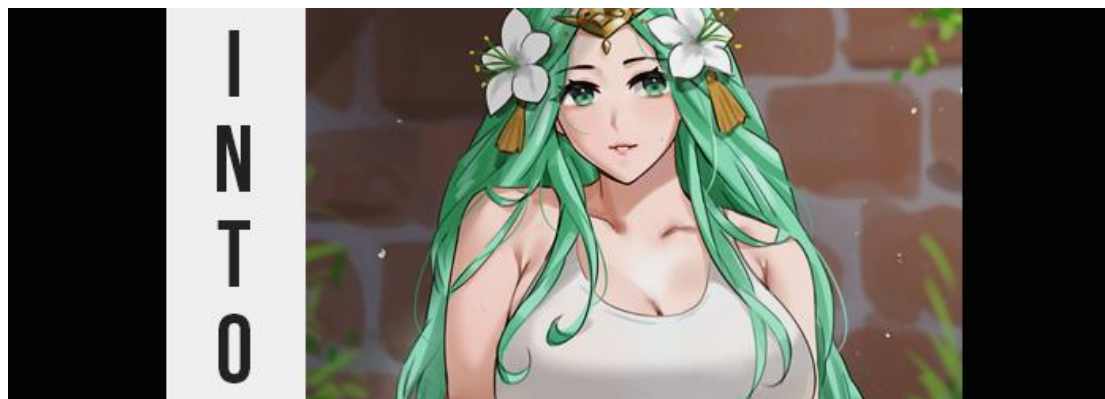


RING FIT RHEA

BIWEEKLY STORY #47

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PRESS ON THE RING TO CONTINUE

It was a normal autumn day with normal autumn weather, but the cool breeze and dim sun outside of my cheap bachelor apartment weren't really any of my concern at the time. I had started up my copy of Ring Fit Adventure and was planning on getting in my hour's workout just as I had most days for the past few months.

The game certainly wasn't a miracle endeavor. To lose the weight, to get fitter, it all still required that you put in the work. I'd lost a little but was still chubby even after all that time, but progress no matter how slow or fast was still progress, and it was pretty fun so I didn't really feel much of a need to quit doing what I was doing.

Dressed in my usual workout gear that consisted of a navy blue tee and a pair of knee-length black shorts over-top my boxers (*socks made the exercises difficult*) I stood in the ready position as I waited to pass the title screen. Typically I would have just jumped right into the story mode since completing it had been my goal (*I was at level 80!*) but what caught my attention was a notification for new content. Odd, since I didn't recall the game downloading an update.

“Fire Emblem: Three Houses DLC music pack?” I read the words aloud. Ring Fit Adventure had added a rhythm game element earlier in the year and already had tracks from Mario and Zelda. The fact they might add a Fire Emblem track wasn't all that shocking in itself, but I hadn't caught *any* word of it online. Even so, setting up the game was a pain in the ass and I didn't think there would be any benefit in double checking, so I clicked on the ring to see what the song they used was.

Had I *bothered* to check, though? I would have found no results. This addition wasn't Nintendo approved, let alone loaded onto any other console.

“Hello...?” I shook my ring controller vigorously. The screen had moved into the loading phase, but after twenty seconds nothing had changed. In fact, it almost looked a little pixelated? **“God I hope it didn't brick my Switch, these things aren't cheap...”** With a sigh I put the controller down and took a few steps to the Switch in question. Resetting it was the only course of action and that had been my intent, but the second I pressed my finger down on the button...

I got zapped.

I'd physically witnessed the electrical jolt jumping from the console to my finger, and in its speed it had almost looked unusually *green*? Not like any electrical shock I'd ever seen before. My hand was waved around, the jolt not without an iota of pain. **“What the hell, man!?”** The game hadn't even come back on! *Crap.*

Bringing my hand to the side, I missed another Oh Crap moment that would certainly have been far more panic worthy. After all, the finger that had been zapped? The nail upon it had grown long like a woman's. Yet I was too busy picking up the ring controller again. Could I turn it back on using the controller itself? It was my only hope in saving like \$400 on a new Switch, because no way in hell I was buying a Lite.

And so I pushed on the home button and squeezed the sides of the ring controller. While the button hadn't done anything, the squeeze? It felt weird. The electrical charge that had been injected into my body from the Switch resonated with the controller, and suddenly my whole body began to vibrate while my clothing began to glow. I froze up. **“What's happening!?”**

Clothes that had fit perfectly just a moment ago clamped around my body while coming to cover less, with the top lightening from navy blue to a pure white as it was withdrawn from my stomach to allow my pronounced gut to hang loose and free yet hanging surprisingly loose against my chest. Arms were left bare, the top now only held on by two white straps. Meanwhile my shorts lengthened and clung to legs and hips as if they were skin tight, whitening and taking the same glossy, translucent sheen as the top which allowed my skin tone to be barely visible through it.

