

SMASH SUBSTITUTES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



One day, Sora had just *disappeared*.

It wasn't something that was all that surprising, really. Sora was a Keyblade wielder that always answered the call of danger so long as he could help someone in the process, but as he had been on his journey to discover his Power of Waking, such a sudden disappearance was a little more than alarming. And so backup had been sent to investigate where Sora might have gone. Summoned by Yen Sid, this task had been given to Sora's childhood friend, Riku.

“Donald and Goofy said he just disappeared right from inside the Gummi Ship. There really isn't any proof that anything happened in here, either.” The first natural point of investigation was the scene of the crime. Apparently while traveling between worlds, Sora had just up and disappeared in a flash of bright light while piloting his Gummi Ship. No one could get ahold of him after the fact, and that included through his Gummiphone.

The issue that they assumed would be the case was a lack of clues. There was no evidence that magic had been used, no trace of any unfamiliar substances whatsoever. And both Donald *and* Goofy had been in the ship with him and saw the same flash of light, so why were they left aboard the ship? ~~Corporate greed.~~

Just when Riku was about to leave the ship's cockpit to try and instead investigate the ship's exterior, something provoked him into turning around. A voice, almost. The moment he spun around, though? A bright flash of light shone, and the next thing Riku knew?

He wasn't aboard the ship at all.



Instead, he was within a small room without any windows. It was well lit, with a mirror atop a small desk and chair in the far corner. It also had its own attached shower and dresser, presumably consuming a multitude of clothes. **“Is this a changing room? Where is it, though?”** This clearly wasn't where the Gummi Ship was kept, and a changing room appeared to be the most common sense answer.

Had Sora been brought to a room just like this? Why? Changing rooms were typically reserved for performers, and short of two stints in a world of mermaids Riku was pretty sure that Sora didn't have much in the way of desirable performance skills. What's more? **“Pyra?”** Above the door there was a single nameplate, and that was the name inscribed upon it. **“Is that the name of the woman this room belongs to?”** At least he *assumed* it was a woman based on the name's sound.

At least there was an exit available. If this *was* a changing room, then it was undoubtedly connected to an establishment that was probably teeming with staff. He could get his questions answered and, hopefully, find Sora in the process. But there was a problem with this plan. The door had a lock, and it looked like it required a handprint. Otherwise it just wouldn't budge, and banging his hands on the door didn't seem to attract any attention.

Could he just break the door down with his Keyblade? Even as a last resort, that absolutely wouldn't have worked. On the simple merit that he couldn't seem to conjure his sword. **“What!? Is this place interrupting my abilities somehow?”** If so, things *really* didn't bode well. What were the odds that the handprint panel would accept his handprint in the end? It was the only available option left to try, really.

“This better work.” Riku was growing incredibly frustrated by his entrapment, and that frustration only grew after he removed his gloves to place a hand on the sensor. It lit up, and for a moment he felt like a tingle had run through his body, but... the door didn't open even a sliver. **“Dammit!”** He was out of options! He couldn't escape *as he was*. That was sort of the point, though.

Perhaps he should have paid more mind to the tingle that had run through him, but at the time he was much more fixated on the dire straits of the entire situation. “**Okay, Riku, keep it cool.**” Continuing to get mad here wouldn’t help him any. He had to focus on a means of escape outside of the door. Was there anything else in the room for him to work with? Carefully, he skimmed over the room’s contents once more.

There was nothing of note, and so his attention eventually went skyward instead. Riku hadn’t really expected to find anything, but there it was: a glimmer of hope. There was a vent and it looked like it could be removed with a little prying. He could *probably* fit through it, so that was a better bet than *no* bet. The young man was quick to pull the chair from in front of the mirror and drag it under the vent.

