

LUCK OF THE DRAW

COMMISSION STORY

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Cosmic Lucky Prize.

There were few, if *any*, Honkai Star Rail players that hadn't heard of that event. At least not so long as they were playing in 2025. It wasn't a traditional in-game event by any stretch but was probably all the more exciting. As the name suggested? There were prizes to be won. It was more or less just an in-game lottery. One designed to spark conversation amidst the player and attract fresh blood. Regardless of how you participated, you *would* win something.

But there was a catch. You were given a choice. Either you played it straight and accepted 100 free Stellar Jades for a week straight, or each day you chose to gamble that 100 away for a chance at winning the grand prize of 500,000 Stellar Jades, or the less significant 600. Either way, the odds of winning that amount went *significantly* down the higher you shot for, and if you lost you would only get 50 Stellar Jades.

And so, naturally? Basically, everyone took the gamble.

And, as expected, *very* few succeeded. “**Well, that’s that, then.**” Joseph had been one of the *many* that had chosen the gambler’s path. It would have been worth it if he at least won the 600 Stellar Jades a singular time during that one week period, but he hadn’t even been afforded *that* much. It wasn’t so serious that he was *upset* about it though, and he hadn’t really had high expectations in the first place. Realistically, it had been more of a ‘this would be nice if it happened’ type of thing.

With that disappointment behind him, he opened the menu to log out. *That* was when he noticed there was something in his in-game mailbox. **“Is it a character’s birthday? Wait, no, this isn’t Genshin.”** It was possible it was just a notification reminding him that an event was ending, but he really wanted to clear the exclamation mark on his screen.

“Cosmic Lucky Prize Reward distribution?” He was pretty confused. That *was* what the new piece of mail said, but he’d already claimed the Stellar Jades from the Cosmic Lucky Prize. There weren’t any additional Jades attached to the mail, but there *was* an item. A figurine for the Trailblazer’s room on the Astral Express? It looked to resemble one of the Garmentmakers wielded by the upcoming character, Aglaea. He didn’t remember that being a prize, but...

He accepted the item, nonetheless.

Joseph’s eyes went wide. What had just happened? He had accepted an item in Honkai Star Rail from within the comfort of his own bedroom, but it was almost as if reality had distorted around him. He was now sitting on some marble steps within an expansive, yet empty space filled with pools of water. The décor was very Greek inspired, with steam rising around a plethora of statues. **“Isn’t this the Hero’s Bath?”** The location in the city of Okhema? A location with Amphoreus, which was the newest planet *in* Honkai Star Rail?

His first thought was that he was dreaming. How could he not be? His surroundings didn’t look like 3D renderings of the game location. It all looked *real*, like someone had taken the time to meticulously replicate the in-game design to a T. But there was something missing if so. Aside from him, there didn’t appear to be anyone else *in* the huge, open space. He even stood up from the steps to try and get a better look. **“Woah!?”**

But found himself falling back down onto the step with a pained thud.

That was weird. Or so he thought. Had he been off balance for some reason? A little dizzy? No, not dizzy, but the lack of balance seemed likely. Something just hadn’t *felt* right when he tried to stand up, like his brain wasn’t making sense of the signals his body was giving off. Like each movement his body had made towards accomplishing standing up had been *weird* somehow. And that *was* largely the problem.

And yet, there was an additional aspect to it. One he hadn’t noticed because, quite frankly, why would he even *attempt* to notice it? The fact that he was still wearing socks made it difficult to notice anyways, but *within* those socks... his feet appeared to be *off*. Not only did they seem

to be smaller than they had been before, but when he stood? His heels had been in the process of smoothing to give them a gentler arch that better suited smaller toes that found their nails pedicured neatly.

“Should I try standing again?” When he’d fallen back, his hands had landed flat on the steps to prevent his back and his head from slamming against the stairs. They maintained their grip, but they slipped slightly all of a sudden. Just not dramatically enough that the man thought much of it at the time. Still, there was a reason for that slip. His fingers had clenched, and in that moment? The length of each digit appeared to retract ever so slightly while his palms thinned, and his nails were manicured.

Much like his feet, there was something inherently *effeminate* about those hands.

