

RE:CONNECTED

COMMISSION STORY

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There was no gacha game too obscure for me to not give it a test when it first launched. That included the localization of Princess Connect! Re:dive, which hadn't received the level of fanfare I hoped it would when it had been announced.

Oh right! My name is Joseph. Or, well, it had been Joseph. It's kind of a long story, one that will be told over the course of this recollection. I was a guy with a pretty average appearance. Just a little under six feet tall, I had short, dark hair and olive colored skin. I wouldn't call myself fat, but I was definitely a little chubbier than I should have been for my BMI, and I was the kind of guy that liked to lounge around in a t-shirt and jeans.

You might notice that there's a lot of past tense here in relation to my appearance, much less my identity. There's a reason for that. But I just want you to understand that we're looking at things from my point of view for the time being, because there's another half of this tale that will be told later on. In either case, my life ended up irreparably changed *forever*.

Anyways, where was I? *Right*. So, keen on seeing how the localization of Princess Connect had turned out, I had downloaded it to my phone. It was launch day of course, so I was definitely expecting any manner of glitch and error to occur. How could I not? These games were always riddled with problems on their first days, those problems often exacerbated by unexpectedly high traffic.

“Aaaand just as I thought.” Refreshing the app, I was already having problems just *logging into* the game. I was constantly being given an

error message and getting sent back to the loading screen. Over and over, an incredibly painful loop that didn't seem to have much of an end. At the very least, until a secondary script began to run in the background.

I could just barely make the words out in the bottom corner of the game client. "**Hisahack v1.00034?**" That name struck me as a little familiar. Where had I heard that before? The word 'hack' I'd heard plenty, of course. But that name... Before I could weigh it more, though? The game seemed to freeze. "**Huh? What's up now? Don't tell me I'm going to need to reinstall it. Was that malware?**" If my phone were bricked, that would truly become *the* worst-case scenario.

Furiously, I tapped and swiped, hoping to the heavens that I could get some sort of response from my phone. Pressing the home button amounted to next to nothing, and about thirty seconds in? I merely reached for the power button. What else was I supposed to do? I let out a sigh of relief watching it turn off, which meant it should have been fine once I turned it back on again.

The screen did come to life. "**Thank god...**" But the moment it flashed bright? I was struck by a bolt of static electricity that robbed me of my senses immediately. Little did I know at the time that this was a phenomenon plaguing plenty of players across the world, and that I was only one of the victims.

The first thing I sensed when I came to again was the creaking of a bed beneath my weight. My feet were dangling off the bed's tail even though my face had been buried in a pillow – implying the bed itself was shorter than *I* was. I didn't think too much of it though as I rolled off the bed... and landed on my bare bottom. "**Cold... Why am I... Why am I naked!?**" My surroundings aside, it was my explicit nudity that immediately caught my attention. I'd unfurled from the blankets, and everything just *flopped out*.

It was only then that my surroundings caught my eye. An ornate room fashioned with wood, sporting a rounded hatch window and simple furniture. In the corner? A cabinet stuffed to the brim with what looked like ingredients. They smelled rather good, enough to make my tummy rumble louder than it *ever* had. Actually, was that sound even right? It even sounded just a tad *cartoony*.

At the time, I didn't even know the half of it.

Knowing I couldn't just lay there and expect all of my questions to be answered, I managed to get myself up and onto my feet. The ceiling of the room was quite low, and I felt taller than ever standing up inside. The more I looked, the more the room felt like something out of a storybook. Likewise? The more I looked, the more distracted I was from the continuing influence that had brought me here and was, shockingly, bending the very nature of my existence.

Of course, whatever it was? In the beginning, it made sure that I would hardly take notice of that which plagued me. This meant the adjustments were largely miniscule – things I could not see, or things I could see but could excuse with the environment. The olive tone of my skin was one such thing, for it gradually lightened to a more common pale little by little – not at all splotchy, merely brightening at an even pace.

Almost as if my body's color scheme were just being seen to first, there were similar changes to my eyes and hair. For my short styling of dark hair had been infected with a *bright orange*. It certainly wasn't a color that one could normally attain without a hair dye plan and looked more like it belonged on an anime character than a real, living person. But my memories, later on, would come to assure me that this hair color was *entirely* natural. As was the length, incidentally, for it crept out of my scalp at an alarming rate, not satiated by merely tickling my shoulders, but fanning out down my back as well. It all happened over ten or so seconds, an absolutely explosion of hair.

