

ROSCAELIGIRLS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph squinted at his screen with increased annoyance.

He had been really excited for Zenless Zone Zero to enter the next phase of its story after the 2.x patches hadn't quite lived up to the same standards that the first patch cycle had. It was *very* clear to anyone with eyes that the developers had made a number of changes to the overall style and story of the game from what they had initially planned at launch, at the events at Yunkui Summit had probably been the clearest sign of this.

It had lacked the focus that the original patches possessed and seemed to skip over important plot details and sideline characters all in the service of seemingly changing their direction for the main character. The TV mode the game had initially launched with had been controversial, but the steps they'd taken to abandon it had been controversial in their own right as well. Either way, Joseph wasn't thinking about *any* of that at that moment.

He had simply been excited to roll a new character, and that character *hadn't* come home. Velina Airgid was the first character of the 3.0 banner; a sexy businesswoman that was the Administrative Director of Roscaelifer's External Strategy Department. Even putting aside how *hot* she was, considering it was the beginning of a new version cycle, that meant new mechanics and teams would be introduced. And Velina? She sounded like the type of unit that would *very* useful across the board.

And yet? The wolf man that had shown up on his screen after finally rolling a 5* was *not* what he had wanted to see. How many times had Lycaon spooked him at this point? Gacha luck really *was* fickle, because

he felt like he had been doing pretty well as of late and this was a real kick in the ass. **“I wish I’d gotten her there... I don’t know if I have enough to squeak out a guarantee...”** Especially not when he wanted *two* characters from the next patch.

Fortunately, or *unfortunately*, there had been someone willing to hear out his wish.

WHAT’S THE DEFINITION OF ‘GOTTEN’, REALLY?

When Joseph awoke— No, he hadn’t woken up at all. He’d remained conscious, still playing the game, when everything had suddenly gone dark as if there had been a power outage before being illuminated once more. Except... **“Where... am I?”** While he’d been in his home before everything had gone dark, he plainly *wasn’t* any longer. In fact, he didn’t recognize where he was at all.

It was a room floored with grey tiles and surrounded by red brick walls. There was a wooden desk to the right by a red mat, and to the left two devices that resembled... **“Is that a giant Bangboo?”** The device against the back center of the wall looked like a giant one in a steel case around its base, while to the left there was a less reminiscent device that at least has the same eyes. It felt like someone had replicated a location from the game that he’d never seen before.

...Largely because he’d begun rolling the moment the game had come out; he hadn’t gotten far enough in the story to see that room just yet.

There was a scenario where Joseph would have definitely been able to piece together what had just happened to him, but unfortunately his memories had been tampered with to deny him that benefit. The olive-skinned man was left to only draw half-conclusions based on what was happening to him, and he was already kind of failing step one. Because he was so distracted by the strange room that he hadn’t been paying much attention to his *body*.

“This has to be a set or something, right?” He couldn’t exactly reason what it might be otherwise. It looked too *real*. Then again, so did what was happening to his flesh in that moment. That previously noted olive complexion of his was lightening and pinkening as if the Latino DNA was being extracted from his body to leave a more traditional white complexion in its place. But this skin didn’t *simply* grow paler. The dark body hair that covered it pales to a light blonde before disappearing entirely, including the hair around his crotch.

In fact, it was as if he was being painted in an entirely different color scheme altogether. Putting aside his body hair, the dark hair atop his head lightened to a golden blonde all its own, which in turn paired well with the bluish purple that ended up swirling within his irises. But without given a reason to examine anything? Joseph remained ignorant for the time being. Not even a targeted change to his strength could set him off, and the muscle he had built, although not much, had practically been melting away under the shorts and tee that he was wearing.

No, it would have taken something far more blatant for him to catch on. Something like— “**Urgh!?**” Well, something that *she* would have no choice but to address. With no real warning as to what was happening to her, it certainly wasn’t surprised to see such a blatant look of confusion plaster itself all over her face when a *tug* between her legs stole away her masculinity so that a woman’s loins could be fashioned instead. A hand *immediately* flew down to investigate the front of her shorts, but all she found was a flat smoothness.

“**A-Am I a girl!?** **W-Wait, my hands!?**” There was also her *voice*, which sounded higher, but there was too much going on for Joseph to keep track of all at once! There was nothing between her legs, so she was definitely female, but then looking down while checking had led her to finally notice just how much paler her complexion had become. Not to mention those hands appeared slightly smaller and were decorated with slightly longer nails... that didn’t look all that well maintained, admittedly. “**S-Seriously, this has to be a dream, right!?**”

There wasn’t any other explanation that made sense to her with her present level of understanding! You couldn’t just *become a woman*! Well, not without surgery and HRT at least, but she’d already had her bottom adjusted without any surgery, and it seemed like the plausible effects of HRT were showing as well... it was just all *natural*. Because Joseph hadn’t questioned her voice, she also hadn’t thought to look at her reflection in the shiny Bangboo machine to check out her *face*.

