

# WITHIN THE KOS-MOS

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Honestly? I couldn't believe my luck.

When you were a lesbian in this economy, it almost felt *impossible* to find a potential partner in the real world – or at least that was how it felt to me. All of my luck finding other women that were *also* interested in women tended to happen online where people were more comfortable being open about it. Well, it didn't really help that I was the type of woman who wasn't very social *at all*. Even though the city I lived in had a lesbian bar, I was way too much of a coward to go even a single night.

I liked to stay inside my home unless I *had* to go elsewhere. Which meant the only places I ever *really* went were to stores as needed, or to work. But somehow *that* was where all of my luck had stemmed from. I had a plain and boring office job. It wasn't remarkable and I wasn't remarkable *at* it, but it paid my bills and realistically that was all I could hope for. It wasn't the sort of place where I could expect to find a girlfriend.

...Or that was what I had thought! We'd recently had a new hire, a woman named Julia that was close in age to me *and* was also openly bi. After talking a bit at first, and more and more over time, we came to realize we had a *lot* in common! She was also a pretty big nerd, and in the end? After work one day, I had been invited over to her place to play some games. There was no *way* I was going to say no to that.

I'd been expecting that maybe we'd be playing a multiplayer game together or something to that extent, but that wasn't what she had ended up pitching when we got to the bedroom of the apartment she was sharing with her younger brother. Julia had lost her parents a few

years ago, and so it had fallen on her to take care of her public school-aged brother despite being in her twenties herself. It was an admirable story, but it also wasn't relevant... yet. What she'd ended up pulling out was a handful of old *PS2* games.

**“Have you ever played the Xenosaga games before!?”** She had a pretty *excited* expression in that moment. It was cute. Cute enough that my heart had practically skipped a beat. But I actually didn't really know all *that* much about them. As an enjoyer of RPGs, I *had* heard of them of course. But they had been trapped on the PS2 forever with the only modern content being the inclusion of some of its more popular characters in games like *Xenoblade Chronicles 2*.

I knew that there was like... an android woman with blue hair? But come to think of it, Julia's room had a number of posters with that character on them. It hadn't actually struck me at first that they were all the same person. The designs differed a little bit depending on their depiction, like the woman had gone through multiple different design stages. In the end, though, I wanted to impress her – and one of those posters had the character's name on it. **“Y-Yeah, I love KOS-MOS!”** At least I had *hoped* that was her name.

If not, *that* was going to be embarrassing!

**“Nice! Me too! So, let's play the first game in a bit? I have to go pick up my brother from in front of the apartment building, so I'll just be stepping out for like five minutes. You hold down the fort!”** I waved her goodbye, and she ran out the door. That gave me five minutes to do enough research to hopefully not seem like a complete idiot if she continued to talk to me about the game, but I *could* also just act like it had been a long time since I had last played, so that my memories of it was groggy.

Julia *had* thrown something onto the bed beside where I was sitting though. It looked like the game's instruction manual? **“Man, they do not make these anymore...”** Even though searching for a summary on my phone probably would have been more efficient, I still picked the manual up and began to flip through it. The information inside was just as sparse as I remembered them being. Basic instructions on how to play the game paired with a little bit of information about the lore and characters.

It also contained a little something *extra* too, however.

**ZAP!**

**“Hey!?”** I ended up dropping the manual to my side as I sat on top of the bed. Had that been a jolt of static? That was what it had *felt* like, but while I didn’t always consider myself to be the sharpest tool in the shed, I wasn’t so ignorant that I couldn’t tell that it being a static shock would have been *odd*. You typically got zapped when you first touched an object, but I’d already been holding the manual? Not to mention that paper wasn’t exactly conductive to electricity in the first place. But what? Was I supposed to assume that some otherworldly power was at work? That a simple electrical shock was going to alter the very fabric of my existence?

...Those assumptions *would* have been correct if I’d made them, though.

