

SAVING GAME

COMMISSION STORY

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“What am I even looking for again?”

It was a rhetorical question that I had asked myself as I scrolled through line after line of code on my computer screen. As a newly graduated computer science major, I was in that weird ‘in between’ point in my life where I now had a degree, but I didn’t necessarily have a *job* yet. That part *was* being worked on, but in the meantime? I unfortunately had a little extra free time than I was accustomed to. Years of dedicating myself to studying in all of my spare moments had finally come to a long end, and now that I was actually done with them? I didn’t really know *what* to do with myself.

So much time had been spent coding in the end that, well, that was more or less what I had defaulted to doing while on my little ‘vacation’. I had decided it might be worth my time to take a proverbial ‘peek behind the curtains’ of a few games. Not to copy them or anything like that; that would have been a *terrible* practice. But just to get a sense of how the games I enjoyed had been made in detail.

Well, by the time I had reached *this* game, I suppose there had been an ulterior motive involved. After putting a few different games through the code reading wringer, I had finally decided to take a peek at the coding of one of my favorite games of all time, *VA-11 Hall-A: Cyberpunk Bartender Action*. It was an independent title developed by Sukeban Games that had more or less earned cult status thanks to its sharp, interpersonal writing and striking pixel graphics that illustrated a complex, lively, cyberpunk setting.

The game starred the ever popular Julianne “Jill” Stingray, a bartender in this setting who lives alone with her cat. By mixing drinks for her customers and speaking to them, you were able to grow closer to an ever expanding cast of interesting characters while unraveling the details of Jill’s backstory and how it may relate to others. It was truly a fascinating tale, and one that I held close to my heart.

But my favorite character wasn’t *actually* Jill. **“Huh? This code... This is for an Alma scene I’ve never seen in game before. Has this been datamined?”** While flipping through the code I encountered something *strange*. I thought I had seen everything there was about VA-11 Hall-A and going through the code was more or less just a pleasantry, but had I actually stumbled upon something of interest?

My favorite character was actually *Alma Armas*, a tall, tanned, and blonde twenty nine year old woman who worked as a hacker. Her beautiful, busty body and playful demeanor made her popular with plenty of people, and that included myself. I just wished that she had been used more in the game itself. *That* was why this felt like such a big find. **“What is this scene even about? Why did they remove it?”** I skimmed the file for dialogue, but before I could read the first line?

The screen of my computer began to glitch out.

“...Huh?”

The next thing I knew, my surroundings were *very* different. I *had* been in my bedroom sitting at my desk, but while I was still sitting at *a* desk, it definitely wasn’t mine. There were no less than *four* monitors set up, serving as the sole sources of light in what seemed to be a darkened bedroom. From the little light available I could make out a big, messy bed, a vanity table, hardwood floors, and walls painted in purple. **“Where am I? What... just happened?”**

I was more than justified in my skepticism. After all, this sort of thing was basically *unheard* of outside of fictional stories. Being teleported instantaneously to a new location... that level of technology didn’t exist in this day and age. **“The room smells nice though. Is that perfume?”** Come to think of it, there was some rather *sizable* lingerie hanging from the back of a closet door. Had I been teleported to a *woman’s* room?

My mind began to wander to ideas about what might happen if I got *caught*. If a woman found a strange man in her room, she’d be well within her right to harm him, much less contact the authorities. It was

then that I noticed the nearby window. Or the view outside of it. A perfect, *pixelated* view of a cyberpunk city. “**W-Wait a moment, here. I was looking at Va-11 Hall-A’s code when it happened, but... It couldn’t be?**” Was I inside the *game*? I wanted to think it was impossible for that to be the case, but how else did I explain that view? No, looking around the room I was in now...

Wasn’t it the same? I hadn’t realized at first because it was so *dim*, but the world around me was so pixelated and crunchy. But I was still three dimensional. “**This doesn’t make any sense. Nor does it... Ugh...**” I felt nauseous out of nowhere, and my skin began to tingle. I just felt extremely *weird* as a whole. Little did I know at the time that it was just a byproduct of the pixelated world around me attempting to *assimilate* me.

