

SWITCH 2 WHEN?

COMMISSION STORY

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The release of a new video game console was always an exciting time.

In fact, it felt like it had been a *very* long time since the last time it had happened. The PS5 and Xbox Series X had come out near the beginning of the *pandemic*, and Nintendo being Nintendo had waited what felt like as long as they could to finally release their newest hardware: fittingly named the *Nintendo Switch 2*. Of course, the pandemic itself was probably why it had taken so much longer in this instance.

There had been a lot to look forward to, and the full release of the console certainly delivered. ...You might not know it depending on what part of the internet you looked at, but the launch had been a *big* success that was slightly hampered by the lack of new first party games on launch. There was one aspect of the release that had definitely been underestimated at first, though.

And that aspect was the quality of its backwards compatibility features. Some games received official Switch 2 support, receiving paid upgrades to Switch 2 versions or free updates that boosted performance and resolution. But what of all the games on the system that didn't? Everyone had wondered as much prior to launch, and as it turned out? *Most* games ended up getting a sizable boost that made revisiting older titles all the more enjoyable.

But not *all* games benefited all that much. **"I wish Fire Emblem: Engage at least had gotten a Switch 2 update. It still isn't running very well."** It was a thought that Joseph had expressed to Axel while the two of them had been on the topic over Discord. A lot of things would be patched over time, and Axel had mentioned a game that

hadn't even been on the original system in the first place: *The Legend of Zelda: Twilight Princess*. It had been a good conversation, but it was also one that had taken a *strange* turn when Joseph's Discord froze.

“Wait, it’s not just the app? It’s my whole phone?” He'd been laying in bed, using Discord on his smartphone while playing his Switch 2 in portable mode. But his phone wasn't responding all of a sudden? No. It wasn't *just* that. He'd put his Switch 2 off to the side, but it wasn't playing music anymore despite a game still being on screen? Had both of his devices frozen simultaneously?

The issue wasn't *actually* that his devices had frozen. *Time itself* had frozen. This was something that the man didn't even realize until he looked at his clock. The seconds just weren't moving. **“Okay... This is a little bit weird.”** That *might* have been an understatement. He stood up and toss his phone away onto his bed... but it didn't make it there. The moment he let go of it; the item just floated in place.

But despite how *still* everything was? There was a buzzing sound in the air that he couldn't place.

It was coming from his Switch 2.

“I...” There was a lot to process, and even more to wrap his head around. Time had somehow stopped and everything had been silent as a result. Everything except his brand new gaming device. He sought to move closer to check it but froze upon reaching his hand out. **“...Eh?”** No. He hadn't *really* froze. His hand wouldn't move any closer, as if there was an invisible wall in the way. **“Is there a barrier? Why would it stop... me... from...?”**

Joseph's sentence trailed on once something surprising caught his eye. Well, not *just* his eye. All of his senses caught onto it in different ways, it was just that it was easiest for him to *observe* it with his olive-colored hand outstretched. His hand had been stopped a few inches away from the bed, and a few inches *higher* than the level the Switch was located on too. But before his very eyes? His hand was lowered closer to the level of the bed's top without him crouching, bending his knees, or making any movements whatsoever.

“EH?” He was absolutely stunned by the sight of it. He pulled his hand back and immediately recognized something else that had been tugging at the back of his mind. While moving his arm? The short sleeve that covered it had tickled his elbow. It *shouldn't* have though; his sleeves were only short enough to reach the center of his upper arms. The man looked to the side to see that his sleeve had *lengthened*? No, that couldn't have been the case, right? So, he looked directly *down*.

Finding that the base of a shirt that should have reached just past his waistline now reached the peaks of his thighs. “**Wait. My shirt isn’t bigger. I’m shorter!?**” Such a thing shouldn’t have been happening, and yet it continued to do so before his very eyes. He could feel how baggy his pants were becoming as they bunched dangerously around his ankle. And, in fact? “**WAH!?**” Joseph *tripped* over them seconds later, the force of the leg getting caught under his foot pulling them *right* off his waist, boxers and all.

