

Resident Evil: Persona

By Soul-Controller

Ever since his youth, Henry had been a diehard fan of the Resident Evil franchise. Whether it was the video games or the film series that followed, the man was always first in line to witness the next stage of the worldwide phenomenon. Hell, he was such a fan he even did the occasional cosplay as the character Chris Redfield!

So given his status as a diehard fan, the man was instantly caught off-guard by the newest message he had received from his online friend Nate. Somehow, his friend had gotten his hands on a copy of the new upcoming game in the Resident Evil franchise that was rumored to be highly top secret (so much so that it was only through game insiders and leakers that even confirmed that a new game was in active development)! Despite knowing how ruthless Capcom was when it came to leakers, the offer from Nate to play a game shrouded in such intense mystery far outweighed the legal repercussions he may face. He absolutely had to get his hands on a copy!

As a result, the man wasted no time eagerly accepting the offer and waiting the next few days until the international package arrived. After getting home one day from his teaching job and discovering a small rectangular cardboard box resting on his doorstep, Henry's heart began to race as he entered his flat with the package in hand. Upon tearing the package open and finding a note from Nate on the front of the clear video game case, he grinned in excitement as the teacher turned on his TV and made his way over to his PlayStation 5.

Squatting down near the console, the man popped open the case and buzzed with excitement as he saw a handwritten name written across the blank disc - Resident Evil: Persona. Ever since Resident Evil 7, the international versions of the games had begun adopting a subtitle that gave a clue as to what the plot of each game would be. So while Biohazard and Village made sense as to what the game would involve, this new subtitle caused Henry to scratch his head. Persona? What did that even mean in the context of the franchise?

With his curiosity begging for him to just put in the disc and figure it out for himself, Henry obeyed the order and finally slid the disc into the slot of his console. After grabbing onto his controller, the man then stood back up and made his way back to his couch, which he softly fell back into and caused a sigh of relief to escape from his lips. Due to enduring such a hectic and stressful day with shitty coworkers and troublemaker students, there was nothing that he craved more than to just sit down and relax for the

remainder of the night. Unfortunately for him though, Henry's wish would not come true...

As the title screen of the game soon emerged on the screen, the gamer was quite puzzled by the bird's eye POV slowly circling around a grand yet decrepit mansion hidden amongst a thick forest. It looked just like the Spencer Mansion from the first game! Although this was a pleasant surprise given Henry's soft spot for the original game that started it all, the addition of a subtitle made him wonder what exactly this project was meant to be. Was it a remake of the first game? A sequel that returned to the place that started it all?

Apparently, his body was desperate for answers, as his thumb absentmindedly pressed down on the square button and launched Henry into a brand new game. Upon looking down and pulling his fingers back to prevent any more accidental button pushing, the young teacher turned his attention back to the screen as a husky deep voice began to provide context for the new game. According to this voiceover, a group of the Raccoon City Police Department S.T.A.R.S team had been dispatched to help handle a "containment issue" as well as finding answers behind the sudden silence of some of their fellow co-workers. As the front door of the mansion blew open via a burst of wind, the camera bobbed and weaved into the mansion as it traversed across the quiet yet tarnished hallways.

Eventually, the game made its way into a grand ballroom, where it traversed across the leaf-covered marble floors until it situated itself in front of an ornate fireplace. Given the mansion's abandoned status though, no type of flame or light was coming from the fireplace, which just added more confusion for Henry as the game suddenly stopped moving and remained stationary in front of the dull fireplace.

Wondering if he was now meant to take control of the character, Henry's fingers returned to the controller in hopes of getting his character to move. Given the fact how the games often had a 3rd person perspective when it came to gameplay, the man was puzzled yet intrigued by the new creative decision that the game developers made - the choice to utilize a first-person perspective.

But as he tried to move the analog sticks and found that no such movement occurred on the screen, the gamer's grin soured slightly as he instead opted to begin randomly pressing any buttons he could on the controller. Despite how many different things he tried through, no movement occurred and Henry found himself concerned that he had received a buggy, nonfunctional prototype from his friend.

Sitting up with a huff, Henry made his way over to his console as he opted to try and do a hard restart by turning the console on and off given the fact that his controller remained completely unresponsive. Unfortunately for Henry, he had no real time to truly comprehend what was occurring to his body as the process began to exponentially speed up.

