

SUDDENLY STARTORCH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



THE VIRUS SCAN HAS FOUND POTENTIAL ISSUES WITH FILE NAME
'ALEPH-1.EXE'

“**What dot exe?**” Joseph looked at the results of the virus scan that had just popped up. He hadn’t run one because he was expecting to find an issue, and in fact he hadn’t run it manually in the first place. It was just an automated scan that ran every morning, and this was the first time it had actually turned anything up. Still, if there was a potential virus on his PC, then... “**Let’s just remove that...**” All he had to do was click the button, and the program would handle the rest. Or, at least, it *should* have.

But he got an error. One that he mumbled aloud as he read it. “**Cannot remove? Please remove manually?**” That was a new one, but at least it provided a link to the source file so that he *could* remove it. Something he quickly did, just in case. And yet? What was still a somewhat mundane scenario quickly spiraled out of control. The moment that file hit the recycling bin? His computer *disappeared*. “**HUH!?**” No. It was more like it was *swallowed?*

By a dark void that appeared where his desk had been. No. A black hole?

But before he could properly act, he was swallowed as well.

The next he opened his eyes; he was surrounded by... *nothing?* No. While it appeared to be a void, there wasn’t *nothing*. It wasn’t pitch black, but instead there was a plethora of tiny lights off in the distance.

Stars? And he was *floating* there. “**Wait a second, am I in space!?**” Flailing about didn’t do much to *help* his situation, but technically there were far more pressing things to worry about, right? Like *air*? “**If I’m in space, how can I...?**” It was true. He was somehow *breathing*. Or maybe that wasn’t entirely accurate? He was certainly simulating the experience of breathing, and it felt like he was drawing in air. But there was certainly no air *to* draw in.

“**Am I being watched?**” There was also that element. Despite how dangerous of a situation he had found himself in, he was unsettled by the feeling that someone’s – no, *something’s* – gaze was fixated on him. But there wasn’t anything that appeared to be alive within that special void. There was just stars and, so far in the distance that he would never reach it, an immensely large black hole. And that couldn’t be what was watching him!

Yet, it *was*.

It wasn’t simply a matter of being ‘watched’, though. That was the existence that had drawn him *into* the void, albeit unintentionally. But now that he was there? The man would unintentionally be assimilated *into* the world itself. He didn’t have a choice in the matter, and, in fact, it had already begun. It was just that, being in a void and all, the lightening wasn’t exactly the greatest. It wasn’t easy to tell that the color of his skin had been *paling*, soon robbed of his olive complexion in favor of something creamier while unneeded body hair was swallowed by the void.

Joseph had to put aside the idea that he was being watched for the time being and effortlessly turned without the burden of gravity to hold him down. He hoped that a new view of the void would help him better understand what was going on, but from what he ended up seeing? It was just even more stars in a never-ending expanse. “**Am I trapped here...? Am I going to die!?**” That *couldn’t* be it, could it? Why would he be brought there to *die*? It was kind of a convoluted way to murder someone, wasn’t it?

Matters were worsening, and it became a little concerning that the man had yet to properly get a sense of things. The issue was that his circumstances were working against him. If he had been in a space where there had been any *gravity*, or if he’d been able to compare himself to nearby landmarks, he might have sooner caught onto the fact that he was *shrinking* – both vertically and a little bit horizontally.

Realistically it could be felt in his clothes as they became ‘baggy’, but without any gravity to pull them down, and his senses not fully adjusted to its absence, he didn’t really realize that his nearly six-foot height had

lessened a few inches, so that he would have stood at only 5'8" or so... if he had been standing. His hands and feet grew daintier during this process, and his shoulder and waistline ultimately slimmed by a fair margin, with the latter slimmer much more than the former. **"No, I'm not going to die. Your head is supposed to pop or something in space, right?"** Joseph was still thinking about *other things*, but you couldn't really blame him.

No, he was going to need a much more striking change before he realized his very being had become imperiled, even as his facial features had begun to soften. If you removed the clothing from the man's body, you could already get a gist of things – namely that his build had become much more androgynous. But his face not only fell in line but ended up tilting the scale towards the *feminine* instead. Why else would his nose become more petite, or his lips fuller? Perhaps what was more striking was the designs of his eyes, which not only *widened* with longer lashes, but gold stained his irises as his pupils lightened to white and expanded to sparkling, four-pointed stars.

