

# LOVE WINS

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



- > Why don' t you just buy the character pass if you want Galleon so bad?
- > I don' t want to get it just for her. Besides, did you even buy it?
  - > Yeah, for Galleon! But Meg is coming out soon too. You like her, right?

There was an unfortunate cycle when it came to fighting games, especially in this home PC and console economy. A new game would come out and be popular for a month or two, but as was the case with all games, interest would eventually wane, and players would move onto something else. But then? That game would end up making several miniature revivals over the next couple of years because, nine times out of ten, these games received post-launch support in the form of DLC characters.

It was a cycle that most people in the fighting game community knew well at this point, and it was just as true about Granblue Fantasy Versus Rising. Much like the original game, it had received character passes after its initial launch that added four or five characters with each one. But as you might expect, the value of these packs – and whether or not someone would buy them – depended on the interest of the player *in* those characters.

Both Joseph and Axel were intermittent players. They played when characters they liked were added and didn't necessarily consider themselves to be 'good' by any stretch of their imaginations. The difference between the two was that Joseph had already justified buying the second pass, while Axel was still on the fence. He'd been talking

about buying it for Galleon, but she'd been out for months now! The character pass was going to be completed in just a couple more months!

> I guess you have a point. If we both had the new pass, we could play the new characters together, right? I wish that was the case.

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Joseph blinked. And blinked. And blinked again. The air was warm and humid, something that wasn't all that unfamiliar to him considering how close to the equator he lived. The issue was that he shouldn't have been feeling it *inside*... nor should he have been standing on warm sand beneath the sun's light. "...*Eh?*" At first, that was the only reaction he could muster. He'd been teleported *outside*?

But at the same time, the beach wasn't any beach that he had ever visited personally. In fact, there was something very *strange* about it. It was set up for beachgoers, but there was no one else there despite it being the middle of the day? And the sky felt different... Were those *islands* floating in the sky far away? It was almost like— "**Granblue!?**" Like he was somehow in the game's Skydom, yeah! But that was *impossible*. It was just a video game; it was *fiction*.

**"Wait, what's going on here? Axel made a wish about us both playing the new characters together, right?"** Could that have been the cause? Even if it *was*, that didn't really explain anything because it was all *impossible*. Could he have possibly fallen asleep? Maybe, but the heat of the sand beneath him *felt* very real. But didn't he have other things to worry about anyways? What was it? It felt very important somehow...

*Where is she? I wanna see her!*

*...Who?*

There wasn't anyone he could think of that should have been at that beach, especially considering that *he* didn't know how he'd ended up there in the first place. But it was a very *strong* feeling. A joy almost akin to something he'd experienced multiple times in the past: of having a crush on someone? No, it went beyond that. It was *love*, right? Love aimed at someone that Joseph had never met, nor could he recall. Then what if there was the possibility that those feelings *weren't* Joseph's? What if they belonged to a different person entirely?

**"A-Anyways, I need to figure out why I'm at a beach before anything else! Is this really in Granblue!?! That's kind of weird, haha!"** He definitely *heard* it in his voice. All things considered, he sounded strangely *peppy*, didn't he? Was it just because he was

overwhelmed and anxious? *Maybe*, but anxiety didn't explain what was happening to his body's *color palette*. His olive complexion had begun to pinken consistently, stealing away some of the ethnic traits of a man living closer to the equator. He looked more classically Caucasian before long, and it certainly helped that his short, dark hair brightened to a light blonde.

Both the hair on his head, his eyebrows, *and* in his pubes. In two of those three areas the hair also *grew*. The bush within his shorts became fuller, but the scent of shampoo indicated he was now taking better care of it. **“Sniff, sniff. What smells so nice!? Is it *me*?”** Joseph hadn't been sure at first, and he definitely hadn't been smelling the shampoo near his *crotch*. It was the hair on his head. Blonde locks were growing longer and longer, spilling down his back while a pleasant sheen was applied to their silky softness. The longer they grew, though? The more his roots showed, and those roots turned *brown* – indicating that all of the blonde was simply *dye*. It reached the base of his back before he finally noticed that it had grown, and—

**“*WHOA!?*”**

Was that a cry of fear... or *excitement*? He'd almost bit his tongue in the process, namely because the shape of his mouth had narrowed as part of broader, sweeping changes to his facial structure. The man's lips *swelled* before pink lipstick spread across them beneath a slim nose, while his irises narrowed with lashes thick with mascara. **“*My hair's like a girl's! Wait... My voice is totally girly too, right!?*”** And why was he *talking* like that? It was high pitched and definitely *wrong*, not to mention how rapidly he'd started to speak, but it also felt kind of *right*? He *wanted* to keep talking like that because it was fun!

