

FANTASTIC JOURNEY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



FJO. Known by its full name as ‘*Fantastic Journey Online*’.

It was... Well, to be honest no one knew *what* it was. Truthfully the game had popped up out of nowhere one day, promising a robust MMO experience in a high fantasy setting. The videos and screenshots looked *hyper* realistic and it also touted a similarly realistic combat experience. A number of promises that came across as ‘shady’ considering no one had even heard of the game before it launched.

“It really feels like you’re *in the game*, huh?” Joseph had been the one doing the digging for himself and his online friends. If the game turned out to be a quality experience despite all of warning signs then it would probably be worth it to get a group together, right? That’s why he was going through the day 1 player reviews. They all sung the game’s praises, but there was a strange theme about just how *immersive* it was. No mentions of viruses or bloatware though. **“Alright... I guess it might be worth playing?”**

And so, with the game passing the baseline of a smell test, the man decided to message his friends Kay and Axel on Discord, passing on what he had learned and the download link so that they could all get everything installed to play later that night. Perhaps if they had waited an additional twenty four hours then they might have heard the reports of mysterious disappearances related to the game.

But they were too eager to try something new.

In the end the three men had decided to create their characters before getting on call. Something that had proven to be problematic because Joseph *continued* to get a server error message every time he got to that specific screen. **“Ugh... No one mentioned *this*.”** How many times had he restarted the game now? Three? Five? He’d lost count more or less. But *finally* upon startup there was no error message. Just a dialogue box with a different warning.

Beginning character scan. Your form will be compiled based on perceived preferences.

“Uhh... is it scanning my computer?” It definitely *seemed* that way. Without permission? And what did it mean by ‘your form’? Surely that must have been referring to his character? Was there not just a regular character creator he could use? This all felt like a major privacy violation. Something that probably would have come up in user reviews? ...Unless they were curated.

The thought of ALT-F4ing the game and telling the other on Discord came up, but before he could do that there was a strange tugging sensation. No, suction? **“W-Wait a sec—!?”** But before he could say any more he was pulled directly into his computer and the room became silent. But not before the dialog box on the screen changed.

SCAN COMPLETED. NEW FORM COMPILED.

“What just happened? Did I get sucked into my computer?” Everything was dark *wherever* Joseph had ended up. It was only a few moments later that his surroundings became clearer and not because the space had been illuminated. But because his eyes were filtering in light differently. Something that should have been impossible. For a *human* at least. **“Maybe this is in the game? As crazy as that sounds... But if this is like one of those anime maybe there’s a logout button or something?”**

Joseph began to wave his hands about wildly. It looked *silly*, but he was trying to activate some sort of menu so that he could ‘log out’. Assuming this wasn’t *real*, anyways. The problem for him was that it *was* real, however, and it was becoming *realer* with every passing second. So distracted with the setting, for example? A subtle tugging sensation at the tips of his ears wasn’t enough to redirect his attention *at first*. But the tugging felt stronger and stronger until, finally, he reached up a hand to—

“Is this... Is this my ear?”

It felt all wrong. It was too long and had a *point*. Like the ear of an elf? No, it was both of his ears he soon found. But not only were they long but their coloration was *very* off. Rather than his regular, olive tone his ears had turned an ashen grey – not a normal human skin tone by any means. And as it crept slowly across his body to cover *all* of his flesh it didn't become any *less* unusual. **“Do I have elf ears? Is this really inside the game? Could I be... becoming an elf?”** He'd read stories like this before. Both of the transformation and isekai varieties.

“That's hard to believe, but...” It strangely didn't upset nor alarm Joseph, and in fact he was even fine with the occasional, feminine crack to his voice that emerged. It was a strange attitude to have, but one that made the transition into his new life all the easier. With his skin now completely painted grey, it had also become hairless aside from thinned brows and a tiny strip above his dick. But the hair that remained? It lit up in color so that it was a silver color and the hair atop his head *grew* into a messy, back swept style that was strikingly feminine.