“These are women's clothes? How!?” Compactly fit, white nylon was all that decorated my body now. I couldn't even feel the boxers

beneath the yoga pants that smothered my chunk which led me to believe I was currently without underwear (*and if there was any doubt, my stimulated dick poked right up against the fabric to prove as much*). They were definitely suited for a workout but they didn't fit me at all. I wanted to investigate but couldn't, for the ringcon was stuck to my fingers, or rather I couldn't quite unfurl them to let it go.

I shook my arms up and down, and then from side to side as I did my best to free them. The motion didn't free anything up though, and instead made it more difficult to realize what was happening. Like how my flabby arms had begun to tense up from the motion, muscles rippling with strength and chewing up the excess fat as upper arms became not only fit but capable of lifting a greater amount of weight than I ever could have imagined.

Or there was the fact that the infection that had initially struck the index finger used to hit the power switch had spread throughout both of my hands. All of my fingers were more slender now, with pink-painted nails and an extremely strong grip. Said grip was a major part of the current issue despite how womanly they appeared. **“Why... can't... I... let... go!?”** It was a real ordeal, and with each spoken word my voice grew into my quickly changing body. Were I paying more attention, or at least enough to realize my voice had changed in the first place, I might have caught that my voice sounded suspiciously like that of voice actress Cherami Leigh.

While my arms were now bulging with muscle my shoulders actually crunched inward, forcing a subtle change in how I held the ringcon while finally alerting me with a sensation that gave me pause. **“Huh?”** I held the controller steadily in front of me but looked down at my arms. Never in my life had I seen that much bulk on my arms that *wasn't* flab, and the skin itself was shining with fresh sweat. It was just they were so *narrow*, not like a man's arms at all.

Although that was because they *weren't* a man's arms of course. A gargling in my tummy soon distracted me from the arms themselves though, and my faze was forced down to where my gut was hanging down bare from under the spandex crop top. It was the first I'd noticed it - the fact that my bulging gut was completely void of any hair like it had been freshly shaven. Less and less of my tummy actually existed for hair to even cover it though, because... **“I'm getting thin!?”**

Everything I had been working towards was coming to fruition before my very eyes. What would certainly amount to at least a year of work peeled off my tummy in real time, gurgling indicative of how the inside of my stomach was shrinking to better match the growing lack of an

external bulge. Before long it was flat and smooth, any and all of my stretchmarks completely absent.

It didn't *stay* soft though. Strength flowed into my gut thereafter, and to replace the bulge of a fatty tummy rose the bulge of strong abdominal muscles. The kind that bodybuilders yearned for, but something told me they didn't exist for that sort of reason. To begin with, much like with my arms there was a very effeminate tilt to my new stomach's design. It was mostly seen in how the sides had collapsed, a pronounced arc running in from beneath my ribcage and out towards my hips.

“Man, I really don't know what's happening but this... this isn't bad.” Was I supposed to be upset about this? It was jarring, but with every change came a new wave of adrenaline that felt good. I'd hardly even noticed the fact that I could now so my crotch without my gut in the way -- I certainly should have, because while I was becoming aroused from it all my rod no longer stood at attention. In fact it was quite flaccid and dwindling even further within the yoga pants below.

Yet while the front was deflating, the back and sides certainly weren't. As with my arms, muscle found itself rippling throughout lower limbs. The fat in my legs turned toned, thinning my thighs and making the tight fit of the yoga pants legitimately loose for a brief moment, and that went double for the rear because my ass had lost its inactivity weight to become lean and firm.

But that fat? It was replaced, and not by the same fattiness that had stagnated there in the first place. This fat was of a tighter fit, perfectly portioned to bring out womanly curves and fill the yoga pants in a manner that was absolutely, positively eye-catching. My tighter, firmer ass retained both of those qualities for example, but I let out a sensual moan as my seat bulged in mass while nylon was pulled tighter and my ass deepened ass crack was better defined against the fabric.

The waistline of the pants crawled upward and onto my stomach in the process, a sudden accommodation for a change I hadn't even taken note of: I'd shrunken a few inches, which allowed for the thicker band to grip just below my deepened navel while stimulating my butt and grinding against my crotch. But there was no discomfort from my dick. Was there even a dick anymore? Nothing was bulging and as the pelvis of the pants were pulled even tighter the lining of a pussy could be made out.

