

A SQUIRREL ADDICTION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Competitive games could be *frustrating*.

That wasn't even really a subjective opinion in the grand scheme of things. If you polled every competitive video game player who has ever bothered to pick up a mouse and keyboard or controller in the past, they would probably *unanimously* agree that playing them was a real pain in the ass. It was likely a sentiment that was probably more prevalent in shooting games than in 1v1 games like most fighting games were, but everyone had their days. It was hard to have fun if you were always losing, and somewhere in the world there was probably someone having an unnecessary crash out at any given moment.

I was the type of person to *crash out*. In fact, unless I was playing a team game and one of my teammates started it, I'd almost never say anything to other players even if I *was* getting annoyed. You could probably chalk it up to growing older, because as a teenager playing Call of Duty I would definitely never hold back if I'd felt even the slightest bit slighted. Ah, simpler times.

These days I didn't have the time or energy for games that were so trigger happy, but I still played shooting games here and there. My recent favorite was Marvel Rivals. The game married the characters of Marvel with a hero shooter formula that had been successful for Overwatch all those years ago. It had been *huge* when it first came out back in December, but now that it was August? A lot of that initial hype had tapered off and the player base was something more reasonable in size.

“Ugh... This is *exhausting*.” The problem was that the player base wasn’t reasonable in *any* other way. I’d played a lot of team-based games in the past, but Rivals might have been the worst one for teammates blaming and bickering at each other. How many times did I hear name calling and slurs by that point, sometimes aimed at me, and not *even* in the competitive modes? Far too many to count, and it was just demoralizing to think about it. I had *just* gotten out of a match where I everyone had been yelling at *everyone*, and I wanted to (not literally) kill myself after. **“Maybe that’s enough for today...”**

The worst thing you could do was continue to play a competitive game if you were feeling too riled up and / or negative. You would just play worse and then fall even deeper into that hole of despair. Loss streak or not, it was *always* better to call it early, take a break, and go back to play later. In pursuit of closing the client, I manage to navigate back to the main mode select screen where it showed my character of choice in the background – in my case Squirrel Girl.

DON’T BE LIKE THAT! MAYBE YOU JUST NEED A CHANGE OF PERSPECTIVE?

It was hard to describe how I *felt*. My senses had all briefly been overwhelmed, blinding and deafening me for what felt like five seconds. While I *had* been sitting at my desk? I suddenly found myself *standing* when all of those senses returned? **“I...?”** I was standing in what felt like an endless *void*. I would have felt completely lost if not for the realization that it *was* a little familiar. *Vaguely*.

“Wait. Isn’t this just like the Marvel Rivals login screen!?” It was difficult to say from the perspective of someone standing *in* it, but the void I was in was decorated with the same light blue and purple triangles that I had *just* seen when I was about to log out. I probably would have been *more* alarmed if I couldn’t easily pinpoint the cause of my current conundrum.

After all, I only knew *one* girl that could speak to me with a disembodied voice. **“Hisa?”** All it took was one magical incident to accidentally create a nekomata that made it her life’s mission to transform her creator and his friends for her own amusement at any given opportunity. I assumed she transformed others on her downtime too, but it was hard to say when ‘time’ itself didn’t really apply to her. **“A change of perspective, huh?”**

But in this case? *I* had a secret weapon. A little item I’d purchased under her radar that I had been carrying in my pocket for the next time she got

up to her antics. She seemingly hadn't noticed it yet, but that was part of the magatama's design. She shouldn't have been able to sense it or take it off my person. And if she attempted to alter my body, well... **"So, you're going to turn me into a Marvel Rivals character? ...Not going to talk this time?"** She liked to pick and choose whenever she spoke up. If she didn't see any value in taunting me, then she wouldn't. It was all for her own amusement. Which was probably why, seconds later?

I couldn't remember who I had been talking to in the first place.

"There... was someone, right?" The momentary lightheadedness that had come with that memory loss cleared up pretty quickly, but it didn't help me remember who I had been thinking of. But there had been *someone*, right? That still gave me enough confidence to not freak out about where I *was*. But it didn't dull any of the reactions I'd have to the transformation process I was about to undergo. I couldn't recall it ever happening to me in the past before, even though it had happened *plenty* of times.

HEROES ARE STRONG!

I jumped in place when a loud voice boomed. Was that *Galacta's* voice? The announcer of Marvel Rivals? Well... Considering where I was, I supposed that made some sort of sense. **"Um... Hello?"** Was there even a point in trying to communicate with that voice? Evidently not, because she didn't reply to me. So, what had been the point of her even saying that? It wasn't immediately apparent to me, but there *had* been a reason for it.

