

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I can’t believe they’re forcing me to do this...”

Okay... To be *totally* fair? All of my actions leading up to what ultimately became my own undoing were absolutely, totally, and completely my *own* fault. It would all be a product of my own dumb decisions, my own hubris, and my own inability to read. Well, it was more like my inability to read things *carefully* because I had been upset by what had happened. Had I gotten upset over something serious then? From the sounds of things, it *must* have been serious, right?

Well. Depending on who you asked... it was probably pretty stupid. No, it was *definitely* pretty stupid.

One of the games that I played was doing the unthinkable. They were *removing skins*. ...Okay, yeah. This definitely wasn’t as big of a deal as I was making it out to be. Azur Lane was a gacha game based around the idea of collecting women characters that were inspired by historical battleships, not unlike Kantai Collection. The difference between these two games in terms of design was basically night and day, though. Kancolle had a few designs that leaned into fanservicey qualities.

Azur Lane, on the other hands, didn’t just lean into this. It was basically their brand. Scantly clad anime girls were the bread and butter of the game’s appeal, even though it had some pretty fun gameplay attached to it. I was a big fan, but at the same time it *wasn’t* the type of game that I was just going to whip out and play on the bus. And while base character designs could be pretty revealing?

The skins could be even raunchier. Therein was the issue. The game wasn't removing all of its skin. Just a handful of them that pushed the envelope a little too far, and they weren't even being removed from the game's original server. It was the North American server that was making the move to remove this small selection, likely under pressure from its payment providers that were a little too strict in the West.

It was just that one of the skins they were removing was one of my favorites: Shinano's Visions of Fantasy skin. The sexy fox woman was dressed in a revealing, blue bunny suit with her chest pressed up against a glass window to show— Well, I'll just leave it there. I just liked the skin! And at the time? I believed that they'd be removing a skin that I purchased.

That... wasn't *actually* the case.

Being upset, I'd misread the statement that had been put out in a panic. The game wasn't going to remove skins that had previously been purchased. They were just removing them from the shop. Anyone who had already purchased these skins, like me with the Shinano skin, would still be able to keep and use them in the future. But I hadn't realized this and assumed I had paid for a product that I would no longer be able to access.

So, naturally, I had been searching for ways to keep that skin (even though I had technically didn't need to do so). **“Is it even possible to keep it from the client side?”** Purchases *must* have been tied to the server if they could just take them away. Had I taken even a second to double check what people were saying on Reddit about everything, I probably would have discovered I was upset over nothing. But I ended up looking on some shadier sites for answers instead.

“Wait, what's this one...?” Until finally, after scrolling through several pages on Google, I came across one site in particular. *‘LOOKING TO SALVAGE YOUR AZUR LANE SKINS? CLICK HERE’*. Looking back, this should have all been *extremely* shady. The announcement had only come about an hour ago, and so no one should have had time to put up a very *specific* webpage for it just yet. Plus, the site was just white text on a plain, black background.

I wasn't thinking straight, though. Not only did I click where it specified, but I filled in the text box on the next page where it asked me *which* skin I was looking to preserve. **“Then all I need to do is click the SUBMIT button, right...?”** I was pretty sure I'd done it all properly. But the next page was *blank*? Had it not worked? Was there an error? It hadn't asked for my user ID, name, or any other personal information. So, fortunately I wasn't at risk of anything.

Or, at least, so I thought.

While I had done all of this on my computer, it was my *phone* screen that suddenly lit up. Not with a notification or anything like that, but with a white light. “**Huh? What’s—?**” But I wasn’t even able to ask my question in its entirety before there was what felt like a strong *pull* that took hold of me. And pulled my *entire* body towards where my phone was on the desk.

“**Eh?**” White. The next thing I knew, I was only surrounded by white. It was like I was standing in a completely empty room, or perhaps a small closet? But despite there being no light sources it was entirely illuminated. “**What the hell just happened!?**” Recalling what had just happened, it was kind of like I had been *pulled into my phone*? But surely such a thing wasn’t possible?

What was my plan of action in this instance even supposed to *be*? Had I just been trapped in a room? As much as I wanted *that* theory to be true, it didn’t really make that much sense. The small space that boxed me in was fairly intimate what with how little room I had to move around, and I couldn’t see anything that appeared to be a door. It was possible that maybe there was a handle or something on the *outside*, but then that begged the question... where was the box that I was trapped in?

