

NIKKE HERE, NIKKE THERE

COMMISSION STORY

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“Ugh... Where *am* I?”

To say that Joseph felt disoriented would have someone been an *under* exaggeration. He'd definitely been *at* home in the comfort of his own room just a second ago, but now he was... elsewhere? Within a room that looked like something straight out of a science fiction series. The walls, floor, and ceiling were all cold steel. It wasn't *furnished* especially well, either. Just a simple, firm-looking bed and a sink in the corner for washing up. It definitely wasn't a room you would *choose* to live in. A prison cell? That was his first thought.

“**Wait... Nikke?**” All things considered that felt like a strange word to utter in that particular moment. He was referring to the mobile game, Goddess of Victory: Nikke, one renowned for its fanservice and bouncing ass-related gameplay (What? Were their butts supposed to remain still when firing off a gun?). It was relevant because he'd been *playing* it. That was the last memory that he had before appearing in this place, in fact.

Putting the context clues together, the only conclusion he could come to was that where he was, as well as the game that he was playing, were related. He had a vague recollection that something had gone *wrong* with the game. A glitch of some kind when he was rolling on the new Nayuta banner? He remembered the colors on his screen inverting and it... shocked him?

And then he had ended up where he now was.

The aesthetics of the room he was in lined up as well. It *felt* like something he might have seen as the background in a story cutscene within the game. But could things like that even *happen*? Could you just get sucked into a game world? Wasn't it just fictional? "**I've read stories like this, though...**" It was a common isekai trope for sure. Had he been isekai'd into the world of Nikke? "**Not the best world to get isekai'd into if so.**" It was very, very dangerous in fact. And he wasn't equipped to deal with it at all.

If he was going with this train of thought, then he probably wasn't in a prison cell like he'd originally thought. It was likely a *bunker* instead. No, it was definitely a bunker. He felt confident in that answer – and maybe a little *too* confident in it. It was like he *knew* it, like it was a *memory*. But it couldn't have been a memory since he'd never been there before. Either way, he hadn't caught onto the fact that it was strange in the first place.

But he *would* soon find that something was strange.

"**Huh?**" He found himself squinting before rubbing at his eyes. His eyes had strained and blurred all a sudden, making him wonder if there had been some sort of side effect from suddenly being presumably teleported into a video game world. There were visual *changes* to his appearance that were taking place just outside of his purview. Well, it was more like they were happening *so* within his purview that they were impossible to see.

His *eyes* namely, the only aspect of his body that could possibly solve that little riddle. An icy blue glow was traced around the border of his irises, and that ring slowly spread out towards the edges of those irises until his eyes were *completely* painted in that pale blue glimmer. Stranger still, the shapes of his eyelids became rounder in general shape despite pinching in the corners to give them a more *Asian* design. Asian and almost *feminine*? That was conveyed more by a set of eyelashes that not only grew longer but lightened in color until they were a silvery white.

Joseph did not notice them all the same. "**I guess this isn't the time to twiddle my thumbs. *Verily*, I should see what exists beyond this door.**" *Verily*? He had a point that he didn't have time to hang around and see what might happen, but that was a very *odd* word to throw in there, wasn't it? It was stranger that he seemingly hadn't noticed, at least not yet. He was vaguely wondering why his face felt so *tingly* as he moved towards the door instead, unfortunately stopping before he could try and open it. "**Mine face feels quite...**"

There it was. His eyes went wide with surprise, but then were suddenly *slammed* shut without much effort to open them again. They remained closed, but his perception of the world around him was somehow undisturbed. “**Why am I speaking like... Wait, mine voice as well?**” He actually caught on surprisingly quickly, not only to the sound of it but the *way* he was speaking as well. It was very unique. It was just like the voice of *Nayuta*, the character he had been trying to summon in the first place.

“**But Nayuta is...?**” *Nayuta* was many things that Joseph was *not*. But those things *were* being corrected. If you looked more broadly at his face, you could see that the changes were spreading *beyond* his eyes. The olive in his complexion paled, accommodating the shrinking of his nose and the swelling of his lips into fuller and poutier forms. His Adam’s apple was smoothing away beneath this fairer, *prettier* face – one that was clearly a face meant to belong on the body of a beautiful young *woman*.

And as his dark hair paled to the same silver as his eyebrows and lashes, before lengthening with gravitas well down his back— “**Mmn... O-Oh!?**” *Technically*, his body became one that had the potential to belong to a beautiful young *woman*. The *woman* part had been actualized in that moment through a gentle tug within *her* loins that brought her entire body to shudder. “**Did mine sex just change? Just like Nayuta’s? I’m... a woman.**” It wasn’t lost on him. It felt rather *natural* if anything, and that was almost more alarming. Not even the pubes above her new pussy had been spared, the same silver spreading through a thickened bush.

