

ERAS OF ANIMATION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



- > How long before Atlantis or El Dorado get live action remakes?
- > Hey now! Just because the Lilo & Stitch one was bad doesn' t mean you need to wish ill will on us.
- > But this just means that the original animated movies always hold up better.

It was a pretty lively Discord conversation that Kay was having in his group chat with Axel and Joseph. As always, they were more or less just shooting the shit, talking about whatever came to mind. They often spoke about video games – usually the multiple gachas that they shared, but on that evening a completely *different* topic had come up. Of all things, they had been reminiscing about older animated movies from their childhood.

The topic came up naturally because Joseph had (rightfully) been complaining about the live action Lilo & Stitch remake. There was very little to salvage how much of a trainwreck it was, at least if you loved the original as much as Joseph did. A new generation of kids would unfortunately likely grow up with the live action as their preferred viewing experience instead, unfortunately. But that was neither here nor there.

Because Kay and Axel had joked about it a little, he'd fired back with their own favorite animated movies. The Road to El Dorado for Axel, and Atlantis: The Lost Empire for Kay. **"I have a hard time believing they'll do anything like that with Atlantis anyways."** Kay couldn't see it happening since, unfortunately, it wasn't one of their heavy hitting movies. And that was *probably* for the best considering how all of Disney's *other* live action movies had been turning out.

> The only way *I'd* want to experience them live is in-person!

“Huh? Who said—!?”

“...*That?*” All of Kay’s senses were firing off signals that something was *very* wrong. He’d been in his room where the temperature had been curated to be dry and cool, yet now all he could feel was the weight of a more *intense* humidity. There was the *drip, drip, drip* of water droplets falling, much closer than the distant sound of what almost resembled the pouring of a *waterfall*? He was in a room of stone that was also dimly lit, with everything looking very... *flat*?

As he reached out a hand, he quickly realized that it *wasn’t* just the room that was flat. **“H-Huh!?”** Kay’s location was certainly alarming, but it definitely wasn’t *as* alarming as the realization that not just his hand, but his entire body appeared to be both *2D* and *hand drawn*, like he was a character in an animated film? Despite that? He could still interact with things as if he was in a three-dimensional space.

It was *disorienting* in a way, but relief would come. But that didn’t mean that what he’d feel when his head cleared would be anything *good* either.

“There’s no way this is real, right? It’s like I’m in a cartoon...” And one that was fairly old to boot. There was a charm to how this two-dimensional space appeared, but it looked more like something from the late 90s or early 2000s. Something like— **“*Atlantis?*”** It made sense if he thought critically about it even a little bit. He’d been talking *about* the movie before he’d suddenly appeared, the animation was reminiscent of the movie’s style, and the sound of rushing water off in the distance... the Atlantis in the movie was surrounded by rushing waterfalls.

So, Kay had figured out *where* he was, but what about the how? He unfortunately wasn’t afforded the same peace to ponder this, because he found himself stumbling forward all of a sudden. **“*Whoa!?*”** He’d only taken a single step and *hadn’t* tripped over anything – it was more like his body weight wasn’t he had expected it to be? Well, weight *and* stature. In actuality, he had stumbled because his foot had met the floor sooner than he had expected, almost like he was...

“Am... Am I *shorter?*” He couldn’t help but acknowledge that his clothing felt looser by the time he’d pulled himself back up into his usual posture. His shirt was a little looser, not only because it was baggy, but it was slipping off his shoulder, and the short sleeves were reaching past

his elbows. His pants fared similarly, causing him to squint. He was supposed to be close to six feet tall, but he'd definitely dipped below 5'10"? No... He was shrinking further? "**How is this...? Can I even ask that when I'm 2D!?**" He really couldn't.

Before long, he had shrunk down to a mere 5'6" – a perfectly average height... but not for a man. And this was just what he'd *noticed*. His losses were a little deeper than that, with his slimmed shoulders being a good example of that and his *waistline* being another. It pinched in, which in turn made it so that his hips appeared even wider contrastingly. It certainly didn't help that his figure appeared... slimmer? Leaner?