But in the meantime his body's figure and physique were both changing in ways that largely supported an increased femininity that could be perceived not only in his hair but in shrinking, softening facial features. **“A woman elf?”** How could he have known that? He wasn't sure, but he felt confident in his assumption – like deep down a switch had already been flipped and he wasn't just accepting this fate, but welcoming it. Maybe that was why his face narrowed so quickly, or why lips grew so puffy and pouty. His eyes narrowed but their colors likewise sharpened to a dark crimson.

...Which oddly allowed him to see *much*, much better in the dark.

“A dark elf.” Joseph's voice very much sounded like a woman's by this juncture, but the way he was speaking was rather *dry*. It almost made him sound grumpy? And as he recounted these shocking changes he was beginning to develop a 'wasn't it always this way?' attitude which had begun to annoy him. What had he been reacting so strongly to before? *Her* own body? **“...Her? Well obviously I'm a woman.”**

An increasingly quiet part of her mind wanted to believe that she wasn't supposed to be a woman, much less an elf, but the facts spoke for themselves. Her genitals had already reshaped themselves into a woman's equivalent and now her figure, which had been slowly getting shorter and shorter over the past few minutes so that she had dropped from nearly 6' to 5'2", was softening and swelling in all of the right places.

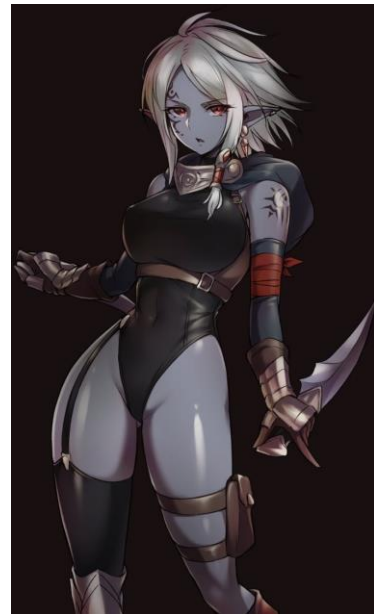
Joseph's thighs grew plush, grey skin pulled tight within pants that were much too baggy for her now at her shorter height. The excess bled into

ass cheeks, granting them a rounded, tightened definition that was helped by the fact that any excess weight from her body had been shaved away otherwise. This meant her waistline was very narrow and her hips quite wide. But she was *toned* too, her body now vaguely muscular. In a way that made her agile, not exactly strong.

Which made sense seeing as she now had memories of dashing through forests and cities, keeping herself concealed in the shadows. If there was a part of her body that ever made those act difficult it was definitely her *tits*. The very thought of them stirred their growth to life, and the front of Joseph's shirt pushed forward and lifted as once non-existent mounds erupted into full, round E-cups with dark grey nipples.

“Hah?” The fit of her outfit was getting on her nerves, but by the time she looked down to scoff at it there were no further problems. She was wearing her usual, black, skintight leotard that revealed her hips, thighs, and pelvis. One legging bound to the leotard with a garter strap, small boots, black armbands, metal gauntlets... and of course the silver headband and cloak around her neck. Jewelry had pierced her ears, and of course the tattoos of her *ex-tribe* were on her left shoulder and around her right eye respectively. **“Huh. Must be going crazy...”**

The dark elf rustled about within the dark space that was *her room within the guild she had joined*. Magic technology was *very* advanced in this world, and so replicating outdoor environments indoors was possible. That was why *Fenrys'* room was a hollowed out tree decorated in the traditional furniture of her tribe. It was all she really had after betraying them – but she had really been given no choice. The things they were doing and *planned* to do just weren't right. She had to *stop* them.



“Today isn't the day for worrying about this though, I guess.” In the end the *Rogue* just shook her head and headed towards the room's door – deceiving as it was for it was hidden by magic. She sounded as dark and gloomy as ever but she *knew* that she would be expected to be in higher spirits once she got outside. It was her *birthday* after all, and the rest of the party that she was traveling with would want to celebrate. **“Even though we live so long that one birthday doesn't really matter...”**

She'd come around. She just wished she could remember what she had been trying to remember before. Oh well, maybe it wasn't that important?

