

SAVING GRACE

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“Hm... Maybe I should work on building *her* today finally?”

It felt like a rarity that I had a *proper* day off these days. Work occupied most of my free time, and then I had other real-life obligations to take care of during my *usual* time off. I seldom had the time to just sit down and spend a day doing whatever the hell I wanted to do, so that Saturday was a nice surprise. You’d think that I would opt to spend a rare day like that tackling some of my general game backlog (and I sure had a *lot* of that on Steam), but I had ended up deciding to work on building my gacha teams.

Gacha games, at least if you were juggling multiple, were *extremely* hard to keep up with when you were busy otherwise. I could usually barely keep up with the story updates, I didn’t typically have the time to go through my accounts and build the units or teams that I wanted to experiment with. Zenless Zone Zero was *one* of those games. Its first anniversary had recently come and gone, and with it there had been a chance to pick a standard SSR unit to add to our account.

For me? The option had been obvious. I’d only been missing *one* of those characters, after all, and I’d yet to have a chance to build her. *Grace Howard*. She was the lead technician of Belobog Heavy Industries and one of the game’s many buxom women. Obsessed with machinery, her eccentric demeanor often led to things going a little too far... but it was hard to deny her genius. Regardless, her backstory wasn’t exactly relevant to what I was doing that day.

Simply farming the materials that I needed to level her up.

As was the standard with Hoyoverse gacha games, you got the character and then had to spend a ton of resources to increase their level caps and make them stronger. The issue was that these resources weren't *free*. You had to spend a fair amount of time running content over and over until you had enough to reach your goal. Zenless Zone Zero, at the very least, had a lower maximum level than games like Genshin Impact. But it still took a while, and my attention span wasn't exactly the best.

"I wish there was a way to speed this up, so that I don't need to build Grace anymore." I ultimately mumbled innocently under my breath. There was a good chance that once I was done building *her*, I'd end up moving onto a different character I needed to build in a different game. It was my precious day off, and so I didn't want to spend anymore time than necessary. But the drops I needed for her Drive Discs were *not* going well. I wanted it to *end*, but I had given myself the stipulation that I wouldn't stop until I had the ideal Grace Howard. Or, well, one that was good enough for me for now.

But evidently? Someone or *something* had heard this unserious wish of mine.

It was about time to grab a drink, so I ended up getting up from my desk with the intention of heading out to the kitchen to grab a bottle and fill it with water. I only made it a few *steps* before I was forced to rethink those plans though, because I got distracted by a strange whirring coming from my computer. **"...Don't tell me one of my fans is going?"** That was what it *sounded* like. I didn't consider myself to be super tech savvy, but I did know a little bit about my desktop PC. Enough to keep it maintained and upgrade it, anyways.

Ultimately, I put off going to the kitchen to walk over to where my desktop tower was stashed on top of my desk. It was an action that *should* have been mundane enough, but by the time I *reached* my desk again? I couldn't help but notice that something was *very* wrong. **"Uh... Huh!?"** The moment I stopped, my pants slipped from my hips and pulled my boxers with them. This might have exposed my dick if not for the fact that my... shirt now reached my thighs?

"What the hell!? Am I *thinner*!?" I'd only walked a few steps, and I hadn't even *felt* it happening. Nonetheless, by the time I had reached my desk? *All* of my body's excess weight had completely thinned away. Pressing a hand against my shirt, I found that my belly wasn't *just* thin, but it was *well toned* as well. I had abs for probably the first time in my life *ever*. **"Okay. I have to be *dreaming* or something, *right*?"** I ended up coughing to try and clear the sudden cracks in my voice, but they were really the least of my worries.

Because I was now standing in front of my desk, an object that I used practically ever single day. And I was a tall guy, standing at almost six feet tall, so if that was at all *tampered* with, the desk in front of me would have proved to be a pretty potent reference point... which it *did*. “Uh... **Wait!?**” Another crack in my voice sounded as I soon realized that weight wasn’t *all* I was losing. My eye level was dropping, and the now oversized shirt I had adorned was reaching towards my *knees*.

Almost six feet before, I couldn’t have been any taller than 5’7” by the time the process ceased. And it wasn’t one without side effects, either. As my stature declined, my hands had become slender and my fingers dainty, with nails that were trimmed much more neatly than I tended to. My feet had succumbed to a similar phenomenon that left them smaller and cuter, but oddly? My toes were much more flexible now. Could I maybe hold *tools* with them?

Not that I’d noticed *any* of that, just like I hadn’t noticed how my waist had pinched in at the sides, or that my hips had flared out several inches so that my gait was not only far more feminine when paired with slimmer shoulders. My shirt did a good job of hiding everything, including just how soft and hairless my skin had become. “**How is any of this even possible? It all began with my computer making a strange noise...**” But now it *wasn’t*? How peculiar. Almost as peculiar as how *feminine* my voice now sounded, but because it was the *consistent* sound of my words, it didn’t strike me as of big of an issue as it had when it was cracking.

