

MEM MEM MEM?

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



I wasn't really much for *libraries*.

I didn't really have anything *against* them, and in fact I visited them a lot when I was younger. Of course, I grew up at a time that was closer to the beginning of the digital age – back when cell phones weren't so common that everyone had one, and when we didn't have whatever information that we desired at our fingertips. Back then, going to your local library *was* the easiest way to find what you needed. There wasn't really as much of a substitute for it until the mid-to-late oos.

As the internet became more usable and digital devices became easier to find and purchase, more and more of the world's information was uploaded onto the world wide web that could be accessed *by* anyone with one of those devices. And so? I lost my primary reason to *need* to go to one. If I needed to know something, I could just check the internet. I eventually became more enthralled by different hobbies like shows and video games too, so I had even less reason to go if I wasn't reading.

...Ironically, with the rise of AI ruining the internet, it almost seemed like going to the library was becoming the better option if you wanted honest information these days.

But that *wasn't* why I had gone to my public library that day. I stood at the front counter and slipped a piece of paper to the librarian behind it. **"Excuse me. I'm looking for this book? My roommate was looking for it, but I, uh, haven't really been to the library in a long while."** It felt a little embarrassing to ask, what with me being an *adult* and all. Fortunately, the older woman just smiled and told me to wait a moment as she looked it up.

We had shared a short conversation in the meantime, and eventually she scribbled a number on the paper I'd handed to her and slid it back. **"You're looking for storage room 4 in the back. It's an older book and no one has checked it out for a while, but you should be able to find it there."** Because it *was* a library and they had security systems, they probably didn't worry too much about patrons borrowing straight from the storage rooms?

I bowed and thanked her before moving towards the back of the building. I lived in a big city, so the library was both sizable *and* modern. It took me a while to even navigate to the back, at which point I had to find the storage room with the right number beside it. **"2... 3... Ah, there it is."** I'd briefly been worried that I wouldn't be able to access it because it *seemed* to have a security lock on it.

But ultimately, it opened just fine.

It was dark inside, but I *did* manage to find a light switch that I flipped up with a *CLICK*. My expectations were that the room was going to be small, no bigger than a walk-in closet. But it was closer to a standard *living room* in size? **"...Damn, this place must have a lot of books if each storage room is this big."** Which didn't bode well for finding the specific one I was looking for. I stepped forward, double checking the name of the book on the paper as I did.

But because I was distracted? I ended up kicking something on the way. **"Crap."** Why had a *book* just been lying on the floor? It didn't look like a *standard* book, either. Its bindings were artisan, and as it traveled across the floor? I managed to glance at starry pages that looked like they might have been drawn by hand. There was something almost ethereal about it that went beyond its appearance.

It wasn't the book I was *looking* for, but it looked a little too important to just be lying on the ground like that. So, being a good Samaritan, I bent over to pick it up. It was big enough that I needed to use both hands to hold it properly! I was a little curious, but I also just wanted to get what I was looking for and go home, so in the end I just reached over to put it up on the nearest shelf.

My intentions were simple *enough*, but they met a hitch when I suddenly dropped it. **"Hey!?"** Well, when you worded it like that, it almost sounded like I dropped it on purpose. I ultimately ended up doing so instinctively, however. The book had suddenly become *very* warm to the touch. **"Books don't just— JESUS!"** I briefly became worried that the book had actually *caught fire*.

Because there was a bright light radiating from where I had dropped the book on the ground. My brain naturally operated on common sense, and so for a book to burn so brightly, especially *red*, fire was the first thing that came to mind. I took a few steps back before I looked a little more closely. There was no smoke and the light wasn't flickering. Even stranger? I had *assumed* it was red at first, but it was actually glowing *pink*. A *very* bright pink.

"Uh..." I didn't really know *what* to do. Did the book have lights installed inside of it or something? That was really the *only* thing I could think of, even though I definitely hadn't observed anything like that while initially holding it. It didn't help my concerns that I felt... *odd*. A little tingly, somehow? It was a feeling you might occasionally get on a random part of your body, except in my case it had spread across my body's entirety. **"Maybe I should just... go?"** I could just let the librarian know and be on my way!

Unfortunately for me, I didn't have that liberty. Even if I'd managed to get to the door, I would have found that the locking mechanism had somehow been *enabled*, but I didn't even get that far before— **"Eh!?"** I noticed something was amiss. Actually, saying it was 'amiss' was probably dramatically *underselling* just what it was that I had noticed. My clothing? It felt baggy, and my balance felt *all* wrong. Naturally confused, I looked down at myself to find a *number* of things just seemed *bizarre*.

