

A LITTLE DUNGEON FUN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> I know. It's just a shame that I can't spend it with everyone, since everyone is online and all.

The small nekomata girl's eye were locked upon a single screen in a room that's walls were covered with screens. At first glance, you could have easily confused the setting with something out of a science fiction movie, like the den of a professional hacker! But Hisa *wasn't* a hacker, even though what she was staring at was clearly someone else's Discord logs as her twin tails flicked back and forth through the slot in her chair behind her.

“Hm... Could I do something with this?” The nekomata was a mischief maker by nature. A being brought into this world to transform others, and one whose powers far surpassed even humanity's imagination as a result. The Discord logs on her screen had been summoned by magic, and while she was *technically* spying, she didn't really see it that way. It was more like she was looking for *inspiration*.

The logs were of a group chat between Joseph, Kay, and Axel – the lattermost member being her creator. Because of this, he was her favorite muse, often preying upon him and his friends for her own amusement. It was Joseph's birthday, and he had made that comment because he'd been lamenting that he hadn't really done much to celebrate.

> **What? Like a dinner? Maybe I could order you something?**

Kay had mused in return, not knowing that he had just fed the unknown viewer just the idea that she needed. **“A dinner, huh? Something**

delicious?” Joseph had recently gotten into a certain series, so she was able to connect a fun little line.

“**Something Delicious in Dungeon?**”

CREAK!

One moment, Joseph had been sitting at his desk on a relatively firm desk chair. The next? A loud creak rang out as his ass sunk into a cheap and rickety bed. His computer and desk were gone; the room was completely different. It felt like your stereotypical fantasy inn accommodations, right down to the cool temperatures and *unusual* scents wafting in through a nearby window. “**Uh...?**”

A normal person probably wouldn't be able to comprehend *how* that had happened, but the first of the three wasn't a stranger to *her* powers. “**What did we say that triggered Hisa's involvement? ...Then again, sometimes it's just completely unrelated.**” Whenever the mood struck her, well... It wouldn't be weird to get transformed into a bunny girl at her behest just because it was funny, honestly.

He understood *how* he had ended up where he was. The ‘where’ and ‘why’ were questions that were a little difficult to answer with the information he had. He could vaguely smell salt water, which meant he was close to the sea? And the settlement outside of his window certainly *looked* like something out of a fantasy story. “**What has she been into lately? Did Axel say anything...?**”

Well, it wasn't really a matter of what *she* was into in the first place.

While pondering these questions, the very first clue that Joseph could have gone off of emerged, and it was *technically* a doozy. At least, it *would* have been if he'd properly noticed it, but there were a combination of factors keeping him from doing so. The first was *location*, because it was happening to his ears, which were clearly out of view no matter how quickly he might turn his head. In truth, their cartilage was being *pulled*, gradually stretching out behind him as additional cartilage was created in real time.

It wasn't long before they began to appear *pointy*, and this process sounded like it should have been simple to *sense*. But that was where the other factor came in: Hisa's influence. As she often did, she vaguely dulled the sense of touch when it came to her victims so that by the time they realized it, it would already be too late. As a result, his ears stretched until they were about *five inches* long without much

consequence, appearing *elvish* even though the tips were slightly rounder than you might expect.

In a similar vein, there were a number of similarly difficult to notice changes that made it seem more like he was being repainted in a '2P' version of himself more than anything. Take his dark hair, for example. It didn't change in length *yet* because that would have given the game away but instead lightened to a golden blonde without much consequence whereas his eyes were blessed by an emerald green.

“Obviously this is a fantasy would, but that’s still pretty *BROAD!?*” Everything had escaped Joseph’s notice until that exact moment where he ended up screaming like a banshee at what felt like his feet coming out from underneath him. Experienced enough with Hisa’s methods, he was quick to piece together that he wasn’t actually *falling*, and that she’d just unwound his height so quickly that it had simply felt that way. On the other hand, the way his voice had cracked and cried out had felt very *out of character* for him.

He'd been cursed to not quite hit the six-foot mark before, but he must have dropped down to at least 5'3" in that moment; his clothes settling against his shortened stature as if they'd been dropped, and even then the sat much looser. His shirt almost reached his knees with his shorts reaching past them. It also occurred to him that it hadn't quite *all* been loss. His shorts hadn't slipped, but... **“*My hips are wider!?*”** His shorts were definitely sitting much more tightly around them, but why was he freaking out so much?

