

YOU: AEGIS

COMMISSION STORY

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You had been looking for it all day. Legally, you likely shouldn't have been, but fate favored the bold! ...Or something like that. The truth of the matter was that a new Nintendo Switch emulator had come out for PC that morning, and apparently it was more than capable of running pretty much every game on the market seamlessly. Age of Calamity at 60fps? It might have sounded like a dream just the day before, but now? It was apparently possible.

That wasn't the game you were after though. You were more interested in a Nintendo Switch classic, a game you believed to be extremely underrated. That's right, the coveted 1, 2, 3 Switch. Okay, that was a joke. Does anyone even remember that game? No, the game you were after was *Xenoblade Chronicles 2*.

Finding a ROM for it, though? It had proven to be no easy task. Even though ROMs for Mario games were posted out the wazoo, *Xenoblade Chronicles 2* seemed to be something of a gemstone in the sense that it was both rare, and everyone was asking for it. 'Stay tuned, we're working on it' said one ROM provider site with no timeline given. But you were desperate. The work week you had coming up was a long one, which meant that today was now or never.

But you finally found it. Nestled within a torrent site that you had never even heard of was the goods you had been seeking all morning. You were ecstatic and were quick to download it without reading the text description. Then again, even if you had? You undoubtedly wouldn't have believed the words written. Or at least understood them in the way that was intended.

BE WARY TO THOSE WHO DOWNLOAD, THIS ROM
WILL ALLOW YOU TO EXPERIENCE THE GAME IN A
WAY UNLIKE ANYONE EVER HAS BEFORE.

“And done!” Enthusiastic as could be, you couldn’t help but express your elation aloud once the download had completed. You were pumped to fire it up, using the guide for the new emulator from the site you’d downloaded it from. But much to your disappointment? Booting the ROM had given you an error. That was weird. Did the download not work properly?

You promptly clicked back to the torrent site thinking you might need to redownload it but were surprised to see it was gone. Had it been taken down? Was Nintendo that quick? Well, considering current events it didn’t seem *that* unsurprising. Now upset, you decided to try loading the ROM in the emulator one more time. And, fortunately, it worked!

The game startup screen appeared, and that? That was the last thing you saw before you were plagued by the sensation of being swallowed up.

“Huh!?” The next you knew, you were standing on what looked like a deck. A guardrail in front of you, it was overlooking an endless sea of clouds. Were you really that high in the sky? Wait, no. Despite looking for a ROM for it, you’d played *Xenoblade Chronicles 2* before in the past. This setting, with the moon reflecting off the clouds below? It resembled...

“The Salvage Deck...?” More specifically, that of the Argentum Trade Guild. It had been the starting area in-game, but... It was fictional, right? Were you dreaming? Had you fallen asleep while playing the game? That was really the only explanation you could think of. There’s no plausible way this could be real, you thought. It all looked like... Well, it looked like you were in a video game? Everything appeared just the slightest bit blocky and unkempt, and surely you looked out of place there.

Or so you’d thought! Looking down at your body yielded a different result though. **“I’m all... There’s no way!”** You found you blended in *quite* well. Your body and clothes had all been repurposed into this very same style, or maybe it was more like a filter had been placed over your eyes so that it looked that way? As you noted by moving around a little, everything felt right otherwise. There was no difference in feeling when it came to moving this vaguely CG-anime hand than compared to how things had felt before arriving in this place.

But how this and that *felt*? It hardly answered any of the questions you had. Plus, it more or less enforced the prospect that this was somehow *reality*. Surely you'd had vivid dreams before, but wasn't this taking things a step too far? Never had one felt as real as this if that were the case. You could feel the floorboards move beneath you and creak with each step, the cool evening air brought goosebumps to your flesh. If this really were a dream, it was a *damn* convincing one.

In the meantime? Something had been set into motion without your notice. How could you be expected to realize that anything else was awry? You'd just been deposited into a video game without a single clue regarding how to proceed. At best you were excited of what was to come, at worst you were terrified because you didn't know how to proceed. This world was one filled with villains and monsters, and you had no formal combat training. You were just a gamer!

