

STELLARON BLADE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“THIS IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY, WINNING IT WITH A MILLION TO ONE ODDS!”

This was all a little *fishy*, wasn't it? Stelle, the Trailblazer and Nameless that was affiliated with the Astral Express, had already attempted to express her misgivings to the sharply dressed, bespectacled man in front of her. She was in the Penacony dream world not on business for a change, but because she had arranged to meet Firefly for lunch while the Astral Express was passing by the star system. And yet? Her plans had been delayed by *this fellow* standing in front of an arcade machine.

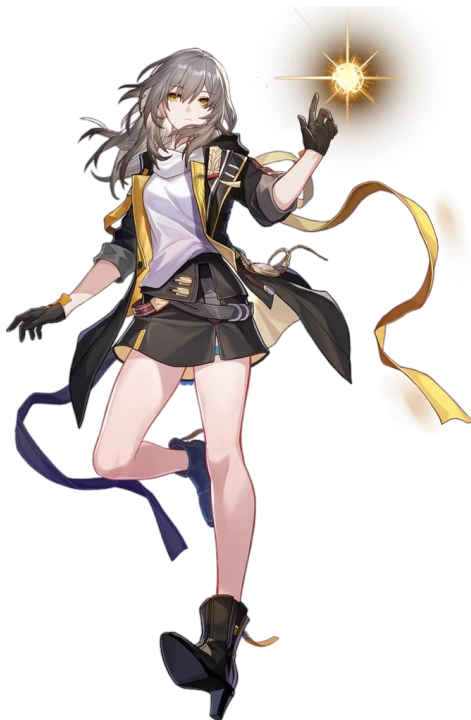
She'd seen these machines a number of times during her stays in Penacony. The video games you could create in a world of dreams were all quite remarkable. Because they weren't confined to the logic of the real world, the mechanics that the programmers came up with were quite *immersive*. There had been the game with the Origami Birds she had tested, and then the Intergalactic Baseballer game... *Actually*, didn't she end up playtesting quite a few of them? Was that just the kind of weird luck she had?

Being in the right place at the right time, but only to be a game tester?

Because the time she was supposed to meet Firefly had been quickly approaching, in this instance she didn't really have an opportunity or else she would be late. She'd already *tried* to tell this to the boisterous fellow, but he'd double and tripled down with his insistence that she try it. Was it some sort of scam? Would it ask her to put in money that she'd never get back? Penacony *was* the land of dreams, but that didn't mean

it wasn't rife with scammers looking to take advantage of what they could pull off.

Regardless, she ended up standing in front of the arcade machine while breathing a deep sigh. *One attempt and he'll leave me alone, huh? We'll see about that...* These were words she'd stopped herself from mumbling aloud. Now that she was standing in front of the arcade machine, she could finally see the game's title. "**Stellar Blade?**" She wasn't sure *how*, but this felt like IP theft somehow. "**Oh well, let's see how quickly I can kill my character...**" So, she could head out to her date ASAP.



There had been a *resonance*. The moment Stelle had placed her hand on the arcade machine's controller, the Stellaron at her body's core had reacted to something *in* the machine. Had they used a *Memoria* within its framework? They must have; it was the only way to explain why the golden light had radiated from the depths of her body, blinding her and, evidently, *teleporting her*.

Her surroundings had changed completely. She was standing in the center of what looked like a *campsite* in what seemed to be the ruins of a modern city. A flooded lower level could be observed nearby, while worn neon lights lit up the horizon. For a *campsite*, there were some curious items like a lawn chair, a vending machine, a music player... and some blocky devices she couldn't even identify.

"**...Am I inside of the game?**" Based on the events that had led to her ending up in such a strange situation, this was the most obvious conclusion for her to draw. Stranger things had happened to her, especially in Penacony. "**I'm sure I have *you* to thank for this?**" Stelle didn't look down, but she patted her chest around where she believed the Stellaron to be hidden.

Whenever she came into contact with a Memoria, there was always a chance it would behave in an unpredictable way. Had she *known* one had been installed, then she probably wouldn't have touched it in the first place. "**Wait. Was this planned? No wonder he was so**

adamant about me playing...” Did that mean he’d known about the Stellaron? He must have had ties to someone *dangerous* then.