Had she? Not only would she have noticed how her eyes were now purple, but she would have noticed that... she didn’t quite look like *herself*. Well, her old self, at least. The masculine cues that her facial features had possessed both rounded *and* softened, leaving her with a short jaw and round cheeks that were decorated by thin yet pouty lips. She ended up looking *significantly* younger by the time her nose shrank and her eyes widened, but she could still have arguably been at *least* eighteen if you factored the possibility that she was just baby-faced.

And then there was the blonde hair on top of her head, which thickened *and* lengthened as it spilled all the way down her back. Strangely, she didn’t quite pick up on that. Almost like she was *used* to it.

“A dream, but... this is my lab, right? I remember working here like *every* day! But...” She *knew* that was wrong, but her memories of the location were becoming so *vivid*. It *was* her lab in Roscaelifer, right? And she was— **“N-Nope! Not me! Totally not me!”** She stomped a foot defiantly (and uncharacteristically), but doing so almost led to her shoe falling off. Her feet must have shrunk!? It was actually a sign of things to come, but in the moment she was wrestling with her memories and trying to ignore how *soft* things felt. Soft because, likely previously mentioned, she’d been treated to the effects of HRT without actually receiving any HRT.

That was to say that her newfound biological femininity had been properly taking hold of her body shape. Not only did her shoulders and waist narrow, but weight had begun to accumulate within her thighs, butt, and chest to give her the proper silhouette of a young lady. It just wasn’t... *much*? Beneath her shirt, her chest only rose into a pair of *A-cups* for example, though her butt and thighs did bloat with a little more ‘oomph’. Each thigh was almost as thick as her slimmed waist, and her butt had bubbled out a little behind her.

As for why none of it was all *that* abundant, however... **“H-Hey!?”** The girl soon stumbled and her shorts slipped from her waist, dragging down her boxers as her shirt lengthened to hide anything inappropriate. But it wasn’t actually a case of her clothes growing bigger or anything. The room was getting larger! **“I’m shrinking now!?”** And *rapidly* at that! She had been almost six feet tall, but in a matter of seconds she dropped almost a *foot* until she was only *five feet* tall instead. It took her a moment to adjust, and she would have stepped out of her *definitely* oversized shoes, but... **“Huh!?”**

It seemed like her clothes wouldn’t be an issue. She felt those shoes tighten against her feet along with her oversized shirt doing the same. Her shorts and boxers disappeared, but her socks thinned and traveled up her legs into a pair of white-lace thigh highs worn underneath what ultimately became a pair of silver heeled boots with open, metallic tops. It was all connected to her shirt, which had become an *actual* dress that was just short enough to tease the bare tops of her thighs.

This dress was blue on the front and white on the sides, with white covering her cleavage despite not concealing its shape. Black straps tied the blue to the white through screw accessories down the sides of her torso, and a big jacked suddenly appeared around her arms and shoulders. It didn’t zip or button up but was dark blue around the arms and chest with big, metal cuffs. There was a white turtleneck-like scarf around her neck that dangled over the front with two ‘tails’ that almost looked like Bangboo ears with screws in them, but then again? Her dark

blue jacket had coattails like that as well. Finally? White gloves concealed her small yet unkempt fingers, and two lengths of her blonde hair had been braided.

“**I’m... I’m... I’m...**” Norma! *Norma Hollowell* from Zenless Zone Zero! Considering everything that had happened right before she had been brought into the game world, she had been holding out hope that she had been becoming Velina at least, but she had become the much smaller and much *younger* second half character instead. “**I guess I should be thankful I have my sense about me, huh?**” Even though she felt *way* smarter and had a bunch of Norma’s memories, she was still herself!



But what was she supposed to do? She’d been turned into a video game character and was stuck in that world. Would she be trapped there forever? If she escaped, would she go back to being a man!? The young girl paced back and forth with a finger on her chin to indicate she was thinking, when suddenly a “**Fufu!**” had her turn around in surprise. “**You’re missing this, Norma.**”

“**MMPH!?**” Norma spun around out of shock, only to have her face collide with the depth of a crevice that was nestled between two things that were *big*, *warm*, and *soft*. They were definitely *boobs*! Velina’s boobs! But the part of her that was still Joseph didn’t have time to process this before something heavy was placed atop her head and her past self was silenced. It was like she had fully become the character. “**V-Veli! Don’t take me off guard like that when I’m working!**” She immediately pushed away like a bashful child.

