

# COMBAT COMFORT

## FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Why was it that when any game came out these days there had to be *some* kind of controversy?

It was a pretty tiring cycle for anyone who just wanted to play good games regardless of the contents. An exciting looking game comes out and on social media any conversation about it is mired by some sort of problem. Sometimes the concerns were warranted but in others? They either weren't or were being overdramatized for the sake of causing problems. And in the case of *Stellar Blade*? Its controversies fit more into the latter two camps.

But in the end? I wasn't really bothered by it. Even *I* had lines I would draw about what products I would consume but I had never been bothered by games featuring overly sexy characters or, on the flip side, I wouldn't be bothered by the developers choosing to put an extra inch of cloth over an outfit if that was what they wanted the outfit to look like. I purchased the game regardless of what either side of the argument had to say.

And in the end? I loved it! It was the perfect example of a good game being poisoned by people on both ends of a debate. The action was great and, in an era where console games were mired by poor performance? It ran and looked flawless even in its performance mode. For the first console title created by Shift Up? It was impressive even if it did have some glaring flaws.

If I was to say that I had any real issue with it though? It was just a stupid gripe. For a game that focused so much on the woman protagonist's outfits... **“How impractical even *are* some of these?”**

It had kept bothering me. EVE was constantly running and jumping around and kicking ass, but she was also always wearing skintight outfits or ensembles that just did *not* look like they would be practical in a battle. Not to mention *comfort*? Of course, I wasn't a woman and so I didn't know how their bodies *felt*, but having latex riding up your ass all the time didn't *sound* comfortable to me.

But EVE was also cybernetic soldier. Maybe that factored in?

**“I wish there was a way I could satiate my curiosity. I wonder if there’s someone I could ask?”** It was a funny idea for me to have, namely because I didn't exactly know any women who made a habit of wearing the kinds of clothes EVE did. I also didn't really know any cosplayers, and it would be kind of a weird thing to ask on Reddit, right? Like hey girls, anyone ever get chafing from their latex bodysuit? I'm just kind of curious!

I laughed at my own ridiculousness for a moment, closing my eyes in the process – habitual on my part. But by the time I *opened* my eyes? I was in for a surprise. I was no longer sitting at my computer but in what looked like a *lawn chair* beside a vending machine and a big... aircraft? **“H-HUH!?”** I shot up, immediately recognizing my surroundings. That worn city across a nearby bridge. I recognized it. It was Xion.

The main city featured in Stellar Blade. And this was the camp EVE used just outside of it. Adam's 'secret base'.

**“I... don't understand. Am I in the video game? That's not possible... It's also not good.”** Because the world of Stellar Blade was a world where humanity was on the brink while monsters known as Naytibas roamed the Earth's surface. Suffice to say? While I was on the outskirts of a safe city, an out of shape man with no experience with even a firearm like me had been thrust into a *very* dangerous situation provided it wasn't a dream. Whether or not I could properly explain how it was even possible that I'd ended up there.

Fortunately, or *unfortunately* for me, however? The force that had drawn me there hadn't done so with the intention of leaving me to fend for myself, nor did it wish for me to die. It was quite the *opposite*, in fact. But I wouldn't completely understand that immediately; not until a great deal of change had befallen me. And the first of those made itself apparent before I even took my first step away from the chair.

**CLANK!**

**“Uh...”** It had been the sound of my belt buckling hitting the dusty ground below me, bringing my pants and *almost* my boxers right along

with it – although fortunately I’d caught my underwear before it was too late. **“W-Wait a sec... What the hell!?”** If my reaction sounded a little excessive it was only because I had just experienced something *insane* (and that was even after suddenly finding myself inside of a video game). I was *thin*.

My belt had slipped because there was nothing to hold onto around my waist, and it wasn’t even isolated to around and below the belt itself. A hand pressed against a shirt in a way where I would usually expect resistance from a bulging gut. But there *was* no resistance. My palm collided with a flat tummy several inches down, one that felt a little *toned*? I’d *never* felt muscle on my stomach before in my life, even when I had been thinner. Of course, this weight loss also applied to my arms, legs, and face. I was the perfect, thinned version of myself.

**“This is just insane.”** But at the same time, I felt unusually *capable*? Was I stronger somehow? At the very least I’d have an easier time running away from threats with a body that was thin and fit. *Fight a Naytiba*, on the other hand? That still would have been a fool’s errand. **“Something is different about my skin too, isn’t it?”** Any body hair I’d grown, including around my loins, had smoothed away until it no longer existed. But more than that? My complexion was a little lighter *and* softer. Not to mention I watched a freckle here and there disappear before my very eyes.

While smaller markings appeared on my face and various other parts of my body that couldn’t be seen. **“But how will I go into town like this...?”** Had there been something about my voice by this point? It had been light, but it sounded a little like I was developing a *British* accent. It also sounded a touch higher and realistically I had more important things to worry about. Namely how it seemed like I was getting a little shorter? I was usually almost six feet tall, but I could tell that this height had dropped suddenly to around 5’5”.

I narrowed my gaze down at myself, unaware of the reality that the eyes through which I squinted had narrowed in part all on their own. My face in *general* demonstrated as much: my very *race* was being altered, Caucasian characteristics waning as my face became smaller overall. But not just smaller. *Feminine* too. Lashes danced a little longer around what were now *monolid* eyes, all while the colors of my irises took on a rather mundane brown coloration.