But even though she could draw these conclusions, that didn’t mean she could explain everything. What good would drawing her into the game do? Since she was in a dream, waking herself up would have freed her from the game no matter what. **“I guess it’s likely he prepared for that, though...”** Unsure of how to approach her swift removal from the game, and tired of standing, she allowed herself to sit down on the lawn chair.

It was more comfortable than she had expected – the sort that was probably used for camping trips rather than the more rigid chairs you might find at barbeques. Unbothered by how she looked, she left her legs spread as she normally did. There wasn’t much of a regard for her femininity, much to March’s dismay. But March wasn’t there to correct her posture. And yet? All on her own? She swung one thigh over the other, crossing her legs in a way that wasn’t typical for her at all.

All while her body began to vibrate at such a low frequency that it was difficult for her to notice. Was it because she had sat down in the chair? Or was it something that would have inevitably happened because she’d been dragged into the game world? **“It’s not like there’s a logout button. Hm... HEY, LET ME OUT OF HERE!”** All screaming did was prompt the unusual growls of what were likely monsters off in the distance. **“Whoops...”**

She didn’t want to find out what those monsters were if she could help it.

Wary that she might be attacked, the Trailblazer stood up from the chair just in case. But while that didn’t come to pass? A strange sound filled the air. It was almost like... someone clicking through a game menu? She couldn’t place *the* game, but... **“H-Hey!?”** There was a loud ring, and all of a sudden, she was burdened by an unusual discomfort. It was as if all of her clothes had tightened against her body instantly, and looking down? That *appeared* to be the case. **“...What am I wearing?”**

It was a *bodysuit*. Sleeveless, with a rich green running down its torso and between her thighs and across her ass, whereas the sides were a much paler green by contrast. A green tie hung between her breasts, while breasts wrapped around her shoulders and fingerless gloves fit uncomfortably on her hands. Another part of her that was uncomfortable was her *feet*, which had been crammed into raised heels that her feet were too wide for.

While the bodysuit wasn't uncomfortable in general because of how stretchy the material was, she could still tell that it wasn't fitted properly. There was a lot of slack around her chest, and probably a *lot* more around her lower body. But on the other hand? It was tight around her stomach, both because her waist appeared to be too wide. **"I'm dressed like a character in a weirdly lewd action game..."** Not that Stelle had any problems *with* those types of games. She hadn't even noticed the elaborate, mechanical hairpin that had pulled her silver locks into a messy ponytail.

She raised her arms into the air since they weren't really burdened by the tension of the ill-fitted bodysuit, so that she could examine what she was wearing in greater detail. **"But why would that— HWA!?"** The Trailblazer made a *very* strange noise as a sharp sensation suddenly forced her to arch her back. It hadn't been clear to the woman what had happened to her in that immediate moment, but if she'd been looking at her waist it would have been clear. ...Not that that was easy to do with her breasts in the way. Either way, her waistline had sucked in sharply, easily shaving several inches off in a way that made her hips seem—?

No, a narrowed waist was only a small part of why her hips seemingly appeared *wider*. The slack in the bodysuit that a narrower waist allowed was allocated just a short way below it, because her hips *swung* out almost four inches wider to give her a gait that almost felt impossible for a normal person. **"Wait, why are my hips... so...? Hips so...?"** For a brief moment, it had almost sounded like she'd had a *British accent*? It must have been a trick of her imagination.

One that had been almost perfectly timed to distract her from the *rest* of what was happening beneath the obstruction that her rack provided. In fact, the obstructive nature of her breasts was becoming even more burdensome, though she was looking elsewhere. Her mind felt... *groggy*. Had she bothered to look down at that time, she would have noticed the green nylon of her new bodysuit stretching to contain a pair of swelling orbs that, unrestrained by a bra of any sort. As they grew? They jiggled, their shapes becoming all the more perky and round in the process. Before long? She had a perky pair of *F-cups*.

The growth of her tits wasn't even the most attention grabbing thing that had been happening at that time, though. Her widened hips had actually been the precursor to something much greater. Something that had *required* all of that extra space. And what it amounted to did *not* disappoint. While Stelle appeared to be very *out of it* all of a sudden, she was still subconsciously adjusting her posture in response to what was happening.