I went ahead and shook the feeling off, not necessarily expecting much else to come of it. In my mind it had just been a static shock and nothing more, nothing less. But I soon became aware of something... *odd*. I wasn’t moving, nor had I adjusted my sitting posture in any notable way. But Julia’s bed was beginning to creak under my weight? Louder and louder, making me afraid that it was about to give away. **“H-Huh?”**

Given the circumstances because I definitely *didn’t* want to somehow break her bed, I stood. But doing so just made me acutely aware of what the problem might have been in the first place. After all, I stood without much of a problem, but the motion had felt heavy. *Very* heavy, like my body was pulling off some sort of *impossible* feat to lift flesh and bone that was significantly heavier than it had been before when I was so short at 4’11” and, admittedly, without much in the way of curves. I was confused by this, of course.

**“Wh-Wh-Wh-Wh-What’s wrong with my body!? A-And my voice?”** That strange stutter at the beginning of my question had *not* been an intentional one. In fact, my voice *distorted* briefly to almost sound artificial somewhere in there before correcting. But even if it no longer sounded *artificial*, my voice still sounded *wrong* when the reverb went away. It was deeper than my own, and it felt far more difficult to express my *emotions* the way that I wanted to.

Thinking I might be able to cough the sound away, because that *wasn’t* how my voice was supposed to sound, I tried my best. **“Test... Test... Is it stuck like this?”** But it still sounded the same *and* I couldn’t express the panic I was feeling. The beating of my heart gradually strengthened, but it also felt... *odd*? All because there was no visual way for me to understand what was happening to me *internally*. It was naturally tied to why my body’s weight felt so much heavier than what I was used to.

My bones had been replaced by a metallic alloy, my blood with a coolant, and my flesh with a mockery of what should have otherwise

been 'human'. The added weight came from these parts being much heavier than flesh and bone, and my strengthened heartbeat came from my heart shifting into something more akin to a core that pumped the coolant through my veins. Short of cutting myself open though, there wasn't much I could do to make that obvious though.

**“But how could a static shock change my... voice?”** That was a *very* valid question of me to ask, but unfortunately the number of questions I wanted to ask had only grown *as* I'd asked that aloud. *Grown*, as *I* was. **“H-Huh?”** Like I'd said before, I was a shorter than average woman with a 4'11" height. But everything from my torso to my limbs had begun to *stretch*, and that was dangerous for the jeans and pink t-shirt combo that I was wearing in that moment. **“Am I growing?”**

My words sounded increasingly monotonous and vaguely *robotic* the more I spoke. In the meantime, my pink shirt was lifted higher and higher thanks to my shoulders pulling farther and farther from my narrow hips. Well... the issue with that was that my hips were slowly parting from that 'narrow' descriptor in the first place, stretching out the sides of my pants until they finally slipped *beneath* my hips to show my plain, white panties hanging on for dear life in the front. My knees buckled, and before long? The front button of my pants popped off while the sleeves of my tee tore.

It hadn't been *just* my shoulders growing wider, apparently.

Having been a petite woman, I had always wondered what it would be like to be taller and broader. I just hadn't expected to have that wish granted in real time... in someone else's bedroom. I must have been at least 5'3" tall? And it didn't stop until I was 5'6", at which point my shirt had been lifted so that my belly was almost *completely* bare. My torn shirt soon lifted even higher when— **“...My mammaries?”** That was technically a *correct* term when it came to describing my breasts, but it was a little too *technical* when I normally would have shouted 'boobs' or 'tits' or something more along those lines.

Use of verbiage aside though, it was absolutely something *worth* commenting on. My A-cups were lacking in a weight that I was more or less accustomed to, and in my dreaming of having a bigger pair I'd always worried that the weight would be a little excessive... and I was right about *that* at first. I could see my nipples, puffer and erect, sticking up against the interior of my shirt as surge in weight forced my bosom to rise and fall with a jiggle. I could see them filling, becoming shapelier, rising until they had to be *DD-cups* at minimum.