He was also kind of talking like a *nineteen-year-old*, which... was possible, since that face appeared *far* more youthful than before.

**“*What noooow!?*”** Joseph's arms flew out to his sides in a panic and his cry trailed off for a few seconds – practically spanning the entire duration of his body *shrinking*. A man of nearly six feet in height dropping all the way down to 5'3" in a matter of seconds was certainly quite the sight, and besides turning his clothing into a mass of ill-fitted cloth? Looking at his face and hair, he briefly could have easily been mistaken for a *femboy*. **“*Why'd I like, drop so much!?*”** It allowed him to bring attention to his hands, though. They were small and dainty themselves now, with longer nails painted in a hot pink. A similar fate had befallen his feet.

His sense of balance had been off for a second, but he *did* manage to correct it. ...Just in time for his knees to buckle and for *her* lips to let out a loud “**MMN!?**” She couldn’t exactly be mistaken for a femboy if she wasn’t even a *boy* anymore, right? “**I-I guess I really am a girl! And I kind of have memories of being a girl, soooooo...**”

I realization hit her. She was a girl? Who was obsessed with another girl? There were only a couple of characters in Granblue that fit that description, and only one of them had long, wavy, blonde hair. “**I’m totes becoming Mari!?**” The better half of *Meg*, the character that had recently been added to Rising. That made sense and it probably should have been concerning, but... Again, she didn’t really seem to care all that much? “**Kay, can we at least take care of these awful clothes if I’m gonna be stuck like this?**”

Joseph could comment on her clothes, but they weren’t corrected *yet*. Her changed sex had set the stage for the rest of her figure to conform, and that had to take place first. Her shoulders ended up slimming while her hips flared. *Key* parts of her body became notably more sensitive, namely the nipples that were rubbing up against her shirt. They were erect, but they were also *puffier* – predated a swell beneath them that jiggled into a pair of perky *B-cup* tits. They were average in size, but Mari *had* started as a generic NPC.

They couldn’t have given her too much more padding when she ascended in status to Meg’s right-hand woman. It was a truth that was applied to her *lower* half, too. Her ass did bloat several inches out behind her, becoming round and perky within her boxers while her thighs became lean yet soft, but it was very much the build of your average teenaged girl. Just... one whose ears had slowly slipped up the sides of her head, stretching into curved triangles covered with brown fur on the exterior with white fluff inside. They were the ears of an *Erune* through and through.

She squeaked briefly before marveling down at herself. “**Oh, hey! There we go! This is waaaay better!**” The young lady’s clothing had tightened against her all of a sudden, becoming a black bikini underneath a pair of short jean shorts and a cropped, white tee with orange and purple leaf imprints fashioned into it. She was accessorized out the ass, with two necklaces, a pair of sunglasses with pink lenses, lifted sandals, and a golden band around her left thigh accompanied by two golden chains that were hooked to it. There was even an earring in her right ear.

All clothing that felt like she’d picked it out herself? No, according to her memories she *had* done that.

**“Wait! Where’s Meg!? Being turned into a cute girl doesn’t mean anything if I’m not with Meg!”** The very thought of being separated from her cool, lovely, beautiful, fantastic, and amazing Meg left *Mari* feeling like a proverbial knife had been driven into her heart! The blonde Erune’s words were proof that she still held onto some recognition of who she had once been, but she hardly cared. It was easy enough to shrug off when she could be by Meg’s side! Or when she was *supposed* to be by Meg’s side, anyways!



The fact that she wasn’t anywhere to be found irked her to no end. **“SERIOUSLY!? SOMEONE BETTER NOT BE TALKING HER EAR OFF AGAIN! IF ITS THOSE LOWAIN BROS AGAIN, I SWEAR TO THE PRIMALS THAT I’LL—! Woah, woah! Cool it, Mari!”** *That* was close! Because she’d been completely alone, the thoughts that she usually kept suppressed had just *slipped out*! She had to go to her happy place! Her happy place! And considering she was at the beach? That happy place was obviously...

*Beside Meg!*

...Would that happy place have been any different if she’d been anywhere else, though?

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Honestly? Axel wasn’t sure *why* he had typed what he had. He hadn’t intended to phrase anything as a wish, and he certainly wasn’t in possession of anything that would have granted one. Of course, it was always possible that there was something lurking that could have, say, erased memories of her existence from Axel’s mind along with Joseph’s. But surely *that* couldn’t have been possible, right? It was a little *too* farfetched!