Joseph’s inverted sex stimulated the next wave of changes, because the rest of his body was left to conform to what – no, *who* – she was becoming. She didn’t make a sound when her height came to dip several inches, leaving her tall for a woman but not as tall as she had been previously. Her hips swung *out* while her waist pinched *in*, laying the groundwork for the hourglass figure she was now *destined* to develop. “**Mine clothes are about to be an issue, I fear...**”

Because she knew what the outcome would be, she could predict where any future problems might lie. True to these fears? The sensation of her shorts and boxers *digging* into her hips and ass greeted her immediately. Optically, it looked like she was wearing a pair of shorts that were too small for her. You could have reasonably assumed those shorts were *shrinking*. But that wasn’t the case – it was the opposite. Her thighs, now pale and hairless, burgeoned with supple weight beneath the short legs that dug into them, likewise supplemented with muscle that hadn’t been there before. Her ass had ballooned behind her

too, and that eventually led to the back seams of both layers splitting so that its stretched and bubbled heart shape could make better use of her significantly wider gait.

There was an internal element to Joseph's transformation that was hardly as pressing from her perspective. She was much more focused on the sight (not that she could see in the traditional sense with her eyes closed) and sensation of her shirt lifting... from the front. Her nipples had swollen puffy first, but once they were adequately sized so that they were comparable to her *eyes*, the flesh beneath them jiggled and stretched so that her shirt was distended forward. Each *breast* that developed rivaled – no, *surpassed* – the size of her head. **“Mine bosom is...”** *Quite heavy.* But that heft didn't matter. Not when her internals had been modified so that she had become a *Nikke*.

She'd been about to comment that she would likely need new clothing, but the power that was changing her addressed that little problem itself. Gone were her casual, masculine clothes, and instead she was dressed in white and black robes that hugged her breasts with windows at the sides for the mass of her tits to bulge through. There was a skintight, black bodysuit worn underneath them, leading to a pair of steel, metallic boots that hoisted her several inches off the ground. While a white sleeve hung off her left arm, silver and black armor was word across her right one.

There was something very *monk-* like about it all, and the prayer beads that wrapped around the fingerless glove of her left wrist confirmed as much.

“To think that such a fate would befall me. Even now, I find mine past memories slipping. But the servers... they plan on claiming another and another to restore thine data.” For how much she had changed, *Nayuta* had been afforded a greater clarity than she'd possessed when her changes had begun. Perhaps it was because she had been assimilated into the game itself, but she now understood the intentions. She understood the *coding*, even if she could tell that



she would soon forget.

She wasn't even *the* Nayuta, but one of her many doubles that she had scattered around the world. *She* had been sent to protect people that had been staying in the bunker, but since the threat had passed? She would likely soon be recalled. She didn't have much time, and she felt obligated to protect any other potential victims from being drawn into the world.

Nayuta made a number of gestures with her hands, careful not to smack her exceptionally large tits in the first place. Doing so felt like it was the first time she'd ever done so in her life, but she moved as if she had done it thousands or millions of times before. **“With these tweaks, I should be able to prevent further tragedy. Even though mine own fate has been sealed.”** But would they *work*?

That was something that she would not be able to confirm herself.

While Kay was friends with Joseph, he hadn't had the foggiest idea what had happened to him earlier that day. He had logged on a little bit later to do his dailies in Nikke after a busy day, finding it a little odd that he hadn't heard from his friend in a while, but also not thinking *too* much of it. There had been some reports of the Nikke servers crashing for a while, too. A data leak or something? Apparently, the data had been 'restored' and things were back to running again.

That had been accomplished by turning Joseph into Nayuta, and then Nayuta tampering with the files and server herself.

“Everything seems to be working fine, but...” Everything didn't quite *look* fine. He was on the home screen, and there was something that stood out to him as *off*. It was the icon for the Costume gacha – the menu where you could roll for whatever paid costume was on the menu at the time. In this case? Since it was the third anniversary event, it was a new casual skin for Red Hood. **“Is it supposed to be like that, or...?”** He clicked it out of curiosity which, as it turned out, was a bad idea.

ZAP!