But it didn’t intend to do so while I looked like *that*.

“**Ugh...**” I couldn’t find the strength to make any sounds beyond my groaning in the initial moments. It was hard to even stand up straight, much less think *too* much about what was happening beyond my instincts to *survive* kicking in. But on the other hand? What was happening to me visually at the time made the matter of whether or not I was *ill* a little bit confusing. One’s skin color could change a little bit when sick, for example.

But did it usually become more *tanned*? Probably *not*, and yet that was exactly what had been happening to my own skin. The little bit of a tan I’d earned through time spent in the summer sun darkened *more* and became much more consistent, covering me from head to toe. They weren’t mere tan *lines* or anything of the sort, because those would have had a starting point *and* a stopping point. But in the case of my skin? Those didn’t exist. It was all a consistent tan – aside from my nipples which browned and almost looked a little *swollen*. But more on *that* later.

My skin wasn’t even alone in the ‘changing color’ sense. The colors of my eyes shifted to a gentle hazel beyond my knowledge, whereas my hair? It lightened *significantly* until it was a very golden blonde. Had I been in the right headspace to *check*, I might have begun to draw a conclusion about what was happening to me early on. After all, in terms of *color palette* I already bore a striking resemblance to a certain *character*.

I managed to prevent myself from falling, but more than that I could tell that whatever feeling had washed over me? It was beginning to pass. Before long I could think more coherently. I didn’t feel as weak, either. Except I did in a weird way? In a *different* way. It almost felt like my

body's weight wasn't exactly how I recalled it, and I was struggling to properly move as effectively as I used to. **"That feeling's gone, so why do I feel so... heavy?"** In a real 'ask and you shall receive (an answer) moment, all it took was a glance down at my own body to draw a very alarming conclusion.

"I... I have TITS!?" My voice also seemed to be cracking a fair bit, but that wasn't really something I could fixate on when I was watching my shirt inflate and lift up with my very eyes. It wasn't like anyone was blowing air up there or anything, however. I could feel my *nipples* pushing against the cloth. And after grabbing the swell without thinking things through? I was met with the sensitive euphoria of *grabbing my own pair of G-cups*.

My lower lip quivered, the thought not even striking me that the weight of that lip felt heavier too. They were thickening, growing denser and glossier as the teeth inside rearranged to better fit a shifting skull shape. My head was *actually* getting a little smaller, which almost felt *odd* since my hazel colored eyes ended up getting *bigger*. Bigger, with long fluttering lashes that. **"H-Hey!?"** I had been gawking at my own tits still when my vision suddenly went *very* blurry at a distance. And that blurring didn't come to pass.

My vision had *permanently* deteriorated.

"Wait! This is bad! I can't see very well! And... Eh!? What's up with my voice!?" High, soft, and *feminine*. Traits that probably shouldn't have been *that* surprising when you considered the huge breasts upon my chest. Fumbling around the dark room, I could feel their weight jiggle and bouncing about, making my erect nipples rub up against my shirt in the process. It was... *distracting*. I kind of wanted to *touch* myself, even though a sharp tug at the sides of my waist had narrowed my gait significantly in a somewhat discomfoting way. **"Although, if I'm aroused...? Why is it that...?"**

The hands that I had decided to keep away from my chest for the time being, hands that were shrinking a little so that my fingers could be long and delicate – with well-manicured nails to boot, reached down to the front of my pants where they pushed against what *should* have been a bulge. **"Shit!?"** I didn't know what else to say! I had just realized that my crotch was *flat*. Well, it hadn't been *completely* flat at first contact. There had *still* been a little nub at the time, but even *that* faded into naut. No, not nothingness entirely.

Into my new *slit*.