Going father than him appearing more feminine, he appeared *younger* too. Perhaps more like a maiden around the age of *twenty* at most? But was 'maiden' really that accurate of a descriptor? In what finally became the change that led to Joseph realizing something was amiss, yes. *She* could be considered a maiden. **"Oh!?"** There had definitely been a pull between her legs that prompted the young woman to finally lean forward while floating, and it was only then that the breadth of what been happening to her finally registered.

Just as a bubblegum pink possessed her dark hair and saw it lengthen past her ass behind her.

"W-Wait! Am I... a woman? Why do I look so small? And my voice!" She definitely *sounded* like a young woman, speaking with a voice that was higher and quite melodious. And she became more certain of her assessment as she watched the front of her now oversized shirt fill out a little bit. More weight must have been pooling there, but it was difficult to feel it properly without any gravity to weigh it down. Nonetheless, she was *certainly* developing a pair of breasts, with her nipples growing puffier as mass surged beneath them until they developed into a proper pair of *E-cup* tits.

Joseph could only guess as to how perky they were without touching them, which she was wary of doing so. Yet, in the meantime? She hadn't paid the same attention to her lower half, partially because her new breasts were obscuring them. The truth of the matter was that her lower half had been fattening in a similar fashion, though. Her hips had been forced to widen beyond the width of her shoulders by the mass that

pooled into her ass and thighs, which took up space within her oversized shorts but didn't bring about too much malfunction in those zero gravity circumstances. Her peach-shaped ass *was* impressive though, and on the opposite side of her pelvis a pink-touched bush shortened a touch.

The young woman was attempting to reckon with these new realizations when she became distracted by her chest once more. Not because of her breasts on this occasion, but because there was a bright blue light piercing through her shirt? “**What’s...?**” It spread for a moment before shaping itself like a heart, but this heart soon gave off a brighter light that swallowed her entire body. She couldn't recognize that it had stolen away her clothing, and in fact? Her mind hitched in that moment.

By the time the light had faded though, the girl wasn't *naked*. She'd been dressed up in a science fiction-style, white leotard that displayed her cleavage and the blue heart above. A frilled skirt danced off the hips of this leotard with blues and pinks, while long gloves with white around her hands and black around her arms reached up to her shoulders. White and black heeled boots didn't lift her up without gravity, but only the left heel reached up to her thigh where a golden band hugged her thigh. There was also a black collar around her neck that was reminiscent of a school uniform, and her long, pink hair was pulled into a blue halo-like band with a feather clip in her bangs.

Her eyes twitched briefly as the ‘hitch’ from before faded. But her skepticism about her own body had faded with it as well. Why would she question being a woman? Her memories told her that she had always been one. It was for this reason that she didn't question the occasional pixelation effect that her body gave off. “**Right...**” Because she wasn't technically ‘alive’. Her body had died a long time ago and she had become a digital lifeform.

“**Another day today, huh?**” *Aemeath* could only lament about her present circumstances as she turned behind her, bringing her attention to the 32 ticks that had been drawn in the space behind her. With a flick of her finger, she added one more to bring it to 33. *That* was how



many days she had spent trapped within the Voidspace after sacrificing herself to close the loop preventing Aleph-1 from destroying Lahai-Roi. It was a decision she had made herself, and it was something only she could do.

After all, her body wasn't even a living one. She was a digital ghost! So 'breathing' in the void was child's play. Was she a little scared about her circumstances? *Definitely*. If things went on, she probably wouldn't be able to survive much longer even with that digital form of hers. But she wanted to have hope! Strangely, she had a renewed sense of it. "**It's easy to give up hope... but that's what it wants.**" She glanced back over her shoulder and her pink ponytail flipped with the movement, staring at the black hole in the distance.

"I won't give you what you want, Aleph-1. She'll come to save me before you get your way."

At least, Aemeath really *hoped* she would.

What Joseph – or Aemeath now – didn't realize was that by tampering with that Aleph-1 file back in the real world, she had *unleashed* it. It had jumped from his computer right before swallowing it, spreading through the man's online contacts and installing it on their devices before creating miniature black holes of their own, swallowing additional victims and drawing them into the world of Solaris-3. But not everyone drawn into it was deposited into the Voidspace thankfully.