“**Yes!**” After climbing on it, he found that not only could he reach with enough room to stick his head in once the cover was removed, but the cover itself came off without a hitch. He stuck his head in, and then his arms, and he was on the cusp of pulling himself up and into the vent when... he *slipped*. “**Whoa!**” No, had the chair suddenly fallen from underneath him? He was immediately forced to grab onto the vent’s insides to hold himself up.

Unfortunately for him, neither case was true. The chair was in the exact same place it had been before, and Riku hadn’t slipped. The issue was with what existed in between the chair and the vent: the body of Riku itself. Because looking at him dangling there it was pretty clear what the problem was. His feet were no longer resting on the chair because they couldn’t *reach*.

Riku had lost several inches in height for some reason, and that had left him dangling there in a state of confusion. Considering he was partially in the vent, he wasn’t exactly in a position to look down and check, and so he was still assuming that something much more reasonable had taken place. But he couldn’t help but note that his clothes felt strangely loose. “**Hey!?**”

Serving that realization well, the boy’s black boots soon slid off his feet, their weight yanking his socks along with them. The cause? While Riku had definitely regressed in height, this regression wasn’t at all limited to vertical reach alone. Boots had been lost because his feet had collapsed, heels softening and toes crunching inward to leave him with a dainty pair free of the many callouses he’d earned in his training to become a Keyblade Master.

A similar change swept through his fingers. The strength that held him up into the vent wasn't swayed at all, but for a brief second his grip *did* slip. This was because the fingers themselves shortened and thinned some, his nails growing slightly and clipping themselves to show off a proper manicure. Much like with his feet, the skin upon his digits softened. But this? This was a change that he could make out with his own two eyes, even though the vent's interior was a little dim.

“Wait a minute, what’s up with my hands!?” They looked like they belonged to a *woman*! That had to be impossible, right? He couldn't recall anyone casting a... spell... on... him... **“Wait...”** No, there *had* been a moment when something strange had happened. When he had tried to use the censor on the door. Had it happened then? Is that why he'd been stranded in the vent? Why his clothing felt so much looser than it did before? But if that was the case? **“I really need to get out of here!”**

If his hands had changed did that mean that the panel would now work? No, there was no guarantee. Which created a dilemma for him, actually. It would be easy enough to drop back down onto the floor of the changing room below, but what if the censor still didn't accept his handprint? If he'd shrunk enough that he was just dangling there, it was unlikely that he'd be able to reach the vent a second time with any ease. So should he let go, or just pursue the vent route?

Just because he was dwelling on this it didn't mean that his transformation had ceased in any capacity, however. Riku was in a position where it was difficult to make out much of anything, and so plenty of alterations were running rampant. One needn't look any farther than his head of hair to see that.

For a flaming crimson color had spread throughout the short but spiky silver, ultimately robbing it of both its natural tone and its style. Instead, the locks became softer and wavier, curling in towards the peak of his neck in the back and curling up above her left eye when it came to his bangs. It even burned into his eyebrows, seeing them thin – and even the hairs around his loins, which became trimmer.

The same red? As if bleeding in from his hair, it then dripped into Riku's eyes explosively. They glowed for but a brief moment while their shapes widened, and lashes fluttered longer. It was all part of a greater facial reconstruction that feminized his aesthetic, complete with gently cheek bones, a petite nose, and lips that were almost doubly plump without seemed too excessive. Of course even his teeth and tongue were rearranged to fit his shrunken jaw.

“Okay! My best bet is...” Riku’s voice was much womanlier and naturally nurturing, and while he noticed it? He decided to push it into the back of his mind. If he kept getting hung up on what was happening then he might throw away his only chance of escape. Although, speaking of being hung up? That term also meant getting caught on something, right?

Which was exactly the issue he found himself with as he tried to lift his torso up into the vent. Something had gotten caught. That something being his *chest*. **“Oh no...”** Once loosened by his loss of height, the front of his blue shirt had filled up with fatty tissue that had reshaped a once flat chest into a small bosom with puffy nipples that was only growing larger with each passing second. Riku knew this because he tried pulling his back backwards and lifting, but each time he did those tits wouldn’t slide of the lip of the vent’s underside.