I shuddered at the sensation of those new folds burrowing into me, where a womb was fashioned in the place of my male plumbing. **“I’m a woman...”** My body seemed keen on trying to *reinforce* that realization in my mind, too. Because my thighs and ass began to swell next. It wasn’t hard for me to *realize*. The pants I had been losing weren’t tight, but they weren’t overly loose, either. On the other hand? They were *very* tight once that growth began. My thighs rippled like gelatin as more and more fat lined them, thickening them until each leg was wider than even my waist. Before long? The pant legs showed signs of fraying, with little tears forming here and there.

While in the back I could feel a *different* issue developing. My tan ass cheeks had spilled over the waistline of my pants and boxers alike, with the latter being shoved into my crack as an uncomfortable wedgie. **“Ow!?”** I had no choice but to struggle to pick it. **“Stupid nails...”** But longer fingernails made it difficult with no changes to my mind to help me adjust to this body.

As I craned my neck back to try and see what I was doing, I was at first alarmed by how big and luscious my plump ass had become. It was like a fully ripened fruit... not that my gigantic tits were much better. Unfortunately? Before long, my vision had become obscured by my *blonde* hair. It grew thicker and lengthier, spilling down way past my hips while the bangs obscured my vision here and there. **“Wait... This hair color? And is my skin a little darker? Big boobs, a fat ass...?”**

It couldn’t be that I was—? I was definitely *on* to something, but the feeling of coolness around my hands distracted me. They felt *stiff* for a moment, but as I raised them in front of my eyes? I could see clearly that they were *mechanical*. Black prosthetics. **“Just like the ones Alma has!?”** I *had* been right. Righter than I had known, as it soon clicked to me that my entire *outfit* had changed, not just my hands. I was wearing a purple turtleneck and black pants, the appropriate undergarments now supporting my tits while a thong hugged my pussy.

I only knew about the bra because I lifted my shirt up until my tanned cleavage was completely exposed.

“Wait, really? Even my clothes!” I really couldn’t deny it after lifting up my new shirt to stare at my toned tummy and big tits with black platee-covered arms and hands. I was *Alma Armas*. The woman from VA-11 Hall-A that I was a huge fan of. It all felt so *real*, there was no point in me trying to deny it. But I was still very much *myself*. It wasn’t like I had Alma’s personality nor memories. I just possessed her big, beautiful appearance.

I wanted to explore this new body of mine more, but a roadblock was forced upon me as my hands fell to my sides. “**H-Hey! What’s happening... here...?**” I could still look down with my head, and could see my legs, arms, feet, hands, and even my torso doing the same thing. They were *flattening*, becoming two dimensional aspects of this world as my outline became more and more pixelated.

The feeling crept up my next and into my face before long, and by then? I couldn’t help myself from continuously looking forward as if I was speaking to someone on the other side of a screen. “**Stop! I don’t want.. to.. be...?**” I tried to cry out for help, but it was becoming



harder and harder to project with my voice until, finally, I stopped making sounds entirely. I was an entirely flat, two dimensional, pixelated construct of this world.

THAT’ S WEIRD? WHY WAS I SO PANICKED?

When I spoke? My words appeared next to my head in a speech bubble instead. I wasn’t able to communicate what I was *really* thinking, either. It was like everything I could say from now on had already been written, which it *had*. Into a *script*. Into a *code*. Because that was really all I was at the end of the day. I was Alma Armas, the video game character. Merely some code with an appearance and role that had been programmed to act in a certain way according to the story. And whenever someone played VA-11 Hall-A from that moment on? *I* would be the Alma that appeared on screen with this bonus scene. One that took place with Jill in my room.



I DON’ T USUALLY SLEEP WITH GIRLS, JILL, BUT I’ M OPEN TO EXPLORING NEW AVENUES...

Sometimes a character could *grow*, right? Try new things? That was *exactly* the case for the Alma Armas whose code I now made up. Because I had been into women, that had transferred into my new life.

Though, I suppose it was equally true that her code had influenced me into liking men, too. We *were* one in the same, after all!