"Is this... a classroom?" Being one of Joseph's friends, Kay had *naturally* become one of those victims. He hadn't really been afforded the liberty of even realizing what had happened because his room had effectively been swallowed by the black hole in an instant. From his perspective, he simply found himself in a classroom at sunset. He was a little too old to be in school.

But the setting wasn't entirely *unfamiliar* either. "**Is this Startorch Academy? But that...**" It was *fictional*. A setting in Wuthering Waves, aka a place that *shouldn't* exist in real life. Was it an elaborate set? No, looking out the window, he could see a ton of students walking around in the uniform, moving robots... and an impossible sky. There was no way that it wasn't real. But why was he *there*?

It certainly didn't suffice as an *answer*, but he was soon given cause to pile *onto* his list of questions with new ones. Because why did things feel so *nostalgic*? Not like he had seen them in the game like he might have thought, but more like he had seen that classroom from that very spot, standing beside a specific desk in the center of the room. "**Is that *my***

desk? ...It's obviously not." So, then, why had he even entertained the thought for a moment? He also felt strangely... *hungry*? No, was that correct? He pressed a hand to his belly with his shirt in between and arched an eyebrow. **"Wait, that's... weird."**

Kay didn't fancy himself to be super fit or anything like that. He wasn't overweight, but it also wasn't like he was hitting the gym everyday or anything. But *that* was why it was odd. His stomach hadn't changed in size, but it was clearly *not* as he remembered it. His fingers were pressing a rubbing against what felt more like a *washboard*, because his abs were certainly significantly firmer than they had been before.

"How is that even possible? It's like— E-Eh?" It didn't take him long to hear it in his voice. As he spoke, not only had it become higher and lighter, but was that an *accent* he was developing? British? No. It definitely sounded European. **"Test... Test... Oh dear! ...Oh dear!?"** Czechoslovakian? Was it a Czech accent? But why? How? He sounded like a girl too, didn't he!? And then there was that 'Oh dear', which did *not* sound like something he would say!

But this combination of factors reminded him of—

"O-Oh! Ooo..." Kay's eyes glazed over as he cooed, not by choice but because *she* had been taken unaware by an arousing sensation between her legs. It was undeniably her sex changing, diminishing until a slit opened in its place, but she left unaware of what was happening to her face in the process. The inconsistency between her feminine voice and masculine facial features had been short lived, and by the time a small whimper had escaped from her lips?

Well, the shape of her face had become quite different. It obviously leaned in the same direction that her new sex had been shaped into, with a smaller nose, rounder cheeks, and slightly fuller lips. But simultaneously? It was as if her adulthood had slipped away, and by the time her eyes had rounded and dulled to a light blue, she had the youthful complexion of a *girl* no older than *eighteen*.

Whether or not she was even *that* old would soon be called into question, though. **"Why is this happening to me? Have I become a maiden? But..."** For some reason, despite everything that had happened to her *body*, her attention ended up fixated on the blackboard at the front of the classroom. They were *runes*, symbols that she shouldn't have been able to read, and yet... **"Wait! Since when could I understand what they say...?"** They were about the flowing water and blowing wind; a cryptic message.

And one that piqued her curiosity for some reason.

“Is it possible that I’m becoming— Oh!?” With all of the clues that she had available to her, she had finally managed to piece together the answer for *who* she was becoming and felt quite proud for a moment. But she was unable to squeak that answer out when she found herself needing to grab *her* desk beside her to maintain her balance. It didn’t take a genius to realize *why*, although Kay was beginning to think of herself as one.

She was getting smaller. Her height was plummeting, and with it? Her shoulders were narrowing and her hands and feet becoming more petite. As one might expect, her clothes weren’t exactly *cooperative* with such a drastic lost of stature, and her t-shirt’s neck hole slipped down one shoulder as its base slid down to her thighs... just in time for her shorts and boxers to slip off. **“I’ve become so small...”** She must have dipped down to roughly 5’0”, which was nearly a *foot* shorter than she had been before.

Strangely, though? The girl didn’t seem to *mind* it? In fact, she was beginning to question why that might strike her as strange in the first place because, unlike Joseph, her mental changes had been subtler and spread out. She hadn’t realized that she was slowly being assimilated into her new role, utterly oblivious now to even the fact that her sex had changed. It was for that reason that the growing of her hair didn’t bother her much, as those darkened locks begun to shine with the same orange of the setting sun and spill down to the backs of her thighs with a curliness to them. Her bangs even lifted but parted in the center.

