

SO ELATING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why does this popup keep coming back!?”

Joseph glared at his computer screen with a subtle contempt, not at any *person* but at a series of popups that just *wouldn't* leave him alone. He recognized the aesthetics of those ‘ads’, that they harkened back to a character from Honkai Star Rail of all things. Every time one popped up, it was for a ‘livestream’... except there was a major issue with those livestreams. There was never anyone *streaming* – it was just an empty streaming set with no one popping up regardless of how long he waited.

Had it only popped up a singular time, then it would have been easy enough to ignore. But after he had closed it the first time, it had appeared again several hours later, and then again several hours more, and it *continued* like that. But it felt like every time he closed it, the next time it popped up it was sooner than the last. It had been over a day now since they had first started appearing, and now it was only ten or so minutes before the next.

So, what had led to its appearance in the first place? The man didn't understand *why*, but it had only started after he had rolled *Sparxie* within Honkai Star Rail. The very character he would have expected to show up during that livestream, considering her livestreaming theming. Was it some sort of strange promotion? Joseph had considered that, but he had to rule it out. Why would the game download the equivalent of adware? And even then, he couldn't find any anecdotes of anyone online having the same issue.

It was late at night, and so he was getting ready for bed. He turned off his computer with the expectation that, at least, he would no longer get

any more of those annoying ads. He hadn't gotten any after doing so the night before, but...

PING!

“Oh, come on!” That expectation of peace was immediately dashed by a notification on his *phone* that, gratingly, brought up the same livestream. Still empty. **“I’d do the stream myself if it meant not having to see this stupid popup again!”** Little did he know that this was probably the *worst* thing that he could have said. Because in a flash? **“Wh—!?”** He *disappeared*, leaving his phone to fall onto his bedroom floor.

“I didn’t mean it!” That was the first thing that Joseph could think to say when he suddenly found himself on the *other* side of the screen. He was undoubtedly standing on the stage that had been on the livestream, red and covered with a number of toys and props that would have suited Sparxie’s sensibilities – which were wild to say the least. **“How the hell is this even possible!?”**

He had to be dreaming, right? Maybe he hit his head and was hallucinating the entire thing? These were more believable theories than the truth he didn’t want to accept: that he had been pulled *into* the popup on his phone. But his denial of reality did not deny its truth, and he would soon find himself indifferent to it in the first place. And this reality wasn’t all that shy when it came to making itself known.

“I... Huh?” Joseph had numerous questions about what had happened to him, but by the time he’d thought of another one to verbally express, something had pulled him away from asking it. Then again, it had also pulled his *stature*... downwards. Being a man that was nearly six feet tall, he had grown accustomed to viewing the world from up on high. But his skepticism had been expressed because that view was *diminishing*. The stage he was standing on had been of average size, but it felt bigger and bigger as the seconds ticked by.

It happened so suddenly that he threw his hands out to the side to catch himself on the nearby table but ended up *missing* it entirely because his arms weren’t the length he expected them to be. **“Wh-What!?”** He stumbled as a result, and in doing so he slipped *out* of his socks because his feet were significantly smaller than they had been. His heels were rounder and more ball-shaped, but his toes narrowed *and* shortened, becoming fair and dainty.

To be fair, a similar set of changes had plagued the hand that the man had reached out with to grab the table in the first place. The length of his fingers unraveled like the length of his arms, and as his shorts slipped from his waist and he once *again* missed his mark in trying to grab them before it was too late, it finally set in to him just *how* short he was becoming. **“How small am I!?”** By the time it all clicked, his shirt was the only thing he was still wearing, and it almost reached his knees.

4’5”. Joseph didn’t understand how he *knew* this, but with his shirt slipping down one arm *through* the neck hole, it was undeniable that he had shrunk to such a meager height. **“There’s no way... I haven’t been this small since I was a kid!”** But *was* he a kid? There was no denying that he was significantly shorter, and his face did seem *younger*, but it didn’t look *that* young. If anything, he looked like he could be *twenty* at youngest.