It didn’t really occur to me that my face had been changing to match, either. My more masculine features had thinner and rounded, though breaking that trend was a chin that was sharper and a nose that had lengthened in slight. My lips were full, and the feel of my teeth in my mouth tightened as I became *slightly* younger. Not even my eyes were spared, for between lengthier lashes my irises, which had naturally been a very *normal* color, adopted a *dark red* instead.

And the color changes didn’t stop there, either. *All* of the hair remaining on my body darkened until it was a raven black, and the hair atop my head gradually lengthened at an unintrusive speed that left it shaggier, framing the sides of my face and just reaching past my shoulders in the back. My blackened hair *also* grew thicker above my crotch, with some of it creeping upwards so a little would stick out if I was wearing pants.

“**My computer... Is that child really capable of...? Child?**” I had been referring to my *PC*, right? I had never humanized a piece of technology like that in the past, but I did know of someone who did. Well, a *character* who did. And her voice sounded a lot like— “**MMN!?**” Right! If she had moaned, it probably would have sounded a lot like the

moan that had escaped my fuller lips! I'd only moaned in the first place because the thing that would have made me becoming her impossible, namely my *dick*, had shrunk away and pulled into a new, moist *pussy*. **"Wait, am I a...?"** A *woman*?

I didn't want to reach down to check, but there was a part of me that was staggeringly more inquisitive – to the point that any shame I might have felt went *right* out the window. **"Hm..."** My slenderer fingers patted down my pelvis overtop my shirt at first. No bulge. And then I bent forward to reach under and *touch* what was between my legs. A sensitive slit that I forced open with my index and middle fingers before a deep shudder led me astray. **"Perhaps I'll investigate a little more later?"**

There was no decorum I was holding myself to that stopped me from going all the way at that time. I could just tell that my body's changes hadn't finished. Leaning forward like I had been made it all the more obvious that the weight of my chest had been swelling, making that posture all the more burdensome as I pulled my back straight again. By *that* point? A pair of *G-cup* tits bounced without a bra to restrict them, their weight accommodated by strengthened back muscles while those tits themselves hoisted up my shirt a little.

Inquisitive as I was, both of my hands began to grope them. Callouses were spreading across my fingers, and a strange scent began to fill the room. It was *body odor*. I'd been sweating a little, but there was something almost sweet about this sweat's smell. Droplets of it rolled down thighs that bloated similarly to my bosom, nearly tripling in girth to make good use of how wide my hips were. While my ass? The heart shape it developed was nothing to scoff at. I gave it a hearty grab the moment I noticed. **"I bet it'd look good in a pair of tight pants."**

It was almost like those words alone had provoked the final change. A change to my *attire*. My shirt tightened against my curves before splitting into what would become a pair of tight, black pants and a matching, sleeveless crop top that looked more like a bra than anything. Red accentuated everything, from my new, long gloves to the boots that lifted me an inch or two. It was even present in the blocky goggles that ended up sitting on my forehead, with my black hair tied into a ponytail behind me. My pubes *were* peeking out from the top of my pants, reaching for my bellybutton, and even my armpits were a little hairy.

Considering how sweaty I was, hygiene probably wasn't a main priority of my new personality.

“I... I’m Grace? But how? Did this child somehow do something to me...?” I couldn’t exactly deny that I had become *Grace Howard*. Everything from how I was dressed, to my big tits and ass, to my toned abs were basically a shoo-in if you were to translate her appearance onto a real-life person. I even *sounded* like her voice actress was providing her lines through my lips every time I opened my mouth! Deep down I was still *me* though, which just created a ton of questions.

I even *smelled* like her. ...Kind of sweaty in that moment, to be honest.

A ton of questions that I was *excited* to get to the bottom of! My only lead was my computer, which was what I had referred to as a ‘child’. It was a quirk of Grace’s— Or, well, of *mine* now? Whether it was my computer or my phone, they were all beautiful *children* to me. And if that computer could possibly be at fault? Well, I would have used less of an excuse to open her up! My heart was racing at the thought.

I slapped my cheeks with my gloved hands to snap myself out of it. **“Focus, Grace.”** Okay, so I was even using her name now? I couldn’t really stop. **“I need to figure out what I’m going to do! After all, I...”** To make a point to myself, I’d reached over to the wallet on my desk to demonstrate that my ID and body no longer matched. Except... **“Oh!?”** It *did* match? The photo was of Grace, and the name said Grace... **“...Does that mean reality changed to match? Hm...”**

Was it a *bad* thing that if that was the case, then I didn’t really *mind* too much?