All of your anxieties would be solved in due time. After all, there were already signs that a greater power was at work. The same power that had brought you here, mind you, but a power that also wanted to see fit that *you would never leave*.

The initial signs danced among your hair, for whatever color it normally was? There was no way it was a red that was so fiery and bright, like a freshly lit flame that could never be extinguished. In fact, this color could never be dyed out through any conventional means, speaking to just how unquenchable it was. In the beginning, it was only a sprinkling of color across your head of hair, but before long it ignited in full, dyeing everything in its color while seeing to it that both the length and style of it was completely repurposed in the meantime.

To those ends? A wide fanning bob was the end goal, and how it grew and shifted was wholly dependent on what your style had been in the first place. Was your hair short, shaved to your scalp? Then it slithered out like innumerable snakes (*or like a much more natural looking Chia Pet*) until it reached the appropriate length. If you were the sort of person that wore your hair at a shoulder length and beyond, however? The excess would be snipped off, caught by the evening breeze as the very anime hairdo fanned out behind you.

“Ouch!” While you had been absorbing the view as you weighed what to do next, a sharp pain passed through your eyes and made you clench them shut. That pain? It was almost *hot* in nature, even if it was only momentary. Once you'd opened them again, though? You could hardly tell what had happened to them aesthetically. The fact that a red identical to that which had swept through your hair now decorated their wider, far more anime designs was completely unknown.

What you *could* certainly sense was— “**Can I see farther than I did before...?**” Now that should have been impossible, right? Even though it seemed as if you could perceive a far greater distance across the sea of clouds, you were surely just misremembering how far you could see before, right? But then again? What *was* or *wasn't* possible had more or less gone out the window the moment you'd appeared on the deck of a fictional setting.

“**No, I must be imAGIning THINGS...!?**” Back-to-back voice cracks plagued your speech and left you immediately confused. During those cracks, your tone sounded softer, sweeter, floatier – and your face squirmed with a desire to match that tone. The lips those words had been spoken through expanded, becoming plump and finding a natural, appealing gloss spread across their pinker designs while the features within your mouth redistributed to fit a changing jaw size.

Your chin? It became a little softer before all was said and done, as your cheek bones rounded to back even more room for your big, old anime eyes with vigor, all while the nose between them wriggled and shrunk. Crimson swept through your eyebrows, seeing them thin while the excess seemingly bled into the growing length of your lashes. In just a matter of moment, your face was one of an extremely attractive anime woman, one that was likely in the eighteen to twenty-one age range regardless of the age you *knew* yourself to be.

Your fingers massaged your neck as you wondered all the while why your voice sounded off. “**Aaa? AaaAAAAaaAAAAaa?**” You sang as if practicing before singing a song, but the sound of your voice remained consistent with the crackling you'd experienced older. What's more, the shapes of your fingers had actually changed. They were slender, decorated with long nails – and that slenderness plagued your neck as well.

In fact, much of your figure had begun to change, but you'd hardly noticed as your attire? It was changing as well. Not to say the style had changed yet, but whether your figure grew or shrunk depending on the necessary altercations would end up properly accommodated. And whether it was substantial or not, there were certainly changes to be found.

The first of many could be found in your waistline. Perhaps you'd been a little chubby, or rather broad by design, but a rumbling in your tummy accompanied a thinning waistline that pinched in to the point that you might be mistaken for a woman supermodel. Of course, the fact that your hips swung wider in the process certainly added to that appeal. But to what ends were they doing so?

“I feel so nauseous... Why am I...? Where...?” This reality was one that was difficult to grapple with, for your head was swimming and your thoughts felt heavier than they should have. Why were you so confused? Just a moment ago your mind had been completely clear! You couldn’t fathom how... *why*... Drats, it was still happening!

