

LAGUZ IMMERSION EXPERIENCE

COMMISSION STORY

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The Nintendo Switch Online experience was always something of a tossup.

No one liked paying subscriptions these days in general. It felt like *everyone* wanted a piece of the subscription pie, and you could end up paying for subscriptions on top of subscriptions. It was honestly one of the *many* draining aspects of the modern consumer economy. NSO was fairly cheap though, especially when compared to the competing game subscriptions, so its flaws could *somewhat* be forgiven even though they'd increased the cost somewhat recently. It was hard to blame Nintendo for that when *everything* was going up in price.

When the Switch 2 came out, they had finally seen fit to add Gamecube games to the collection – though as always they were only being *drip fed* to consumers. Why release a whole catalogue all at once when you could release one or two per month and keep the players subscribed, right? It was a dubious business practice, but it was still hard *not* to be excited when they added one of your favorite games.

That was how Joseph had felt when they had finally added Fire Emblem: Path of Radiance to their catalogue. He had fond memories of playing it on the original Gamecube when he was younger, and he'd made quick work of a reply when he finally had it in his hands again. If NSO was good for anything, it was devaluing games that you could only get for several hundred dollars on eBay.

But once he had finished? He'd ultimately ended up craving *more*. There was a game that could *provide* that, too. Fire Emblem: Radiant Dawn was the sequel to Path of Radiance. The issue was that it had been released on the *Wii*, and NSO had yet to start incorporating *Wii* games. So, there was only really *one* option if he wanted to replay Radiant Dawn next: *emulation*.

> What about this one? It has a strange bonus mode, but it seems like it works?

Joseph had been talking to his friend, Axel, on Discord about it. He'd also recently finished his Path of Radiance replay, so it turned out that their motivations had been aligned. Axel had been helping him search for a working ROM for the game, and with that message he had sent a link. **"Strange bonus mode? What is it?"** These *were* questions that he'd sent to Axel in a follow-up message, but he strangely didn't reply.

He assumed there wouldn't be any harm in booting it, and doing so gave him the game's title screen. **"Oh, he was right..."** There were two options there. Both 'New Game' and 'Laguz Immersion Experience' – something he'd never heard of before. Was it a mode that only gave you Laguz units throughout the campaign? Laguz being the name for the game's beast people. They could transform into giant animals, more or less.

But he *was* curious. And so, that was what he selected.

Everything had happened so fast – *distorted* so fast – that he had struggled to make sense of what had even happened. One moment, he'd been sitting at his desk, testing the ROM on his computer, and the next? He was sitting on a lavishly decorated *cot* in what seemed to be a sizable hut made on a bed of sand. **"H-Huh!?"** Which was, understandably, *very* shocking and downright unexplainable.

"This couldn't have something to do with starting that ROM, right?" Joseph was thinking more along the lines of 'maybe I'd fallen asleep and now I'm dreaming about the game', but he was surprisingly both right on the mark and *completely* off course at the exact same time. **"It doesn't really *feel* like a dream though. It feels too *real*..."** Not only could he process the *scents* and *sensations* within the hut, but even just getting up and standing there felt much too... *real*.

"But then what could that mean?"

He didn't have any idea, really. When faced with the impossible, with no plausible explanation, what remained was... confusing. But what *wasn't* confusing was that something about his body felt *wrong* all of a sudden. **"Why do I feel so... tight?"** It wasn't like it was his *clothes* or anything either. It was his *skin* that felt tighter, almost like it had dried out? Was it a side effect of being teleported all of a sudden? He didn't really understand *how* that had happened in the first place, so he couldn't really rule things like side effects *out*.

But because he hailed from a warmer climate, he had been dressed up in shorts and a T-shirt. His arms and legs were *mostly* bare, which made it simple enough to check for any signs of dry or cracked skin. But what he saw, while it explained the tightness, was unlike *anything* he might have expected. **"Uh... Why is my arm so thick?"** Now, Joseph wasn't overweight or out of shape, but his body wasn't *very* toned either. The muscle that he possessed was very *average*.

Or *had* been, at least. But the next he looked at his arms? It was more *swollen*. Strength had been etched upon his muscles, reinforcing the grip that his fingers possessed. His arms must have *doubled* in thickness, in fact, with a similar phenomenon gripping his legs, toning his ass, and bringing pronounced pecs and an eight-pack of abs upon his stomach. **"I'm so buff! But how?"** It was definitely *shocking*, but he also couldn't see it as a *negative*. Being stronger wasn't a *bad* thing, but Joseph was seemingly *more* soothed by the idea of strength than he normally would have been. Fortunately, his shirt only tightened a tad from their growth.

