

IF THE GLOVE FITS

COMMISSION STORY

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“A VR Digimon game? Well...”

Of all the things to randomly announce one morning while I was still fast asleep, a Digimon virtual reality game wasn't an announcement that I had expected to see by any means. It was all over social media, being a surprise announcement that was apparently supposed to hype people up for the new *Digimon Story Time Stranger* game that was coming out later in the fall. From what I'd seen of the game, it seemed to be akin to the Digimon World games. You entered the game through your headset and were given a Digimon partner to raise.

People were buzzing about it, but there was a reason I looked waywardly off to me shelf when I had said that. I *did* have a modern headset; I just almost never had a reason to use it. Therein was the issue with this marketing push, honestly. As much as the video game industry had wanted everyone to believe that VR headsets were 'the future' of gaming years ago, it really hadn't worked out that way – similar to when 3D televisions were being pushed and now *no* new TVs had 3D options.

“I guess I can dust it off...” The game *was* free-to-play, but I hadn't used my VR headset in what? *Months* by this point in time? I really hadn't been motivated, and it was kind of annoying to wear anyways. That was surely part of the reason they hadn't taken off aside from their price points. They just weren't comfortable to wear for a significant amount of time, prompting constant breaks. ...Though it was healthy to take breaks from your games anyways.

When I finally had some free time during lunch, I did just that. I pulled my headset and the controller off the shelf and, after going through the

grueling process of setting it all up again after months of neglect, finally managed to download the game and boot it up. VR in real life certainly wasn't as good as it was in fiction, at least not yet. You were still just standing there goofily with a big headset on and a pair of controllers in your hands. It wasn't as immersive as having it relay anything other than the image on the screen in front of you.

But when I entered the game on this occasion? It all felt strangely *real*. Maybe a little *too* real, honestly? “**Huh? Why can I... smell?**” I wasn't really certain where the game was *supposed* to start off, but upon interacting with the main menu with a button press? I found myself standing in a flowery clearing within the middle of a forest. What was strange was the I couldn't just *observe* the flowers; I could smell their sweet fragrances.

...And I could feel the cool air of the breeze? Had I left a window open? Maybe *that* was what was messing me up? Realistically it could *only* have been the result of a very improbable yet explainable coincidence. All I had to do was take off my headset to check, and— “**...Huh?**” I wasn't *able* to remove my headset, I quickly learned. And the reasoning for that was so utterly unbelievable that I stood there *stunned* for a moment.

There *was* no headset on my head. “**Where the hell is it!?**” I *had* to be wearing it, right? I wasn't *actually* standing in a field of flowers, right!? But at much as I patted my head, I couldn't find even a trace of it. There wasn't anything on my head at all! Did it fall off? Well, no. If it had fallen off, I shouldn't have been seeing *what* I was seeing, right? I was so desperate for an answer that I *did* look around at the ground, though.

Discovering *nothing* – aside from subconsciously noting that the flowers looked *odd* – I ended up looking back up towards my immediate front, expecting nothing about my view to have changed. But there *was* a difference. There was a *loading bar*? It was just floating in the air, sitting at only 1%. “**...What? But I'm not wearing a headset! It's not like this is a digital... A 'Digital World'?**” It was a real Fantastic Four ‘say that again’ moment.

Because wasn't that what the setting of *Digimon* was? And the exact sort of setting that had been described for the VR game I'd booted up. “**There's no way I'm in the game, am I?**” Was that why the sky looked vaguely strange? Some motion on the progress bar jolted my attention back down all of a sudden. It had jumped up to 5%? I still didn't know what— “**Brr...**” Why was it so *cold* all of a sudden? I'd felt the breeze before, but now it was— “**...Eh?**”

I'd looked down for answers and *immediately* became extremely thankful that I seemed to be alone in the forest. Or, at the least, I was *really* hoping no one could see me. Because I was standing there *in the nude*? Was that what the progress bar was referring to? Was it doing something to *me*? Why would it strip me naked, though? ...Well, that wasn't really the case, at least not in the most literal sense. My body was wearing *something*. A pair of purple gloves around my forearms that seemed to be *way* too loose.

“...Could I even *call* these gloves?”

Naturally, I was panicked about being naked. And somehow? Wearing purple gloves with what looked to be ying and yang markings on them and *nothing else* didn't help with that. I immediately sought to remove them but soon found that – “**Huh?**” – they wouldn't slide off my arm even though they weren't exactly *attached* to anything. “**Why the hell won't these things come off!?**” They weren't *attached* to me; they weren't pulling on my skin when I tried to slide them off. Come to think of it though, weren't they kind of familiar...?

