

AMAZING DIGITAL TF

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’m not about to plug a very suspicious USB stick into my computer, am I?”

The fact that Joseph felt the need to ask himself this question aloud meant that he had already decided on the actual answer. If he’d simply thrown the item away in the first place, then there wouldn’t exactly have been any reason for him *to* ask that question. But as he sat at his computer desk with the item in hand? He couldn’t help but play through the events in the back of his mind that had led to him obtaining it in the first place.

He had needed a new case for his phone after accidentally dropping and cracking it (but thankfully not the phone itself), so he’d taken the long trip to his local shopping center to try and get one for a reasonable price. Well, ‘try’ was overselling it a little bit. Phone cases weren’t particularly expensive or hard to find, and he wasn’t really shopping for anything fancy.

The man had simply plucked one off the shelf and had gone to pay. A painless process that had taken that long. It had been thrown in a bag and given to him, but when he had checked the bag when he’d gotten home? Not only was the phone case in there, but a small object wrapped in a note. That had been the blue and red USB stick he was holding now, and it had been wrapped in a note that had simply read ‘Enjoy the circus!’.

“Well... It’s not like there’s anything that I could lose on this computer...” In the end, Joseph’s curiosity had gotten the better of him and he inserted the USB. But before he could open the stick to

check the contents? The computer responded all on its own, flashing red and blue before... *black*.

“Wh... Where *am I*?” Everything *had* gone black, and there had been a sensation of everything being *pulled*. But once his vision returned? He had found himself in a place that he could hardly consider to be ‘real’. It was a lot of... Well, it wasn’t much of *anything*. A void with a black and white checkered floor with unusual pillars lifted up in the distance. Joseph figured it couldn’t have been ‘real’ because of the ‘graphics’.

Those structures, and the ground itself, were all composed of crude polygons that reminded him of age-old video game graphics, like from the era of the Nintendo 64 or original Playstation at most. Which led to him asking the most natural question, all things considered: **“How is this even possible?”** For all intents and purposes, it absolutely shouldn’t have been.

Well, unless he was dreaming.

It was strange though. It felt like he was experiencing some sort of déjà vu, even though... how could something like this have *ever* happened to him in the past? Maybe he *had* dreamed something like this before? That would *kind of* explain it, right? But at the same time, it didn’t really *feel* like any sort of dream he’d ever experienced before, and it certainly felt less like one the very moment that he experienced... *pain*? **“Oof...”** But *was* it pain?

‘Discomfort’ might have been a better term for it. Maybe ‘unsettled’? Like something didn’t feel *quite* right about his body. He did feel a little warm and clammy, but also strangely cool. Almost like he was— **“I’M NAKED!?”** Okay, well, maybe he should have looked down at his body sooner? He probably would have noticed it sooner if he had. But yes, he had spawned into whatever that place was *without* anything on his body, meaning that *everything* was on display. It would have been embarrassing if there had been an audience but, then again, who was to say that there wasn’t one?

His exposure was a double-edged sword, mind you. He didn’t like being *naked*, but at the same time it allowed him to get a sense of why things didn’t feel quite ‘right’. After all? As he looked down, before his very eyes he watched some of the width shave off his waist, which in turn didn’t just *make* his hips appear wider, but they had clearly widened themselves in kind... while his shoulders slimmed. **“Uh... What?”** The man was a little hung up on that, understandably.

But he became *very* hung up on something else moments later, as he watched his hands become daintier, with longer fingers and nails. Why were his hands becoming so petite? And so *feminine*? Well, he soon connected that it wasn't *just* a matter of his hands getting smaller. "**Wait...**" But rather, it was his *entire* body!? Joseph's six feet of height caved *rapidly* and not insignificantly, as if to proportionately bring him more in line with the smallness of his hands and, unknowingly, his feet.

It felt and *looked* like he had suddenly plummeted, as he dropped from nearly six feet in height down to a meager 4'8" – yet it wasn't like the man's body had been *crunched in* or anything. He still appeared proportionately *adult*, although in all of the chaos he might not have quite caught the fact that all of the body hair on his arms, legs, and torso had all gone the way of the dinosaurs and was effectively nonexistent by that juncture.

"**What's *happening* to me? This is #\$\$&^*\$* *crazy!***" But even cursing brought Joseph to pause. In part because his curse *hadn't* come out properly. There had been a cartoonish sound effect and some sort of black box over his mouth? But also, his *voice*? From the moment that he'd tried, there was no doubt that his voice had sounded sickly sweet. Like a *woman's* voice. But he *wasn't* a woman! Even though he was short, had small hands, had a curvier silhouette, and sounded like—"Oh..."

