

VR ZERO

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’m really starting to think that something is wrong with Kirito...”

Asuna Yuuki wore a concerned expression once she finally stepped through the front door of her family home. She’d returned home from school later than normal, and that was only because she had made a pit stop on the way. Well, it wasn’t much of a ‘pit stop’ when the location had been on the polar opposite side of the city. But she had made a point to visit the home of her boyfriend, Kazuto Kirigaya – though everyone called him ‘Kirito’.

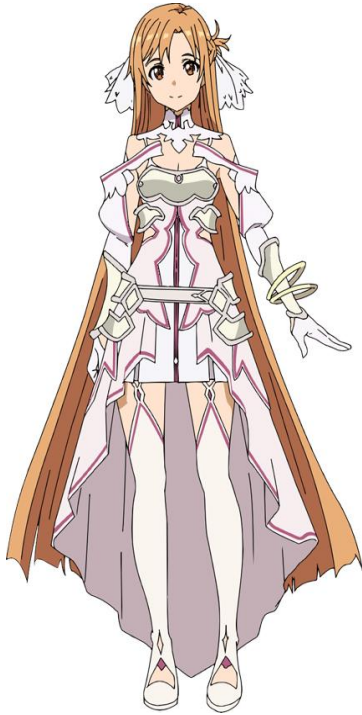
He was the hero that had ultimately defeated the mastermind of the Sword Art Online incident with Asuna at his side. He had his flaws, but he was a very attentive boyfriend where it counted. If something was ever wrong? Then he let her know immediately. It was part of the reason she had learned something was wrong during the incident with the Underworld. He hadn’t been maintaining contact with her after one of the tests.

A similar scenario had been unfolding for the past few days, though the girlfriend did have *some* reassurances. Both Kirito and his little sister had gone off the grid. Not only had they not attended school, but neither of them would answer text messages or IMs from anyone in their friend group. Everyone was *naturally* worried. They’d been told that the two were sick, but what if it was something else?

That was why she had gone to his home that evening. If he was too sick to meet with her, then at least she could get some information from his parents. They ultimately confirmed that the siblings were just sick and

had been recommended some time away from their phones. It had been a relief to learn this at the time, because there was no way Kirito's parents would *lie* to her, right? This was true. Or, at least, it would have been true...

If they weren't being blackmailed as part of a coverup.



“Oh! Was today the day the unit was supposed to arrive? I think Ayano-chan mentioned it via text when I was visiting Kirito-kun’s place...” Asuna had needed a distraction, and she found one when she got into her room. A box marked to contain a newly released VR headset that she had tested back in the trial phase. It had been a big event where people with strong VRMMO presences had been invited, including many of the SAO Incident survivors that had been willing.

Experienced as she was with that type of hardware now, it had only taken the high schooler about ten minutes to unpack and set up the device. In fact, the hardest part had basically been unplugging and putting the *old* one aside. It was getting pretty late, and she had homework, but there was no harm in giving it a quick test run, was there? She laid down on her bed and placed the headset visor over her eyes.

Asuna didn't express any surprise whatsoever when she found herself in the VR headset's 'main lobby'. **“Oh, right... It loaded my Underworld profile during the test, huh?”** She didn't *like* playing the part of a goddess outside of that world. Not after everything that had happened. But it wasn't like she'd been given a choice. **“I just need to do the preliminary setup, and...”** Just like the others, she left the 'Ultra Immersion' setting on, thinking it was something she could turn off if need be. All she had to do now was set up a test game.

The issue was? She had seemingly mis-clicked. ALO had been pre-installed, yet she'd clicked on ZZZ VR. What even was that game?

The next thing she knew? She was standing in the middle of a crosswalk of a futuristic looking city. Odd that there was no one else around. No NPCs, no nothing. Had no players other than herself logged in? Was it not a popular game? It was just one that had been developed *for* this particular headset, and since they wouldn't be hitting store shelves until the week after? There weren't enough players to populate it yet. Though,

this game wasn't looking for *players*. It wanted, like the Blue Archive and Azur Lane VR games before it, *guides* to ferry in the new players later.

