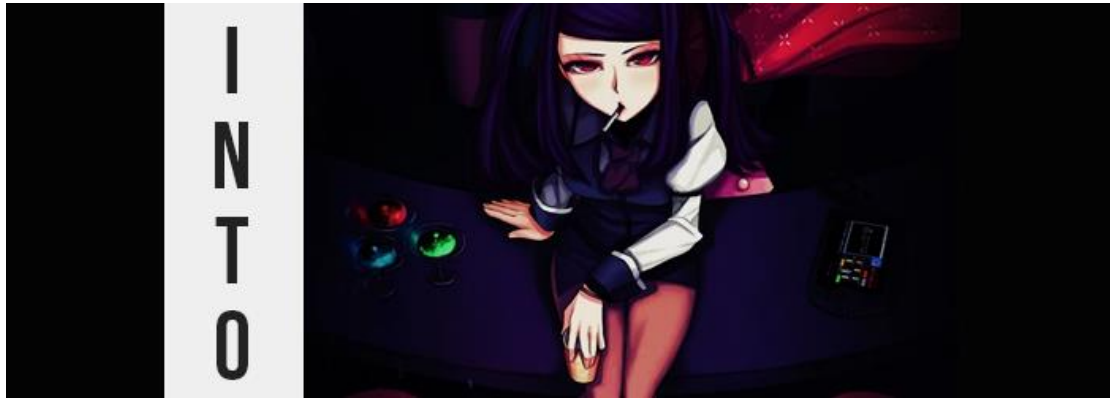


SAVING GAME II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a fairly normal day to me, all things considered.

That is to say that until the evening? I hadn't exactly encountered anything that could have been considered out of the ordinary. Not that I really *should* have, either. I wasn't an especially special person, just one of many women out there that were trying to make ends meet in a world that was more or less trying to punch down against me. I had gotten up, gotten ready, trooped through the 9 to 5 job that I sat through *every* weekday, and then returned home exhausted.

I was just thankful that I wasn't in it all alone! When I came home every night? I was coming home to my boyfriend. He was presently unemployed after finally getting his degree, and I knew how hard he was trying to find a job in the game programming field that he had toiled through school to work in. But I also knew that his lack of a job was killing him. Not because he wanted to be immediately successful, but because he was worried about being too much of a financial burden on *me*.

Which he was, but that was only natural considering the circumstances. He couldn't make money without a job, and this arrangement was one we had discussed prior to him graduating. His family was also sending him a little bit of money, which *definitely* helped matters for the time being. But that money *would* run dry eventually. We were both hoping that he would find a proper job relatively soon.

But our circumstances were besides the point. After coming home from work, I had checked on him to find that he was tinkering around in the code of one of his favorite games – Val... something? Valorant? No, that

wasn't it. I wasn't really familiar with it myself, even if I *did* dabble in video games here and there myself. Nonetheless, it hadn't exactly been an *odd* sight in any capacity, so I left him to his own devices while I prepared dinner – seeing as it was *my* turn to do so. We had a schedule!

At some point during that time the power had flickered. Hopefully it wasn't going to storm soon?

“Sweetie? Dinner’s ready!” When the dinner was set and the food – spaghetti tonight – was prepared, I called to him. I didn't receive an immediate response, but that was normal sometimes. He got too caught up in what he was doing and forgot to reply, but he'd typically hear me and come out of his room when he was finished. But five minutes passed without my boyfriend making an appearance, so I got up to call again. **“ARE YOU OKAY? I SAID DINNER’S READY!”**

Another few minutes passed without so much as a response, finally prompting me to knock on his door and let myself in. **“Sweetie? Are you... Huh!?”** The lights in the room were off, but they'd been off when I'd come home earlier too. His monitor was the only source of light in the room, but it was enough. Enough for me to tell that he *wasn't* there. **“What? Where could he have gone?”**

His room was only a door down from the kitchen so I would have heard him leave, and his cellphone was still on the desk to indicate he was still in the apartment. **“M-Maybe the bathroom?”** But after running out to check, I found that he wasn't *there* either. Or *anywhere* in the apartment for that matter. It was so unlike him to just disappear like that, but the circumstances were also so strange that I decided to make an executive decision.

And so, I place a quick call to the cops before returning to my boyfriend's room. The cops would be there soon, but I needed to do a quick comb of his space to make sure I wasn't missing anything like a note. But he also wasn't one *to* leave paper notes. **“Wait, the computer!”** It was still on, so all I had to do was login from his lock screen. He didn't *know* that I did, but I knew his password. So, still standing, I typed it in and pressed ENTER.