I could have plausibly had a moment to ponder where I'd seen them before if not for the sudden sensation of my gut being *tugged* that made me lurch. “**Ugh!?**” Had something just blown into my stomach? It wasn't painful... It was more like I had been forced to *suck in* really hard, and that had led to... my potbelly disappearing? “**...Uh?**” I naturally looked down at myself immediately after, and it was hard *not* to notice that my stomach was perfectly trim? Not *just* my stomach, but my legs, arms, and presumably my face as well. Where had all of that excess weight even gone?

An answer vaguely presented itself seconds later. I'd *already* been staring down at my naked torso, admiring not only just how thin I was, but also how it had seemingly erased any of my body's stretch marks and body hair at the same time. As a result? It was difficult for me *not* to notice how the front of my chest seemed to be... *fuller*? And *softer* on top of that. Almost like I was growing a pair of— “**Breasts!?**” I was so surprised by what I was witnessing that my voice cracked. What grew upon my chest wasn't substantial. At best they could only be *B-cups*, but they were still breasts where none had been before.

“**Wait, does *that* mean...!?**” Women had breasts, so did that mean I was becoming a woman? Again, I didn't need to wait long for an answer. The new mounds upon my chest made it a little difficult to see, albeit not *as* difficult as my old belly might have made it, but there was a sudden and undeniable sensation of *loss* between my legs. I was able to lean forward to get a better look, and where there should have been a

cock and balls? There was nothing. No bulge, no pubic hair; just a smooth surface that my fingers traced to find— “*Eh?*”

I had been *prepared* for the worst. The possibility that there was now a pussy between my legs. But it didn't matter *where* my fingers probed. There was just *nothing* there. My crotch was completely smooth? Was there a delay with my assumed new pussy opening? On the other hand, women usually had bigger *asses* than men, right? And yet... My own was *flattening* behind me, even though I was still more distracted by the front of my body. “**Why is there nothing...? M-My voice!?**” I'd been able to dismiss them as mere voice cracks before, but now? It was persistent, and it *sounded* feminine.

“**What is happening... to... me....!? UGH! Why am I so itchy!?**” I'd wanted to afford the state of my sex a little more contemplation, but my hands began to itch at my body in various places all of a sudden. It felt akin to wearing a *very* itchy, full-body sweater – but it also wasn't like I was *wearing* anything? The moment it occurred to me; I ended up inspecting my skin all the more carefully. I was expecting hives or something of that nature, but what I noticed was perhaps far *more* alarming than I could have even imagined.

I ran my hand across my pale stomach and squinted. “**...Hair?**” That was what it *felt* like. Like soft hairs were growing from my skin. Because I *was* so pale though, it wasn't immediately apparent to me that these hairs were *white*. Not only were they growing around my belly, disguising that my bellybutton was ultimately filled in throughout the process, but it grew across the front of my pelvis and even around my breasts. It seemed to *hide* my nipples, but that wasn't quite right. They were just *gone*, with those breasts merging into a single frontal bulge that gave my chest a full appearance without any of a teat's functionality.

This new information painted an entirely different picture than the one I had originally assumed. “**Am I becoming some sort of animal?**” Humans did *not* have fur the last I checked. But that didn't explain my lack of genitalia, right? Mammals tended to have a *sex*. Of course, with my mind wandering elsewhere, it was easier for the white fur to spread elsewhere: along my appendages. Or at least the *fronts* of them, because this thin fur sprouted around my hands up to my elbows, along with my feet up to *just* below my knees.

It was in these places that my new theory was challenged, because while what became of them in the wake of this fur growing was animal-like? It wasn't 1:1 with an *actual* animal. I was quick to recognize this, as my hands felt oddly... *swollen*? “**Hm?**” It was pressing enough that I raised both hands with my palms pointed towards my face. They were *already*

snow-white and soft, but there was little point in mincing what I saw. *Three* of my fingers on each hand (my thumbs, middle fingers, and pinkie fingers specifically) were growing larger and larger; not just longer, but thicker. All while the fingers in between them appeared to shrink not into mere nubs in the center, but into utter obscurity. This all transpired while hardening and darkening fingernails stretched into sharp, black claws. All of which rested neatly within my new gloves. “**Wait. A Digimon?**”

It all made sense, and I mentally berated myself for not arriving at such an obvious conclusion in the first place. I had been playing a *Digimon* MMO when this had all happened, so of course it wasn't turning me into any old regular animal! In the meantime? My feet suffered a fate similar to my hands, though the enlarged, clawed toes sat flat on the ground with paw beans surfaced on their undersides. My ankles thickened *and* lifted, swinging backwards just a few inches beneath my knees. That said, I soon stumbled for vaguely related reasons.