The sensation of his hair tickling his bare shoulders when it absolutely *shouldn't* have been long enough to do so ended up contributing to the realization that he had been trying to avoid and, truthfully, he had been incapable of telling just how much had happened with his *face*. Yeah, his hair now hovered just above his shoulders in the back, but his face had come over softer, free of stubble, and more womanly in shape. Like he'd become himself: but as a woman.

This became even *more* irrefutable when his olive skin began to stretch in places where you'd expect to find fat on a woman's body. "**W-Wait! Seriously? I don't want to be...?**" A girl? Somehow he couldn't *fully* commit himself to saying that. Either way, he had plenty of proof in front of him that it was happening. He flat chest wasn't looking so flat anymore, as mounds swelled into a pair of *D-cup* breasts before his very eyes and his ass and thighs burgeoned out to give his body a thickened lower half. But there was something *off* about it. Why hadn't his nipples grown?

"**MMN!?**" Joseph was briefly pulled away from this question by, well, a *pull* between his legs as nearby pubes were shaved away. Would it have been more fitting to then refer to him as *her*? In a way, yes, because the feeling *was* her cock and balls shrinking and being pulled away. The

issue was that nothing opened up beneath where they had once been. She was completely smooth down there from what she could tell... aside from some unusual stitching at the base of her crotch that she couldn't see.

She sighed. **"I'm really a woman then? But..."** Because she was still looking down at herself, she remembered the strange question she'd had regarding her new breasts. Her nipples hadn't grown when her tits had grown into place, but now that she was looking at them again... Well, she *wasn't* looking at them again. Because they were *gone*. **"WH-!?"** Hands immediately flew up to grab them, even though she'd avoided it thus far.

But there really *weren't* any nipples there. Nor did she possess a bellybutton any longer, and behind her? The crack of her ass was gradually stitched up. It left her body resembling a *doll* more than a human's, which as it turned out was *right* on the money. She began to feel it as she groped herself in search of her nipples. Her skin felt... odd? Soft still, but in a different way. It wasn't until she *removed* her hands that she was able to see why. The olive pigmentation she was accustomed to see her skin take had grown slightly... orange?

"What's happening here? It almost looks like... felt?" Or some sort of *similar* material, at least. She watched it spread across her body, and at as it did? Her body felt increasingly lighter. Her blood cooled, or that was how she *interpreted* it, but her blood was being *removed* from veins that soon would no longer exist. Whether it was flesh, blood, organ, or bone? Her body's interior was assimilated into a singular substance: fluffy, white cotton. Which begged the question of how she could stand and move normally, much less *continued to technically be alive*.

Joseph didn't quite catch onto this in the traditional sense. Or maybe it would have been more correct to state that she was finally being forced to accept what was going on as 'something she already understood'? As the cottonification of his internals reached her head and her brain fluffed up into the same filament, she didn't find the fact that she was a woman strange at all. In fact, she had memories of living a life *as a woman*. Yet, the whole 'doll-like body' thing still felt relatively fresh even if it was familiar in its own way. **"Oh, that's right..."**

With her head only full of cotton, the *shape* of that head warped until it was a perfect ball without a chin. Her lips flattened until they were only threads of red yarn around a mouth that was otherwise two dimensional, and her nose flattened into a red triangle in the center of this face. **"Whoa, hey!?"** The woman then found her eyes growing wide and *bulging* as the left one become a cartoonish, plastic eye... while she

lost eyesight in the right one entirely. That was no surprise, at least not when it had become little more than a blue button that was stitched onto her face almost like an eyepatch.

In fact, stitching had become visible all over her body, right down to feet that pushed inwards until she was standing more on thick, toeless nubs. Her hands fared a little better at least. They did remain hand... *like*? But only her thumbs and index fingers, now void of fingernails, remained individual digits. The remaining three on either hand had all fused into a single growth to create the impression of a hand's shape at most.

Her one good 'eye' blinked several times as her mind caught up with her transformed reality. It didn't bother her that her shoulder-length, black hair had fused into long lengths of bright red yarn. She was *used* to that. Nor did she pay any attention to the appearance of a patchwork, purple dress and bow that decorated her body. Being a *doll* was a new experience for her either way, but she'd spent long enough in that body now that she could kind of say she was used to it. ...Right?