The words themselves carried a certain power meant to *mold* me through the implications. Whatever was spoken was then applied to me. So, then how did 'Heroes are strong!' apply? Considering I was a weak and overweight man, the word 'strong' didn't apply to me in any literal sense, but that was the point. I was going to be forced to fit into that mold, which meant that... **"Urp!?"** I wasn't sure if I was about to be sick, or if I'd just been winded, or *what*.

My body just lurched suddenly and I keeled forward. My hands instinctively pressed into my stomach because that was where the sensation was focused. It wasn't until I began to recover that I realized *what* had happened – even if I couldn't make sense of it. **"Wait... Huh?"** With my hands pressed against my stomach still, I pulled my back up straight without *any* resistance whatsoever.

The type of resistance I would *usually* expect was the weight of my stomach, but that was where everything connected. My hands were pressing against a belly without *any* excess fat whatsoever. No, it was even more extreme than *that*. “**Huh? Is that muscle...?**” What had become flat and smooth became rather *bumpy* as my muscles tightened and my abdominal muscles strengthened. The same could be said of every muscle in my body, though. I was thin *and* fit. “**Wh-What could even—?**”

HEROES STAND AT ABOUT 5’5”!

“...**Huh?**” Galacta’s voice had spoken once more, but this time... wasn’t it a little too specific!? The last comment had been vaguer, but it had mentioned being ‘strong’ – which I had become (and I didn’t even realize just how overwhelmingly strong I actually was now), but did that mean that... “**Whoa!?**” I didn’t want to believe that those words were having a tangible effect on my body, but I wasn’t really being given much of a choice *other* than to believe... considering it ended up happening seconds later.

It wasn’t exactly easy to tell without any objects around me to compare my eye level to, but I *could* feel that my bones were shortening (which wasn’t the most comfortable feeling) as well as see that my already baggier clothes were growing even baggier. Fortunately, while my shoulders slimmed as my nearly six-foot height slipped, my hips preserved their original gait. No, did they get a little *wider*, or was that just a trick of my imagination in the moment?

“**Wait... Am I actually 5’5” now?**” I couldn’t exactly *measure* myself, so once it seemed like the shrinkage had ceased, I had to assume that this was actually the case. My hands and feet were a little smaller on top of everything else, and they almost looked a little daintier? Cuter? Not like a man’s hands, but instead more like the hands of a wom—?

HEROES ARE VAGELY TANNED, 20-YEAR-OLD WOMEN!

...That was *extremely* specific! “**Oh, come on!**” I didn’t know why this was happening – at least not with my memories wiped – but I was probably giving a fairly amusing show for the one who had set this all up to transform me in the first place. Even so, all I had to do was glance down at my hands to see that my pale complexion had darkened slightly. No, not just that... Was my arm hair gone? The voice *hadn’t* mentioned hair loss!

Either the speaker was getting lazy, or that hair was factored in with the '20-year-old woman' part of the declaration. A not-so-subtle pull between my legs forced a moan out of my lips as the most dramatic aspect of it all took route. Because I'd caught onto what was happening, I'd been able to brace myself for it, but that didn't stop me from shuddering as my cock and balls shrunk before mending down into what would become my new pussy. Suddenly, the fact that my hips had widened made sense. **"Wait! Those words are just for flavor, aren't they!?"** They weren't *literally* defining what was happening to me. I was a *woman* now, but whoever was doing it was taking their own liberties.

UMM.... NO! NOPE! TOTALLY LEGIT! LOOK!
JINGLING KEYS!

So, that wasn't *actually* Galacta! She wasn't getting away with this, she— Wait, *Jingling keys!?* It had been such a silly thing to say, but I couldn't stop thinking about *how* silly it was! My head felt nice and light! Was I *normally* this easily distracted and simple? It kind of felt like maybe not...? Oh well! Either way, it seemed like the voice was done barking orders, not that the most recent ones had fully come to fruition yet.

The twenty years old thing... It was a little hard to tell, but you could definitely see it more in my *face*. The process was paired not only with the expected effects of my sex changing, but something more fundamental to my identity... in the sense that it was changing as my sudden personality shift suggested! **"Hmm... Hey! Talkin' voice? You got anything else to say?"** My voice? Higher. My dialect? Much more casual.

I was having kind of a hard time *trying* to talk for a second, though. My lips were a little swollen? Well, there was that, but also my teeth? Had the front two *always* been so big? They were hitting my tongue kind of weird. *Well duh, what kind of squirrel wouldn't have big buck teeth!?* ...Squirrel? Regardless, my buck teeth and fuller lips were only *part* of the equation. My cheeks had thinned, only to become a little chubby again while the tip of my nose flattened. Throw in my eyelashes lengthening around a pair of *chestnut*-colored eyes, and I looked even more like a pretty young woman.

