

A BIT MEATIER

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Have you ever heard the same line in a game so many times that you were on the verge of snapping? When it came to Xenoblade Chronicles 3, there were quite a few of them. Don't get me wrong, it's an amazing game with interesting characters, a robust combat system, and an enthralling plot. But when it came to dialogue outside of the storytelling, that is to say combat and post-combat dialogue, there was most definitely something to be desired.

The same lines repeated over and over again at the end of a battle were certainly the most prominent, if only because of *how often* the battles were. The banter between the cast of misfits was always entertaining, but you could only take the same banter so many times when there was that much emphasis on engaging in the content! Or maybe I was just easily annoyed? That was probably it.

“Hear that, Noah? Lanz wants something a bit meatier!” It was *me* who ended up saying it, and now because I was trying to roleplay the characters on screen. I had just had this one, particular line come up so many times that I was able to call it out as the character who said it did the same. The character in question? Eunie. A Kevesi Human around the physical age of eighteen who was spunky and brash yet had a tendency to hide her more vulnerable feelings. She was a *great* character, and I didn't hold the line against her.

It was just... I had heard it so much.

DOES HE NOW? WELL THEN, WE COULD ALWAYS
MAKE YOU A LITTLE BIT MEATIER?

Despite being home alone, a voice suddenly called out that wasn't from my television screen. It was confusing to say the least, enough to make me call out. "**Uh... Hello? Is someone in my house?**" If someone had broken in, then didn't that mean it was a little dangerous? The voice did eventually respond, giving away their position. It just wasn't where I expected.

UHH... IN YOUR TV, DUH? YOU SNUFFIN' DEAF?

Wait... Didn't I recognize this voice. Wasn't it Eunie's? I didn't exactly get to vocalize that, however, not before my screen blinked. And as it did? I seemingly blinked from existence.

That wasn't *really* the case, though. It wasn't like I had been killed off. Despite sitting at my couch, the next I realized I was outside beneath a night sky and before a campfire, my butt rooted down on a cool-feeling log. The change in scenery was certainly enough to make my jump up. "**What the—!?**" It just didn't make a lick of sense for my surroundings to change like that, but at the same time... Wasn't there something *familiar* about this campsite? Desert on one side of my, a watering hole on the other surrounded by cliffs...

Wasn't this an early campsite used in Xenoblade Chronicles 2? Shortly after the gang first comes together?

Surely something like that was impossible? "**There's no *snuffin'* way it is!**" I exclaimed as if to refute the fact, but I was given pause by one of the words that had escaped my lips. Snuffing? As in the slang term used by the characters in game? Had I really been playing so much that it had rubbed off on me? But it didn't really feel like that, either. It felt more like something was very, very wrong. What had the voice said? Something about making *me* meatier? Did that somehow apply to the situation at hand?

I wondered about it, but a sudden *absence* made me question if that was actually true. An absence that certainly should have been possible, seeing as I was a portlier fellow. Yet I promptly felt much, much lighter, prompting me to look down at myself. "**Queen's wings! I got thinner!?**" Hands patted my chest and tummy, noting not a single ounce of fat out of place upon my frame. Considering I was almost six feet tall; this likely left me to appear rather lanky. And while my shirt was much baggier, my pants were hardly holding onto my hips.

The lankiness was quickly addressed at the very least, not that I could possibly see this as a positive in any sense of the word. **“Spark!”** Another expletive I’d heard plenty in the game left my lips once I was forced to put out my hands to maintain my balance, the gesture only a necessary one because a sharp drop in my height had made it necessary. Jeans got baggier around my ankles and my shirt ultimately ended up looking more like a skirt in the end, for I had fallen all the way down to 5’4”. **“Why is this happening!?”**

It did feel overwhelming, and my mind so *desperately* wished to rationalize it all as a dream. I was smaller, using a dialect I shouldn’t have been, in a *place* that shouldn’t have even been real... And yet these were only the things I had *noticed*. There were a number of changes that weren’t even as obvious transpiring while I desperately struggled to keep my pants held up – all of which were focused on my head.

My face being perhaps the most noticeable of these places in the more immediate sense of things. Maybe it was fitting considering I was so much smaller in every other sense of the word, but my face looked far more youthful than it had. As if I had regressed back into my late teens, my complexion was healthier and tighter overall, yet this still paled in comparison to how features bled from masculine towards the feminine.

Lips were raised and inherited a sheen, while my jawline became smaller to make them look even larger. As I blinked (as one does) my lashes slowly extended about an inch longer than they typically did, while the shapes of those eyes in the first place became bigger and, dare I say, much more *anime*. Thinned brows and a smaller nose likewise highlighted these changes, and when all was said and done I facially looked like someone that should have occupied the supposed game world I had been drawn into.

Albeit a *girl* from that world.

If my face alone did not make this as obvious as it should have been, then my hair certainly would have contributed, ultimately. Little by little my dark locks drew longer, and while I typically wore my hair short because I found it annoying when it tickled my ears and neck, it didn’t even bother me enough to notice as it extended *past* these places so that it hung just a few inches past my shoulders. My bangs, now lengthier and swept towards the left, were the first to exhibit a change in color that lightened them to a soft brown. Inevitably it spread throughout the entirety of my hair. And from the neck up? I resembled a certain individual from the game.

