

SHARK WEEK CELEBS

COMMISSION STORY

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“This is a *really* weird collab...”

Joseph’s face had been showing a somewhat disinterested expression as he scrolled through the news that had been reported during the day while he’d been working. Well, it was *technically* ‘news’, but not the sort that typically came to mind when someone told you they were ‘watching the news’. It was more or less just a feed of new information regarding gacha games he played and series he watched. He had it all collected on the same social media feed to make things easier.

His look of disinterest had waned when his attention had come across one article in particular, though. It was an announcement for a new collaboration project between Hoyoverse, the makers of games like Zenless Zone Zero and Genshin Impact, and a very unexpected partner. **“The *Discovery Channel*? I’m surprised they were okay with that...”** Considering they were an American media company that broadcasted programs that were *sometimes* education, it had felt like an odd fit to him.

“For *Shark Week*?” Things had made a little more sense to him after he read a little further. *Kind of*. The collaboration was specific to the Shark Week event that the Discovery Channel ran every year. It was a week of nonstop shark-based content that had become a summer network staple. **“Actually, I guess that makes a little sense. I’m surprised they decided to partner with a company known for anime games though...”** Maybe the collab was just on Hoyoverse’s side? Like in-game items or something?

The man's predictions were almost instantly proven wrong with a little more scrolling through the article. Something near the bottom stood out to him. **"Catch the special events on-air with two special guests at the beginning and end of Shark Week?"** The Hoyoverse games had at least a *couple* of characters that were shark-themed, but that was just it. They were *characters*. They couldn't attend a live event because they weren't real. Or so he'd thought. **"Who could they even—?"**

"Whoa!?" For a brief moment, Joseph thought his chair had been pulled out from under him. He had been sitting down, but his butt suddenly fell back onto the ground – leaving him in so much shock for a second that it took him a second to catch up with what had *actually* just happened. But once he began to push himself up, and found himself staring down at a blue-carpet floor that *wasn't* his own... **"...Eh?"**

The man practically *jumped* up from the floor when it finally occurred to him. He was no longer in his room; he was somewhere *much* fancier. The carpet below him was that short blue, there was a couch nearby, a makeup table... And on the far wall was a logo that was *very* familiar to him. Was it the logo for the *Discovery Channel*? **"Wait... Am I in a Discovery Channel studio!?"** He had to ask both *how* and *why* internally. Was it because he'd been reading that article? It didn't make any sense.

But more than just his location had changed. When he'd read the article? It was the day *before* Shark Week. But now? It was the *first day* of it. A full day had passed for Joseph without him even realizing, which spoke of just how bizarre the situation he found himself in was. The teleporting was strange enough on its own, and he would have liked to think that there was a grounded explanation for it, but there were just far too many factors that made it even more complicated.

And he received his very first taste of that the moment he even *entertained* taking his first step towards the exit. Where else was he *supposed* to go? **"H-Huh!?"** His plans were foiled when he was struck by a sudden downwards momentum that left his brain confused about whether or not he was *falling*. His eye level made a significant drop, but there was no doubt in his mind that his feet were still firmly planted on the ground.

"I— Wait, what!?" It happened so quickly that the man only managed to look down just in time for it to *end*, at which point he was made privy to the sight of his feet being planted within his shoes firmly on the floor, but that floor was a *lot* closer to his face than he would have reasonably expected. He could also see – and feel – that it had affected his clothing in kind. A T-shirt that once fit him perfectly had slipped on one shoulder

and reached past his crotch, whereas his shorts dangled down as far as his knees. “**Did I just get *smaller*?**”, he asked in disbelief.

Joseph wasn’t really questioning the fact that it had happened so much as he was questioning the *plausibility* of it happening at *all*. It was utterly impossible, and yet he couldn’t deny that his body was now *much* shorter. And yet? There were some questions he probably should have been asking. Why had his shirt slipped over his shoulder? Because his shoulders had slimmed themselves. And why had his shorts not even slipped a little? In fact, they almost felt *tighter*? Because his hips had inched ever so slightly wider; his shirt being so much larger just made it hard to tell.

Understandably *anxious*, he bit the inside of his lip before wincing in pain. The taste of *blood* filled his mouth for just a second before going away, but had he cut himself? “**Ow?**” The natural thing to do would be to probe where he *thought* he’d been cut with his tongue, but doing so ultimately revealed something to him that was perhaps even more uncanny than suddenly dropping down to 5’3”! His tongue encountered a tooth that was *razor* sharp. It shouldn’t have been that sharp at all, but through a quick and careful skim? He found that *all* of his teeth were like that!