He couldn’t get over how *small* he was, though. Not only were the hands he used to clutch at his shirt tiny, but his nails were longer and clearly cut neatly. **“W-Wait...”** While examining them though, at first he wondered if the lighting on the stage was playing tricks on him. His olive complexion felt *lighter* somehow? But it became clear that it wasn’t a trick, and it was becoming even *lighter*. It paled to a very light pink not only on his hands, but across his entire body. **“Where did my color go!? ...Oh no.”**

The *woman’s* voice had cracked mid-sentence, in tandem with a sensation between her legs that made her eyes go wide with shock. She was incapable of seeing that those widened eyes were illuminated with a light pink, and the hair atop her head and crotch had bleached to a silvery white at that very moment. She was too focused on what was obviously *far* more alarming. The feeling of her cock and balls shrinking and shriveling into a nub that was pulled down to become the clitoris of the new fleshy slit that had opened between her legs to change her sex.

“I-I’m a girl? Haha! W-Wait, this isn’t funny... But I mean it kind of is! It’s a riot!” Joseph couldn’t make up her mind about *how* she felt about. There was a part of her that saw this as an *obvious* problem, but there was also a quiet voice in the back of her head that had become *so* loud *so* quickly that she hadn’t been able to fight it any longer. As she laughed, she found her fingers gingerly running down her body almost *expectantly*.

Her expression was a complicated one, too. There was a wry smile upon it that was being warped, not by emotion but by physical adjustments. Her lips, for example, filled until they were softer and poutier, and her nose shrunk in length and width until it was much more petite. She retained the look of a young adult even as she transitioned into her

femininity, but her pink eyes narrowed in the corners above narrowed cheeks... making them look Asian. *Japanese* if we were going by real life comparisons. A red heart surfaced beneath her right eye, and a white diamond under the left.

Beyond her waistline slimming in at the sides to give her a more waifish silhouette, everything else was a matter of *growth* from that point on. Her oversized shirt effectively hid *all* of it, aside from the very slight bulge upon her chest. It was one she noticed immediately, prompting her to cup the *bosom* that was swelling playfully. **“Well, they probably aren’t going to grow that big. But flat is justice! ...Or something like that!”** They weren’t even *that* flat, though. Becoming a pair of proud and perky *B-cups* upon such a short body still left them looking large enough.

Just as she had anticipated her breasts developing, Joseph showed equal enthusiasm for her *buttocks*. The sound of her palms slapping against her ass filled the silence when she threw her hands behind her to grasp at burgeoning buns. They bubbled into perkier forms that parted her hips a little wider, and her thigh bloated so that their pale skin was pulled into a light sheen roughly in tandem. **“There we go! I’m filling out just fine!”**

There hadn’t really been much fun to be had playing with her *hair*, which had been growing at a much faster pace than her figure had been developing. Those silver locks fell to the backs of her knees in the back, while in the front her bangs took a hime-cut style with the hair at her face’s side framing it effectively. Still, the woman took her hands off of herself when she realized she was overdue for...

“Time for a clothing change~!” In fact, she clapped her hands as if to summon the power, which replaced her shirt with a red, white, and black kimono-style dress. Her shoulders and cleavage were bare along with most of her legs, and you could find bunnies and playing card motifs all over the ensemble, including in the checkered designs of her Japanese-style sleeves. Pointed, black boots concealed her wiggling toes, and her hair was both pulled into playful twin tails and braided across the crown.

There was something *chaotic* about that outfit. But chaos suited her just fine.

“Whoa! Why was I even freaked out about *this*?” She was *Sparxie*, the super amazing streamer that was taking Planarcadia by storm! Super cute, super whimsical, and even more popular than either of those things, why would she had even rejected the stage she stood upon? **“Lights! Camera! Action! Let’s get this show on the road!”**

How many likes will we bring in to the steam today? How many new fans can we rope in~? After all, who *wouldn't* want to be the hottest streamer on the market, Sparxicle~!?”



Sparxie was very clearly a *yapper*, and even though her stream had yet to begin its broadcast, she was dancing around dramatically *as* she yapped. The moment the broadcast began in earnest though, she picked up one of the plushies on the stage and morbidly cut off its head with a toy sword. **“Welcome to Sparxicle’s stream, everyone! What chaos will we get up to today~? Let those comments pour in, all... ZERO OF YOU!?”**

“WHERE ARE ALL OF MY LOYAL VIEWERS!?”