Pulling himself back up until he was fully standing up, the man looked down at the console and cursed under his breath as he shook his hand in hopes of having the intense tingling fade away. But as he did so, Henry's attention was quickly caught by the bizarre sight of these dense particles floating up into the air like pollen. With his eyes widening as he leaned in to observe them, the gamer's confusion was only raised further as he watched the particles suddenly begin darting towards his flatscreen television. Rather than bouncing against the screen or floating up along the rigid surface though, Henry witnessed the particles somehow phase through the screen and manifest onto the mansion's fireplace backdrop in the game.

"Wha- what the hell?" Henry stammered out, hoping to move closer to the screen and figure out how he was witnessing the strangest optical illusion ever. To his horror though, his attempt at movement was immediately halted as he found his body firmly stuck in place. Looking down at himself caused more panic to course through the Brit's mind, as a quick glance at the hand that had been shocked by the console's power button was partially missing!

Unlike his fully intact left hand, Henry's right hand was now missing several fingers while the other remaining fingers were missing parts of their fingertips. As he stared in bewilderment, he got to witness the reasoning behind this as he watched more of his hand beginning to decompose before his eyes by breaking into those thick particles in



the air. As an invisible vacuum caused those free-floating pieces to slingshot directly towards the screen and manifest into the realm of the video game instead.

But just as he tried to comprehend what was occurring to his body, Henry was given no real time to understand as the process began to exponentially speed up. Upon holding out both of his arms, the man could only pray for answers on the other side while he fully disintegrated into particles and was sucked into the screen.

As his physical form became digitized, Henry found himself enveloped in total darkness for several minutes until his senses began to slowly return to him. After picking up on the scent of what resembled a cool autumn air and feeling the grazing of a light breeze across him, the man's sense of touch returned in tandem with his vision as a rough bout of gravity made Henry feel as though he was freefalling for a few seconds. Just as he felt his feet loudly crash down to the ground with a heavy thud and crinkle, Henry's eyes shot open and he craned his neck down to see what was going on. Upon doing so, he stared in wide-eyed disbelief as he found himself wearing a thick leather pair of combat boots, which were partially standing atop of a large orange maple leaf. While this reveal was enough for him to realize what was going on, it was the sight of the white marble floor that caused Henry to fully grasp what had happened to him - he was actually inside the video game!

With his eyes then beginning to traverse up the remainder of his body, Henry grew extremely excited by the sight of himself decked out in intense combat gear. With a utility belt wrapped around his waist that displayed a gun resting in a holster along with knives and grenades, the man's heart raced in both fear and exhilaration over the amount of intense manpower he now wielded. As his eyes wandered up his torso, the man gasped as he looked at the thick dark green vest he wore on top of the huge hunting knife that was holstered right across his left pectoral.

But before he could look around and discover why he felt so much thicker than usual, the man's attention was quickly stolen by the sudden yet loud hum of wind entering into the expansive ballroom. Unnerved by the audio, the unnerved young man turned his head away from his own body to instead focus it on the source of the noise - a half-opened patio door. Based on how the door softly swayed in the wind, it provided a rather nerve-wracking ambiance that paired well with the soft scraping of autumn leaves skirting across the marble floor.

As he continued to look around to take in his surroundings, a twinge of excitement passed through Henry's mind as he caught sight of a large full-length mirror that stood directly across from the set of patio doors in the ballroom.

Immensely curious as to what he looked like decked out in such an intimidating ensemble, the man made his way over to the mirror with haste. Upon positioning himself in front of it, the man's jaw gasped as he saw his reflection and realized just how familiar it looked to him.





“Holy shit, I’m-- I’m Chris fucking Redfield,” Henry stammered out in jubilation, a twinge of horniness permeating through his body as he picked up on the deep billowing timbre he now spoke with. He sounded just like the Chris Redfield he had played countless times over the years! With that thought crossing through his mind as he took in his manly new visage, the man quickly put the pieces together behind the game’s subtitle. “Shit, that’s it! It’s Persona because you literally become one of the characters in-game,” he said aloud, lifting an arm up to his head as he attempted to understand how this was even possible.

But as he attempted to figure out how this was scientifically possible to end up in a video game, a quick glance at his reflection stole Henry’s attention as he found himself transfixed by the thick beefy bicep that was now proudly on display as he rubbed his head. With that one arm remaining stuck in place, Henry allowed his other leather glove-covered hand to rub along the thick muscle and grip it. Upon doing so, he was able to realize just how firm and muscular he now was. He had been a relatively consistent gym-goer over the years, but having a physique like Chris Redfield’s was something that the man never expected to be possible... until now!



