

VR ARCHIVE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Oh? Is it finally here?”

It had been a long week for Ayano Keiko. The Japanese teen had been *very* busy, which *was* more or less expected for most girls of her age. She was a fifteen year old student, and on top of that she had to worry about club activities and her near nightly dives into ALfheim Online along with her friends. But things were a little *more* difficult for her than most other girls her age, courtesy of the Sword Art Online incident.

She was a *survivor*. At the tender age of *twelve* she had been trapped within a virtual reality game where dying in the game meant that you would die in real life. It had been a traumatic experience, and simultaneously the time that she had spent there had led to her falling behind on her classes. This was a common problem for *every* student who had been trapped in the game, and there *were* numerous survivors. So, they had all been assigned to a school made specifically for them. The SAO Survivor School.

Keiko didn't really *mind* this. Despite only being fifteen, she understood its necessity. But because they were simultaneously playing catch-up while learning what other students in their grades were in normal school (not to mention the therapy sessions for their trauma), it meant that she didn't have *as* much time to herself as she would have liked. Falling back into the VR rabbit hole was the most effective way to make use of that time, since she could use it from home and easily connect with her friends.

That was why she'd been so excited to get home and find a certain box on her bed. It was an early release of the latest and greatest VR headset

– something she'd received for *free* after traveling to participate in a beta test a while ago. It had been interesting, and apparently it was far safer than even the current model! They'd probably wanted to use predominantly SAO survivors for their beta as a way of reassuring consumers that it was *definitely* safe.



Keiko went to text the others to let them know that her headset had arrived before beginning to set it up. Apparently, Kirito and Suguha had been away sick for a couple of days now (but that was just a lie because forces behind the scenes were concealing what had actually happened to them) so she didn't expect a reply from them. **“Huh. I still haven't heard back from anyone. Well, nothing wrong with diving in now, right? I can catch them online!”**

She knew from firsthand experience that these new headset synced with your phone, making it so that texts and calls could be received and sent *while* playing games. There was nothing to worry about there, so she put the headset on and laid down on her bed. It didn't take long at all for her to be deposited into what was effectively the headset's 'lobby'. And it immediately recognized her from the beta, conjuring her SAO Silica avatar immediately.

“Let's see... Ultra Immersion? That sounds fine. Everything else seems normal...” Silica flipped through menus quickly, not thinking too hard about the settings that had been suggested to her. But she *accidentally* moved ahead *too* quickly and ended up clicking on one of the preinstalled games instead of ALO. **“Oops!”** In her mind? She could easily just exit and boot into the proper one. What had the title of the one she'd clicked even been? BLUE ARCHIVE VR or something? She'd never heard of it.

The next thing she knew, she was standing in a traditional Japanese-styled classroom with open doors, allowing cherry blossom leaves to flutter in. **“Oh, its really pretty here! But I need to log... out?”** It should have been even easier to do than to say, but she didn't see an option there? There must have been some sort of mistake. A delay on the server side maybe?

Silica had been a little too *optimistic* in thinking it was some form of fixable error. Because she *had* been effectively trapped within the game

for the time being. Much like her ‘sick’ friends had. But while her fate would ultimately be similar? She had ended up in a completely different game than them. Meaning that the results would ultimately be different as well. Different, but not entirely dissimilar. **“I’ll give it a couple of minutes and then send a support ticket...”** She closed the menu, not realizing she wouldn’t be able to bring it back up again. A couple of minutes would have been *far* too late.

The game’s influence could *already* be seen working its ‘magic’ upon the small girl’s body. Her head of brown hair had come under siege in the strangest of ways. Some of those brown strands had darkened towards a brown that bordered black in terms of coloration instead. But from them it spread, hopping from hair to hair until not only her entire head had been painted with this same color, but her brows as well. Stranger still? Her twin tails were forced to unravel and at an astounding speed, the ribbons binding them even falling out of her hair because there *was* no hair for them to hold onto.

Her hairstyle had shortened to a natural chin-length bob with messy bangs.

And Silica herself was none the wiser. The sensitivity settings on her VR experience had been momentarily dulled by the system so that it would become difficult for the victim to take notice of what was changing as it happened. This ensured that the mental ‘refitting’ could transpire without much pushback. Even early on, new memories and personality details were being shoved into her noggin. A brain could only handle so much information, and so things had to be *lost* at the same time.

“Did this classroom always feel so homely?” Was that even the right word? It felt familiar. It was almost nostalgic, like she had returned for the first time in a long time. She *hadn’t*, but memories suggesting the contrary were being implanted. The more her memory and knowledge pools changed? The darker the colors of her eyes became, from red down to an ashen grey. They felt more in line with the new color of her hair, but much *like* her hair those eyes were due for more than a mere change of color.