“**I'm getting smaller.**” This was a conclusion that I drew just as I felt the weight of my thighs began to grow. It wasn't a *fatty* weight so much as it was a *muscular* one though, as those thighs swelled with a strength accompanied the earliest signs of *yellow* fur growing where white did now. Purple futatsudomoe symbols emerged on thighs that were now wider than my pinched in waistline, which... when had *that* happened? This was all *unrelated* to my height drop, which had taken my nearly six-foot height down to 5'8”.

Oddly, because of the changes to my hands and thickened forearms, and because it was just my *torso* that had shrunk, my arms seemed *much* longer and reached down to my thickened knees. Yellow fur was sprouting now only across the upper halves of my arms, but it also grew across a back that was both slender and muscular – all while ‘wings’ of a sort grew in tufts from the backs of my shoulders. “**Pfft...**” And *speaking* of tufts? Keeping my chin pointed down to look at my body as it changed became difficult as I received a mouthful of white fur. A mane grew across my chest, making it appear even *larger* as it hung down to the center of my torso.

I'd more or less made sense of *what* I was becoming at this point, so I was hardly alarmed once my face was slowly pulled forward, allowing me to see how the yellow fur grew around my lengthening *snout*. My nose merged into it, becoming little more than a cold, wet triangle at its tip (with my sense of smell improved) while all the teeth within my mouth sharpened into fangs instead. It was inevitable that my hairline would recede as this all happened and the same blonde as the rest of my fur replaced its original, darker colour, leaving me with a face that was

far more *vulpine* in nature than human – and even had an aerodynamic, triangular extension rutting off either cheek.

Again, I wasn't *surprised* by this. I rotated my jaw to adjust to my new snout, paying no mind to how my vision blurred before sharpening. My vision's enhancements came just as my irises brightened to blue and my sclera darkened to black within *very* narrow eyelids. Purple, lightning bolt-like marking zigzagged in my fur beneath them, while a twitching atop my head tempted me to look up. "*Ears.*" I didn't feel all that talkative any longer, not that I really *needed* to be. I no longer felt any distress, even as my ears folded together into a pair of triangles and began to rise on the sides of my head. The two yellow triangles ended up having white tips, but despite the lack of any ear holes? I could now hear much more clearly.

I turned my head over my shoulder and pointed my new snout down expectantly. All things considered, it was only a matter of time before... "*There.*" As I had anticipated, a yellow nub pushed out from just above where my butt had once been. Now cheekless, the flat surface that remained was instead treated to the growth of a long and fluffy yellow tail with a white tip. It was roughly seven feet long and was *clearly* designed like the tail of a fox. Which made sense. I'd already realized which Digimon I was becoming, after all.

"*Hm.*" I could have said more as a direct reaction to what had just clearly happened to me, as I flexed the thick paws that had replaced my hands and grew all the more accustomed to the sensation of my new fox tail swishing back and forth behind me. Even *I* noticed it, that the changes that the now completed progress bar had wrought weren't physical alone. I felt no motivation to speak arbitrarily. I was content with observing. I felt oddly at *peace*.

Was I a *woman*? They said that Digimon did not have inherent concepts of sex like humans did, but there was a part of me deep down that *was* still human. I was a *Renamon*, a Digimon whose form, with its wide hips and thighs that were thick with strength, often elicited an impression of femininity. Not to mention two of its evolutions, Taomon and Sakuyamon, were clearly inspired by women. I could only choose to identify as one myself, all things considered.



This body of mine was strong. Agile. I was low in my evolution line, but I could become much *stronger*. Much *prettier*. But how could I go about that? I could feel it. I had a Renamon's instincts, but those instincts didn't mean I could easily survive in this Digital World. I needed to learn, grow, and hone those instincts so that I could survive. But was that something I could do myself? Perhaps it would be a goal better accomplished with a *partner*? **"I wonder... There must be a *Chosen* or two around, right?"**

After all, if *I* had been summoned to this world, then others must have as well. So, with that in mind, I disappeared in an instant, my speed so quick that it looked like I had teleported elsewhere into the forest. I stopped only after catching the scent of a *human*. A girl that I observed from the trees. She seemed to be freaking out about being turned into a *girl*? A young one at that, surely no older than twelve. I had no clue that it was the fate that had awaited my friend, Kay. I just felt a surprising *draw* to her. She was carrying a purple Digivice.

Much to her surprise, I dropped down from the trees and landed in front of her. She seemed worried that I would attack.

"Are you in need of a partner Digimon, young miss?"

"I-I'm not supposed to be this young!"