

MUTE - UNMUTE

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



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“It’s been a while since League updated and there aren’t any patch notes. Huh...”

Eyes trained on her computer as they often were, Futaba Sakura stared at the login screen for a little game known as League of Legends. It was by no means her favorite game, but sometimes her friends online bugged her to play it with them, so she usually kept the game up to date. Updates typically came with patch notes though, and the fact that there didn’t really seem to be any left her at a loss.

She wasn’t even *planning* on playing that night, but after leaving a direct message to her biggest League of Legends fan on Discord, she ran over to the company site in the meantime. Maybe the link was just obscured? Sometimes that kind of thing got lost. But while she went on this adventure, she had left the game’s login client open in the background.

Had it been on the forefront of her desktop, then the teenaged girl *might* have noticed that something had turned a little awry with the running process. The words and images were distorting and pixelating, and all of the color had begun to drain out of the screen. But Futaba? She was still checking the site for notes. **“There’s really nothing? Well, guess someone is gonna get fired over thaaaaaaAAAAAAT!?”**

In the very middle of her sentence, Futaba pushed back in her desk chair because something had taken her off guard. Her computer monitor was glowing a bright white, and somehow it felt like she was being *pulled in*? She could only resist for a moment though, at least before the world around her became white entirely.

And then it wasn't white anymore.



In fact, it was quite dark. “**H-Huh? Where the heck am I!?**” What time was it exactly? It had been early evening the last she had checked, and yet now there was only the light of the moon filtering through a nearby window to grant her vision the necessary resource to see. This... wasn't her room. In fact, it didn't look anything like a modern, Japanese bedroom at all! Wooden floors, wooden walls, a wooden desk and a gross looking, wooden bed.

“**Is this the Metaverse? But it doesn't really feel like it either...**” Futaba certainly wasn't a stranger to being thrown into strange places, but it was hard to justify this poorly crafted bedroom as a piece of the Metaverse without the usual signs and feelings. “**Did I get sucked into my computer?**” That was what it had *really* felt like, hadn't it?

So did that mean she was in a computer game? No, that'd be pretty silly, right? After all, this all felt so very *real*. But that was *actually* what had happened, as part of a magic cast in another world. Futaba had merely ended up becoming the unfortunate second party in something that had unfolded incorrectly.

“**AAAAAH!? WAIT! I THOUGHT IT WAS COLD IN HERE, BUT...!?**” The cold floorboards had provoked the girl to turn her eyes down, because she'd really felt quite chilly. She hadn't expected at all to find that she was *naked* though, from head to toe except for the glasses upon her nose. Red eventually stained her cheeks, and she looked around in a panic for some drawers or anything that might contain clothes. She did spot a packed suitcase at the foot of the bed.

But she didn't really make it there.

At least not before something happened that forced the girl to stop in her tracks, something so distracting that she really couldn't move forward with addressing it. Because while her glasses had remained, her vision had suddenly gotten *very* blurry. “**Huh?**” All it took was a quick removal of her frames for her to confirm something that *shouldn't* have

been so: the reality that glasses now hindered her ability to see rather than helping them. Or, more simply put...

She had 20/20 vision all of a sudden.

“Wait, what?” It made no sense! One’s vision didn’t just simply *get better instantly*, yet that was the reality she now faced. Before she even realized, the glasses she’d plucked from her face had up and disappeared from the grasp of her hand. And while there didn’t necessarily need to be a physical indication that something had affected her vision, a single glance at her eyes proved that the contrary was true here.

After all, the purples of her optics were not only a bright blue now, but the shapes of those eyes appeared to be inherently different. They were rounder, and if Futaba had possessed a mirror she would have been able to identify the fact that her lashes had been growing longer as well. There was something much more inherently Western about this facial design, something that seemed more European or American than Japanese based on the girl’s understanding of the world.

Yet when it came to her face, signs hardly stopped at her eyes alone, yet there was much more transpiring than effects that made her look racially different. There was a case to be made for the idea that her face increasingly appeared *older*, but short of a subtle tingling across her skin the girl had no means of identifying that. Still, with lips growing more abundant and her cheekbones giving her face a slightly sharper angle to boot, the addition of a slightly worn complexion was quick to give off the impression that the girl had, at some point, slid into her twenties from her mid-teens.