That said, the issues with his body's outward appearance didn't end with making him *buffer*. In fact, the tightened skin around those muscles soon changed in their *complexion*. Unneeded body hair was shaved away, and the olive tone of his skin shifted in hue until it was a light *tan* instead. That was subtle enough for him not to notice, but what he *did* notice was... *the lines*. **"Wait. What are these? They almost look like tattoos..."**

What had caught his eyes were lines of skins that darkened to brown along his arms and legs. They flowed from the backs of his hands and feet up to his shoulders and hips. ***"Naturally, these are the proud markings of my... Wait, what!?"*** He couldn't believe what he was saying. He couldn't even really *understand* it. Well, that was where things were beginning to get scary. He kind of *could* understand. He felt a strange sense of pride towards those markings and what they represented.

Additional adjustments were made to his skin in the meantime. The feel of it softened despite how *tight* everything looked, though hardened

callouses *did* etch themselves upon his hands and feet while dirt and sand was slipped beneath lengthened nails. His natural odor became more *earthy*, and his hair took on a coarser texture. But that also wasn't *all* that his hair did, either. It grew longer and wavier, with its darker strands lightening to an almost metallic purple, eventually reaching just past his shoulders where it tickled them.

“I don't...? What is it I should be doing? I have a... responsibility?” A gruffness had developed in his voice that also rung with a feminine huskiness. He sounded *stern*, and his expression gradually shifted to be *just* as serious. But it also shifted to become just as *beautiful*. The curvature of his jaw rounded, but there was a chiseled firmness to it that leaned into the *aesthetic* of *strength* that the rest of his buff body was showing.

Fuller lips and a narrowed gaze, with irises dyed to an emerald green, added to the perceived *femininity* in the meantime. His nose was longer, but rounder and more upturned. It was certainly the face of a thirty-one year old *woman*, and with an almost beast-like *growl* it became more than just an aesthetic choice. **“Ngh...”** Beyond that though, *she* didn't quite react to what was obviously her balls and dick being pushed down and up into her new *pussy*, where they merged with its inner walls and the nub of her penis became her clit. Her bush of purple pubes spread and thickened, as did her armpit hair.

“I have a duty.” One that she had been questioning before? How could Joseph *possibly* question it. Whatever that duty was, it evidently was more important to ponder as she stood there than the remaining changes affecting her body. Her muscular waistline pinched in at the sides in a gesture that made her shoulders seem broader and her hips wider, but those hips also widened in kind so that her silhouette was *undeniably* the silhouette of a woman.

It was a silhouette that was *built upon* in various ways. Her muscular chest had been without fat ever since her body had strengthened, but fat *returned* within pockets that jiggled and expanded. The woman's nipples swelled puffer and larger, and the *breasts* they sat upon jiggled into mounds, then hills, and eventually *DD-cups* that sat firm upon her muscular chest. That weight didn't feel out of place or anything. It was just *natural*. Like she'd always weathered it.

Joseph felt slightly disturbed about *other* things. Her memories were clearly shifting, making her at home in her new body and presenting her with thoughts and feelings that hadn't existed before. But there was still something that *shouldn't* have been there. Vague memories of a little video game known as *Fire Emblem: Radiant Dawn*. Except she couldn't

remember it as a video game. It felt more like a *prophecy* to her. **“Is my tribe in danger?”**

The woman’s thighs and butt burgeoned in the meantime, marking the end of her adjustments with her ass finally thickened into a peach shape. She was now *completely* female, and so this is where you’d expect her changes to come to an end. But that *wasn’t* the case. In fact, while the *adjustments* were technically done, that did not stop her body from growing *new* features. The first of which being a pair of white-furred, pointed ears that gradually sprouted from the top of her head. They resembled the ears of a *wolf*, and her hair concealed how the human ears she’d possessed before had smoothed into the sides of her head.

A pair of fuzzy, twitching ears growing was still a *paltry* alteration when compared to what erupted from the base of her *tailbone* though. That bone *grew*, forcing new skin to grow around the bone and veins that provided it warmth. It eventually stretched out about *five* feet or so in length, and from there? Long, purplish-white furs grew out to cover it in abundance, eventually resembling the long and swishing tail of a wolf.

