

SINNER IN THE MIRROR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was slow going, but Joseph had recently gotten into Limbus Company.

The game was certainly *interesting*. It was a gacha game as many games were these days, but it was one backed by a legacy of games created by its publishing company and stood out from the rest of the pack, even if it wasn't particularly well known. In fact, it was criminally underrated when compared to its ilk. In the first place, it stood out through just how *violent* it was. Characters exploded into chunks of flesh and blood, horrifying monster enemies often showed up in battles, and The City in which the game took place was an unrelating land of misery.

And that was to say nothing of its business practices, which were some of the bests in the industry – although the bar was basically on the floor at this point. While there *were* banners that you rolled on for new Identities, which were basically new variations of the existing cast, you could gain currency to buy those characters outright for free if you just did your dailies and weeklies. As a new player this was a little hit or miss, but once you'd played for a season or two then you started rolling in the stuff. Not to mention the battle pass was cheap and lasted *months*.

Of course, these things alone hadn't been enough for Joseph to try the game out. It was the character designs that had caught his attention. The cast was an assortment of attractive men and women, with the player character being a cool non-binary clock, and he ended up gravitating more towards the women Sinners (the name for the playable characters). But he couldn't have imagined how that love would manifest.

Because a connection had unknowingly drawn a line between the game world and the real one.

“Huh? Isn’t that...?” After getting ready one morning, the man had doubled back to his bathroom mirror to give himself a quick once over. It was just a quick gesture where absolutely *nothing* should have gone awry, and yet? For a brief moment he thought he’d seen a glint of familiar yellow, and it was only brief because his mirror soon distorted with waves that obscured the image. **“H-Huh?”**

Before a small hand reached out, grabbed him by the collar, and pulled him *in*.

“What... just happened?” Even though he had been pulled *into* a mirror, Joseph was more than certain he had been *pushed* out – it just wasn’t on the same side he had entered through. The place he had ended up was a *bedroom*, one that was dimly lit but gaudily decorated. At best he could describe it as ‘if a vampire was an otaku’, because there were a bunch of figurines and books on a nearby bookcase. Yet, he didn’t recognize a single name or character among them.

He turned to look behind him, hoping to see a way back. There *was* a mirror there, and a full-length body mirror at that, but there was a weird-looking device hooked up to it. The glass was also fogged over, like it wasn’t working? But mirrors didn’t need to ‘work, right? They just needed not to be broken. **“Did I really come in through that thing!?”** That didn’t even make *sense*! But was it really the case? Pressing his hand against it amounted to nothing.

“And shouldn’t there be someone else here? I was definitely pulled... and pushed.” But there definitely wasn’t anyone else in that room with him. **“None of this makes any sense! I mean...”** But Joseph didn’t end up finishing his sentence, because something else distracted him. Long, blonde hairs that were dangling between his eyes? **“Uh...?”** Had they fallen off of an animal or something? Was he being forced to wear a wig? But when he went to pull on them? **“Ow...”**

They had certainly *felt* real, which in turn led to him reaching up with both hands to run them through his hair. He kept it short to shaggy depending on how much he’d let it grow out, but that wasn’t the case any longer. It was long enough to form a *bob* around his head, and one that was blonde and messy. **“Did I get a new hairstyle when I passed through that mirror?”** Did it also give him *colored contacts*? Because his eyes had begun to shimmer with *crimson*.

“A-Anyways...” He needed to get *out* of there. He didn’t belong there, but if the mirror wasn’t functioning and that was how he’d gotten in – impossible as that sounded – he couldn’t really fathom how else he’d manage to leave. But there was a voice in the back of his head that was questioning why he’d even *want* to leave. One that became all the stronger the more that his body changed. In what ways? Well, it was far more than just his hair and eyes.

Whatever bulk that the man’s body had possessed waned, but this wasn’t necessarily referring to his muscle mass, and he hadn’t had a whole lot of it in the first place. Rather... **“Hm?”** Joseph’s attention was first drawn to his *shoulders* as his t-shirt slipped to one side, while beneath that shirt his waistline pinched in even farther above hips that actually stretched wider instead. It completely altered the shape of his silhouette, rendering it more *androgynous* than masculine. This could, and would, be skewed farther, though.

It was just that... **“Hark!?”** That had only been *part* of it, and his voice ended up cracking as an *unusual* word of exclamation escaped his lips as something far more *obvious* crossed his mind. It was difficult not to question why he was suddenly falling... and he wasn’t even really doing that, not with his feet still grounded on the floor below. His shorts held on by only his hips as they grew large enough to almost reach his shins, while his shirt became *several* times too large for him.

