

INTO THE STORYLINE

COMMISSION STORY

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“Express to Stelle? Are you even paying attention!?”

March 7th shot a glare at the Trailblazer that was collapsed on the couch of the Astral Express’s main car. She had her nose buried in her phone, evidently *way* too distracted by the game she was playing to bother listening to anything March was saying. And so? The pink-haired girl ultimately left in a huff, leaving Stelle to her own devices. It was only once she was through the door and the car was empty aside from herself once more that Stelle finally looked up with a **“Huh? Was someone there? ...Oh well!”** Evidently, she didn’t care *that* much.

But the raccoon-coded woman just returned to what she was doing, focusing on her latest obsession. So, what was it *this* time, then? A little mobile game called *Blue Archive*. It was a very *old* game technically. According to Amber Era timeline, at least. She had been introduced to it through Welt, whom she had asked about what kinds of games had been popular back on his home planet of Earth.

For someone that easily got hung up on exciting new IPs, the concept of a story regarding teenaged girls with halos and military equipment was a little more than intriguing. She’d yet to unlock a Path that gave her a gun (tragically), but she could only hope that one day she’d be given such a blessing. But that was neither here nor there in her current mindset, she was much too distracted by the game itself.

Stelle was *so* into Blue Archive that, even though she had only been playing for less than a day, she had pulled an all-nighter (or what counted as one in space) playing through it and had *already* reached the

game's eighth episode. But there was *one* little issue that was preventing her from starting it properly. “...**Huh? Again?**”

The woman glared down at her screen and finally rose into a seated position upon her couch. Her gamer posture had been broken by inconvenience, and that inconvenience in question? Well, it seemed that her game had *stopped* working. Every time she tried to load the next part of chapter 8's story node, the game ended up freezing on the loading screen and she had to restart the entire game. Once? That could be considered a glitch. Twice? Slightly concerning. *Three times?* Well, now she had to assume there was a legitimate problem with the game itself.

“**Come on... Things were just getting good...**” Stelle murmured to herself as she turned her device on and off again. If resetting the app itself wasn't fixing things, then she reasoned that restarting the entire phone instead might do the trick. The story's narrative had been progressing in a way where the students of Abydos High School were about to meet with members of Problem Solver 68, a club Gehenna Academy while grabbing some ramen.

What? So what if she'd looked up some story spoilers while trying to restart the game! She had been curious!

The girl's phone *finally* restarted, and when it did? She was quick to boot up the game once more and navigate to the story node she had been trying to watch properly. “**Come on, work properly this time...**” But little did the Trailblazer realize that resetting the phone had, instead of fixing the problem, helped activate what was causing the problem in the first place. A strange memetic virus that had attached to her device and, now that it was active, had spread to the phones of her contacts before—

Suddenly, the Astral Express's care was *empty*. Aside from Stelle's phone, at least.

From the Stellaron holder's perspective, however, it was reality itself that had changed all of a sudden. While she had *definitely* been aboard the Astral Express one moment, the next? She found herself standing in a *bathroom* of all places. Not a private bathroom like you might find in someone's home, but a public one that likely belonged to a high school. It vaguely reminded her of the bathrooms she'd seen in Graphia Academy on Planarcadia, but there was a more apt conclusion she could come to.



“...Is this a bathroom in Abydos?” Like the school setting that *only* existed within Blue Archive? It might have sounded like a stretch that she could draw that conclusion immediately all by herself, but it wasn't really *that* difficult to tell. After all, at the far end of the bathroom there had been a window, and it exposed a great deal of the school that she had seen in CGs and backdrops within the game. But how?

Fiction becoming reality wasn't an impossibility – the *imaginae* of Planarcadia had made that clear – but was it possible for reality to merge with fiction? **“This is weird but also... kinda cool?”** How

often did you get to engage with game you were into in such a hands-on way? She kind of understood why Evanescia had been so excited to meet the Nameless now... **“But what am I supposed to do? Can I get home?”** Her phone *must* have been to blame, but she couldn't find it on her. Did that mean she was trapped? Maybe there was some kind of win condition?

Or, perhaps, she had to play some sort of role first?