“Of course. I am a woman of great importance here. So these warnings...” It was almost as if her clothing had begun to respond to her claim that she was ‘important’, because within moments it had shifted into a shoulderless, black top with golden trim that clung to her breasts just above her nipples. A crimson skirt swathed her hips and ass, reaching down to her ankles, but it was open at the front so that a yellow silk loincloth could dangle down the front. A golden sash ran from her left shoulder to her right hip, there was a golden collar-like necklace around her neck, and her right eye was hidden by layered cloth of red, yellow, black, and gold in that order.

What she’d wearing before hadn’t been *that* ill-fit, but this was *much* more comfortable.

If the intention of the *Laguz Immersion Experience* had been to do as its name implied, then maybe it had worked a little *too* well. The white wolf Laguz woman didn’t even so much as *wonder* if she had been another person before. *Nailah* was simply, and always *had* been, the *Queen* of the



desert nation of Hatari. It was still the early hours of the morning, and so after pacing about her hut with her tail flicking behind her, she sat down on *her* cot with her right leg crossed across her left one.

“Another morning... But something is amiss. Isn’t it? It feels like *change* might be coming for my people.” Not *just* for her people, but for the entire world. This *wasn’t* knowledge that the original Nailah could have possessed, but it seemed that some of Joseph’s memories had led to her having a ‘vision’ of sorts about the world’s future. He had, after all, played the game before. Would this somehow alter the world’s fate? Unlikely.

But it *would* make her more cooperative with the forces that would eventually encroach upon her tribe’s land uninvited. **“I must discuss this with my seers when the time is right.”** She stood. **“But for now? I must train. If the tribe will need strength for whatever trials lie ahead.”** Not that she knew what they *were*, but she could only assume that they involved *conflict*.

“A forest...?” I was *confused*. Just moments after I had sent Joseph that link and clicked on the ‘Laguz Immersion Experience’ myself, my surroundings had distorted and I found myself in what looked to be a breathtakingly beautiful forest. The trees that surrounded me reached high into a massive canopy that seemingly blocked out the sky, and aside from birds singing it was very *peaceful*. Almost... *serene*. **“I don’t understand...”**

How could I? A video game ROM shouldn’t have been able to do that. *Nothing* should have; it was downright *impossible*. **“Okay... Get it together, Axel. This is messed up, but I can’t really do anything about it. So, I need to figure out what I can do. Doing... *good thing... Best... thing?*”** I arched an eyebrow. Why was speaking in English so... *difficult*? I had to focus, and I couldn’t even get out a full sentence.

“Something... strange? Can’t... right... speak...?”

From my perspective, it was almost like everything I *wanted* to say in English was being run through a filter. Or maybe it was more like I was thinking in a language *different* from English? My thoughts *did* feel weird, but I really couldn’t parse *which* language I was *actually* thinking in. It didn’t sound like anything I’d heard before, but that didn’t really matter, right? My thoughts *should* have been processed in English! **“Urp!?”** Unfortunately, the circumstances were seemingly much worse than *whatever* was going on in my head.

Because they weren't isolated *to* my head alone. I felt a little unwell in my stomach, and my shirt somehow felt looser in the front? But it also felt tighter... in the back? **"What's... going on here?"** The easier spot to check *was* my belly, so I gently rubbed it through my shirt with one of my hands. But I was surprised to find that there was a little *less* of it? **"Am I...?"** I didn't even need to finish the question. I *was* getting thinner. I could feel my hand sinking against the front of my shirt.

That was obviously *weird* if not downright *impossible* as is, but I had to consider the pull on my shirt from *behind* me too. It almost felt like someone had stuck a pair of sticks to my shoulder blades that were lifting the shirt up. I tried to look over my shoulder to see what was happening, but I had *no* way of telling. It just looked like my shirt was being lifted up like a tent. **"Wh-What the hell is *that*!?"** It couldn't be a pair of sticks of course. Because I could *feel* whatever was growing as if it was part of my body.

My senses were being assaulted on two fronts. I was trying to process the weight of my once bulging stomach thinning and its skin tightening further and further, while my shirt was pulled *against* my belly by whatever was happening in the rear. It was reaching the point where I was almost *entirely* thin, while what was grown felt like it was straining to cut *right* through the back of my shirt. Which, unfortunately...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

...Finally happened. Those *bones* that had grown from beneath my blades contorted briefly once they had become *too* long for my shirt to contain, but they suddenly found a burst of strength the moment I had no more fat to lose. It was almost like my body's excess weight had been converted into the *bones* and *feathers* that finally opened freely behind me with the back of my shirt split apart. Those were *definitely* a pair of *huge*, beautiful *wings* with a white feathered wingspan that was longer than my body was tall.

