

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a long time since Joseph had last dusted off his Nintendo 3DS, and who could really blame him? The handheld device had launched twelve years ago, had been discontinued three years ago, and new games had stopped being made for it long before that. But it really was a handheld game system that had left a strong impression on the market and consumers, especially those that had grown up with it. So it made sense that he had kept it around all this time.

That said, that wasn't *exactly* why he had picked it up in that moment. He had set up homebrew on it a while ago, allowing him to play ROMs and install mods for games. Which was a great way to get new life out of a system that no longer got any support – and it wasn't like Nintendo did much of anything to preserve the legacy of its games on its own.

“Alright, so I just need to pop this SD card in here...” Lately he had been thinking about one 3DS game in particular. Fire Emblem: Awakening. Maybe it was because yet another new entry in the series was on the horizon, but it had prompted him to reminisce about simpler times. Not that those times were *actually* simpler, but it often felt like that after enough time had passed. But because of Awakening he had been able to connect with some of the friends he had currently. That was why he had been reminiscing.

And that reminiscing had led him into the game's modding scene. Which he was surprised it even had one. After all, this was a game where the character models didn't even have *feet*! But on the website the mod

had claimed to deliver the ‘Ultimate Fire Emblem: Awakening experience’... even if the mod had 0 upvotes or comments. Maybe the modding scene for the game was just so inconsequential that no one had seen it? That *had* to be it, and was the justification that Joseph had ultimately gone with.

So after sending the link to the mod to the friends in question, he booted up the modded game. Only for him to notice that something wasn’t... *right*.

“**OOF!?**” The next thing Joseph realized, he was laying face first in some... hay? It definitely *seemed* like hay based on the scent, but after pushing himself up? Yeah, he was definitely in a barn. Which made absolutely *zero* sense, since the closest farm to where he lived was, uh, well... He didn’t even know, exactly. It certainly wasn’t close enough for him to just suddenly *be* there, and he was pretty sure he hadn’t blacked out. “**Ungh... What just happened? I was booting up the game, and...?**” And then he had arrived *here*?

“**Oh! Must have tripped again! I’ll never be a great heroine acting like this!**” After his mind had fished for answers, *this* was what he had blurted out. But he had no recollection of tripping, and he was a guy right? So why would he be a *heroine*? Moment after moment, it seemed as if things were making less sense. Yet somehow *more* sense? Why did he feel like *that* was the case?

Wait. He’d come here with his clothes on, right? “**My phone!**” Could he call someone? It had been in his pocket! But upon reaching for it, not only was it not there... he couldn’t even remember *what* he had been reaching for. “**A... phone? That’s a... I can’t remember? What was in my pocket? Is it like a brush?**” For grooming a horse? No... That couldn’t be right, could it?

Though there were other things that he likely *should* have noticed but didn’t, likely by design. Such as his skin, for the slightly olive tone of its coloration gradually become a *little more slight*. Ultimately it was rendered the palish pink of a Caucasian individual’s skin, and almost appeared infinitely softer. Aside from, strangely, around her fingers and the bottoms of his feet. Where they were most definitely calloused like he had been swinging around an object and traveling on foot a *lot* more.

His skin was hardly even the only place where a change in color took place, for irises were painted a much more prominent chestnut color – and that shift in coloration likewise appeared alongside lengthened lashes and a change to the shapes of his lids so that more of his eyes

were visible. They were bigger, brighter, and much more expressive as a result. And strikingly *effeminate*.

Although those signs of femininity weren't ultimately isolated to Joseph's eyes alone. The signs spread throughout his face entirely, rounding and smoothing out its overall structure and seeing to it that key facial features, like his nose and cheek bones, were ultimately rendered both smaller and cuter. The only exception was lips that then bore a fuller glow, but on the whole? Some might have even said he looked younger. Like a *girl* in her *late teens*, even if the rest of his body had yet to reflect any of *that* appeal.