There were a number of mysteries ongoing with no obvious way for her to solve them. She was in what was essentially an impossible situation in the first place, but there was a part of her that didn't actually want to leave just yet either way. If she really was in the game, why not go exploring first? Then again, she *wasn't* a student. There's a good chance she'd end up in hot water if she was caught. **“If only I had some sort of disguise...”** Even if she could easily pull off the 'teenaged girl' vibe, she was lacking the halo that all students had along with any animal features.

Considering she had spoken that desire aloud; you might have been liable to assume that what happened to her next was *because* she had willed it into existence. But that wasn't really the reason. It was more a matter of coincidence where what was about to happen to her would have ended up happening either way. After all, it was the entire reason she had been summoned into the world of Blue Archive in the first place.

Again, to play a *role*. And as it turned out? That role required that a number of *adjustments* were first made to both her body and her fashion sense, and in that order.

Even so, Stelle wasn't all that quick on the upkeep when it came to *noticing* that these changes were happening in the first place. If she had been, then she might have much sooner realized that her shirt was growing a little bit baggier, but the bagginess of that shirt in the first place was largely to blame for her early ignorance. Well, that and the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra under it.

There wasn't anything restrictive around her breasts that might have tipped her off that perhaps their sizes weren't what they should have been. And yet? They did not *grow*. If the size of her tits was to change, that probably would have been a more preferable, albeit more *obvious* outcome. No, it was the opposite. Her D-cup breasts were practically evaporating, with the fat within them sapped away as the skin that surrounded those deposits tightened to avoid any unnecessary sagging. Even her nipples shrunk, but not all was lost. She was left with a pair of perky *B-cups*, but certainly nothing larger than that.

“Like a school uniform or... something?” All of *that* had taken place in the ten seconds between when she'd just spoken and when she had spoken last. And when she heard her voice most recently? **“Did I always sound like...?”** Well, it was difficult to deny that it sounded slightly *off* to her. Like some of its deepness had been eroded? It was almost comedic that this was what she had noticed before any of the things happening to her own body – and there *were* changes happening beyond her breasts becoming smaller.

In fact, it was in a similar vein that her lower half was being robbed of some of its weight as well. Stelle didn't necessarily believe herself to have a big butt or anything, especially when she was on the Express with *the* Himeko and had met much shapelier women than herself. But there was little point in denying that her own rear end had begun to deflate without the ill effects of a deflating balloon. Because rather than her unneeded skin sagging without the same weight housed inside of it, that skin tightened around the rump as a number of inches were shaved away. It *did* remain perky and bubbled, but it wasn't *quite* as large as it had been before.

Nor were her thighs, which saw the blue strap around her left one sliding down to her ankle unnoticed

Stelle was becoming increasingly impatient. She was trying to guide herself out the bathroom door to check the rest of the building

regardless of the risks involved, but she couldn't seem to be able to force herself to make the first step just yet. It was like there was some sort of *mental barrier* in place that didn't want her to step out into the public and, funnily enough, there was someone in the hall trying to get *into* the bathroom but couldn't. To prevent anyone from seeing what was happening to the girl.

And she was very much a *girl*. Probably one that was a little older than most of the students that were supposed to be on that campus, but that too was a 'correction' that could be made. As it turned out, however? While the Trailblazer hadn't paid any mind to her breasts or ass getting smaller, it had been effectively impossible for her to ignore what came next, and she was finally forced to think about more than whether or not her voice just sounded a little higher.

"Huh!?" Stelle squeaked the very moment the world around her suddenly began to grow larger. Well, no, that was a misunderstanding regarding what was happening to her and she knew it. She might have missed her thigh strap slipping earlier, but it was much more difficult to miss her entire body basically being swallowed by her outfit. This slipping height manifested in multiple different ways, like her arms slowly being swallowed by her jacket sleeves as her gloves slipped from smaller fingertips. **"Um..."**

Of course, it was much more widespread of a problem than her arms alone. She could feel her feet becoming unsteady within boots that no longer fit them properly, while her skirt hung down to her knees and appeared to be in danger of slipping off because her hips had slimmed along with her shoulders. Stelle had *been* almost 5'10", but by the time she'd finished slipping? She was a merely 5'1", which was a much more believable size for a girl of the school she was in.

