

GET IN THE ROBOT, YOU

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> *Even if you don't know all of the anime you'll get to know them!*
> *Yeah Joseph just try it! We'll buy it for you!*

All Joseph could do was *sigh* at the Discord messages that he had been being bombarded with. They weren't *bad* messages or anything like that; even coming from his friends, Kay and Axel. It was just that they were trying to goad him into doing something that he had originally said no to. *Don't give into peer pressure* and all that. Well, that probably would have been a more applicable line if what they were trying to pressure him into doing wasn't simply playing a video game.

He didn't really know much about the Super Robot Wars series. As his friends had described it to him, it was basically Fire Emblem without the rock-paper-scissors strengths and weaknesses mechanic. A tactical RPG that played out on a grid where you could select different attacks that were portrayed with flash, super-deformed animations. And what's more? While it *did* have original characters, it was predominantly known for its *crossovers*. True to its name, it united mecha and super robot characters from across a multitude of series, with the roster changing each game.

Based on the chatter from his friends, the most recent one had just come out. *Super Robot Wars Y*. The two had been talking about it a lot and had been trying to get Joseph into it as well. The issue was that fall was already a *jam-packed* time of year for new game releases, and he couldn't really afford to purchase another one. But if someone was offering *to* buy it for him, that was a different story.

He'd been about to ask if they were serious when he was interrupted by a notification from his Steam client. It was the popup you got when you received a gift! **“Well, that was... fast?”** Strange though. He didn't recognize the sender's username, even it *was* a copy of the game they'd been talking about. But who else could it have been? So, ultimately, he accepted the gift; not realizing he had just sealed not only his own fate, but the fates of his friends.

“Huh!?” Had he passed out!?! Joseph woke up and shot up into a sitting position *immediately*. He couldn't remember falling asleep? He'd just accepted the gift request, and... and... **“Wait...”** Where *was* he? The bed he had woken up in wasn't his *own* bed. It was a queen-sized bed in what looked like a hotel? But it looked like it was too lived in for that to be the case. A bunch of trash was packed and stacked against the far wall.

“Where am I?” Either way, it *definitely* wasn't his room. He pulled himself out of the bed and noticed he was still in the clothes he had been wearing at the time. Through the nearby window he could see what looked to be the towering buildings of a big city, but the sky... Was that a glass dome around it? **“...Seriously, where am I?”** It almost felt like things couldn't get any worse, but then he noticed it. There was a bathroom connected to the living space, and the shower was *definitely* running.

“I-Is someone else here?”

That was probably the *worst-case* scenario. If someone walked out of that bathroom and found a *stranger* in their room, then they would *understandable* freak out. Somehow the realization made him blush a little too. *She told me she was showering, so what if she isn't wearing anything!?* **“...Huh?”** Who was 'she'? No one had told him anything, and he had no memories of that room whatsoever. Was he just subconsciously *making things up* at this point? It didn't really feel like *that* either, because why would he?

The evolving situation required he stay calm. **“I should leave before she comes out, but...”** Why did he feel compelled *to* stay? Even though he was out of place, he didn't really *feel* out of place? Then again, there were signs that he should have been feeling differently towards, with the preliminary issue being that his appearance had begun to change. His *skin* was actually the earliest indicator. It became softer, adjusting to present a youthful quality that had long been lost as any of his body hair was shaved away... and his olive complexion *darkened* to a light brown that might have felt right at home on someone of *Middle Eastern* descent.

While at the same time? Other *colors* emerged. A dark red crept into his otherwise black hair from the roots, and as it slowly worked towards the tips of each strand? It crept a little longer and *fluffier*, with his bangs drooping between his eyes in the center, while in the back it puffed out to the sides – no strand longer than the reach of his chin. “**Hm?**” There was a high-pitched hum to his voice as he went cross-eyed to look up at those bangs. “**...Red?**” While his normal eyebrows shrunk horizontally and rounded into puffy circles. “**Why is my hair... E-Eh!?**”

It occurred to Joseph that it wasn't *just* his hair. It was his *voice* too! He sounded like a girl, and one *much* younger than he was supposed to be. But his surprise was redirected at his *clothing*; more specifically the body it contained, because his usual outfit was becoming baggier and baggier against a frame that was... *shrinking*? Considering that all signs pointed to him becoming a girl, it almost felt surprising that he didn't drop *more* height. But as his fingers slimmed and his heels rounded, he only slipped down to about 5'7". Considering he'd basically been six feet tall before, that was *still* pretty substantial!

