

TENTA-CALLS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Okay... This is fine.”

Being the somewhat pathetic man that he was, Wise could only picture that *ancient* meme of the cartoon dog sitting on a chair in a room filling with fire as he recited the meme line that was associated with that image. It had typically been used to suggest being okay with a situation that was absolutely not, under any possible circumstance, *okay*. And this situation couldn't have been any worse for him, realistically.

“Let me take this one, Belle’, I said...” He recited the words that he had said to his sister the day prior back to himself, with his hand resting on his forehead in frustration. Of the two siblings of Phaethon, it was *usually* Belle that ended up doing most of the dangerous work. Wise preferred to remain inside and help with navigation through Nous now that the two of them had been receiving field training. It was Belle that had started training under Yixuan first, and Belle that tackled most in-person Hollow dives.

But he also wasn't so foolish as to not understand that it was wrong for him to place all of that burden on his little sister, and that *he* should be the one to enter the Hollow once in a while. If not for Belle's sake, then for the sake of his training. And, at first? It hadn't seemed like that big of a deal. He was going in with Alice, Yuzuha, Manato, and Lucia – all of the Spook Shack members barring Yidhari, who apparently had something else going on. They were more than competent.

As it turned out, their competence wasn't really the issue. It was *his* competence – or lack thereof – that had led him to the situation that Wise presently found himself in.

The group had been attacked by a group of Ethereals on their mission, which had just been to find a piece of luggage that had been lost inside the Hollow during its actualization all of those years ago. Apparently, the owner had something of sentimental value inside and Manato had promised them that he'd find it, much to Yuzuha's dismay. Even so, she had agreed to sending everyone in and had invited Phaethon to help with their training.



But the issue was what had happened during the Ethereal attack. They had seemingly dispatched the monsters with ease, only for one of those small, exploding ones to sneak up on the group undetected and detonate before anyone could react. Wise had been flung off a cliff from what he could remember, and the next thing he knew? He was all alone with the Hollow's fog obscuring his ability to make sense of his surroundings. **"I guess it could be worse."**

For example, if an old mattress hadn't broken his fall, or if he had fallen headfirst, then he probably would have *died*. Then again, a predicament where he was lost alone in a Hollow with no means to defend himself was practically a death sentence all on its own. **"Should I look for an exit on my own? I might be in a little too deep."** And in an emergency where you got separated from people that definitely *would* come looking for you, it was probably best to remain where you were.

That didn't mean that he had to stay out in the *open*, however. It would have been preferable to hide himself away for the time being in case any Ethereals came by, and there was a small hut not too far from where he'd landed. Ethereals couldn't *read* of course, so he etched 'WISE IS HERE' into the wooden door of that flimsy shack before heading inside. So long as he remained quiet, the chances that a monster would find him were slim to none.

"Guess I'd better make myself comfortable." Not that there was much *to* use to accomplish that in the hut. There was a rickety, old bed that was so worn down that it probably would have collapsed if he sat on it, a dust-covered dresser, and a floor that wasn't in much better shape. **"...By standing for now."** He was evidently too accustomed to the comfort of modern housing, because he didn't even *want* to sit on the floor if he could help it.

He was hoping that it wouldn't be *too* long, anyways. Wise had some natural resistance against it, but he wasn't completely immune to the effects of ether corruption – from the ether that swirled around inside the Hollow. It was enough to turn most people into Ethereals if they lingered, but those with resistance could spend short amounts of time *inside* of the Hollow before those effects began to manifest. Some people, like Yidhari, could last days without suffering any unwanted effects.

On the other hand? Wise didn't really know what his upper limit *was*, nor if it had increased ever since he'd begun his training at Yunkui Summit. Honestly, he was trying not to think about that too hard. Help would come! The members of Spook Shack would definitely find him before it was too late! He knew for certain that they wouldn't leave him behind. Of course, this resistance to ether corruption all depended on the ether being *normal*.

Which the ether in this Hollow... it wasn't *always* normal. Sometimes it could fluctuate and bring about unwanted side effects.

Wise was understandably *already* on edge. Even though the inside of the hut shielded him from the sight of Ethereals, he was still in harm's way. Paranoia about ether corruption ate at him to the point that he began to wonder if he was feeling a strangely *tingly* across his body. **“That can't be it. It must be a placebo because I'm overthinking things.”** Like when you see a bug and suddenly begin to feel it crawling all over you, even when that couldn't possibly be the case.