“Pfft! Pfft! Pffffffft! Something’s really wrong here! What’s going on with my hair!?” She had been blowing air up so profusely because her even bangs were, well, *no longer even*. More so on the left than the right, locks dyed orange had fallen longer to swing over her left eye, while a parting near the center saw the rest of her bangs sweep around her right eye. This was nothing compared to the length in the back however, a length that not only retained its ass length but thickened and curled in slight to leave her mane wholly voluminous.

With her left eye covered, it didn’t exactly take Futaba long to notice something else: the fact that the orange dye she put into her hair was washing out to reveal another color. And yet, it wasn’t at all the natural dark color she had but instead a sapphire blue that crashed through it all like waves. Over just a few moments, every hair on her body had been dyed the exact same color whether it was the hair atop her head, her eyebrows, or a bush above her crotch that had grown a little fuzzier itself.

She ran hands through her long hair. “...!? !? !?!?!?!?” Considering it was so different, she’d had plenty to say about it and, yet? No words came. Not even a croak. It was like the physical ability to create more than raspy noises with her voice box had been stolen from her. But that was more or less what had happened really, and it pushed Futaba into an even greater state of panic.

The girl flailed about, incapable of making rational decisions while she was so distraught about her hair and her stolen ability to vocalize her thoughts aloud. This panicked state provided opportunity for further change to slip in without (immediate) notice, so she was temporarily ignorant to the fact that the height of her frame had been slipping upward ever so subtly.

Whether it was four or five inches, she didn’t grow much taller than that, and it was reflected across every facet of her body. Whether it was the lengths of her arms stretching to keep even with a pulled spine, or the buckle of her legs growing more pronounced to support her larger upper half, it was clear that the consistency of her body’s shape was being kept in mind. It was something seen even in lengthened fingers (*now sporting longer nails to boot*) and tootsies that sported more appropriate heels for her body’s size.

No! I need to put something on before I try to find help! In the meantime, Futaba had a spot of clarity as she remembered the nakedness of her situation. As she now recalled, she should have had a dress in *her* suitcase. *Wait, that thing’s not mine! I’ve never seen it before in my life! But... Why do I remember packing it then!? Or coming to this inn!?*

This realization forced her introspection into overdrive, and she soon found that her mental state was a mess. Her memories as Futaba Sakura still persisted, but there were other memories here as well. Memories of knowing how to fight? Of knowing how to perform on stage as an infamous musician? Wait, didn’t this story strike a few chords of familiarity? Almost like she’d heard this tale before. Like it now existed as something she’d heard retold, but also something that now existed in her memories. And yet she still couldn’t put a name to either.

Futaba simply knew at this point that there were clothes in that suitcase, and that she had to put something on anyways so why not look? While bending over to check it out though, she finally realized. “???” *Was the ground always this far away? Did I get taller!?* Doing her one better than that, with her body leaned forward like it was there was a clear rise in volume when it came to another aspect of her body at the same time.

The cheeks of her ass appeared significantly fuller while she undid the suitcase's clasps, like muffins rising in the oven. Although in this case it was likely better to call them *buns*. Still, the paltry mass she'd once possessed as a fifteen-year-old girl blossomed splendidly into a spongy tush that wedged her hips wider as a side effect, with everything excess bleeding past those hips and into her upper legs to deliver tautly wrapped fat to her thighs. They were undeniably enticing just as her ass was.

Aha! There's the dress! She plucked the blue outfit out from the suitcase's top along with a pair of golden hair pieces, and while she'd never seen it before she was once again struck with two waves of déjà vu at the same time. This was her favorite dress? But she'd seen someone else wear this before too! *Who was it again? Who am I... becoming?* Because at this point, it was undeniable she was becoming a different person.

With the dress in hand, Futaba(?) corrected her back so that it was straight again, but much to her dismay the bounce of her chest took her by surprise. Her breasts had never amounted to much weight wise, but didn't they feel a little heftier? What she saw looking down was more than enough to make her discard the dress onto the bed in shock though. *Holy moly! My tits are getting FAT!*

Crude as she was, she also wasn't *wrong*. Elongated fingers enthusiastically ran to her chest the moment she realized her breasts had already doubled in size, and in her palms she could feel them growing bigger and bigger still. Her fingers were pushed wider by their growths, both tits



expanding past even the biggest pair she'd ever seen until they were just as big as her head! Fondling them just felt so damn good! They made her feel a little more confident honestly, strange as that was.

