

A SINKING FEELING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There wasn't a time of year that was more exciting to a gacha player than summertime.

That was because there weren't very many games that didn't try to capitalize on the things that were typically associated with that time of year. The beach or pool, good times, and most of all? *Swimsuits*. Because these games tended to lean into fanservice for prophets, you could usually assume that even the tamest of games would lean into the idea of dressing up their women (and sometimes men) in revealing swimwear, generally as entirely different units or skins to get their players to spend.

When it came to *Goddess of Victory: Nikke*? Consider it was largely known as the 'ass out' game, it probably wouldn't have been surprising to hear that it elected to do *both* – summer units *and* swimsuit skins – much to Joseph's chagrin. This year? Not only did he want *both* of the new swimsuit units, Dorothy and Elegg, but a gacha skin for Red Hood Rapi had been added as well. He'd made it his life's mission to get all three no matter the cost! ...Okay, well there *was* a line there. He wasn't *crazy*.

Ultimately? He'd managed to get away with getting all three before the banners ended, though it *had* required some mileage usage. About a week eventually passed since Summer Elegg's banner had ended, and he was setting up his team to do some of his dailies. The issues arose when he went to find Summer Elegg on the Nikke selection screen. Which, while she was *there*? **"Is something wrong with the game?"**

Everyone else's selection portraits were completely normal, even the regular Elegg's. On the other hand, her swimsuit variant's portrait was completely glitched out. It could have been a processing error or just a general graphical glitch of course, so he didn't think anything serious was happening. All of his data was backed up on the game servers even if his client became corrupted; he'd just need to reinstall it and everything would work out.

He couldn't have *possibly* imagined what would happen when he clicked on the corrupted portrait, though.

“Urp!?” The moment he touched the screen, he couldn't properly *describe* what he had experienced, but it was as if he had been *sucked* into his phone screen. A phenomenon that had already upset his stomach, but now? The ground he was standing on was a little *bumpy*. It was no surprise that this was the case, because by looking out the nearby window of the small room? He could see blue waves crashing by. **“A-Am I in a boat!?”**

One that was moving at that. That meant that the room he was standing in was a cabin? A very small one despite the bed, meaning that he wasn't on a *cruise ship* or anything that elaborate. Cruise ships couldn't move as fast as the boat he was in could anyways. In terms of other context clues? There was a flat screen TV set up across from the bed with a strange machine hooked up to it. Not exactly useful information.

He had to push past the impossibility of it all, especially when he could tell that he *wasn't* dreaming. He had to figure out where he was and how he could get home! Hopefully this boat wasn't out in the middle of the ocean! ...And that he hadn't been intentionally kidnapped. Fortunately for him, that wasn't the case at all. Although it *was* something far more bizarre.

Now, Joseph wasn't really out of shape or anything. His build was basically *average*, not too heavy and not too light – his tummy wasn't especially soft, nor was it firm. That said, he wasn't thinking at all about the plushness of his belly in that moment so much as he was thinking about how *bloated* he felt. **“Are the waves making me sick!?”** That *was* a reasonable deduction to make, all things considered.

It just *wasn't* the actual explanation, and if for some reason he'd bothered to look down at his stomach... Well, *no*. It wasn't that obvious yet because of his shirt, but there was a softness building around his bellybutton that slowly spread throughout his belly as a whole. Little by little it became rather squishy, with his olive-colored skin pressing outward until it lipped an inch or two over his pelvis. His shirt was

baggy enough that it wasn't immediately apparent directly in front; he could just hand wave it as a side effect of feeling so 'bloated'.

"Huh? Wait..." But *then* the weight began to pad the sides of his torso, finally thickening his gut enough that his shirt began to strain and even ride up a little. His hand reached down to tug on it a bit but accidentally grazed his tummy and— *SQUISH*. **"Why does my stomach feel so— Whuh!?"** Joseph finally looked down to see what the problem was, and it was certainly *alarming*. **"D-Did I put on weight!?"** Seeing as he was alone in that cabin, he pulled up his shirt so that a vaguely flabby gut could spill out. It bulged slightly, but there was also an unusual absence of *hair*. He didn't shave there, and yet...

