

ASTRANOMICAL

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“You should take a listen through these CDs! I’m sure you’ll find something that you like!”

It had been happening for some time now. One of my friends had *really* been trying to get me to broaden my tastes in music after she learned that I was basically only listening to things like video game soundtracks and songs from the 2000s era. It wasn’t like I *disliked* other music; it was more like I sampled a little bit of everything. The genre didn’t matter to me. If it was catchy, then it was catchy and I would listen to it. But even then, she thought I still didn’t have much in my musical repertoire.

That was how I had ended up with an entire case of CDs housed in a red, mesh CD case. Some were official albums, others were burned CDs she had made, while all the while I had been left wondering how I was going to *play* them! **“...I do not have a CD player.”** Not even most computers had disc drives these days, and so I’d had to borrow an old Discman off of her days later after she nagged me about whether or not I had listened.

Another week passed and, once it occurred to her that I was procrastinating, that friend of mine started to get *really* annoyed. Whenever I talked to her, she would get *really* annoying about it, and it was getting to the point where she was texting me every night to make sure. How much time did she really think that I had to listen to *albums full of music!*? I worked full time *and* had other responsibilities! But it *did* finally reach a point. Could you say that my friend had *worn me down*?

Yes, *absolutely*.

“Okay, where do I even start then...?” It was late in the evening on night, and I had *nothing* else to do, so I decided: Fuck it, why not? After checking to make sure there was AA batteries of all things in the Discman, I was left with the 20 or so CDs in the pile to choose from. In the end, I decided to go with one of the burned discs. They weren’t labeled, so I didn’t know what to expect, and that was part of the fun. On the other hand? **“Wait, how am I going to know what the song’s are named? Or who sing them for that matter...”**

Well, it was an issue that I’d tackle if I crossed that bridge. It wouldn’t matter at *all* if I didn’t find a song that I liked on them on the first place, or at least not one that I hadn’t already heard before. And the very first song on that CD after I plugged my earbuds in *was* a song I’d heard before. **“...Wait, where have I heard this before, actually?”** I just couldn’t *immediately* place it.

It didn’t take me too long, though. **“Oh! Astra Yao!”** After getting past the intro and into the lyrics, the sung *Chinese* ultimately gave it away. I couldn’t place the song’s name, and it was the song that the Zenless Zone Zero character sung during her ultimate, but it *was* one of the other songs that had been released to promote her character back during her patch.

I *did* have to wonder how *my friend* had ended up with it on one of her discs, though. She didn’t play watch anime or play games like ZZZ, so I could only assume that she either found the song accidentally, or its presence on the disc was a mistake in the first place. Either way, there wasn’t a point in me listening to a song that I had already heard before, so I pressed the skip button on the Discman. The issue was that it *didn’t* skip.

And my hand felt a little bit *tingly* after pressing it?

“Weird...” I didn’t fixate too much on the tingling feeling. It passed after a few seconds, and I wasn’t about to get up from my chair for something that could have had any number of reasonable explanations. If anything, I was more concerned about the skip button not functioning the way it should. **“Don’t tell me she sent me a broken Discman... Then again it is pretty old.”** It was a *very* old model, not one of the new ones they were putting out as nostalgia bait items for collectors.

I adjusted my posture in the upholstered living room chair I was sitting in without thinking much of it. I’d vaguely gotten the impression that I was sinking in my chair, but I hadn’t immediately wondered *why* that was the case. I probably *should* have, because if I’d bothered to look

down past the Discman in my hands to examine my body properly, I probably would have noticed two things. Well, maybe not *both* of them. One of those things did stand out more than the other, and the one that *wasn't* as obvious had actually been behind my sudden need to adjust myself in the chair.

It was because of the length of my legs. I was nearly six feet tall, and sitting in a chair in my own living room led to me extending them out across the floor. But they had drawn a little bit *shorter*, in turn sliding my feet closer and leading to a need to adjust to feel comfortable. But it wasn't like *only* my legs had shrunk. My arms and spine had withdrawn as well, eventually rendering me at only 5'9" when it came to my overall height. Not a *huge* drop, but it always wasn't particularly noticeable either.

The *other* change was far more obvious and, honestly, not something I could ignore for much longer. The feeling of my shirt 'deflating' against my body. "...**Huh?**" With the song still playing in my ears, I finally lifted my arms to look past my hands and see... *nothing*. Not in the *literal* sense, more like there was something that I was expecting to see that I *couldn't*. My *gut*. That rotund belly of mine was almost *completely* absent by the time I had noticed, with the fabric sinking against a belly without any excess mass whatsoever.

It wasn't even *just* my belly. My thighs, my arms, my chest, and my face had all slimmed too. "**What? Am I seeing things?**" That was a reasonable conclusion to draw considering the impossibility of it all, and to better address my concerns I had reached up to pull the earbuds out of my ears since the song wouldn't skip anyways. But this ended up being a fruitless endeavor, ultimately contributing to my confusion. Try as I might, *I couldn't pull the earbuds from my ears*. "...**Uh?**"

Multiple different attempts at gripping them were made, and each one was equally unsuccessful. After a while it even began to feel *awkward*, with my fingernails clacking against the plastic? The reason for that was that my nails had actually grown a little longer while keeping a manicured trim... as the fingers they were attached to slimmed upon more delicate hands. With my feet housed within my socks, I wasn't exactly going to notice that my feet and toes had suffered a similar fate.