Before she could get any farther along though, a realization struck her. She'd remembered something very important.

Her *new* name.

Several months came and went, and the new *Sona Buvelle* eventually adapted to her new life. Not being able to talk had been an issue at first, but thanks to the necessary memories that had been fed to mingle with the old ones of Futaba Sakura, she had managed to make do. Having an excuse not to talk kind of had its perks though? She'd always hated talking to others, but now she had plenty of cause *not* to. Plus she was so attractive, and it was nice to have others looking her way all of the time.

Of course, the truth of how this had happened had been made apparent to her. The real Sona Buvelle, the League of Legends character, had made a wish of some kind and they'd traded places. As far as memories went on that subject it should reverse itself someday, but when would that day come?

Well, it wasn't like she was in a rush to trade back.



Now rewind several months to the very moment that Futaba Sakura had been sucked into her computer. What had been taken from her world had not gone without replacement, and left standing in that modern Japanese bedroom was a woman with long, blue hair and an

outstanding figure. It was the honest to goodness, true Sona Buvelle – just as surprised to find herself in an unfamiliar room as Futaba had been to find herself in Sona's inn room.

The bright lights and sleek design of the space had taken her completely off guard. After all, the last she had recalled she had been casting a spell upon herself. Well... She hadn't actually expected it to do anything, but it was a little procedure she had seen in a book that claimed to '*help overcome her own anxieties*'. The very moment she'd finished making the hand signs she'd memorized in the text however, a bright light had shone, and she had found herself *here*.

"...!?" While incapable of crying out, the fact that she had been stripped completely naked was still something that had given her a great deal of surprise. She was in an unfamiliar place, surrounded by unfamiliar things, and she was butt naked to boot? Surely she had made an error in

the casting of that spell that she hadn't even expected to work in the first place!

But no, it was working wholly as intended, actually.

First thing was first: Sona recognized her need for clothing. She didn't really understand much about the things in this room, but there was something that definitely looked like a dresser in the room's corner. With any luck there would be something there that would fit her. Though, on the other hand, she really didn't understand yet that whether she fit in them now or not, she would most certainly fit in them by the time she reached them.

The distance wasn't long, but the first couple of steps felt very labored to the musician, and she felt like she hadn't made as much progress in her journey as she most certainly *should* have. "...?" In the beginning she hadn't exactly been sure if it was related, but that desk with the bright square thing on it seemed like it was closer while looking down now, and that struck her as odd too! But then it was closer, and closer, and...

"!?!?" Sona was mute and could not express it with sound, but her facial expression revealed all it needed to. She was panicked because she had slowly been *shrinking*. A total of five inches or so had been peeled off her overall height, leaving the woman to appear rather *compressed* as her breasts, ass, tummy, and thighs still carried all of the weight necessary for her previous height. Even her fingers appeared to have shortened, and her beautiful nails? They were short and frayed, almost like someone had been nibbling on them anxiously.

But why? Why was this happening? How had she shrunk!? Was this part of the spell she had casted? And if so, how was any of this supposed to help with the issues she'd wished to address? The fact that her weight seemed too much for her current size didn't help, but at the very least that little problem soon found itself addressed.

The excess weight of Sona's body soon found a means of draining away. It began with a tightening of her tummy, which not only removed the slight bulge she'd held temporarily but also pinched her waistline and hips in to something more reasonable for a woman of her new 5'0" height. On the other hand however, to complete those ends a little more needed to be taken away than a beautiful, adult woman might have been comfortable with.

Sona's body lurched backwards suddenly. "**WHOA!?**" It forced her to cry out with a *voice*, and yet it didn't really register with her due to how odd everything happening with her body felt. With her hips significantly narrowed, the weight of her adult ass cheeks had clapped backwards for

a moment to shift her balance in an unsettlingly way. She was certain that she was going to fall, but with arms thrown out to the sides she fortunately managed to stabilize herself before it was too late. Which was fine, for the need was only temporary.