A lick of his now red hair had sprung up from the back, left side of his scalp. It almost made that hair resemble a cockatiel, but with no mirror in sight, his eyes weren't exactly fixated on that. Instead, those eyes were brightening to a blue that seemingly reflected the Earth's oceans in terms of color, while they became more circular in a way that enhanced the plainly encroaching femininity. But there was no point in denying that those eyes made him look *younger*, and that was helped through lips that narrowed in length but thickened in swell, a nose that shrink, and a facial shape that slimmed.

“**Everything is s-s-s-so wrong... Right?**” Joseph was the kind of guy who would stutter when shocked, but stutter *that* much on a single word? *That* had never happened before. He seemed demonstrably less confident than he had before, so much so that he was even doubting what he could see with his own two eyes. Was his body really *wrong* in any way? He looked a lot like a *teenaged girl* now, one around *seventeen* or so, but what his clothes concealed was a figure that was still androgynous at best.

But that wasn't the case for very much longer. It was subtle, but his shoulders ultimately narrowed – though not as significantly as his *waist*, which curved inward so that his gait was far more feminine, especially with his hips *widening* a couple of inches. Nothing had been so dramatic that his pants had properly slipped from his waist, and those hips would assure that they wouldn't. “**Wh-Whoa!? That felt weird! What... was that?**” In the end, it didn't register with *her* that her sex had ultimately changed.

It was an adjustment that simply allowed the rest of her femininity to settle, although it *wasn't* particularly *abundant*. Her flat chest *did* swell into what would become a pair of breasts beneath her shirt, but they were only perky *B-cups* at most, pushed forward a little because her torso had become more toned without her noticing. At the same time, her butt and thighs gained a touch of weight too. Not enough to be eye-catching, but enough to make it clear that she *was* a girl.

Joseph's mind has glazed over by this point. There were... memories. Ones that contradicted the life he'd led before. Memories that were lonely at times, but much happier recently? The memories of a clumsy yet earnest and hard-working *pilot*. And with her mind preoccupied, her clothing changed. It was replaced by a school uniform consisting of a jacket with puffy sleeves and baggy shorts, predominantly white with black and gold accents. There were matching boots, and beneath the uniform? She was wearing an orange, latex leotard with long sleeves. A headband also pushed some of her hair back; one she now felt a great deal of endearment towards.

“Suletta? Did something happen? Why are you just standing there making noises?”

Suletta Mercury had to admit that she had been in something of a daze, and she didn't know why. The sound of her roommate and fiancée's voice had snapped out of it. **“Miss Miorine?”** She looked over at the source of the voice, at a silver-haired girl standing in the bathroom doorway. But she was... only wearing a towel!? **“P-P-PLEASE GET DRESSED, M-MISS MIORINE!”**

Miorine gave a confused look in return. **“Hah? It's not *my* fault we were housed together on the A. Advent. They only had so many rooms, if you recall! We were lucky to even get this hotel room! Besides... you should probably get used to it as the Holder.”** That didn't stop Suletta from blushing furiously though. She surely wouldn't be able to remember what had been happening to her before *now*.

But her fiancée had a point. The A. Advent was both a city and a floating ship. They fought against the evils that threatened the world while providing a safe haven for those able to fight alongside them. They were lucky that the crew had come to Asticassia on the day of Suletta's duel



with Guel, else they might never have gotten that opportunity. **“R-Right! I’m sorry, so don’t be mad!”**

“WHO’S MAD!?”

“N-N-No one!”

“Why am I in a *bowling alley*?” My head stuck out from a bathroom door as I scoped out my newfound location. Honestly, I didn’t have the foggiest idea how I had ended up there in the first place. There had been a Steam gift marked for ‘Axel’ that I had suddenly received offering me new DLC for Super Robot Wars Y. I couldn’t remember anything coming out that I hadn’t already paid for, but who was I to say no to something free, mysterious sender or not?

Well, after accepting it I’d find myself sitting on a toilet with its seat down in that tiny, one-person bathroom. A bowling alley was clearly beyond it, and once I confirmed that I slipped back inside and turned the lock so I couldn’t be disturbed. I had to *think*. Funnily enough, though? I ended up missing that the sign on the door said it was a *woman’s* bathroom. **“If I had my phone, I could just check the GPS, but that’s a bust.”**

Fortunately, it was a public space, so I *could* just leave if I wanted to. The issue was that a large part of me *didn’t* want to... for some reason.