“Have I been shrunk by some sorcery!?” Joseph certainly *had* shrunk. For a man that had been roughly six feet tall, he was now only 5’4”... and seemingly knew this even without measuring himself in a mental change that should have been worth questioning. But he didn’t. **“Why does my voice ring with such strange melodies? Why must this spirited tongue refuse to yield!”** He was more fixated on *how* he was speaking, and how it sounded like the voice of a spirited one young woman.

...He didn’t realize just how much he *looked* the part, though. His Adam’s apple had smoothed away, and her face was notably fairer with lips that were short yet swollen, a nose that was as small as a button, and red eyes that had become rounder. The red in those eyes was glowing brightly, and deep down? He felt *hot*. Hot and *hungry*? But those feelings dulled with time. The man didn’t notice that while his feet were daintier, they had been dressed in new footwear. Old, worn-down yellow running shoes.

Which were related to these feelings dulling, actually, and even dulled the red in his eyes to dark orange instead.

Nonetheless, he looked *and* sounded more and more like a young woman. Joseph realized this, and based on how he was talking? He could even place a name to who he sounded like. “**I am not transforming into that lady, am I!?**” The way he spoke was so boisterous and theatrical that only one person, no, *character* came to mind. That said, *she* was plagued by new sensations that pulled her away from mentioning it just yet.

Her sex had changed, swiftly and decisively, and she groaned in response to the sensation of her cock shrinking into nothing. “**My chivalric honor!**” That was a strange way to refer to her dick, but it was what she ended up saying! Her new pussy was decorated with a near bush of gold above it, and she had reached down with thinner, daintier hands to investigate her shorts before stopping herself.

Namely because her hands reached back *behind* her instead, grabbing onto the cheeks of her ass with a playful “**Oooh!**”. Admittedly, Joseph was beginning to have a hard time concentrating. Her thoughts were jumping all over the place, and the fuller feeling she experienced in her boxers as her ass swelled larger was just the latest thing to catch her attention. She felt it swell *as* she squeezed it, what was once flat developing into a perky pair of cheeks between her widened hips. Excess was fed into her thighs, which burgeoned to twice their original size. Their skin was pulled tightly, and this led to a sheen that was all the more apparent because her body hair had effectively been shaved away.

“**Aaaah!**” That playful streak continued up to her chest, where hands sunk into a mass that hadn’t existed before. Mounds burgeoned into hills, and then miniature mountains as the *D-cup* tits she’d been destined to develop did just that. “**Verily, they are of most magnificent stature!**” Did that make her feel *proud*? She should be more upset, right!?

The moment she removed her hands from her chest, what she was wearing was exchanged with what she expected. A white dress shirt underneath a long, black suit jacket and matching pants. There was a dark red tie beneath her collar, with a number of badges and red highlights across the suit. It was the Limbus Company uniform, which made total sense considering who she had become.

“**Hark! Have I truly ascended to the glorious mantle of Don Quixote!?**” Try as she might, the woman failed to shed the uncanny speech patterns of the eccentric *Don Quixote*, a name that she now identified with despite understanding that she was the victim of some kind of strange transformation. “**By what sorcery has this befell me!? How may I restore my true form!? And how shall I find the path back to my rightful home!?**”

She at least understood *where* she was now. She was aboard the Mephistopheles, the bus that acted as the home base for the Sinners of Limbus Company. The rooms were *special* and took the form best suited for the user's mental state, so the shelves of Fixer merch had definitely been forged by the woman's adoration of the profession, and the dimmer atmosphere was no doubt a product of... whatever nefarious existence compelled her to *not* remove her running shoes no matter what.



Don Quixote turned back to the mirror to find it was perfectly clear now though. **“Hm!?”** And on the other side was a man that looked *just* like the man she had been before, *waving* at her. And yet... suddenly the reflection changed back to *her* reflection, and in that moment? Any memories of that past life just up and *disappeared*. **“Hm... Perchance the Glass Mirror, set forth by the illustrious Faust for our trials, hath lost its luster and faltered?”**

Well, it was reflecting *her* image just fine!

Kay blinked once. Twice. Three times. He *had* been out shopping as he had planned for the day, but while passing a shop window he had ultimately noticed something *odd* in her reflection. He was pretty sure he'd caught a glimpse of a woman in a suit in place of his own image, but he hadn't been able to process it before the glass had distorted and a hand attached to a suit-sleeved arm had grabbed him by the arm and pulled him *into* the glass!?