“**Fufu... It didn’t look like you were working to me!**”

“**I TOTALLY WAS!**”

I had absolutely *zero* context regarding what was going on, honestly. Like Joseph, I had been excited to playing the new ZZZ update and had gone ahead and gotten into the story. Unlike my friend, I had managed to successfully roll Velina, and so I hadn’t been plagued by any negative feelings about the matter. I also hadn’t gone ahead and made any wishes

that a certain nekomata might have managed to pick up on. And not the Nekomata from the game itself.

QUICK, AXEL! I NEED YOU FOR SOMETHING!

Before everything had suddenly gone black, I felt fairly certain that I'd heard a voice whisper my name. But my memories had been modified to not realize who the speaker was even though I *really* should have known. Either way, I was too surprised to worry about that when the lights came back, because I wasn't inside at all. "**Huh!?**" I was sitting on a bench in front of a path that overlooked... the clouds below? In a city that was surprisingly Britain-coded.

"A-Am I in Roscaelifer!?"

It was basically the exact same view I'd had on my computer monitor while playing the game, except everything was hyperrealistic. No, was that a term you could even *apply* to reality? It just looked *real*. I could feel the cool breeze against my skin and even tell that the air was much thinner because the city was so high in the sky. "**How the hell is this even possible!?**" I felt comfortable shouting because there wasn't anyone else around... strangely.

I was so enamored by the beautiful sights of a location that *should* have been fictional that I wasn't paying any mind to my body because, well, what reason did I have to give it any attention in that moment? The breeze ultimately stole away the exposed hair on my arms and legs, not only that visible because I was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, but even the body hair *beneath* these clothes was shaved away to leave my skin soft and supple. Not even a strand of stubble remained on my face, not that I let my facial hair grow in the first place.

But the early signs were more than that. Like Joseph had, my body's color scheme shifted. My dark hair lightened to silver where it remained atop my scalp, my brows, and pubes, and my eyes darkened to a stronger purple than Norma's gaze. My complexion was already plenty pale, but it appeared to pale even more as any blemishes upon my body, be they moles, or scars, or even stretch marks, were removed so that my skin was left flawless.

"**So, assuming I'm not dreaming... How do I get home?**" Being in Roscaelifer was *cool* and all, but I wasn't supposed to be there and I didn't have a clear path home. I had a life I couldn't just *leave*! Looking around, there didn't appear to be a gate, or portal, or anything even remotely look like a way home. "**Am I stuck here, or— URP!?**" It had been strange that my stretchmarks had been smoothed away despite the heft of my body remaining, but...

In what *felt* like an instant, the burden of all that fat was alleviated. I keeled forward from what had been the unsettling sensation of all of that fat *leaving* my body. My skin tightened as my belly's pouch flattened until nothing remained, and the same could be said of my chest, arms, legs, and even face. “**N-Now I'm thin!?**” It wasn't even *just* a matter of *thinning*. With so much weight lost, clothes that had been designed to fit a man of my previous size had *naturally* grown baggier.

But lost to me as I tried to stop my shorts and boxers from slipping (which I failed at) was that some *vertical* size had been lost as well. I had been almost six feet tall, but I'd dropped down to 5'8” while that weight had been lost. This decrease in overall size had affected *other* elements of my appearance as well, such as narrowing my shoulders, shrinking my hands and feet until they were daintier, and even pinching my waist in so that my hips appeared wider.

“**Wait, what...?**” As I expressed my confusion with renewed composure in a softened voice, I had begun to demonstrate that I lacked one benefit that Joseph had possessed. And that was that my mind had been compromised *early*. Memories that hadn't belonged there poured into my head, taking away any awe I felt towards Roscaelifer's skyline as if it was a view I'd taken in *every* day. Even my body... Had I just been panicking about my weight? *In what world was I ever overweight?*

It certainly wasn't this one!

My softer, more feminine voice didn't sound all that out of place when compared to the rest of my body, either. I did shudder as my masculinity was stolen, leaving little more than a woman's slit beneath a bush of silver that spread down to just above my new clit. The expression on my face in that moment was *complicated*, but it also highlighted just how different that face was becoming. Thinned cheeks were lifted into a narrowed jaw, while my lips swelled until they were *significantly* plumped beneath a longer yet thinner nose. Even my violet gaze was narrowed while my eyelashes fluttered longer.

