

DÉGAGÉ

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



To set the stage, we need to go back all the way to 2023...

It was a simpler time! But perhaps not all *that* simple. Society was still doing its best to recover from the pandemic, but there were positives to be seen as well. *Especially* if you were a fan of the fighting game genre. It was a golden age for new games of the genre releasing, with one of the upcoming big ones being *Street Fighter 6*. While the game before it *had* recovered a lot of good will after its disastrous launch period during the prior gaming generation...

Street Fighter 5 had naturally still left a bad taste in everyone's mouths, and it was a taste that they were eager to remove. It was a much-needed fresh start for the series, with state-of-the-art graphics and redesigned characters. Everyone was abuzz! And, of course, as was the case with every new fighting game, there was the prospect of them adding exciting new characters. Which was something that they had already done!

The game was even something that Joseph had been keeping an eye on. He wasn't the sort of guy that would consider himself a big fighting game player, and 'casual' was probably the best term to use to describe his level of engagement. He liked to pick them up and play them, and when it came to Street Fighter he was a longtime fan of the character designs and actual gameplay. In a way, he was part of the key demographic that the new game was targeting!

Not everyone that enjoyed fighting games was *good* at them. Super Smash Bros was probably a good example of this.

A second beta was finally coming up for the game, and while Joseph wasn't certain if he'd be able to participate or not, he was still pretty excited to see whatever gameplay came out of it. *Especially* since the new beta included one of the brand-new characters he had been interested in playing. Manon was many things. A tall, beautiful woman whose gameplay style looked to be just his speed.

While in lore? She was a French judoka fighter, ballet dancer, and model. She just had a *very* interesting palette of ideas, and it was all integrated into her moveset from what he had seen of her. “**I wish I could try her out...**” A sentiment that plenty of players had echoed over the course of the beta about their own favorites. *Axel* certainly had been about Cammy White elsewhere in the world around that time, and she wasn't even in the beta at all!

Joseph didn't know about that desire of *Axel*'s, though. At least not how it had been expressed, or that it would somehow affect *him*.

Why not experience Manon now? Since *Axel* is already in there.

He *had* been talking with *Axel* over DMs earlier that day about Manon and Cammy, but this DM *hadn't* come from him. In fact, that conversation had ended rather abruptly for *some* reason. You'd think that would be something to worry about, but for some reason it had slipped his mind until that moment. *Odd*. It didn't feel like something that you would normally forget about, and it wasn't like he had been that busy?

Putting that thought aside for a moment, Joseph returned his attention to the *very* cryptic message that he'd received. “**Is this like... a shady beta invite?**” Which meant that it was *probably* a scam. Some sort of phishing attempt, in all likelihood? He assumed they would just try and get his personal information out of him and run away with it. That actually *wasn't* what had happened, and in fact what *did* happen was much, *much* stranger.

He didn't fall *out* of his seat, but it was more like he'd suddenly *sunk*? All he had to do was look around for only a second to realize that a lot more had happened to him than *just* that, though. “**What!?**” After all, he'd *been* sitting at the computer in his room, but that *wasn't* where he was sitting anymore. He was on a cushioned seat within a *bus stop* in a city that he didn't recognize. Was it in the United States? Based on all the marketing on the billboards nearby... *maybe*? But one sign stood out to him.

“**Metro City?**” That was what it said, but he only ‘Metro City’ he knew of was the one in the Street Fighter world! Which was, obviously,

fictional. But it was hard to deny that everything nearby looked *real*, like he was in the actual city on a warm summer morning. If there was anything about it that came across as *unnatural*, it was the population of people on the street.

That was to say that there *wasn't* anyone on the street. Considering it definitely wasn't so early in the morning that *everyone* should have been sleeping, it definitely struck him as more than a little strange. Suspicious, even. **"There's no way that I'm in Street Fighter, right?"** As in the *game*? That definitely wasn't a plausible explanation. It would have been much more likely that he was dreaming or something like that. But there *had* been that suspicious message that had mentioned Axel being 'in there'.

Was 'there' supposed to be Metro City?

Joseph quickly moved past the idea that he might have been dreaming. Vivid dreams *were* a thing, but there was still a limit to how vivid – and how *aware* of them – you could actually be. He could smell the bus stop's interior, feel the vague heat of the sun's rays that passed through the transparent container, and could even feel the breeze blowing in through the small opening that functioned as its door. Needless to say, it was all way too realistic to be something happening inside of his mind.

