

DREAM DATE

COMMISSION STORY

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Valentine's Day was fast approaching.

And there were plenty of gacha games that observed this holiday. They saw it as the perfect time to market new holiday themed units, or to promo their games in various other ways related to the time of year. But it certainly wasn't *every* gacha game, and it tended to be the Western and Japanese games that *consistently* observed Valentine's. It made sense; Valentine's Day wasn't really a big deal across the world, and not every country observed it. The China-based Hoyoverse games didn't really acknowledge it at all!

But one of their games had been running something that was arguably much *more* exciting than a Valentine's Day event. Honkai Star Rail was running a *lottery*! Every day for a week, you had a choice to claim 100 rolling currency up front, or to gamble that 100 away for an *extremely* small chance of winning the 500,000 jackpot... at the risk of only receiving a paltry 50 instead. Still, you can imagine what *most* people chose.

"No luck, huh? And that was the final day..." Joseph was one of those people who had been electing to take the gamble. There was a chance you could win up to 600 currency each day too, so it was worth it to try even *if* the grand prize had been an impossible dream. But he hadn't even managed to nab *that* prize. It certainly wasn't worth getting dejected over – he had made his own choices regarding whether or not to go for the proverbial gold or not.

That said, he *did* kind of wish there'd been some sort of additional reward at the end, even if it was for everyone. **"...Huh? In-game**

mail?” He certainly hadn’t expected *that*. It wasn’t time for the daily server refresh, and he hadn’t activated any codes. Nothing that would traditionally result in receiving mail had *actually* happened. Still, if it was some kind of reward like he’d been hoping for, then—

WELCOME TO PENACONY, THE GALAXY’S PREMIERE VALENTINE’S DATING LOCATION!

“GASP!?” To Joseph, it felt like something had grabbed him from behind his computer chair and pulled him down into a pool that was devoid of any light whatsoever. He lingered there for a second, only to awaken in a bathtub? A pool? Wait. He recognized the dimly lit room and large windows. It all had a somewhat *abstract* design, as did the small pool he pulled himself out of. Despite having been in his clothes? He was completely dry almost instantaneously. **“Isn’t this one of the rooms in the Penacony Grand Hotel?”**

Which felt *impossible*, right? That was a location within a video game, not a real location! But he was surrounded by things he had seen in the game. Even the small pool was a tool within Penacony for entering the dream world. Did waking in it imply that he had just woken from a dream himself? No, that was a little *too* meta, right? **“Could I be dreaming now?”** Technically speaking, a dream could only explain suddenly appearing in a work of fiction, but the term ‘dream’ had many meanings within Penacony itself.

Adding credence to his initial proposal that he might have been dreaming was a sudden feeling of weightlessness. It had taken him aback, leaving Joseph to look around with renewed confusion. How was it that he felt so *light* all of a sudden? Looking down, he didn’t seem to *appear* any differently. But that was only because his clothing was masking what had just happened. It concealed how the sides of his waist had pinched in several inches, and it concealed that any excess muscle of fat alike how been trimmed away. There was just less *of* him to weigh him down.

But what came next was staggeringly obvious. **“Hey!?”** Honestly? That probably wasn’t the *right* thing to say, but it was all that the man could *think* to say in response to what amounted to a sharp *drop*. His physical height, nearly six feet tall under normal circumstances, soon plummeted. Height was something that perhaps decreased slightly with old age, but the man wasn’t anywhere *near* old enough to experience *that*. And even if that *had* been the case, he certainly shouldn’t have dropped as much as he now was!

5'3". Or, well, it was more like between the 5'3" and 5'4" mark. Joseph's stature had declined around *eight* inches, which certainly wasn't something to scoff at – nor was it a great way to ensure your clothing remained fitted. Long sleeves were now hanging over his hands, concealing the full truth that was the shapes of his hands becoming daintier with longer nails, while his pants had bunched up around his knees and ankles.