"**Why won't they come out!?**" I still didn't stand, but continued to try and remove what had been lodged inside my ear canals? *Was that what had happened?* "**This plus the weight loss... *What could—?***" I'd subconsciously been hoping that things wouldn't get any weirder, but it turned out that maybe I had jinxed myself. The next time I opened my mouth, my voice sounded sweet, feminine, and somewhat *familiar* –

although it was difficult to say for certain when heard through my own mouth.

I was briefly stunned by the realization that I sounded *female*, but it had hardly been unprompted if you paid attention to my *head*. After all, my vocal cords had begun to produce this sweeter sound a mere moment after my Adam's apple had shrunk so much that it had become nearly non-existent, and the face above gradually shifted in its design. Overall? While it *did* slim across my cheeks and forehead, there was a softness to it that stole away my facial hair and saw both my lips pout fuller and my nose shrink smaller.

Of everything that happened to my face over that short period of time, however, the most *striking* of these changes happened to my eyes. A piercing crimson possessed them, for example, as an eye color that should *not* have been biologically possible. But somehow their *shapes* seemed even *more* impossible, as they narrowed in the corners while my lashes fluttered longer. Before long, they were clearly the eyes of a maiden, and a *Chinese* maiden at that.

“My voice? Why do I sound like this!? I almost sound like...” I *did* stop short of saying her name, in part because I became distracted by a ticklish sensation that attacked the bare nape of my neck. Given no other choice, I reached the hands that had continued to fiddle with the earbuds slightly farther back to touch my... *hair*? I usually kept it short, but it was at my shoulders? No, it was growing *past* them! **“Oh no!”** With no other means of checking the length, I grabbed some of it and gently tugged it over my shoulder where I could see that it was not *only* growing until it reached my lap while sitting, but the color had darkened to black as well.

Well, I was *definitely* more certain that my theory was on the right track by this juncture.

I was denied yet another opportunity to speak that name aloud, however. I found myself inhaling sharply all of a sudden instead, removing my slouch and prompting me to sit up straight in my chair as several things happened in tandem with each other. The initial inhale had come courtesy of my waistline sharply narrowing, the act of which ultimately leading to my hips flaring out a couple of inches until I made full use of the seat I was resting inside once more. My ribs must have shrunk a little along with my shoulders, and so I'd gasped because the air hadn't really had anywhere else to go.

Shocking as this *might* have been, however, I was *much* more shocked about what swelled *above* those ribs. Considering everything that had happened so far, all I could really mutter was **“Breasts...”** the moment

that it occurred to me that my shirt was pushing forward. A pair of sizable mounds ballooned into a pair of perky *F-cup* tits within seconds, their weight bouncing freely without a bra to support them. I had to admit, the sensation of puffer nipples rubbing against my shirt was *distracting*.

It just wasn't *as* distracting as the tug that effectively made me a biological *woman*. The Discman had been resting on my lap ever since I'd tried to remove the earbuds, but I ended up pushing it aside to place a hand against the front of my lap to reveal that there was— "**Nothing there...**" My pelvis was *completely* flat, and I could only assume that by that point, my pubes must have darkened to the same black as the rest of my hair.

My sitting posture was compromised one final time, but only because my seat rose. Not the chair that I was sitting on, but the *natural* seat that was baked into my body. Baked... like *cake*. My ass, now just as hairless as the rest of my body had become moments after my sex had changed, lifted me as it bubbled into a sexy heart shape. The weight that it couldn't contain was then fed into my thighs, which in turn lipped over the chair's edge with each of them wider than my waist. I wanted to gawk, but I felt one of the earbuds in my ears finally *slip* a little.

Could I remove them now?

"***F-Finally!***" I let out a gasp of relief when I was *finally* able to pull the earbuds out of my ears. Was it because the shapes of my ears had changed? No, they must have become a little *smaller* if anything considering the state my body was in. Whatever had possessed the power to transform me had made me listen to the song all the way through, whether the culprit was the song itself *or* something else entirely, I didn't know.

I could finally get up from my chair, and my pants and boxers slid down my long, slender legs almost immediately. I had *already* grasped what had happened by checking the camera on my phone, but it felt all the more surreal to be moving about in the body of a pretty, young



Chinese woman. It felt surreal to be *Astra Yao* herself. **“But what am I going to do about this? I’m acting like her too, yet... People are going to remember me as the man I was before, right? What if the government finds out?”** I’d need some *papers* at least.

Would it have been better to come clean, or...? I had gone to check my wallet but found something else in my room instead. A red purse beside my bed that hadn’t been there before, containing a wallet with ID that wasn’t made for the *old* me – even though my old wallet was still sitting on the nightstand. **“Are these Astra Yao’s things? I even have an address nearby? Hm...”** Had reality *actually* changed, and rather than replace the man I had been before, I’d just been given a brand-new life altogether? Then did a ‘me’ still exist out there? Was he going to come home any second now?

“I have to go!” The risk of that happening wasn’t high, but it was still *possible!* I didn’t want to get in trouble for trespassing, and since the shirt I was wearing covered me like a dress... Well, underwear or not, my new address was just around the block. Covert Astra mode, go! At least if my theory checked out, there’d be a full wardrobe of clothes waiting for me at the new place.

And then I could just *calmly* figure things out from there!