That didn't help him understand the specifics behind how he'd ended up *in* the city, though. **"If I liken it to a dance, then... Wait, why would I liken it to a dance?"** It wasn't really comparable to dancing, and he hardly knew enough about dancing to draw a workable comparison in the first place. Maybe being displaced so suddenly was getting to him? But in the back of his mind, he couldn't help but think *'weird that I'd say that after thinking about Manon so much'*. Weird indeed.

It was understandable that the man would be focused more on his surroundings than anything else, but if he'd glanced down at his own body *sooner* then he might have noticed that something was wrong with his body earlier than he eventually would. After all, the olive tone to his complexion was *paling*... in a way that seemed to bring out a pinker hue. This change affected *all* of his skin, not only dyeing it, but also smoothing away its surface and wiping away any unnecessary body hair. His nipples remained dark but grew pinker, whereas his lips became pinker still, naturally.

"Should I find someone I can ask about this? *Bien*, that might work..." *Bien*? That was *French*, right? Considering his previous train of thought, Joseph was reminded of Manon again. Was it just a coincidence? Why had he uttered a singular French word in the first

place? These questions were *all* valid, but all of them were still briefly tossed out the window so that he could focus on newer, developing issues. “**Hey!?**” Such as? Well, for a moment, the man’s brain had processed a sudden drop as his body ‘falling’.

Not like a *freefall*, it felt more like he had been standing on a short stool and that stool had suddenly been pulled out from underneath him. But even then that wasn’t a perfect analogy... namely because his feet hadn’t actually left the ground. The only thing that could have ‘come out from underneath him’ was his *own* body, and that was exactly what had come to pass. Joseph was a tall guy; he’d *been* almost six feet!

But not any longer. His frame had so quickly dropped down to 5’9”, which perhaps wasn’t too significant of a drop, but still notable *enough*. The t-shirt he was wearing bunched up a little around his waist, and shorts that had sat just above his knees dipped slightly below them. His hands? Longer, yet his fingers were thinner, and his toes were daintier to *boot*. “**Mon dieu! Did I just get shorter!?**” Shorter and *Frencher*? Where had that accent come from? Why did he sound like *that*!?

If he’d been able to get a good look at his own face, the answer to that question likely would have been much more obvious. His pinkened lips *had* thickened as he’d dropped, growing until they were almost *three times* as thick upon a face that narrowed while developing a stronger jaw. The bridge of his nose lengthened, contrasting how his eyes vaguely narrowed and gained longer lashes. Those eyes didn’t invoke the possibility that his race might have changed or anything like that, but along with everything else that had happened to his face... they did make him look much more *feminine*.

“**This voice... I’ve heard it before...**” The accent certainly stood out to Joseph. After all, he’d watched trailers and gameplay with that exact same voice numerous times in the past. It was definitely *Manon’s* voice, which was problematic for a number of reasons. He obviously *wasn’t* Manon, but that wasn’t even the primary issue. He was a *man*, whereas Manon was a woman. Unfortunately for him, nothing that had happened so far provable insinuated that *changing* that was impossible. In fact, everything spoke to the *contrary*.

And it *continued* to do so. “**Um...**” That thick, feminine, French voice continued to haunt his speech even as his attention was point *down*, not at his lower body but the upper. It was there that he could see his shirt begin to push forward. “**I... um... Oh.**” His cheeks turned rosy and then outright *crimson* as it quickly occurred to him just what was happening. His chest was expanding, and a heat built as the skin that wrapped around the *fat* that filled them only helped to highlight their newfound sensitivity.

Joseph had to remind himself that he was technically in public, else he might have pawed at them with growing curiosity. He'd been sheepish about the *breasts* that were growing at first, but sooner than later that sheepishness turned into confidence. Why *shouldn't* he be proud about the *E-cup* tits that sat perkily upon his bosom? And in a similar vein, he should feel pride about his *ass* too. “**...Wait, my *derriere*?**” The thought prompted him to look down and over his shoulder.

It wasn't a matter of looking *just in time*, but rather he'd noticed a little too late. His ass had swollen in tandem with his new breasts, with the foundation of her buttocks burgeoning out into a sizable heart that gave his hips no choice but to part. In the end, that was *probably* for the best, because his thighs swelled to nearly *triple* their usual sizes, forcing his shorts to dig *into* them while his butt peeked over the back waistline. As you could imagine, this meant there wasn't much room in his shorts for his dick, and if his hips had remained narrow his thighs surely would have strangled him.