Although it affected her *face* as a whole, too. It just began with Silica’s eyes, narrowing them in the corners yet seeing to it that they widened slightly in kind. Her eyelashes lengthened too, giving her gaze a much more *mature* look. It was a trend that spread throughout the *rest* of her facial features. Fuller lips, higher cheekbones, and a narrowed chin made the girl not only appear a little older – though only around *sixteen* – but like a *completely* different girl altogether.

She began to pace. The few minutes were almost up, but that led to a new issue with her memories. **“What was I even waiting for?”** Her voice was a little deeper than normal, but it didn’t catch her attention. *Nothing* about her transformation thus far had, and nothing more dramatic *would*.

The change that unfolded next essentially confirmed this without a doubt, because it was a change that probably *shouldn’t* have gone unaddressed by anyone who was paying even the *slightest* bit of attention. Her short body had begun to spring up, inches applying themselves to her form in a manner that should have taken years to accomplish. Even then, Silica had concluded that she probably wouldn’t be much taller even as an adult.

But that expectation had been undone quickly. The girl’s arms pushed out of her short sleeves while her fingerless gloves began to feel tight around her palms. Her thigh highs slipped down to her *knees*, and her boots seemed to be sized much too small for her feet. While even her tunic had lifted up, fortunately it was long enough that her belly wasn’t exposed even *as* she reached a height of roughly 5’5”. **“Eh?”** Though, senses dulled or not, the sound of her sleeves ripping from her shoulders as shoulders broadened still got a reaction out of her.

The issue was that it was *already* too late.

“What’s up with these clothes? They definitely don’t fit me...” And it wasn’t even *just* her shoulders. Her hips had widened dramatically too, lifting the sides of her skirt. This was done in preparation for the swell that came next. Her panties were *already* digging into those widened hips, but they became exponentially more uncomfortable as they were pulled tighter in the back. Well, it was actually a matter of them being *pushed*.

The fat of her ass had begun to swell, quickly pushing her underwear to its limit and then slipping into the depths of her deepening crack. The temporary sensory changes made it so that she didn’t even *feel* this, much less how her thighs were swelling plusher and rubbing against each other in a similar vein. But even if she *had* noticed? She probably wouldn’t have realized.

She was more confused about why she was wearing clothing that didn’t fit her. Even despite the reality that her top was following the same trend right before her very eyes. A once nearly non-existent cup size was burgeoning forward, mounds growing into perky orbs within a problematic location. Silica’s SAO avatar wore armor around her chest and back, and it was far too durable for her chest to grow to the size it

wanted to. Thankfully, because she was in a simulation, she didn't have any breathing problems because of this.

“Hah!?” But it *did* make for quite a sight when her outfit finally changed into something more appropriate for the Blue Archive character she'd become. A modified version of a shrine maiden's kimono that looked as if it had been spliced with a school uniform. Her abundant sideboob was exposed as the *G-cups* upon her chest bounced with their newfound freedom, while a red thong was concealed beneath her shirt, red skirt. Red geta sandals lifted her up, red ropes dangled off her obi, and of all things?

Separate from her human pair, a pair of fluffy raccoon ears sprouted from the top of her head. And an odd, crimson halo appeared inches away from her skull.

As a student of the Hyakkiyako Alliance Academy, *Kasuga Tsubaki* no longer felt like she was in the 'wrong game'. In fact, she didn't realize that she was even *in* a game in the first place. She had been assigned to this specific classroom on the academy grounds for one *very* important reason: to greet the new students and help them get settled, not understanding that these new 'students' were simply players.



Her history as Keiko had been forgotten for the time being, painted over by this new identity and personality combination while her body in the real world had been changed to match Tsubaki's. **“Huh? I'm not supposed to be assigned to this alone, am I?”** Come to think of it, wasn't she supposed to have a partner? But they hadn't arrived yet. Hadn't she gotten ready in the bathroom with them? Yet, curiously, she just couldn't seem to remember *who* it had been. **“I'm sure they'll show up in time...”**

She was probably just running behind!

“What is ‘Ultra Immersion’ supposed to be?” Out of everyone who had set up their VR headsets thus far, it was Sinon, aka Asada Shino, that had lingered over that option for a moment. She wasn't an



SAO survivor, but she had still been invited to the initial beta period considering she was one of the best players in GGO. It had already loaded her avatar from that game, and she was in the process of doing that Silica had.

...Even making the same mistake of opening BLUE ARCHIVE VR. **“Huh? I didn’t even click that, did I?”** She wasn’t even *certain*. It had popped up so fast, almost like it had activated on its own to make her *think* she had clicked on it. Nonetheless, she ended up in a Japanese-style school bathroom in a matter of seconds. There were no mirrors, however, only an open window through which cherry blossom leaves fluttered through. **“This is pretty and all, but I don’t want to play—?”**

“...Where’s the logout option?”