“I should probably figure out where I am, right? But...” Didn’t I *know* where I was? Hadn’t the bowling alley been my destination? **“No, there’s *no* way that’s true, but— *URP!*?”** For a brief second, I had considered myself fortunate that I was in a bathroom, but only because I’d momentarily believed I needed to pass a bowel movement, or vomit, or *something* like that. It eventually occurred to me that it wasn’t anything of the sort, but something strange *was* happening with my stomach.

And it was a little *too* strange, honestly. **“Uh... How is this possible *exactly*?”** It was a question I’d already asked myself about how I had ended up in the bowling alley bathroom in the first place, but now it was directed at my *body*. Namely my stomach, because I was watching a once notable gut tightening, allowing my shirt to empty and my pants to slightly slip as a much healthier weight was afforded to me instead. **“I’m getting thinner...?”**

It was easy for me to get caught up in how my stomach was thinning. I was patting and rubbing it with curiosity, not considering that the

change was a little more widespread than that. My face, arms, ass, and thighs all lightened as well. More than that, though? While my skin naturally tightened so that it wasn't loose and flapping around without the fat to stretch it. In tandem though, my skin softened as if the finest creams had treated it, and any hair that wasn't on my head (stubble aside) or crotch was utterly shaved away.

“How is that even possible?” I was back to believing that I was dreaming, because what *other* explanation was there? My location, my weight, and now these strange voice cracks; these were things that defied common sense. And even as my pants became tight again around my upper legs— *Wait*. **“Didn't I just get thinner? Why would my pants be... Ngh!?”** I *wasn't* going crazy, that much was for certain. I'd been given reassurance that this wasn't the case by my *dick*, which suddenly found itself being effectively *strangled* by, of all things...

My thighs? Everything made sense that they were the source of these problems, even if the cause of their involvement *didn't* make sense. My pant legs were tighter because they were burgeoning with new weight, as if the prior fat had returned firmer than ever along with *bonus* fat, pulling those pants until the seams not only began to tear in slight, but so that their waistline dug into hips that had been given no choice but to broaden to accommodate their weight.

Even then, they were still pressing up against my dick like it was *in the way*. My little guy was under assault from *every angle*, however. Not only were my thighs, that were now thicker than my waist, strangling it from the sides, but the front of my pants was being pulled against it due to what was happening *behind* me. The weight my thighs couldn't hold was instead passed onto my *ass*. Tight cheeks pushed the waistline of my pants and boxers down slightly so that the cleavage of its heart-shape could peek over the waistband, likewise, pulling the front of my lower wear back so the shape of my bulge could be seen pinned against my pelvis... *briefly*.

“Ahn!?” As it turned out, maybe it had been a stroke of good luck that I'd ended up in the privacy of a bathroom? Because the sound I made when the imprint of my dick flattened away could *only* be described as a *feminine moan*. My voice had been cracking here and there, but the moment I had properly become a *woman*? It stuck with permanence, meaning my voice would never return to how deep it had been before. **“What an embarrassing sound to make...”**

It was strange, wasn't it? My sex had just changed, but instead of showing it the same shock I'd shown the other changes thus far, I flippantly waved away the moan I'd sounded off instead? I didn't even realize how *little* the sound was beginning to contradict my appearance.

My lower body's thickness was evident to me, but it wasn't until I looked in the bathroom mirror that I realized something else. "**Oh. I'm pretty?**" ...Another thing I probably shouldn't have been so flippant about.

But I wasn't *wrong*. My thinned facial features had become even leaner, but more than that? My lips swelled into plusher, kissable shapes even as I stared at them and the glossiness that spread across them. My nose was clearly shrinking, and my expression was gradually becoming one of a resting indifference, with my eyes rounding and my irises lighting to a bright blue. I wasn't just *pretty*; I was *gorgeous* – and that was filling me with confidence. But did I also not look a little *younger*? Like a woman in her *early twenties*.

I gawked at my own reflection. It had *looked* 'wrong' in a sense at first, but my mind eventually adjusted so that I saw it as the 'same old reflection', pretty or not. I wasn't even moved by my short hair creeping longer *and* lightening, forming a chin-length bob of light violet that only accentuated my femininity. But if there was one thing that would accent that femininity that I was missing, well...