“What am I supposed to do? I ain’t no spoon, but I ‘aven’t got a clue what t— Why... Why am I sparkin’ talkin’ like this!? Even

my voice!” It wasn’t *just* the choice of words by this point, but a fully blown accent had rooted itself in the way I spoke. What’s more, that voice was downright girlish – albeit a little rough around the edges, just like the way I was speaking in the first place. It was all very out of character for *me*, as was the way I was processing my new agitation, yet things only got worse from that point on.

“Snuffin’ hell, that hurt like a right pain in the arse!” I had almost keeled over there for a moment because something akin to the force of being kicked in the nuts had struck between my legs. Seeing as I was alone, and my personality was growing bolder, I didn’t hesitate to stick a hand down my pants and check. Rather than grab *onto* my dick, though? I fumbled about with confusion for a moment before my finger *slid into* something that forced my whole body to shudder. **“That’s a right pussy, ‘innit!?”**

Shocked, I was quick to pull my hand out and examine my finger. I sure could bloody well *smell* it. I had a woman’s genitalia? I was a *woman!*? It was good that I had removed my hand in the end, though, because my once loose clothing had begun to compress against my body. My pants and shirt melded into a single piece of clothing, something like a bodysuit that hugged my legs and torso alike as the material body became rubberier and darkened to black.

As it compressed against my lower body, though? It began to *reshape* it. Legs were tightened until they were smaller near my ankles, as were my feet, but my hips and thighs appeared to grow more expansive under the grip of this new piece of attire. It was almost revealing in a way because it was so tight that you could make up the shapeliness of my bloated thighs and the depth of my now deepened navel.

And it most certainly highlighted my ass. Confused by the changes my clothes had wrought, a smaller yet calloused hand had reached back to pat it – finding that it was enticingly tight yet pronounced. So much so that the indentation of my ass crack was clear even through the pants. Rather than be shocked, a swelling pride within had a different reaction. **“Now that’s a right nice arse!”** And it was *my* arse!

As my shirt blackened, the neckline dropped down to expose the top of my chest. Which, at first, was still completely flat. Yet tightened material pulled my waistline in to give me a more feminine gait against my widened hips, and once that was done? That flat chest began to flourish. Practically non-existent nipples rose to attention, predated the swell that saw breasts form and grow to a pair of perky D-cups. My cleavage was exposed, and while my old self was shy, I hardly seemed to care now. Not even as the tattoo typical of someone from Keves appeared on my right breast.

I groaned, picking at my clothes as they continued to change. **“This is right uncomfortable! Couldn’ta just let me sparkin’ done it myself, huh?”** Memories of the character’s life had begun to surface midst my own, giving me a greater familiarity of my new life, as well as my surroundings. I knew *I* had stashed a change of clothes nearby the last we had visited this campsite, and it would’ve been more comfortable than having what I was wearing wriggle about me like worms.

Nonetheless, it didn’t take all that long to finish. A matching, black jacket with green trim had appeared over the remaining, one-piece bodysuit-like garment I had adorned, while white lines and bright green had decorated both my pants and the new boots I found tinier tootsies clad in.

Casually, I rubbed at the back of my head. And as I did? A pair of feathered wings erupted from the backsides of my skull. Clad in white, these were undeniably the wings of a Kevesi Human – known as a High Entia in times long past. But despite being new growths upon my body? They felt as natural as anything else, really. And that included the fact that I was now an eighteen year old girl. At least physically.

“I really can’t snuffin’ believe it! A mudder like me, stuck as Eunie?” It really *was* impossible to stop now. The use of slang terms that were so common in the game. But with my transformation complete, it didn’t really feel much like a game, did it now? Nah. Instead I just felt like I was livin’ my bloody life, y’know? **“Guess I better just forget about it.”** It just felt easier. To forget about my past life, y’see? I was Eunie now. Blood, flesh, personality, and even memories. They were all hers for the most part. Or I should say all *mine*?

I didn’t exactly feel bad about it, either. **“I’m so peng, so who cares? Hah! I’m livin’ a better life now anyways!”** Confident in my new appearance, I puffed out my chest and casually threw my hands behind my head. Among the group I was apart of, wasn’t I the prettiest? Mio and Sena had their own charms, of course, but none of the mature beauty I did! Yup, I was so snuffin’ mature!

“SO WHERE THE HELL ARE THE REST OF THOSE MUDDERS, ACTUALLY!?” So mature that the second I remembered I’d been left at the campsite all by my lonesome, that I felt the need to shout. Had Noah and the others really left *me* behind? Hah! I had the best plans, the best calls in tricky situations! They’d *totally* be lost without me! After all, if not for me then who would say it? You know, the most important sentence of all? I just *had* to say it after every fight, since it was like the best sentence in the world!

How else would anyone know that Lanz wanted something a little bit meatier!?

