

FROM PLAYED TO PLAYER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Oh? What about this one!?”

“Uh... Baa’gel? Do you even know what that job title means?”

“What? Um... *Gay-mer*?” Two aspiring job-takers had been talking in front of the job board within Ul’Dah’s Adventurer’s Guild after a long day of *shopping*. They were fresh off of their last collaborative business venture – one that had involved dealing with some weak monsters on the city outskirts. But despite *how* weak they were, it was a job that had paid relatively well. It was a shame that the Gil they ultimately received for the job had almost *immediately* been spent. Both on board for the inn they were using nearby, as well as on supplies like food and equipment maintenance.

The one who had muttered ‘gay-mer’ was Baa’gel. A Viera Bard that *towered* over Dreah, the nervous Au Ra Dragoon companion she had been chatting with. **“I think that’s how it’s pronounced, yes! But... Haven’t we heard that word somewhere else today?”** She practically hopped in place with a smirk, her blonde bob bouncing as a result. Dreah *knew* the answer, but she also knew that Baa’gel would appreciate it more if she came to the realization on her own.

“Ah! The Soul Crystals from the market!” The Au Ra had been correct, as the Viera excitedly clapped her hands together once she figured it out. It really *wasn’t* the first time that they had heard the word ‘gamer’ that day. They had heard it while purchasing supplies – a

merchant had given the pair one Soul Crystals each as a bonus item. Which had struck them as odd at the time, because Soul Crystals were usually exceptionally rare. They allowed the user to instantly reclass, allowing them to wield a new weapon, spell, or tool with next to no initial training.

The two fished out the ‘Gamer’ Soul Crystals they had been given from their inventories, seemingly of the same mind. This job was doable for them if they just reclassed using those stones temporarily, and since the pay was so high... Well, what was the worst that could happen. “**Let’s try!**” Dreah nodded as a direct response to Baa’gel’s suggestion and—

The two Soul Crystals activated.



“**Where... am I?**” Dreah had *many* questions, but this one was the most obvious. She had used the Soul Crystal, and it *had* activated like one normally would. But from that point on? Everything had gone dark. Even now, the space she was in was dimly lit, but it was lit enough for her to tell it was a bedroom. She just wasn’t sure *where* this bedroom was. She could recognize things like a bed, a dresser, a desk – but it was all so *shiny* and *sleek*. They were utterly unlike any designs she had ever seen before.

On the nearby desk was a strange... *device*. There was a glowing *window* set up beside a big, pink ‘tower’, with a matching rectangle and oval device beside it in front. Was it some sort of control panel? “**N-No. That shouldn’t be my main concern... What happened to Baa’gel?**” They had both used their Soul Crystals together, so was she in a similar situation?

Hoping to find out, Dreah approached the desk and wielded both the *mouse* and *keyboard* with expert marksmanship. She pulled up a chat program and typed ‘*u ok? lmk wen ur online*’ without thinking. Until she finally *did* think and accidentally misclicked, bringing up another active window. “**H-Huh? Is it a communication device? But how did I know how to...?**” And *who* had she messaged?

Unfortunately, she only had more questions once she realized what the new window on the *monitor* was displaying. It looked oddly like the Adventurer’s Guild in Ul’dah... zoomed out. And in another window in the background... “**Th-That’s me!**” An image of herself was being shown in the dimly lit room. She tabbed back to the chat window and typed again without thinking.

‘r u raiding 2nite or wut!? no 1 has evn logged on yet but u!’

She even winked at the tiny box propped up on top of the screen, the *webcam* as if it came *totally* natural to her. Dreah practically froze in place once it occurred to her what she had just enacted, though. **“I-I need to get away from this thing!”** It was understandable that she might think this way, but the woman saw the *computer* as the issue – even though she was now mentally referring to it as such despite having no prior knowledge of modern technology seconds earlier.

The computer wasn’t what was affecting her, however. It was the Soul Crystal she had used, mixed with her presence in a *different world* entirely. An Au Ra could not exist in a world where they were little more than *fiction*, so she would have to become something more *grounded in reality* to exist there instead. Off the cuff, however? There was nothing suggesting that this was what was happening though.