“**...What?**” No, that was *very* alarming, wasn’t it? So, why was it that the biggest reaction he could conjure almost sounded like an uncaring *sigh*? That was more obvious to Joseph than a voice that *did* sound slightly higher, though he had still raised a hand to poke the teeth of a now wide-open mouth. A wide-open mouth that was changing *beyond* just its teeth. He had angled his finger so that it wouldn’t touch his lips, but it ended up touching them anyways because they swelled fuller.

It was all part of a broader shift in his facial features, though. Lips aside, his nose seemed to shrink while any overabundant pores closed so that his skin appeared smoother – stealing away any facial hair in the process. His face was soon smaller and prettier, and even his eyes both rounded in shape and reddened in color while his eyelashes adapted into lengthier, fluttering strands. This was also to say nothing of his *hair*. It inched longer, albeit not excessively so, creeping out into a messy bob of black with red highlights bleeding into its lowest layering.

That hair wasn’t *too* much longer, but it likely should have been long enough for the man himself to notice something was awry with it. The fact that he didn’t was certainly suggestive of the idea that there was something going on *mentally* as well. If it was though, and it *was*, it wasn’t perfected *just* yet. Else he would have believed he was a teenager based on his complexion, and because something occurred to him when

he finally removed his finger from his mouth – slightly confused about why he'd been prodding his own teeth in the first place.

“Wait. What’s up with my skin?” Joseph had noticed it in the prodding finger, but when he pulled it back he realized it was happening to *all* of his skin. Unnecessary body hair had been shaved away (aside from pubes that had darkened while shortening), but that wasn’t it. His olive complexion wasn’t so *olive* anymore. It had become lighter before his reddened eyes, gaining the vaguest pink of hues beneath it all. But unique to the finger – and fingers – that had tipped him off in the first place? They had also thinned and shortened a touch, ultimately tipped off by nails that had been grown and painted red. **“...Or was it always this color?”**

He *wanted* to care. He *really* did. But at the same time, he just couldn’t find it in himself *to* care. It felt like such a nothingburger. He was just confused, right? That’s all it was. Which was a fairly poor attitude to have about it all considering the transformation was entering its most *dramatic* phase. One signaled by an aching sensitivity that gathered upon his chest. **“Tch.”** Rather than pay any attention to it though, he just clicked his tongue in annoyance.

It *probably* wasn’t a change that should have been shrugged off so easily, what with how the cause was a pair of *mounds* beginning to swell upon his chest. But they grew without much fanfare, skin stretching around orbs that were roughly the equivalent of a pair of softballs in size and weight, with the perky nipples you’d expect from an eighteen-year-old. Just not an eighteen-year-old *boy*, as everything else had already been suggesting. They sat above a narrowed waistline, which flowed into widened hips and thicker...

Well, a thicker *everything else*. It pooled into the young man’s thighs so that they burgeoned several inches thicker, while his butt bloated until it was shaped like a peach that could barely be contained by his shorts and boxers in the past. All of this excess weight would surely have wrought discomfort for his *cock* though, right? It certainly *would* have, presuming it wasn’t also finally coming under the transformation’s effects.

But it *was*, and there was a curious side effect to what was an expected loss of girth and length to his masculinity. At every step of the loss, as his dick shrunk smaller? A growth of greater mass pushed out from the base of his spine, pushing down his shorts and eventually lifting his shirt. It was like his dick was being pushed in, but a *tail* covered with black hide was escaping out the back. It had a base that was so thick that it lipped over Joseph’s ass cheeks, scarred in places and painted with graffiti that read ‘SHARK’ in others.

But that was just it. It was a *shark's* tail, one with a scarred fin at its end. By the time it had reached a full, eight-foot length, *her* dick and balls were gone completely, not pushing directly into the front of her pelvis, but instead pulled into her new pussy at its base. She perked up all of a sudden at the sound of a man's voice calling through her door, and in that moment of sudden movement?

Her old outfit was done away. Instantly replaced by a sleek, black, modern maid uniform with short sleeves with a frilly, white underskirt overtop black tights and steel heels. She had a classic maid headdress and apron, but white lace wrapped around her short sleeves as well. There would usually be some *sharper* (literally) accessories equipped, but since she was in a television studio she'd naturally been asked to remove them.

“Huh? Did they say final call? That means I’m s’posed to make sure I look fine, huh?”

There wasn’t very much enthusiasm in *Ellen Joe’s* voice after hearing that call through the door. It must have been one of the Discovery Channel’s staff telling her that her part was coming up. As the *only* shark Thiren in the entire world after slipping through a strange portal earlier that year (or at least that was the explanation reality had been altered to suggest), it only made sense that the channel would scout her of all people to help host their Shark Week or whatever.