But it wasn't even *just* my tits. The seams on the sides of my jeans soon split because there were no other places upon them that were weak enough to be breached by burgeoning thighs. Pale flesh pushed through these cracks because my thighs had swollen until they were thicker than my narrow waist, and the excess ended up splitting the *back* of my jeans and snapping my panties courtesy of my ass filling into the shape of a heart. “**This is... intriguing.**” I had wanted to use literally any other descriptor. Exciting. Amazing. Crazy. Fantastic.

But I was forced to express myself in a much more *measured* way.

In fact, I soon found myself question why – and how – I'd ended up expressing so much *awe* towards my figure in the first place. I could remember it being so *foreign* just seconds ago, but now it felt so *expected*, as if nothing had changed at *all*. It was a shift in perception that was unknowingly accompanied by some tweaks to my *face*. My eyes began to glow a dim red for one, and for the first time? The artificial nature of my body became clear to me – because my vision was obfuscated by filters and data. But it just seemed *normal* still.

Those eyes narrowed and my resting expression sagged with a perceived disinterest that was otherwise applied to my swelling lips. I didn't look happy or sad; I simply appeared *neutral*. My face pulled a little longer and my chin sharpened. Ultimately? It was the spitting image of the face plastered all over Julia's walls. And it wasn't long after before my shoulder length hair spilled out around me, taking that very same shade of blue that KOS-MOS's hair possessed. Not only did it reach my ass behind me, bangs swept to the sides in the front, but my pubes shortened and inherited the same color.

“**Hm.**” There was a sharp jolt that made my vision flicker for a second. My body temperature was rising. Some sort of system error? No. Was it my attire? It did not allow for proper heat distribution... or at least it *hadn't*. I hardly reacted to the sight of it, but all of my potential clothing woes were corrected. A silver, metallic leotard hugged my torso, exposing my shoulders, thighs, and hips bare. Blue lights glowed down its front, while the chest plate hugged my bosom's shape perfectly. Detached sleeves of black with silver ruffled match boots on my legs, while a visor rested between my eyes and wrapped around my hair.

Now that the appropriate areas were bare, I could... “**Activating cooling systems.**” A loud hiss filled the air as steam poured off of my body courtesy of the system installed that had been designed to regulate my heat. Truthfully, I did not know how I had known how to say or do that at all. My memories had been altered, and so there was a vague recollection of who I had once been alongside the more prevalent memories of *KOS-MOS*.

I was the spitting image of the android woman depicted in the room's posters now, more specifically the iteration of her that came from Xenoblade Chronicles 2. My body was heavy, made entirely of mechanical parts despite the softness of my skin, and my mind was powered by a *Simulated Personality OS*. **“How do I proceed now?”** I had no mission, and little understanding about where I was. Leaving seemed like the fairest option, but...



**“WHOA!?! SWEET KOSMOS COSPLAY!”**

The sound of a human woman screaming caused me to turn my head towards the door. There was a woman standing there that would be best described as ‘beautiful’ by human standards, even though that was not something that I typically treasured in others. Even so, were my systems growing warmer? Would I need to disperse steam again? What sort of malfunction was causing it? **“You are... Julia?”** I could remember that much from my old memories.

**“Right! Whoa... and you sound just like her! You’re not the girl who was in her in cosplay, are you? Because that would be crazy convincing!”** Apparently, she did not pitch a possibility where I had *been* that girl but had transformed. It made logical sense that this was the case, but perhaps it worked in my favor? Due to my logic modules, not even *I* wanted to believe that such a thing was possible. **“How long are you staying!? Could I get you something to eat? Are you single!?”**

...She asked a lot of questions, didn't she? But there *was* one that stood out. That last one. **“Are you inquiring for dating purposes? Technically, I am an armored android. I do not believe I would be much of a comfort in a romantic relationship. Are you sure would that be okay?”** Was *I* okay with that? Where were these feelings coming from?

**“OF COURSE I WOULD BE!”**