He tried to calm himself, but the feeling didn't cease. Instead? He let out a sharp gasp as her posture was suddenly forced completely straight due to the uncomfortable sensation of the sides of his waist being *forced down upon*. **“HUH!?”** The Proxy berated himself for making such a loud noise. It could have given him away to any nearby Ethereals, after all, but it was hard to deny that the sound was *warranted*.

The sensation had practically winded him, so hands had reached down to press against the sides of his jacket and shirt to check... confirming something that should have been *impossible* in the process. **“My waist...? It wasn't *always* this thin, was it?”** Wise knew that his build wasn't *overly* masculine. There was a broadness to his shoulders, sure, but he wasn't buff and could probably be likened to a 'twink' to an extent. ...Belle had certainly referred to him that way jokingly before.

But even so, his waist had *not* been as thin as it felt under the grasp of his fingertips in that moment. Making matters all the *more* confusing, his pants felt a little tighter around his hips? It hadn't occurred to him

that they might have pushed a couple of inches wider when his waist had narrowed, as if that lost width in his waist had been fed *down* to his hips in the process. He began to feel warm. *Flustered*. Not quite like *himself*.

“Shit. Am I under the influence of aether corruption?” It *could* cause you to hallucinate, so maybe his waist *wasn't* thinner, and his hips *weren't* wider. He could have just been hallucinating it, right? If that line of logic ended up tracking, then he could also explain why his shirt and jacket had slipped to show some of his left shoulder. It wasn't because his shoulders had slimmed as well – it was because he was *hallucinating* that they were!

Of course, this justification was *incorrect*. The changing of his body's shape *was* actually happening, and the only aspect of it that he *had* gotten correct was that ether corruption *was* to blame. Even at that moment, his body was *continuing* to thin. The muscle he *did* possess in his arms and legs was sapped away until they appeared soft and slender, but perhaps the biggest tell relative to what was *actually* happening to him could be seen in his hands and feet... if his body's general shape hadn't already been a dead enough giveaway.

The hands that were still grabbing at the sides of his waist idly were forced to slightly adjust their grip. Not only did each individual finger thin, but they inched *very* slightly longer along with fingernails that did the same. Light callouses surfaced across palms that had *not* been accustomed to wielding any tools or weapons that might have otherwise caused them, just as callouses emerged upon heels that shrunk and arched slightly higher within shoes that were now a little *too* big for them.

“Right. My body couldn't actually be changing like this, right? If I was going to become an Ethereal, then I'd become something much more monstrous.” As he talked, even his *voice* slowly slipped into what had become a constant, unaddressed trend across what was happening to his body overall. His voice sounded more feminine. His body *looked* much more feminine. And his voice changing the way that it did came just as the Adam's apple upon his neck smoothed away until it was practically nonexistent.

But Wise was still living in denial, despite that his body looked all the more like a woman's body with each passing moment. In actuality, it was even *worse* than that. The more he changed? The more he looked like a *specific* woman. One that didn't even have any *genetic* ties to him like his own sister had.

This could be observed in how the shapes of his lips swelled into femininity while simultaneously narrowing in length beneath a nose that, while smaller, also hooked a touch at its tip. Cheekbones were lifted to give his face a more *angular* shape, and his eyes pinched in at the corners while otherwise rounding as well. The colors of the man's developed a unique gradient in tandem – purple on the outside, a ring of green separating more purple from a black ring inside of even *more* green around *her* pupils.

...Her?

“**MMMN!?**” A *woman's* moan oh so clearly leapt from her lips as her hips wiggled and her thighs rubbed against each other within her pants. Her cock and balls had been pulled *inside* of her, helping form the walls of her new pussy as the addition of a womb and all of a woman's wiring pushed her to blush and wriggle further. On one hand? She *shouldn't* have had a pussy, of course. On the other? *Should* she have? There were vague memories of her being a woman surfacing, but her insistence of ‘*nothing is wrong, I am Wise*’ led her to rejecting it still. It might as well have become a real delusion in of itself by this point. And maybe that was the intention?

