

HEIRS OF DESIRE

COMMISSION STORY

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“Oof... This banner cycle is going to be brutal.”

Like clockwork, a new Honkai Star Rail patch was upon the community. That meant that there was new story content, new enemies, and, in a way *unfortunately*, a new set of banners. The headliner for patch 3.7 was already a doozy: Cyrene, a character they had been building up throughout the entire Amphoreus saga that had the unique ability to buff *all* of the other Chrysos Heirs in different ways. But for Joseph? The pain train didn't just stop *there*.

Much to his dismay at the time, he had been forced to skip Hyacine during her first run due to a spell of bad luck. He just hadn't had the funds, and the healer's worth had only elevated since her release. She was basically a 'must have' support character, but the man would have wanted her even if that *wasn't* the case. He was a big fan of her design and portrayal, after all.

He had been saving and saving some more. The question was: had he saved *enough*? Could he safely skip Cyrene for the time being? That was one potential plan of action, and one he had been strongly considering because he didn't *just* want Hyacine. Most of the Remembrance characters essentially needed their signature Light Cones since the path was new and there wasn't much selection, and Hyacine was no exception. Her usefulness would skyrocket if he could grab that cone as well.

“Repost this message for good luck on your Hyacine rolls’, huh? ‘You’re guaranteed to get her!’” While scrolling through social media that day, that post had shown up on his feed. They tended

to pop up for more or less *every* character. *Obviously*, reposting one wouldn't actually improve your luck. Luck wasn't something that you could control. *That said*, these circumstances were *dire* in his own opinion. If he could get a little help, placebo or not, then why not take it?

And so? He ultimately reposted it.

“Yeowch!?” That was strange. Reposting a post probably *shouldn't* have led to getting *electrocuted*, right? But he'd definitely felt a *zap* when his index finger pressed down up the left mouse button. He ended up yanking his hand away and shaking it. It had been surprising, but it didn't necessarily *hurt*? A strange contradiction that stemmed from a *shocking* situation. **“What was *that*? Static electricity?”** Seeing as he lived in a fairly humid climate, that wasn't a phenomenon that he had to deal with often.

Thinking it would be best to be better safe than sorry, he stood up to check his computer's cable chain. Maybe something wasn't grounded? That was also a possibility, but it wasn't one he was able to eventually explore. **“Woah...”** A wave of dizziness had struck him out of nowhere. It didn't feel super dangerous, more like he was fatigued? He ended up placing his hand on top of his chair to stabilize himself.

That wooziness *didn't* subside with any promptness. In fact, it definitely overstayed its welcome, essentially leaving him standing there out of fear that if he left the support of the back of his chair, he might take a tumble. **“Did I get up too quickly? This kind of thing can happen, I guess...”** But it wasn't something worth being alarmed about in his opinion. It was likely an entirely separate issue from the little zap he had received. But, of course, that unfortunately *wasn't* the case.

Lost in his daze, little things that he might have quickly registered if his mind had been clearer transpired without much of a fuss, at least at first. It helped that the differences really were so minute that they weren't all that consequential just yet anyways. His outfit, consisting of a comfortable t-shirt and baggy cargo shorts, felt a *little* bit looser. It was primarily because of the sudden onset of weight loss. Which was strange in a way, because he didn't really have all that much weight *to* lose.

He wasn't large by any means, and had some muscle to his build. There was a little bit of softness to his tummy, or at least there *had* been. But that dried up quickly, leaving only some abs that... *melted in kind*? Evidently, the little muscle that he *did* possess unequivocally faded, which in itself *was* a form of weight loss. But if it could be defined *that*

way, then would one's waistline narrowing several inches at the side count? What about one's shoulders becoming slimmer? Yes, and both things had occurred.

“Huh?” Slimmer shoulders led to the neck hole of his shirt sliding to one side. Joseph *did* take notice of this, but only seconds later he was led to take notice of something far direr instead. After all, he was standing upright in a room he used basically every day, and was also holding onto a chair that he used every day. **“Wait. Huh? Is the chair getting bigger or am I going *crazy*...?”** It definitely *felt* like a crazy thing to think, much less *say*.

But the man had probable cause to assume as much. His hand had been resting on *top* of the chair at a comfortable height, but he slowly had to alter his reach and posture because it was becoming *higher*? He'd been over a head taller than it before when he was almost six feet tall, but now he was eye level with it? **“That's... *not... possible? W-Wait! Since when did my voice sound so...*”** *Familiar?*

That probably didn't feel like the right thing to say. It was higher pitched and feminine, and those aspects of it probably should have been more pressing to mention, right? But Joseph couldn't help but think that he had heard that maidenly voice before somewhere recently. It was difficult to concentrate on the answer when he was left grabbing at his shorts with one hand, while staring at the other hand that he'd had to lower to grab the chair's armrest. His fingers had been shrinking; his hands had become small, soft, and dainty.