But somehow all the more *muscular*. Kay hadn't been particularly overweight, nor had he been very fit either. That was why it was odd that you could have easily now made out the lines of his *abs* had he not been wearing his shirt. Even his arms and legs revealed more tone than they had before. "**But why is my body— Ugh...**" The man felt no *pain*, but he did feel awfully groggy. His mind was a mess, recounting *many* hunting expeditions that made good use of his fit body. "**What are these memories...?**"

Of course, they *couldn't* have been true. He'd grown up in a modern society, after all. People didn't generally need to *hunt* to eat anymore!

It hadn't escaped his notice that his voice sounded... different. It was higher all of a sudden, with a bit of a 'Queen's English' accent. It sounded *familiar* somehow, but he was stuck trying to keep up with what was going on mentally. Why did he have the memories of being a young *girl*? And why were those memories *so* distant? Not like they were ten or twenty years ago. Hundreds? No... *Thousands*?

Even though that implied he was somehow *thousands* of years old, Kay was beginning to appear slightly *younger*? His facial features were shifting, gradually leaving things so that they resembled someone in their mid-twenties – *twenty-six* specifically – but that person couldn't *possibly* have been a *man*. While the edges of his face became all the more jagged in the style he was drawn in, its longer shape was accentuated by thickly drawn, red lips, a long nose that led to his glasses slipping off his nose, and *feminine* eyes that soon shone blue beneath brows that were bushy and... *silver*?

"**Aren't these memories hers?**" He didn't want to say the name because it all sounded so *unbelievable*. But as that silver seeped into the short, dark hair atop his head and even into his pubes, that grew longer and longer. It fell all the way past his *ass* in fact, with the tips cut relatively straight. This was even true of his bangs, though some strands

in the center retained a longer point. And the length of his pubes? Well, they were much *thicker* than before. Mind you, these hairs were all helped when it came to standing out thanks to his pale skin darkening gradually to *brown*.

Even then, his race was a little hard to distinguish, but it certainly wasn't the *same*.

“Oh!?” *She* gasped with surprise, but she had also been ready for the sensation of his cock and balls diminishing, pulling up into the new slit between her legs. It forced her bush to extend a little lower now that there weren't a rod and balls hanging off the front. It also inspired her body to completely slide into newfound femininity, padding her brown thighs with softer, thicker weight and perky up her ass into a light bubble. Disney women were hardly ever *too* bombastic when it came to their figures, but the breasts that soon jiggled upon her bosom were a fairly reasonable pair of *C-cups*. It was just that the art style of the movie she was trapped in made them *seem* a little smaller. **“I'm a woman...”**

And that became clear seconds later when her clothing *changed*. Well, it was more like what she had been wearing had been *erased*, and something new had been drawn over her. A two-piece, blue bikini with a sarong-type skirt made up its bulk and she was utterly barefoot, but she did wear jewelry in the form of a golden bangle around her left arm, thick, gold earrings, and a necklace with a blue crystal around her neck. A trio of blue tattoos likewise appeared under her left eye, with a small one closer to her nose and two crescents directly underneath that eye.

“Well... Then this really must be Atlantis? No. I know this Atlantis?”

After all, she was *Kida Nedakh*, the main heroine of *Atlantis: The Lost Empire*. The warrior princess of a woman hadn't forgotten that it was supposed to be a work of fiction, nor that she had been a man, but it was still... curious. She couldn't bring herself to act like the man she had once been, nor could she *bring it up* in any capacity. She also had all of *Kida's* memories, which only blurred the line between who she had been before and who she now was. A woman from Atlantis in *1914*.

The woman grabbed a spear that was propped up against the nearby bed and



stormed outside. As she *expected*, what greeted her were ‘familiar’ ruins – familiar in the sense that she could remember them from the movie, but also because she could remember living among them for thousands of years underground. But the date. What was the date? Wasn’t this the day that Milo...? **“I need to speak with father and then make preparations...”** It was strange to think of a man that wasn’t her father... but actually was her father? In the places where memories overlapped it was jarring, and yet...