It was a phenomenon that was rather fortunately timed, for change that would otherwise be noticed found a window to bleed in midst your confusion. The growth of your thighs was among them, for even though your frame was shorter and leaner, it seemed there was now weight to be found budding in key areas. Those thighs were among them, and they bulged gratuitously without any regard for your legwear, becoming rounder and thicker, while likewise earning a tender squish that would see fingers sink inwards if grabbed.

The back of your pants fared similarly, a flat rear (*at least by comparison to what was to come*) blossoming tidily with a big and spacious design that peeked over your waistline at times, while paling buns found their bigger, solider shapes. As if responding to this thicker form, your lower wear began to squirm. Bright reds and blacks flickered through the material as pant legs shortened, until your pelvis was decorated by only a super short pair of crimson shorts, golden clips and belts reaching out from them.

Needless to say, this was all so compact that there certainly wasn’t any room between your legs for any male genitalia – and they would be correct. A woman’s pussy became far more ample, forcing you to squirm and moan in place as you continued to struggle mentally. **“Mmmn... What... Oh!?”**

Your hips were likewise left completely bare, for the wave of red that had rippled through your lower wear spread into the upper design. It became skintight, with a rippling black running down the center. But around the chest? The sizing seemed to wane into an inconsistency that made little sense at first, but if you considered that you were looking more and more like Pyra from the game world you had been summoned into, the reason was clear as day.

Your chest was swelling.

Maybe you’d had a little bit of weight there before. Maybe you’d been flat as could be. But your nipples had grown both erect and engorged either way, with fat seeping into the flesh beneath to see their weight build higher and higher. Before long they had peaked at a pair of D-cups, their heft forcing your posture to lean unintentionally forwards until your back muscles adjusted. They grew further still, pulling tight the material in the front of your ensemble until it was evident that it had

been left to accommodate of pair of firm, sense E-cup titties, a glowing, green crest appearing in between to indicate that you had become a piece of the Aegis.

From your thin shoulders, a two-tailed mantle of gold flowed backwards, and a green and gold headpiece appeared in the center of your hair. What pulled the ensemble together was the pair of crimson, thigh high boots fashioned in a more futuristic style. It was evident that much of your skin was on display, but it wasn't something you could really grapple with.

The fog on your mind had been lifted, and you were left staring down at yourself. Or, well, as much as you could see with those big breasts in the way. **"I... Do I look like Pyra? How did this happen!? But... No, I am Pyra, aren't I? My name... My old name? I can't remember it!?"** You'd never felt more unsure of anything in your life, and the worst part? You weren't sure if that life was Pyra's, or this separate one that was feeling more and more like a distant memory.

It was something you wanted to think on more, and yet... **"Pyra! There you are!"** The familiar voice of a young man stirred you from these thoughts. Just hearing it was enough to make your heart race, and you cast aside any concerns about your situation as you spun to meet him. It was Rex, the main character of *Xenoblade Chronicles 2*. Pyra had possessed something of a crush on him, and while you had never been his biggest fan before, *now?*

Just seeing him made you feel more tender than you ever had.

Days passed, and during that time your mind became more and more acclimated with your new body. Each day it felt like you forgot a little more about your old life, and while it had been concerning at first? Spending time with Rex like this every day, it was hard to feel all that sad about it. You were content living this life. The events of each day ranged from heartfelt to exciting as your goals, likes, and dislikes all shifted to be in line with Pyra's own.

Even your anxieties, for both as someone that had played *Xenoblade Chronicles 2* and as Pyra herself, you realized it: that sooner or later Mythra would awaken and push this peace into turmoil. What would you do then? Would anything of your old self remain by that point in time? Looking at it that way, you supposed it didn't matter. These feelings you had for Rex, even though you found him annoying in your old life? *It was love, wasn't it?*

You were Pyra now, meant to live out Pyra's destiny. Really, at the end? You could only hope for the best, all things considered. That is, hoping that you were the one that would be picked in the end.

So that you could be reborn into this world anew and fall in love with Rex all over again.