It didn’t take Sinon long to recognize that she’d been trapped, and unlike Silica she wasn’t about to risk waiting. She quickly scrolled to the support ticket page, but her HUD ended up shutting off before she could send a message. **“What the hell!? I can’t even bring my HUD back up!”** That aside, she couldn’t engage with *any* of the VR headset’s usual functionality. **“Great. Don’t tell me I got a defective unit?”** Would she have to wait for someone to find her?

But the game experience she had been logged into had already begun to work its ‘magic’. The strikingly bright blue of the girl’s gaze had already begun to lose its luster, yet a soft *gold* emerged in its place. This was representative of the program bleeding into her mind, beginning to alter her perception and memories as her sensory settings were dulled for the time being. Like Silica, she was being fashioned into the perfect victim before anything else.

“*Hm~!* What should I do in the meantime then?” There was a bubblier sound to Sinon’s voice all of a sudden as a perpetual smile spread across her lips. She felt rather *energetic* all of a sudden, but didn’t think anything of *where* that energy had come from. In fact, she wasn’t thinking much of *anything* as her mind seemingly regressed into the intellectual sense. She was becoming a little *stupider*.

Would a stupid person remain ignorant to the fact that she was *shrinking* even though it was completely obvious? *Probably!* But her lack of awareness was more a consequence of her other mental changes than her intellect. Nonetheless, she really *was* shrinking. Her height

dipped down as low as 4'10", before stopping, but that abrupt drop affected her hands and feet too, so that they were left small and dainty.

This natural left her GGO outfit in disarray. It was suddenly much baggier on her shorter body. **"This is kinda hard to move around in, isn't it?"** And there had been more of an effect on her demeanor from it than she realized. She'd technically become a year *younger*, but she behaved like someone even younger *than fifteen*. Her face appeared far more youthful as well.

Its perceived youth was only *part* of the problem, though. Her cheeks seemed to be rounder, her nose smaller, and her lips... *fuller*, surprisingly. This continued to contribute to the idea that she was much younger, but it also stole away everything that made her, well, *Sinon*. She looked like a completely *different* teenaged girl. Of course, the darkening of her blue hair to black as it fell slightly past her shoulders only furthered this.

And yet, while so much of Sinon's body seemed to be cuter in a more youthful way? **"Woah!?"** As the girl suddenly fell forward, this didn't seem to remain consistent in any meaningful way. The girl *just* managed to catch herself but seemed to be confused about why she'd almost fallen face first in the first place. It should have been fairly obvious. The neckline of her top had remained consistent even despite becoming smaller, but *now*?

It jutted out an additional *six* inches. Her breasts had grown dramatically over a handful of seconds, ballooning into a pair of tits that felt somewhat out of place with how cutesy she'd become otherwise. Not even her thighs and ass grew to such ridiculous proportions and only swelled slightly, confirming that most of her fat had gone into her bosom.

Twitch, twitch.

As Tsubaki did, this girl also received her own pair of animal ears that twitched in a distracting manner. But they felt *natural* to her. Just as her clothing did once her skintight GGO attire was swapped out for completely different equipment. A modified miko kimono of her own that hugged her body tightly. It wasn't as revealing as Tsubaki's and looked more traditional than the older girl's even if it had a uniform's collar, with detached sleeves and all. Her hair was even pulled up into a tiny bun behind her head.

Not to mention the pink, flower halo that appeared above the back of her skull.

For *Isami Kaede*, everything felt like how it *should* have felt. Like Tsubaki, she was a student of Hyakkiyako Alliance Academy and one of the students assigned to helping greet newcomers. She wasn't late *yet*, but if she didn't leave the bathroom soon? She probably *would* be. **“Dashing in a pinch! Here I come!”** With the furry ears atop her head twitching, the girl *bolted* out of the room without even stopping to *triple* check her hair. She'd lingered so long because she wanted to make sure everything looked *perfect*.



“I don't get why Tsubaki didn't make certain too! This is going to be our first impression on all of the new students! We should definitely look our best~!” Or so Kaede mused as her light feet carried her down the wooden hallway towards the classroom they'd be using for their 'orientation'. But she just giggled to herself after the fact. **“Of course, she doesn't really need to pretty up. She's way more naturally pretty than me. No fair~!”** But she was plenty cute herself, right? Their appeals were just different!

Kaede crashed through the classroom door. **“Yoohoo, Tsu—!”**

“You're late!”

“Aww, don't be that way! I'm not even late! I'm practically here in the nick of time! Doesn't that make things more dramatic!?” Kaede was clearly trying to justify leaving things until the last moment. She really *had* just lost track of time, but she also didn't want to own up to such a silly mistake. Tsubaki could only let out a light sigh at her excuse. **“Forgive me? Just this one time?”**

“Fiiiine! But don't let it happen again!”

Realistically, when they would finally be able to log out, they'd have much *bigger* problems. And that wasn't including their much bigger racks!