As it turned out, regardless of what *Kay* might have wanted to do? Until the movie’s script completely played out, Kida would be forced to follow it perfectly. Re-experiencing the movie from the first person, as a character within it.

“Wait, who’s house is this? No... That’s not even the biggest issue here, is it?” Joseph had been enjoying the conversation he’d been having with the other two, even though it was tragically because of a movie he’d loved that had been ruined by yet another needless live action abomination! But now? The olive skin of his hand was... flat? His surroundings, not even his own room that he’d just been standing in, was... flat. It was like he’d walked right into an animated film. And one that he knew so well that he could recognize the tiny, cluttered home at that.

It was just a little difficult to believe the conclusion he was drawing. **“Is this Lilo and Nani’s house? I’m not *in* Lilo & Stitch, am I?”** Lilo was the young girl who served as the movie’s protagonist, whereas Nani was her older sister. The fact that neither of them were around... that was probably for the best, because if he wasn’t dreaming... then he was kind of in a bad situation, right? Not to mention that movie took place in the 90s and he was dressed like he was from 2025.

Technically speaking? *One* of those two girls was present. She just wasn’t *complete* yet.

There were already signs that something was amiss, in fact. The man hadn’t quite noticed it because of the sudden shift of his body into 2D and had figured it was just a side effect of the way his body now looked, but his olive complexion was *actually* a little darker than it had been before. It was only a few shades darker, and the lighting of the room was different, so he couldn’t really be *blamed* for not taking notice of it.

A similar story was unfolding when it came to his *face*. In most cases, one would expect the victim’s eyes or lips to be the most dramatic changes to a man’s face. And in this case? Those changes *were* still pretty dramatic. His lips swelled cartoonishly *large* and were painted in

red and his eyes, which became smaller and beadier to adjust to the world's art style, shifted to a dark brown. Even as the shape of that face became fuller and more ovular, not to mention *feminine*, none of this was actually the biggest change *to* that face.

It was, of all things, his *nose*? It was clear that the movie had become apart of had a very distinct art style. Well, Joseph knew that well since he'd seen Lilo & Stitch so many times. All of the characters had very pronounced facial features with their noses perhaps the most pronounced of all. His own was swelling in a way that almost made it look like he'd been stung by a bee, growing wider *and* bulbous while the sight of his nostrils faded... even though they were still there.

“What am I supposed... to... do?” The next time he opened his mouth he could tell that something was up. His voice sounded *far* more feminine, and his lips smacked together in a way that felt vaguely bizarre to him, likely because they were so much fuller. It all played into the sight of a man who looked much more like a *younger* woman; like a girl around the age of *eighteen*. One whose already dark hair was lengthening *and* darkening to become a puffy mass of black that reached the center of his back. **“What's wrong with my voice? I sound like— Hey!?”**

There had been a rickety table near where he'd been standing, and he'd been forced to grab onto it all of a sudden thanks to what he had initially perceived as his body losing balance. It wasn't an *entirely* incorrect assumption to make either, but he couldn't have fathomed that the cause would have been a sharp and sudden drop in his *height*. He'd *been* very tall, almost six feet tall in fact, but his height had dropped to something *much* more average... for a girl. **“Did I just get smaller? Ugh, I do not need this right now!”**

Joseph *had* shrunk down to 5'3”, but what was with his attitude? He felt very *tired* all of a sudden. This situation was becoming all the more stressful, but the stress he was feeling wasn't *just* that? It was like he also had to deal with raising a little sister. No, he had *memories* that suggested he had been? Just like—? **“Ngh!?”** He understood what was happening, but that didn't stop his body from reeling when *she* felt her sex shift. Her cock and balls shrunk and were pulled inside, leaving black pubes to spread and thicken across the olive skin of her pelvis. **“I'm a woman!? But then... These memories...”**

Not to mention the stress. *Way* too much stress for a girl of her age!

At the very least, her body promptly corrected itself so that it properly fit the character that she was becoming. When it came to her *chest*, well, she didn't grow with too much excess. Beneath narrowed shoulders,

mounds did flourish as brown nipples grew puffier, but they only amounted to *B-cups* that couldn't really be seen with the baggy, men's shirt she was wearing. **"I need to put a bra on..."** She only realized because her more sensitive nipples were rubbing freely against her shirt's underside.