“Where *am* I!?” And on the other side, or at least what he *assumed* was the other side, he had found himself in a bedroom. *Maybe*. There was definitely a *bed*... or was it more of a cot? But the room was largely worn down and empty. If he was to describe it, he probably would have likened it to the type of lodgings a soldier stayed in during a war. Which meant that it definitely wasn't homely *at all*.

And behind him? A foggy mirror... connected to some sort of weird device?

It was bothering Kay in the sense that this all felt strangely *familiar* in a sense, but it also wasn't familiar enough. Mirrors were used in Limbus Company, for example, but they weren't used to teleport people. They

were used for channeling the powers of alternate selves into the playable Sinners, and that particular Mirror was embedded in the bus that served as the game's HUB. They weren't set up in a... bedroom? **"...It still feels kind of generous to call this a bedroom though."**

There *was* a door that he could have left through, but it was chained up with a padlock on it. **"I don't suppose this thing will just open if I— Nope."** He approached the lock, which had rotating parts to input a code. But it wasn't unlocked by default. **"This... is probably bad."** All things considered, however, wasn't he acting surprisingly *calm* about all of this? Even he could recognize that he should have been losing his cool.

Not only was he not losing his cool though, but the pigmentation of his skin was growing *warmer*. He'd been a fairly pale guy despite the part of the world that he lived in, but little by little his complexion darkened. At first it was only a light tan, but it soon became a light brown instead. The lighting in that room was somewhat dim though, so unless he was *looking* for a problem with his skin, he probably wouldn't find it. And there were multiple problems, like his body hair disappearing or scars etching themselves into skin that somehow felt more *worn*.

The wear of it all was a little more obvious in his *face* than anywhere else. You could see the Crow's feet etching themselves into the corners of his eyes and bags forming under them, but there were no dimples because their existence would imply that he smiled often. *Kay* smiled often, but what did that say about who he was *becoming*? **"I don't know the code, but..."** Hearing something off in his voice, making it sound vaguely more feminine, he took a moment to clear his throat. That didn't fix it.

"Why do I feel like I should know it?" He raised an eyebrow the moment it occurred to him his voice was *stuck* that way. Was there something in the air? Was his throat dry? It was probably nothing... was the wrong way to look at it, realistically. But the voice change had come with a smoothed-away Adam's apple and a number of adjustments to his face's design. Swollen lips, a longer yet thinner nose, and narrowed eyes beneath thinned brows that not only gained longer lashes, but also the browns of his eyes, while still brown, gained a subtly yellow hue. **"Hm?"**

Not only did this lead to his glasses not resting properly because his nose's shape was different, but his vision had gone momentarily blurry because he didn't need them at *all*. He removed them and placed them on a nearby table as if it was more natural than it should have been. **"Why can I see properly?"** Kay's vision was *not* supposed to be that

good, but then again? His short brown hair wasn't supposed to be slightly lighter in tone, nor grown out into a messy bob, either.

His enhanced eyesight was the very first thing he had been able to notice, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. It was a shame the nearby mirror was so foggy, else he might have been able to see that he looked like a *woman* in her *forties* in his reflection. Then again, he was inching closer and closer to that reality with every passing second. Or *she* was, at least. "**Hm!?**" Kay had become surprisingly quiet, but *that* was enough to catch her attention.

'That' being the revocation of what had made her a man in the first place. It shriveled up and faded, folding up into the new slit beneath a bush of brown pubes that became even bushier. "**Am I... female? Come to think of it... the sound of my voice, and the mirror...**" Somehow *still* calm, the woman began to finally piece together what might have been happening to her. She just stopped herself from saying it aloud.

Naturally focused on her changed sex, the woman didn't quite notice the ways in which her body was becoming *smaller*. In terms of height? *Vaguely*. She had almost been six feet tall, but her height ended up hovering around 5'10" even after 'shrinking'. The more notable loss of size could be seen in things like narrowed shoulders or her pinched in waist, while her hands and feet were similarly robbed of length and thickness. That said, her fingers and toes grew *extremely* callous.

But it wasn't *all* about loss. There were gains to be had, but most of them came about when referring to her body's bulk. "**...Am I stronger?**" Kay could *feel* her body's muscles tighten, in turn leading to the skin stretch around them before they bulged. She was left with a six-pack of abs and more bulk to her arms and legs. But when it came to the mass associated with femininity? Well, her body didn't depart from its leaner build all that much.