The *boy* was fortunate that the shirt was now big enough on his body that it functioned basically as a gown, reaching as far as his *knees* since his height had dropped from nearly six feet to a meager 5’2”. “**Why am I so... W-Wait, why does my voice sound so... high?**” A thought, albeit one that was slightly off the mark, prompted him to press his hands against his face. His skin felt smoother, like it did when he was *younger*? “**How... old am I!?**”

Sixteen. Youthfulness had returned to his skin, but this is where he’d only been about *half* right. At sixteen? Joseph had been much taller. So, it didn’t make sense for him to assume he’d just de-aged. On the other hand, what he *couldn’t* see about his face revealed the truth. While clearly a teen, his lips were fuller, his nose small and button-shaped, and his eyes sat big and wide upon a face that was much *rounder*. It was the face of a *young lady*, not a teenage boy.

A young lady with *silver* eyes.

He turned his head as something began to tickle his shoulders. “**...Hair? And it’s growing longer?**” Not even the boy recognized that he was speaking far more softly, his previous panic erased in the favor of a refined calm instead. What was tickling his shoulders had *indeed* been his hair, as dark locks not only reached his shoulders but began to cascade past them. The longer they grew, the lighter their colors became, and at first, they were a snowy silver as they fanned out as low as his ankles. But then? Vertical stripes of dark grey weaved into this flowing mass that he could already tell was going to be hell to keep brushed.

“**Wait, does this mean that I’m actually becoming a – oh – girl...**” What had begun as a question turned into a realization *as she* spoke her sentence. An uncomfortable bout of suction had been applied to her loins, forcing her to squirm upon feet that shrunk further and rounded, as if adjusting to her new sex along with daintier fingers and longer fingernails. She didn’t have the courage to investigate what was *no longer* between her thighs.

Though, incidentally? Her thighs themselves seemingly made up for what was lost and then some. Because she was still a teenager, it couldn't have been expected that anything *plentiful* would have burgeoned there. Even so, the weight that was applied to her thighs did see their skin stretch and... *pale*. It seemed to be isolated to her thicker thighs at *first*, with their skin lightening to a soft pink. But before long? It spread across *all* of her skin, leaving her nipples a much darker pink.

They took on this darker shade just in time for them to *swell*, puffing up almost as if she was having an allergic reaction... that only targeted someone's chest. Once Joseph's nipples had puffed up to a suitable size for a young girl, weight compiled beneath them until they lifted her shirt slightly as a pair of perky *B-cups* – which made sense for a girl of her age. In a similar vein? The cheeks of her rump bloated into a cute little bubble too.

“This can't be. I recognize my voice now, and the way I'm acting...” The girl had no memories of the life of the person she'd become, at least not from her own perspective. But she became all the more certain once she bore witness to her dress *exploding* in size, its base scattering out into a white, feathered dress skirt with splashes of red and blue among the feathers. It was sleeveless, but she *did* wear white lace gloves and a feathered crown that was reminiscent of her skirt. Her legs and feet, on the other hand, were bare aside from brown bandages that coiled around her thin ankles.

“I... Veyle? My name is Veyle?” To the girl that was now grappling with her changed body and outfit, her confusion was compounded. She knew who *Veyle* was. She was a character from Fire Emblem: Engage, incidentally the game that Joseph had expressed a desire to brought onto the Switch 2 in a more proper form. The source of her confusion was that upon saying it? She understood it *as* her own name. She could remember her past life, but not the name that was associated with it. Her body, while extremely different because she was a *teenaged girl* now, just felt completely natural to her too.



Almost like she had *always* been that way.

The girl's hand was clutched to her chest, concern plain on her face. "**How is this possible? Is there a way for me to return... to normal?**" And as much as she wanted to hold onto hope that such a thing *was* possible? Her situation took another wild turn. The Switch 2 sitting on her bed began to glow, and the next thing she knew? There was a *pull*. It was like the glowing screen was acting as a vacuum, and the only thing it was pulling closer... was *her*. "**W-Wait!?**" No amount of resistance could fight it, and before long?