“H-Huh!? What's *GOing on!?*” It wasn't like I could ignore what I felt, and fingers jumped back to grab a handful of this hair while I spun around in a circle, likewise curious about the sudden crack of my voice I'd just experienced. My eyes had welled up with tears for just a brief second, but it faded just as quickly – although, *after* a bright and sparkling blue had stolen my irises. **“My hair? MY *FINGERS!?*”** Even scooping up a handful of bright orange had yielded additional shock, for my fingers were both shorter and thinner, decorated with long nails that looked as if they were properly tended to. There was also the matter of the callouses that had arisen, suggestive that I was used to wielding a tool... *or a weapon*.

“*WAH!?*” My voice cracked a second time as I bent my spine to try and get a better look over my shoulder, though the explanation had been spurned by the sudden sensation that I was 'falling' more than anything. It didn't take long to realize that I *wasn't* falling, but instead? **“I'm *SHRinking!?*”** My stomach growled again. **“*NOT NOW!*”** My reactions, in fact, were becoming more and more comical and overreactive, but it didn't feel awry to me at all. In retrospect, had I realized? Well, there likely wouldn't have been much I could have done.

I wasn't wrong though. I had almost been six feet naturally, but I had already fallen beneath the 5'10" mark and was barreling downwards at a rapid pace. My arms and legs kept pace with my torso, which was surprisingly ridding itself of any excess fat in the meantime. Before long, my tummy had become completely trim, which made me all the hungrier somehow. That call for food was growing louder with each passing moment, but I kind of had more important things to deal with!

My body bottomed out at a height of roughly 5'2", and no longer was the ceiling of this room too low. In fact? It felt just right! Somehow I felt a little peppier, and it almost felt like my eyes were sparkling a little brighter! My hair looked even longer against this shorter frame too... Where *had* all of this energy come from!?

An uncomfortable feeling tore me from this newly discovered bubbiness and forced me to yip in surprise, though. "**Eep!?**" I squeaked like a young girl as the feeling immediately sent fingers between my legs to find... to find... "**Nothing!?**" There was nothing there!?! Looking down, all I could see was a little, orange bush. Nothing else. Where had my little... my... Uh? "**What was supposed to be there!?**" Honestly? It had been getting hard to think. Things I could recall just moments before had more or less disappeared, leaving me only with the transformation at hand and these swirling emotions.

But was I *actually* transforming? Didn't I always look this way?

Even while my hand was still between my legs, the fat of my thighs was growing more abundant around it. Plump and round, it added an appeal that saw my narrow hips widen substantially – a phenomenon that rounded out my rear end as well. The light of the morning sun filtering through the tiny window reflected keenly off those plump buns as the jiggled to and fro while I fidgeted in place. "**I'm...**" I felt like I was kind of on a breakthrough here! Something important was about to be recalled! "**SO HUNGRY!**"

Never mind. That call for food had even been communicated through plump, girlish lips. My eyes were so big and wide, my nose so tiny, that there was no way I could be mistaken for anything other than a teenaged girl. And my attention? It was focused entirely on the food cabinet in *my* bedroom.

Like a zombie, I began to shamble over to the cabinet. It became a little uncomfortable however, in no small part because my chest had begun to jiggle. Just a little in the beginning, but fat then rapidly built beneath my erect nipples and so their sizes spiral out of control. Were this a cartoon, a BOING sound effect might as well have accompanied the final burst,

which saw a chest jiggling with the beginnings of a bosom explode into a pair of substantially large tits, each roughly a D in size – which looked ever bigger considering how short I was. “**Whoa!?! I need to get changed!**” More than the fact that my chest had just grown, it seemed I was more concerned about my state of dress. It was a good thing I knew where *my* gown was!

It didn’t take me long to get changed, and before long I was sitting on the bed stuffing my face with cookies, crumbs getting all over my sheets. They were so good, I just couldn’t help myself! But when I was almost done the entire basket? A strange screen thingy popped up.