"I just *shrunk*!? How is that even possible!? This really *must* be a dream!" He *wanted* to believe that this was the case, that he would wake up and everything would be normal, and yet... *But how could this be a dream? I haven't even entered the pool yet.* Both his memories *and* his motivations had become distorted without his notice. The higher, softer, yet more melodic and *feminine* sound of his voice that had developed while his Adam's apple smoothed away didn't even go acknowledged.

Nor did Joseph's *age*. A chronological regression had actually complimented his vertical one at roughly the same time. Years peeled off of his body, leaving his skin and *especially* his face to look a little younger, like a woman in her mid-twenties rather than closer to the other end of that demographic. Wait... *woman*? Well...

That was actually another aspect of it. While his features aged backwards, their traits took a feminine slant in tandem. He was left with a smaller, cuter nose, fuller, plushier lips, and bigger, brighter eyes with lashes that fluttered like the wings of a butterfly. His cheekbones narrowed with time, blessing him with a face that towed the line of *beauty* and *grace*. A beauty that was only highlighted as his irises brightened to a bright green and three dots appeared under his left eye; arranged in colors akin to those upon the lesbian flag.

"This is all so *strange*. Am I going to be late for something? Why can't I shake the sensation that I *wasn't* worried about that?" Then what could *she* have been worried about? Surely not the collapse of her remaining masculinity? It was a feeling that was surprisingly dull despite how *impactful* of a process it was, with her cock shrinking as wrinkled skin flattened and smoothed into her pelvis along with her testicles. A woman's slit, clitoris and all, arranged itself beneath a trimmed bush of bluish silver pubic hairs.

She rocked back and forth on feet that were far daintier than they had been moments prior, the balls of her heels raised slightly too. Joseph felt strangely *restless*. She really did feel like she might be late for something *important*? But a large portion of that restlessness was just an understandable reaction to her body's continuing changes. Her sex changing didn't mark the end, and the silvery blue of her pubes

spreading throughout the hair atop her head made this clear. What was dyed? It *grew*, cascading down to her shoulders and beyond as it thickened and fanned out behind her. It reached *past* her butt in the back, but there was also an orderly chaos to how her lengthened bangs ended up arranged.

She absentmindedly tugged at her clothes. *Why did I pick out something so big? And it's rubbing against my skin like... why am I not wearing a bra with a shirt like this?* Delicate hands pulled the front of her shirt forward. Her nipples had been both *aching* and *tingling*, and evidently it didn't strike her that it was because they were *puffier*. They'd already swollen to three times their original size, and now flesh was pooling beneath them to push them against the fabric much more keenly. A chest that had been *flat* soon burgeoned out into a pair of *D-cup* breasts that were quite impressive upon her slender body.

While another hand picked at the back of her pants. She'd had a hand there to hold them up at first, but all of a sudden, she found herself picking at her underwear? Again, she *personally* didn't critically analyze this, even though it *was* a product of her hips swinging wider and the cheeks of her ass swelling up into a nice peach shape. The weight that couldn't fit there burgeoned into her thighs, and she was granted slightly wider hips as a result. **"Oh! Right! I was getting ready!"**

Her mind *had* been a blur, but clarity returned just as the olive coloration of her skin lightened towards a light pink. This was an odd sight to behold, yet it wasn't even as odd as her *final* physical change. From behind her ears, flesh-colored bones pushed out and bent? Or did they disconnect? That initially appeared to be quite eerie, but moments later they became breathtakingly beautiful instead. All thanks to the white plumage that dressed these *Halovian wings*.

Walking towards the vanity table in the corner of her room, a sparkling blue light washed over her men's attire as if she was a magical girl. The silhouette of these clothes shifted, and when the light faded? She was left in a beautiful dress that was white on the right and purple on the left, all overtop a purple underskirt. Her thighs and lower legs were bare, and purple heels lifted her slightly off the ground. Detached purple sleeves likewise hugged her white gloves, and a golden halo appeared to float above her head.

A traditional Halovian decoration that could be removed at any time.