The floor seemed a little *too* close, that much was obviously part of it. But part of what I'd noticed was that I could maybe see a little *too much* of the floor? At my age, I was used to having to look past a rather sizable *gut*. A large belly that blocked most of my view of the ground *directly* below me. But my vision was a little clearer and, in fact, was becoming even clearer still. My stomach was *compressing*, leaving my shirt to hang loosely as it emptied. **"What the hell!?"** I slammed my hand into my gut (rather painfully), and that hand pressed my shirt against what was a perfectly *trim* tummy. I couldn't feel even the slightest bit of fat.

"How am I... so... thin?" That utter lack of excess body weight on my body had been so shocking that I hadn't even *noticed* just how short I'd become. I was only *five feet* tall, so short that my shirt now hung off my body like a dress, and my pants ultimately slipped from my waist, pulling my boxers with them. **"H-Hey!?"** It wasn't until I reached to try and grab them that it occurred to me how much shorter of a trip it was to the ground.

But even then, because I was wearing that *dress* of a shirt, it didn't necessarily click just *how* much direr things were beneath it. I was much too hung up on the being *significantly shorter and lighter* part for me to

think ‘hey, maybe my figure had changed in other ways’. Which it *had*. My waistline wasn’t *just* free of any unneeded body fat, it had swung in a few inches while my hips had done the opposite – and even my shoulders were slimmer than before.

More plainly put: my body was looking increasingly *feminine*, something that wasn’t lost on my *face* either. “**What is... happening?**” Confused by a lighter sound to my voice, a smaller hand grabbed onto my neck – just missing the smoothing away of my Adam’s apple. “**Why do I sound like a *girl*?**” For the same reason that I *looked* like one? That face didn’t change dramatically, but it *did* skew itself to look like a cuter, more girlish version of my original face, while my dark hair had lengthened to my shoulders.

Ultimately, the fate that had gradually been implied to be in my future came to fruition. “**Mmn!?**” It *probably* looked indecent, especially with my pants and underwear already on the ground, but I bent my knees and brought both of my hands to my crotch while my thighs rubbed together, fattening a tad as they did so. “**I-It’s gone!?**” Where I *should* have expected to find my dick? There was nothing. I was biologically a *woman*.

It had to be the book’s fault, right? But how could a book *do* that? Magic? That wasn’t real. Or I probably would have remained a believer if not for the fact that *my sex had just changed*. Okay, so ‘magic’ had turned me into a woman. “**What is *Mem* supposed to...?**” ...*Mem*? Had I just said *Mem*? I’d heard someone say that before, hadn’t I? A character in something? A video game...? It was a vivid memory, and the game’s name was on the tip of my tongue, but...

It slipped away. I couldn’t remember *where* I had heard it before?

In fact, my mind was beginning to feel a little *heavy* overall. Thinking wasn’t impossible, but it felt like I was conjuring my thoughts at a snail’s pace compared to normal. Was it related to the fact that my dark hair was not only brightening to pink, but seemingly shortening so that only stuck a couple of inches out from my skull on top? *Probably*, but I didn’t notice any of that, nor how tufts of pink had peeked out from behind my ears, while another appeared on my forehead between my eyebrows.

“**What could *Mem* be... *Mem*?**” I didn’t know what I wanted to say, *nor* did I know what I wanted to do. I just drew a blank. And yet... my body was still changing, this time in ways that seemed *inhuman*. The tufts of pink ‘hair’ on the sides of my head were becoming all the easier to see because my ears weren’t exactly *in the way* anymore. They were creepy up the sides of my head, stretching longer and longer as pink *fur* sprouted from them – which incidentally must have been the type of

hair atop my head now, too. It didn't take long for both of my ears to look like some kind of pink *animal's*. Perhaps a *bunny's* with how long they were? Long, with cream-colored centers and sparkling, purple tips with three prongs each.

I squeaked with surprise before I could even *think* to question the ears that were now twitching atop my head. "**Mem!?**" The back of my shirt lifted up all of a sudden, showing off my perky, womanly buttocks. I arched my back to try and see, but I didn't have to twist much to see the culprit. A big, fluffy tuft of pink fur had shot out from the base of my spine? It was purple and sparkly at the tip, and must have been at least four feet long at the time. "**Mem mem tail!?**" It had to be a tail, right?