He debated trying to stand upright again but ultimately settled on waiting another minute. If he was at risk of falling, then he absolutely did *not* want to have it actually happen. If he hit his head in this empty space then there was no guarantee he could find help. But there was still something *bothering* him aside from his balance. Had his seat upon the step *slipped* a little? If Joseph’s body had let him stand, it might have been more obvious to him what had just happened.

That being that his body? There was *less* of it. It wasn’t as if someone had just chopped off his legs (thankfully), and it was in fact a much more delicate and fortunately less violent process. What had felt like him slipping in his seat from his perspective was actually his height *slipping*. While standing, he was usually pretty damn close to the six foot mark. But *that* was what had been lost. Three inches has slipped from his stature, bringing him down to about 5’8” instead.

Any clothing malfunction this would have wrought if he’d been standing was played down as he sat, since gravity couldn’t crumple things more than they already were. “*The baths...*” The man’s attention was drawn to the baths beyond the steps he was resting on before any further *oddities* that might have been occurring. For some reason, being in their presence really made him want to *take a dip*, even though he didn’t have any strong feelings for them typically.

Joseph had even disregarded that *airier* sound to his voice. It was lighter yet somehow sounded sterner in the same breath. But above all? It sounded like the voice of a *woman*. But was this all *that* out of place? Not really, in a way. He was smaller, had dainty hands and feet, and his waistline, unbeknownst to him, had pinched in several inches at the sides. Not only did this leave his hips to appear a little wider contrastingly, but they *literally* grew a bit wider, too.

But what gave away what was *really* happening to the man was his *face*, which paired more keenly with the sound of his voice than anything else. His facial features, slowly, *softened*. In some instances, they shrunk, such as with his nose, chin, or cheekbones. In others? They *grew*. Bloat ultimately thickened his lips into poutier forms, while not only did the man's eyes widen, but his irises lightened to an icy blue and his lashes lengthened. "*Hm?*"

He now possessed the face of a *beautiful* woman but was prompted to guide his hands up to his eyes to rub at them with confusion. The moment their colors had changed, his vision had gone blurry and then *dark entirely*. "**Is my supplementary vision malfunctioning?**" Joseph almost wondered *what* he was saying. Supplementary vision? How could one see if not through their eyes? *But is that not how I see? There are no other options available to me.*

Not for nothing, but the voice he was thinking with now sounded identical to his speaking voice. It was calm and collected, not even panicking now that he'd gone blind. *While* it was 'lights out' for him, though? There were new changes to his body's color scheme. His olive complexion was lightening towards a pristine, pale pink as his nipples became pinker than most.

And his dark hair lightened to better corroborate this skin's appeal. "**One moment... My vision appears to be returning.**" While true, the *vision* that was returned was rather skewed. It was close to a normal human's vision, but there was a vague blurriness to it because it was provided unnaturally. Vision or not, it didn't seem to strike him that his short, dark hair had grown out to his shoulders *and* lightened to a golden blonde.

The imbalance that Joseph felt was *finally* going away, though his posture on the steps continued to shift little by little. His seat seemed to be rising for one, and that was because his *ass* was swelling. Fat bled into his cheeks, stretching his skin as the new padding hoisted his sitting posture up. The excess seeped into thickening thighs that lipped enticingly over the step his heart-shaped ass was resting on, too. Though his thighs became so thick that they were crushing his dick.

Or, at least, they *should* have been doing that. But they *weren't*. "**Mmn!?**" There was a sound, and a brief expression on *her* face that seemed to indicate she had felt it. Her cock and balls had rapidly shrunk and once erased completely, a new, sensitive slit had torn open vertically beneath her pelvis. This pussy was framed by golden pubes that had lengthened and rearranged into a neater cut in kind. Her womanhood

had been confirmed, and yet... *For as long as I've been alive, I have been a woman.*

She didn't doubt that for a second.

And her body had the 'goods' to prove it. While the clothing malfunction *had* been minimal, there was one place where it was clearer than anywhere else: her shirt. After all, the front was pushing forward while her sitting posture tilted in the same direction. Weight was compounding there, giving rise to a pair of *tits* that wouldn't have made sense until just a moment ago. Nonetheless, led by a pair of thick and puffy nipples, they swelled into a hefty pair of *F-cups* that were already felt gratuitously large on their own.

