

MEKABERRIES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Luna IV was a long-awaited patch in Genshin Impact for a number of reasons.

It was the story patch that was promising to bring an end to the first act of Nod-Krai's story, with the patch cycle overall the game's attempt at spanning the entire story for the region over the full seven or eight patches before heading to the next area – similar to what Honkai Star Rail had done with Amphoreus recently. But that wasn't the *main* reason that Joseph was excited for the patch.

Was it the highlight characters for the patch then? There was Zibai, a horse adeptus from Liyue, the 4* Illuga, and then... *Columbina*. In the absence of an actual Archon for Nod-Krai, this ex-Harbinger woman fulfilled that role as a moon goddess and the focus character for the entire arc thus far. She was *extremely* popular and there was no doubt that Joseph was excited to roll her as well.

But his eye was actually on the prize of the *weapon banner*, something that most people didn't *typically* target unless they were whales, and there was a good reason for that. Genshin's weapon banner was awful. It used an antiquated pity system that still followed the 50/50 system in an economy where similar games had at least raised those odds to 75/25, and then you still weren't guaranteed what you wanted if you won your 50/50, because there were always multiple 5* weapons on rate up at the same time.

Usually, one of those weapons was either awful or completely useless if you didn't have the character that it was best-in-slot for. What made *this* banner so exciting for Joseph was that regardless of the limited weapon

he got, it would have been good. Columbina's was on there, but so was *Ineffa's* as the second limited character on rate up. Both characters were amazing on their own, but supposedly they were even more amazing together, and he already *had* Ineffa.

And so, the night had arrived. "**I really need some good luck here...**" The man had *already* rolled Columbina on her banner after taking more rolls than he probably would have liked, and now he was trying for the weapon. Because he had to roll enough fate points by losing to get a guarantee, it *really* would have been preferable to roll a limited weapon early, since he could still roll permanent ones in a 50/50 loss. "**Phew...**"

One *did* come early, thankfully, and it was Ineffa's spear. He'd *been* on the verge of celebrating, because it certainly was *good* news, when he come to an unfortunate realization. The screen was stuck on the image of her spear? It seemed like the edges of the screen were pixelated, too. "**Well, that's probably not good...**" Fortunately, he didn't have *too* much to worry about. It was a live service game, so the roll was automatically saved on the server side. He just needed to restart his PS5 and...

But trying to turn it off just *didn't* work. And the next time he checked the TV screen, it seemed that the pixelation had moved slightly towards the screen's center.

It was something he noticed when he looked back to see if anything on screen had changed. "**Okay, what if I unplug it then?**" Not only did he unplug the console's power cable, but the HDMI cable as well thinking it might fix the pixelation issue, and yet... with both removed, that image was *impossibly* still visible on the screen. "**Is this some weird burn in or something!?**" Because what else could it *logically* be? Then again, the issue was that he was thinking logically in the first place.

What was happening was *not* logical. Not at all. The sooner Joseph realized it the better, and honestly? *She* was given a pretty swift kick in the pants to help her realize. Or at least it had certainly *felt* like a kick in the pants. "**Ogh!?**" She keeled over from what *felt* like a non-subtle impact right between her legs, knees buckling and hands reaching down to tend to where her dick should have been within her shorts. And yet, as she soon realized... *there was nothing there*. No *bulge*. "**H-Huh?**"

Her fingers traced her pelvis through her shorts, desperate to find any sign of her masculinity, but what she found instead was surface that made her *shudder* on contact as her finger sunk *in* at her pelvis's base. "**Do... Do I have a vagina?**" That would certainly mean that she was

a woman, at least biologically, but— “**Hey!?**” The sensitivity of her new lips had scared her into withdrawing her hand and correcting her posture, but she cried out because her attempts to stabilize herself had been undone by a buckling of her knees.

And had her voice sounded different for a moment there? A little *higher*? That was hardly the woman’s(?) main concern in that moment, because alongside her knees buckling her shorts had become uncomfortably *tight* around her hips of all places. Looking down, it was obvious as to *why* that was: those hips had swung out *significantly* wider than they were supposed to be, leading to the waistband of her shorts digging into them.

It was certainly a far more *feminine* gait, and one that was built upon as Joseph began to struggle with *additional* clothing malfunction. “**Ngh... This is way too tight!**” There was no change in her voice, it still sounded like a woman’s... but it was also beginning to sound increasingly *familiar* in a way that she couldn’t quite place yet. She still wasn’t paying too much attention, particularly when she had to gasp at the sight of the front button of her shorts popping *clean* off. It could hardly be ignored that her thighs were thickening, swelling until the legs of the shorts gripped them tightly and her caboose ballooned into a heart shape behind her.