Those thundering cheeks had been short-lived in their vigor and had slimmed down in the time it had taken the woman to find her balance once more. Each passing second had brought a newfound tightness at the cost of size and jiggle, until either bun was pulled into a neat little package that only jutted a few inches out behind her. This was reflected similarly in her thighs as well, with skin pulled tight around excess weight until they were incredibly lean but still enticing in their own right. Shocked, she reached a hand back to grab one of her cheeks. **“Oh my gosh, my butt is so...”**

There. Halfway into her sentence, it finally clicked for Sona, and for a brief moment her eyes glazed over as if she were about to cry. **“I can speak!? I can really talk! Is this spell granting my desires in a very strange manner, then?”** Amazing as it all was, her voice didn’t sound at all like she had expected. It sounded younger and raspier.

Enamored by the sound of her own voice nonetheless, Sona had ultimately been rendered indifferent to the fact that her breasts were thinning next. Both of these tits, which were basically as large as her head, drained with consistency so that one was never smaller than their other. In the process her nipples thinned too, and what resulted was a bosom that was hardly a pair of perky B-cups. Did she really mind that though? No, because her breasts had always been so big that they’d been burdensome at times.

“Oh, right! I need to find some garments to adorn! In the dresser opposite my computer then...” Sona hadn’t understood that room at all when she’d first appeared there, but now she could somehow make some sense of it all. That glowing device? It was called a computer. She understood not only what it was, but how it functioned. **“It’s amazing though, there’s nothing like that where I... H-Huh!? Wait, why do I know all this? Why can I remember... things?”**

Things she had no business remembering. Like a life of holing herself up in this room, like a life of loving video games, anime, and the like (*not to mention the fact that she now understood what all of these things were*). But bizarre as these memories and knowledge were, she also didn’t feel like she was at any risk of forgetting who she *really* was.

“Oh!” A new gasp of surprise came as Sona caught sight of her bangs. They had darkened in color briefly before a very bright orange swept

overtop instead. Her memories immediately went *Oh right, I dye my hair*. So at least she had some context for what was happening. The trend was quick and plagued her hair in its entirety, but given another moment the hair followed a different course of correction. The entirety of her locks thinned, losing their natural perm and abundant volume, leaving what remained thin and much more manageable than she was used to. It was even reflected in the bangs she'd noted, what with them framing like a hime-cut across her forehead to mask how bushy her brows had become.

A sharp pain in Sona's eyes forced her to squint promptly, and when she reopened them? Her baby blues had been tilted purple. More than that though, her lashes were slightly choppier and the shapes of those eyes themselves appeared narrower to indicate a change in race. *I'm Japanese*. The thought had been weighing on her for the past minute now, because she found she could read text on a nearby posted she couldn't read before.

“W-Wait! I can't see...” With the change in shape and color came some temporary panic, for Sona's vision turned incredibly blurry. At least, until, a sudden weight pressed down on a shrunken nose and her vision returned to full strength. Glasses had appeared as if from nowhere, but they'd actually been sent back through the computer from the old Futaba to the new one. Thinned, chapped lips puckered between chubby lips too. **“Okay, I guess that's better.”**

Her transformation had fortunately reached its end, and despite how significant things had changed for her, Sona couldn't help but feel *elated*. She had a voice! She could speak! She could express herself properly! She'd never wanted anything more than that, really, and she'd been prepared to sacrifice whatever was necessary deep down. **“But for now I need to get dressed. Then I can figure out what to do from there...”**

Months passed for the brand-new *Futaba Sakura*, just as they had for the new Sona. It was very strange, really. Learning that the world you came from was little more than a game in this world, and that you were now a slim-fitted girl that not only had a voice but was still a little hesitant when it came to socializing. **“But I think I've made some**



strides there. It's been getting a little easier, I think..."

Sitting on her bed, Futaba was merely musing to herself about everything that had transpired since that fateful day. The spell had meant to be temporary, but months had passed, and it didn't really seem like she would be going home anytime soon. Could she have been trapped in this Tokyo forever? If so, with each passing day she became more certain that, perhaps, it wasn't really a bad thing if she did.

She loved this new life. Even if she couldn't help but dorkily snuggle up with her computer and video games now and again. She'd still made much greater strides than the old Futaba had.

If anything, she only hoped that the other party was just as content as she was.