On the other hand? In a typical cartoon movie fashion, the young woman's *lower* body grew with much more excess. Her hips were forced wider first, giving her a gait that could be best described as *childbearing* and allowed her thighs to thicken beyond just the muscles that had remained, rounding them a few inches so that they appeared both fit *and* attractive. Her ass even did a great job of filling out her now oversized shorts, with her cheeks burgeoning into an eye-catchingly perky heart shape. **"Or... never mind."**

Joseph wasn't sure *how* it had happened, but what she'd been wearing had just been kind of *erased*? And as if someone had a pen to redraw her outfit, she was now wearing a pair of tight, blue shorts that highlighted the curves of her hips overtop a black pair of panties that matched the bra she was now wearing underneath a white shirt with short, red sleeves. There was a sizable gap between her shirt and her shorts to show off her toned, olive tummy, and she was walking around the house in socks and beige shows.

"It's true!? I'm Nani?" *Nani Pelekai*, specifically. Lilo's older sister that supported her with her own income after their parents suddenly passed away in a car accident. She was only eighteen and trying so hard, with her life *extremely* busy. But if she was going to take care of her younger sister, then she was going to need a new job before child services tried to get involved. **"Ugh. This is stressing me out and it's not even my life!"**

That claim was a little bit disingenuous. She *had* Nani's memories and was acting *like* Nani. It was very much *her* life now, whether she liked it or not. And it stuck out to her that Stitch wasn't anywhere in her memories... yet. Was this the beginning of the movie? Not that she could do anything about it. The moment Agent Bubbles showed up, she'd be forced into playing the role that had been given to her until the movie's end. **"If I was going to go and get turned into someone as pretty as me, did I have to be given so many responsibilities!?"** Nani was the type of character with a short fuse



because she was always so stressed. And she *really* understood that now.

But when would her role *end*? Didn't the movie have a sequel *and* an TV spinoff? It was going to be a while before she was given any freedom, and who knew how playing that role for so long would affect her memories...

“This is fucking *El Dorado*, isn't it?” Stepping out of the top of what was clearly an extremely high temple, I couldn't help but gawk with disbelief at the sight before me. In the distance was a jungle, one that surrounded the *city of gold* at the temple's base. This was all unbelievable enough on its own, but the fact that not only *it* but *my entire body* were all hand drawn, 2D animation was perhaps the most jarring part of it.

Was I supposed to believe that I was somehow *within* the movie? Well, if that was true then there was a *big* problem with this, wasn't there? The natives of El Dorado were extremely hostile towards anyone who even came close to their village, and there I was as a white man at the highest point of that civilization... in a sacred place. If I was caught... **“They'll probably *kill me!*”**

But that wasn't going to be a problem.

Worried that I'd be seen, I moved back into the temple, but the moment I got only two steps in I was struck with a feeling that I could best describe as *unusually uncomfortable*. I had felt discomfort before of course, and this feeling wasn't painful, but how else could I describe what felt like my body being... *drained*? **“H-Huh?”** Looking down at myself, it both made sense and didn't make *any* sense simultaneously.

After all, the bulge in the front of my shirt where I was so used to my gut protruding was *flattening*. What I felt 'draining' was all of the unneeded fat *in* my body, including in my face, legs, arms, and chest. My pants ended up slipping from my hips, pulling my boxers down in the process. But since I had ended up perfectly thin? My *very* large shirt was hanging off me like a dress anyways, disguising that my belly wasn't *just* flat but was toned with muscle as well.

“I'm *thinner*? How the hell is that possi-*ble!*?” My voice cracked as I suddenly cried out, but that *wasn't* the reason I had cried out in the first place. I had thought for a second that I was falling, but my feet were still firmly placed on the floor? And yet... my eye level had *plummeted*. It didn't really occur to me until I felt the base of my shirt touching my

knees that... “**Did I shrink? How...?**” I couldn’t have been taller than 5’4”? But I wasn’t even afforded any time to process *that*.