The teenaged girl didn’t seem to be that interested in it, though. **“If they weren’t paying me a whole buttload, I would not be doing this.”** Her thick shark tail flicked back and forth behind her. That Hoyoverse company had taken responsibility for her appearance in this world and were paying her bills, but more expendable income was worth it. Ellen didn’t bother to hype herself up. She did the *opposite* and let out a sigh before opening the door to head to the stage.

“They have that other chick closing the week out, right? I hope she has more fun with this than I will.”

“I... Huh!?” I looked around with a *much* greater panic than Joseph had when he had first turned up in this *very* same changing room, but to be fair? It had also been a *very* strange week. At the beginning of the week? One of my online friends had just up and *disappeared*. Well, everyone else who had known him seemed to be trying to gaslight me. Whenever I brought him up, they acted like they’d never heard of him before. Even his own family? Was I the target of some kind of elaborate prank? Were they all in on some kind of conspiracy?

Considering I lived in a different country though; there was only so much I could do. I just carried on the best that I could while hoping some answers would turn up. And there’d also been that *other* mystery. The appearance of a girl claiming to be the real *Ellen Joe* from Zenless Zone Zero during a Shark Week event. Everyone online just... *bought it*? They didn’t treat her as a cosplayer, and there were news articles about her just *appearing* around one year ago.

“Wait, could this be what happened to Joseph?” Maybe I was dreaming, but the fact that I’d just been *spirited away* was practically impossible. But something that was ‘practically impossible’ was also the only kind of explanation that could justify Joseph’s prior disappearance. **“And is this really in the Discovery Channel studio? Wait...”** Joseph disappeared, and then Ellen showed up? It had seemed like a coincidence at the time, but what if...?

I felt like I was on the right track somehow. I was close to connecting the dots! I had to be, but... **“Huh? Sharky?”** I’d noticed something propped up by the exit door. It hadn’t been there before, and while vaguely familiar, I couldn’t remember where I’d seen it before. And yet? I blurted out a name and took several steps towards it before I stopped myself. **“Wait, what am I—? Whoa!?”** My shorts ended up slipping off the *very* moment I had stopped moving, leaving me to bend forward and realize...

That my shirt was *very* loose?

I’d only taken about five steps towards the shark at *most*, but unaware to me as it had happened? With each step my height had bobbed downwards by a fair margin, as had my body weight lessened. I went from a tall yet overweight man to one that was a mere 5’3” – and not only of a healthier weight, but one with a fair amount of lean muscle on my person in such a short amount of time. **“H-Huh!?”** I looked around. There weren’t any hidden cameras, were there?

Deciding that probably *wasn’t* the case, and noticing the lock on the door seemed to be set so that no one could storm in, an uncharacteristically bold curiosity took hold of me which led to me

lifting the shirt up and over my head, ultimately tossing it neatly onto the couch from where I was standing. “**Whoa...**” In another odd move for me, I released a giddy gasp at the sight of my naked form. I was definitely shorter but seeing myself so thin and fit was much more striking of a change.

It had been so long since I had last seen myself thin that I didn’t even question some irregularities that would have stood out otherwise, like how much narrower my shoulders were, or how my waistline curved in and out again, so it looked like my body had cute little handles. Even my hips seemed to be slightly off in that they were a little wider than they probably should have been. For reasons that weren’t *immediately* clear to me, and probably wouldn’t *become* clear, my entire silhouette had become curvier relative to its shorter height.

“**Wait... Is there really anything amazing about this? Isn’t this how my body *usually* looks? Then again, my body is pretty amazing!**” No... I wasn’t completely far gone yet, but things *did* seem to be relatively in order? I pushed back a little mentally, but what was doing more damage to my awareness was the bubblyness that had already infiltrated both my attitude *and* my voice. Was my pitch a little higher, or was it just the inflection I had started to use?

A little of column A, a little of column B, with a dark horse exacerbating the issue. I had bit at my lower lip momentarily without thinking about *why* I’d felt compelled to that, much less did I notice that my lip was a little *swollen*. Both my upper and lower lips suffered the same fate, growing fuller, moister, and glossier by the second. It was just a small part of what happening more broadly to my thinned face. My nose *also* differed, as the bridge shortened and my nostrils widened. But on the other hand? My eyes *rounded* as red bled into my irises... and my pupils not only inverted to white, but become uncannily shaped like... *fish*?