Ultimately? He gave up on holding his shorts up. They slipped from his waist and pooled around his ankles, no longer necessary because now that he had become a mere 5'0", his shirt was practically a dress anyways. Not even the shapes of his feet had been spared, with heels rounding and his toes taking cuter, cleaner shapes with neatly trimmed nails that were also featured upon his fingers. Needless to say, those feet were *several* sizes too small for his shoes now.

“...Hyacine? Wait! That's it! I certainly sound like Hyacine!” The man wasn't referring *just* to the actual pitch of his voice, either. He was speaking overly politely, much more-so than he tended to, and there was an odd calm to him even though the plausibility of everything happening to him was practically non-existent. And that was excluding the things that he *hadn't* noticed; his own face being the greatest offender.

As he'd shrunk, he'd begun to appear a little *younger*. It was like he'd reversed directly back through his twenties, stopping only when he was at the very beginning of them instead. Mind you, this wasn't even the

most shocking aspect of what happened to Joseph's face. It would have been one thing if he simply looked like himself still, albeit younger. But his features took a stark departure towards the *feminine*, robbing any trace of his previous identity from him in the process.

His face had slowly crept smaller, yet a shortened chin and vaguely wider cheekbones made it look much rounder and, arguably, *cuter*. It was a cuteness that was only enhanced by a plumping of his lips, a shrinking of his nose until it was button shaped, and a rounding of his eyes with his lashes fluttering longer. Those eyes brightened to an aqua color, something that was highlighted by their rounder shapes while pupils lightened to white, and a four-pointed star ultimately shone within either eye.

“Could I possibly be becoming Hyacine? But she's a woman!”

The man said that like the current, androgynous-leaning-feminine state of his body wasn't already something that should have been impossible. Even at the time, the dark, short hair atop his head had begun to lighten to a bubble-gum pink *and* lengthen. While his hair should have been straight regardless of how long it grew, it soon naturally curled to present a waviness that suggested it was usually worn up and curled even more intimately. By the time it reached the center of his bag? The tips had been dyed in aqua highlights instead of pink, too. Both colors were natural...

As the mix of pink and blue in her now trimmed pubes revealed.

That was an area of his body that had received minimal attention from him, but *she* soon squeaked, stirred by the uncanny sensation of what could only have been her dick diminishing. Her rod became little more than a nub that slipped further down her pelvis where it became the clit of her new pussy. The young woman shuddered at the addition of a womb within her body, one that confirmed her sex had been properly changed. **“And... I suppose I'm a woman now too...”**

There really was no point in denying what was happening to her now. Her inverted sex was enough to finally stimulate the rest of her changes – all related to that sex. Her chest, for example, burgeoned with a young woman's weight. The breasts that blossomed were barely *B-cups*, their lack of size was made up for with their perkiness. They felt strangely sensitive, rubbing up against the inside of her shirt. She blushed cutely.

“How strange...” At the same time, her hips ended up widening only a couple of inches. It was merely to highlight that she was now a young woman, and that widening came with a touch of bloating to give her body's lower half that finishing touch it needed. Her thighs bloated with several inches of softness, and her butt lifted the shirt slightly until it

was a nice-bubbled shape. All in all? Her figure was hardly notable, but there was an appeal to it that highlighted a perceived innocence as well.

“When I said I wanted Hyacinthea, this isn’t quite what I meant...” Because she had fully and completely become *Hyacine* herself, essentially ‘giving’ her the character... by *becoming* her. The young woman was much smaller than she had been as a man, but that was only one of *many* things that occurred to her she would have to adjust to. She didn’t have the Chrysos Heir’s memories, but her appearance and personality... Not to mention...



Her light-colored eyes wandered towards her bed. She wasn’t sure where it had come from, but there was a small yet *rotund* white unicorn sitting on it, staring at her. **“What is it, Little Ica? Are you hungry?”** Even though it shouldn’t have been there and she *knew* that it shouldn’t have been, her genuine concern for it led to her blurting that out. While it ‘tooted’ in reply, the woman’s mind raced, searching for a plan of action.

She was Hyacine, yes. But it didn’t appear that she was *legally* Hyacine. Reality had not changed around her. Her bedroom, the clothing she was wearing; it all belonged to the man she had once been. The room could definitely use some brighter colors, but that was a problem for later! **“I guess I should get you some food first and then we can figure it out! How am I going to convince people that I’m actually Hyacinthea, though? I... mean... I’m Hyacine, right!? Oh no.”**

Could she not say her old name!?