In terms of the mundane, you could say that the same applied to my hair. Its lighter color darkened while my face continued to shift, granting me a longer nose and full, pink lips. Facially? It would have been simple enough to identify it as belonging to a *woman* of *Korean* descent, and the black my hair took on before spilling down to my ass

behind me only added to that impression. This hair was soft and silky, with full bangs framing my cute yet sexy face efficiently.

**“This voice... No, it couldn’t be.”** I *sounded* like a woman, but despite *appearing* Korean I was still speaking with a (now even stronger) British accent. It was as if I’d been *dubbed over*? This almost felt like a silly thing to say, but I only thought it at the time because I was getting a sinking feeling about *what* was happening to me. After all, I’d heard that voice before. And it belonged to a woman, but not a *human*.

I was unaware of the *internal* changes to my body by this juncture. Much of it was no longer even biological, with artificial components replacing what was once flesh and blood. This included a steel frame that replaced my bones, although on the surface I still looked identical to a flesh and blood human. Albeit an incredibly *beautiful* one.

Seeing as I’d already zeroed in on the cause, I probably wasn’t *as* alarmed as I should have been as I felt my waist tighten beneath my oversized shirt, nor a *jiggling* feeling just above it. **“Oh... I suppose my theory wasn’t too off the mark then.”** As I pressed a hand calmly against my chest, another thought crossed my mind though. This wasn’t how I would normally respond to something so shocking, was it? It was like something deep down had calmed me. It wanted me to accept this changing body of mine.

It wanted me to accept that I was *growing tits*. Because I didn’t squeeze nor bounce the weight above my ribcage that this hand discovered. I grazed it gently, noticed how sensitive it was, and then had my hand retreat with only the most subdued of curiosity. Where no weight had existed on my chest before? A bonafide bosom had swelled. It began with mere mounds beneath a pair of erect nipples, and yet both aspects of my new *breasts* expanded. **“Oh...”** I gasped as if I had been winded, but only because it felt *pleasant*.

Not that this was an issue that only existed within my chest. My boxers had begun to feel tighter once more as weight was reapplied to their contents. Yet in this case it wasn’t the weight of an overweight man. It gathered predominantly in the cheeks of my rump, pulling alright tight skin across the suppler flesh that expanded out and readjusted my posture so I could effectively balance both those cheeks and the *DD-cup* weight that had fully pooled beneath my shirt.

**“Ahn...”** It was *definitely* an inappropriate sound to make, but I couldn’t help but moan as another hand, now featuring long, delicate fingers and nails, pressed against the front of my boxers. There had been a *pull* and it had amounted to what I had assumed. My dick was

gone. **“I’m a woman now? I suppose that’s par for the course…”** Again, I sounded much too calm even despite my changed sex, my widened hips, or my *astoundingly* inflated ass. That rear in particular would be a real treat to observe from behind.

And while my body’s change had completed? One final event would see to it that this ass would *definitely* be featured, and I would find the answer to the wish I hadn’t even realized had brought me into the game in the first place. **“I… see.”** I realized immediately. My shirt was tightening against my soft skin and darkening in color. I could feel how intimately it was hugging my body, molding to the curvature of my tits and even imprinting against my bellybutton.

But that was only half of it. My boxers were doing the same, while the pants and belt I had lost previously had ‘melted’ and were crawling up my slender, sexy legs. The colors shifted until they were a light green around the sides of my body, while the insides were a dark, metallic green within the confines of white, vertical stripes. I could feel the latex-like substance of this bodysuit creeping into the crack of my ass and even pushing into my pussy. There would be no ignoring my feminine strut nor the rise and fall of my ass in such a skintight outfit. I could also feel the gloves form around my hands while my hair was lifted up into a high ponytail by a decoration that would become a *blade* if I interacted with it a certain way.

**“I suppose… this is one way to answer my question. Although it’s a rather unexpected one.”** My cheeks burned a little red as I spoke with that British accent – which almost seemed *confusing* considering I was clearly a woman of Korean descent, or at least my body had been *designed* to look that way. Because if I truly was *EVE* now, and I was, I was more of a machine deep down than a human. Everything about this body of mine had been designed meticulously to be beautiful, sexy, and powerful. Even though I had a gentle look to myself.

It was all so *jarring*. I was certainly *EVE* in body and soul, which was made evident by my mannerism and the way I conducted myself overall. But I was still *me* deep down. I could recall being a man, the life I’d led, and the curiosities



I'd had about EVE's, now *my*, outfits. And I could tell just how *strange* it felt by even shifting my weight. The bodysuit interacted with my skin and burrowed into both my loins and my ass. Not to mention how my tits jiggled despite how perfectly packaged they were.

What was I to do now? I could fight, I knew *that* much. It had been ingrained or *programmed* into my new body. Anything EVE could do? I could do, of course because I had *become* her. But this world was not my world, and this fight was not my fight. But I could feel my will being influenced by hers too. **“I suppose I have no choice but to go with the flow then, don't I? Whatever trouble that may bring...”**

Wait. Didn't this mean that the people online back home were arguing about *my* body?

Somehow that thought made my skin crawl.