But they'd end up looking *larger* seconds later, courtesy of her clothes. What she had been wearing compressed against her body and lightened both in color *and* material, becoming a different outfit altogether. A white toga dress that showed off the woman's cleavage, hanging from her shoulders from golden clasps. Gold and white made up most of the costume's design, from the details of the new sandals she wore, to the laurel band wrapped around her exposed right thigh. It wrapped around her neck, and a golden laurel headband was weaved within her hair to match a bracelet and pauldron on her left arm. The right had a thin, white sleeve.

The final change soon shone upon the left breast whose cleavage was exposed by the toga dress: a golden tattoo that spoke of her *divinity*.

While she couldn't see through traditional means, *Aglaea*'s view of the Hero's Bath was undisturbed. In fact, she could probably 'see' it clearer than before her transformation had begun. But see in this way felt entirely natural to her. She had long since adjusted, and as *she* saw it, this wasn't a new phenomenon. Everything about her beautiful, robed



body was the same as it had been the day before, and the day before that, and so on.

“Was the Hero’s Bath truly empty a moment ago? How could that be?” That had been the singular thought from her past life that had lingered, and the blonde was now at odds with it. The bath was just as busy as always, with some of Okhema’s people nodding and waving to her as they passed on by. She had the vague feeling that something was *wrong*, yet the Dressmaker couldn’t quite place her finger on it. **“I’d say I don’t quite feel like myself, but there’s a tried and true solution for that!”** The woman stood up from the steps she was standing on and made towards the elevator towards the upper floor that was reserved for Chrysos Heirs.

“I’m certain a nice soak in the baths will lift my spirits!”

“...Well, that explains why I hadn’t heard of that item before.” Axel’s expression was one of confusion as he examined his surroundings. Surroundings that were *totally* different from the ones he’d been living it up in only a minute prior. He may have *sounded* surprisingly calm, but he really *wasn’t*. It was taking everything he could to keep it together. After all, the room he was standing in, surrounded by walls of silver and digital banners of realistic depictions of what he’d thought were *fictional characters*, was the spitting image of a location he was very familiar with.

It was just that this location wasn’t supposed to be *real*. It was the room that you visited in Honkai Star Rail to access the original Simulated Universe, Herta’s office. A room aboard the Herta Space Station. Had someone gone to the effort to recreate it this meticulously? No, that was impossible – because why would *he* be brought there? Not to mention this had all started because he had accepted a gift from the game that had given him a Herta doll figurine to use in the Trailblazer’s room.

How did that all correlates? Was this some kind of super detailed dream? But he also couldn’t remember falling asleep.

He began to wander throughout the room. **“But how the *hell* do I get out of here if this *somehow* isn’t a dream?”** There was a *door*, so the actual answer was obvious, but that wasn’t *exactly* what he meant. If this was some sort of recreation of an in-game location, then he probably wasn’t *anywhere* close to him. Yet, as he paced about? Each step that he took became slightly less *laborious*. Though it hadn’t really occurred to him just yet.

Axel's stride was lighter because *he* was lighter. His bulging gullet had been compressing and *flattening*, years of excess weight evaporating in what felt like the blink of an eye so that his overly large shirt hung off of him like a dress. This didn't *just* apply to the weight of his stomach, and his arms, legs, and even *face* all received the same benefit. The loss was *too* much for what he was wearing, and even with a belt on? Those pants fell from his waist before long. "**E-Eh?**"

The man had almost *tripped* over his own pants, so it was practically impossible for him *not* to notice. Even though he ended up stepping out of them completely rather than trying to try and put them back on. Something deep down told him that it wasn't worth it to try. Besides, his shirt covered everything up anyways. "**Am I thinner? N-No, that isn't just it. I'm *shrinking*!?**"

The fact that Axel even *realized* he was getting smaller was actually a testament to the fact that his *mind* had been subtly changing. It was like someone was pumping a ton of points into his Intelligence stat, as he became an expert of an increasing number of subjects. But he was also becoming *far* more perceptive, enough that he had realized he was shrinking after only losing a single inch. But there was *plenty* more where that came from, as he slipped from nearly six feet down to 5'5".