And Asuna had been assigned one of those roles, she just didn't know it yet. But she *had* already been 'branded' for this fate. Branded by a black tattoo that surfaced dead in her forehead's center. It was a black triangle with its point pointing towards her scalp, stylized in its design with a meaning the young lady wasn't aware of... for the time being. In fact, she didn't even know that it had appeared in the first place.

Nor that its influence had begun to seep into her skin *from* the tattoo. **"If I can't log out, there must be a customer service feature, right?"** She tapped and swiped against the HUD floating in the thin air before her, though while she did so? The color of her skin around the tattoo on her forehead *darkened* to an ashy brown. This shade seeped across her face in its entirety, and then worked its way down her neck, torso, and limbs. She *might* have noticed it in her hands if her avatar wasn't wearing gloves!

"E-Eh!?" Asuna's voice squeaked with a significantly higher pitch on this occasion, the girl expressing even *more* emotion than normal for some reason. She was just reacting to how the HUD glitched out and disappeared before her very eyes, leaving her entirely stranded. Yet, in exchange for that screen disappearing? The colors of her eyes had darkened until they were red. Not a very good exchange, nor did the two things seem *related*, but the ability to access the HUD was related to an avatar's eyes.

This just meant that the eyes Asuna were looking through no longer belonged to an 'avatar'.

In terms of color changes, it seemed that her appearance wasn't even *finished* adopting new ones. It came for her *hair* next, for the orange tips of her locks darkened to black and eventually began to encroach upwards towards her roots. It was a process that took a little *too* long, but only because for a while the length of that hair was regressing at the same pace that the black traveled. Hair that once reached just past the backs of her knees eventually only reached just past her shoulders, with lengthened bangs parted to reveal the triangular marking on her forehead alone.

...And she somehow hadn't *noticed*? **"Weird! What was I doing here again!?"** It really *was* weird! Why couldn't she remember? Why was she acting so *casual* about it all? These were questions that she didn't bother to ask herself, and just began to go with the flow as her situation rapidly became all the direr. With her color scheme altered into

something like a 2P color scheme in a fighting game, it was finally time for the *real* transformation to begin.

And it began with, of all things, *loss*. “**Huh!?**” Because she’d been standing at such an open crosswalk, there wasn’t really anything to compare her eye level against in her immediate vicinity. So, when she cried out? She was operating on an inkling of a hunch that something was *awry*. It wasn’t baseless, though. Was her dress *looser* than it was supposed to be?

The base of her costumes skirt now hung to her knees, while clasped thigh highs were bunched up *around* those knees. The girl’s boots felt *very* loose, and her detached sleeves were bunched up as well. If she’d been standing at her avatar’s usual height of 5’4”, then none of this was possible without her Underworld costume growing bigger somehow. But the opposite was actually the case. Her height had dropped, and her hands and feet had slimmed in the process.

She now stood at 4’10” instead, a much shorter height!

“**Am I shorter? Nah, that couldn’t be, right?**” At least it now made sense why she *sounded* younger. Asuna’s age hadn’t actually changed at *all*, but her shorter height came with an enhanced *youthfulness*. One that was made plainer in a face that had rounded, yet despite that roundness had gained thinner lips and a shorter nose. Her red eyes widened too, all ultimately making her *look* more childlike even though she *wasn’t* chronologically.

This actuality manifested in *other* ways too, though. The girl’s shorter body continued to adjust to become leaner. It would have become *faster*, but she was already faster than her peers. So, instead? She just continued to *lose*. The heft of her bosom faded away in slight, becoming perkier but also regressing a single cup size. Her butt diminished too, though her tanned thighs stood out as an exception since they stretched about too inches wider around.