As if her transition into a woman was slowly working its way *up* her body from her swapped loins, the sides of her waist gradually pinched in at the sides to give her more of a swooping figure that became really pronounced at her hips. Her shoulders actually *narrowed*, but not so much that they weren’t still wider than her waist. On the other hand? “**Whoa!?**” Perhaps it was because it had affected her spine, but her height had suddenly dipped.

She’d *been* roughly an upstanding 5’11” but had drooped down to 5’6” in nearly an instant. The loss did nothing to help how tight her shorts were, but it *did* make it so that her shirt felt much, *much* baggier against her frame. This loss of height had simultaneously affected her hands and feet, not only making them smaller but *daintier* as well to bring them in line with this shorter stature. “**I’m so short, and I... Oh...**”

Despite her shirt being so loose, it was difficult for her *not* to notice that the front of it was sticking out slightly farther than she would have assumed, all things considered. Then again, if she really *was* considering ‘all things’, maybe it wasn’t surprising to find that a pair of *breasts* had grown upon her chest. She was, after all, a woman, so to have a pair of perky *C-cups*, puffy nipples and all, made some degree of sense.

“What is even doing this to me!?” How was she supposed to live as a *woman*? Was this reversible!? There was only one thing that she could think of, and so she turned her attention back to the television screen just as a steely blue possessed her irises. Those eyes rounded, becoming cute and feminine whereas the rest of her facial features confirmed to this new femininity. Plusher lips, a smaller nose, and a more circular face were the highlights, and yet there was something else odd about it.

Its skin color? Joseph *had* possessed an olive complexion, but his face, neck, back, and shoulders all paled to a *very* light pink. But why *just* those areas? It wasn't immediately obvious, even as her dark hair lightened to a cotton candy blue while lengthening just past her shoulders. Her bangs grew long enough that she could see them on the fringe of her gaze, and— **“Blue? Wait, like...?”** It prompted an epiphany and she looked back at the screen again.

The image, still showing Ineffa's weapon, was roughly 75% pixelated now.

“No way. Am I *b-b-b-becoming*...!?” Something *short-circuited* in the *literal* sense just as she was about to confirm her assumption aloud, and as her voice hitched it developed an almost hollow, mechanical ring to it while her blue eyes began to *glow*, signaling that their makeup had become anything *but* biological. Her biological *brain* had been seized by the transformation, digitizing it while her eyes became more akin to super advanced cameras than regular eyeballs. The information they were feeding her was transferred via *data* instead of regular electrical signals.

And that wasn't even the strangest thing *about* her head! Joseph's ears had been tucked behind her hair, and yet they began to stretch out from behind those fringes as the cartilage darkened, hardened, and *distorted*. They almost resembled silver wings with copper caps bulging out where her inner ear had once been, but they *weren't* ears so much as they were... audio receptors. Not something a living, breathing human would need. And therein lied the reason why only select parts of skin had changed in color.

It had just been an unnecessary step for *most* of her body. But oddly, despite how involved she'd been while transforming into a woman, she wasn't reacting much to the sight of her body becoming more artificial, nor how her sense of touch appeared to be rapidly deteriorating. It couldn't be helped. Changing one's brain from biological to digital was disruptive, and it would take her a moment to 'reboot'. And speaking of boots...

She'd *been* wearing socks, but the feet that had been housed within them soon split through the front of their fabric not as toes, but as golden *points* that looked more akin to the fronts of a pair of boots. Had she suddenly been *adorned* with steel boots? No. Her feet had simple *become* them, with the heels of those boots fashioned from her once human feet. Largely silver aside from their tips, her ankles were hollowed out before it continued up her legs, coating even her thighs where blue belts wrapped around their armored forms to almost make it look like she was wearing armored thigh highs.

“Beginning rebooting process…” Automated words escaped Joseph’s lips as her kneecaps were replaced by large, golden screws. The one on the left had a cap on it, but the one on the right was exposed beneath upper thighs that began to harden into darker silver plating than everything below. It lipped over hips that were hollowed away to reveal black, rubber ‘skin’ beneath gold plates on the sides of her hips, while above?