It wasn't like this was the first time it had happened to him... *right?* But that wasn't it. Joseph's personality was clearly being tampered with. He flexed fingers that were smaller and slightly calloused around the palms and fingers where they hadn't before. They looked unfamiliar, and yet the longer he stared at them? The less he felt like that. The same could be said of how he felt standing on smaller, rounder heels that were *far* more callous, like he'd been doing a *lot* of walking in less-than-optimal footwear.

“N-No, wait. Why wouldn't my hips be wide? Or my shoulders narrow? Haven't I always...?” Almost like a switch had suddenly been flipped in his mind, he began to wonder if he'd been mistaken about changing at all. Aside from the initial crack, he hadn't even *noticed* that his voice had become shrill and maidenly just in the passive sense, nor that his face had conformed to the image that this voice suggested. The image of a *maiden*, that was.

Not only did the man's face gradually become more feminine in all the ways that you might expect – a smaller nose, pouty and upturned lips,

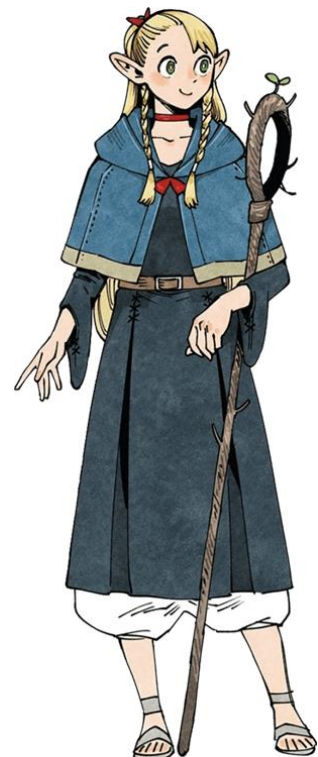
rounder eyes, a daintier jaw – it would have been difficult to deny the secondary effect where he appeared notably *younger*, like he'd slipped back into his mid-twenties at most. Even though, *technically*, he was now in his *fifties*. Hair that had already turned blonde soon spilled well past his shoulders and down his back, silky and smooth as if it had been taken care of with a *great* deal of effort.

If an example needed to be made of how far-gone he was, the fact that he began to run his daintier fingers *through* that hair without pausing to wonder when it had gotten so long, much less how his once olive fingers had paled to a light pink along with the rest of his skin, served as a good one. He was feeling increasingly *anxious*, but not about himself? **“I can't stand around here all day... I need to go save her...”** Right. Someone was in trouble. Someone really important to *her*!

Right on cue, there was an *emptiness* between her legs. For a brief moment the recognition of it registered on her face, just as bloating thighs rubbed together within shorts that were now struggling to contain their meat, but it paled in comparison to the worry she felt for her *missing friend*. Her butt perked up, bubbling slightly into a more feminine shape as it took up the last of the space within a pair of shorts and boxers that had one been modestly comfortable, and when it came to her chest, well... The *B-cup* breasts that jiggled to attention could barely be seen through her shirt, puffy and perky as they were.

A change of attire did *very* little to make them more visible, either. It happened so quickly that it didn't occur to her, even though the process pulled back her bangs on the right side to tie them with a red ribbon while some of her golden hair was braided over her shoulders on either side. Her modern attire had been stripped away, leaving her in a long blue dress over white pants, with a lighter blue cowl fastened by a red bow that matched her ribbon and choker. Grey sandals were all the elvish-looking woman wore on her feet, while a wooden staff appeared in the corner of the room.

“I don't have time to be sitting around here! Is Laios ready yet!? He said he'd come get us, right!?” *Marcille Donato's* pacing had become quite furious, the elven girl practically doing laps around her inn room as a million awful scenarios ran through her mind. Joseph had been accepting of her transformation at *first*, but she'd grown increasingly anxious throughout as she remembered... that her best friend had just been eaten by the Red Dragon! **“Falin...”**



It had only been the day before that they'd fought the Red Dragon down in the depths of the dungeon, and it was there that Falin had sacrificed herself to help send everyone back to the surface. "**FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, HURRY UP LAIOS!**" For Marcille, Falin was the most important person in her life. There wasn't anything she *wouldn't* do to save her! But she probably *wasn't* doing herself any favors by yelling in a public inn at 7am.

"WOULD YOU SHUT UP DOWN THERE!?"

"EEP!?"

The next thing Kay realized, he was standing beside a flickering fire beneath a setting 'sun' – a word that was in quotes because the sky above... something was off about it. Was there the vague outline of a *ceiling* past its orange glow? "**Okay.**" Much like Joseph, he was more than aware of Hisa's ways. This wasn't the first time she had spirited him away seemingly at random, and it probably wouldn't be the last.