She had been pulled into the screen, before the flow of time returned to normal.

"**The hell's up with my computer?**" At the time, I didn't have multiple pieces of technology open to help me draw the same conclusion that my friend on the other side of the Discord call had. Owning a computer was just having to once in a while deal with it not working correctly, so I had assumed it was a *normal* freeze up until I'd held down the power button for 10 seconds and it *still* didn't turn off. But I was stubborn, so I *kept* holding it down.

...Still nothing.

Desperate times called for desperate measures! I pulled out my desk so that I could kill the power and pull out the cord. But I was met with... *difficulties*. Not only did killing the power switch *not* turn it off, but I couldn't make the cord budge at all. "**Uh...?**" It was only *then* that I realized. I couldn't even hear my computer's fans spinning, and they were *pretty* loud. But what I *could* hear was a sound coming from near my TV.

Was it my Switch 2, resting in its dock? But it wasn't even *on*.

I thought to move closer to investigate, only to—**THUD!** "**...Ow?**" Walk face first into *nothing*? It was as if there was a pane of glass standing in my way. Unsure if my mind was just playing a (very vivid) trick on me, I slammed my palm into the air. "**OUCH!?**" And I'd used a little *too* much force based on the pain that vibrated up my arm afterwards. I gave that hand a shake and stepped back. This was all just so *weird* that I didn't know how to appropriately react to it all.

Further discomfort was bestowed upon me, but in this case? I had a much harder time understanding just what the *source* of it all was. I was forced to inhale sharply and straighten my back as if I'd been punched in my very sizable gut, but after my body had recoiled from the feeling? I

was exposed to a realization that as my clothing settled against my frame once more? It was... *loose*. “...**Huh?**” I *naturally* looked down, and was flabbergasted by what I ultimately saw.

I could see *past* my stomach? That should have been impossible, namely because I’d had a protruding gut ever since I’d entered adulthood. And yet? Pressing a hand into my shirt allowed my fingers to sink closer to the bones in my torso than ever before. In fact? Not only did it seem that I was perfectly trim in terms of my figure all of a sudden, but I even had *abs*? “**Okay. How is *that* possible?**” I honestly didn’t know *what* to say.

There were several aspects to what was happening that I missed at first too, largely because my shirt was so, well, *large* without all of that weight to wrap around. My knees had slowly buckled in a way that was difficult to notice, a change courtesy of my hips inching a little wider, while both my waist and shoulders slimmed. Based on Joseph’s transformation, it might have also been easy to assume that I was going to *shrink*. But that wasn’t true. In fact, opposing this assumption? I had growing from almost six feet to 6’2”, but that was probably the hardest thing for me to notice considering how alarming everything else was.

“**I can’t believe *I’m... thin... though?***” An expression of awe towards my weightlessness was eventually derailed as I continued to speak, and I could hear the pitch of my voice shifting in *real time*. While husky in a sense, there was a clear femininity that encroached upon its sound that was actually reflected in my face *as* I spoke. It was spoken through fuller lips as the face they were attached to was pulled longer and longer, until I had a very vertically long facial shape in general. This left my cheeks very thin and the bridge of my nose elongated in kind. Yet what was most peculiar might have been my *eyes*. They narrowed in a way that, when paired with the rest of my face, gave it a real *Middle Eastern* vibe.

Though, there was still the fact that it was the vibe of a Middle Eastern
woman.

And that wasn’t even my ultimate fate. “...**Why do I sound like...? Wait, what *language* is this?**” While what I was saying made sense to *me*, I could tell that it wasn’t actually *English* I was speaking. The problem was that I couldn’t place it at all – it wasn’t a language that was typically spoken on Earth, and that was the best guess I could make, all things considered. This subject distracting me from the very real sensation of my short, dark hair both lengthening across the front of my shoulders as a shade of bright orange possessed it, clashing with the impressions that had been made otherwise.

