

PHAETHON'S #1

COMMISSION STORY

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“Huh? What’s this?”

After logging into his Zenless Zone Zero account, Joseph had been surprised to find a new text message sent to his account that had taken him off guard. It had been sent by the AI of the main characters, Fairy, which was *definitely* weird considering he’d never received a *system message* from any of the characters before. Well, he had *assumed* that it was a system message at the time, considering that was literally the title of the in-game mail: *SYSTEM MESSAGE*.

“Wh-What? Where am I?” He’d never been given an opportunity to read it, however. The second he clicked on it, his surroundings had changed in a flash, and he found himself on a bed that had clearly been remade in a rush in an unfamiliar room. No... maybe ‘unfamiliar’ wasn’t the right word. He *did* recognize it. It was the room of *Belle*, one of the two members of Phaethon who served as the main characters of the game he had been playing.

But how? *Why?* He didn’t have answers to these questions, or at least he *wouldn’t* have if not for the sound of an AI speaking through the speakers of the phone on the nearby nightstand. **“HELLO, MASTER. DO NOT WORRY, YOU WILL ADJUST TO YOUR NEW ROLE SHORTLY.”** What did she *mean* by that? He went to ask, but he couldn’t manage to squeak out the words for some reason. It didn’t matter if he could speak or not.

Because ultimately? He would *succumb*.

About a day later, I booted up ZZZ on my own computer to find myself in a vaguely similar situation. I, too, had received a text message from an unusual source in-game, but it *wasn't* Fairy. **“Huh? A message from ‘Phaethon’?”** While Wise and Belle weren't self-insert characters in the least, the system itself typically treated the player as 'Phaethon' in a sense. We didn't receive mail from Wise or Belle, because those were the characters we were playing as. What was stranger was what was written *in* the mail.

WANNA GRAB DINNER WHEN UR DONE?

“Dinner? Like in the game?” I was naturally having a hard time trying to parse what that message was implying for reasons related to what I had already touched on. If I was playing as a member of Phaethon, then how could my character 'grab dinner' with them? **“Like... having Belle have dinner with Wise, maybe? Is this some kind of in-game event?”** That *felt* plausible, but I liked to stay up to date on game leaks and updates. I'd never heard of *anything* like that as an upcoming feature.

But it was probably harmless, right? I didn't have any reason to expect that something nefarious would unfold, because it was *just* a game. The worst thing I could imagine would be making my computer crash, and the only games that ever did that were much more GPU intensive. And so? I clicked on the 'Sure thing!' option, only to raise an eyebrow at the text message that had been returned. *‘Absolutely, Lord Phaethon~!’*... with Vivian's profile picture beside my message?

“That's... weird.” Was I answering *as* Vivian? The game didn't typically allow you to send texts from the points of view of other characters. Vivian herself was an eccentric character. An Agent from the Mockingbird faction that had only just been released. Her vampiric characteristics and sad backstory were both charm points, but she was more or less defined by how much she worshipped Phaethon – Belle and Wise.

I was so distracted by what 'I' had said that I didn't realize my room had *changed*. My computer, chair, and desk were all the same, but it had been relocated into a small and largely empty room that was dimly lit. It wasn't until I looked off to the side of my keyboard that I finally noticed, and only because something was there that *shouldn't* have been. **“H-Huh?”** There was a black graphic tee with a familiar design on it. It was the same one that *Belle* wore in-game?

While remaining seated, I then looked around at the rest of the room. It definitely wasn't *my* room. There was no stuff? Well, there was a neatly

made bed, but it seemed like a guest room that had yet to be fully furnished just yet. **“What just happened? How am I in a different room?”** Turning my attention back to my monitor, it wasn’t show off ZZZ anymore. It was glowing with pale purple light, illuminating what seemed to be a purple flip phone that was beside the shirt. Had the phone *been* there before?

With no other leads, I reached out to grab the phone and flipped it open. There were no locks on it, and what I found on the screen was the exact same exchange I’d had with Phaethon in the game. **“What’s... happening here?”** And why couldn’t I stop stealing glances of the shirt? It almost made me feel kind of *warm and fuzzy* inside, but it wasn’t like I could *do* anything with it. I was too big of a guy to wear it as I was.

Wear it or not, it’s an important piece of Lord Phaethon paraphernalia!

“...Huh?”

Paraphernalia? Like a collector’s item? Why in the world would I think that about a shirt? Sure, maybe it was cosplay merch that someone had purchased online, but... *Of course not! This shirt comes directly from Lord Phaethon’s dresser!* It was Belle’s shirt, right? Specifically, *Belle’s*. So, why did I keep thinking of her as ‘Lord Phaethon’ instead? It didn’t make sense. Only one character in the whole game referred to her that way, the youngest member of Mockingbird, *Vivian*. She was a Phaethon super-fan.