“Youch!?” He hadn't expected himself to get *shocked* through his index finger all of a sudden – the same finger that he had used to click the icon. He stood up and stepped back from his computer while examining the affected hand carefully. It hadn't *actually* hurt; more like he'd just been surprised by the sudden shock, and he'd mistaken that for pain for a brief second. There didn't seem to be any damage either. But how

could a mouse zap him? **“That’s never happened... before...? Oh no!”**

No real damage had been done to his *hand*, but he could certainly see where real damage *had* been done! All of the colors on his computer screen had *inverted*, funnily enough leading to the Costume gacha icon being the only image on his screen that *was* etched with the right coloration. **“Don’t tell me it’s broken!?”** Was *that* why he’d been zapped? Had something broken? He reached out for his mouse with the same hand that had been shocked, but he ended up raising it into the air before it could grab the peripheral.

“What the...?” Kay had aborted his original hand because the finger that had been shocked – no, his entire hand? – looked *strange*. In fact, before his very eyes its features were changing. Its nails stretched longer, trimmed to a perfect manicure while the lengths of those fingers themselves stretched and thinned. His palms were smoother and slightly smaller than they should have been before long, prompting him to utter a realization: **“They look so *damn feminine*.”**

Putting aside his uncharacteristic insertion of ‘damn’ there, he *was* correct, and it wasn’t *just* his hands. His feet had suffered a similar fate with his shoe size slipping and his toes gradually becoming more delicate. Neither his hands *nor* his feet became *too* much smaller overall, though. His height ended up decreasing, but only a few inches so that he was around 5’8” or so. That went relatively unnoticed in the flurry of things that he was beginning to feel otherwise.

Kay hadn’t been overweight, nor had he been thin. He had maybe a little more weight on his bones than *some* people, but that ‘had’ was literal. His outfit felt a little baggier because of the height loss of course, but the fact that even whatever excess body weight he’d possessed thinned away... with things going a step further as his waist pinched in so that it was several inches narrower than his shoulders... and gratuitously less than a pair of hips that ended up swinging out *further* so that the waistband of his pants struggled.

“What’s... *happening to me...!*?” Between how he was feeling, the sudden contractions and expansions of his body, and the strange cracking of his voice’s pitch, it would have been more alarming if Kay *didn’t* notice that something was wrong. **“I’m *changing... a lot!*”** *How?* He didn’t have a clue. This realistically shouldn’t have been possible at *all*. But at least his voice wasn’t cracking anymore? Well, that was more because it had settled in a newer, more womanly tone.

The permanent change of his voice’s melody had come to fruition as his facial features ended a transformation of their own. Above a smoothed

away Adam's apple, his face's shape had grown leaner with a sharper chin and higher-sitting cheekbones. These changes gave his face a more angular face, while swelling lips pursed and— "**H-Hey!?**" His glasses fell from his nose? The man failed to catch them, and they hit the ground just as his eyes swirled with a golden amber. "**Wait... I can see fine?**" His vision was 20/20? No, it was even *better*. The *shapes* of those eyes thinned between lengthier lashes, though.

Altogether making him resemble a *young woman* in her *mid-twenties* at latest.

Whether he could see or not, he couldn't leave his glasses on the floor and so he crouched down to pick them up. During his descent? His short, dark hair crept longer and longer while a bright red replaced the original color not only there, but also in his brows and pubes that shortened slightly. By the time he'd crouched low enough to grab the glasses? It reached the back of his legs.

And yet, when Kay rose up again? "**Oof!?**" *She* was plagued by varying levels of discomfort all across her body, seemingly caused by her clothes... yet not really caused *by* her clothes at all. Her pants had become *very* tight around her thighs, but the problem was the thighs themselves. They had bloated as she'd risen, both with fat *and* with muscle as they swelled to three times their original thickness. They might have crushed her dick between her legs, but evident from the narration, she no longer *had* one. That was what had prompted her to make a sound in the first place, in fact. "**A-Am I a goddamned woman!?**"

Asking felt futile somehow. Like she subconsciously knew it, or like that had *always* been the case. Her memories were slightly blurry, but while she tugged at her outfit, she was distracted by things *other* than her thickened thighs. Her ass had grown with a similar vigor for example, and by the time she stood upright? Some of those fat cheeks were peeking over the back of her waistband while the front button *of* those pants flew right off to loosen the space.

Her shirt was another area. "**Well, can't really deny that *those* make me a woman.**" Kay *whistled* like she was catcalling herself just seconds after making that comment, somewhat *excited* by the sight of her own neckline deepening thanks to her shirt being pushed forward by the weight that was swelling beneath it. Like Joseph, what she developed were a *massive* pair of tits, albeit slightly smaller. That didn't make them *any* less ridiculous, and a drop of sweat rolled down her soft yet sexy tummy under her shirt from *beneath* one of those tits.