Then again, perhaps it wouldn't have been *that* much of an issue, namely because— “**Oh *cher*!?**” Her thickened thighs rubbed together anyways as she shuddered, spurned by uncanny sensation of her cock and balls, well... becoming the opposite. Not only did they shrink, but they disappeared *altogether* as a pussy opened between her legs, beneath a dark bush that darkened *and* lightened to a shade of bubble-gum pink. “**Je suis un *femme*!?**” She'd been so surprised that she blurted out her realization in *fluent* French, revealing that it had become her language of choice.

And, true to this, it was the language she was now *thinking in*. Any English she spoke was translated in the back of her mind. A mind that was *likewise* becoming decorated with the same bubble-gum pink that her pubes now were. It swept through the entirety of her dark mane, which then lengthened to give her hime-cut bang with longer fringes. The back was lifted to make her hair look similar to a *swan*, which played into the dancing knowledge that had bled into her memories that she had *yet* to tap into.

“**I really *am* becoming Manon!**” As it turned out, Joseph had been correct all along. And it was *practically* finished by the time she had said it out loud. *Practically* finished, but not entirely so. Manon was a dancer, but she was also a powerful martial artist, and she was missing something that all powerful martial artists required. *Strength*. “**Mm!?**” It wasn't left behind; it just settled in *last*.

Clothing that *already* didn't fit her in any reasonable capacity became all the tighter as, beneath it, the skin around her body was pulled

tighter. Her arms *doubled* in size as the muscle in her arms became more pronounced, with a similar phenomenon affecting her legs – including making her thighs *even* thicker. Abs, pecs, even her ass was strengthened until she looked just as strong as she did *hot*, though the fact that she was practically bursting out of her prior outfit was now an issue.

Just not a permanent one.

The woman didn't quite know how to process what had felt more like a *glitch* than anything. All of a sudden she was dressed in a purplish-blue singlet underneath a white gi with turquoise trim. Its sleeves were rolled up, with purple and white-striped armbands around her wrists – incidentally matching accessories around her ankles and neck. There were cutouts around her shoulders and hips, with the shorts of the singlet decorated with red and white lightning bolts. Other than the footguards that covered her soles, her lengthened nails were painted in the colors of France's flag.

“Even my clothes. This is a lot to take in...”

From her body to the French accent that haunted every word she spoke, *Manon* had to take a moment to properly adjust to the fate that had just befallen her. For all intents and purposes, she *was* Manon, there was no denying that. It initially had all felt so very *foreign*, being a woman, an athlete, and someone that spoke the way that she did. But she unknowingly adjusted little by little until she felt more comfortable with every word and ever adjustment that her body made. In fact, it somehow felt *right*.



A little *too* right, because she found herself beginning to walk out of and away from the bus stop that had sheltered him, into a street that was busier than before. **“I wonder if it remained unpopulated because of my transformation? Hm...”** It was a fair assessment, but Manon hadn't even *questioned* why she was walking about without a goal in mind? She hadn't even expressed a desire *to* go exploring. Yet

she was strutting about with some purpose that was unknown even to her.

At least until she stepped off of the street and into a nearby alleyway. It was largely clear and poorly populated... aside from a muscular woman that was mumbling to herself. As a Street Fighter player, she immediately recognized her as Cammy White, but was she mumbling about being in Metro City? Had their fates been similar? Manon had thought to at least ask, but upon hearing Cammy utter the words “**Who am I fighting?**”, something in her head snapped and what he uttered wasn’t what he had intended on saying at all.

“**The pleasure is mine!**” She blurted out, subconsciously surprised by what she had said so confidently. She hadn’t *meant* to say it, and it hadn’t crossed her mind at all. “**Non! I did not mean to say that! I am not actually Manon, and yet...!**” She was trying to communicate to Cammy that things weren’t as they seemed, that she absolutely was *not* Manon! But for some reason? She wasn’t able to finish that sentence. It was like something just cut her off.

“**Wait, are you also not— Beginning operation!**” Cammy tried to resist but ended up taking a combat stance... but it wasn’t to Manon’s surprise. Instead, she took an offensive stance of her own without meaning to, confidence evident on her face. She had undoubtedly wanted to ask the woman about her memories, and to ask what was wrong, but what came out of her mouth was neither of these things.

“**Watch in awe... as I command the stage!**”