“Ow!? What the hell was that!?” At around the same time, *I’d* had a run-in with a social media post that was very similar to the one Joseph had. The primary difference was that it had referenced a character different from Hyacine: Cipher. She was on my ‘Axel’s list of HSR characters to get on reruns pronto!’, which actually wasn’t all *that* many characters. I couldn’t say I’d never reposted a post like that before, so I *definitely* knew for a fact that they didn’t work. Even so, as someone who was gunning for Cyrene as well, it didn’t really hurt, right?

...Evidently, I'd been wrong about that, seeing as I'd just been *shocked* through my mouse. Unlike Joseph, I *did* live in a climate where static electricity was common, and since it was now late autumn, it wasn't all that rare to get zapped now and again. It didn't actually *hurt* – it was more like it hurt my *pride* that I freaked out about it in the first place. “**Stupid static...**” It was only then that I noticed my browser had frozen too, which was something Joseph had actually missed.

Ultimately though, our fates would be similar in a sense.

As his transformation had begun with a change in *weight*, so had mine. That said, this process was wildly different because I wasn't even *vaguely* in shape. I was a man who had let himself go a long time ago, and despite being in the process of improving my health, I hadn't made so much progress that it was particularly noticeable. I still had a pronounced tummy, vaguely flabby limbs, and a chubby face; and I *certainly* wasn't muscular in any way.

But these were things that were all targeted. I *was* a little woozy, but because I'd remained seated in my chair it hadn't been an immediate issue. Still, the fact that I was seated actually made it *easier* for me to notice that— “**Hold on... Is my stomach deflating!?**” That I was getting *thinner*, and very rapidly at that. My gut always protruded while I was sitting, but I was watching my shirt rest looser and looser. I had no reason *not* to grab at my belly, and the weight just kept slipping through my fingertips until there wasn't any excess at all. Not there, nor in my chest, limbs, and face.

On the contrary? I soon felt my fingers pressing up against a set of *abs*? The muscles in my arms and legs were more toned too. “**There's... no way. Am I fit now?**” Had that static shock prompted some sort of *psychosis*? Had it actually *knocked me out*? I just couldn't fathom how that was possible! And because I hadn't moved my hands to the side of my torso, I didn't realize that my waistline had pinched inward *significantly* at the same time.

I had already considered standing up, but— “**MRROW!?**” I was startled into doing it sooner, hopping up because it felt like something had dug into the base of my back? Even as I stood, was something caught between my shirt and my pants? I didn't know what the hell it could be, and the answer that became clear when I arched my back to look behind me was no more less confusing. “**I-Is that a tail?**” It had certainly looked like the *beginning* of one. A dark brown tip, then light brown, and white – these were the colors of fur I could see moving inward from a tip that was stretching farther and farther away from my body. In a

matter of moments, it had become about *eight* feet long, and it was very clearly the tail of a *cat*.

It was... *familiar* somehow. Realistically, I wasn't so out of it that I couldn't put two and two together, perhaps because I wasn't as dizzy as Joseph had been. "**Cipher is thin... and has a *tail*...**" There was *no way*, right? But hadn't that noise I'd made when my tail had grown in rather... *cat-like*? My body didn't become any more like a cat's in the immediate future at least, but my distraction didn't stop the changes from continuing in the meantime.

My body's silhouette had already been pushed into the realm of femininity. It hadn't stuck me that my shoulders were narrower, nor that my hips had flared out several inches so that my thinned waist looked even *thinner*. My skin likewise was softening, with any unnecessary body hair, stubble on my face included. That face was actually the *next* focal point of the transformation, though. There was a mirror in my room, but I hadn't thought to check it out *just* yet.

If I had, the changes would have been obvious. Having already lost mass from my previous weight loss, the shape of my face soon became even thinner as my jaw pulled farther from my cheeks. My eyes pinched and narrowed, my irises turning an icy blue while my pupils were pulled into subtle slits that gave me a sharper, vaguely feline gaze above a lengthened nose and lips that swelled into a resting smirk that I couldn't wipe away even if I tried.

"I have to be dreaming, right?" Even posing the question made me doubt the truth of it. My Adam's apple smoothed away just in time to alter my voice, giving it a smooth, sultry, womanly pitch that was exemplified by some unusual choices when it came to emphasizing my words. It sounded very *dramatic*. Very much like the cat woman it sounded like. "**I mean, how *else* could I be becoming that *beautiful and cool cat*?"** Why was I laying it on so thick? Why did I feel like I was complimenting *myself*?