Her pussy and ass crack were sealed along with her belly button. Her skin in these regions seemingly darkened to black, but there was a *felt* texture to it as a vertical line was etched down her stomach up until a golden core that was embedded just below her breasts. Breasts that, while they retained their shape, *definitely* became more solid as nipples were paved over alongside her once olive skin with cold silver with grooves etched into them. Meanwhile? Her shoulders and neck, which had previously changed to a light pink color, retained their skin-like appearance.

The *rest* of her arms did not, though. They underwent a process similar to her legs, though the silver was darker. Her joints were carved out to better resemble the joints of a doll, revealing gold between them while her fingers became gold in general above silver palms. Her sense of touch somehow remained, but it was *much* duller than it used to be. Probably to prevent any discomfort when, say, her human-like hands withdrew into the white, puffy cuffs that her wrists were disfigured into – within which she could now eject multiple attachments *aside* from her hands.

“3… 2… 1… Entering the next stage.” The rebooting process had concluded *just* as the ill-fitted attire she was wearing otherwise disappeared. It wasn’t like she needed to be dressed up in anything else, not when her robotic body *looked* like it was dressed. A core was beating in the place of a heart, for crying out loud! But she could still be *accessorized*, such as with a little, white and blue cap, or a split cap of blue with a red underside held on by a golden badge. She was otherwise ‘naked’, but ‘nudity’ was hardly a factor for a being such as herself.

And then there was a *pull*, and the world around her changed.

“Recalibrating...

Present location appears to be Nod-Krai, outside of the Clink-Clank Krumkake Workshop.

It seems that the screen had functioned as some sort of portal.”

How it could have accomplished such a feat was a different question entirely, and one that *Ineffa* did not have an answer to. One

moment she had been in her room in the ‘real’ world, the next she was there. “But who am I to determine what is ‘real’ and what is not?”



What mattered was that regardless of who she believed herself to be before, she was Ineffa in that moment. She would carry that identity with her so long as she didn't forget. After all, she had plenty of storage for memories within her digital mind. In fact, she felt like it was of the utmost importance that she must continue to remember them, else she might lose a piece of her ‘self’. “I will file this away for now. I do not believe pursuing information regarding it will help anything at this precise moment.”

“Besides, I must make sure Aino is not snacking outside of her allowed snacking hours.”

For me, I was *also* excited about the new Luna IV patch in Genshin, though I was more specifically excited about the character banners than the weapons like Joseph was. I only ever rolled on the weapon banners in the game if I really liked a character and there were no upcoming characters that interested me. It wasn't like I didn't really like Columbina and Ineffa; the issue was actually that I liked them *too* much.

I wanted to roll both of them and didn't even have enough Primogems to guarantee rolling one of them.

Nonetheless, once my game had finished downloading? I jumped right into the game's gacha screen. It'd be better to pull off the bandage sooner than later, and if I had to pay money to even get one of them, then so be it! **"Okay, I really need some luck here!"** It wasn't the *first* time I'd had that thought. My gacha luck was spotty at best, and it was usually *terrible* depending on the game. At least with Genshin it tended to be pretty average.

And so, I rolled the first time. No golden light, fine. But there *was* a silver lining. The 4* that I ended up rolling was Jahoda, a character I'd missed during the previous banner. I liked her a lot, so that technically worked out! ...The issue came when these circumstances repeated themselves. Purple light, another Jahoda. **"Okay... She isn't even a rate up 4*... That's weird."** But it could be, and definitely *would* be, weirder.

I was using my PS5 to do my rolls since it usually updated faster than my PC, and so I was sitting in my chair with a controller in hand. Not even *seconds* after rolling Jahoda, however, it almost looked like I was sinking *into* my seat if you'd looked at me from any angle other than first person. The reason for this was pretty obvious, though: the unhealthy weight that my body had packed on over the years was slipping away. My shirt was getting baggier and my pants loose as mass peeled off not only from my tummy, but from my arms, legs, chest, and face as well.

Standing, I probably would have been forced to reckon with this realization immediately since my pants would have fallen off, and yet sitting and with my gaze fixated on the screen? It hadn't exactly occurred to me just yet. **"Fine, we roll again..."** But just as the light of the summoning streaked across my TV screen, it became evident that weight wasn't the *only* thing that I was losing. I ended up lifting my knees as my head fell beneath the top of my chair and my feet were pulled closer to my body. I was *shrinking*. And I shrank from almost six feet tall to 5'4" before the next summoning screen could even properly show.

