

DIRECTIVE BOUND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Congrats on our newest police officer!”

“Well, you’re not *technically* a police officer. I would not recommend attempting to arrest anyone.”

An exchange from about ten minutes prior ran through the mind of Wise, a young man in his mid-twenties. He honestly felt a little out of his breadth in that moment. While he was secretly the infamous Proxy, Phaethon – or one half of it at least – his public cover was as one of the co-owners of the video rental shop, Random Play. Yet now he was wandering the halls of the New Eridu Public Security headquarters, which was the city’s *literal* police force.

Wise would have been lying if he said he’d never *feared* being in this situation before. Phaethon was notorious with law enforcement and there were undoubtedly those that would have liked to jail his sister and himself for their underground operations. He had always been a little worried that they would end up arrested and that he’d walk the halls as a convict taken into detainment.

There had been a recent scare where he *really* thought that it might be his fate, back when Bringer’s plans had been set into motion and Belle and himself had been forced to go out themselves to one of Pubsec’s top officers, Zhu Yuan. It was fortunate that they were friends, and she had already taken stock of the siblings’ characters to know that they weren’t bad people. Between her and Section 6’s Miyabi, their secret appeared to be safe for the time being.

“They called me a ‘police officer’, but here I am off to sort through junk...” Out of the blue one day, Zhu Yuan had called the store asking if one of the siblings could come and help out at the station as part of a *huge* favor. Wise had seen it as a good opportunity to pay the woman back for keeping their secret and had volunteered, not really sure what the job would have entailed.



He'd been deputized as a ‘temporary police officer’ by Zhu Yuan and Qingyi when he'd first arrived. It made him feel pretty important even though he'd insisted he had no qualifications. Qingyi had told him that this didn't matter, and he understood *why* she'd said that the moment Zhu Yuan gave him his task. **“We need you to help clean the supply room!”**

Wise pushed against a room marked with the ‘SUPPLY’ label and it creaked open. **“I guess it was unreasonable to assume they'd let me do something *important*.”** He absolutely wasn't complaining as he flicked on the light and shelves of stored items appeared before him. This was more or less the sort of job he had *expected* to be given, and it wasn't even that hard anyways.

“Hm... Miss Zhu Yuan said I would find a broom in the back, didn't she?” The interior of the room was actually much more spacious than he had expected. There wasn't anything *especially* important housed on the shelves. Lightbulbs, cleaning supplies, office items; it wasn't like they were going to let him look through *evidence*. If there was *anything* that stood out as even remotely important... **“Hm? These are batteries for Intelligent Constructs. Should they be keeping them in such a publicly accessible place?”**

They were extremely valuable items. Intelligent Constructs could recharge their batteries, but it was always advised to have spares in case the battery installed suffered damages. Qingyi was one of these constructs, but he knew there were others employed with Pubsec too. Still, he'd never seen one in person. He'd just seen pictures of them. **“I wonder how heavy they are...?”**

He was a little curious and he hadn't been told *not* to touch anything, so he decided to pick one up to satisfy his curiosity. It was about the size of a medium rock and had some weight to it. Considering it was in the storage room, he had *assumed* it would be safe to handle, but once he'd lifted it as high as his chest...

ZAP!

A jolt of electricity had jumped from the device into Wise's chest, taking him off guard so intensely that he dropped the item on the ground. "**Crap!**" He was fortunate that it hadn't *hurt*, but he'd still felt the electricity crash throughout his body. It had felt vaguely unsettling, but in that moment, he was far more worried about potentially having damaged the battery. They did *not* have the money to purchase a replacement!

"I don't see any damage..." He only let loose a sigh of relief after picking it up and examining it. No dents or broken parts, but it might need a recharge after it had clearly discharged some of its energy into him. While it *had* felt like a lot? It hadn't been the full battery. Those things could store a *lot* of electricity, so if it had discharged everything it had stored then it *probably* would have killed him. He set it back down on the shelf where he had found it. **"I'll have to tell Miss Zhu Yuan about that later..."**

He didn't want to keep it a secret and get in *additional* trouble later, after all. This also meant that he'd need to do an *extra* good job cleaning the supply room! **"So, where was that broom?"** Unfortunately, he didn't make it that far. Every time he tried to step away from the battery? It was like an invisible hand was pulling him back. **"H-Huh? What's happening here? It's almost like a magnet..."** And even if there was a magnet active somewhere, *he* wasn't made of any metals.