"Really? Gonna leave me hanging like an acorn in the summer!?" For some reason, I had the bright idea of trying egging the mysterious voice on, which begged the question: since when did I care more about *that* than what was happening to my body? My short hair was growing shaggier with the color shifting to light brown at that very

moment, and even though it should have been *very* noticeable? I didn't really care about any of that! Not even while that hair curled out at the back and sides as a chin length bob. And *man*, my bush of pubes had grown *hairy*!

The fact that I was biologically female was *very* clear based on my face, general silhouette, and the notable absence between my legs – but I still appeared vaguely androgynous overall. Well, *that* wasn't a thing for much longer! Certainly not with my muscular thighs fattening up as they were! The vaguely tanned skin around them stretched and stretched, pulled tautly around soft fat that gave me the type of thighs that you'd *really* want to use as a lap pillow! ...Or use to kick bad guy butt!

And speaking of *butt*! My pants had been *pretty* loose after losing all of that weight, but the fabric was pulled *real* tight around my butt cheeks thanks to them ballooning into a really fat, heart-shaped behind! They rounded out well with my thighs *and* forced my hips even wider. Hey, you have to make room for that big caboose! “**Fine then! See if I care!**” Did I actually care if Miss Disembodied Voice was talking to me? Kinda!

I cared more about that than all the weight I was putting on in *fun* places, at least! Butt and thighs aside? My toned tummy thickened a bit, becoming wider to match my widened hips. There was a new plushness to it that complimented all that muscle underneath, and I liked showing my midriff off! Still had to cover up the girly bits though, and they were growing in nicely! All it took was a wee bit... or a *lot* of weight pouring beneath my nips so that they swelled into *E-cups* under my shirt! And what was *with* that shirt, anyhow? Was I wearing like, some *dude's* shirt?

“**Hey now, wait a sec!**” A strange feeling radiated from just above my booty. It was like a pressure or something, but it felt very... *extreme*? I spun around in place *several* times, but then all of a sudden? **POOF!** A big and fluffy squirrel's tail just *erupted* out of my tailbone! It lifted my shirt before slipping out, growing so darn big that it was almost as large as the rest of my body! That fur on it looked super soft, though! Which, duh! I was always taking good care of it! ...So long as I wasn't too busy with missions!

I opened my mouth for a sec like I wanted to say something but ended up closing it again. There was nothing weird about me having a tail at all! Just like there was nothing odd about my pants splitting to show off my thighs, becoming a pair of brown shorts with furred trim underneath a belt with an acorn-shaped buckle! I had on my usual thick, black thigh highs and brown boots that matched my shorts, and what else...? Oh

right! My favorite, tummy and cleavage-revealing crop top and the open jacket that matched the shorts and boots! Of course, I couldn't forget my fingerless gloves and squirrel ears headband!

“Woah! Hah! Nice void we’ve got going on here!” If I didn't *sound* too worried, that was because I wasn't! Ending up in situations that were *super* weird was basically a page out of the book of the daily life of a superhero, and as *Squirrel Girl* (aka *Doreen Green*) I had been in *plenty* of 'em over the years! As things usually went, I'd probably get the heck outta there any second now! Some weird void-y tendrils would grab me and pull me into a portal or something! My tail swished back and forth with anticipation!



At least until I noticed something *was* missing.

“Er... Tippy-Toe? Where you at, little guy!?” Oh, right! So, Tippy-Toe is like my squirrel BFF! We always went everywhere together, so it was kind of weird that she wasn't around? **“Did ya run off, little guy!?”** It was *probably* unrelated, but something in my shorts pocket felt kind of warm? Eh! It was probably nothing 'cause it wasn't like Tippy-Toe could fit in there!

WHAT!?! HEY! DO NOT! ARE YOU TURNING ME INTO A SQUIRR—!?

“Uh... Hello? Whozzat?” Had I just heard some girl's disembodied voice? Sounded like she was in a bit of a pickle, too! I definitely would have gone to help her out if I'd known where she was or how to get there, buuuut... **THUMP!** **“Huh?”** I looked up when subtle weight fell on top of my head, right in between the ears of my headband. I could make out a grey, chubby face hanging over my forehead. **“Oh! There**

ya are, Tippy-Toe! And just in time, too! I think we're about to get the heck outta this place!"

The squirrel squeaked happily, evidently no longer aware that she had *been* Hisa. She was just a super privileged squirrel that was super happy to be at Squirrel Girl's side! A dose of karma that was lost on the pair of them, since neither of them could remember their past lives. But eventually? Sooner or later the memories *would*, and the squirrel's powers would return to turn them back to normal.

But who knew when *that* would be!