Nonetheless, his hair was another of these recolored areas. His black hair inherited silver streaks that ultimately overwhelmed his natural color, becoming more and more prominent until it was *the* only color of his hair, be it on his head, his brows, or even within his pants. Once recolored, the hair atop his head was quick to appear... shaggier? Perhaps that was a fitting descriptor at first, but it eventually cascaded down to his shoulders and several inches beyond, locks wavier in the back while bangs were pulled to either side of his forehead like curtains.

“I... Uh... Was I playing a game? A game? Like hopscotch?” Joseph felt a little dizzy in no small part because of the confusion that had befallen him. He certainly didn't notice how high and spritely his voice had grown, and was instead fixated on his memories. Why was he in this barn again? And what had that been about playing a game? Surely he'd been thinking about his 3DS, and yet something like a game console was completely foreign to him. The only games he could think of involved chalk and old toys.

There was an ongoing change in the young man's height that occurred while in this state of tizzy, and as a result his clothing grew bunched up and baggy as his body did, well, the opposite of that. He ultimately compressed to roughly 5'2", which was *substantial* considering he was supposed to be six feet tall! And with the loss of height *also* came a loss of weight, not only thinning him out but seeing fit muscle tighten in its place.

That said, his changed body, now just petite enough for him to convincingly be the teenaged girl his face appeared to suggest, was not without fat whatsoever. In fact, that which remained and expanded only served to *enhance* that impression once his waistline pinched in several inches, and her thighs expanded just a touch. For example, his pants had not fallen from his legs because his thighs had swollen with a tender touch, bulging out the sides of his pant legs. And in the back? His rear became just as perky with a new peach shape.

“Nn... What’s up with my clothes? Are these... right?” Hay was clinging to them from his earlier fall, but why did they look too big? Why did their design seem so *foreign*? He was pulling out the front of his shirt just to see *how* big the shirt was, but in doing so he only afforded space for his chest to promptly blossom with perky nipples and orbs that bounced to attention in the B-cup realm. Nothing bombastic, but since she was so much fitter that fitness sort of took away from their swell. Once he let the shirt settle again, you could clearly see them pushy up against the interior for a moment.

At least before his clothing transformed, becoming silver armor pieces over a royal blue tunic. His thighs were highlighted while thigh high boots clad his legs otherwise, and gloves with silver armor found his arms. Hair was tied into twin tails, and his underwear? Well, navy blue undergarments clung to his new curves and his loins. Tightly. A little *too* tightly at first, but any discomfort waned along with *her* genitals. And with that her transformation into a young woman had completed.

Cynthia rubbed at the back of her head after dusting the last remaining pieces of hay off her tunic and armor. She couldn’t go visit her big sister Lucina looking so disheveled! Even though it wasn’t all *that* uncommon to find her looking as such. **“I really need to get it together. Maybe I take too much after mom after all...”** Because she had been much more likely to inherit that clumsiness from her mother Sumia rather than her father, Chrom.



Well, this *was* the definitive Fire Emblem: Awakening experience in a sense, because Joseph had wholly and completely become a character from the game’s story, and now lived within the game’s *world*. But Cynthia herself had no recollection of the mod nor her past life. **“Alright, off to see my favorite big sister, Lucina!”**

Which was funny in a sense, because Lucina had been Joseph’s favorite character.

“Uh... Huh?” A sprawling field beneath a cloudy sky rolled into the view of Kay, who had just been at his computer sitting moments prior. But now he was in a completely new location, his body forced into a

standing position after clicking on a link that had been sent to him by his friend, Joseph. He had a pretty strong feeling that it wasn't supposed to have done that, maybe? **"Where am I? How did I get here?"**

Both good questions, and ones that were asked as his gaze settled on a ruined temple atop a nearby mountain. **"That is my destination. But I do have some time, and this field might be a good place to get in some training."** He immediately blinked at what he had said. Since when did he train? Why was he going to that temple? These comments didn't make much sense, nor did how sternly he had said them...