I had not been plagued by any of the popup attacks that Joseph had, although he *had* reached out to me to try and help him fix it. It wasn’t like he was thinking ‘Axel is a pro at this kind of stuff, surely he could help’, he was probably just desperate enough to look for any lead, and unfortunately I hadn’t been able to give him one. It had certainly been all the motivation I needed to *not* roll Sparxie, though.

Why, then, was she on my computer screen? **“HEY! YOU! YOU LOOK BORED! WHY DON’T YOU WATCH MY STREAM FOR A BIT? ALL CLOSE AND PERSONAL-LIKE~!? IT’LL BE ELATING!”** Maybe there really *was* some sort of promotion happening? I had no other way to explain it, and I couldn’t close the popup for some reason. **“SO COME ON IN!”** A hand reached out from the screen and grabbed my own, pulling me.

And *that* was how I’d ended up... somewhere. At first, I hadn’t understood *where* I was. It looked to be a fanciful inn room in a fairly mundane city based on the limited view through the nearby window. Until I saw the *moon*. It had a *face*, just like the moon in Planarcadia, the region in Honkai Star Rail where Sparxie made her debut. **“Uh...?”**

But there was just no way for me to believe that such a thing was even possible.

I would have dismissed it as a dream if not for how *real* it all felt. I had even pinched myself for good measure, and I had experienced enough lucid dreams in the past to know that pain *never* felt that authentic while I was dreaming. Regardless, I would have been forced to reckon with the reality of the sensations either way because... my stomach gargled? “...**I don't really need my nerves acting up right now.**”

A bad habit of my body was to cause stomach issues when I was nervous or anxious, and I had mistakenly identified what was happening as another case of that. But it gurgled again, and again, which led to me rubbing it to try and ease it. It was only then that what was *actually* occurring wasn't what I had thought it was, and that the truth was—“**Why... am I thinner?**” Weight had been pouring off of my protruding tummy, and by the time I'd noticed?

Only a little bit of weight remained. What *did* remain hardened to form a set of defined abs upon my tummy, and I hadn't even *noticed* that my waistline had dipped in at the sides. It was curious, though. I had been an overweight man, and the weight loss hadn't *just* affected my stomach. My face, my arms, my chest, my ass, and my thighs had all become *considering* thinner, but my pants had remained without slipping? Admittedly, *I* hadn't thought much of it at the time.

But they only remained in place because, contrary to my thinned waistline, my hips had widened *just* enough for my pants to rest on.

“**Well, this wasn't within *my calculations*. ...Huh? What calculations?**” All things considered that had been a *very* strange thing to say. I wasn't calculating *anything*. What *was* there to calculate? Regardless, as weird as that had been, something more striking pulled my attention away from it. “**Huh!?**” What *was* there to say about it? I'd already benefited from near-instantaneous weight loss.

So, I couldn't question the feasibility of my *height* regressing as well. Even *I* was surprised by how calmly I was taking things now, it was very out of character for me. I just eyed myself and adjusted my clothing as necessary as my near six-foot height succumbed to the magic, or curse, or *whatever* was transforming me. As I crept smaller and smaller, dipping below even 5'6”, my fingers became longer and daintier, and my feet became more petite as well. Not to mention the fact that all of the hair on my body smoothed away, leaving my skin soft and smooth.

By the time the shrinkage had come to cease, I must have been— “**5'4”.**” Not even *I* was sure how I knew my exact height. It was like it had

replaced the height I'd *known* myself to be in the back of my head, so the new number came to mind in its place. But as I turned a hand over in front of my eyes, I could tell that it hadn't just been *vertical*. Those smaller fingers had longer, well-kept fingernails. Which led me to a conclusion that I felt *too* certain of considering how few clues I had to work with. **"I'm becoming a woman."**

The sound of my own voice all but confirmed that, and all I offered in response to it was a raising of my own eyebrow. An eyebrow that, as it turned out, was thinner and had lightened to a pale shade of *silver*. But that wasn't the only peculiarity upon my face, much less around my eyes. My irises adopted a blue not unlike the blue of the sky, but the eyelids surrounding them narrowed, clearly altering my racial identity in ways that leaned into Asian roots like Joseph had.