The complete radio silence that Kay had been receiving from the group chat after everyone had installed the game that Joseph suggested probably *should* have been a red flag, but the young man hadn't really thought too much about it. After all, he was excited to dip his toes into a brand new game. Even more so to spend some time with a character... creator? "**H-HEY!?**" At least until the game itself had sucked him up.

"**Hot...!**" When his awareness returned to him, he was overwhelmed by a blistering heat. He was confined within a small, furnished room of white stone with a pane-less window nearby overlooking a desert oasis. This was all an *illusion* created by the guildhall's rooms though – akin to how Fenrys saw the depths of a dark forest. But Kay didn't know this.

He didn't understand any of this. "**How is this possible?**" The heat aside, all of the furniture seemed a little too *big* for a regular sized person. Not to mention the gigantic axe propped up by the front door. Which made him realize just how big the *door* was too. "**Is this a room for giants?**" And was the heat getting to him? He felt a little *woozy*. And his shirt felt a little tight. And his pants? And his socks? "**Uh...?**"

Because Kay was unfamiliar with his surroundings it took him a touch longer than it probably should have to understand *directly* what was happening. The furniture in the room now appeared to be a normal size? And his shirt and pants were digging into any skin that they weren't showing off all of a sudden? And then it clicked. "**Wait, am I taller!?**" Was it even a question? It was the only thing that made any sense with the symptoms he'd realized. If the room had been designed for someone of his (new) size, then he now fit in perfectly... at a tall 6'5".

"**How is this possible!?**" He quickly stopped himself from moving too much. His old outfit was barely clinging onto his body and one wrong move would tear things, but at the same time it seemed there had been an added benefit to this significant growth spurt. There was no longer any fat to his body where it didn't belong? He was completely thin – vaguely toned around his tummy, even. Fingers were somehow smaller by comparison but had become strikingly calloused. A change they shared with his feet and toes. And yet despite the fact that he managed to remain perfectly still—

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

Whether it was the sleeves of his shirt, the cloth gripping the top of his belly, or his pant legs; it all tore on its own. “**Holy...**” Kay was left gawking down at his body for it had bulged with a strength that hadn’t been there before. Arms and thighs had rippled with muscle, and her pecs and abs were *incredibly* well defined now. Could you even have a *ten pack*? But in a more confusion change his waistline had pulled in by quite a significant margin, and were his hips wider? When all was said and done his old outfit was little more than strained tatters, the odd fiber digging into his flesh while boxers just barely managed to conceal the most important part.

“**I’m so strong.**” The man had begun the statement with disbelief, but only three words in his tone sounded more certain. Was it odd for him to be so strong? So big and muscular? What of all of the hunting he had done for his tribe in his youth? All of the weight training and axe swinging? “**Did I do all that? AHAHA! I must have!**” That still didn’t make sense and yet he was laughing it off?

The coloring of Kay’s skin had been changing in the meantime. It didn’t darken to an unusual grey like Joseph’s had, but instead an orangey bronze emerged overtop his paler complexion and even bronzed his nipples. But there were also a series of markings in a golden yellow. Gears around his nipples, curls across his thighs and arms. One even coiled around the base of his dick beneath his boxers... for the time being.

He was becoming surprisingly accustomed to wearing so little even though he normally would have hated the idea in the past. Yet he moved around now without a care for the possibility of his boxers finally succumbing to his greater size. All the while he seemed a little *lost*? His expression suggested he wasn’t *quite there* mentally for a moment. But it also highlighted a significant structural change. The shape of his face became sharper in the chin and his cheek boned rose. Eyes ignited with a golden color and lashes lengthened while their shapes rounded. And his lips? They erupted with a succulent swell, tripling in thickness so they were thick and pouty. Undeniably feminine – as the rest of *her* body was becoming.

“**Ngh...**” Apparently Kay had paid more notice to her sex changing that Joseph had, but in the end she shrugged it off with a hearty laugh. “**Horny!? At this hour!?**” Her voice was a hearty, feminine boom while her dark hair fell dramatically out in length behind her. It didn’t take long at all to trail as far down as her ankles with a messy, unkempt style that was ignited with a fiery red coloration. Something shared with a bush of pubes that grew thick and messy like the weeds of a forest above her new pussy.