There were sleeping bags rolled out around the fire, and the fire looked like it had just been lit based on the shapes and colors of the wood within the flames. It hadn't been burning for long. "**How many series have a fake sky like this?**" Because while she *did* sometimes change her victims into random, real-life things... Her preferences lied in turning people into *characters*.

A habit that she got from her father.

Contrary to how Joseph's transformation had begun, Kay's did not begin with the same subtlety – likely because she'd already done it once and was already bored. Instead, the man's body felt *incredibly* warm all of a sudden, with the heat not radiating from within his body but instead off of his skin. "**Hot...**" He began to fan himself with one of his hands to try and take the edge off, zeroing in on the probable source, only to have his theory *immediately* corroborated by the sight of his own fingers *shrinking?*

If they'd *only* gotten a little smaller or thinner, then there was a chance that the man might have missed it entirely if he hadn't been paying attention. Fortunately, that outcome was essentially rendered impossible by the sight of his own fingernails... in that the word 'nail' felt ill-fit for what was happening to them. They grew a little longer, sure, but they also ended up looking *razor* sharp, almost like *claws*.

Which was confusing. **“This... isn’t enough for me to go off of.”** Nor was the emergence of similar claws on the tips of his toes.

Could they have just been *really* sharp nails? Maybe the ‘claw’ comparison was a little overblown? That *might* have been the case if not for his *eyes*, which not only lightened to a very uncanny *yellow*, but also saw their pupils dilated into slits. **“Mmn?”** Kay felt compelled to rub at his eyes for a moment, like something had flown into them? They had simply gone out of focus because of this though, and because they would serve him much better in the dark. There was no hiding that they resembled the eyes of a *cat*, after all.

“Did something happen to my eyes, or...?” He had to put that thought on hold as a feeling of *tightness* possessed him. It wasn’t, nor *would* it be, his clothing, but his skin itself. It prompted him to raise an arm that he could easily see with his sleeves so short, and he was able to not only see his arm hair get erased (along with the rest of his body hair, which would seem somewhat unnecessary shortly), but for the skin under it tighten but seem *softer*.

The cause of this tightness wasn’t exactly *that* noticeable on his arms, but if the man had lifted his shirt he probably would have quickly noticed the softness of his belly fading in favor of lightly toned abs, or how his waistline practically made itself scarce by dipping vaguely inwards at the side. It was the beginning of a number of adjustments that would make Kay *smaller* in varying ways, and the most dramatic of these adjustments, well...

“MROW!?” The sound that *he* made when it occurred to him that his height was dropping was a little more *bestial* in nature than Joseph’s cry. It sounded more like a low growl that he hadn’t intended, but despite standing at a similar height to the man who had become Marcille, his height had also dropped *significantly* farther. 4’11” was his destination, and vertical size wasn’t the only length he ended up losing in the process. Both his hips *and* his shoulders narrowed, even though the former remained wider than the latter. Either way, his waist didn’t feel quite so small now contrastingly.

But that didn’t stop his shorts from falling off, essentially leaving him standing in a T-shirt that hung off one shoulder and reached past his lower thighs. Kay looked more like a teen wearing his dad’s clothing. Wait, a *teen*? **“I just shrunk so much! She did it to me! She being... uh... Huh?”** Hadn’t he had someone in mind? Why else would he have spoken with that much familiarity? But he just couldn’t bring a name to mind, even though it was bothering him to a distracting degree.

It was so distracting that the higher pitch of his voice had gone unnoticed, as had the extent to which his face had changed while he had shrunk. *Forget* looking like an adult, thinking of himself as a teen had been wholly intentional. His face had certainly regressed in age visual, bestowing him with more youthful skin that looked more befitting of a *seventeen-year-old*, or at least someone around that age. His facial features likewise became more delicate, almost androgynous in a pretty way with poutier lips and a smaller nose that also became a little more *upturned* (reminiscent of a cat's). Those cat-like eyes of his also developed more cat-like *shapes*, while simultaneously narrowing in a way that made them appear *Japanese*.

HEHE! JUST LIKE ME!

Kay wondered if he'd heard something for a second.

Androgynous, but leaning more towards the *feminine*. **“Something’s wrong. It’s really bothering me. Ugh...”** That cute face made a tired scowl. Kay was having difficulties telling ‘right’ from ‘wrong’ all of a sudden, at least when it came to his own body. Even though his already dark hair was darkening further and growing shaggy, it wasn’t like the tickling bothered him much. In fact, neither did the emergence of a pair of *A-cup* mounds on his chest... nor the slipping away of the masculinity between *her* legs, though she did make a complicated expression when femininity replaced it.

