

A REISALIN STINT

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Honestly? With how things had been going as of late I'd really needed a stroke of good luck. The pandemic had made it hard for everyone of course, so it was nice to finally be given a lucky break in the form of something I'd definitely least been expecting. A package addressed to me from the Japanese *Gust* headquarters; maker of some of the most beloved games I've ever played including the infamous *Atelier* series.

It was random for a number of reasons. I hadn't been expecting any packages at all, let alone a big name Japanese game developer - but more mysteriously was the fact that I hadn't given them my address at any point, or at least from what I could recall. I supposed it was possible maybe I'd signed up for something at some point in the past and they'd just fished my details out, but a quick e-mail would probably sort that out.

Of course, that e-mail could wait until after I'd opened the small box. First there was a note. It was a letter, typed in English, thanking me for the support I'd given the announcement of *Atelier Ryza 2* on my Twitter account. A nice surprise to be sure -- I hadn't even realized anyone had noticed that, let alone enough to send me a letter.

Although there was more in the box. Nestled in the typical wrappings you'd expect of jewelry was a necklace with a golden key charm. One that was quite recognizable, for it was the very same one the titular character of *Atelier Ryza*, Reisalin Stout, wore in her redesign for the sequel. It looked well made, too. Was this all in honor of the game's release? Limited edition merch that I'd received for free?

It was a woman's necklace so I wouldn't exactly go around wearing it, but I figured why not at least try it on? I wasn't really big on jewelry but since I'd received it, it wouldn't hurt to at least give it a try. The only mirror I really owned was in the bathroom however, and so I slid inside while adorning the accessory to the best of my ability.

“Yup, doesn't look *great* on me.” I couldn't help but chuckle upon looking at me reflection. I was a slightly bigger guy so it looked even funnier. I wasn't even really dressed for the day yet, still adorned in the oversized gray shirt and raggedy blue track pants I had a tendency to wear to bed since I'd been woken up by the postal service delivering the package in the first place.

I had been in the process of reaching to remove the necklace (*since there was no point in taking selfies, I wasn't exactly cute*) when something had given me pause. There was a dull glow emanating from the key charm which instantly made me wonder if there was a button to make it light up that I had accidentally pressed. Because of course things like magic? Curses? They were about as real as alchemy.

Which incidentally would be a point of view I'd have turned upside down.

Before I could even take hold of the charm to inspect for a button my pupils dilated and burned, vision blurring but not so much that I couldn't make out shapes. I was still in front of the mirror, and so something promptly drew my attention to my face even if things did feel blurry. It made it difficult to know for sure what I was seeing, but I could have sworn that... the space my eyes took up on my face was growing?

If I doubted my eyes themselves, the only way to properly check was with my hands. So of course I reached up, touching where I would normally have expected the corners of my eyes to be only to accidentally poke them. **“Ow!?”** As someone who didn't like things touching my eyes that was *doubly* distressing. **“Wait, *what!*?”** Fingers immediately traced my eyelids, finding they had doubled - no, tripled - in length. But I was forced to squint as all of the colors in the room came to swell in appeal. It was like my eyes had a vibrancy slider and someone had yanked that scale to the right.

When I opened my eyes wide once more I found the blurriness had gone, but the eyes staring back at me didn't exactly look human. Well, okay, they looked human. They just looked exceedingly anime, taking up a good chunk of my face with long, fluttery, feminine eyelashes. The worst part? They didn't even look out of place, for whatever had triggered to make all of the colors I perceived more vibrant had seemingly altered

my perception to see my surroundings not in realistic 3D or even anime 2D, but a smooth mix of the two, like I was in an anime-inspired video game.

Of course this extended to my own body, and the anime eyes didn't look that strange because I was visualizing my entire form in the same style. Well, except for the fact that the eyes seemed better suited for a woman than a man. **"This is crazy! Was my breakfast oatmeal expired or something?"** Thinking back to my breakfast food, I was trying to parse just what was happening. After all this had to be an illusion, or a dream, or *something*. Touching my body still *felt* the same after all.

I turned my attention back to my face eventually though, and in doing so I managed to catch the bright blues of my big old anime eyes dull and swirl, a chestnut brown decorating my irises in their place. Now, some probably would have panicked about all this but I felt a little... *excited?* My life was mundane and I went to anime and games to escape. If something was pushing me more intimately closer to the things I love then how could you feel anything *but* excited?

Even as my facial features diminished -- *nose evidently becoming more petite, cheeks smaller and rounder* -- to suggest I was becoming, perhaps, a woman? I wasn't off-put from my enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was actually inspired more from the glowing necklace around my neck as a new personality was slowly shoehorned in against my own, but there had always been a part of me that had thought along the lines of *'I wish I was a woman'* and so some of that excitement was true to my own feelings as well.