But I *wasn’t*. I wasn’t a super-fan *nor* was I Vivian, because how *could* I be? **“This is weird. I need to get out of here!”** I didn’t really get what was going on, but I could tell something was wrong. I got up from the chair and turned to leave, but even in that moment it has stopped me dead in my track. *Why would I leave this place? It has everything I need! Plus, I’d never try to leave my dearest Lord Phaethon!*

Those out of character thoughts were gradually becoming more intense. I couldn’t move closer to the door and instead turned back to look at the desk where— **“H-Huh!? Where did all of that come from?”** There had just been a computer, its accessories, and the shirt on it before. Now? There were plushies designed after Belle and Wise, some familiar Phaethon-related trinkets, and even a Phaethon poster on the wall! ...And I could vaguely recall putting them there myself. **“I-I did...?”**

I closed my eyes for a moment, and when they opened once more? My irises shone with the color of *crimson*, certainly not a regular eye color by any means. But this highlighted something that I hadn’t really

recognized. That the room wasn't the only thing about this situation that was *changing*. It also hadn't occurred to me that whatever had changed my eye color had also affected my *ears*. They slowly but surely inched outwards from the sides of my head, drawing into almost elvish points that were roughly five inches long.

I wouldn't remain permanently ignorant, though. "**Hm?**" I eventually had to pull my attention away from the conjured merchandise, guided by an uncanny... *hunger*? Maybe that wasn't the best word to describe it, but at the time it had felt the most accurate. I had just felt extremely *empty* all of a sudden. I placed a hand against where this feeling was the most prominent, or at least I tried. I was a heavier guy with a gut... or so I had thought, but...

"**Eh!?**" My voice cracked presumably from surprise at the time, because I was shocked when it turned out my hand wasn't able to touch my stomach where it was *supposed* to. It just met loose cloth. My crimson gaze shot downward to find that there *was* no gut – just as there was no excess weight in my face, arms, legs, or chest anymore. "**I-I'm thin?**" Where had it all gone!? I used a free hand to lift my shirt, revealing that even my stretchmarks had faded. "**That's impossible! How could—**
AH!?"

A second voice crack sounded as I was forced to reckon with the reality that maybe it wasn't *just* my stomach that was becoming smaller. I let go of my now oversized shirt, and it became even *larger* compared to the rest of my body as the cause of my cry ramped up. "**I'm shrinking!?**" I was, and *substantially* so. It was a much more pressing concern than a voice that seemingly *remained* higher now.

I was a tall guy. I almost stood at six feet, and with all of that weight lost I probably appeared a lot lankier. But that was undone as my vertical stature diminished. My eye level crept downward as my hands and feet slimmed and narrowed, providing me with daintier alternatives that were simultaneously decorated by longer, manicured nails painted with glossy purple. My shoulders narrowed, but my hips oddly *didn't*, instead choosing to expand a single inch.

In the end? I stood at a mere 5'4" instead. My pants and boxers held on only because my hips were wider, though they were *severely* oversized and baggy around my knees and ankles. Slimmer feet stepped out of shoes that were several sizes too big quite easily. "**How could this be happening to me? It's truly unusual, isn't it?**" I tugged at the shirt that I was now wearing more like a *dress*. I was speaking... oddly. It was overly proper and polite, like how you'd expect a stereotypical *princess* to speak, perhaps?

But I was only focused on my *height*. My *weight*? I no longer even doubted that it was correct. I couldn't *possibly* imagine being as bloated as I had once been. This was because of the same reason I was questioning how cute and feminine my voice had become. My body wasn't the only part of me that was affected by this phenomenon. My *mind* was under its influence as well, adjusting my perception to accept a new reality. A new reality where Lord Phaethon was #1! *Just look at all of the merch I have!*

...A lot more merch really *had* appeared in the room.

I *sounded* like a young woman, and I had the general silhouette of a young woman, especially once my waistline pinched in narrower than my shoulders. But I still didn't make a very *convincing* woman aesthetically beyond all of that. This... was an issue that was very rapidly corrected, especially above an Adam's apple that had shrunk so much that it was barely noticeable.

If 'cute' and 'delicate' were recurring keywords defining what was happening to me, then they were both applied in equally healthy measure to my *face*. No longer rounded out by chubby cheeks, what remained narrowed and slimmed further for the most part so that I had a slender maw and a cute, curved chin. My nose shrunk as the nostrils affixed narrowed, but the rest? It was all *growth*. My crimson eyes fluttered *larger* as I blinked, for example, lashes growing longer beneath brows that thinned and lightened to... *pastel purple*? While, on the other hand, my lips narrowed in length but puffed up in mass to be thicker and poutier. At times, you could see that my canine teeth looked a little longer and sharper.

They were almost like the teeth of a *vampire*. A vampire around the age of *twenty* or so, meaning I was a *lot* younger.

“What was I...? Oh! Was I organizing my Lord Phaethon merch?” I already saw the stuff that had filled the room as my *own*, no longer questioning its importance nor authenticity. In fact, my admiration for all of these items distracted me well enough from what was happening. After all, the pastel purple that had affected not only my eyebrows, but also the shortened pubes above my dick, had now emerged within the hair of my *scalp*.