Fat blessed her with a woman's proportions, but you had to factor in the fact that she was about ten years older than she had been before, too. The fat that pooled beneath her chest and drove her nipples to grow plumper ended up sagging slightly beneath her shirt, even though they were *C-cups* at best. With the proper support they would have likely looked larger. But her lower half didn't have that benefit. Her thighs only thickened enough to give her the bare minimum in terms of plushness, while her ass just bubbled until it was more obviously feminine between widened hips.

"It seems it's as I thought..." Throughout Kay's transformation, she hadn't been bothered much by her clothing because it still fit relatively

well barring being a bit loose. But she immediately felt those clothes tighten, and looking down? She was wearing a familiar uniform. It was the same one that Don Quixote war, but she was wearing tall, dark brown boots and the jacket only reached her waist. It was all much *neater* too, like she'd been very meticulous while putting it on, and her ears were now pierced with golden rings.

“Well, this is certainly a queer development...” And not in the sense that *Outis* felt like a kissing another woman, though that certainly wasn't off the table, either. Thus far, the memories of the woman's life as Kay had been preserved, but she now possessed the memories and experience of a woman in her *forties* that had served a military career before becoming a Sinner of Limbus Company. With a stern yet apprehensive look upon her face, she turned her darkened hands over in front of her. **“How in the world is this even possible?”**

But was it something she could even really question with all of those first-hand memories of her time in The City? Stranger things *certainly* had happened. Thinking about it calmly though, it was likely related to the Glass Mirror behind her, right? She could recall Faust putting it there to ‘gather data’, but had it malfunctioned? Outis turned to look at the device once more, noticing the fog from before had disappeared.



The reflection in that mirror wasn't *her*, though. **“Who?”** It was the man she had been, or... *No, my memories are...?* The man in the mirror, who looked to be outside a store, waved with a stern expression before image shifted to what was *actually* reflected of herself and the room. But by that point? Outis was simply Outis. Ready for yet another day serving her Manager!

With no questions about who she really was.

“Someone's been doing a lot of gambling...” In light of an utterly *unfathomable* situation, the best I could do was crack a joke at the sight in front of me. I'd been walking outside after it rained and, when stepping over a *huge* puddle, something had grabbed me from below and *pulled me* in, however the hell *that* was supposed to work. But when I was flung out of what must have been the other side? I wasn't only *not* wet, but I was indoors. **“Maybe I just fell and hit my head...”**

A concussion honestly *did* make more sense to me than finding myself in a room that wasn't my own. It had a pointedly *European* look to it, with a fancy and comfortable looking bed beside a fire. What stood out to me more was the table set up for playing poker beside what looked to be a *pile* of packed snacks and bottles of booze on the ground. Was someone having a party?

Had I the context that this was related to Limbus Company though, I likely would have clocked things immediately.

Instead, my body was rocked by a growth spurt. “**Huh? Is something different?**” ...Okay, maybe that was a little too dramatic. I *had* actually grown, but it had only been an inch or two so that I stood at an even 6'0". It wasn't blatant enough for me to realize I'd grown taller, especially not with my clothing being so big and baggy on account of my heavier weight. I was *not* a guy who was in any kind of shape. But that was why it was so striking when that suddenly began to *change*.

“**Huh!?**” I could only exclaim with a hushed whisper when it occurred to me that my clothes felt strangely *loose* all of a sudden. My shirt had already been baggy enough, but it soon started dangling off of my shoulder – and even reaching down past my waist – like a dress with less and less of protruding belly to cover. My hands flew down in a panic to pat my belly but was met with the resistance of my flesh *far* deeper down than I had expected it to. In fact, all that had really remained was a soft Venus pouch!

This lack of mass filling out my pants led to them slipping off, but my boxers barely held on to cover what my shirt didn't. I was left stunned, now without any excess weight in my stomach, chest, arms, legs, or even my face. “**...HOW!?**” One hand immediately shot up to cover my mouth though, because not only was that cry uncharacteristically *loud* for me, but that voice hadn't sounded like my own at all. It sounded much too... *husky* and *feminine*.

Matters didn't improve when I got a look at the hand I had just raised. My fingers appeared longer, thicker, and far more callous – with the nails a mix of longer than I remember and slightly chewed. Either way, it didn't look like *my* hand. “**What is happening to me right now!?**” Oh, so that *hadn't* been a voice crack. That was just how I sounded at that point whether I liked it or not. And there was a strange part of me that *did* like it, oddly enough.