Nonetheless, he was having a difficult time explaining what happened to him immediately after. **“Where... am I?”** It was a very small and narrow space. The inside of a changing room was his best guess, considering there was a small bench behind him and a hook on the nearby door. Judging by how *hot* it was... it must have been outdoors? But it had been *November*, and he lived in a place where it was getting cooler at that time of year. The scent of salt water in the air was also *strange*. He didn’t live by the ocean.

**“I need to... Huh?”** The commonsense plan of action was to leave the changing room and figure out *where* he was, but that was foiled by the door on the room *not* budging whatsoever when he attempted to push or pull it. Was it jammed? The lock was on his side, and from what he could tell it *was* unlocked. **“Uh... Hello? Is anyone out there!?”** Someone *could* have been holding it closed on the other side. There wasn't an answer, though. He couldn't help but note that it *did* sound pretty quiet out there.

Axel sighed. **“Well, what do I do then? Should I try and break the door down?”** He was a tall, fat guy, so it wouldn't have been too hard to toss all his weight at the door if need be. He *was* trapped though, so... **“Here goes!”** The man ended up trying just that *despite* the risked. But something went *wrong*. The moment he lifted off the ground he felt surprisingly *light*. That was doubled down onto when his side collided with the door, and he practically *bounced off* of it. **“H-Huh!?”**

He fell back on the bench and looked around with confusion like he was shellshocked, and when he stood up again? The man's pants *and* boxers fell right down to his feet. **“What the— WHAT THE HELL!?”** When he repeated himself, screaming this time, his voice sounded *weird*. That wasn't exactly what he was focused on, though. His torso was *thin*? His pants had fallen because her thighs and ass were, too. All of that weight that had made him obese had just *melted away*, leaving him substantially lighter. Perhaps even crazier than that was the fact that his body now had *muscle mass*. His arms and legs were toned, and he had abs and pecs.

Contrastingly though, his waistline had slimmed inwards for some reason. Axel just didn't realize because his shirt was now practically hanging off of him like a dress. That effect worsened moments later. Because he was in a small booth, the man had nearby points of reference to tell things like, say, *if his eye level had changed*. **“And now I'm shrinking. Great.”** It probably wasn't something act so blasé about, but for how energetic he'd been towards his weight loss, didn't that response sound a little too *tired*?

Especially considering the fact that he had even reacted that way because his body was shrinking *dramatically*. Axel's height had basically matched up with Joseph's before, and it *almost* matched up with Mari's in the end. Fortunately for him though (not that that he was aware of it), he ended up barely inching Mari out at 5'4" instead. There *was* an area where he ended up losing on though, and that was perceived *age*. His skin was softer and tighter, and his facial features were more reminiscent of someone around the age of *eighteen*. Meaning Mari was a year older.

**“How could this happen? How could I be so... short?”** There was a feminine quality to his voice now, but that was only to be expected. What *wasn't* to be expected, at least if you were comparing what was happening to the young man to what had befallen Joseph, was his *mental state*. Mari had more or less retained awareness throughout her transformation, but Axel was becoming *skeptical*. How could he be shorter? He couldn't remember being *taller* anymore, so that didn't really make any *sense*, right?

Axel's skin may have been smoother and vaguely more muscular, but it certainly wasn't blemish free. Which was strange. He didn't work a job where he had to worry about getting hurt very often, and the scars that he *did* have were pretty light in color. But... *those* scars were erased along with any unneeded body hair, all so that *deeper, darker* scars that could be found across his arms, legs, and even his torso. While they made it so that he appeared more *rugged* in a sense, well...

His eyes blinked, unaware that his lashes were fluttering longer and the colors of his irises were taking an unnatural reddish purple. The shapes of them widened *and* rounded, leaning far more into the realm of femininity that his narrowed waist and (now) flared hips were likewise suggesting. **“Mm... Maybe I'm overthinking things?”** He said this even as his lips became poutier upon a shrinking face; one with a narrower chin and thinner cheeks. He looked *pretty*, but there was a developing coolness about him.

Or, well... about *her*. The young woman shuddered, which led to her looking around with confusion. **“Weird. It isn't cold in here.”** It *wasn't* that temperature that had prompted her to shudder, though! The act of her cock and balls folding down and *up into* her pelvis where a womb was established. Above her new pussy, her pubes darkened to a red with a purplish hue that was reminiscent of the color of her eyes. They were trimmed neatly, but the same couldn't be said of the hair on her *head*, which also took on the same color. It grew *very* long behind her, reaching past her butt while some black strands ended up dyed in her bangs. The hair was glossy and clean.