Too much about all of this felt impossible. Like only *magic* could have accomplished it, even though magic absolutely *wasn’t* real. This was a belief that I would have loved to keep in the long term, but it wasn’t one that I would be able to sustain much longer. Even though what was about to unfold wasn’t even the work of magic in the first place. It was the work of a force that I couldn’t even imagine.

“**What do I do...?**” I subconsciously directed myself to speak a little quieter the next time I opened my mouth. It was such a minor thing that it didn’t even occur to me that this might have been an indication that something was amiss. Though, even *as* I spoke softly, there were visual indicators of this fact. You didn’t really need to look farther than my *face*.

Did those facial features of mine look a little softer? Actually? Not really. Not yet. But they *did* change in shape in a different way. It was more notable in a pair of eyelids that were pinched in at the sides, giving them a narrower slit that was more reminiscent of someone of Asian background – *Japanese* specifically? A subtle lightening of my skin tone, a thickening of my lips, and an roundness to my cheeks that hadn’t existed before all finished altering my racial profile.

And *considering* that? You would probably expect my hair to darken to black, right? Or a dark brown at the very least. But that wasn't the case. The short strands atop my head instead *lightened*, and to a color that wasn't normal for a man of my age at all. A brilliant *silver*? Was I getting *old*? No, that silver wasn't the same as if I'd aged. The quality of these hairs retained their youthfulness.

Unsure of what else to do, I placed my palms up against the wall of white in front of me. I tried pushing with all of my weight to see if I could make it budge. “運がなかった。” *No luck*. That was what I had said, but I had said it in *Japanese*? “**Wait... What language am I speaking!?**” I had *finally* noticed that something was amiss, but that didn't stop anything. I was *still* speaking in Japanese even if it was being depicted in English from now on.

I blinked, unaware that the colors of my eyes were brightening to a light blue as I did so. I was naturally panicked about the language I wasn't just speaking in but had begun to *think* in as well. Yet I found *other* things to be concerned about seconds later. With my hands pressed against the wall in front of me? I watched all of my fingernails *lengthen* and *darken*, for a dark blue paint was touched upon them. “*Huh...?*”

Wasn't what I was seeing worth more than such a quiet reaction? It *was*, but I couldn't force myself to get too loud about it. Even though the fingers attached to those nails were shrinking and thinning until they rested upon much more delicate palms, or even though my socks now felt a little looser because my feet had shrunk in kind. “**What's happening to me?**” Little by little, even the pitch of my quiet voice rose until it shared something with how my hands appeared: *femininity*.

With so much happening now, my head was in a tizzy. I was beginning to struggle to keep track of everything that was happening. Why were my clothes beginning to feel so *loose*, for example? Had I lowered my hands against the wall? These two things were actually *related*, because my body's vertical height was diminishing. I dropped down to 5'6", a height that would have been considered a little *below* average for a man.

“**Mmn!?**” But that wasn't really a problem if I *wasn't* a man, right? A moan escaped my lips due to my nethers shuddering. My dick and balls had rapidly shrunk and pulled *into* my groin, establishing a *pussy* beneath a bush of now silver hair that established my new reality as a *woman*. “**I-I couldn't be. How could such a thing be possible?**” How could *any* of this been possible, really? It didn't matter, because it was reality.

I bit my lower lip anxiously. “**Eh?**” But found myself prodding *at* that lip with my tongue soon after. It had thickened a little when I became

Japanese, but it felt even *thicker* now. My face had gotten the memo about my changed sex and become awash with unrelenting *beauty*. Full, kissable lips led the charge, but my nose shrunk, and cheeks narrowed all the while. My eyes took a more feminine tilt on the whole, but this was made more notable by lengthened lashes beneath thinned, silver brows.

Even then? Those brows were becoming a little hard to see thanks to the *rest* of my hair. My short, silver style was no longer *one* of those two things. The length of it all *exploded*, with much of it pulling my head back as a thick, wavy mass reached down to the backs of my thighs. My bangs hung low enough now that I could see them and *finally* realize that the color had changed.

Japanese... the sound of my voice... the color of my hair... my changed sex... “**It could not be?**” Even the overly proper way I was speaking. These signs were all leading to one *unbelievable* truth that I didn’t want to accept. Unfortunately, the process itself did not afford me any chance to rest. “**GASP!?**” The air was suddenly knocked right out of me as it felt like someone had grabbed me from both sides of my waist and *pushed in*. There was a painless *crunch* beneath my shirt that confirmed what had concerned me.