At least not yet.

It took a few moments of struggling, but he *did* manage to break free of this magnetic pull's grasp. **"Oof!?"** But it was like someone had cut his strings, and he ended up colliding with the nearest shelf in a way that momentarily winded him, but fortunately didn't knock anything *off* the shelf with the impact. After colliding, he used a hand to keep his balance by holding *onto* that shelf. **"That was... weird. Maybe the electricity magnetized my body somehow?"** That was the only explanation that really made any sense to him.

Unfortunately, things were on the cusp of making far *less* sense. There wouldn't be any logical way to explain why, say, it soon felt like the hand he'd held onto a shelf just below *eye level* now felt like he was reaching *upwards* to grab it. Nor why it felt like he was being forced to reach higher and higher. **"Huh? Wait..."** Wise looked up at this hand, which he shouldn't have *had* to do. **"Did... this shelf get taller somehow?"**

Calm spirited as he was, he seemed to be taking this odd realization with surprising stride.

But his observations were compiling, and all of them led to a single shocking, but *undeniable* explanation. Clothing that fit the man's body felt significantly *less* so, and when he let go of the shelf? His body *dropped* slightly. "**D-Did I *shrink*!?**" Wise didn't really need to *ask* that question. It was *pretty obviously* the answer. But how he worded it made it sound like it was *past tense*. He'd already shrunk down to 5'3" from 5'8", but he was actually *still* shrinking.

"How could a battery do *this*!?" The incident with the battery was the only trigger that he could think of, but there weren't any reported cases of batteries *shrinking people*! He dipped below the five foot mark, and by *that* point it was a struggle to even move properly in his usual outfit. His pants were bunched up around his knees and ankles, while his long sleeves had swallowed his hands entirely. In fact, his shirt ended up hanging off one shoulder because his shoulders had *narrowed*.

Wise fumbled as he attempted to roll up his sleeves with hands that were nowhere near as big as he was accustomed to them being. His fingers were smaller, both in length and thickness, and his palms were cute and round. These weren't things he really observed though, because he was way too distracted by everything else. Like how his feet, smaller and *cuter* themselves, slipped right out of his shoes and socks. Or that despite how petite everything else had become?

His hips hadn't narrowed at all. In fact, they had *widened*, which ended up being the only reason his oversized pants had remained on.

"How short am I!?" *Oh.* It wasn't just that he had *shrunk*, though he was now 4'8" for the record. His voice's pitch was significantly higher and hit a note of familiarity that he pushed aside for the time being. There were actually aspects that he was more or less *incapable* of recognizing without a reflective surface of some kind, like how his silver eyes adopted a shade of forest green. Not only did these eyes widen and round, but their eyelashes fluttered longer. Which contributed to something that had been becoming plainer. He was looking more and more... *like a maiden*.

Panic still guided his movements as he did his best to struggle against his oversized attire. His lips filled into a natural pout as he did, while his nose shrunk into a miniaturized button shape. All plastered on a rounder head, and he looked like a *young woman*. Something that wasn't helped by his *hair*, which spilled out all around him *while* darkening to the very same green that his eyes reflected. "**W-Wait, my**

hair!? I've seen this color before... And my voice... I'm not really— EEP!?"

Wise had clearly recognized what was happening, but was interrupted by the uncanny sensation of something *shriveling* up that shouldn't have been if *her* masculinity was to be retained. But considering she'd already recognized it; the short *woman* wasn't at all surprised to realize that her sex had just changed. Her cock and balls had slipped inside of her, becoming a woman's—

“W-Wait! There's nothing there!” She meant that *literally*, as her hands informed her. She'd reached down her pants to find that there wasn't a dick to grab onto, but additional probing found that there wasn't a *slit* either. The outside of her pelvis was entirely *bare* with no dick *nor* pussy. Yet she now understood herself to *be* a woman. She was identifying as one subconsciously even though no genitalia existed. **“But that would mean... UGH!?”**