“Well, this is still pretty weird, right? Makes sense that I'm still outta sorts, but!” *Ragatha* bunched up one felt-covered hand and swung it across her torso in a gesture that you would imagine someone using if they were going to say something like 'let's give it a good old college try!'. Sure, it was weird having a body full of stuffing, trapped in a digital *circus* of all things. But wait! Why *wasn't* she at the circus? **“This place is kinda creepy, even for Caine...”**

As it turned out, the doll was a *new* citizen of the Amazing Digital Circus. The year was 2008, or at least it *should* have been if that was true. *Ragatha* was still... adjusting. She'd only been with the circus for a month and had experienced a number of *Caine's* 'adventures', and yet that was still enough to recognize that this one was unusually empty? **“Wait... This isn't even an adventure, is it!? There was a weird door, and I walked through it...”** Right!



“BINGO, RAGATHA!” A theatric, disembodied voice suddenly boomed. *Caine*. The teeth with eyes that seemed to act as the 'leader' of the circus. But before she could even think to respond? A singular, *gigantic* glove swept across the void and pulled her into a portal, all while *Ragatha* screamed.

“WHAT THE &%\$#!?”

Oh, she wished she could swear so badly!

“**Uh... Where the &%\$# am I!?**” A panicked confusion beset me as the darkness cleared from my vision and I found myself in an entirely different location than where I had been the last I could see. And why did my swear get censored!? I was standing in a... bedroom? One that was quite small, and even *more* colorful. There was a shield-shaped mirror in the corner of the room, a canopy bed, a chandelier, wooden block toys... All colored in red and blue.

It was all strangely familiar in a way that I couldn't place, but that was honestly the least of my concerns. I was more confused than anything, uncertain about how inserting a strange USB stick could have led to this impossible outcome. Well, assuming I wasn't experiencing some manner of *hallucination*. “**How do I get out of here is a better question, I guess...**”

Although it was a question that didn't have an answer. Because I was meant to *stay*.

I wasn't even afforded a single moment where I might get to pretend that things could even hope to be 'normal', especially when I looked down and noticed that I, too, was *naked*. “**Okay... I'm naked in a stranger's room. That's probably not great.**” For a number of reasons, in fact. I would already have been in danger if someone had walked in and found me in their bedroom uninvited, but I would have been in even *more* trouble if I was nude. They probably and rightfully would have labeled me some kind of pervert!

Especially when I wasn't exactly the most *attractive* guy by any means. I was tall, but I was also heavier set than most with a bulging belly and a flabby chest. I was grimly reminded of this fact the next time I looked down, but I also ended up giving pause when it occurred to me that I could *see my feet*? I usually could if I leaned forward to look past my belly a little bit, but I didn't *need* to lean forward. “**Am I thinner?**” No, not just thinner. Where had all the hair that had been on my chest and belly gone? No, I couldn't even see it on my arms or legs.

“**Holy &%S#!?**” I'd noticed that my cursing had been censored the first time, but on the second occasion I finally saw the black box that appeared in front of my mouth as I did so. That was very... weird? How else could I even describe it? Nonetheless, I had to focus on my *body*. I

wasn't just thinner, the unnecessary fat in my body was *continuing* to shrink away. Stretch marks healed in the process, and before long? My belly was flat, hairless, and... devoid of a bellybutton. "**Where'd it go!?**"

The sound of my own voice while expressing understandable disbelief at the sight of my own bellybutton filling in left me stuttering in surprise. "**Wh-What's happening? Wh-Why do I sound like a girl!?**" In fact, while it was understandable that this would spike my anxiety, didn't I sound a little *too* anxious? No, I definitely felt it. It was like something had seized my fight or flight instinct and dialed the 'flight' part up to 1000%. I wanted to *run away*, but where *would* I run to?

As had been the case for Joseph, my face was in the process of becoming a more femininized version of what it had been before. My identity wasn't immediately compromised, but my masculinity was as everything softened and rounded. I didn't think to glance at the mirror in the corner of the room because I thought the weight loss was the full extent of it, but I began to second guess that assumption when some of the weight that I had lost... *returned*?

Just not in a place I would have liked to see it return. "**Wh-Whoa!? Wait a sec!**" I'd still been examining myself when I noticed it. My thinned chest didn't look as *firm* as it had after the weight loss. In fact, before my very eyes I watched a pair of mounds, albeit *small* ones, grow into what I could only assume were a woman's tits. I didn't think to check behind me to see my ass doing the same, but my now smooth and hairless thighs appeared to remain as they were. "**Wh-Why do I have *#*@? OH COME ON! I CAN'T EVEN SAY THAT!?**" *Tits?*

I still felt anxious, but that anxiety was getting mixed with a welling *anger* that I was having problems containing, like I was experiencing what was probably the worst week of my life. But it wasn't like things had been that bad before, right? Unless... Thinking about it, my memories felt a little *groggy*. What *had* I been doing before I showed up in *my* room? Wait. *My* room? "**HYUP!?**"

The sound that left my lips was almost cartoonish, but I zeroed in on the cause. After all? I felt that sudden emptiness between my legs and looking past my *A-cups* was easy enough. The cock that had been there before... wasn't there. But the more I thought about it, the more I couldn't even imagine something hanging there. I was a *woman*, right? But this body of mine... there wasn't a slit at its base, either. But *this place* wouldn't allow me to be anatomically correct.