Everything started up normally as I gripped my phone, and for a brief moment? I saw what looked like the screen of a dating sim or *something* on the monitor. It was only a brief glimpse because something suddenly *changed*. I *disappeared*, and my phone dropped onto the floor of my boyfriend's room with a clack.

The next thing that *I* knew, I was standing in what I could best described as a rather lavish bathroom. It was spacious and featured a gratuitous bathtub and sink combination, though for some reason? The mirror above the sink was just... black. It wasn't reflecting any light, much less my own appearance. **"Where... am I? How am I even here?"** And was this where my boyfriend had ended up? I couldn't explain *what* had happened, but it would have explained his sudden disappearance.

I tried the knob on the nearby door. I must have been in someone's apartment or *something*, so did that mean my boyfriend was nearby? Unfortunately, I was denied my chance to immediately check as much, because the door wouldn't budge even though the knob turned. **"That's weird. Is it locked? Or is it broken?"** One of those possibilities was worse than the other, but both were incorrect. Nothing on the other side of the door had *loaded* yet. But then again, something on my side of the door had yet to load as well.

What I experienced was essentially painless, and in the earliest moments? Things must have been happening early on that hadn't even registered with me at all. I still had no context for where I was or why I was there, much less what powers had brought me there and for what reason. I didn't know that I was under the influence of something that didn't want me to remain *me*, or that I was presently trapped within a *digital space*.

If only the mirror hadn't been blacked out nearby, I probably *would* have noticed one or two things early at any rate. But just because I didn't, it didn't mean that nothing had been happening in the first place. The sheen of my eyes had darkened towards a color that wasn't *normal*. At least not *biologically* normal. You could likely make a pair of eyes look that was with a pair of colored contacts, but that wasn't what was going on with my eyes. They had darkened to a reddish brown that also bordered crimson.

There was more to what was happening to my eyes than this, though. Their shapes ultimately shifted, pinching in slightly in the corners to give them a shape that was slightly off. Like I was of mixed descent. If I'd been able to see, I might have assumed that I was now half Japanese. And I would have been *right* at that point. The other half of my blood would have been harder to ascertain, however. It was clearly Caucasian, but from where? *France*, of all places.

"Hello!? Is anyone out *there*?" I really *was* oblivious to the fact that anything was wrong at this juncture. After my voice experienced an odd crack, I coughed to try and clear my throat. Calling for help appeared to be a fruitless endeavor, anyways. No one was there, and I didn't really

know what to do *if* someone even was. How would I explain that I ended up locked in a stranger's bathroom? As I exhaled, I was offput by the sudden scent of smoke on my breath.

"...Smoke?" No, it wasn't just a *scent*. There was a taste too, permeating throughout my entire mouth. I had never smoked a cigarette in my life, yet that taste and smell were plain as day. Almost like I'd been smoking a pack per day for the past while. **"I... must be imagining things."** Like how I had ended up in an unfamiliar place? Or why my voice sounded a touch higher, yet coarser from a presumed life of smoking?

I furrowed my brow with both confusion and concern and then bit my lower lip. But even *that* gesture felt odd somehow. It was like my lip was *smaller, thinner*, or perhaps a mix of the two. And this was true, more or less. My lips had become more petite, just as *all* of my facial features had. It didn't matter if we were talking about a narrowed nose or thinned cheeks, it all made me appear a little bit younger. Ironically, the *opposite* was true.

Biologically, my skin had paled and aged. All the way up to *twenty seven* years old.

"Forget a smoke. I need to... to...?" I couldn't even continue that thought before I found my fingers reaching back and over my shoulder. I hardly notice the burst of cigarette smell that filled the air as my fingers passed my face, likewise, containing trace amounts of the scent of alcohol too. My hands had removed in response to what felt like something *crawling* across my shoulders.

I was incredibly alarmed to find that it was my *own hair*. It was *longer*, now reaching the center of my back while bangs were pulled to the left. What alarmed me more as I managed to pull a few strands in front of my view, however, was the *color* of these locks. They were a very dark *purple*. Much like my new eyes, the color of this hair wasn't attainable naturally. You'd need a wig to accomplish this look, or at least some strong dye. But this was my natural shade now.

How else could I even feel except flabbergasted? **"It wasn't just a trick of my imagination then. Something's really wrong with my body!? It's... changing!?"** What? How? Why? I didn't have answers to any of these questions, of course. I could only now observe powerlessly as the front of my blouse began to *lessen*. **"W-Wait, I'm getting smaller?"** I had aimed this comment solely at my own bust, but it was actually a broader phenomenon than I had realized at the time.