She was once again cut off from her thought, but this time it was because something *glitched* in her mind. There had been a sharp ringing noise as her green gaze glazed over, leaving Wise still and unable to notice just how *else* his figure had been changing beneath his clothing. Her already widened hips paved the way for her thighs and ass to swell, making good use of all the space left in her oversized pants as cheeks blossomed into a supple bubbled shape. While further up? Her chest bloomed, swelling into a pair of *oddly* firm B-cups that were... *robbed of their nipples?*

Twitch, twitch, twitch. Her bodily autonomy had been stolen from her along with her consciousness, and her head twitched back and forth akin to a malfunctioning *doll*. There was a reason her nipple-free breasts were so unusually *firm*, and that phenomenon was spreading throughout the rest of her body. She just became more *solid*, even though her skin retained its usual soft and fleshy feel. It was the layer just *beneath* that skin, one even above the 'veins' that had been repurposed not to spread blood, but a *coolant* through her body.

Unnatural lines etched themselves into her body here and there. The lines around the tops of her thighs were the most blatant, with blue triangles marking them on the outsides of those thighs. Where *red* markings of a similar nature now pointed to her bellybutton. Within her body? Everything became *artificial*. Bones hardened to steel and organs were replaced by neatly arranged wires. Even her *heart* hardened into a battery much like the ones on the nearby shelf. Her consciousness had shut down because her *brain* had undergone a similar transformation.

No longer a normal brain, but instead a computer with similar – and even *enhanced* – functionality.

“REBOOTING...” Once that process had completed, this robotic affirmation left her lips and her body froze up. Wise’s consciousness was returning, but *not* in the same state it had been in before. New personality data had replaced the old, inherently altering his wants, needs, and behaviors. **“It appears I have been entirely re-wired.”** And, moments later, *re-clothed*.

Clothing that her *clearly* been much too big for her compressed, becoming a New Eridu Public Security uniform that was relatively scantily designed compared to most. She wore shorts and a sleeveless, blue crop top. Thigh high boots seemed to cover her feet and shins, but in actuality? Her skin darkened and hardened *into* the ‘thigh highs’ and knee guard, but only the boots were technically ‘worn’. The same could be said of the fingerless ‘gloves’ that ran past her elbows. They were part of her body. What *wasn’t* was the new ribbons that lifted her hair into a pair of twin tails.

Until she was the spitting image of a certain Public Security officer.

“This is troubling. Have I been turned into her?” The *Qingyi* formally known as ‘Wise’ asked no one in particular. There wasn’t exactly anyone in the supply room to answer her question, and as it turned out she didn’t *need* someone else to answer it. **“No, I am a backup Qingyi model drone designed to assist the base model with her work. ...Ah?”** That information felt like it had been drawn from *nowhere*, but the Intelligent Construct drone could draw on much more.

She now understood Qingyi’s schedule, her tasks, and even had access to her memory bank that was stored on the server side of things. **“No, this is wrong. I am not a Qingyi drone... is what I would say if it were not true.”** Wise really *was* in there somewhere and he so desperately wanted to *not* accept this new reality. But his old personality and self was just a pocket of data that was powerless against the *directive* installed inside of *her*. She couldn’t stop herself from correcting herself, just as she couldn’t stop herself from cleaning the supply room despite what had just happened to her.



It had taken the Qingyi drone no time at all to do. In fact, she was much more efficient now than she had ever been as a human. Which wasn't really that surprising when she was so focused, and her body didn't operate with the same limitations as a human one did. She knew where everything was and every optimal cleaning method due to her programming and directive. If anything surprised her, it was that her mirror image walked through the sole door of the supply room. **"Hm? Is Wise not here?"**

The original Qingyi, referred to as Qingyi Prime by the new Qingyi now, looked around confused. Zhu Yuan followed after. **"Hm? And who's this? Did someone activate a backup drone without your consent, Qingyi?"** Neither of them seemed to wonder if this Qingyi drone was the man they were looking for. Qingyi Prime just shook her head at Zhu Yuan's question. **"Well, I suppose it doesn't matter. Did you see Wise? He didn't put you up to doing his work, did he?"**

"No. I cannot recall anyone with that name or seeing someone with that description."

That was what the directive ordered her to say.

Deep down, Wise was screaming.