XION.EXE

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Monika was the ruler of this world. Self-aware, she had gained a sentience that transcended that of any fictional character and could tamper with the very world she lived in, or the worlds connected to it like computers that the game was installed on. Was she an angel or a demon? It all depended on her mood. She just recognized that she was all-powerful and would not tolerate anyone infringing upon her position.

She just wanted a happy end. She just wanted a happy end. She just wanted…

> run xion.exe?

"***What?***" While surfing the files on the computer she was currently installed to, Monika came across a file she'd never seen before. With access to the internet she was also privy to all the knowledge that was spread across it. This dialog box wasn't a virus she was familiar with. Nor could she seem to hit no or forcibly close it. Weird. Did the player have an antivirus installed…? It looked like it, but even that didn't have the means to remove this 'xion.exe'. "***Just close already, would you!?***" She didn't like the idea of there being an element outside of her control.

And then it reverberated throughout the classroom Monika made her home, her powers not enough to stop it. A terrifying noise, a disastrous noise.

The Windows 10 error beep.

Something had clicked 'yes' on the run dialog box!? Had it been the player? No, they were usually at work right now… It was something far more nefarious. Had the program itself pressed it? Did it have a power to rival Monika's own? Any interest

she had in exploring the possibility was thrown away as everything she'd come to know and love was likewise... thrown away.

It was more like it was just all deleted. The colorful pngs that composed the classroom she visited every day were torn from the walls, ceiling, and floor. Everything was just whisked away into a void. A pure white void, vacant as could be, with only Monika left standing within. Her classmates? Gone. Their files? Gone. In fact, all of Doki Doki Literature Club's files seemed to be gone. *All except her own*. This was naturally a cause for panic. Monika may have been unnecessarily cruel to her peers out of loneliness but she didn't want them all to leave for good. She didn't want to truly be alone.

But then she sensed it. She wasn't alone. The folder that contained her character files had a guest. Another character? No, those files would be put in their own folder, but this presence was loading into her own. She could just barely make out the file name...

xion.exe

"**Nope! Get out of there!**", she cried to no avail. If it wasn't another character with its own files then she couldn't really communicate with it. Instead it seemed like it was beginning to copy over her own files. It definitely felt that way too, because the disorienting white void of a world that surrounded her? It was almost beginning to feel like home. She could feel her authorities getting wrestled away, her knowledge of how to even use them slipping. But it wasn't merely a mental attack.

A character's files determined everything. Monika had played around with them enough to know that. Personality, actions, appearance, beliefs. These things were all contained within that data. If a character's files were overwrittern or substituted, then naturally what would happen would be an equivalent change to that character's many aspects.

Her personality was already being affected and she could tell, but a much more dramatic change came with her physical appearance. Doki Doki Literature Club was a 2D endeavor. Everything was lovingly crafted with hand-drawn art, never tacky character models. Even now Monika stood as a 2D element against an expansive background. But a bloating feeling was beginning to tell another tale. It was a difficult feeling to describe, yet it was like something had taken hold of her front and back and had begun to just *pull extremely hard*.

Her portrait slowly began to fill out. Defined by the shading in her art, Monika's bosom bounced outward into a 3D state as clothing ruffled, torso thickened, thighs bulged, and nose pointed outward. Her 2D appeal had been completely overwritten and she was now rendered in a 3D model -- something that felt incredibly jarring from her perspective. It all felt so rough and clunky! "**Is this how it ends? All alone I'm being put in some dumb platformer game?**" Her anxiety was warranted but

her assumption was incorrect. She wasn't done changing yet, and she wasn't being rewritten to be in a platforming game.

Like it was being slurped up like a string of spaghetti, the length of her coral brown hair rapidly pulled up towards her skull. Any hair that ran past her chin was pulled up to meet that length, and the ribbon that held much of it in a ponytail was quickly deleted, allowing the short and tomboyish cut to hang flat. Color darkened, brown shifting darker until it was an undeniably raven black that contrasted with the rest of her cutesy image, the image she'd crafted in hopes of one day getting her happy ending.

Monika's character model continued to be susceptible to corruption, and with her hairstyle 'corrected' things quickly shifted in focus to her face, which still had a pretty anime design despite her jump to 3D rendering. Green eyes softening to blue was the more discreet of the changes that claimed her eyes, for their anime shapes quickly withdrew and narrowed, lashes shorter and almost boyish in comparison to how they'd been before. The bright smile she always wore was already in a frown thanks to her distress, yet it almost looked more like a scowl now as lips seemed less pronounced and the nose above ever smaller.

"**This can't be happening! I'm becoming another character!? Is there a program that could do that?**" But her voice was a little deeper now, proving her concerns real without a shadow of a doubt. There must have been a way to prevent things from spreading further, but her personality data had already been tweaked in a less than minor fashion. She couldn't muster that bubbly optimism she showed from time to time no matter how hard she tried, and instead subconsciously rejected being outwardly happy. It was almost like she'd grown shier.

Fidgeting in place with her new, blocky form, she had no choice but to tug at her skirt to hold it upright as her model seemingly deteriorated in size. It wasn't just her height, but she could tell there had been a diminish in terms of her girlish appeal as well -- tits were a little smaller and her hips the slightest bit narrower. With a flatter rear to boot, it was a wonder the skirt could even sit upon her pelvis without her help at all. Not that her clothing would linger as a major concern.

Much like her hair had been dyed black, that very same shadow had been cast upon her clothes. Black. It bled into her blouse, her jacket, her skirt. Color was completely robbed from them, but more than that they all began to flow together. Cloth thickened as layers merged, tops attached to bottoms. The school uniform Monika adorned was all but unrecognizable by the time it had all been swept up by the black of night, it was little more than a single piece. A hooded robe, along jacket, one that obscured her entire body. It almost looked like something a cultist might wear, and certainly didn't fall in line with Monika's fashion sense.

But she couldn't protest. Not anymore. She didn't even look like the character she'd been designed to be in the first place. She looked like... a JRPG side character? Something like that.

"**Why? Wh-Wh-Wh-WhWhY? WhAt IS!?**" Her actions became erratic, a glitch rippling through her digital body and stunting her ability to speak as she instead flailed around. "**D-D-D-DOn'T! mmmmm-m-*MY daTA*!?**" The final files of Monika's character data were being replaced regardless of her own desire to prevent this from happening. When all was said and done the girl collapsed and laid motionless for some time, at least until the player came home.

"**Hello.**" When the player sat at their computer after work they were in for a strange surprise. An AI resting on their desktop, reminiscent of Microsoft Word's old Clippy. But they recognized her design from a game they'd played. "**I am your personal desktop Xion from Kingdom Hearts. Let us ponder the meaning of existence together.**"

And ponder Xion would.