"What training would I even do? Like... drawing?" Kay was an artist and so he focused a lot of free time on it, so naturally this was what came to mind first. But how could he practice that in the middle of the field without any utensils? ...*Utensils?* He was a digital artist, though! But what did that mean again? **"Di... gi... tal?"** The word was repeated aloud with skepticism. He was pretty sure he knew what it meant, right? So why couldn't he remember!?

All the while, signs of a *different* set of skills entirely began to appear across his body. Fingers and toes grew exceptionally calloused, while scars etched themselves into his body where there hadn't been, and *shouldn't* have been otherwise. Any excess weight that could have been attributed to fat was robbed, leaving the man thin and debatably stinky. But some of it returned in a different form, as the muscles of his body all tightened into their ripples were plain through his skin. He was buff now, but it didn't make him look *big* per se.

In fact, his body was gradually becoming the opposite at least in terms of stature. While an inch shorter than Joseph had been originally, his loss of height *also* wasn't as dramatic. He evened out at about roughly 5'5", with hands and feet shrinking in kind to make more sense proportionately for the rest of his body. **"Erm... Wasn't my height... Was I taller than this?"**

He was right of course, but the more he thought about it? The less sense it made. All of the *lance techniques he had practiced only made sense for someone of his current height*, and so being taller would have actually been a negative. **"I must be misremembering. Perhaps this trip has been more fatiguing than I thought."** The stern manner of speech had returned as well, though this time with a voice that sounded higher and more girlish than before. Kay himself seemed to be ignorant to it, though.

Realistically, his body was small enough to fit a teenager now – as did his voice sound like one. A teenaged girl, that is. But his facial features

were taking a softer turn towards that reality too. The South American tilt that they had seemed to wane away while eyes grew rounder, yet somehow sharper in the corners, eyelashes fluttering longer. His already brown eyes darkened at the same time, almost black by the end of it, while his nose? Smaller, yet slightly longer comparatively. And his lips swelled fuller so that he was rendered with the same visage as a teenaged girl.

Helped further *still* by hair that darkened to black and lengthened slightly to form a bob around his head. The perfect hairstyle for a *woman* who worried about hair being a hindrance in battle. And a woman *she* had unknowingly become, robbed of that which had hung between her legs. Though from Kay's perspective? She didn't notice. Hadn't she *always* been a woman?

As if to prove that true, the hardness of her toned body *did* soften in some key areas. Her chest for one, for she inevitably gained the breasts that a woman of her age *should* have possessed, pushing up the underside of her shirt as they flourished into a pair of C-cups that suffered from the success of her muscle mass. They looked just a touch smaller *because* she was so bulky.

Meanwhile, her hips were pushed a touch wider due to the combined efforts of her ass and thighs swelling larger. They became quite rotund, and certainly much more pronounced than those of a man. But all of these effeminate curves were soon hidden as her oversized outfit was swapped with armor of silver and purple, with a black skintight bodysuit underneath.

“I cannot be weak going into this, I need to make sure I’m in peak physical shape.” There was no longer a single iota of hesitation in the back of *Kjelle*'s mind as she grabbed a spear from the travel pack that had appeared on the ground behind her when her clothing had changed into heavy armor. There were no thoughts of another, happier life. Instead there was only the resolve to save her world. To go back in time to save her mother, Sully.

That was why she had to go to that temple. She was meeting with Lucina and the others so that they could travel back in time. It sounded impossible, but she trusted Lucina's judgment more than most. And so, since she did have time...

“My spearmanship isn't as good as it could be.



So let's just take a moment go over everything before we continue our hike."

"That's the last time I click any unmarked Discord links..." Axel was trying to joke away what had just happened, but something strange *had* happened. He had been relaxing at his computer when a link had popped up from his friend, Joseph. Much like what had happened with Kay though, all he'd had to do was click the mod link to suddenly be displaced among space and time. And by the time he had realized what had happened, he was standing on the outskirts of the same temple that Kay could see from the fields below.