"Makeup? Perfect! Dress? Perfect! Hair? Oh!" Whatever had been worrying the intergalactic diva, *Robin*, before? It hardly seemed to be all that big of a deal for her as she turned her attention back to the rustic mirror on the equally rustic vanity in the corny of the Grand

Penacony Hotel room she was using in order to dive into the dreamscape. She delicately guided her hands to fluff up her long, silvery blue hair on the sides of her head as her wings curled inwards as to *not* get in the way.

Some would say that all of this effort was unnecessary. Robin's destination, after all, was the dreamscape itself. It was a place where you could freely alter your appearance – and for the first leg of her journey, to avoid any unwanted attention, she'd be utilizing an Intellitron disguise regardless. **“But if I'm going to look my best in a dream, I need to look my best while awake!”** As Robin saw it, changing how she really looked in the dream was disingenuous. And she wanted to look as true to herself as possible.



After all? She was going on a Valentine's date!

“Where *am* I?” While I wasn't aware of this, my circumstances were actually quite similar to what had befallen Joseph. I received an in-game mail in Honkai Star Rail that was marked with my name, Axel, and then followed with the same message welcoming me to Penacony. But while I was pulled into the same void? Where *I* found myself was not a place as comfortable as a hotel room. I had been laying on what felt like a rooftop or something. The evening air was cool, and once I got up and looked around— **“Wait, is that the Penacony Grand Theater!?”**

Seeing a strange structure raised above towering buildings far off in the distance, I became acutely aware of my location. It was just a location that *should* have been *impossible*. I recognized where I was, but it was a location in the *video game* I had been playing? **“This is Firefly's ‘hideout’...”** A location that you visited several times during Penacony's story for a number of depressing reasons. At least if you played the updates *as they came out*.

“What a nostalgic view...” *This really is my favorite place in all of Penacony. When I came here with Stelle— “...Huh?”* What was I thinking all of a sudden? Those were definitely *Firefly's* experiences, not mine. But for some reason I was thinking about them like they *were* my own. *I don't remember being this much taller than the railings, though!* Try as I might, another strange thought crossed my mind. I didn't

expect that it would have such dramatic ramifications in that moment, however.

And yet it did. “**H-Huh!?**” I wasn’t given much of a choice but to throw my hands out to the sides. I would have liked to grab *onto* something, but I wasn’t standing near the railings I had been thinking about. Instead, this action was merely an attempt to maintain my balance as my height *dropped*, down away from nearly six feet. It wasn’t *just* my height, either. My weight lessened dramatically too, stealing away my gut and flabbier aspects while my body was practically *swallowed* by clothes designed for a much larger body than the one that I possessed when I bottomed out at 5’5”.

“**My height...?**” *Wait, no, the problem is my clothes, right?* How could my height be the problem? Hadn’t I *always* been this height? Was I going to think that I’d always looked like someone in my mid-twenties next too? No. *That* I just subconsciously seemed to understand even though I couldn’t see how my thinned facial features had smoothed and tightened. There weren’t mirrors installed in this rooftop hideout.

It was actually much *more* than that, realistically. Much like Joseph, my face had taken a strikingly feminine shape that wasn’t quite as *delicate* as Robin’s. I still had full lips, a rounder facial shape, a smaller nose, and bigger eyes – but despite being around Robin’s age, my face gave off the impression of a *woman* who was a little *younger* than she actually was. “**I feel so dazed... I’m not having an episode, am I?**” I sounded pretty calm for someone who had just referenced a medical condition I *hadn’t* had seconds ago.

My eyes glazed over with silver, but so too did my *hair*. My eyebrows and pubes were included, but it wasn’t as obvious anywhere as much as it was in the hair atop my head. It began in my dark roots and quickly reached my short tips. But my hair wasn’t destined to remain with its favored short cut, and silver locks grew, and grew, and grew until they reached the center of a slenderer back. The tips of these locks darkened to a green that contrasted the silver of my hair and eyes, but it made my hair seem strangely beautiful all the while.