“Did I not just realize something...? It was important, was it not?” The new Kay didn’t appreciate the thought that she might have forgotten an accomplishment, even though she’d forgotten much more than that. But, then again, she hadn’t technically *forgotten* it so much as it was just her *actual* identity now. It was an identity that invited femininity to reform the rest of her figure, bringing a pair of small breasts to build upon her chest above her toned belly. They couldn’t be any larger than *A-cups*, but what they lacked in size, they made up for with perkiness.

Just as her thighs grew plusher and her ass bubbled, though again none of it was particularly excessive. Just enough to put a little bit of meat on her thighs and give her rear end a maiden’s appeal. Pink lines – *runes* – were slowly etched meaningfully into her skin while her ears stretched into elvish points at the sides of her head. The runes predominantly painted themselves onto her lower left leg and her right thigh, none of which were particularly obvious at first.

But with a *flash* of orange and an “**Oh!?**” gasping from the girl’s lips, they were left exposed because she had been dressed in something much more fitting of her new build. Dark purple shorts were worn beneath an open top that was split between white and purple, open to show off her toned tummy while it hugged her small chest. It lacked sleeves, but she wore fingerless, white gloves with a white and purple shawl hanging from her shoulders. It all connected to a white collar around her neck while black and gold sandals hugged her exposed toes. Her orange hair had even been tied into a number of long braids with a white scarf with butterfly ornaments resting on top.

Everything made sense now...
although she couldn’t quite grasp why it wouldn’t have in the first place!

“**Hm... I suppose it was my choice to volunteer to clean up after class, but I really should go to the infirmary...**” It had been a couple of days since the incident with the Void Storms, back when Rover had ventured out into Voidspace to rescue Aemeath. The mission had been a success! And *Sigrika* was eternally grateful for that. But somehow her friend, Denia, had ended up injured? The ginger-haired girl wasn’t sure how. In fact, the teachers had been strangely quiet about the matter.



But Sigrika believed in her! She was being kept in the infirmary for the time being, and Luuk had given her permission to visit her that evening. She was going to pick up snacks and flowers... “**Oh, I’ve got so much I need to do! Everything is clean here, right? I don’t want the professor to give me any trouble...**” She did look things over one more time to be sure.

Before skipping out into the hall!

“**Ow!?**” My head flew back all of a sudden and it collided with a wall, which was confusing because I hadn’t been anywhere *near* a wall before. I had been sitting at my desk with no wall behind me. Things had

suddenly changed though. The lighting was warm like the sun was setting – no, the sun was *actually* setting through nearby windows that showed off a view of... **“Startorch Academy? Huh?”**

Had I actually hit my head in real life? Did I have a concussion or something? That would explain why I was seeing things that I shouldn't be, right? But that didn't explain why the bed I was sitting on felt so *soft*, or why I could smell some flowers that had been left on a nearby table. I stood up and looked around. It reminded me of a hospital room? **“Was I isekai'd or something?”**

Something like that.

Admittedly, I wasn't really given much of an opportunity to grapple with the *where* and *why* of it, because I was cursed by a phenomenon that was far more shocking – and far more personal. Because while being seemingly teleported into what I could only assume was a video game world was one thing? My body *transforming* was another, especially when my towering and lumbering figure *collapsed* all of a sudden.

It all happened so suddenly that, in that moment, I couldn't really make sense of it. It was as if the small hospital room had grown *significantly* larger all of a sudden, all while my clothes had *also* become way too large and slipped off my body? It was almost like... No, the only possible explanation was that I had suddenly *shrunk*. **“H-Huh!?”** Like the other two, I had been a very tall man, but in the end? **“I'm 5'1”!?! Wait... How do I...?”** How could I have even *known* that?

It was more than just height that I had lost, however. That had certainly been the most obvious change to my body considering I had felt like I was falling. But it wasn't *that* hard to find that I had shrunk in other ways, too. My stomach had once been a burdensome bulge in front of me, weighing me down, but that bulge was now gone and my flattened tummy was *slightly* toned. My shoulders had clearly narrowed too, and that led to my neck hole slipping down to one side to show off one of my slenderer shoulders.