“I’m a girl...” She was mumbling to herself like it was a fact and not a realization. There was a brief moment where she smirked, revealing a glint of a pair of canine teeth that appeared to be sharper than they had once been, while atop her head? Her ears had seemingly moved and were protruding in altered shapes. They peeked out like the ears of a *feline*, black like her hair with the sole exception of a white tip on the right one.

The warmth of her skin reached a fever pitch in the meantime, and it soon prompted her skin to feel vaguely... *itchy*? **“Huh?”** The girl made an almost comical expression of confusion once black furs began to spread across much of her body. Her left leg, her right thigh and arm, her shoulders and back – with white around her chest. Her tummy was without fur, as was her left arm and the right leg beneath her thigh. Until ultimately? The back of her shirt was lifted up behind her by a long, fur-covered tail that stretched about three feet long and swished from side to side. It was largely black, though the tip was white.

Well, even though this showed off a now furry butt, it was hidden again soon after. Her shirt and the clothes at her feet disappeared, replaced by a brown, leather vest with a matching skirt, alongside red bracers and a

crimson scarf. Was she even wearing underwear under there? *No*, because she couldn't imagine anyone expecting the body of someone part-cat like her to be sought after in the first place. Her fur covered all the bare essentials, so why did it even matter?

“Ugh... What’s taking them so long? I even made the fire for them!” The bratty words of *Izutsumi* made more sense when you considered her young age and overall immaturity. The ears of the cat Beast-man were pinned back while she circled the fire on bare feet (as always), her gaze occasionally flickering to the nearby woods in response to any unexpected sounds. Laios, Marcille, Chilchuck, Senshi; they had all left her behind!



Well, they'd asked her to 'guard the camp' while they went to hunt a low danger monster for... dinner. Eating monsters had been such a daunting proposition at first, but she was getting used to it. With a childish groan, the cat eventually collapsed with her legs crossed and her hands holding her ankles so that she could shift her weight to rock to and fro. **“This is so stupid! I'm bored! And hungry!”**

Too hungry! **“Ah!”** But then she remembered! Senshi had left one of his packs at the camp, and he usually stuffed extra ingredients inside! **“Maybe if I just take a little...”** Senshi wouldn't even notice! Probably. Possibly. Well, he probably wouldn't give her *too* much trouble if he noticed, and honestly?

There was only one way to find out!

CREAK!

What creaked when *my* surroundings changed wasn't a bed, even though there *was* a bed just a few feet behind me covered with a packed bag. It was the flimsy floorboards that I was standing on under the weight of my bigger body. I had been on the way back to my computer from the bathroom when my surroundings had changed all of a sudden, and well... Considering what had happened to the other two, you more or less new the rest.

“...Did I miss something in that chat when I stepped away, or is this one of her random pranks?” I didn't need to think about who could have been behind it. My mischievous 'daughter' was the only one, and evidently she wasn't being particularly talkative about what she

was doing on this occasion. Sometimes she liked to give a villain monologue or tease me, but she'd just dropped me in a fantasy inn with no context.

The same one that Joseph had ended up in, but weeks earlier.

Context definitely would have *helped*, but at the same time? The other two hadn't even had that context, so it probably would have been out of reach for me. I was just quick to catch onto the fact that her antics had *already* entered the next stage, namely because my skin was tingling and my weight was regressing. "**Hm...**" I had been a much heavier guy than the other two with a pretty substantial belly, but I pressed my hand against it as I felt it pull closer to my body.

My skin naturally tightened because it obviously would have hung there loosely if it hadn't, but I was quick to realize something when the process slowed down. "**...I'm not becoming completely thin this time?**" I definitely *was* a lot thinner, but I was left with some doughy squish remaining in my belly, letting it lip over my pelvis slightly. I couldn't tell while dressed, at least not with my long sleeves on, but my skin was also much smoother and now *hairless* – at least aside from where that hair needed to be otherwise.

"What characters do I know that are a little chubby...?" At least *canonically*, because there were some characters that I had headcanon of that nature for. Hisa didn't usually use it in her transformations unless she had the same headcanon, but she also didn't usually share those with me. I could feel my baggy clothes growing even baggier as the room around me came to look slightly larger. I was shrinking, but it wasn't *as* dramatic as what the other two had endured. I'd slipped from almost six feet down to 5'7", which was still dramatic *enough*, but it wasn't *that* disorienting.