Namely? That her thighs and ass were becoming *thick as hell*. A sizable gap had been left between her thighs when her hips had initially parted them, but that gap *rapidly* closed thanks to fat pooling over the muscle of her thighs. They bloated with a supple jiggle as the nylon conformed to their shapes, with both thighs eventually touching beneath a pussy that's shape could be vaguely seen imprinted against her outfit as the surrounding bodysuit was pulled tighter and tighter. Each thigh measured wider than her waist before long.

But while those thighs were almost *unreasonably* curvaceous, seldom did someone's ass not outshine their thighs in terms of shape in size. In fact, the sheen of her bodysuit became all the greater as it was pulled into the crack of her ass so that its indentation became better defined around cheeks that had ballooned nearly *eight* inches behind her. It was full and grabbable, and each step she took in the future would sure show off an appealing jiggle as those cheeks rose and fell.

By this point? No further changes would be made to Stelle's figure. Her hands and feet became a little daintier so that her gloves and boots fit better, but most of what remained was more for the sake of aesthetics instead of her overall build. Well, there *was* the matter of what was happening to her *internally*. That was the reason she had frozen up in the first place. Stelle's mind had hitched...

Because her brain was no longer *biological*.

It was still shaped like a brain and functioned *like* a brain, but it was a synthetic mockery. A falsified organ – as *all* of her organs became. In fact, her body in general was nowhere near as 'biological' as it had been before. Wires ran through her flesh, her heart was now little more than a pump, and yet she still *looked* very 'human'. Even as her face succumbed to the same phenomenon that had altered the rest of her body, that much remained true.

Stelle's golden eyes dulled. There was a very *vague* 'glassier' look to her eyes as a whole now, likely because she wasn't *technically* a 'human', but that was a separate issue from the brown that settled in her irises while her eyelids pinched in to give them a more Asian look. *Korean*, specifically. Her face slimmed on the whole, making it smaller yet naturally pretty. A smaller nose graced its center, while her lips inflated so that they were full and glossier. "**Hm...? What was I...?**"

Her brain finally 'rebooted', and she began to mumble to herself in that British accent – which was now a permanent feature thanks to her altered vocal chords and mind. She swayed back and forth briefly as her 'systems' came 'back online', but this process was not done without one final change. The tips of the Trailblazer's hair could be seen darkening

to pitch black, and that black quickly slipped all the way down into her roots. It was a lengthy journey, though, namely because her hair *grew* as it recolored itself. It slipped all the way down to the backs of her knees, straightening all the while, with bangs cut in a fringe above her eyes. Eyes that blinked now that clarity returned. What had she been doing?

She had been resting at camp, right?

“I suppose that’s enough rest for now. I need to find the Alpha Naytiba as soon as possible.” *EVE* finally uncrossed her legs, swinging the one that had been overlapping the other gracefully back until both of the heels of her skintight bodysuit were resting on the dirt beneath the campsite’s chair. Pairing that skintight, green ensemble with a body that was as curvy as hers was, even that simple act of standing made it so that the jiggling of her tits and ass was as clear as could be to anyone watching.



Assuming there was a camera placed behind her though? Her *nice ass* would have been far more obvious.

She scanned the flooded city around her, including the train station across from her temporary camp. **“Although Adam hasn’t returned with the drone just yet. I suppose I have no choice but to wait a little longer.”** Though she didn’t sit back down in her chair but instead fiddled with one of the upgrade devices nearby. *EVE* may not have realized that she was the main character of a video game, but the fact that she could purchase *skills* certainly alluded to it.

And *that* was why the man had tricked Stelle into playing his game. He’d been *far* too lazy to design an appropriate heroine, so by making use of a Memoria he’d managed to *create* one by sacrificing some poor passerby. He hadn’t even been aware of the Stellaron within Stelle’s body – it just hadn’t been a necessary factor. Now he had a beauty, sexy, and charming protagonist. Stellar Blade was certain to sell gangbusters if it took to the market like this!

“Odd... Where am I going?” In the meantime, *EVE* kept pacing back and forth from the chair to the vending machine, to the upgrade machine. Over and over. It was almost like her body was jolting to the rhythm of the music playing over the jukebox, with each movement jiggling her curvaceous form. **“This is a rather strange way to move...”**

She couldn't have fathomed that her body was being controlled by a 'player' that had been very curious about the bouncing booty of the main character on screen.