Because my voice had *really* stuck out to me. Not *just* because it sounded like a woman’s voice, but because of my *accent*? I definitely hadn’t had one before. “**Test? Test? What?**” Why did I sound *Hispanic*? Mind you, I didn’t exactly have much of a window to see what was happening with my *face*. That my facial features made me look *younger* now, around the age of *twenty*, and that they had shrunk and swelled in various places so that they looked pointedly more *feminine*.

As for the accent... it was likely that my changing *complexion* had something to do with it. I had raised a hand to touch my face but had given pause because the fingers that passed my gaze were different in *many* ways. My fingers were slender and my nails longer – things I assumed happened to the toes on my feet too – but it was more their *color*. My pale skin had darkened to *brown*, just as the hair atop my head had darkened to *black*. It was growing too, cascading well down my back until it reached the peak of my ass.

But my face wasn’t done with yet, either. My eyes soon darkened to brown, and their already more feminine shapes narrowed so that they held sharper designs overall. My nose? It became shorter *and* rounder above a pair of lips that puffed up considerably. All in all, when paired with my darkened skin, made me look much more like I belonged in El Dorado. Like I was an Indigenous Central American *woman*. Something that couldn’t have been fully true until that moment when— “**Oh!?**”

Brown or not, my cheeks still reddened at what I could best describe as an *emptiness* suddenly forcing itself upon my pelvis and a tinge of sensitivity taking its place. Somehow, I just *knew* it was because my sex had changed; I had memories suggesting that I’d somehow been female my whole life and had plenty of experience with its ins and outs. Like how to best take advantage of having a *small* chest, which fitting developed as I felt swollen nipples rub against my shirt upon a freshly grown pair of *B-cups*.

“**I’m really a woman? But I wish I wasn’t so flat.**” Was that really my *own* wish? I felt much *sassier* and more *confident*. All signs pointed to one conclusion that my memories had already more or less confirmed. My body just needed to finish its transition *into* that form, which honestly didn’t take much more of an effort. It was probably for the best that my pants and boxers *had* fallen off, because just seconds after my pussy had appeared?

My hips swung out in *abundance*, creating the stage for my thighs to burgeon with sensitive weight that filled any thigh gap those widened

hips would have allowed. The excess was passed off to an ass that lifted the back of my shirt, making me blush further. But somehow... *This hourglass figure is something I can use, right?* At least if I wanted to get myself out of a tight spot! I just needed a change of clothes...

A change of clothes that came promptly. All of my men's attire (that didn't fit in this era anyways) was erased, replaced with a white, cropped tube top with a pink horizontal stripe with a matching loincloth that left my extremely wide hips and thick thighs bare. I went barefoot like Kida, but my arms were accessorized by turquoise bracelets and new, diamond shaped earrings cut from the same stone hung from my ears. Had I been well off? That jewelry would have all been fashioned from gold.

Alas...

“Oh, no way. I'm not about to die, but this still isn't good!” As *Chel*, my standing in El Dorado had certainly *changed* somewhat. I wasn't at any risk of getting *killed* just for existing – well, *sacrificed* was a different story, but I knew the movie well enough to know that it wouldn't happen. The issue was the Chel came from poor social standing and would often get up to no good to get by. Such as by *stealing*. *And isn't that golden statue head back in the temple a pretty good steal?*

I shook my head defiantly! **“Nope! No way! I'm not stealing that thing! I'm gonna... Ugh.”** I remembered how Chel first ended up introduced, bumping into Miguel and Tulio after stealing that statue head outside the city. I didn't *want* to play into that, but I could remember being *broke*. Chel's memories were my memories, and her life was now my life! **“I'm not Chel! I'm Chel!”** Ugh, so that wasn't going to work either? I was completely *stuck*. I swung my hips to the other side and sassily planted my hand on that hip defiantly.



Think, Chel, think! How do you escape from your fate in *16th century Mexico!*?

“...Wait, does this mean I'm going to fall in love with that guy!? No. Way.”

But like the other two? I wouldn't really have a choice!