"**Well, this isn't an issue.**" Was it *not*? How *wasn't* it an issue? He was smaller and thinner, and his voice sounded unusually high all of a sudden. It just *didn't* feel bad. It all felt like a *boon*. Like his body might have been changing, but it was becoming something better. Something smarter. Something more *beautiful*. ...Beautiful? Well, his voice was *already* giving away the game. "**Hm... There we go!**" And he clapped as if he had been expecting something.

It was just that *what* happened to *her* in that moment wasn't something that any reasonable person would *ever* expect. In the blink of an eye, the woman's cock and balls had gone the way of the dinosaurs, erased in favor of the appearance of a woman's pussy between her legs. Had the woman been in her right mind, she probably would have been very panicked by this. But as her mind was now? Her sex was the *least* of her concerns. She could have been beautiful whether she was a man *or* a woman.

And she was essentially asexual now, even though Axel had been straight prior.

Axel tapped at her own chin rhythmically. She appeared to be deep in thought about this and that, but it was all curiosity towards what was happening to her. She could *tell* she was transforming, and rather than worry about it? She saw it as a mystery to unravel. "**Am I changing**

because I don't belong in this world? Or perhaps that *item* was the trigger?" Her body *continued* to change as she pondered the many, many possibilities.

The finger that was tapping her chin thinned as her palms shrank further, and the face she was tapping in the process was narrowing as her skin softened. Her lips puffed up and her nose shrank, while the colors of her eyes inherited a pale purple shade between fluttering eyelashes. Before long, she had a face that matched her ego. An impossibly *beautiful* visage that was accentuated by her dark hair both growing *and* lightening. It fell down past her ass in a mess of silver with purple tips. It suited her.

Just as her build beneath her oversized shirt suited her in kind. Axel pawed at her chest with one hand out of idle curiosity. **"I see *these* are growing in nicely."** Her fingers rubbed against the building fat upon her chest, noting how *perfectly perky* they became as they stretched into *C-cups*. She even gave a puffy nipple a sensual twerk, but she wasn't so undisciplined now as to make any *weird* noises regardless of how sensitive it was.

Her *other* hand explored *farther* down. A lengthened fingernail traced the hill of her opposite ass cheek, but ultimately, she used her *entire* hand to give it a good squeeze. It was fuller than before. *Both* of them were, and its bubbled swell was shared in kind with thickened thighs beneath a bush of trimmed, silver pubes. **"That appears to be *all* of the adjustments I need. But will this power deal with my clo— Oh! It seems it will!"**

The woman's curiosity was piqued further as the pile of pants behind her disappeared, and her shirt tightened, stretched, and darkened around her body. It formed a dark, backless witch's gown with purple accents. Black tights gripped her shaved legs, while black leather boots lifted her up with their heels. Frilly, detached sleeves concealed the skin of her arms beneath bare shoulders, and she was even given a big, black and purple witch's hat with a flower among its multiple accessories.

Unlike Aglaea, the woman who stood – no, *floated* – within Herta's office hadn't forgotten *who* she had been. **"Well, what a *curious* situation this is. I cannot state with less enthusiasm that I could have ever fathom living through such an experience. Being just a normal man but turning into... *this*!"** The enthusiasm that she expressed as she pointed to her own face felt a little too *self-indulgent*, but that was really what it was at the end of the day.

Because she had become *Herta*. *The Herta*. The owner of this space station and the most intelligent person throughout the known cosmos.

“Oh~! Not *only* am I a genius, but I’m also incredibly beautiful, courteous, and exceptionally humble if I do say so myself! Ah, that was a jest! I would *never* claim to be *humble*!” It was hard to even tell that she had been another person beforehand. She had slipped into her new role perfectly.



Why would she *not* embrace being Herta? She was *perfect*. This life was one worth living, and her boundless curiosity quickly accepted things as they were. She had all of Herta’s intellect and memories, so why not live as Herta? “Ooo~! I’m getting goosebumps just *thinking* about what I could accomplish now! Not only do I need to solve all of my existing problems...” Those problems being the ones that applied to Herta herself. “...**But now I can ponder how I *became* Herta in the first place!**” And *that* was a question she was keen on finding an answer to.

“I do hope that finding the answer will unlock *new* questions, though. Just how deep does that rabbit hole go, I wonder?”