I had to pull up my sleeves because they'd swallowed my hands whole now that my arms were shorter, but the aftermath left me examining my fingers. "**Callouses? Oh!**" It wasn't *just* a matter of finding callouses on my fingers, because my voice was definitely softer and sweeter, wasn't it? I could already feel the subtle pull on my mind. My perception was being adjusted as memories were pulled away and replaced by new ones, but there was nothing so obvious that I could draw a conclusion about who I was becoming just yet. Growing up in a small village and being a... *girl?*

"Mmn!?" My dick's departure couldn't have come at a better time, prompting a light squeal from my lips as the concave slit opened beneath where it had once lingered. I had expected to become a woman long before my memories had begun to reflect it, but at the same time...

I was beginning to forget my reason for that assertion in the first place. **“There’s nothing really strange about me being a woman, right?”** An amber color possessed the irises of my eyes as I uttered these words, highlighting my eyelids rounding in shape and my lashes growing longer.

My face gradually leaned all the way into my new sex, with full lips and a smaller nose. It *had* remained slightly chubby because I hadn’t lost all of my weight, but it also became rounder and cuter on the whole. The process of making me appear more ‘feminine’ soon bled into my hair, lightening it to an ash-blonde color that grew messy and uneven until it barely reached my shoulders. My eyebrows and pubes were dyed similarly, but the latter grew into quite the messy bush within my boxers.

“I... I’m pretty scatterbrained, right?” What had the problem even *been*? I was a little airheaded, so at times I would think of something and then forget seconds later! That must have been what was going on! It didn’t really explain why my clothing felt kind of tight, but...! Wait, what *was* the cause of that, actually? It wasn’t really registering to me that my pants felt tighter because of a combination of factors: the first of which being that my hips had swung a number of inches wider to provide my belly bump with more of a perch.

But that just enabled the nearby region to grow as well, just now with the same firmness. Whether it was my thighs or ass, fat was pooling into them to stretch the hairless skin until my rump was heart shaped and each thigh was just *slightly* thinner than my chubby waist. Farther up, on the other hand, above a waist that had pinched in a touch about my stomach, a pair of E-cup mounds eventually swelled. They were bigger than Marcille’s at least! Why was she always staring at them when we bathed together, though?

She didn’t stare at them otherwise... Maybe because I was always bundled up? True, it probably would have been hard to see a pair of breasts beneath a grey button-up shirt, a white shirt, *and* a blue robe! Not to mention my big, black shorts and brown boots – all articles of clothing I suddenly found myself wearing. Not that I was going to complain about it!

When exploring a dungeon, comfort was key after all!

“Snacks? Check! Spare underwear? Check!” Remembering all of a sudden what it was I’d set out to do that morning, I turned my attention ‘back’ to the (mostly) packed bag on *my* inn bed. Sometimes I could be so scatterbrained, but that was kind of a *Falin Touden* special if you asked Marcille or my brother! I didn’t think it was a bad thing... I just

had so much to think about! **“I think I have everything... but what time did Marcille say she was going to pick me up again?”**

I tilted my head to the side inquisitively as I thought about it. We were heading into the dungeon with my brother, Namari, Shuro, Chilchuck... I couldn't quite remember the *reason*, but I'd definitely trained and prepared enough! It was a little exciting, even if it might be a little dangerous! Plus, Marcille was so adamant about staying by my side! Then again, she'd been like that since we went to the academy together...

Once everything looked good, I balled up my fists and pumped my elbows back excitedly. **“Okay! We're good to go!”**

What could possibly go wrong?



Months passed, and Marcille looked up from the book she was reading by candlelight. The incident with the dungeon had all but concluded, and people were still filing off the island slowly but surely. Things hadn't advanced much on the island otherwise, so she was still renting an inn room – though she shared it with Falin *and* Izutsumi since it had been overbooked in the wake of everything. They'd gotten back from a big dinner with everyone earlier than night.

...Which was quite the stretch to say that Hisa's plan had been to give them that 'dinner' Joseph had been talking about!

“Mrr... Mrr... Mrr... Mrr...”

The cat Beast-man was curled up at the foot of the bed that Falin was sleeping in, fast asleep herself, or... **“...Eh?”** Once she looked over, Marcille realized Falin was *not* there! When had she gotten up!? Had she been so engrossed in her book that— Suddenly, everything went dark. It wasn't a mystery as to *why*. Warm, human hands had covered them, bearing a scent that was very familiar to her. She then felt a kiss planted on her forehead.

“Guess who~!”

“F-Falin! Please... We can't do anything with Izutsumi in here!”