Wait. Did I know *where* I was all of a sudden?

As my hair grew down just past my ears while darkening to brown, I found my attention, albeit bewildered, towards my skin again. It was paling at an alarming rate. I had *been* pinkish, but it bleached until it was completely white, like the skin of a ghost. Or, perhaps, a *jester*? For some reason, that was the impression I was getting about myself. But wasn't I too tall? Almost as if my body was responding to this inconsistency that I'd unknowingly pointed out, my body's height soon *plummeted*.

But *as* I shrank? My body's proportions grew a little *wonky*? My arms and legs thinned until they were basically as thin as twigs, which indirectly explained while my thighs hadn't swollen in the first place. Contrastingly? My hands and feet *swelled*, soon cartoonish in their sizes as fingernails and toenails fused into the paled skin that remained. Even my torso was misshapen as it compressed, with my A-cups looking a little larger and my body shape at least visibly feminine by the time I'd shrunk down to *4'1"*.

“Oh! This feels more... correct... somehow? R-Right? Honestly...” Not much had made sense since I'd come to this place. Since I'd come to the *circus*. How I knew that? I wasn't questioning it at all! I just knew that whatever form my body had taken, it wasn't my *real* body. I was a woman from the real world, right? Though you'd hardly believe that looking at me now. Especially with my face now as round as a ball, with my eyes bulging as red and blue triangles shone within my irises. My lips thinned, my nose *disappeared*, and permanent red blush circles appeared under my eyes.

Yup, I looked every bit the part of a jester! ...Unfortunately.

In the end, I was even left *dressed* the part. No longer naked, I was rendered with a worn jester costume. Split between red and blue, only my face, legs, and arms were bare because I wore mismatched gloves and boots with yellow trim. The torso had puffy sleeves and short legs around my thighs, with a yellow collar and puffy balls down the front. The weight of a jingling jester's cap soon sat on my head, hiding most of my hair.

“I... I... W-Wait! I just transformed into this, didn't I!? But I almost forgot... That's scary!” But if that was really true, then who had I been before? The only name that came to mind when I thought of myself was *Pomni*, so that had to be what I went by now, right? But then what had I been called before



that? It had definitely been something else... I wasn't a jester woman that was simply new to the circus! I had been someone else! I had totally been someone else! But I was worried that if I became even a little distracted, then that knowledge might slip through my big, gloved fingers.

KNOCK KNOCK!

I jumped at the sound of knocking at *my* door. **“Y-Yes!? I’m here! Come in! W-Wait!?”** Wasn't it a bad idea to invite them in? If my memories were so fragile, then getting caught up in a long-winded conversation... I had to stay focused! But it was *already* too late. The door opened and, through it? Ragatha walked in. **“O-Oh! Ragatha! Did you need something?”** Focus, Pomni! Don't forget what just happened to you!

“Howdy, friend! I just wanted to make sure you were okay after, you know, *everything*?” Well, being brought into the circus so suddenly and losing my identity *had* been pretty shocking. I'd had to learn about abstracting and deal with the fallout of Kaufmo's abstraction. I was pretty worn down. I didn't even pay attention to the fact that Ragatha was drawing closer, and the next I realized? I was in her warm, plush embrace. **“So, hey! Cheer up, okay? I've been here a *long* time, so you can lean on me whenever you need something!”**

Her embrace was comforting. Before I even realized it, I'd buried my face in her bosom. It was maybe a little *too* comforting, however. All of my worries had just *melted* away... which was actually an *issue*. Because among those 'worries' had been my recognition of the reality that I wasn't actually Pomni at all! **“Yeah, thanks Ragatha! I really appreciate it, honest. I, um...”** *Really* felt like I'd just forgotten something important.

But it'd come back to me. Probably at the most *inopportune* moment, honestly. Over and over again I'd remember, and then I would forget again. An endless problem to end to my list, which included *plenty* of problems that both already existed and soon would. But it was okay, right? As long as I could have soft and warm moments of comfort like this!

...Maybe.