It hadn't quite registered that I was almost unnervingly *calm* about what was happening. I couldn't muster the panic necessary to react strongly, so all I could really do was lower my chin as I watched the front of my shirt begun to bulge forward. It wasn't caused by a singular point in the center, but instead two to the sides as I felt my skin stretch around them. I idly grasped what I quickly identified as a pair of *E-cup* tits upon my chest, giving them a jiggle with no shred of shame. *Well? They're my breasts, are they not?* So why would I feel shame?

I showed a similar level of subdued interest towards the sensation of my ass cheeks bubbling into a peach shape, helping prop up pants that had only been holding on by the mercy of my widened hips. They grew even *wider* before long, taking on a more child-bearing girth while my now hairless thighs expanded to rub against my loins... or at least they *should* have. "...*Ah.*" Was that really all I had to say on the subject of my *sex changing*? Because in a matter of moment I was wholly a *woman*, with a pussy present where my cock and balls had been before.

...It didn't necessarily bother me, honestly. It felt 'right' in a way.

But even if that aspect felt correct subjectively, what *wasn't* correct from an objective stance was what began to happen to my skin the moment my body had been remolded into the form of a tall and beautiful woman. Glowing lines of teal were etched across my forearms and thighs, at first difficult to notice with my skin as pale as it was, but soon becoming more obvious as the color of my skin *changed* much like my hair color had. But not before my sclera yellowed and my irises began to glow crimson.

It largely took on a shade of greenish blue that painted my face (aside from my pink lips), neck, the crevice between my tits, stomach, and right leg. And yet, black with a greenish hue wrapped across my chest and reached the backs of my fingers, making it so the glyphs on my arms were *far* more visible. My left leg darkened too, but it was soon hidden by a skirt that swept across it – part of a broader change to my outfit that left me wearing very little comparatively.

"**This is certainly... *curious.***" At the end of it all, I was left staring down at a body that felt both familiar and foreign at the same time. There was no denying *who* I had become. *Midna*, more specifically *Twili Midna* from the Legend of Zelda: Twilight Princess. I glanced at my tits, which were technically bare despite the fact that I was wearing



a cloak. Yet, the darker pattern did a good job of disguising my nipples. In fact, a Twili's body was designed to *hide* any traits better served hidden unless *we* wanted to show them. The fact that I regarded being a Twili as an innate fact about my life probably didn't bode well, though.

But how? Why? As I now saw it, I was a race that shouldn't have even existed in the real world. "**What was my name... before?**" There was also the aspect that I couldn't recall my old name despite knowing I'd had one. When thinking of my identity, 'Midna' was what came to mind time and time again. As much as I would have fancied a moment to think on this, however?

A bright light peeking through the crack of my Switch 2 dock stole away my attention just before... I was pulled in.

"...Eh?"

"Mm?"

In the next instant, Veyle and Midna found themselves looking at each other while standing in the middle of a *plaza*? There were buildings towering about them, while portals at the ends of the nearby pathway seemingly led into images of... various Nintendo games? The two women didn't understand what was happening, nor did they recognize each other for who they had once been. "**Are you... Midna?**" Veyle asked, thinking she was the genuine article.

"...Yes. And you're Veyle?" Of course, neither of them could answer to the contrary. They had no way of recalling their previous names. In fact, memories of this place soon flooded into their minds, not *erasing* their knowledge of who they had once been, but certainly overwhelming it so that they wouldn't actively question their circumstances to one another. This was a realm that connected all of the Nintendo properties within the Nintendo Switch Online service, allowing characters to meet until perhaps, one day, they would be added to Super Smash Bros?

Either way, the two women felt a strange connection to one another. Perhaps it was the similarities between a Fell Dragon and a Twili in terms of nature, or perhaps it was because on some subconscious level they really *did* recognize each other. Unfortunately? It would *never* get brought up.