I was clearly woefully unprepared for how dramatic these changes were *about* to get though, and I hadn't quite noticed what had occurred with my *face*. It had thinned with my previous weight loss, of course, but its

shape had actually become rounder to better accentuate just how plump my *lips* were becoming. They practically doubled in size beneath a widened nose, and my eyes ultimately narrowed as their lashes lengthened and my brows grew bushier yet lengthened above them. The colors of my eyes even adopted a deep blue as a beauty mark appeared under the left one. Burgundy eyeshadow drew most of the attention towards my now *very* beautiful eyes, however.

Unlike Kay, I looked a little bit younger. Probably closer to *thirty*, but that wasn't that steep of a drop.

“My hair!?” I'd been plenty shy my whole life, averse to being disruptive at all, but I was practically shouting without any regard for who might be disturbed every time I noticed something new. On *this* occasion, my short and dark locks were growing longer and lengthening at the exact same time. It became as long as it became thick, spilling well past my shoulders while my bangs lifted to the sides. It was *heavy*, and it grew within my shorts too! The bush I was left with above my cock was *thick*!

Well, it was soon left with more room. **“MMPH!?”** I'd become so animated that I grabbed at the front of my boxers with a sensual moan while reacting to what was clearly my cock being tugged away. **“I'm a chick!?”** I was definitely a *woman* and there was no other way to slice it. My body's build was *filling out* again as a direct response to this, but certainly not in the same way it had been 'filled out' before. After all, the weight that returned was fixed to certain regions.

The pouch that had lingered on my belly ended up making sense as most of this weight pooled both above *and* below it. **“WHOA, HEY!?”** I was getting so stressed out as I soon felt my body pulled both forward and backward that I was starting to *really* wish I had a stiff drink. Despite me not being a drinker at all. Nonetheless, my body was being pulled in differing directions based on which element of my body was swelling.

Down below? It was my ass and thighs! The shorts of my boxers were having a hard time despite being slightly too big for me still, and before long they dug into thighs that were about as thick as my waist, while my ass crack burgeoned over the waistband of my now heart-shaped ass behind me. My hips were naturally given no choice but to widen to accommodate this new heft, and it was *uncomfortable* to have the front of the boxers digging into my pussy.

Still, my shirt didn't fare much better thanks to my— **“TITS!?”** Yeah, those. I just couldn't stop myself from giving them a hearty grab with my hands once I noticed, and they continued to swell and force my palms open as I held them. I could feel my nipples getting thicker to

press up against my hands, and they eventually grew larger than even my *head*. By the time they had grown to *H-cups*, my shirt had lifted high enough to show off my belly pouch, and you could see my engorged and weirdly sensitive nipples pressing up through the material as a set of points.

“I bet this looks kinda hot, actually...” A tall and busty woman dressed only in a man’s shirt and a pair of boxers? People would probably be into that. Unfortunately, I had to let out an **“Aww...”** when that changed and I was dressed in the same uniform as the other two. The coat was long and damaged at the bottom, I was wearing black shoes, and my boobs were so big that the vest was open all the way down to my belt, *but* it was the same general concept.

“That pile of snacks...” I *obviously* had bigger things to worry about. I’d just been transformed into the incredibly tall and *exceptionally* beautiful (no bias) **Rodion Romanovich**, referred to as **Rodya** by her friends. And other than height, I certainly had a bigger *bosom* that I couldn’t stop myself from staring at here and there. But I was *hungry*, and seeing all of those treats made my mouth water! A little booze would have hit the spot too.

...Even though I had never been much of a drinker before.

I had all of her memories, but I still had mine. I should have been focusing on what was important! **“R-Right, the mirror... The snacks... can wait...”** I didn’t sound very *convincing*, not with those muffled sobs I was sobbing as I pulled myself away from the potential treats to look at the mirror I had appeared though. **“WAIT A SECOND!?”** But when I looked at it? It wasn’t *my* reflection in the glass!

Well, it was, wasn’t it? That man... It was a view of him from the ground, but he definitely looked familiar. He was like... Uh... **“Wait, what man? Did I hit the bottle already and forget!?”** It felt like I was forgetting something, but the beautiful lady in the mirror was *me*, right? So, what could I even have been going on about!? More importantly... **“Hehehe...”**



I had snacks to eat and booze to drink! Like any good Russian lass
would!