None of that *actually* touched on why I’d bit my lip, though. “**Wait... Am I...?**” I had a realization that I felt *torn* on. The pollution of my personality, memories, and identity had proceeded rapidly, but I still recognized that I felt *empty*... *between my legs*. Looking down, I couldn’t see anything hanging there anymore, but even my *pubes* were gone? *Well yeah! It’s better to stay shaved if you’re hitting the waves!* It was a thought that didn’t make much sense, but I accepted it regardless.

“**A woman?**” A gave my head a cute little tilt as I wondered about it aloud. *Yeah! Duh? Of course I’m a woman?* But much like my thoughts regarding the hair *above* my crotch, I accepted the new *slit* that made me *female* between my legs as something that had always been there too. To be fair though, even if my pubes *hadn’t* been shaved above my

pussy, I probably still would have been confused about them. Because they would have been the wrong *color*.

That made sense if you looked at my face and hair. Not only were my eyebrows now a bluish *silver* (and fluffier!), but that color was seeping into my short haircut as well. It went without saying that whenever my pubes grew out and needed to be shaved again, they'd be the same color. But while they didn't grow at that time, the hair *atop* my head did. And it grew a *lot*. My bangs became quite fluffy, messily framing my face and reaching my shoulders on the sides. Whereas in the back? It was a layered ordeal where the lowest layer was messy and waving, reaching behind my knees. While the higher layer was a *little* straighter and only reached the center of my back.

I looked down at my body again and blinked, paying no attention to the weight of my hair *or* the weight that was now building upon my narrow chest. A perky padding was feeding weight behind my nipples, and in turn those nipples became a touch fuller themselves. The grew to the size of a pair of quarter, areola and all, while the unbound weight of the fat stretched my chest into a pair of *very* perky *B-cups* that my fit chest made seem even more pronounced. But rather than point out that my tits *shouldn't* have been there? **“Why did I strip, anyways? Wasn't I already dressed for the show? Then again, it is pretty stuffy in here!”**

Once an introvert that didn't like going out, I now felt stifled by being *inside*. I wanted to go out in the free air! On the waves! See the world! The very thought of all that made me excited, and as that excitement built? So did the weight of my lower body. My butt perked up to make use of my widened gait, fat finally softening the look of my now muscular ass as it bubbled into a round and enticing shape. What it couldn't accommodate was fed into my muscular thighs, retaining their strength but gaining that gentler touch of femininity too.

I looked away for a moment, and when I next looked down? **“Oh! Maybe I *was* dressed?”** It certainly *seemed* that way! I was wearing my usual light blue halter top and copper fish emblem? My dark blue shorts and matching skirt? My fingerless gloves and sandals? Heck, even my lower hair was braided while the upper hair was tied in a ponytail behind my favorite hair ornament, just as I liked it! It was my *People of the Springs* special! But still... **“Is the lighting in here weird? I feel a little *pale*?”**

Like *really* pale! You couldn't even see the white lines of my Nightsoul markings! ...At first! But as if I'd just reminded *whatever* was changing me about that inconsistency? My complexion darkened. I soon bore a light yet observable tan, and it stood out all the more because *lines* had

remained the original pale color. Around my arms, my knees, and even above my stomach. They looked like the marks of a tribe of some kind, which... *Duh?* That'd be like asking why my nails were all painted blue!

...Well, that was more because I *liked* the color blue, so I guess that didn't correlate all that much! Haha!

"I still have a little more time before I go on, right!? Maybe I should get in some reps first! I have *way* too much energy to burn!" I dropped onto the floor with a surplus of energy and began to do a series of pushups. If I'd been like, an older and heavier man, I probably would have gotten exhausted *immediately!* But as *Mualani*, a guide and surfer from Natlan's People of the Springs, I always kept my small, toned body in *perfect* condition! Well... Not that it really mattered *where* I had come from these days!



I was at the Discovery Channel studio at the behest of Hoyoverse, a company that had kindly taken me in after I'd ended up in this weird world after crashing through a portal on the waves while riding my Sharky surfboard back home. I didn't really *get* the specifics, but it was fine! They said they were going to help me find a way home, and I wasn't even alone! There was Ellen! She was a little younger than me and came from a different world, but we were still two peas in a pod!

...She didn't always seem to see it that way, though!

"48... 49... 50...!" The second I hit my goal, I sprung up onto my feet and wiped the sweat from my brow. I guess they wanted me to do this show because of my Sharky surfboard? I'd launched an entire *merch* line around it because it was so popular, after all! But I wasn't nearly as much of a 'shark' as Ellen was! When it came to my worries? I wasn't worried at *all* about going on stage! I was going to show them some cool Sharky tips and tricks!

...But it felt a little like I'd *been* worried about something a moment ago that I'd just up and forgotten about. Something important.