Lips became plump as my jaw collapsed and teeth shrunk in kind, noted both visually and sensually as I felt swollen lips rub up against one another. Looking at my face now I couldn't help but think it looked like a familiar character model, and I was all but sure once my short brown hair extended on all fronts like 3D anime Chia Pet to give me chestnut locks that hung loosely like silk past my shoulders. A hand reached to grab some; it was so soft and smelled of strawberries.

"I look like Ryza!?" My face and hair certainly did, but it was mismatched with the body of a tall man in his twenties. Mid-sentence my voice chirped up to match the pitch of Ryza's Japanese voice as well, adding to the ordeal. **"This can't be real. This can't be real. But it's totally real, isn't it!?"** In fact, Ryza's own enthusiasm shone through in my voice. Her boundless curiosity and hunger for adventure was bubbling up, and my mind was beginning to frame this as the advent of an exciting journey.

Despite looking like 3D rendering of hair, it felt very real as I ran my fingers through it. It served as a nice distraction as the fingers doing the running began to collapse and take on daintier shape. What's more, before long I was accidentally scratching my scalp as I played with strands and poked my uncharacteristically squishy cheeks. "**Ow!**"

The first sign of pain was enough to pull hands away and look at them, and lo and behold they did not resemble a man's hands any longer. Small and dainty, but by rubbing my index finger against my thumb I could tell they'd become surprisingly calloused. **Well, of course they were! I was always out and about picking ingredients or fighting monsters for my alche--** Wait, wait! *Nope!* That was Ryza, not me!

I squinted as the sunlight from the large window nearby filtered through, reflecting upon the mirror and unintentionally blinding me.

...Except the window in my bathroom was just a tiny little thing, and the sun never filtered in like that. "**H-Huh?**" I couldn't help but squeak in surprise as I provided shade to my eyes with my hand, having difficulty processing that, yes, the wall in my bathroom had just opened up into a full window. One that was opening and allowing the scent of the sea and of a farmer's crops to waft in... even though I didn't live by the ocean *or* by any farms. I *had* to see what was outside of that window.

So I walked towards it, naturally. Yet with every step I took the open window almost felt farther away. No, it wasn't just that. Every step felt more like I was wading through my own clothing, and like the height of the window itself had grown. By the time I'd reached the window proper my height had collapsed in on itself. No longer was I closer to the six foot end of the spectrum, but was instead closer to five foot three.

It wasn't as if I'd just collapsed downward either. There had been an inward collapse as well, giving me smaller and smoother shoulders and pinching in my waistline as my once noticeably gut not only became toned but was flat as could be, with a navel so deep you could probably take shots from it.

The result ended with my bed wear fitting with even less practicality than before, and the oversized shirt I was wearing was practically acting as a dress upon my form as one shoulder was exposed through the neck hole. I had to forget about my sweatpants - they'd fallen to pool around my feet, and I'd idly stepped out of them since the shirt already covered all that *needed* to be covered.

Each step also changed the shape of my feet. Toes curled bare against the tiles of the bathroom floor, then curled against against suddenly emerging floorboards as they shrunk, nails remaining trimmed but in

the sense that I meticulously cared for them as opposed to just randomly cutting them like every guy my age did. Heels flattened a little and the padding on my feet softened as their size diminished, making each step naturally a little quieter.

And then I stopped as I'd finally reached the window. It rested about five inches off the ground but otherwise completely covered the wall, with manual shutters that spread outward. **"Whoa! It's so pretty!"** The ocean breeze tickled my face as I found myself gazing out on a rural view with what looked to be a mainland far in the distance, off beyond a large stretch of water. I recognized this view, even if it looked a little different.

It was Kurken Island, the setting of Atelier Ryza. And what's more? Based on my position one floor up and the path below, this was likely Reialin's house. Which made zero sense, since looking back I expected to see my bathroom, a bathroom made with modern tools with a modern look. It didn't match this fantasy village setting! Yet, as my hazel eyes looked back over my shoulder, they went wide. **"Huh!? Where'd it go!?"**

My bathroom had been a tiny one, but now the room had opened wide into what more resembled a loft bedroom. The white tiles on the floor were still around in patches, but the ground was cracking as many of them turned into wooden floorboards. The mirror on the vanity I'd been staring at before? Was now a full body mirror without a sink in sight. But where was my toilet!?

Actually... what is a toilet? I felt like I could visualize it, but I didn't really *know* what it was. This world didn't have modern plumbing and unbeknownst to me my mind was coming to think in line with the technological level of this place. **It did inspire some new alchemy ideas in my head but... huh?** Alchemy? Since when did I know how to do that? Yet my mind wandered over to the black cauldron near the window... which existed where my toilet once had.