Cameltoe.

It was *probably* for the best. A dick wouldn't have fared well in this brand new world, not as widening hips allowed for my fat ass to yank the cloth even more tightly against my person. Thighs would have been

an additional risk, and the slack in the pants that had been afforded was very quickly refilled. The curves of my legs were pronounced and enticing, and with the nylon pants so tight against my flesh you could make out my bare skin beneath them along with every indentation among my legs and pelvis. While they were tight, though, they were competently breathable. A good pair of yoga pants for an active workout session.

“Ah... What’s... why does it feel so good!?” Despite being unable to remove my fingers from the ringcon still, my thighs rubbed together from the stimulation I was feeling. It was foreign and intense, and no doubt caused by the deepening chasm of my new pussy. Toes below curled as I rocked on gentler heels, feet themselves not spared from what had been happening.

I didn’t even realize the womanly moans I was sounding off were calling out from lips that no longer resembled my older pair. They were plump and pink, teeth inside smaller than they’d once been. Overall my face appeared a little older, a little more mature, taking me from my twenties to resemble a woman that looked to be in her mid-to-late thirties. Yet if I was becoming older? I didn’t really feel it. In fact I felt more energetic than I ever had. My blue eyes had glossed over **green**, and the very same **emerald** fell against my back and chest in the form of my hair. No longer a brunette buzzcut, it looked very foreign.

I was finding it hard to be surprised anymore.

It was like something had *clicked* in my head. Why had I rejected what was happening at first? My body was becoming **toned** and **sexy**. Maybe I’d forgotten that I’d once been a man -- no, *I’d definitely forgotten* -- and that was helping with the acceptance, but I didn’t bat an elongated eyelash as my nipples grew erect and the flesh beneath them began to grow up and into the cloth.

My man boobs had been lost with my thinning so that authentic, woman’s breasts could flourish in their place. The size of the nipple could be seen expanding against the tight nylon, with the areola below grow several coin sizes. It was the flesh beneath that stole the show however, and there was no denying just how immensely **immense** the weight applied was becoming.

The crop top quickly filled up but never tore, the purpose of the excess space made all the more apparent as a flat chest grew into what could only be a grandiose pair of E-cup titties. Despite my new age they were incredibly perky and the skintight top only added to their appeal, with the pressure from their growth forcing me to moan and spit a little bit of drool down and onto them. Were my hands free I would have groped

them but I had no such luck there, but it was probably for the best. Since the top had a boob window on the underside, even my underboob was bulging as a gratuitous appeal point

Because as I found my grip on the ringcon loosening my mind had momentarily dimmed. It was like everything I knew and everything I thought I new was *different* somehow. I was in my twenties? Working in a kitchen? That... couldn't be right. My name was... well it wasn't what I'd thought it was. My name was clearly *Rhea*, and I taught a *kickboxing class* every night (*which explained my strength*). Beyond this, a pair of flowers appeared in my hair, either on a different side of a golden plate.

That plate spoke to... my other job? I was an *Archbishop*. To the Church of Seiros! It was a small church in this big city, one of my own creation. Every day we prayed to the great Seiros, a deity inspired by the life of my long passed mother. Oh, how I wished she was still with us each and every day. But at least in my church I could find some peace with likeminded individuals every Friday morning.

The ringcon finally fell to the ground and I flexed my fingers, confused. **“My, what was I doing?”** I felt rather dizzy, and spared Seiros a prayer for my well-being. Had I been about to work out? I didn't work up as much of a sweat playing this game as I did teaching my class, but I took Thursday nights off so I could get ready for church the next morning with ease.

Yet... I was forgetting something important was I not? There was a very blatant gap. A past identity? An old life? **“Oh!”** Glancing at my calendar on the wall, I realized. **“I have a date with Byleth in an hour. I should get ready.”** Byleth was a younger woman I had been dating for a few months now. She was over ten years younger than me in age but we were both adults and were free to do whatever we wanted. For some reason I just saw so much of my mother in her, but at the same time she was plenty different as well.

In anticipation of my date I began to peel the skin-tight workout clothing from my body, allowing my tantalizing body to glisten with sweat under the light of my living room. For some reason I felt a little frisky, and since Byleth was coming over for dinner there was no *way* I wouldn't capitalize on that.

What? My church didn't disallow sexual intimacy.

I'm not *crazy!*