All in the service of making me out to be the beautiful *woman* I was now destined to be. “**My... hair?**” Honestly, I wasn't really certain *why* my mind was attempting to tell me that something was wrong with my mane. Part of me wanted to reason that it should have been shorter, but did I not always keep my hair long? In fact, those silver locks had lengthened *and* thickened while falling down my back, with lengthened bangs swept across my left eye in a styling that almost covered them completely.

I shook my head, and those soft locks dance from side to side as they did so. A wholly familiar feeling right down to the strands tickling my ears. Ears that had lost their circular shapes and drawn longer into elvish points at the sides of my head. I already didn't look a lick like the man I had been before, and yet... Could I really say that when I could hardly recall *being* someone else?

“*Mm...*” Perhaps that was why I hardly reacted to my feminine figure finally blooming, and it certainly did so *efficiently*. My hips widened first, stretching the sides of my oversized shirt as they prepared to make room for the return of fat that had previously been lost. In this instance, however? It wasn't the sort of weight that would be considered *undesirable* on a woman's body. In fact, it was the opposite.

My thighs thickened with abundance, paled flesh soon rubbing against each other beneath my crotch after taking up *all* of the space afforded by my widened gait. Ultimately, those thighs were only *part* of the equation though, because the supple weight that couldn't be stuffed into them ultimately found itself fed into my *ass* instead. My rump had been flat as could be, but it soon protruded out behind me with a jiggle until it extended about *eight* inches away from my back, the indentation of my ass crack visible through a shirt that had largely been lifted by its size.

If my ass had been enough to lift my shirt, however, then what was happening with my *bosom* lifted it high enough that my ass and pussy were *bare*. “*Oh my!*” That was because it wasn't a pair of small mounds that developed beneath my shirt, but instead a pair of gigantic tits that swelled to be *larger* than my head while the fit of my shirt kept them pinned. Through the cloth, you could at least make out the shapes of erect nipples that were clearly as big as my eyes, but... “*Why... am I wearing this?*” I was on the job!

All it took was a single blink for those worries to disappear, namely because what I had been wearing had been swapped out for a navy-blue dress that *did* fit my body properly. It was just a *short* dress with a skirt that unfolded almost like wings across the fronts of my thighs that were otherwise covered by white, lace thigh highs, while the back of the dress fanned out until it was much lower. Blue cloth came vertically across my bosom, but it did very little to stop those *J-cups* from jiggling even with white cloth clear beneath it.

Blue sleeves with white cuffs still left my shoulder exposed, though they were affixed to white frills that covered the collar of my new gown. Silver heels hugged my toes, and golden fan-shaped earrings dangled beautifully from my elven ears, matching a layered ornament that hung from my collar. Some of my hair was even tied behind my head by a large, white bow, while my fingers tapped my hip with longer, painted

nails. The slightest bit of gloss had been applied to my lips to make them appear even *fuller*.

“Hm? Ah, right. I was on my way to check on Norma.”

Roscaelifer’s ‘special guests’ would be arriving tomorrow, so as the one who had helped sponsor their arrival, *Velina Airgid*, it was naturally my responsibility to make sure everything had been handled correctly. Despite her age, I’d left Norma in charge of the paperwork. She was responsible enough to handle it, but as the Administrative Director I was more concerned that perhaps I had given her too much to do.



As such, a visit had been in order! **“Strange. It almost feels like I’m walking the streets of Roscaelifer for the first time. How novel!”** Even though I had walked those cobblestone paths many times a day, every day. The breasts bounced with each step, hardly stabilized by my lack of a bra, but it didn’t bother me. If a woman was attractive then why not flaunt it? Such was the way of the women of New Eridu. **“Even so, I feel like I’m forgetting something...”** But if I’d forgotten, then it wasn’t likely I’d remember anytime soon.

Much to my surprise, Norma appeared to be rather *spaced out* when I arrived at her workshop underneath the academy. She was pacing back and forth with a cute expression on her face as if she was thinking, but she also wasn’t wearing her hat? Strange. It was on the nearby table, and she clearly hadn’t heard me enter, so I saw it as a good opportunity for a little fun with my junior.

Steps as light as the wind, I grabbed the hat and hid from her line of sight until she turned her back to me. **“Fufu! You’re missing this, Norma.”** She spun around with surprise so suddenly that her face collided with my breasts... which was a surprisingly common occurrence. I took the opportunity to place the Bangboo hat atop her head, and from that point on? The rest was history.

I couldn't have possibly known what I'd done anyways.