It started in the roots and washed through to the tips of each strand. That alone suited my prettier face and crimson eyes well enough, but extra steps were taken when that hair began to lengthen. My form was not one that a short haircut suited, but as it lengthened and curled out behind me into numerous thick drills, and my bangs became layered while swept to the right, its beauty certainly became much more

suitable. I even began to idly play with some of the chest-length bangs that reached my chest, not questing their length at all. I could recall getting up early every morning to style it.

As I was *now*? I certainly looked like a pretty young woman. My biological sex still told a different story at that point, but it was just a fleeting concern. “**Mmn... Lord Phaethon!**” My fangs nibbled my lower lip once a wave of ecstasy centered around my loins struck. The masculinity that had remained present between my legs was robbed, pulling it into a *woman*’s pussy that had formed in its place. Of course, I’d *always* been a woman so having a pussy wasn’t really a big deal, was it?

My *supposed* sex change affected my hormones, which in turn advanced my complete and utter fall into absolute femininity. *Around* this pussy? My thinned thighs thickened again, becoming relatively meaty while the rest of their mass was passed onto my rump. My ass cheeks thickened into a small bubble shape that still stood out with how short and thin I was otherwise. A similar phenomenon was also noted in my *chest*. The front of my shirt pushed forward oh so slightly, because fat had pooled beneath swollen, puffy nipples until they jiggled with *C-cup* weight. Not that it was easy to tell how big or small they were with the oversized outfit I was wearing.

And so, it was *extremely* convenient that this little problem was dealt with promptly. The material of my pants tightened and darkened until they became a pair of black tights with lace trim around the rights. These tights slipped beneath my socks, and those socks hardened and lifted my up as a pair of black platform heels added about two inches to my perceived height. On the other hand? My oversized shirt lightened and parted until it became a white dress with puffy, detached sleeves that showed off my armpits and teased the sides of my breasts.

“**Hm...**” I began to pull at my dress as if I was ‘adjusting’ it, even though new accessories formed before my crimson gaze. Like a purple wrap binding a layered over-skirt overtop of the white ruffles of my gown, or as *tiny jet engines* were installed into the skirt’s underside. Women’s underwear hugged what it should, while black and purple bows pulled my drills into two twin tails supported by what resembled a headband.

Everything *felt* right. I was *very* comfortable. Why wouldn’t I be, when I was wearing my *favorite* outfit?

What a glorious day it was! Hiding away at Lord Phaethon’s video store had really paid off for I, *Vivian Banshee*! After Hugo had seemingly betrayed me, I had convinced Wise and Belle to let me stay in their guest room temporarily. It was a little shabby at first, but I had managed to

decorate it with all of my 'Lord Phaethon Collection' over the weeks that followed! "**Hehehe...**" And now? I had even acquired one of Belle's shirts!

No longer able to stop myself, I grabbed the shirt and raised it to my nose as my feet kicked back and forth over the edge of a computer chair that was lifted a touch too high for my height. "**Ah~! It even smells like Lord Phaethon!**" My feet kicked faster, but they eventually froze once a realization struck me. "**E-Erm, this is indecent! What if Belle walked in right now and saw me sniffing it!?**" Well, Belle *had* given me the shirt. But that would probably be a *touch* too far, true!

Still holding *onto* the shirt, I pushed my butt out of the chair and my heels clacked against the floor. I bent over to turn off the computer and hopped back up, walking past shelves of Phaethon merchandise include Eous plushies and mysterious photographs I had, uh, *found*! "**There shouldn't be a problem with wearing something I was given, correct?**" Belle had offered it to me because she noticed I always wore the same dress anyways!

But I *did* love my dress... It also would have been a hassle to change out of it in that moment. But that didn't mean there weren't *other* ways to wear it! Lifting my arms, I pulled it over my head and tugged it down. Even with my dress underneath, it still only *barely* fit – and was the snuggest around my chest. Was I slightly *bigger* than Belle? Hmm... "**A mirror, a mirror...**" I'd have to check the one in the guest bathroom!

I skipped out of the room I was using as a girl on a mission, but I couldn't hold back a squeak of surprise when a familiar face greeted me on the other side of the door. It was *Belle*!? It was actually a Joseph that had been turned *into* Belle, but I didn't know who on Earth Joseph was



anymore! “Oh! You’re wearing my shirt out to dinner? You agreed to go, right?”

“A-Ah! This... you see...!” I could *feel* just how red my cheeks were burning. How embarrassing! How had I forgotten about her dinner invitation? I’d even left my phone in her room! “I-I was just making sure that your shirt fit me, Lord Phaethon! I’ll ch-change before we go out!” She *definitely* thought I was a weird pervert now, right? But Belle *laughed* instead.

“Don’t! I think it suits you! It’s cute!”

*L-LORD PHAETHON JUST CALLED ME CUTE!
I’M GOING TO EXPLODE!*