Her physical reassignment was *almost* complete, and yet before entering the final stage? It was her clothing that was corrected. A glitching, pixelating phenomenon spread across what she was already wearing, masking what was going on underneath. But once it disappeared? She was dressed in something else entirely. A pair of black, puffy shorts that showed off her thighs between them and a pair of black thigh highs under futuristic, steel boots with ‘toes’ that almost resembled the feet of a cat.

Above those shorts she wore a sleeveless top with a base of red, white cups, and thin black cloth that attached to a cat bell around her neck.

Puffy, red, detached sleeves wrapped around her middle fingers, and a futuristic, red headband lifted some of her hair. But there was also something very *odd* about her new shorts. There was a big gray tuft in the back that vaguely concealed *two holes* just above her perky rump. They served a purpose, but that purpose just hadn't *grown* yet.

It was about to. Well, that purpose more or less *shot out* from the base of her spine, because two grey lumps pushed through those holes and began to extend behind her, while at the same time her ears gradually crept up her head's sides. The lumps from her tailbone grew and grew, their surfaces covered by grey fur as they began to swish about. It wasn't long before it was clear *what* they were. A pair of swishing cat tails that were about five feet long each. Incidentally matching the black cat ears with tufts of white within them that now twitched atop her head.

She had become a *cat Thiren*.

“Eh? Eh? Eh? What was I doing again!?” The head of *Nekomata*, full name *Nekomiya Mana*, bounced back and forth rapidly as she tried to get her bearings. Her head had felt a little *fuzzy* for some reason, and it wasn't because of her twitching ears! **“Oh! I'm in Lumina Square! I was supposed to do something important, wasn't I?”** While she was about the same age as Asuna, the cat Thiren's behavior was much more akin to a child... or a kitty, at least.



The more the girl thought about it, the more sense things made. Which was surprising, since while she was exceptionally *cunning*, she wasn't always the sharpest tool in the shed. Being cunning was what made her an integral part of the Cunning Hares, though! **“Oh! I'm getting paid to be a greeter! Hehe... But who am I even greeting? There's no one around!”** *New players* were who she was supposed to be greeting, but Nekomata didn't see this New Eridu City as a game world.

And she wouldn't stop seeing it that way until she logged out.

But how would she deal with her real body becoming that of a *cat girl* when she did!?



Riko Shinozaki, known as *Lisbeth* online, wasn't *quite* as worried about Kirito and Suguha as Asuna was. She believed that the siblings would be okay, even though it all *was* a little concerning. At the very least, the bubbly teen could understand where Asuna was coming from after everything that had happened in Alice's world. But any concern that she'd had was drowned out the moment she got home and found *it* on her bed.

“The next gen VR headset! Wahoo!” She'd really wasted *no* time when it came to setting it up, and after receiving a text message from Silica about getting her own? She had sent a follow-up message about meeting her in-game. It was just the thing that they needed to take their minds off of things! Before she knew it, she was logged into the lobby. She was all set up and ready to log into ALO when— **“Hey!?”**

ZZZ VR? What was that? Why had it been selected? She knew how to control these systems like the back of her hand, and she had *definitely* selected ALO! It was already too late. The next thing she knew, her surroundings had become a dark but clean city alleyway in the middle of the day. And she quickly realized that she couldn't log out. **“Hey!? Come on! ...N-Not again...”**

Faced with the potential horrors of a situation not unlike the Sword Art Online incident, Lisbeth became... *oddly quiet*? No, that couldn't have been right, could it? She was loud and always stood her ground, so it was very unusual to see her back down from displaying the appropriate amount of emotion in that exact moment. She almost felt like it would be *bothersome* – not to her, but to anyone who could *hear* her. Even though she hadn't seen anyone else?

In many ways, what awaited the blacksmith was similar to what had befallen Asuna. But her fate wasn't the *exact* same, and it also wouldn't unfold in the exact same way, either. This was made clear almost immediately, or at least it would have been clear immediately if not for the armor plate her ALO avatar wore over its chest. It was what was directly *beneath* that plate that was changing.