“Something's clearly not... COUGH!?” My eyes went wide, showing off a pale blue that seeped into my irises in the meantime, as I heard the sound of my own voice and got the *wrong* idea that I could correct it with a cough. It was so high and floaty, not at all like the voice of an adult man like it *should* have sounded. Considering I was so much smaller, I supposed it made sense my voice might not sound the same, but wasn't that a step too far?

Maybe it was if I was destined to remain a man, but the other two assimilated victims had already demonstrated that this was likely *not*

the case, and my face and hair were happy to oblige when it came to *continuing* this trend. A pastel pink had begun to lighten the locks of my mane, and those dyed locks soon lengthened into a silky man that spiraled out into natural curls as the length reached closer and closer to my butt. It grew so long and heavy that I probably should have noticed it, especially with lengthened bangs sweeping across my gaze, but... I *didn't*?

Then again, I didn't at all notice how my face had been shrinking and softening either. My lips pursed into a pout beneath a shrunken nose, while my eyes narrowed above rounder cheeks until I more resembled a girl around the age of *nineteen*. Whether that was my actual age was unknown, but that was certainly how old I *looked*. "*Oh!?*" And as for my gender? Well, referring to me as a *girl* was probably the correct assessment.

"*I'm... a woman? Or... Or... Was I always? Wait, these memories...*" How long had they been there? Were they *mine*? I didn't feel certain, and I was a little *afraid* of them. Because at the depths of these memories there was a darkness. A *void*. Was it staring at me? Swallowing me? I briefly quivered before I managed to put that thought to the back of my mind for the time being. "*That was...*" There was some warmth to these new memories, but a lot of them felt *hopeless*. It was scary.

My transformation continued onward regardless of the condition of my memories and related mental state but not much had to be done. Much like with *Siggy*, I didn't exactly gain anything to substantial when it came to my body's maturity. If anything, I was a *little* bustier than poor Siggy was, with my breasts swelling to perky *B-cups* beneath my shirt. But when it came to my butt and thighs? The two of us were built *more* or less the same! We'd bathed together in the past, after all, but even if we hadn't... she wasn't hiding anything with those shorts of hers!

It felt like in a blink of an eye, the uncanny fit of my outfit had become something I was more accustomed to. That was a strange thought for me to have though, wasn't it? After all, looking down I was *clearly* wearing what I always wore? My predominantly white, spaghetti strap-style dress with a black skirt was there, as was the black plushie dangling from my waist? Pink, detached sleeves and red gloves? Check! Black choker? There! Headband in my hair consisting of creepy little human figures holding hands? By touching my hair, I could definitely tell that it was there! Even my black heels! I *was* happy to see my clothes how they were.

But my lips turned into a slight frown as the weight of reality struck me.

“...” Sitting back down on *my* bed, I didn’t have much to say. What was there *to* say? I’d been a bad girl, even if I hadn’t exactly been able to help myself. Aleph-1’s influence had been too great. I’d effectively been robbed of my free will. Way to go, *Denia*. And now I’d been isolated. I was locked away in Luuk’s clinic and was hardly allowed any visitors while they attempted to ascertain my ‘condition’. “**What is even the point...?**” In going on living?



I’d played the part of a peppy girl, but deep down I had nothing. Perhaps I’d always had nothing. Did I even *deserve* anything? After all I’d done, I would probably just be imprisoned for the rest of my life for my crimes. My actions, whether they were truly mine or not, had almost led to the world’s destruction. All because I had wanted to be useful. So, surely, there wasn’t a place for me anymore. Not unless the Fraxidus took me away.

“Denia? Oh! You’re in better shape than I thought!”

Just when I thought I’d be left alone, a warm voice surprised me from the doorway. It was the last person I had expected to see, and it seemed she had dropped some bags and flowers on the floor. “**S-Siggy? But why? If they let you in, then they must have told you—!?**” My session of self-deprecation was cut off as the orange of the setting sun embraced me. No... That was Sigrika’s hair I was seeing. She hugged me all of a sudden. Even after everything I’d done!?

“I was just told, yes... But it’s okay! I’ll help you figure things out, Denia! We’re friends, right? So, even after everything... You may have to make amends for what you’ve done, but there will always be a place for you. I’ll make sure of it! E-Eh, Denia!?” I grabbed the girl back and buried my face in her shoulder to hide the fact that I was crying. I thought I’d lost everything, but maybe there was something after all? Someone who saw me as more than a tool.

Maybe even someone worth living for.

“I’ll hold you to that, Siggy!”