Curious to explore more of this physique, the man pulled his hands away from his bicep and head and used them to instead slip beneath his tight combat clothing to explore the remainder of his new physique. While one of his hands reached down his shirt to fondle his plump pecs and ripple across his firm and defined six-pack, the other Henry used to reach down the backside of his pants to explore his perky ass.

“Damn,” Henry purred as his fingers made their first contact against his humongous rear end. “Who needs a battering ram when an ass this fat can break down any door!” Given how tight the pants were on him, the man knew from the start that he was relatively

“caked up” when it came to his derriere. But it was still quite shocking and erotic to reach back and play with the firm yet plump asscheeks that bounced with the bare minimum of movement, as evident by the intense wave of horniness that overtook Henry’s mind like a cloudy haze.

Despite the gravity of the situation he now found himself in, Henry could not escape the aroused mental state he found himself in to the point where he felt compelled to rub one out before he moved forward any further in the game. Knowing how intense the games often were, in Henry’s mind it seemed like the easiest way to blow off some steam and settle down in the aftermath of such a dramatic change. As a result, he pulled his hand away from his ass and instead pulled around to the front of his pants to hopefully explore an intense, girthy manhood that would make Chris Redfield the total package from head to toe. But as he reached down towards his crotch, Henry’s eyebrows raised in confusion. He couldn’t find a cock or even a pair of testicles for him to play with!

Shocked and eager to see things with his own eyes, the man loosened the utility belt wrapped around his waist and unbuttoned his pants before pulling out on the waistband to give Henry a chance to look at his crotch. Upon doing so, his jaw dropped as he realized that there was nothing there besides a definitionless mound, as if he was the hunkiest Ken doll. “What the fuck is this shit?!” Henry exclaimed, gritting his teeth in annoyance as he found himself desperate to get off despite his lack of genitalia. “Those goddamn game developers really had to cut corners?! Fuck, now I can’t even cum...”

But as he recalled the fact that there were game developers who made Chris’ model, Henry reminded himself of the fact that he was now a part of a major video game franchise... and unlike other franchises he could have picked, he picked one of the goriest and most horrific franchises active currently! Thinking back to the countless games he had played over the years, Henry’s horniness instantly dissipated for the time being as he realized the fact that things would soon be coming after him.

As a result, the young man’s mind transitioned into panic mode as he wondered what would be waiting for him throughout the remainder of this mansion. Although he loved to play horror games, the concept of actually tackling a real-life creature that was attempting to kill him was understandably quite terrifying. Thinking about the concept of death and being injured, Henry’s eyes then wondered what that meant for him in terms of the gameplay he would be a part of. Would he feel pain or was his digitized form invulnerable?

Desperate for any sort of answer given how blindly he was thrown into this, a look down at himself caused him to notice the large hunting knife on his vest and begin

brainstorming an experiment. Upon pulling the knife out of his holster, the man held out the front of a forearm and used it to lightly run the blade across a small section of his flesh. Immediately, a grunt of pain escaped his lips as he watched the cut spread and a small stream of blood begin seeping out of the open wound.

“Goddammit,” the man grunted in response, wiping off the blood on his vest before angrily placing the knife back into its holster. With the realization setting in that he would be experiencing pain throughout his entire journey in the game, more panic began to permeate through Henry’s mind as countless scenarios began to appear in his mind. What would happen if he got bitten by a zombie? Would he simply just turn into one of them and spend the remainder of his life as a hunky yet brain-craving monster? If he died in game, would that simply be the end of his life permanently or would he respawn similarly to how the previous Resident Evil games were set up?

Before he could continue to traverse down that train of thought, the man loudly screamed in shock as a loud guttural groan echoed from just outside the open patio door. Despite his desire for answers, it seemed as though the game was giving Henry no other option but to go in blind. So with the realization that this was happening whether he liked it or not, the brand new Chris Redfield shook away any of his nervous thoughts and tried his best to become composed and imposing. Reaching down to his belt and swiftly pulling his gun out of his holster, the S.T.A.R.S. officer steadied his grip



and pointed the weapon in the direction of the noise. Upon making his way to the ominous door, Henry took a deep breath and gave himself a nod of encouragement before kicking open the patio door and rushing out to become the hunky action hero he always dreamed of being...