The mental changes grew stronger and stronger, and while it wasn't linked *to* my hair, that hair changed at the same time. Dark locks paled to silver as they lengthened into a messy, shoulder-length style that was thick and glossy. My bangs went every which way, and overall, it didn't look like it was often styled in any meaningful way. "**Pfft! Even my *hair now, hm~?***" I'd blown some of my bangs out of my eyes, but they didn't really bother me for long. The more I changed, the more *accustomed* I became to those changes. Even the swishing of my tail behind me felt completely normal now.

And that was probably for the best, because I was about to undergo some changes that were *much* more dramatic. “**Mm? My chest? Well, I suppose that only makes sense.**” I gave my head a little tilt while staring down at my shirt. It *ballooned* forward, undoubtedly because of the weight I could feel stretching my skin beneath it. The woman I was becoming had a *sizable* bust, and those *F-cups* were developing at a hastened rate. “**Mrrow~!**” This time, the cat-like noise I made was *meant* to sound sexy, because I gave my new tits a little lift with hands that were now smaller, yet had longer fingers and manicured nails.

The weight of my bosom lifted and fell, jiggling several times while, unbeknownst to me, a mole darkened and rose above the inside of my left breast.

I’d noticed that it wasn’t *only* my tits growing of course, but they *were* the most fun to play with. My ass and thighs were thickening all the same, cheeks jiggling as my boxers tightened and dug into the heart-shaped swell that developed beneath my tail. Ever step in the future would see one cheek rise, fall, then bounce elastically, sending a ripple through the bloated thigh on the same side. Each thigh rivaled my waist in girth.

Again, it all felt natural. Just as natural as my *height* drooping. My hips flared out almost *five* inches in the process, but I made the executive decision to pull my pants *down* once my thighs made them too tight. “**Won’t be needing those~!**” I kicked them off along with my socks just as my near six-foot height had dipped down to 5’7” – not short enough to say I was significantly shorter, but still enough for me to notice. I flippantly dismissed any shock about it, though. I had essentially accepted my fate.

But I really *was* curious about how *good* I looked. “**Mirror, mirror, on the wall...**” I practically *cooed* as I skipped across the room towards the mirror with only my oversized shirt to cover the bare essentials. And those essentials really *were* rare. My dick and balls swinging as I skipped became less and less noticeable the closer that I got to the mirror, and it wasn’t long at all before a *woman’s* slit had formed between my legs in their place.

So, I was effectively female by the time I was able to check my reflection, with my ears creeping up the sides of my head and deforming into the triangular, brown-furred ears of a *cat* on the upper sides of my head, with pink fuzz and white tufts on their insides.

“**Well, well, well! If it isn’t Cifera herself: me!**” I almost sounded a little *too* excited to have become *Cipher*, the sexy cat woman that I had been wanting to roll later in the patch. It was difficult to deny as I gazed at myself in the mirror, my cat ears twitching and my tail whipping back

and forth behind me. I even did a little, cat-like pose even though the baggy shirt I was wearing didn't allow much to show. **“Maybe I should take a little peak *without clothes*? Or...”**

I really *was* curious. I lived alone, so who was going to stop me? My own thoughts, apparently. **“Wait. If I'm Cipher, and if these cat traits *are* real, what is going to happen to me if I'm found out? Would the government attempt to capture me? It doesn't seem like background has been modified at all, and who would believe me if I said I was *Cifera*? Er... *Cipher*? ...And that is another problem!”** I couldn't refer to myself by my old name? That would make it a *lot* harder to resolve things.



“Well, I *am* a great thief! I suppose I could disappear into the shadows? It's not like I need to pay taxes now, so I could probably make it work, haha!” I'd moved past the name thing so quickly! ...Because I really didn't care! Think of all the things I could do now that I was a sexy cat girl thief? I had no qualms about leaving my old life behind! But was that how I felt deep down, or how I felt as Cipher?

“Does it really even *matter*?” I purred gleefully!

“Well now! Looks like it was worth following your trail and sneaking onto that plane. How are you doing, *little Hyacine*?”

It had been several months since the incident, and Hyacine had essentially been forced to go undercover. It was hard hiding Little Ica *and* her identity, and no one in her family had understandably believed her when she tried to explain who she had once been. She was making it work, but it was *tough*. I, on the other hand, wasn't aware of any of it!

After my own transformation I'd thought 'hey, maybe other people were transformed like me!', and then I'd seen rumors on the internet about 'a

girl that looked like Hyacine' in the area. I'd followed the lead, conscious of the possibility it was likely a cosplayer. But imagine my surprise when I found the genuine article along with her fatass unicorn holed up in a small house? **“Ciphie!?! Wait... You mean there's others like me out there?”**

“Apparently! Now, come on! Pack your things! I'm taking you to my secret hiding spot! How are you with sneaking onto airplanes?”

“...H-Huh!?”