Either way, the woman appeared to be utterly incapable of making sense of her own situation. She didn't blink at just how *tight* her pants now felt. The *loss* of her cock might as well have been the turning point where a chain of losses turned into a chain of *gains*, with most of those gains relevant to her body's own abundance. The fabric of her pants around her thighs could be *vividly* seen tightening around burgeoning flesh, with each thigh matching her narrowed waistline in bubbled swell. But on the subject of *bubbling*? The *back* of her pants stretched around an ass that bubbled with a similar vigor, the hem that ran parallel with her crack forced to pull deeper *into* that crack until it eventually *split*.

Wise was left with a perky, bubbled ass and a pair of soft and seductive thighs. Features that should have convinced her that she *wasn't* ‘Wise’, and yet she continued to feign ignorance even *as* her chest bubbled before her very eyes. “**Well, nothing to see here!**” She went as far as to *look away* so that her delusion could continue to be fed. She couldn't possibly be someone *other* than Wise if she pretended that the mounds that were becoming weighty upon her chest didn't exist. Why would a man have breasts that swelled into perfect, *E-cup* orbs with puffy nipples? He *wouldn't*, of course!

In the meantime, streaks of blonde emerged amidst his once pure, undyed silver hair (unlike Belle who dyed hers blue). Those streaks eventually outnumbered his original hair color, and his short hair lengthened *very* slightly to curve around his head in a chin-length bob.

A few black streaks ended up darkening against the blond, with one in a swirl at the front of her longer bangs and two swept to the left side. She didn't look a thing like Wise anymore, but... her transformation *also* hadn't finished.

“**Hm?**” The woman became aware of a pressure. The feeling, isolated at the base of her spine, was subtle at first. Perhaps it had been radiating there since her transformation had *begun*. And yet? It became nearly *unbearable* up until the moment that the base of her shirt was lifted up by *eight* purple appendages that grew and wriggled out behind her as if she had been possessed by some sort of eldritch abomination. Each one of them was *clearly* the tentacle of an octopus, each seemingly with a mind of its own – pushing the woman away from the wall while one wrapped around her thigh.

But once again, she was all-in on *pretending* they weren't there. Wise wasn't an *octopus Thiren*. He was a regular human!

“**Who... am I?**” The attractive woman with octopus tentacles dancing out behind her like a set of tails just stood there, utterly befuddled by the state of things. To an observer it would have been clear as day considering *who* she was. She was clearly *Yidhari*, from her appearance to the sound of her voice, to the way she sassily had a hand resting on her hip. There was a large part of her ego that identified *as* Yidhari too. But there was also something else.

Her breathing was somewhat heavy, though. “**Am I... Wise?**” It would have been simple enough to read this as a tell that the mental changes she had undergone hadn't permanently altered her perception of herself, that perhaps the woman really *was* still Wise. But that wasn't *actually* what was going on in actuality. Looking down at herself, the woman *should* have seen her big tits and flowing curves.



But what her mind processed was something else entirely. A flat, broad chest, a tall and lanky form – she saw herself *as* Wise, even though her body wasn't his at all. She was hallucinating, and that hallucination was deeply rooted in a psyche that had been corrupted by the ether.

Fortunately, it wasn't so dire that she couldn't be healed... yet. But if she wasn't found soon, then things might have become dire.

“Yidhari!? Why are *you* here?” As if on cue, the door to the shack suddenly swung open and Yuzuha stormed in. Based on the note engraved on the door, she had been *expecting* to find Wise. She wasn't *disappointed* to find her fellow Spook Shack member, but she *was* a little confused. **“And where is Wise? He's here, isn't he?”** Maybe he'd gone out to look for help? That felt like something he'd do.

The response she got from Yidhari was all the more surprising. **“What do you mean, Miss Yuzuha? Miss Yidhari isn't here. I'm Wise.”** Considering the fact that the woman even spoke *like* Yidhari, with the same tone and everything, it didn't sound convincing at *all* when she said something so outlandish. But her expression *was* very serious, and her eyes were a little clouded. So, she had suffered corruption? But she couldn't have been in the Hollow for more than a few hours. She was certainly *dressed* like Wise, but...

“Haha... Is that so?” If they got her out now, then they could probably return her to her right mind.

But where *had* Wise gone? And why had he given Yidhari his clothes?