"My wings!?" I could feel them open and close behind me. It was *definitely* shocking, but it also wasn't the *only* thing that had shocked me. I had *unknowingly* been speaking in the 'foreign' language that I was thinking in ever since I had become distracted by my weight loss, and while I hadn't noticed that? I *had* noticed my voice. It sounded softer, higher, like the voice of a delicate, young woman. **"But why is that strange? Am I not... a woman?"**

I *wasn't*, right? Or at least I wasn't *supposed* to be? And yet— **"Eep!?"** I couldn't stop a high-pitched squeak from leaving my lips that was spurned by a strange, wriggling feeling between my legs that lingered

for a touch too long. It didn't occur to me that I was now a *woman*, that my masculinity had effectively shriveled up and into the slit that had opened beneath a bush of trimmed, *blonde* pubes – even though the hair on top of my head was still dark.

And this was all discounting the changes to my *face* that had happened in tandem, which supported the change in my voice as well. My thinned facial shape slimmed around the cheeks and curved into a rounder chin. My lips became slightly fuller, but sported a poutier resting shape beneath a shrinking, button-shaped nose. My eyes inherited more circular shapes as well, but their colors duller to an almost eerie green that masked my pupils. They were *hauntingly* beautiful, as was my face overall. It did all make me look *younger* though, like a woman in her early twenties.

Even though I was technically *much* older, because my white wings did not belong to any *human* race.

Speaking of, I'd *already* forgotten that those wings were out of place despite their *shocking* appearance not even a minute prior. I opened and closed them as if I'd *always* had them, just as I wasn't at all perplexed by my short, dark hair *rapidly* growing out as it brightened to a light and beautiful blonde. This hair grew until it was very *long* and *extra* thick, reaching my knees behind me even despite fanning out to the sides in voluptuous waves. My bangs ended up parted on the right side of my head but were swept above my left eye.

“I have the strangest feeling... Am I forgetting something? Or am I remembering something I shouldn't...?” I had reached the stage of *confusion*. I gave my head a cute little tilt and raised a slenderer finger to my chin, evidently not grasping the sensation of my already baggy clothes growing all the baggier as my nearly six-foot height slipped away from me. My thinned body compressed, dipping down to about 5'4” within seconds, but the process also narrowed my shoulders, shrunk my hands and feet, and pinched my waist in so that my silhouette was more befitting of the woman I then knew myself to be.

But it was also *more* than that. I was a woman. I *knew* that I was a woman. And yet my body had still been missing the features that would have properly made me one... at least until that moment. Fat ended up pooling upon my chest as I neared my new height and eventually jiggled into a pair of perky *B-cup* breasts upon my chest. My butt and thighs reacted similarly, plumping into I had the lower body of an average yet fair, attractive young woman. My body was soft, beautiful, and clean. But it certainly wasn't *dressed* to match. **“...Oh!”**

Perhaps fortunately for me, but in actuality so that I would not notice that I didn't recognize the fashion of a modern world being worn upon my form, that finally changed. Within seconds I was left in a beautiful, white gown of a modest make. No unnecessary skin was revealed, for it covered me from head-to-toe. It also wasn't accessorized by much; only a golden band around my waist to pin a pink half-skirt around the sides and back of the gown, with heels worn on my feet underneath.

It was my usual dress, of course!

“It’s a beautiful day for a stroll, isn’t it?” The pathways of the forest on the outskirts of Castle Gallia had almost become *ordinary* to me after living there since the end of the Mad King’s War. I *was* the fourth princess of the Heren tribe, *Leanne*, after all. It was my temporary home after Selenes Forest had succumbed and I had nowhere else to go.



It was through that experience that I met plenty of people from outside of my own tribe, the Herons, and I had felt inspired to learn their language despite being a native and sole speaker of the Ancient Language for the first twenty years of my life. Little by little, I had improved! I had to, considering where I was temporarily living. But it was still only enough to utter short phrases, unfortunately... **“A beautiful day, and yet why do I have a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach...”**

If there was any danger, then I assumed that Lord Ike or one of his allies would reach out to my tribe. That hadn't happened, so it *must* have been nothing, but I also couldn't shake the feeling... as if deep down I knew something that I shouldn't. Since I was uncertain, I continued my walk and stretched the big, white wings upon my back. **“I suppose I shouldn't worry about things I'm not certain about, but...”**

“Perhaps I should try and reach out to my brothers...?”