It just wasn't a good size to be wearing what she was wearing. **"I might actually need that school uniform now..."** Looking towards the bathroom mirror now, she was only barely standing over the countertop in terms of height. But looking at her face... did she look a little younger? Closer to *sixteen* or so? It took a moment to piece together that it wasn't *just* her age that appeared different in her reflection.

The gold of her eyes had been faded to be replaced by a bright sky blue, and the shapes of those eyes were pinched in the corners until they were more *Japanese* in design. It was by this stage that the girl began to see the *resemblance* she was sporting to a certain character of the game's world, as while her reserved aesthetic remained? It was made up of rounder cheeks, a smaller nose, and even thinner lips. The silver of her hair lingered, but it did become slightly lighter in tone while shortening just a touch to barely reach past her shoulders.

But if it was all missing anything, then... **“I’m starting to look like— Oh?”** Well, it would have been changes made to her *ears*. A lot of the girls in the game didn’t have normal ears, and the girl that she now strongly resembled certainly didn’t. But she soon saw them peeking out from behind her lightened locks – small, vaguely furry triangles that sported fur the same color as her hair. They grew longer and slowly moved up the sides of her head, eventually gaining white tufts inside as these animal ears twitched like any creature’s might. **“Yeah, I look like her for sure...”**

It wasn’t like she needed any *further* confirmation, but a sudden blue glow above her head had confirmed it for her. This light was similar to the color of her eyes and at first was formless. By as that light narrowed and took on more ‘solid’ shapes? It slowly became an intricate, double-layered halo with four studs sticking out from the outer layer. The very moment it had been formed, Stelle’s outfit began to glow with the same color.

But that light shrank, reforming into a similar shape that, once the glow faded, revealed itself to be a familiar yet different outfit. It was a school uniform that started with a white button-up blouse with a pocket over her left breast that was tucked into a ruffled, black skirt. A dark blue uniform jacket was worn overtop, long enough to reach the base of her skirt with a nametag clipped to the left side. She otherwise had knee-high, white socks with black and white sneakers that bore a familiar blue on its laces, with green on the toes that matched the glove now wrapped around her left hand. There was likewise a bright blue tie hanging from beneath a scarf wrapped around her neck, and that color could *also* be seen in an upside-down cross hairclip on the left side of her head.

“I look exactly like Shiroko. Even the way I’m speaking?” *Shiroko* wasn’t normally the chatty type, both in her old life *or* her new one, but she couldn’t help but comment on things as they were. She had become a character within Blue Archive that was a member of the Foreclosure Task Force, and as vague memories teased her, she had just finished a meeting with Ayane and the others where they had struggled to come up with ideas on how to pay off Abydos’s debt. This was right around the point in the story she’d been struggling to load, wasn’t it?



And since that was how the story had been going? They had all decided to go get lunch after the fact. There was a ramen place in mind, but Shiroko wasn't able to hold it. She'd excused herself to go to the bathroom before they set out, and now that she had cleaned herself up? **"Wait. I'm getting too lost in the sauce. I'm not actually Shiroko. I'm Stelle..."** But didn't this mean she could explore the school unhindered, at least? She stared at her own reflection, with her sky-blue eyes looking herself and her uniform over.

Shiroko slowly shook her head from side to side before heading for the bathroom door, with no intention of meeting up with the others so that she could do her own thing. **"As long as no one catches me, it should be fine!"** And so, she ran off. But while her intention had been to make as much distance away from the destined ramen shop as she could? She didn't quite realize that her legs were taking there anyways, like she was being guided by this new role of hers regardless of her own personal desires.

She also didn't realize that she hadn't been traveling *alone*. There were other girls heading the same way, but it was hard to say if she completely recognized them or not for some reason? Although she really wanted to try to break away from the established plot, she couldn't help but take the path towards triggering the next plot node. That seemed to be the fate that was in store for her.

Not as Shiroko's free will as Stelle was similarly eroded, and she ended up acting more and more as Shiroko would. She was just an actress on stage, after all, and she had been given a script to go off of that she couldn't go against. Something that became clearer when she found herself surrounded by the rest of the Foreclosure Task Force on the way to the ramen shop. Where did they come from?

Or perhaps they had been with her all along?