"Aww..." Not that it had given me better news. No Ineffa again, and yet *another* Jahoda copy somehow!? **"What are the chances that I... Eh?"** It was baffling that it had even taken me *that* long to notice that the sound of my voice had become *very* different! It sounded like a belonged more to a peppy, young girl, and it wasn't even *simply* a matter of it just sounding that way. In fact, the moment I had rolled the

second Jahoda, my Adam's apple had retreated... along with any of the masculinity that had possessed my face.

“What’s up with my voice!? I sound like a girl!” And I was beginning to *look* like one too! Not only did my nostrils shrink above lips that grew cute and pouty, but my eyelashes fluttered longer upon lids that widened *and* rounded in their shapes – and this wasn't even the weirdest thing *that* happened to my eyes. While my face looked cuter, like a *girl* around the age of *eighteen* or so, it still looked like a normal, human face. But my irises...

Well, it began with my pupils *paling* to white while an greenish yellow died my irises around them. But those pupils suddenly... *dilated*? No, that wasn't quite the case. They expanded, distorted away from circular shapes until they looked more like *five-pointed stars* that took up most of the surface area of my irises. These stars were paler than my irises, but there was a vaguely yellow hue to them. **“I... Uh...!?”**

Something was *totally* wrong! Realizing this, I jumped up from my seat, but in doing so forgot about the PS5 controller on my lap. **“H-Hey!? ...Wait.”** It was only then that it struck me. That I was *shorter* and *thinner*, because my shirt ended up being worn like a dress as my pants and boxers fell to the ground... bringing my game controller down along with it. It must have landed on one of the buttons, because my Genshin game committed to yet another roll without any input on my part, but I was *way* too mortified by the sight of my smaller, thinner body to pay any attention to it.

“WHY AM I SO FREAKING SMALL!?” AND WHAT WAS WITH ALL OF THIS ENERGY!? I couldn't keep myself still, or from *freaking the heck out*! I was practically dancing there in that oversized shirt from shock, which inadvertently distracted me from the weight of my hair getting heavier and heavier. It was growing. Longer, thicker, and adopting a sandy blonde color as it crept down to my but where it curled out. These hairs weren't neat, especially when it came to my fluffier bangs. Were they normally tied? Or maybe the girl I was becoming just didn't place much emphasis in taking care of them.

But since when had I conceded to the fact that I was becoming a *girl*? **“Just listen to my voice! What else could I be becoming!?”** I bit back at my own internal monologue, seemingly ending my question *just* in time before my legs began to *squirm*. **“Ugh!? Agh!? W-Wait, I needed that!”** I definitely wasn't *shy*! If I had been, I wouldn't have grabbed my pelvis through my shirt to confirm my worst fears! There wasn't a *bulge* where there should have been – only a slit a little way down. A pussy! I really *was* a *girl*!

“I-I-I... What am I supposed to do with this information!?”

Suddenly transforming into a girl was so weird! Was there a *normal* way to react to your sex changing all of a sudden? It had apparently stimulated new changes in my figure beyond just my height and weight changing, but— Wait, no! My *weight* was still changing, but now I was gaining it... *mostly* in my *thighs*. **“Uh...”** I had to file that away under ‘more things I didn’t know how to react to’. My shirt was still being worn like a dress, but even then it only covered the upper halves of my thighs.

Either way, I would have *clearly* been able to see the pounds being packed back onto them. ***When did my skin become hairless, anyways?*** It must have happened at some point when I was distracted! Still, my hips were *forced* wider once my thighs had expanded so much that they were pressing against each other beneath my crotch. Even with my hips parted, the gap between them was miniscule – which was unsurprising when you considered that they were thicker than my waist, it having pinched in as my hips expanded.

“Eh? Wait... Some stuff is starting to click here...” Being a girl with thick thighs, the sound of that voice... They all pointed to... **“JAHODA!?”** I swung around to look at my TV screen, seeing that I’d once again rolled her somehow!? And just in time for my ass to bubble out behind me with the same vigor that my thighs had bulged! I almost stumbled *forward* in the process too, courtesy of the bouncy *B-cup* breasts that my chest developed underneath my shirt. But at that point, it was kind of expected that I’d have *boobs*, right?

My attention flickered between the screen and my body, or at least what I could make out with that shirt. I was honestly a little scared to see what I might find if I lifted it, but... **“Whoa!”** At least for the time being, it seemed that I wouldn’t have to worry about it? Somehow, another summoning screen flashed on my TV despite no contact being made with the controller, and yet *another* Jahoda splash screen showed up. And yet in that time? My outfit had *completely* changed.