He pinched at his belly, noticing the subtlest cellulite stretch marks visible around his deepened bellybutton. **"That's impossible... This quickly?"** Humans could *obviously* gain weight, but not *that* fast! What was almost as strange to him was how his softer gullet appeared to be losing its olive tone in favor of something pinker too, but his weight problems were more fetching... namely because he soon realized it wasn't *just* his belly.

The hand that had been lifting his shirt promptly let go as it was forced to explore elsewhere courtesy of the realization that his *shorts* now felt tighter as well. **"There's no way it's still going...?"** But as the man attempted to slip his fingers between his pants and his boxers, he was alarmed by just how difficult it was to do so. There was no *room* where there *should* have been enough space to pull on his waistband a bit. That slack had been outright *erased*, and the reasoning for it was fairly apparent once he looked for more than a few seconds.

"My *hips*...!?" That crack in his voice *was* concerning, but it wasn't as much of a focus from his perspective as the part of his body that he'd been commenting on *when* it cracked. It hadn't been *that* obvious at first, but the slow buckling of his knees and the now evident sight of his *already* tight waistband being shoved out to the sides by pinkening skin that was forcibly relocated by shifting bone. They ended up jutting out about two additional inches on either side, but the purpose of this wasn't so one dimensional.

Stretched shorts and boxers were already burdening the dick that was housed inside of them, and that discomfort only grew thanks to the acute sensation of flesh rubbing up against his bulge from either side. Giving up on his hips, he explored his thighs to find that they had *entirely* eaten up the space within the legs of his shorts, with fat bulging over the edge of what they couldn't grip. They'd nearly tripled in girth, and he'd been too distracted to even realize similar measures had been applied to swelling ass cheeks. Within seconds, his shorts were pulled in

close to his ass cheeks, pink skin trying to escape now that his rump was a jiggling peach shape.

“Whoa! My thighs are so *thicc*! My ass is *fat* too! Um...?” Wait. Why was his voice so high, and why was he talking like *that*? All questions that had a clear answer, and yet he’d been focusing on his lower body so keenly that he hadn’t realized what was happening to his *face*. It has been rounding, softening, and *smoothing* – all providing him with a shape that was both *feminine* and far more *youthful*, almost as if he’d slipped back into his early twenties.

But at the same time? He didn’t really look much like *Joseph* anymore. Not with how his lips swelled into a wider pout, his nostrils flared, or his eyes extended to cover more of his face with even his lashes fluttering longer. All it took was a *drop* of purple to land in both of his irises for that new color to overtake his natural tone, and they stood out all the more upon a face that bore a complexion just as light as his belly and thighs.

That said, the paler, pinker shade to his complexion was now spreading across the lengths of his limbs, which were having an unusual effect on his *height*. His arms, legs, and torso were all crunching downward, peeling inches off of his nearly six-foot height until he was a mere 5’4” instead. This didn’t account for his greater weight but instead compressed it so that his belly and thighs appeared even *jigglier* in the grand scheme of things.

Which didn’t really help the lack of comfort in his shorts either, but... **“Huh!? Why do my shorts feel so *full*? Is something stuck in *there*!?”** It had been becoming steadily apparent that something was wrong with his mind, but nothing had made it clearer than *that* comment – seeing as he was referring to his *dick* and couldn’t seem to comprehend why it was even there in the first place! He leaned over a little to try and get a good look, but it was becoming a little hard?

“Hey! Outta the way!” Pale and delicate hands reached out to tug at his shirt, which was now obscuring his immediate view of his tummy and pelvis alike. Joseph probably should have realized *why* that was, because his shirt hadn’t just pushed out on its *own*. His chest had begun to fatten, and what were originally pudgy mounds had been rapidly developing into a pair of *basketballs* upon his chest that were eating up the space of his top so that it lifted to show off his chubby belly. They almost rivaled his *head* in size by the time they finished, but by then?

