. It was as if I had been working out and actively training myself. I could vaguely *remember* doing just that, though it was still blurry. “**Wait... Are these the memories of a *soldier*?**” That was what it felt like to me, and considering where I found myself it was hard to draw a different conclusions. It didn’t *feel* like a coincidence.

“**I’m changing so fast! It’s already hard to keep track of... Wah!? My voice is already done!? That means...**” My voice was *definitely* higher all of a sudden, and it sounded both *feminine* and *youthful*, at least more-so than it had before. My old self still had enough control that I was able to reach my hands up to touch my face despite my shirt being *way* too big, and my fingers touched skin that was softer without a single trace of any stubble. “**I must be... *cute*!?**”

*Probably too cute to be taken seriously as a soldier...*

That realization bummed me out somehow. It was probably related to the new memories that were slowly filling my mind. Of a life created for the sake of fighting, of deciding to live that life of my own volition. But my newfound insecurities were certainly *valid* as well. There wasn't a mirror in that tiny room to see my face and acknowledge how delicate its features had become. How my lips had swelled, my nose had shrunk, or how my eyes had widened to show off irises that were a mix of orange and a touch of yellow. I looked like a pretty young woman, and there was an adorableness to my appearance in kind.

**"I... I feel kind of out of it... Am I sick?"** No. I had known better just a minute ago, but my mental changes was taking hold with dominance. I was forgetting who I had once been, and that I could even be transformed at all. In the meantime, the orange wasn't limited to my eyes alone, either. The roots of my dark hair illuminated before anything else, but the orange spread to the tips in a matter of seconds. From there? It all *lengthened* considerably, spilling well down past a pair of ears that were forced into longer, elvish points on the sides of my head and reaching well past my butt. Somehow, having it hanging all loose behind me felt *weird*. And not because I wasn't used to my hair being that long, but because subconsciously I now preferred to have it styled differently.

I wobbled back and forth on my feet. Was I a little off balance? I was! And there was a good reason for that. My hips had been forced wider and *significantly* so, so the fact that my pants had been slipping off my waist from a temporary countermeasure in the shelf those hips established. But it wasn't *all* sunshine and rainbows down there. While a great deal of space had been freed in my pantlegs from my prior weight and height loss, weight *returned*, albeit exclusively to burgeoning thighs along with my swelling ass. Those hips nearly doubled in size, pulling the upper segment of my pantlegs tighter at least, while my ass bubbled into a beach shape that made my boxers nice and snug.

A fact that did *not* play well with the fact that I was technically still a man. My thickened, hairless thighs were pressing against my junk, and it was relatively *discomforting*... at least briefly. **"Mmn... Oh!?"** I'd been weighted down more and more by new memories replacing old ones, but the sensation of my slit twitching stirred me from it for a brief moment. Any trace of my masculinity had quickly been erased from my biology.

Which led to the most prominent trace of my newfound *feminine* physiology swelling into position. The front of my shirt *bounced*, and I stumbled forward with a **"WHAT!?"** I managed to catch myself before I fell to the floor, but why did my torso feel like it had been pulling me down? Looking at it, my *D-cup* breasts were just as big as they normally

were, right? They were probably the heaviest part of my body aside from the *iron horns*, which soon grew from my skull and wrapped around my pointed ears. “**That was strange, but my clothes are— Hm?**” They were wrong, right?

I’d come to that conclusion while looking down at them, but then upon looking up and down again? I was wearing my usual uniform? My puffy, black, zip-up camo jacket and skirt combo with spats and a tank top underneath for when I had to take the jacket off came into view. A fingerless black glove on my right hand, a full yellow one was on my left... Black boots with yellow heels, and black thigh high tights with criss-crossing black and white bands... Even my beret was in place?

So, why had I thought something was wrong with my outfit? I got lost in thought. My memories definitely contained ones where I had gotten dressed... fairly recently... into my usual uniform? But while I was lost in thought? Something slowly crept out from my tailbone. A long, black, hairless tail that was clearly artificial because you could see fragments of steel sticking out here and there. It turned red and then silver near the tip, where a red and black *gun* grew with a trio of prongs between it and the rest of my tail. And it seemed to be *waking up*? I didn’t notice any of this, which was why it was so surprising when—

**“Soldier Orphie! Snap out of it, would ya!? Didn’t we receive orders to meet the Proxy!?”**

“**WAH!?**” Solider *Orphie*? Who was... Oh! That was *me*! That voice had really scared me at the time, though! Admittedly, I still felt *pretty* out of it. At first, I was *super* confused about why my tail was talking to me? The gun on my tail was talking...? Wait, what was I thinking!? That wasn’t just a talking gun! That was my commanding officer! “**R-Right away, Captain Magus! Sorry, I was just thinking about something!**” That was a half-truth. I couldn’t really remember *what* had distracted me anymore? It felt important, but...

*If I’d forgotten, then it probably wasn’t important at all, right?*

At Captain Magus’s urging, I left the barracks and continued down to the



exit. We had a long trip up to Yunkui Summit where we were meeting with the Proxy, Belle, along with Seed and Trigger, who had been off doing their own thing. Seed had probably holed herself up where she could work on Seed Sr., while Trigger... Well, she was always kinda of doing her own thing? I admired the both of them for different reasons!

**“Look, Captain Magus! After all that, we ended up here first!”** I triumphantly teased my captain to the sound of her groaning when we arrived at the meeting spot: a road leading into Yunkui Summit that we had used as a base of operations recently. She probably had *more* to say to try and wipe the smirk off of my face, but the sight of Seed Sr. dropping from the sky and Seed herself popping out from inside of it steered her away. **“Heya Seed! Did you have a good break!?”**

She seemed to be confused by my question? It was a common occurrence, really. **“Huh? Was I on break? I was tuning Seed Sr. up~! He’s about 0.5% faster in combat now!”** That was surprisingly little considering how dramatic the upgrades usually were, but I didn’t push it. I didn’t get the chance, because Belle showed up! Or... *was* that actually Belle? She was a lot shorter and younger, had two cat tails and a pair of cat ears? But she was dressed like her, so... **“Proxy~! There you are!”** Seed was acting like that was the normal Belle, though?

Maybe she really was? I was about 50/50 on it, but Captain Magus even greeting her like normal made me think that maybe *I* was the one who was going crazy! But let’s say I was right, and this was an imposter...

Then where was the real Belle?