“**Hm!?! What’s this thingy!?!**” I was *soooo* confused! It was like a picture had just popped up in front of my face. Wasn’t there a book or something attached? No, my face went right through it!?! Weird! But I was too hungry to care at the end of the day! My nickname ‘*Pecorine*’ had arisen because of my voracious appetite after all! I didn’t really mind at all since it was true, plus it was *cute*! Since I couldn’t read or care for what was written, though, I just kind of swatted it with my hand. That seemed to make it go away!

If I’d known what it said, however? Well, I probably wouldn’t have changed my actions!

***THANK YOU FOR PLAYING PRINCESS
CONNECT! RE:DIVE! CLICK HERE TO SEND
INVITATION CODES TO YOUR DISCORD
CONTACTS!***

I wasn’t really sure what was more overpowering. The fresh scent of the forest that surrounded me, or the chill of a breeze that nibbled at my naked form. “**WHAT THE HELL!?!**” was the full extent of a reaction I could muster the moment I’d become conscious, laying in a pile of leaves and dirt in my birthday suit. I was quick to jump to my feet and hide behind a tree, but just what was going on!?

The last I could remember I had received a Discord invitation from a friend on my contact’s list, which had culminated in a flash of light and...?

But maybe I’m getting ahead of myself. My name is – *was?* - Axel, a young man around the age of twenty-six. Standing fairly tall at five-foot ten, I had a pale complexion and short, brown hair. My build? It was a little on the larger end, something I was working on to no avail. But

what I used to look like wasn't as relevant as what I would come to look like. I'm sure you've already come to the correct conclusion regarding where *my* half of the story is headed.

It had been an exceptionally long time since I'd last been in an honest to goodness forest. With the pandemic, it wasn't often that I'd gotten out of the house these days, and as I lived in a city there weren't really any forests I could go to. But this? It all felt so natural. Almost a little *too* natural. I wasn't sure if I'd even breathed air this fresh over the course of my long life.

This forest... felt like it was completely displaced from the world as I knew it. Even the calls of the birds sounded a little different. These trees? I'd never seen any with leaves shaped like those before. It was all so perplexing that I'd gotten lost in thought for a moment, distracting me from my entire 'no clothing' shtick. It didn't take me long to remember though.

“Shit... What am I supposed to do if someone finds me?” Sure, that sounded embarrassing, but... What if someone never found me? What if, wherever this was, it was so removed from society that I would be lost out here *forever*? No... I couldn't be that pessimistic, not yet. Because if I got too caught up in the 'what-ifs' of it all, I'd end up far too discouraged to press forward. **“Is there something I can use to cover myself up?”**

I took a step away from the tree and began to wander. There didn't seem to be anyone else nearby, and pests weren't an issue, so there was no need to hide – as much as I *wanted* to. Trees stretched as far as the eye could see, but nothing like shrubs or bushes... *other than my own*. As I wandered, though? It escaped my notice. That I began to wander more on instinct. It felt more and more like I knew where I was going, even though I shouldn't have had the foggiest idea.

“Nn... It hurts.” At first, I wasn't sure what hurt. I had groaned almost by instinct, but as I thought about it, it soon came to mind. There were three points of pressure across my body, and as that pressure built they had begun to hurt. The first two were a pair of spots on top of my head, right on my front hairline. The third? Was it my tailbone? It was hard to say at first, but once the pressure culminated? **“GAH!?”** Well, let's say I was *fairly sure*.

Something had wriggled out from just above my ass, forcing me to crane my neck over my shoulder to examine the cause. **“A-A tail!?”** My voice was unusually shaky, even though I was *understandably* shocked. How could I not be? A tail had actually grown, and not some furry animal's tail. It was several feet long, completely purple, and was covered in what

looked like thorns. It certainly didn't belong on a human. Then again, neither did— “**OW!?**” The points on my head had culminated in miniature eruptions of their own, but in their case? They amounted to a pair of white horns that curled upwards, shattered at the tips.

At the same time these horns erupted, a *dark purple* mixed itself among my irises, and my pupils had begun to glow a *brighter* purple. “**Hah... Hah... What...? What are these!?**” My breathing and speech were becoming erratic, something that would only worsen as time wore on. I wasn't being afforded much of an opportunity to keep up with what was happening, either, for even as I struggled with the discomfort of my new growths? My frame was being adjusted.