The discomfort in *her* shorts had already gone away. There was no longer anything *to* be crushed, because what had existed had shrunk away in favor of a woman’s slit. She soon forgot even worrying about it

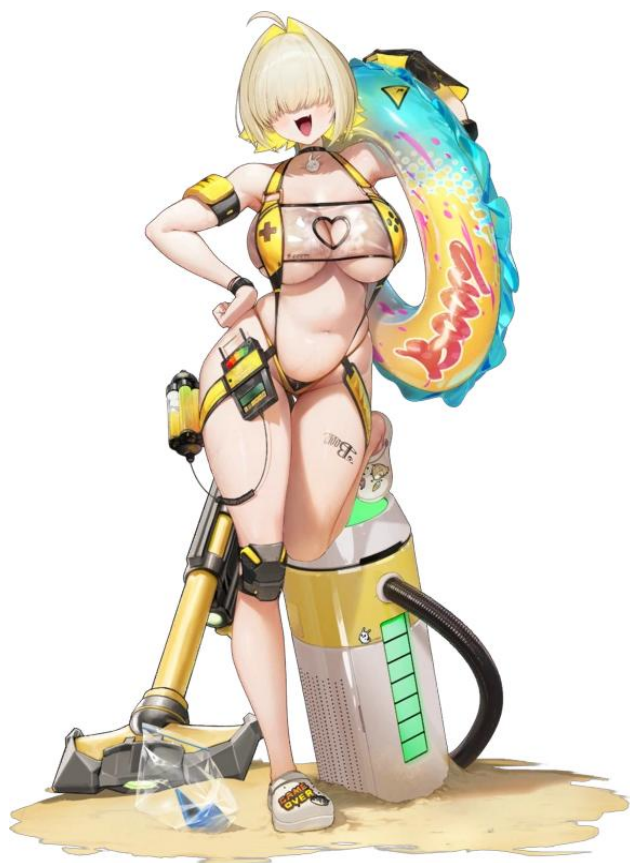
in the first place! Well, she kind of forgot a *lot* of things once the purple of her eyes began to glow dully? The woman just kind of *stopped moving* altogether, really. But even if her body ceased, the transformation *didn't*. Her eyes were glowing eerily? Did it matter if they ended up covered?

And they certainly did. Her short hair both grew *and* lightened in color simultaneously. Not *too* long, shaping into a chin-length bobby that was quite choppy in the back, but her bangs specifically stood out as they lengthened to a point that would have been unreasonable for most women. As their colors shone with a light blonde (with yellow underneath), the strands of her bangs came down to her nose, completely hiding her eyes as the smallest ahoge peeked up from between what was fashioned into two vents higher up.

“I... Whuh!?” The lights in her eyes finally stopped flashing, and Joseph’s consciousness returned just in time for her *attire* to change as well. Gone were clothes that had become *much* too tight for how curvy his body had become, replaced with a yellow thong-like swimsuit that hugged her hips, attached to a matching bikini top that only just *barely* covered her nipples with yellow that had black *controller buttons* printed on them? It was almost like she’d been wearing that swimsuit underneath everything else all along!

That top was spanned by a layer of plastic with a heart cut-out in the center that left most of her huge tits exposed, but that section was seemingly connected to a strange device bound to her right thigh on one of the yellow straps she had on either side. Otherwise? Her tummy hung out, her slender feet were adorned with quirky sandals, arm and knee guards, and a choker. And where had that black tattoo on her left thigh come from?

She effectively wasn’t even *human*, as much as she looked like one. Her internals had all been repurposed into something artificial akin to an android without her noticing. Well, that was why



her brain had shut down for a few seconds. She was effectively a *Nikke*, and a familiar one at that. “**Oh! I remember what I was doing!**” How could she have even forgotten in the first place!?

