

WRONG GAME, WRONG LIFE

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY
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To say the least, Lyria was *jealous*. It was not a feeling she enjoyed having, but likewise she knew it couldn't always be avoided either. To see all of her friends having a good time being put into the new Versus game when she was left out again? It kind of sucked! Sure, she got to be put in along with Djeeta, but wouldn't her abilities make for a cool fighting game character too?

Even so, she was playing the game. So many people had put a lot of hard work into developing it using all of their friends, and seeing all these friends in a game like this was exciting! She just wished she'd been allowed to be in it more prominently. "**Lyria?**" She'd been playing privately in a room on the Grandcypher, but disaster struck when Djeeta suddenly surprised her.

"**UWAH!?**" There was nothing to panic about necessarily, but her captain's appearance had taken her off guard. The blue haired girl ultimately dropped the controller, and it let out some dangerous lightning that struck both Lyria and Djeeta both, spiring them away.

Don't power your PS4s with Magisa's magic, kids.

By the time the two worked past the shock of being struck by lightning, they were already aware of the fact that their surroundings had changed. No longer aboard the Grandcypher, wasn't this very clearly the type of

elaborate bedroom you'd find in an old mansion? Huge windows overlooking a luscious garden, antique dressers and mirrors scattered about, and an impressive canopy bed in the room's center, dressed in sheets of crimson. "**Where are we?**" Lyria was confused of course, as was Djeeta. But Djeeta looked... off. Entranced? She kept staring into one of the mirrors? "**Djeeta?**"

Before her eyes the girl of blue watched something both horrific and unbelievable occur. Her dear captain's hair lengthened right before her eyes, color darkening to a rather plain brown as her eyes took on the same dull coloring, shapes growing slanted. Her frame diminished, and Djeeta's obvious muscle seemed more discreet while her body became lankier. Her pink garb? Replaced by a blue blazer and skirt that best resembled a school uniform.

She finally looked at Lyria, but Lyria was dumbfounded. She didn't even wear Djeeta's usual expression anymore. Gone was her bright smile, replaced with a serious face whose features didn't even remotely match the woman she knew. "**Um... Djeeta...?**" But she was certain this girl was Djeeta, she'd seen her transform. Admittedly she looked more like a background character than she ever had.

What this stranger offered was not any reassurance, instead walking towards the door that Lyria could only assume led to the rest of the building. "**I'll await your transformation, Wagner-sama.**" And before Lyria could respond, the door had shut.

"**Uh...**" Was this a dream? A trap set by one of their enemies? She'd just been playing video games and then all of this had happened! But what was she supposed to do about this? Maybe she should try talking to Djeeta -- that girl -- again? Lost in thought, the maiden had begun to twirl her hair around one of her fingers.

And twirl. And twirl. And twirl.

It wasn't typically a simple task to twirl it this freely, her hair so long that it was liable to get tangled. Yet her fingers were having a much easier time of it. Almost like there was *less* of it. Almost like it was *already* curled. "**Ah!?**" Glancing down at her hand, she realized both to be true! The hair she'd been weaving was spun round and round into a shape that strongly resembled a drill, and a lighter head made it known that the endless locks that typically fell to her bare feet had all but receded. "**What? Is this really happening?**" She patted the sides and top of her hair, feeling how fluffy it was. It felt totally unlike how her hair normally did, and there were drills on either side of her chin. How did you even style it this way?

Oh, right!

The process for how to do it just kind of popped into her head. She could vividly replicate the procedure in her head, carefully using a curling iron to weave her *blonde* hairs. Wait, *blonde*? That was totally wrong, right? She'd always been known as the girl with blue hair and blue eyes, but looking down... it was a shimmering, beautiful blonde. And her eyes? They'd become dyed by a deep crimson.

Lyria was at least still together enough mentally to realize what was happening. Djeeta hadn't realized she'd been transformed after the fact, clearly. So the same thing was happening to her? **“How could this be happening to me? Great, just great! Even Murayama--!?”** Something just kind of snapped, and she'd started spitting out her frustrations in an uncharacteristically angry manner. She'd even gone so far as to mention Djeeta by name, but a different one came out altogether in a voice that was much more mature than she'd expected.