All of the excess weight upon my frame was sucked away, leaving my entirely lean. Well, maybe not *entirely*. The weight that had decorated my chest still lingered and had even taken on *excess*, growing in size, and rounding in shape as my nipples appeared bigger and puffier than they ever had. Before long, I basically had a pair of woman's breasts, roughly a large pair of C-cups. Not that I'd noticed.

Even my lower half was plagued by this phenomenon, as my rear end blossomed neatly into a pair of round cheeks that dirt had clung to (*I'd woken up on the forest floor, after all*), their paleness seemingly infinitely more obvious than it had been originally. I was just getting grossly pale though, adding to a visage that was becoming creepier and creepier. My thighs mirrored the same thing, and after a few moments of crushing my dick, there just wasn't a dick left there to crush.

But me? *E he he...* I was already way too far gone to notice or care. The moment those horns had grown, the blood of a fiend had awakened inside of me, dealing irreparable damage to my personality. My posture had withdrawn, and my expression was one that bore a sense of depravity. As much as I wanted to be shocked about my situation, I couldn't stop thinking about someone. I couldn't stop thinking about *them*.

I didn't know who *they* were. I just knew I wanted to see them. Seeing them would make me oh, so happy. So happy that I didn't care that I had become a woman, or that my facial features were gradually rounding. My cheeks had become so soft, and my lips so plump... Then there was the matter of my eyes, which had narrowed in design so that I looked Japanese. But was that really wrong? Was I not Japanese? Not like I cared about anything other than them anyways.

“**Where... are they...?**” My voice had become both feminine and raspy, and to anyone that might have seen me murmuring, they certainly would have labeled me a creep. It wasn't helped at all by the

fact that my short hair had darkened to a richer brown and had grown to frame my face, or that my physique was diminishing so that my substantial height was ultimately reduced to little more than just over 5'1". I looked the part of a teenaged girl. One that wasn't human, but *fiend*.

But being a fiend? It made me feel strong. Super strong. Like I could lift a boulder without breaking a sweat. With strength, for some, came madness, but the madness that was stirring within me? It was not because of my strength. It was a madness fixated on a single person, a concept. A desire for affection. A desire to be embraced. A desire to not be alone. But who would want to be with a creepy *girl* like me? "**Hah... Hah... Where?**"

As I had completely become a fiend, I wasn't at all bothered by my nudity now. Was there a purpose in having shame in regard to this body? It was beautiful, sensual, and perfect for the one I was searching for. But who was I searching for? My resting expression projected a depravity as I lurched forth and, noting a hut in a clearing just beyond the next tree, I shuffled just a little faster. "**There... There... They're there...**" Instinct had been leading me to this place, that much was clear to me now. My memories were a mess, and I could hardly remember much about myself. But this place? It was familiar.

"Eriko-chan!? Why aren't you...? Oh, you left your clothes here before you ran out!" Another girl's voice rang out against the eerie silence of the forest that had accompanied me thus far and leaning out of the front window of the hut was a girl that could best be described as a '*beautiful princess*'. Long, flowing orange hair, bright blue eyes, fair skin... she was *absolutely amazing*.

She was who I'd travelled here to see.

Just hearing her speak stopped me dead in my tracks, my broken gaze fixed on her as she crawled through the window in a hurry. She was carrying clothes that I recognized. Clothes that must have belonged to that '*Eriko-chan*' she'd mentioned. The moment she thrust them into my hands? I realized that this Eriko must be *me*. In the end, I, too, thrust something into her hands. My naked body.

I practically tackled her, unable to restrain myself as my breathing grew heavy. "**H-Hey!**" she half cried, half giggled as if she were used to it, not struggling all that much as I docked my bare breasts against her clothed one. This scene was scandalous and lewd, but as I lowered myself down just inches from her own lips, the least scandalous thing I could say cooed from my lips.

“Hold me tight, Pecorine.”

“Uhh...”

Evidently, canon had only been so binding when it came to my altered memories. I was supposed to become obsessed with the boy named Yuuki, not Pecorine herself. But that face of hers? I just wanted to gobble her up.