“**I can’t believe the Raptures set up a base on an artificial island! I guess it’s a good thing they hooked me up to the lighter body model!**” *Elegg* certainly didn’t *look* lighter than normal. Her soft belly was still on full display thanks to her swimsuit, and rather than bother to check out the view through her cabin’s window? She was playing with the controller markings on the sides of her bikini top. The transparent plastic between them flashed with images from her favorite game, BOOM, for a second. “**Ah, well, it’s still a little hard for me to play it this way. Commander can go a round when the mission’s over, though!**”

Which should have been *soon*? As she remembered it, they were supposed to come up on that Rapture base within the hour. Because it was perilous for *Nikkies* to fight over water, the ones that could participate in the operation had been switched over to their lightweight swimsuit models so that they didn’t immediately *sink* the moment they hit the water. “**Should I go check on my partner for this one before we land?**”

“**She’s always so uptight! Maybe if she played BOOM on my swimsuit she’d loosen up a bit before our mission!**”

“***HUUUUUUUH!?***”

My cries *probably* fell on deaf ears, drowned out by the sounds of the wind rushing past me and the crashing of waves that surrounded the medium sized boat I was standing on the *deck* of. It wasn’t so small that I couldn’t manage to easily stand, but it was still pretty *bumpy*. In the grand scheme of things, I was way more confused about *what* had happened to me to end up there in the first place.

I’d just been playing *Nikke* when I’d gone to select my units for a mission? But... I could remember that when I’d gone to select 2B, who had gotten a swimsuit skin as part of the *Nier* collaboration’s return, she’d been all glitchy? I had just shrugged it off and selected her anyways, and then there had been like... a *pull*? And now I was on a boat in the middle of goddamn *nowhere*.

But my problems were honestly *just* beginning.

The boat suddenly hit a larger than anticipated wave, or at least that was how it had felt for *me*. But what had brought my body to lurch was a little more *impactful* and *physical*. It felt like all of the wind had been knocked out of my lungs and I was left keeling over to hug my stomach. My tight, vaguely muscular— *Wait*. “...**Huh?**” Those certainly weren’t descriptors that should have applied to *my* stomach. I was overweight and round, a man without much muscle to his body in the first place.

The moment I managed to right myself again, I pressed a hand against the front of my shirt. A shirt that was *very* empty now that all that weight was *confirmed* missing. “**How the hell is this possible!?**” I could definitely feel *abs* under there too. It wasn’t like all of that weight could have just *up and disappeared*, so where did it go!? I would have an answer to that question within a few moments, but I was taken off guard by something *else* first.

“**H-Hey!?**” I initially thought that I was falling again as all of my instincts screamed out to grab onto something... not that there was anything *to* grab onto. I was forced to settle to throw my hands out to my sides as the deck before me began to feel even *bigger* somehow; not more open, but things felt taller? It took me a second to realize that it was because I had *shrunk*. “**Am I...? How short am I?**” And why did I sound like that? Feminine. Almost *cold*. I couldn’t conjure the same outrage I had seconds ago.

Almost like a *switch* had been flipped in my brain, which probably wasn’t too different from what had actually happened.

5’3”. I didn’t have anything on me to measure myself, but somehow I just *knew* that this was my present height. It had affected my hands and feet too, leaving them dainty yet strong. While on the other hand? The womanly sound of my voice appeared all the more understandable if you stole a glance at my face. My facial features were shifting, altering my perceived identity thanks to a smaller, hooked nose, fatter lips with a beauty mark underneath the left side, and eyes that shone with a bright blue that *appeared* to be glowing – and that wasn’t just a trick of the lighting. The brows above them had thinned and paled so that they reflected a silver color.