Her figure filled out rapidly from this point on, and it was hardly as discreet as the dark elf's changes in the room next door to hers. **“Oof!”** The muscular monster of a woman lurched forward all of a sudden. She was given little choice because her pecs had found new, abundant company. The gear markings around her nipples stretched as those nipples inflated, fatty tissue building and building and building beneath. Any remaining fibers from her torn shirt would snap as her chest erupted into a pair of tits that were nearly twice the woman's head in size. With her body so tall this made them even *bigger*. *L-cups?* *M-cups?* They were big, weighty and firm and they definitely had to be in that size ballpark.

She pulled her posture back eventually, groaning as she stretched. In the meantime her hips widened even more than they had, bronzed skin stretched around both her thighs and ass as they erupted thunderously into greater, ridiculous sizes as well. Fat inflated them but muscles still defined them, granting her the fabled ‘thunder thighs’ and an ass that would make any orc shudder. Good thing she wasn't into orcs! **“Good stretch!”**

By the time she loosened her muscles her ears had pulled into elven points too. And new clothes had appeared to cover her... kind of. Her new fashion philosophy was *‘the less the better’* and so aside from sleeves and thigh high armored boots of black, silver, and gold, she essentially only wore a loose, black bikini garment over her tits. It wasn't even bound, draping over nipples with crimson gems from her homeland on the tips. Whereas a bikini bottom with a black cloth flat was all that hid her pelvis.

A lot of things made a lot more sense now that *Seldanna's* transformation had completed. She was an elf from a southern desert mountain tribe, accustomed to the harsher climate and having developed traits to weather it including a darker skin tone. The women of her tribe were also extremely large. Aside from that she was *massive* in every way that counted, from muscles to height to excess body tissue. **“Hahaha!”**



What was I getting so worked up over?” Much like Fenrys she didn’t seem to have the foggiest idea that she had once been a puny human.

Each step shook the stone foundation of her room a little, prompting her tits, ass, and thighs alike to jiggle while reaching for her axe on the nearby wall. **“Guess I should hit up training before our little surprise!”** Because the *Barbarian* could recall her plans with another member of her guild and party to hold a special, little celebration for their third member. **“She’ll probably be grumpy about it. But she’ll get over it!”**

It was nice that Seldanna could be so carefree, if anything.

“It’s f-f-f-freezing!” Axel wasn’t unaccustomed to colder climates. In fact he had been living through the cooler time of year back home. But this *wasn’t* back home. After trying to create a character in FJO he had been slurped into his computer and had found himself in a *snowy forest*? Or at least that was what he could see outside of a nearby, frost-covered window. It seemed like he was in a small apartment – or something like it. But it was hollowed out of a tree? **“How the hell did I end up here!?”**

Was he dreaming? It was easy enough to assume that with how *bizarre* of a situation this was. Yet he’d never felt a bone-chilling cold as vividly in his dreams before. It all felt a little *too* real. **“Gotta get close to the fire…”** At least there was a fire going. A fire... inside of a tree? Was that okay? It looked like a chimney had been hollowed out. Either way, he began to grow accustomed to the temperature whether he realized or not.

Leaning as close to the fire as he could to warm up, Axel’s mind was racing. He was trying to figure out *how* he had ended up here. Where *was* here? How could he get home? If this wasn’t a dream then how could any of it be explained? If his body hadn’t been so cold he might have clued into the fact that there were even *more* unexplained things happening. Like the skin across his body tensing because he was *thinning* until he was no longer big-bodied or even tall for that matter. He’d slid down to 5’5”, but since he was crouching his clothes didn’t really feel that loose. And his skin was so cold that he didn’t really feel anything sliding about.