But why did I have a tail? ...Was there a reason I *should not* have had a tail? What was I... *supposed* to be?

A discreet itchiness was spreading across my body now, spreading fur into areas where there had been none before. My face and tummy inherited the same cream color that you could observe in my ears, though my eyebrows became small, pink ovals that matched a pair of larger, pink blush marks on my cheeks. The *shape* of my face became larger, with those cheeks both puffy *and* forced to a different angle as my nose was pulled out into the slightest snout dotted with a tiny, wet, black nose. My lips thinned into a pink, leather shape that was more like an animal's too, hiding slightly smaller albeit *sharper* teeth.

My back, legs, and arms were soon covered in pink, but they didn't get away with the *mere* change of receiving fur as a whole – namely because it was around this point that my body began to *shrink* again. And yet? In this case it wasn't as consistent as it had been the first time, at least if the intention had been to preserve my human proportions... which it was *not*. "**Mem mem getting smaller mem!?**" But in this case I didn't notice because the ground was getting closer. It was because my shirt fell right off, revealing *that my feet were no longer touching the ground*.

"**Mem mem furry mem!?**" It was hard to tell what I *should* have been worried about. I could now see my entire body getting smaller. My legs were only about *six inches* long and were covered in soft pink, with their overall shortness making my thighs appear round and soft. I looked down just in time to watch the shapes of my feet shorten towards my heels as creamy fur spread across them, mending them into a trio of tiny paws with pink beans on their bottoms. Not that a different fate awaited my hands, which had turned into similar, but slightly larger paws upon four inch long, pink arms.

Was it strange that I was floating? Was I not supposed to be covered in fur and, presumably, very cute? I couldn't remember *what* I was supposed to look like at all, so I became uncertain about whether or not I should have been questioning it at all. I was only about *ten* inches tall give or take by the time I'd stopped shrinking, with my torso ultimately built more like a definition-free *plushie* than a normal humanoid. Those breasts I'd grown were gone too!

The final touch was a brightening of my eyes. They'd grown *much* bigger and rounder when my face had become more like an animal's, but now a sparkling blue shone in my irises while my pupils.... The inverted to white and expanded into five petaled flowers that took up most of the space within my irises. I couldn't say for sure since I couldn't remember how things had been before, but could I see and hear better?

“**Mem mem mem mem!?**” I had noticed that my speech had been deteriorating, but now I could no longer speak the human language at all? All I could mutter was ‘Mem’ over and over like a... what were those creatures called? The things in that video game! “**...Mem?**” Come to think of it, what even *was* a ‘video game’? I floated there like a fairy, befuddled by my current circumstances. Why couldn't I remember anything? Where I came from, what I was, even my *name* – all of these were things I *should* have known, right!?



Well, if all I could say was ‘mem’, then I guess *Mem* would have to do it for a name for the time being! I placed my paws on my tiny hips and nodded affirmatively. “**Mem!**” It wasn't like there was anyone else around to name me! But then again... I didn't even know *where* I was. There were a *lot* of books around, so maybe some kind of library? It was odd... I knew some terms but not others?

There was also a door... Maybe I could try opening it? That would have been the *best* course of action, but— “**MEM!? MEM MEM MEM!?**” A familiar looking book on the floor suddenly began to glow pink. I was getting a weird sense of déjà vu, but I panicked. The light was *pulling* me towards the book! I flailed about, trying to fly away as fast as I could, but it was pointless. The pull became even *stronger* when the cover flew open and, at that point...

I was sucked right *into* the book!

All I saw from that point on was darkness. For how long? I didn't really know. It could have been minutes, hours, days, weeks, or even *years*.

Time didn't really *feel* real. But all of a sudden, a *light* arrived. Bright and brilliant, it was a shimmering gold that warmed my body and heart, familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. "**Mem?**" And then the darkness faded. I was staring at a young woman with golden eyes and silver hair, in a place that I somehow knew was called 'Amphoreus'. But really? That was all I *really* knew. I was also wearing a sleeveless, white cloak with a red gemstone holding it in place. Cute!

Instinct guided me to fly away, as if showing that woman a path through the dimly lit ruins of a ruined land. But even if she didn't realize it yet? The two of us were bound.

And I'd be seeing her again really soon.