And that silver didn’t stop with the hair of my eyebrows alone. It soon surfaced in the roots of the hair atop my scalp and gradually worked its way towards the tips. But once it had been fully painted in this color? Each strand *grew*, their silkier appearance growing into a neater chin-length bob than Elegg’s with my bangs swept across my left eye. On the other hand, I was left completely shaved between my legs. “**What...? These errors...?**”

Errors? I didn't really know what I was saying, but a HUD window had popped up within my vision as if I was wearing VR goggles – despite not wearing anything of the sort. My eyes had been glowing because they were not *normal*, human eyes, and in fact my body's interiors had slowly been adjusting to become more akin to an *android's* body, although not like a Nikke's specifically. It was curious. Even though I had lost so much weight visually? I was still just about as heavy as I had been before.

And I was getting *heavier*. That said, this weight was visual and, on some level, *welcome*. My memories were being twisted just like my personality had been, and to have such a thin body now felt *odd* to me. The sight of my dramatically oversized T-shirt disheveled by the growth of a set of perky, *D-cup* tits beneath it was certainly a welcomed sight as my waistline pinched in, but it just made me feel a little off-kilter. Like I needed to *even out*?

Then perhaps it was a good thing that it did. I *had* wondered where all of my lost weight had gone before, and I *was* given an answer even though I wasn't in the right mental state to even recall anymore. All I did was breathe a sigh of relief once my shorts began to feel tighter and tighter, with now hairless flesh expanding rapidly within my shorts both when it came to my thighs *and* my ass. What developed was a lower body that would have made a supermodel jealous. Tight cheeks that burgeoned to the point that my oversized shorts *tore* at the seams, thighs and hips so wide that they easily dwarfed my shoulders. *But I had be programmed to move with this weight in mind.*

“Mm.” Just as I had been programmed to understand that I was a *woman*. My cock and balls folding into the crevice of my new pussy between touching thighs made that undeniable, as did the fact that the front of my pelvis was completely smooth once what I'd been wearing seeming just up and disappeared. I was dressed underneath, of course, but in a black lace swimsuit with a cut-out in the center to show off the inner edges of my new tits.

Much of my body was now covered by translucent black. Both of my arms wore fingerless gloves of this nature, and while my right leg was bare aside from a strap that dug *mercilessly* into the thigh on that side, a translucent legging was affixed on the left leg where it attached to my high-riding bikini top via a garter belt several inches above. I was adorned with matching sandals, a headband, and a big black rose ornament was affixed to my left hip upon some of the loose black cloth that hung over my tummy. And yet, it was the 'blindfold' across my eyes that was intriguing.

It appeared disruptive, but I could see through it clearly.

While perhaps I'd found the ride a little bit bumpy before? I now had internal processes that made certain that my balance remained consistent subconsciously. Memory data that had been fragmented for the past few minutes recompiled, allowing me to properly comprehend my current mission. Beginning with the basics? I was *Yorha No. 2 Type-B*, or *2B* for short. And almost ironically, I was essentially a fish out of water.

I was an outworlder, an android from another time and place. I had been summoned to this world along with 9S sometime in the past by an entity known as a Gatekeeper. While I had returned home, perhaps according to that entity's whims I had been brought back. I re-established my partnership with the 'Commander' of this world, even though 9S had not come with me this time.

“Could I not have simply worn my usual clothing?” I tugged at the black swimsuit that clad my body. I was no stranger to wearing little, but I didn't understand the tactical advantage to wearing a swimsuit. I was lighter than a Nikke and therefore would not sink like a rock if I was to get knocked off the Rapture base I had been assigned to help conquer alongside a rather unusual Nikke. Apparently though, I was to grab onto her innertube if anything happened.



“There you are, Miss 2B! Want to do a team exercise before we deploy? C'mon! Grab onto my honkers!”

Speak of the devil. A busty and bouncy blonde ran out from the entrance to the cabins. **“I believe that will be unnecessary. Teambuilding isn't— Wait, *what?*”** It took me a second to realize just *what* Elegg had been suggestion, but she framed her breasts with her hands to highlight as much. Those markings on her swimsuit... **“Are those controls for something?”** I couldn't fathom why in the world she'd have them *there*.

“Yeah! So just give 'em a squeeze and play some BOOM!”

“...What?”