Lessening, more like. Her breasts were probably the second largest out of their group's after Suguha's, but that definitely *couldn't* be claimed to be true after this process had been worked through. The weight of her C-cups slipped, and her nipples narrowed by about an inch, until they were a small, albeit upright pair of *A-cups*. The bra she was wearing under the shirt wasn't really holding onto much of *anything* anymore.

“W-Wait... I feel a little weird...” Lisbeth’s voice remained the same *for now*, but she was speaking quietly and awkwardly – more like how Silica was when she’d first met her in SAO than anything. So, if she recognized that she felt weird, did that mean she could tell what was happening? Seemingly *not*, else she probably would have been able to piece together that her white pants felt a little *tight*. Not around her butt, though. The cheeks of her ass had compressed like her boobs, losing an inch of their girth. But, as if to compensate for that loss? Her thighs thickened *two* inches, and her already tight pants were struggling with this extra width.

But it was all downhill from there. *Literally*. *“Uwah!?”* And in this case, the pitch of the girl’s voice *finally* rose as she... *fell*? Her height took a tumble if anything. The teen’s height was a little above average, standing at 5’5” – or, at least, it *was*. But as her bones compressed and her hands slimmed, she was eventually crushed down to a mere 4’10”, which left her pants bunched up at her knees and her top hanging down to her thighs. It made her look a little younger overall, likely around *fifteen*, which meant she had lost *four years*.

Though, she also didn’t really look like a younger Lisbeth. She wasn’t that short at that age from the outset, though the differences were clearer in her face. *“That was weird... Why did I feel off balance...?”* Her face changed even as she spoke. Her lips thinned but were slightly upturned, her nose slimmed, and her cheeks rounded. Her eyes, on the other hand, sagged a little under her lids so that they appeared *droopier*, with her monolids bunching up to have two humps along rounded corners. Those weren’t the eyes of a Japanese youth, but instead perhaps those of a girl of *European* descent?

And her irises were dyed in bright purple.

By this point, the only indicators that she had been Lisbeth were her short, pink hair and her pointed ALO fairy ears – the latter of which were prompt to round now that her transformation was nearing its end. Streaks of a pale but rusty green soon emerged amidst her head of hair, and those dyed strands grew and grew until they reached the peak of her buttocks. This change spread from one strand to the next until her hair was *all* long and green, with bangs fluffy and thick to boot. It was pulled up into a pair of cute twintails lifted up by big, screw-shaped hair clips and black ribbons, nestled behind a maid’s headdress.

...Maid? Yes, maid. The pixelated, glitching phenomenon spread across the rest of what the girl was wearing. It glowed and disappeared, revealing a brand new outfit for this brand new teenager. A modified maid dress with a puffy, grey skirt lined with white lace made up the

bulk of it, complete with knee-length black boots with red toes. Bloomers were hiding *under* her skirt, but her chest was small enough that it was only supported by a sports bra under the dress' top. A pleated apron was held on by a belt around her waist, and screws and chains decorated its torso. A rather *metal* set of accessories for a young maid.

“I-I’m going to be late, aren’t I!”

Corin Wickes was an Agent of the Victoria Housekeeping Company, a fact that was *pretty* obvious based on the combat maid uniform that her small body was wearing. Compared to the bold and hard-headed teen that she had been before, she was now much more softspoken and had a habit of stumbling over her own words. Nonetheless, she was a dutiful young woman who never backed down once she agreed to do something.



And she had *agreed* to help with a greeting job that had been set up suddenly by the city. She knew she was working alongside a member of the Cunning Hares, a group she had been connected to during an incident in one of the Hollows, and they shared a mutual connection in Phaethon. **“I-I have to hurry!”** But she was going to be late! She ran as fast as her tiny feet could carry her, hurling past the crowds of NPCs that now crowded the streets since the two guides had been ‘created’. Until finally...

“I-I’m here!”

“Took ya long enough!”

“I-I’m sorry, Miss Nekomata!”

At least the two got on well enough! A trend that would continue even after they were disconnected and would be stuck in the real world with these new bodies and personalities!