But I wasn't becoming *Japanese*. As the rest of my face lengthened, including my nose, and my cheekbones thinned, it became clearer that I was resembling a beautiful *Chinese* woman who had hardly slipped in age. I must have looked around *thirty* at least, and thickened, pouty lips added to my appeal. As did the silver from my thinned brows, which seeped into the short and dark hair atop my head and saw it lengthen into a messy nest of hair that reached the peak of my butt.

"Let us just allow nature to take its course, shall we?" I could tell that there was no point in fighting it, and doing so wasn't really my *style*. I could tell I was becoming a pretty little thing, and why fight such a battle if the results were so desirable? Even as I said as much, I could feel my nipples rubbing up against the inside of my shirt. They'd become swollen and more sensitive, and they pushed forward courtesy of a weight that pooled beneath them. My skin stretched around the mounds that developed, and that skin stretched as they burgeoned into orbs that fell against my ribcage as a pair of perky *E-cup* tits.

It felt strangely *natural* to carry their weight, and mass that was applied to my lower body helped make my standing experience a little more... *balanced*. My hips had previously widened for this very reason, to act as a shelf capable of supporting the fat that pooled into my ass and bubbled it into a notable heart shape behind me. What it couldn't take? It was fed into my thighs, leading to the legs of my shorts *gripping* them so that the shapes of those thighs could be seen.

But they were freed. I had anticipated a change of fashion that would liberate any discomfort, and that came to be when what I was wearing *exploded* into a flurry of glowing, white and blue peacock feathers that disappeared before they hit the floor. The revealed a completely different outfit underneath. A long, Chinese-styled dress consisting of a white bodice and a teal skirt that curved off into peacock-styled ends.

My legs were left effectively bare by that dress's slits, and my feet had been hoisted up by silver scales.

In terms of accessories, I wore silver bangles, a dark-colored fur over my left shoulder, and a fingerless silver glove over my left arm. But silver paint had also decorated my lengthened fingernails, and there was a peacock-feathered ornament in my hair above a pair of silver earrings. That hair, now styled into a ponytail, was fed through a silver clasp near the tip, where a touch of blue dye now painted my roots to match my eyes.

All in all, it was a *beautiful* outfit for an even more *beautiful* woman.

“I am... General Yao Guang? Hm...” It wasn't exactly a hard pill to swallow. Who else *could* I be other than the *beautiful Yao Guang*? Or *Madame Yao* if you preferred? I was the perfect woman to walk the path of the Elation. Gorgeous, mysterious, and not above having a little *fun* at the expense of others. My unpredictability was one of my greatest assets, and yet... **“It's still strange to think of myself that way. I suppose I'll... settle in eventually.”** That was something I said as I smirked while running a hand across my breasts.



I was still *myself* – or who I had once been – deep down. It was enough to grasp what had happened, but not enough to want to fight it. I felt *good*, and I had her vast memories as well. Including those about Yao Guang's... condition. But I also knew how to handle it. Frisky as I was, there was no point in me attempting to *do* anything with that feeling. **“Now, is my audience going to *show herself*? Just because I seem to be *content* with this body, doesn't mean I'm going to give you a peek.”**

My eyes locked onto the flat screen television in the hotel room. A screen that flickered on to show off the same Sparxie stream that had

gotten me into that mess in the first place. **“What!? Not even a ‘Thank you, Miss Sparxie’!? I didn’t know it was going to turn you into *her*. Ugh. Whatever. So long as you keep your mouth shut about *how* you took that form, I guess it’s fine!”** Oh, so she was worried? Fair. If I acted based on who I had been before, then I could change the story that had been put into place for Planarcadia. Fortunately for her...

“Oh, don’t *worry*, Miss Sparxie. I’ve already intuited the risks involved in changing the script, just as I’ve intuited who you *used* to be. But let us just keep that a secret between *old friends*, hm?” I was, of course, referring to who I had been before. **“Let us just enjoy these Phantasmoon Games to their fullest, pursuing our own agendas? Well... Our own agendas *now*.”** Surely that would be amicable enough. And it was.

“Deal!”