“**Maybe it was nothing... Today is *not* the day to have an episode! After all, I have to—?**” Odd. What was I setting out to do? I communicated my confusion with a gentle, feminine voice that coincided with just how maidenly I had begun to appear. My pants and boxers had long since slid off, and an oversized shirt concealed how my waistline smoothed inward, or how *scars* began to etch themselves into various places on my body. My face was spared, but my fingers, thighs, and torso bared the bulk of them. Just as the muscles of that torso appeared to *tighten*.

While I was an average sized woman with a cute face, my body was battle hardened in a way that made me seem all the more appealing. And I had *very much* become a woman, with the package between my legs having slowly dwindled away into a newly fashioned slit. My thighs became pudgier in a very appealing way, skin pulled tightly not only around their doubled weight but the slight swell to my ass that masked some of the hardened muscle that had formed there.

I didn't have much in the way of excess when it came to my womanly figure, but I was a little thankful. *Unnecessary weight just gets in the way in battle, and my chest is proof of that.* Or it was *about* to become proof of that. My shirt was so oversized against my new body that one shoulder was bare. The shirt itself was impossibly loose, and so I didn't feel my nipples puff up nor the weight of my chest jiggle thanks to new fat that was pumped into them. I had a pair of D-cup breasts that rivaled Robin's. *They are kind of a hindrance when you're in a mecha suit.*

But thankfully I wasn't wearing one of those tonight! I absentmindedly looked to the path that led to my hideout expectantly. *She* should have been arriving at any moment, and fortunately I was dressed for the part! ...Only because my shirt had become engulfed by a sparkling green light that reshaped it into a dress with a light green skirt, with a black, collared chest wrap that sported a yellow and black tie, and puffy, white sleeves. A black headband pulled some of my long hair back while some hung over it, and I had black and green gradient thigh highs beneath a pair of silver shoes. There were several bows on my outfit, and a weight in my pocket.

Plans or not, I needed to carry *that* device for my own safety.

"I guess it's almost time. Boy... I'm pretty nervous. I hope wearing this is okay? But it isn't like I own a lot of dresses either." Going on a date... It was a new experience for me, but it was only recently that I had been able to participate in normal activities for a woman of my age as *Firefly*, no longer limited as just the tool that was the Stellaron Hunter known as SAM. **"I suppose this is within a dream, so I could change that. But I don't know the**



first thing about what I'd look good in."

My scarred fingers smoothed over the skirt of my dress and then were run through my hair, but I *was* shaking a little. I was always so cool as SAM but trying to keep my cool as *myself* was a lot harder than I could have imagined. **"It probably doesn't help that the person I'm going on a Valentine's date with..."** ...was probably the most famous person in the known galaxy.

"Miss Firefly?" The sound of a voice that wasn't my own made me jump and spin around with surprise. Was it my date? Was it *Robin*? But the person I saw after twirling was a woman with golden, metallic skin and next to no facial features. An Intellitron woman? Was it just a coincidence, or— **"Oh! You must be confused! Sorry, I had to make sure no one saw me coming out here, else I would have been tailed."**

Before my very eyes that Intellitron woman glowed, only to be replaced by a gorgeous Halovian beauty. One that *anyone* would recognize at the slightest glance. **"O-Oh! Hello, Miss Robin!"** Even though we'd gotten so close recently, it was still a lot to take in that I was seeing *the* Robin. I was flustered and blushing, unable to make a move. Apparently, my date was emboldened by this, because she skipped over and began to cling to my arm so that she could rest her head upon my shoulder.

"Shall we get this date started? Valentine's is a very special time for lovers, you know? So, I booked a room for us together for the end of the date." She was *definitely* correct. Valentine's *was* special, so I had wanted to make this the best date ever. Wait. What did she say at the end there? She'd booked a room for the two of us? We'd be sharing a bed? Did that mean that she was...?

Were we going to have sex tonight!?