Especially when the earliest *physical* aspects that she noticed were jarringly *positive*, at least from her perspective. **“Huh?”** She became acutely aware of several things in quick succession, all stemming from the area directly beneath the front of her purple casualwear tunic. The silver underclothes top that she was wearing felt rather *tight*, and in fact her chest as a whole felt a little *heavier* than she recalled. **“It must be nothing... Just fatigue...”** As much as she tried to write it off as *nothingburger*...

It became more than a little difficult to ignore. **“I-It’s nothi— AH!?”** Dreah had wanted to pretend that it was nothing so bad, but was met with the sound and sensation of the back strap of what passed as a bra snapping clean off, freeing the weight of her chest and causing her upper body to lurch forward with a *bounce*. She corrected her posture in a panic, noting just how much more burdensome her upper body’s weight felt – partially the result of her body’s hardened muscles softening, but this wasn’t the only cause.

“M-My *tits* are YUGE!” Wait, that hit her ear wrong. Why had she said it in such a *weird* way? It was a thought that only crossed her mind for a singular moment, because she was much too perplexed by how the purple of her tunic top had pushed out to the point that she could no longer see her feet past it. Past *them*. Because the *breasts* beneath them had *ballooned* out with jiggling fat, rising from a more modest cup size to a pair of bouncing *E-cups* instead. It was a little out of character, but she cupped them with her hands. **“*This feel amazing!* Erm... N-No, this is weird!”**

The young woman's body had softened and her tits were supple, and yet she had only noticed *one* of these two things. There were even *more* things happening to her at the time, but she was so intoxicated by the sight and sensation of her swollen boobs with puffier nipples that it didn't occur to her that her white scales had begun to flake off, revealing pristine skin underneath. Nor that her tits weren't the *only* part of her body that had gotten fatter.

Her plain white skirt normally *only* reached the tops of her thighs, but it had lifted higher to show off *more* of those thighs... both visually because they rested higher, and because there was just *more* thigh to show. Those thighs had gained a few extra inches of weight as the scales that lined their sides peeled off, evaporating into nothing before they touched the ground. But why had her skirt even lifted in the first place? Well, it was because her ass had swollen into a peach shape – so big that her undergarments had been flossed between her cheeks. That weight hadn't come from nowhere, though.

It was repurposed mass stolen from a tail that had retracted back into her body.

“Ugh! I don't have time to worry about this! Raid starts soon!”

There were several things wrong with what she'd just said, and Dreah *kind of* recognized it. The energy, the disregard for how strange she felt, the lack of complete understanding of anything she had just said; it all felt wrong. But it *also* felt *right*. Still, it basically left her too stunned to react to how her height sprung up to 5'5" at the time, lifting her shirt to show off some of her soft tummy, and hoisting her skirt higher so that you could see the base of her undergarments.

More scales were crumbling off of her, this time from around her cheeks. Even her *horns* succumbed to a process that seemed to be dead set on stripping her of any of her racial features, and this was proven further once a pair of cute, round, *human* ears were revealed within their hollow shells. Wait, was human the right word? She could have sworn it was something else?

That was neither here nor there, though. With no white horns in the way there was an undisturbed view of Dreah's blonde hair which, truthfully, wasn't looking quite as blonde as it should have. It had darkened, slightly at first into a dirty blonde, but soon pivoted to a raven black that became all the more obvious once there was more *to* her hair. It spilled out until it reached past her shoulders, but carried the scent of—
“Strawberries!”

The woman had noticed the scent, so she must have been on the cusp of noting how weird it was, right? **“I love the smell of strawberries!”**

Nope! She energetically accepted it as the scent of the shampoo she could *remember* washing her long hair with. The once shy Dreah was now exhibiting a great deal of energy, with her lips pulled into a confident smile that was accentuated due to those lips *swelling*. They puffed out and her eyes grew, adopting a green shade all while her cheeks filled out and her nose grew. This fuller face, like the rest of her body, no longer resembled that of the Au Ra woman she had been. She was taller, more attractive, and... cutely dressed?

Because her attire shifted across her skin, rendering it even barer as it became something akin to a maid-styled bikini with a singular legging and an apron around her crotch. Her tits were almost *entirely* exposed by the bikini top, which she adjusted with lengthened fingers while rocking on sharper heels.