I was torn away from this intellectual alchemy train of thought but a sudden feeling. It wasn't a bad one, but it was a little weird. I could feel the hem of my shirt crawling up past my butt? Clothes didn't just move on their own though, so I arched my back and peered over my shoulder to find the weirdest of things. **"My butt!?"** Maybe it was just as weird as everything else, but I could see the arch of my rear rising like a baking cake. It was no wonder the shirt was moving; it wasn't able to properly contain it anymore and instead was lifting the back while yanking the front against my groin.

Surprisingly none of this had aroused me. Maybe it was because Ryza's personality was bleeding in over mine and so as quickly as I changed I recognized the changes as 'same as always', but I hadn't gone full mast at all during this. Even as the front of the shirt was pulled against my crotch I didn't really feel inconvenienced, almost like... "*Oh no...*" Both hands immediately darted for my crotch as I fumbled around barefoot until I was standing in front of *my* bed.

A bed in the bathroom? Why was I thinking of my bedroom as a bathroom, actually?

How had I not noticed!? Was it because I'd been distracted by everything else!? Setting aside the fact that I couldn't even remember what I'd been distracted by, as fingers reached up the shirt they grazed... a slit. *A pussy*. And above, they brushed against brown pubes just as they curled to match their new designs.

My soft rump fell against the covers of my even softer bed, a smaller window above allowing morning light to filter in. I didn't dare take the plunge inside my new genitals, but as I was withdrawing my fingers I noticed something else. Something thicc. *Very, very thicc*.

It was my own thighs. Hairless and free of blemish, a far cry from what they'd used to be, with my shirt pulled back I could see them bare. There was a healthy sheen to them, one that stood out on their 3D anime rendered forms. But they had begun to bloat. Gradually at first, looking only a little plump, but I couldn't help but poke one of my waifish fingers into the flesh to find it sunk much deeper than an expected. What's more, the fat began to build and increase the depth and roundness of it all.

Reisalin Stout's ultimate charm point was absolutely her thick thighs, and before my very eyes they were unfolding as a part of my own body. Properly manicured fingernails pressed up against the flesh as I couldn't keep either hand from massaging one of these thighs. As they pressed into the skin, said skin lightened only to return to its normal color whenever I released. It was like I was giving myself a full thigh massage -- well, if full thigh massages had a tendency to make your thighs thicker and, dare I say, *thicker*.

While I'd avoided arousal thus far, this certainly began to stir something. My nipples stood firm, but what was going on down below felt both foreign and familiar at the same time. The part of myself that was still me wasn't used to feeling a woman's response to stimulation, but the part of me that was *Ryza* had definitely felt it more than a couple of times.

As I leaned back a little in my bed, still massaging thickening thighs that met in the middle and began to compete with one another for space as they lipped over one another, my shirt began to rise higher still as my firm nipples not only thickened but began to spread forward. Fat bounced free beneath them, giving my chest a weight that could only be seen as a pair of breasts; yet they grew in much more quickly than my thighs had grown. Before long a bouncy C-cup danced on my chest as I rocked back and forth from my thigh massage, and each thigh settled at a width that was larger than my own head.

“Wait... what am I doing? I don’t have time for this, I need to hunt Puni today...” A stream of words escaped my mouth that wouldn’t make much sense to a normal person as I finally released my thighs and sucked back my arousal, before reaching for the bottom of my shirt and pulling it over my head. Breast got caught on the cloth as I lifted up and they bounced free as the garment was finally removed, **but that was pretty standard now. I’d grown a lot in the past three years both as an alchemist and a woman. I was twenty now! But somehow it felt like that was younger than I *should* have been?**

Running on boundless energy I hopped to my feet, my butt, thighs, and boobs all jiggling from the sudden motion; but I was used to things bouncing around these days. I quickly moved to my dresser and picked out the usual adventuring ensemble. The purple shorts that hugged my thighs tightly, the mismatched thigh high boots, the cream top with yellow jacket, and of course my favorite hat! It didn’t really take me long to get ready either, seeing as this was the same routine I followed every day.

Before I’d even realized it was evening, and I’d decided to crash at my atelier on the mainland. It had been a busy day of collecting, but something had really been weighing on my mind? I dunno, it kind of felt like something was off. But even though I felt that way I wasn’t unhappy? Actually I felt happier than I’d ever felt before even though I felt the same as always.

With a sigh I recorded my day’s adventures in my diary. Things really were great, weren’t they? But I missed all of my friends, close friends that had left during our last great adventure three years ago. More than anyone I really wanted to see Klaudia again. But this just inspired an idea! A *great* idea! Kurken Island was stable now, so they didn’t really need me to hang around more than necessary. Which meant...

“I think it’s finally time for my next big adventure!”

My name is Reisalin Stout, and it’s time to travel!