Which was *obviously* disorienting. He didn't know how or why, and the downward hill of a forested mountain made him think he was a *long* way from home. **"...But I should push up to the temple, even though I'm worthless. I promised after all..."** Now Axel had a habit of being hard on himself as plenty of people were, but this? It felt a little *excessive* and random even for him. **"Why... do I feel that way? What promise?"**

With a shake of his head, Axel managed to dispel the momentary feelings of inadequacy that had come on so suddenly. Little did he realize that the hair that bounced as he shook it seemed to be changing – not only in length and volume, but in color as well. Brown locks were dyed an almost ashen color as they spilled down to his shoulders, bangs parted in the center while tufts in the back curled slightly upwards.

Being a heftier guy, there was also a *very* notable change to the his weight and the associated body fat. Anything that was muffined in shape was slimmed away, stretch marks disappearing into skin that grew all the tighter, and also appeared to look all the more youthful. Before long he was just as lanky as he was tall, but at the same time, as was the case with the other two? That lankiness was short lived for his height eventually unraveled. Still, at 5'6" he was still the tallest of the three.

"What am I even doing here? I don't have the courage to keep going..." The self-inflicted lack of confidence resurfaced, though in this case it was accompanied by a voice that was soft and even just a little unsettling. The lips through which these words passed were fuller, a small piece of a larger array of changes that saw his facial structure recompose itself. Longer lashes framed eyes that were narrower, yet also more maidenly by design, and his nose was smaller if not a touch flatter too. Brows seemed to be upturned in a way that left a resting expression of uncertainty upon this smaller face that was, well...

The face of a teenaged girl. As had been the fate of his friends.

Her friends? “**Unf!?**” Thighs rubbed together uncomfortably, and not without good reason. There had been an uncomfortable tugging sensation within her loins that had robbed her of her masculinity, and while that should have been obvious and most certainly shocking, her mind immediately rationalized it as normal. *Because there wasn't supposed to be anything else down there, right?*

Axel's change of sex quickly propelled the remaining alterations into overdrive, for it was those womanly traits that needed to be developed. Her hips swung wide to catch her now oversized pants from slipping off for one, although this change was simply to make room for what was to come. Scrawny thighs began to reap their fill of mass after losing it to her previous weight loss, though in this case that mass wasn't loose. It was perky and pulled her skin tautly around it, each thigh almost as thick as her now narrowed waistline.

Any excess mass from those thighs found her bum in a hurry, ass bloating up into a full shape that was highlighted by the tightness in the back of her pants. Truthfully though? Some of the mass in her legs and rear *was* muscle, because she was fitter overall. Just not *as* fit as Cynthia and Kjelle. It was actually more obvious in her arms, which were connected to impossibly calloused fingertips. *But when you constantly drew a bow...*

“**A... bow...?**” She felt like that wasn't what she normally did, was it? But that also felt right somehow? Putting aside the fact that one was now slung over her shoulder... The string was actually hugging her chest, and in the act of doing so revealed how that chest appeared to be... *puffing out?* It didn't take all the long for the reason why that was to become plain, not with how her C-cup breasts swelled to fruition.

They were hardly noticeable at first, but a change of clothes to a green, checkered top with a low cut that showed off her cleavage certainly helped. Poofy, dark green pants had found her legs, brown boots her feet, and matching gloves her hand. There was also a feathered circlet now wrapped around her head to tie the look together.

Clutching the bow slung over her shoulder with fingers twitching restlessly, *Noire* was understandably nervous. Along with Kjelle and some of her other friends, she was about to follow Lucina into the *past* to save this ruined future of



theirs. She wanted to save her parents, even if her mother Tharja had used her as a guinea pig for her curses growing up.

But that didn't matter. Even if she was sloppy, anxious, and relatively bipolar. Even if she had more than a few regrets about her childhood, she knew she had to do what she could for this world. Their planet deserved a better future free of the Fell Dragon. **"I guess it's time... I hope I'm good enough..."**