The woman *was* a little warm, but the cool air of the bedroom soon helped her. “**Oh, hey!**” Her newfound enthusiasm only built as, before her very eyes, her outfit just *changed* as if someone had flicked a switch. She was left wearing a pair of short, blue jean micro shorts with slits in the sides so that even more of her thighs were bare, with a studded belt wrapped, but not done up (like the button) around them. You could see her white panties underneath, and her tits were similarly bare aside from the white camisole that suggested no bra was worn underneath. A matching jean jacket hung off her shoulders, completely undone.

Mechanical horns sat in her hair, framing a high ponytail that had been styled behind golden-feathered earrings. She otherwise wore white and blue running shoes that weren't tied up *at all*. Wasn't that somewhat dangerous? The woman herself really didn't seem to think so. She whistled at herself again. I'm pretty hot now, huh? She wouldn't mind staring at herself in the mirror! Well, she could do *way* more than that!

“**...Huh. Well, this ain't good, but it also ain't bad?**” *Red Hood* was doing her best to find a silver lining, all things considered. She had been kind of nonchalant about the whole situation in the first place, more or less shrugging things off more and more as her transformation had transpired. Not only had she *become* Red Hood in body and personality, but she was even dressed up in the *pretty* revealing outfit that she wore in her new skin.



Despite it all, she didn't have the memories of the game character. That didn't mean that her memories hadn't been altered at *all* though. She could remember being Kay, but her life had been... different. She'd lived in the real world *as* Red Hood. Her family was different, her house was different, and she even had different friends. The issue was that— “**Wait, then this means this isn't my home? Whoops!**” She was technically breaking and entering!

The sexy woman did briefly wonder *how* this had happened to her as she snuck out of her house, but Red Hood wasn't the type to dwell on such things. She was hot and cool now, so she'd get used to it! She *did* vaguely wonder if she could contact her old friends, but... She couldn't remember any of her old passwords.

I hadn't *not* noticed that something was off about the costume gacha icon when I had first logged into Nikke. I had seen the reports regarding the outage, but I hadn't heard anything from Joseph nor Kay about it. Normally one of them would have been like 'Axel, did you hear about this?' or something to that extent. But I hadn't heard much of anything at all. Not a big deal! Most people weren't in Discord chats all day, myself included!

I had logged in to do my dailies and did so without much of an issue. I wasn't the type of Nikke player who rolled in the skin gacha or cared much about collecting them in the first place. There were too many gacha games out there for me to split my time between as is, and if I spent money on *all* of them then I would one hundred percent end up on the street within a month!

And so, when I was finished, I turned off the game. I... turned off the game and...?

ZAP!

“Hey! That wasn't very *beautiful!*” Well, of *course* it wasn't! Why would I even *try* to quantify an event like (what I assumed to be) a static shock in terms of *beauty*? That hardly made any sense, but describing things that was *did* give me a rather strange sense of *déjà vu*. One that grew stronger as my eyes *unknowingly* grew *redder*. A red that was both *bright* and yet simultaneously *deep*, and a red that served to be a colorful contrast to the snow white that seeped into the darker hair upon my head, brows included, as well as my pubes. It would have painted all of my *other* body hair as well if not for the fact that it was mostly shaved away.

I gave my head a shake. I hadn't clued into the fact that any of that had even *happened*, but I could tell that I felt a little *off* somehow. My mind felt a little heavy, and because of that I thought back on my day to try and remember if anything could have led to me getting sick. I went out for lunch and... **“Wait. I *didn't* go out for lunch? I was home, and I can remember that, but...”** I had a set of memories that *overlapped* with the ones I'd known to be true? Both were equally vivid, but the new ones... I couldn't place *why* yet, but it felt strange for them to be *my* memories.

Any concerns that I was somehow *ill* weren't helped by the feeling I experienced next. My protruding stomach sounded an uncomfortable gurgle, leading me to believe I might have to use the bathroom. But looking down? I was *treated* to a much more intriguing sight. The sight

of my hefty belly withdrawing, thinning so that my shirt had no choice but to hang looser and looser. **“All of my weight is disappearing!?** **How... beautiful.”** There it was again, and this time my voice... No, it *definitely* sounded familiar. *Too* familiar.

My red eyes went wide just as the excess weight had been drained from my face, and its shapes began to soften. My lips pursed until they were practically twice as thick as they had been before, while the nose did the opposite so that it was smaller and daintier. As the defined bones of my cheeks rounded to make my face ‘cuter’, not even my red eyes were spared. My lashes grew thick, and the eyes themselves drooped slightly while taking on more feminine shapes. It gave me the face of a *very beautiful* young woman.