Diana Hodgins excitedly ran back to her computer desk and plopped down on the seat once it finally occurred to her what time it was. “**Phew! Good thing I left the game running while I was in class, I barely had time to change into my PJs before the meetup time!**”

Well, she *had* sent a message to the woman she was planning on playing with quickly before getting changed into her favorite outfit. She *always* liked to show up early so she could nag the others to make sure they were there in time for raids.



Being an *amateur* streamer, the twenty one year old liked to make sure she kept up with her streaming schedule. That was why she was dressed in such a revealing way: to attract viewers! Her friend still had *time*, so she ran around her dorm room to turn on a number of neon lights and other devices that would compose the background of her webcam’s view. “**Everyone else in our Free Company is so laaaazy! If I can do classes and raid, then anyone can!**” She was as spoiled as she was energetic; a far cry from the woman she had once been.

But it was true, she ran her own FC! Not that it did her a lot of good at times like these! With little else to do in the meantime, she skipped out into the dorm snack area *in* her cute but revealing pajamas to grab some chips and a drink before the stream started. If someone saw her, would it be embarrassing?

“As if! I totally want people to recognize me! I’m gonna get super popular!”

It’s weird though... Why’d I think the game was real for a sec!? I wish!



“Woah! Where the heck is this!? This stuff is super cool!” Contrary to Drea’s initial reaction, Baa’gel’s response to being placed in a very *similar* spot was far less concerned and *way* more excited instead. She was in a dimly lit, albeit messy space that she identified as a bedroom based on the existence of, well, a *bed*. But there was a desk with a shiny rectangle on it, and women’s clothing was littered all over the floor! The trash was overflowing too, which was a little gross, but *whatever!*

A vibration in her pocket prompted the Viera to reach a hand in and pull something out. Something she had never seen before in her life – a rectangular item with a glowing rectangle like the one on the desk, but smaller – and started using it with ease. She pulled up a chat client where she read through some messages effortlessly even *despite* the modern techno-lingo used. Instead of replying to anything, she tossed the phone on the bed without considering a response.

I just woke up... I’ll get back to her when I’m more awake.

“Eh? I didn’t just wake up! And who was I going to get back to? Drea?” That was the only person she’d been with, but she also couldn’t imagine someone sending her mail through a device like that. **“Through my *phone*? Eh? Why do I know what it’s called!?”** Baa’gel had definitely *never* seen one before, but its name just rolled right off of her tongue all of a sudden.

Confused, the woman looked back at the bed where the device had been dropped in the dimly lit space. **“*Huh?*”** But she found herself *squinting* all of a sudden to try and make anything out. Her vision *should* have been perfect, but now? Her surroundings were all *blurry*. **“And the heck is going on with my eyes!? *Ugh!*”** She rubbed at them thinking that doing so might fix her vision, but something *changed* as she did so. The tanned skin on the hands she was using to rub them lightened, and along with the *rest* of the skin on her body as well.

And once she opened those eyes? Her eyes had changed in color to a dull green.

“That didn’t do *shit*.”, she *groaned*. Baa’gel wasn’t the type to groan, and she definitely wasn’t the type to swear unnecessarily. Her voice sounded a little hoarser too, which was something that seemed to coincide with changes to her face. Dark circles were forming beneath her eyes, while her nostrils flared about thickened, cracked lips. *Weight* found itself where there had been none before, making it so that the once beautiful Viera woman didn’t just look *plain*, but she looked worn down and unhealthy too. Even her complexion had paled to the point where it would have been fair to assume she almost *never* went outside.

What was she going to do about her sight? She’d been so curious about the things in *her* room before, but she couldn’t really see anything with her vision so bad. **“I feel like there should be something...”** The woman had an inkling of an idea about what she might need to fix this issue and waddled over to the nightstand table. Each step she took invited an increasingly obvious change to her body.

Viera women were *very* tall. Most were well enough over the six foot mark even if you factored in their ears. Baa’gel was no exception to this. Or, at least, she *hadn’t* been. Yet with every step she took? Her stride was a little shorter, and the gear she was wearing became a little looser. It only took a few steps for her to dip below the six foot mark, limbs becoming shorter and her spine compressing downward in a way that pushed around the weight that had already lined her bones.