By the time he finally managed to accomplish this, they had swelled into abundant F-cups that hoisted his shirt up so that you could see his tummy, and they slapped against the cold steel of the inside of the vent. **“Jeez, they’re heavy!”** But he was halfway into the vent now! He just needed to pull his lower half in! For a brief moment it almost seemed like that would be way easier considering the width of his waistline had deteriorated. But it wasn’t easier.

It was worse.

“H-Huh!? Come on! Why can’t I squeeze through!?” Riku sounded panicked, and for good reason. Somehow his hips and butt wouldn’t slide through, like their breadth was so substantial that they just wouldn’t squeeze through. *And they were.*

Rewinding just a little bit to when he’d finally gotten his chest up and into the steel tube, his loose fitting shorts had found themselves struggling with a completely opposite challenge to their fit. Blue fabric clenched around thighs that bulged with apparent delight, thick and plush to the touch, and absolutely obliterating any free space within his legwear.

Related, the back of those shorts didn’t spare any extra room themselves. The cheeks of Riku’s ass flourished in an unimaginable way, and the outline of his ass crack was laid bare even through the fabric of his shorts and boxers. You could make out the indentation of his boxers *through* the shorts, in fact. This rump was so enormous that it even parted his hips wider a handful of inches, creating the situation he soon found himself in. One where they just would slide up and into the vent.

Had anyone else been in the room, they would've seen a big ass wriggling in the ceiling above. The big ass of a *woman*, for Riku hadn't even considered that despite the compression of his clothes, there had been no discomfort around *her* groin. Yep, she had a pussy instead of a dick now! **"Come... on! Squeeze... IN!"** The young woman thrashed about, but in the end? It only contributed to her sliding out with a screech, landing flat on her big ass and tipping to the side so that her head smacked off the floor.

She blacked out.

Some time later, the young woman awoke. **"Ungh... I feel like I was hit by an airship."** Had she fallen from somewhere? She couldn't really remember. In fact, her whole head felt groggy. Where had she come from? Where was she going? Questions hung over the fog of her head as she slowly picked herself up off the ground and into a standing position. With a good shake of her head though, memories soon fell into place. *They just weren't the same memories she'd had before falling in the first place.*

Pyra lowered her arms behind her, finally allowing the oversized jacket to fall to the ground because she didn't understand why she was wearing it. **"What's with these clothes? I don't remember putting them on..."** And, in fact, she wasn't *allowed* to wear them even if she wanted to – so she began to strip down until she was butt naked. And her naked butt was certainly something worth observing (*as were her breasts which, some might say, were the butt of the chest*).

"If I'm going to participate in Super Smash Brothers, I need to wear my more iconic outfit!" And with a snap of her fingers, the young woman's body was clad in flames that conjured the typical, red ensemble of *Pyra's* that accentuated her thighs and hips. It was an outfit that felt comfortable and familiar, even though if she had put it on five minutes ago, her old self would have reeled in response.



But that was the reality of her situation. She had been summoned here to participate in the Super Smash Brothers tournament along with her sister, Mythra. It was a tournament that brought in warriors from across time and space – they only invited the best of the best! But they were very strict about aesthetic, and wanted every participant to best represent themselves and the world they came from.

The room she was in? It was the changing room in the fighters' lobby. Every participant was given one, where they waited to be summoned for their next match. **“I wonder who I'll be fighting today? Maybe they'll do doubles? I sure would like to be paired up with *him* if so.”** The tournament had done more for Pyra than she had expected, actually. Because she'd met a boy that had stolen her heart, even if he hadn't actually meant to. In some ways he reminded her of Rex, but they weren't really comparable. Maybe it was just the infatuation talking, but...

Sora was much more handsome and much more interesting.

“I wonder what he'd say if I asked him out for lunch, actually?”