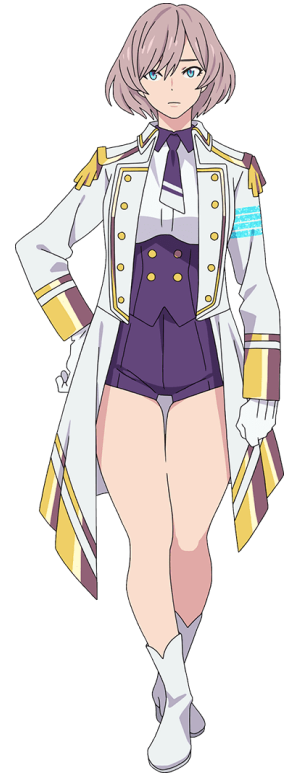
"**What's going on with this shirt?**" I tugged at a top that was *way* too big for me. I was trying to remember why I'd even put it on instead of *my uniform*, but I'd only focused on it on the first place because I could see the shapes of my nipples? They were erect *and* swollen, already three times their original size. But they were so pronounced because of the fat that pooled beneath them, burgeoning my chest forth into a pair of *D-cups* that rested proudly on my chest.

Throughout all this, I hadn't even noticed that I was shorter. Likely because it wasn't *too* significant. I'd been almost six feet tall before, but now I was 5'9".

I *had* been wondering about my clothes, but at some point, I *stopped*. I didn't *have* to, namely because my attire was adjusted. I was soon standing in a white major's uniform with a purple base and matching shorts that exposed essentially my entire legs, thighs and all. They hugged my pelvis so tightly that its bulge was plain, while an open, white jacket with gold on the sleeves and coattails was worn overtop. A purple tie otherwise dangled from my neck, bringing the entire ensemble together. Trendy, but clearly designed to match with others at the end of the day.

It was what I felt comfortable wearing. It was what I *always* wore.

“Why am I hanging out in the bathroom alone like some loser?” I asked myself this after shaking off the vague stupor that had left me momentarily distracted. I couldn’t really remember what it had been about, honestly, but something deep down really wanted me to remind myself that my name was *Mujina*. Of course it was Mujina? It wasn’t like my name had *changed*, and another one of the Kaiju Eugenicists would have referred to me using it regardless.



But did any of that *really* matter? I unlocked the door and swung it wide open, greeting the bowling alley with my usual, confident stride. Was I bowling alone? Yeah. It wasn’t my fault the rest of my usual group didn’t want to, and I had to practice so that I could kick Onija’s ass the next time we competed. ...I could get a little fired up when there was a competition involved, regardless of my cool demeanor. Was it really alright to be using this time aboard the A. Advent so casually though? Especially when I was one of the people that kept summoning kaiju to disrupt it?

“Who cares? I’m going for a perfect round of bowling today. Strike! Strike! Strike!”

“Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow...” Kay had fallen out of his chair? No, that wasn’t quite right. His chair had armrests, so he shouldn’t have been able to fall out through the side. Besides, prior to that? Something had lifted up that had been holding him in. It was more like the chair was some kind of... small pod? *Whatever* it was, it wasn’t actually the most pressing thing for him to worry about at the time. He’d clicked a Steam gift link? Something about free DLC? And then he had *definitely* blacked out.

That was when he’d awoken in the chair and then haphazardly fallen out when it opened. The man had landed on his side on a steel floor. No, looking around as he stood? The walls were steel, the sliding doors were steel, and all of the pods – and there were *multiple* of them – were made of steel. It all looked very futuristic. Very sci-fi. Very *mecha*. **“That has to be a coincidence, right? Maybe I’m just dreaming...”** But a dream where he’d *felt* pain only seconds prior?

Whether or not it was *actually* a dream, the situation that Kay found himself in was growing stranger by the second, and in ways that he didn’t even notice at that. There was an aspect of his body that had

already begun to warp, and it was one that Joseph nor Axel hadn't experienced any *significant* changes. His *ears*. It was like they were being yanked with a force that he couldn't register, but that yanking was tugging them farther from the sides of his head, stretching them as points developed at their tips. Before long, they almost looked like the ears of an *elf*. But that *wasn't* what they were.

“Okay, assuming this *isn't* a dream, what do I do?” He had to be on a movie set or something, right? It had all the hallmarks of one... and he couldn't imagine a place in real life that would look like that. The man, at this time, was still oblivious to the reality that things were happening to his body. Beneath his clothes? His skin was softening and losing any unnecessary body hair, yes. But that skin was *tightening* too. It lost the little slack that it had developed as he'd reached adulthood, but it also tightened because his *muscles* grew firm. Abs, pecs, even his arms and legs. There was a trained strength to them that hadn't been there before, like he made a point to work out every day.

Kay didn't really do that though, thus the irregularity.