My waist had thinned until you could wrap an arm around it, and my hips flared out several inches as a side effect.

“**What else could be happening?**” I asked this question as if I wasn’t already knowledgeable about the answer. True to the theory I had concocted in my head, I began to feel my pants *strain* around my lower body. I was *swelling*, a weightiness applying itself to now hairless thighs that became extremely plush despite how porcelain they appeared, with ass cheeks that forced themselves out into a heart shape behind me. “**Oh no...**”

My thighs rubbed against each other unfamiliarly. I had removed my hands from the wall finally, but only because my chest began to feel *tender*. Considering what had happened to my butt, I could only assume that my chest would— *Yes*. I almost stumbled forth to smack my face on the wall as my body weight was tugged forward by additional mass. The t-shirt I had been comfortably wearing was now oversized now that I had shrunk, but...

That space afforded the growth of my *tits* all of the room that they needed. “**Oh my!**” After correcting my posture, I couldn’t help but gasp as I cupped their swelling heft with my smaller palms. They grew *well* beyond those palms and even usurped my own head in size. G-cups? H-

cups? They could have even possibly been *I-cups*. Either way, they were *heavy*. I counted my blessings that my shirt still covered them.

But that blessing became a curse. Something changed. The white walls that surrounded me turned to *glass* – or at least three of them did while the back wall turned into red velvet. Was I in a *case*? The white void had become what looked to be some sort of *casino* beyond, but I was forced to care more about... the *draft*. **“What am I wearing?”** My men’s attire had been erased, and I now found myself in a navy blue bunny suit that showed off my hips and almost the *entirety* of my big tits. I wore white thigh highs, blue heels, and white cuffs, and there was a pair of matching bunny ears on a headband in my silver hair.

“Wait, but if I became *her*, then am I not missing some important things?” I knew I wasn’t wrong. The woman who looked and dressed like this wasn’t *human*. Though the sensation of my ears getting warm convinced me that this inconsistency wouldn’t stand. Blue nails reached up to gingerly touch the sides of my head, but they didn’t find my human ears there. They were raised slightly on my head and were creeping higher still. They stretched while soft, silver furs covered their ultimately triangular shapes. White tufts even sat inside of them!

They were the ears of a *fox*. **“UWAH!?”** Despite how calm I *had* been, a sensation that I could only liken to an *explosion* behind me finally forced a surprised cry through my new voice. I almost fell *backwards* this time, but ended up pushed away from the back wall by my own body? *Seven* appendages had pushed out of my tailbone, all of them now about five feet long and swishing around each other. By the time I looked back, it was just in time to see an *abundance* of the fluffiest silver fur growing to fill out my seven new *fox tails*.

I couldn’t help but reach back and fondle one. It was so soft that it was almost theuropeutic.

“I do not understand... I have become... *Shinano*?” I needn’t even ask myself this, for I knew it to be true. The hefty bosom upon my chest that hardly fit into my adorable, blue bunny girl outfit obscured my vision of everything down below, but the sound of my voice, my absence of energy, and the tails I could feel swishing out behind me all helped confirm what I suspected. No, what I *knew*. Even as I regarded myself, I saw myself as *Shinano*.

My tails swished from side to side within the small space I occupied. Fortunately, everything before me appeared to open up. It looked like I was now standing within a grand casino, though no one else was there to greet me. Believing that nothing blocked my way any further, I stepped forward. **“Oh!?”** Only to collide with a wall of glass. My huge

tits pressed into it while my right hand pressed against the glass to my side. For *some* reason, I felt compelled to make a peace sign with my left hand.

“Why did I...?” Running into the glass was an accident, but I couldn’t figure out why I was making that symbol with my hand. Additionally, I couldn’t seem to move my body any further? I was *stuck* in this pose. A pose that I didn’t yet realize was the exact same one Shinano made in her Visions of Fantasy skin art. I was replicating the pose perfectly, right down to the subtly shocked expression on my lips. **“Am I frozen like this? How do I regain my ability to move?”**

That was the thing. I *wouldn’t*. At least not until the person whose *phone I was in* stopped admiring me. If I was deployed into a battle or tapped, only then would I momentarily find myself able to move again temporarily. But I didn’t know that this had been my fate. That when I had been sucked into my phone, I had actually been exported into *someone else’s* Azur Lane game. I was doomed to exist like this for the rest of my life, and yet... Did I really have any room to complain? I had gotten exactly what I desired.

I would *never* lose the Shinano skin. Because I was wearing it.