“Warm... Warm...” *How odd though, this much cold is bothering me?* Intrusive thoughts seemed to take issue with his panic regarding the temperature, but the man hardly seemed to notice. He was much too focused on rubbing his hands together; hands that softened to the

touch, shrunk in size, and gained lengthened nails were they had once been short. In fact much of his complexion followed a trend similar to what unfolded with his hands. Skin was left soft and pale, any freckles, moles, or blemishes erased so that not even a singular scar remained.

In Axel's face this had the intentional side effect of increasing its femininity. With his body thinner of course his face had thinned as well, but softened skin still retained the rounder shape his head had always had. That said this shape came across as smaller even though the features *upon* it seemed to be growing in various ways. Lips swelling into a glossy, natural pout was one of those ways – as was his eyes growing in size, gaining lengthened lashes, and changing in color to a dull green. Ultimately his face was left *exceptionally* attractive, dainty in its beauty.

And the elven ears that poked out from the sides of his head made it clear that his fate wasn't going to be all that different from his friends'.

“Too warm! Why am I sitting so close to the fire...?” Not only was his voice as soft as a pure maiden's, but he sounded confused. He didn't feel cold anymore? Hadn't he just *been* cold? *But do I not have natural resistance to the winter's chill? It's a trait of my tribe.* Natural resistance? Tribe? All terms that *shouldn't* have made any sense to him and yet they weren't just terms. They were *memories*. The more deeply rooted these mental changes became, the longer his once very short haircut became. These strands lightened to a whiter silver than Fenrys', but they were also much longer as they reached his ass even as he stood up straight.

...And lost his pants and boxers. **“Hm? Do my clothes not fit? That's odd...”** Axel stood in only an oversized t-shirt now. Thinner and shorter it hung low enough to cover his junk, but not low enough to hide his thighs. Thighs that seemed far *plusher* and shinier than they should have. They were very feminine, as was the better defined peach-shaped rear that now lifted up the shirt ever so slightly in the back. **“No, when did I put this on? This doesn't belong to me, does it?”**

Green eyes blinked, not focusing at all on the fact that the shirt she was staring down at was protruding farther from *her* chest than it had before. Breasts had been swelling gradually, and now she had a pair of perky, pale D-cups above a tummy that had to be several inches trimmer by comparison. She was the lightest member of the party in terms of figure and also the youngest by far in elven years, but she was the cutest, sweetest, and most traditionally beautiful. But she was also the only virgin as her new, pink pussy could have shown with a bit of investigation.

Something Seldanna and Fenrys had been trying to fix for her.

“My clothes...? Oh, perhaps I didn’t sleep much last night? This is my usual dress!” The woman wasn’t wrong. She’d merely blinked and the shirt was gone. Her body now instead clad in a long, flowing white gown with snowy roses and green ribbons embroidered into it. The dress was strapless and clung to her breasts, showing off nearly everything but her nipples. Bloomers and panties were beneath the puffy skirt, and a translucent veil with the same rose theming laid gently over silver locks.

“Dear oh dear, is it getting to be that time already? I sure hope that Seldy remembered...” As an elf of the frosty north, *Ochilysse* didn’t seem to be bothered by the subzero temperatures whatsoever. Her people had long since learned to live with the cold much like the southern tribes lived with the heat. So much of her skin was exposed by her dress and the polite and delicate *Cleric* didn’t so much as bat an eye. This *was* her room after all. According to the guild’s magic, this was the environment she preferred.



Ochilysse crouched down to put out the fire and then headed towards the door, grabbing her favorite staff from a nearby closet on the way. She knew that opening it would lead her directly into the guild building. They were simply visiting for a few weeks since they were between jobs, but her party’s journey would surely resume after the birthday party she and Seldanna had been planning for Fenrys. Or as Ochilysse called her, ‘Fenny’. **“I do hope that the staff in the dining hall held up their promise.”**

To reserve space and put up decorations. It was rare to find a party consisting solely of elves, but being a member of the most beautiful race *did* have its perks. Ochilysse was not above using her fair beauty as a tool to gain favors. She’d flirted with the cute beastkin woman who worked in the dining hall just to help with the party! Maybe this was her chance to finally get laid... perhaps?

“I just hope Fenny appreciates all we’ve done!”