His reality check came moments later. **“*Hey!?*”** His voice cracked, but only because he had cried out, but only to express shock at what he had almost mistaken as his body 'falling'. Because his feet were on the floor, that clearly couldn't be the case, but that also led to the contradiction that his eye level was slipping... and his clothes were becoming larger. **“*Wait...*”** He had thrown his hands out to catch himself, but now that he was looking at one? He could see his fingers slimming and shortening, and while their nails remained trim? They became increasingly *neater* in their cuts. Like someone had done them meticulously.

“*Why are my hands... No! It's my whole body, isn't it?*” He was shrinking, or at least he *had* been. Kay's height had been very similar to the heights of the two men that had changed before him, he incidentally had fallen until he was the *shortest* of them at 5'5". That was a respectably average height... but only if you were a woman. Which... **“*HYEH!?*”** The voice cracks *this* time not only stuck, but the sound he had made *during* it wasn't a noise he'd *ever* made before. It was far too *girly*.

There was a good reason for it too. **“*Did my dick just...?*”** Was it *gone*? Indeed, it had been slowly diminishing in size for some time now, only to eventually conclave into what became a *woman's* pussy. **“*I'm smaller and I'm a woman?*”** Well, technically she was a *girl*. She couldn't see her own face, but it had slowly changed *as* her height had regressed. Not only did it thin and gain more feminine, albeit youthful features like plumper lips and a smaller nose – leading to his glasses

slipping off of them, but eyes with fluttering lashes turned blue and narrowed. On the whole, her face ended up *much* longer and narrower. But she couldn't have been much older than *eighteen*.

“Wait. Dick? Like a man’s...?” Even though *she* was the one who had just said it, Kay’s pale cheeks blushed furiously all of a sudden. **“Why would I have one of those!? That’s...”** *Indecent? Bizarre?* She certainly didn’t have any memories of having one, at least anymore. As the young woman tried to calm herself down though, her body only began to look more and more feminine. Her *hair* was growing now, cascading past her shoulders into a length that was longer than the other two. It reached the center of her back as a dark purple possessed it, with bangs parted to show off her forehead. Naturally, her pubes took the same shade, but they were shaved into only stubble from a fresh shave remained above her pussy.

Her figure finally begun to adopt its feminine traits otherwise, but they certainly weren’t as abundant as Mujina’s. She was closer to Suletta, at least when it came to the *B-cup* boobs that lifted her shirt from beneath. Alas, it seemed that her body was destined to be much leaner on the whole. Her hips didn’t really widen much, if at *all*, and her thighs and butt only swelled with the bare minimum to show off her femininity. **“Oh?”** But clothes that had felt baggy before soon felt very... tight?

That was no surprise, looking down at herself. At this point it didn’t even register to her, but the skintight, purple pilot suit that she was wearing *hadn’t* been there seconds ago. It covered everything but her head, and even then, her *hairstyle* had been adjusted, pulling some of the hair in the back up into a high ponytail.

Mirage Farina Jenius looked around the training room curiously. **“No one is here... I guess I’ll need to call Suletta and go fetch that *other one*.”** She crossed her arms beneath her chest and over her pilot suit. From what the half-human, half-Zentradi woman could recall, she had just received orders from A. Advent’s local ninja, Forte. Apparently, there was a kaiju threat looming, and she had seen it as a good opportunity for some *girl bonding* between the pilots.

The Valkyrie pilot was dutiful and had a great deal of respect for Forte and thought it was a great idea for all the girls to do a



mission together, so she didn't hesitate to suit up and seek out the parties Forte had requested. The ninja was grabbing most of them, but there were two in particular that she had left for Mirage. **"These two might be tricky for different reasons..."** Suletta because she was glued to Miorine's hip, and the other one because...

Well, the A. Advent and the Kaiju Eugenicists weren't exactly *allies*.

"And you think I'm just going to help you figure out the weaknesses of those kaiju? If they're new discoveries, what makes you think I won't just jack them for myself?" Mirage had grabbed Suletta *and* Mujina, pulling them into one of the underground bunkers that the A. Advent's pilots had scattered across the city. Suletta had just brought Miorine along, but as expected? Mujina was proving to be difficult.

Forte had told Mirage that she couldn't *force* her to cooperate if she didn't want to but also said that she had a 'trick up her sleeve' in case she didn't. Mirage had been texting her while Suletta and Miorine chit-chatted together in the corner. They needed Mujina's cooperation before the briefing could start. But then Mirage got a text from Forte. **"Promise her this, she says..."**

"Forte told me to tell you that if you cooperate, the A.Advent will cover all of your leisure expenses for the month."

...Was that a smile on Mujina's face? Was she really *that* easy?