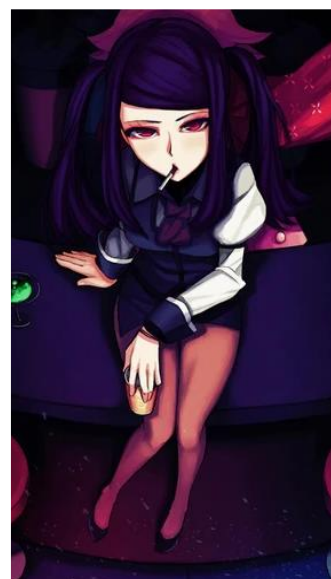
My tits had always been perky DD's that fit neatly into my bra, but that bra was becoming looser and looser around a rack that was steadily becoming much more *compressed*. I wasn't so unfortunate that they diminished all the way down to A-cups, but by groping myself with smoke-scented hands I could tell that they had shrunk all the way down to *B-cups*. Tragically, even my thighs and ass had lessened in mass. They remained round and perky, but not nearly with as much excess as they had. Those changed just weren't as prominent to me since I was wearing sweatpants. Not even my hips thinning a touch registered as I panicked over my breasts instead.

If there was anything that would tear my attention away from my breasts, then... "**AH!?**" It would have been the encroaching sense of inertia that occurred to me as the bathroom appeared to grow in size. That couldn't be the case, of course. The bathroom wasn't actually growing bigger. It was *me* who was growing smaller instead. I'd already been relatively short at 5'4", at least compared to how tall my boyfriend was.

But tragically? I was shrinking to become even smaller than that. My fingers and toes were victims of this, shrinking in kind to remain consisting while my old outfit bunched up and became baggier still. This was especially evident around the knees of my trackpants, or with how my hands slipped *into* the sleeves of a blouse that seemed large enough to be a jacket on me now that my body was a mere 5'0" instead. Which made it almost *funny* that I was still technically older than I had been before this all began.

"I... don't understand." How could I? None of this was grounded in reality! Bodies didn't just *transform*! You couldn't just be *teleported* somewhere against your will! And your outfit surely *couldn't instantly be swapped out on a whim*! That last one was a brand new development, in fact. The old outfit that no longer fit me was gone, and I found myself wearing a disheveled bartending uniform that reeked of booze and smoke. It was in a state that suggested I had just gotten back from a shift. Actually, the fatigue that settled into my body suggested the very same thing!

"Julianne Stingray? Jill? Where are these names coming from?" In terms of memories, these were the only things that had really changed. My body was *way* different from what I had looked like before, but it was still a woman's body – even though I was shorter and *smaller* in all of the worst places. The scent of cigarettes was



present on my breath now even though I didn't smoke, and that scent continuously fed a new craving that I was finding difficult to resist.

But it didn't matter that I was now *Jill Stingray* or whatever. I could tell that something had changed, and so I tried the door again. This time? Not only did the doorknob turn, but I managed to push the door open enough to see an equally lavish apartment bedroom on the other side. One with a beautiful, tanned woman standing inside. "**Who are you?**" I didn't step through the door yet, but it also seemed like the woman hadn't heard me?

So, I stepped through the threshold of the door.

That was when it occurred to me. Everything on the other side of the door was *flat* and *pixelated*. "**Wait, this is like... a... game...?**" And feeling my own body begin to stiffen, I looked down at myself to find my body transforming further to suit this new style. My lower body was quick to transition into a two dimension state, but as it did, I also appeared to lose any autonomy.

My posture stiffened and my head was pointed straight forward at the tanned woman, who was talking? No, there was no sound, but I could see her words in a speech bubble above her head. She was talking about not normally sleeping with girls, but about how she would make an exception for Jill. For *me*. "**I don't... even... know... who...?**"

But my head became just another 2D fixture of this realm, and my voice was lost as my words ended up conveyed in a speech bubble overtop *my* head as well. Well, it wasn't what I *wanted* to say at all. It was more like I was being forced to say it.



IF YOU' RE SURE, ALMA. I' LL MAKE IT AN EXPERIENCE
YOU WON' T FORGET.

In the outside world, a separate game window opened to conceal the sexual deeds that Jill and Alma had gotten up to immediately after. It displayed the portrait of a dark haired girl seemingly lamenting something as her speech bubble read:

I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE A REAL BODY?