Most of that weight *had* been muscle, but much like Dreah? Her new life had no excuse to maintain that strength. It all softened and turned into flab, leaving her arms and legs a little thicker with loose, jiggling skin, and forcing her tummy to bulge *very* slightly. She wasn’t ‘fat’, it was more like she had clearly made no effort to exercise in a long time. By the time she *reached* that nightstand table? Her height had dropped all the way down to 5’3”.

“There they are.” Shorter, stubbier fingers grabbed the delicate frames of a pair of glasses where she could *remember* leaving them, and she pushed them up onto the bridge of her nose like it was the most natural thing in the world. She then used the same fingers to push bangs of *blonde* hair out of her vision. **“Mm?”** Which naturally struck her as odd. Had her hair been blonde before? It hadn’t. And at the time it also wasn’t entirely blonde... yet.

But it *was* in the process of turning that color. Whether it was the darker natural color or her red highlights, Baa’gel’s hair color was *all* lightening as the length of this hair unwound. It had once reached the center of her back, but no longer. It was now a messy, chin length bob of

blonde that was pointedly *unkempt*. It was shiny, oily, *greasy*; as if it hadn't been washed in some time. Traits that her sickly pale skin began to develop as well.

Thus far? While the woman *had* shrunk, her ample bosom and butt from her time as a Viera had remained. No longer. The front of her outfit flattened as her chest compressed into a more natural pair of *C-cups* that barely filled the bra she'd been wearing underneath. On the other hand? The weight lost in her thighs and ass wasn't *as* excessive. If anything, what she had become looser as that weight was repurposed into the sort you gained when you *literally* sat on your ass all the time.

“YAAAAAAAAAAWN!”

She certainly hadn't been tired before, but now? It *really* felt like she had just woken up as the woman let out a long yawn that almost lasted fifteen seconds. It was a *curious* yawn, because the longer it went on? The *shorter* her Viera ears became... until they disappeared from the top of her head entirely and solidified her new existence as a *human*. She didn't have to worry about interrupted hearing though, because a fleshy pair of the human sort had grown beneath her blonde hair on the sides of her head.

Finally? It was time for Baa'gel's adventuring gear to disappear. She reached dirty fingers down to scratch at the soft, vaguely distended surface of her tummy where trace amounts of blonde body hair lingered. On top of everything else, she really needed to *shave*. But this was only possible in the first place because her heavy top and jacket had thinned into a single, black tank top. Her pants disappeared *entirely*, leaving only black panties around her waist. The tank top was several sizes too big for her and reached the peak of her thighs, so it wasn't a big deal.

“4pm... Ugh, why'd I agree to do raids this early?” *Beth O'Leary* wasn't what you would call an *outside* person. Despite being twenty five years old, she still lived in her parents' basement and hardly ever left her room. She was a shut-in of the highest degree, mooching off the people around her because she just couldn't muster up the energy to do much else. Well, that was the *excuse*, but it wasn't the full story, either.

Bethany was actually *super* shy. She tried to hide it by being a little grouchy here and there, but she'd gravitated towards going



outside because she was too afraid to face other people. *That* was why she agreed to raid at 4pm – because it was nice to have a friend she didn't have to talk to face to face. Even if it was the leader of their FC, the one who played under the name 'Dreah', who was *exceptionally* upbeat. **"To think she wrote her WoL to be so shy, too..."**

She slumped down casually at her computer desk as she considered that she had no room to judge. Her own WoL, Baa'gel, was super energetic and friendly – her polar opposite. For a brief moment she'd wondered if that world had been real, but... **"Maybe I need to stop snacking before bed if I'm gonna have weird dreams like that?"** It was easy enough to dismiss it as a dream.

As soon as she logged on, she was bombarded with messages from 'Dreah'. It was exhausting, but it was *nice* in a way. She didn't mind talking like that until the others showed up, but the longer she sat there, the more *it* was bothering her. That *smell* that wasn't solely the dirty clothes thrown across the floor.

"When was the last time I showered?"

Days ago!