*No surprise there. Mari always washes it for me.*

From that point on, it was just a matter of *filling her out*. Her *figure*, anyways. Axel didn't think much of her oversized shirt as she lifted it over her head and tossed it onto the bench. She was effectively naked as a result, but this made it much easier to see that her figure was being improved. Her ass became a plump and perky peach that expanded out behind her (so that it would look great in, say, a leotard) while her scarred thighs bloated too. And then there was the matter of her *chest*,

where she was certainly more fortunate than Mari. The *D-cups* that bounced into existence with puffy nipples were big and perky, but even if her own were smaller, Mari was always complimenting them for some reason?

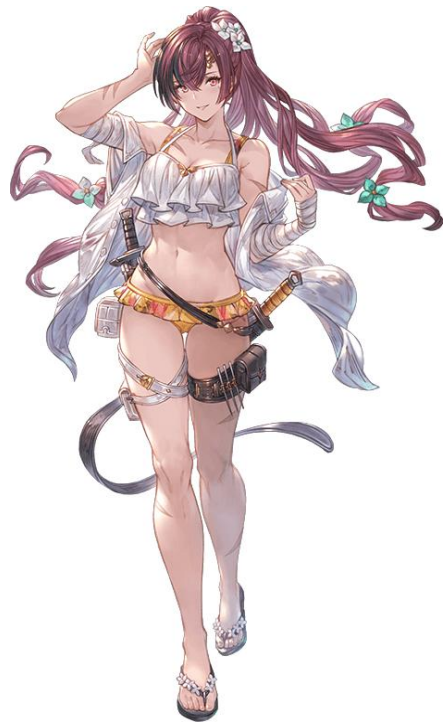
The girl had planned on getting dressed again after taking her shirt off, but looking down? “*Hm?*” She was *still* dressed. But now it was in a frilly, white swimsuit top with an orange and yellow-frilled bikini bottom. A shirt hung off her shoulders, with a brown satchel around her left thigh and white straps around the right. Flip flops would shield her feet from the hot sand, and her long hair had been pulled up into a ponytail by a white flower tie that saw the loose hair split into a series of added lengths tied with green ribbon.

Against her better judgement, she’d left all her weapons in the resort room.

“**Mm... I think this looks fine, but I guess it’s a little embarrassing.**” With only her swimsuit on, *Meg* did feel a little self-conscious. She looked over at the black bodysuit that she normally wore that she had thrown into a heap on the bench behind her, before tugging on the bikini to make sure it wasn’t riding up her ass too much. It almost felt *strange* to be doing such a normal *summertime* activity on Auguste after everything she had been through there. She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t a little *nervous*, but at least Mari was with her.

With a sigh, she stuffed her usual attire into the bag that had appeared under the bench, stopping for only a second to examine the scars on her arms. Seeing as she was acting, well, *normal* for Meg, it seemed that she hadn’t been graced with the same awareness of their situation that Mari is. She didn’t believe she had ever been someone else. Leaving that on Mari’s shoulders was probably a trick the one who had transformed them was playing. She was probably betting on Mari not *wanting* to tell her so long as she got to be *with* Meg. And that was if she even realized who Meg had been in the first place.

“**There you are, Meg!**” And that bet was more or less right on the nose. The moment Meg stepped out of the changing room, a blonde-haired Erune was hanging off of her like nothing was wrong whatsoever.



She buried her face in Meg's cleavage, making the young woman blush but not prompting too strong of a reaction for her. It was no secret that Mari was gay as hell for Meg, but Meg? Much to Mari's dismay, she could be *exceptionally* dense. **"I thought you were going to make me wait all day!"**

*But at least she wasn't talking to some stupid ass guy that was trying to hit on her! Not on my watch, bucko!*

Rather than push her off, Meg took Mari's hands in her own and gently pulled them off before cupping them like a knight might cup the hands of a princess. It was very *romantic*, and Mari's eyes practically turned into hearts. Meg, on the other hand, didn't realize at all how this came off. **"Sorry for making you wait. You know I would never make you wait for no good reason, right? Let me make it up to you. Do you need me to apply your sunscreen?"**

**"Y-Yes!?"** Mari squeaked. Which was subtle compared to what was going on in her head.

***I'M THE LUCKIEST GODDAMN GIRL IN THE WORLD! HECK YEAAAAAAAAAAH!***

*Wait though... Weren't we talking about a fighting game? Why is she even in her swimsuit? Not that I'm complaining!*