It was the exact same outfit that the girl on the screen was wearing, from the black cap made to look like a pair of cat ears, to the pink-lensed glasses beneath it, to the button up, white top that left my boobs covered only by flaps of black cloth that wrapped across them. My inner boob was completely exposed on both sides, with short and torn black shorts around my pelvis.

Even my thick thighs were *basically* naked. Sure, there was a black thigh high on my left leg, but the fabric was torn, probably from how thick the thigh was. Mismatched boots were worn with a white sock on the right foot, while a black and red boot on the left one matched a detached sleeve on that arm. Similar to Ineffa, I also wore a split cape.

Black and grey on the back, yet pink on the inner layer in a way that made me look like I had a pair of wings.

“This outfit’s... kinda comfy, actually!” Did *I* think that, or did the girl I’d become think that? I ended up pulling one of the straps across my breasts and let it slap back against my tit, the motion making me shudder. Otherwise, I was touching here and there on the outfit, at least until my right arm suddenly fell limp at my side. **“Huh!? Why!? Shouldn’t I be done changing!? But... Er...”** A chill ran down my spine and I made a terrified expression as I finally recalled...

One of her arms was a robotic prosthetic after she’d lost it when she was younger.

“Crap...” All of the feeling *drained* from my right arm and hand which was probably a blessing in disguise, because how *would* a human arm becoming a mechanical one *actually* feel? Well, it was more like it was below my *elbow*. There, the skin became hard, heavy, and black around a hallowed, mechanical joint. The flesh around my forearm adopted a golden color, but it also *expanded* in a cone shape out towards my wrist. Pink and blue graffiti were painted on what almost resembled a robotic sleeve, whereas my hands became black with gold-tipped, mechanical fingers.

And then, my attention turned back to the PS5 controller.

I crouched down and reached for it with my robotic arm, moving it like it had been a part of my body for a long time. **“H-Hey!? How come I can’t even stop myself!? Waaaaaaait!”** All I could do was cry out in the voice of a young lady as I pressed the button to roll one more time. I had *already* completely become *Jahoda* in both body and personality, but I was afraid of what *else* could change. Evidently? It had been my *surroundings*, because rather than roll something on screen... I was pulled *into* that screen and suddenly found myself in a familiar location.



A familiar location that *shouldn’t* have existed, at least not in the real world. **“W-Wait, isn’t this the Clink-Clank Krumkake Workshop!? How am I even here!? It isn’t like Boss Nef sent me a mission here, and I’m not in a snacking mood! Huh?”**

Wait... Boss Nef? Why would I care where she sends me!?” I wasn’t the *actual* Jahoda, right!? But then why were my memories kind of... And why did thinking of Nefer being mad send a chill down my spine!?

“WHY CAN I REMEMBER THINGS ABOUT HER LIFE LIKE I LIVED IT!?”

Wasn’t that like super duper extra *bad!*? What if I forgot all my old memories about my past life!? My head *did* feel kinda full! I was rubbing at the sides of my head in a panic, because what else could I do!? “*Miss Jahoda? Are you perhaps here for krumkakes?*” A stiff voice suddenly spoke from behind me, making me spin around with an—

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?”

The arms that I’d had on the sides of my head were thrown up in the air, and I screamed until a cool, metallic finger poked into my forehead. “*Teyvat to Miss Jahoda?*” Oh. It was Ineffa! The robot that Aino had made, and depending on where you looked on the internet for fan content, a popular ship partner for Jahoda. It didn’t even occur to me that she might have been in the same predicament as I was. In fact, I was slowly beginning to... forget. “*Is something the matter? Do you have a fever?*”

Before I could even *answer* the stupid clanker, she pulled me closer by the wrist and pressed her forehead to mine. It was surprisingly *soft*, almost ‘real’ to the touch compared to the rest of her body. If she was worried about me having a fever, then that certainly wasn’t helping because I turned *bright red!* “**Wh-What are you d-doing you idiot!? L-Let me go!**” Was I embarrassed, or was that ‘gay panic’? A little bit of column A, and a little bit of column B.

“*I am checking to make certain you do not have a fever. Are you sleeping properly? Would you like me to sleep by your side and hold your hand again?*”

“I-I’m fine!”

“*Oh. A shame. I quite like those moments.*”

“Wh-What do you mean by *that!*?”

And why did I feel like I was forgetting something important?