“Wait. I sound like her. And in these memories... I’m a woman?” That was what hadn’t lined up for me before. My point of view in those memories was lower, and I recalled the weight distribution of my body when I moved being *dramatically* different. One of those inconsistencies *was* promptly addressed though, because my body slowly slipped downwards until I was only 5’6” – down from nearly six feet total. My shirt was *dramatically* oversized, and my pants probably *should* have fallen right off.

But those pants had been *caught*; their farthest edges hitching on a pair of hips that swung out nearly *five* inches wider (which was contrary to a pair of shoulders that had slimmed). I had noticed with everything else happening, though. I’d hardly understood just *how* thin I’d become earlier, with my tummy only having the slightest of bumps beneath my top. My height drop had left my fingers and toes daintier too, meaning my glove and shoe sizes were *certainly* different.

This had all led me to one unimaginable conclusion. **“All of this talk of beauty... and how it makes me feel so giddy...”** These were the quirks of a specific Nikke character, and since 99% of the characters in that game were *women*, well... **“...I see. I suppose that was a necessary step on my path to true beauty? ...Strange as it felt.”** Well, since I’d already figured it out, I didn’t react *too* strongly to what could have only been the sensation of my cock and balls smoothing away. That wasn’t as notable as the opening *slit* beneath my now shaved away bush of white, though. I was *undoubtedly* a *woman*.

Oddly, I didn’t mind it as much as I thought I would. Perhaps it was because some of my memories were of a woman’s life, or perhaps there was a part of me that had always *wanted* to be beautiful? Either way, I was hardly disturbed by the weight of my snow white hair crawling down my back and hanging all the way down to my ankles. That much

hair must have been difficult to maintain – no, I could *remember* how difficult the haircare routine was – but it felt *worth it*.

Knowing *who* I was becoming made it much easier to anticipate what would come next, and so I stared down at myself quietly with anticipation. As I surmised because my nipples had not only become erect, but had also felt *puffier* than normal, I was moments later greeted by the sight of my once flat chest *ballooning* within a shirt that had plenty of room to spare. Comparing their weight and shapes to *melons* would have been a disservice, but even as they drooped slightly against my belly because they were *as big as my head*, their weight still felt *comfortable*.

That burden that my back carried was one it had carried my whole life. I had to do special exercises to make sure my back muscles remained strong enough, but that was doable. What *wasn't* doable was the fit of my pants which, as I must remind you, had been fitted for a man *much* taller and larger than I was now. The fact that they had become even *more* restrictive was a testament to how *wide* my lower half swelled. My hips were plenty wide, but then my thighs thickened until each one was as thick and plush as my belly. My ass grew even more-so, with perfect, pale skin peeking over my waistband while the pants themselves gripped my enlarged cheeks so tightly that you could clearly make out the indentation of my ass's crack through those pants.

I'd been about to comment on my clothes – and perhaps request an outfit that was more *beautiful*, but as it turned out, I hadn't needed to make any requests at all. Everything I *had* been wearing disappeared in an instant, replaced only with a white, sleeveless dress that was so tight that you could make out the indentation of my navel in the front. The dress was short at the top and the bottom, not only allowing my cleavage complete exposure but most of my legs, thighs included, as well. I wore a black thong, but no bra, with a black, leather jacket hanging off m shoulders. Otherwise, I was accessorized in black heels, a black choker, and my hair was styled into a long ponytail in the back by a pitch black bow.

“Well now, I have to say... This story certainly had a *beautiful ending!*” At my transformation's end, I couldn't help but clap my hands together with utter delight. I had become *Cinderella*. *The Cinderella* from Nikke! She was



beautiful— No, *I was beautiful!* And how could I take an issue with such an *ideal* outcome? I was even dressed in her *fashionable* yet *attractive* casual skin. That was surely preferable, because if I'd worn Cinderella's usual attire, well...

Not that I would have *minded* flaunting my perfect ass and tits, but the authorities might have taken a *little* issue with it.

I had questions, of course! Some were answered beautifully by my own memories. I was no Nikke, but a human woman remodeled to take Cinderella's name, body, and personality. My history had been altered accordingly, which meant that the apartment I lived in? The one I was in at that moment? I didn't belong to me anymore, so I was technically trespassing. Would the man who now owned it be upset to find such a beautiful woman in his home? Surely not, but it probably would have been best to leave gracefully before such an encounter arose.

“Hm... It's already quite late in the evening, and I live in a different state entirely now. Perhaps I should cozy up in a hotel? Or perhaps I could find someone to take me in at the bar? How could they, man or woman, resist such *beauty*?”