Murayama? Was that *****'s name? ...It always had been, hadn't it? She couldn't think of any other name. Her loyal attendant, Murayama. Who else could she be?

She was very quickly becoming subdued by the effects of the universe she'd been summoned into, both Djeeta and herself victims of Magisa's magic gone awry while paired with Lyria's desire to be in a fighting game. This is what the world was, the setting of a fighting game. And she was becoming one of the player characters, with Djeeta being forced to take a backseat role like Lyria had to in Versus.

Maturity was beginning to beset the girl's physical features, the eternal girl seeming far less eternal as her body was bent to conform to her newly assigned character role. She grew taller little by little, the white dress she normally wore struggling to cover even her thighs as she reached a height more befitting of a young woman than a young girl.

But more than grow up, she'd begun to fill out. For so long Lyria had watched the other girls in the Grandcypher's crew with their developed bodies, while she was left looking like a child. While she wouldn't reach the heights she aspired to (such as Zeta for example), at the very least her figure was beginning to fill out past adolescence.

Thighs seemed rounder and better defined, muscles and fat alike buttressing their shape and strength. With the dress of her skirt so high, and the fact that her hips had widened parting it even further, not only were the bottoms of her panties on full display but her bulging thighs took on a healthy focus with an enticing gap between them.

And through that gap? It was possible to make out the cheeks of her rear lipping over, ass having grown from not being able to fill a hand to likely being able to fill several. Her new form's sexual appeal could all be found in her lower body, and as her enlarged rear cameltoed the panties against her genitals, that point was driven home all the more.

Her elongated torso took on a fullness as well. Not with fat, but it did fill out to flow smoothly into her widened hips. Stomach ripples with strength as power manifested in finely toned abdominal muscles, but fascination was drawn to her chest as her small bosom gave rise. The rise... just wasn't that much. It was almost like a failed muffin recipe where you expect the batter to make a fully formed muffin, but they end up looking a little smaller than you'd expect.

Because for how pronounced her lower half was, for how strong she was feeling, her breasts were... average at best. Which, for Lyria? Was honestly better of an improvement than none! They barely pushed up her dress, and realizing this she clicked her tongue impatiently. She was clearly agitated by it, new personality dominant. **“And what's with this outfit? Where is my combat uniform?”**

On cue, her white dress began to glow. She wasn't exposed for even a moment, but the enlightened garb caressed her body in it's entirety as if influenced by magic. It wrapped from her feet to her thighs, and with a *POP* her heels were lifted off the ground into thigh high, maroon heeled boots with black leggings. The same sound rung from around her pelvis, and her pantie situation was corrected as they were reshaped into a lacy crimson pair obscured by dark gray spats that hugged her ass comfortably while leaving her thick thighs on full display.

An open, white jacket was left covering a crimson top that accented the subtle slopes of her breasts and torso, copper clasps holding the jacket together, while a red cape suddenly fluttered behind her with a strange insignia embroidered upon it. No, it wasn't strange. It was the insignia of Licht Kreis, the organization that protected the order of the Hollow Night. Lyria Wagner was a proud, high ranking member.

“Wagner-sama? Are you changed?” These words followed a knocking on the woman's bedroom door. Yes, this was her bedroom wasn't it. If she could recall, she had a meeting with Licht Kreis' leader, Adelheid, and had asked her attendant Murayama to wait for her to get changed. All seemed to be in order now, so she headed towards the door herself.

“Yes, Murayama, ready the car.”

“Under Night In-Birth? What happened to the console?” Back on the Grandcypher, Magisa was crouched beside the remnants of the game machine she’d made for Lyria. It was a device that ran on dreams, as were video games in the Skydom. She couldn’t have imagined anything going awry, but why had the game title screen changed? Was it the product of someone’s imagination? **“Where are Lyria and the captain?”**

Where indeed?