

KEY AFFICIONADO

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes it was hard to get into a new series.

To begin with, it could be hard enough to *find* a new series that might interest you in the first place. Live action, animated, video games, *anime*? To begin with, there were so many good stories spread across so many different mediums that it could be hard to even know where to start. And then from that point each of these mediums had its own slew of genres, of things it specialized in. And so it almost went without saying that more often than not humans leaned in on recommendations from others to help narrow the field. We didn't have unlimited time after all, and that became clearer and clearer as you grew older.

“**Fairy Tail...**” It had all started with a recommendation from a friend on my part. I had been looking for something new to get into, and being a young man I didn't exactly want it to be something that would eat up too much time. So I wasn't *exactly* on board when my friend first suggested I get started on Fairy Tail – a shounen series with *hundreds* of episodes. Just how much time would *that* take to get through?

And yet after watching through the first arc all on my own, I was very quickly hooked. It was a simple story with all of the shounen trappings. A bunch of teenagers with unique powers do battle with others, though the power of friendship was a much more tangible thing in its world. Rather than use it as a cheap throwaway explanation without any justification, it basically leaned into these things as if *to* explain the great feats its characters could accomplish.

It was kind of refreshing in a way.

Before I knew it I was hooked, but I wasn't exactly going through the series as quickly as my brain wanted me to. I had a fulltime job and other responsibilities after all, so it wasn't like I could spend all day watching anime. And eventually? I made a mistake. I called off from work one day not because I was sick, even though that is *exactly* what I told them. But because I just wanted to stay in bed and watch Fairy Tail all day.

I had become interested in the main heroine of the series, Lucy Heartfilia. She was the most grounded member of the cast and acted as the heart of the group. She had started to undergo some personal struggles at the point I was at in the show, and so I had wanted to marathon as much of it as I could as *quickly* as I could. So after calling in for the day I settled down at my computer with a blanket, and...

The rest was a blur.

The next I realized, I was sitting on an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar room. Yet it wasn't the lack of familiarity with it all that even caught my attention at first. **"Why is everything... flat?"** There was no depth to my surroundings, like it was all 2D? It was also very colorful, done up in faded pastels that elicited reminiscence of the show I had loaded on my PC before. But that couldn't be true. Had I just fallen asleep? Was I dreaming?

I went to pinch myself, thinking that the cliché had some merit to it. But I stopped myself once I found that the hand I had reached with in question? It was just as flat as my surroundings. So were my *clothes*. And yet everything *felt* 3D. Another side effect of the dream? At the very least this allowed the realization as to what this location *was* to click. **"Isn't this Lucy's room?"** She rented an apartment in Magnolia's center. This was just one room of it, but they had shown it on screen plenty of times by this point.

"Maybe this is just my brain's way of telling me I've been watching too much anime lately...?" Of course, as I sat up I reinforced the assertion that this was somehow a dream. How could it be anything else, realistically? There was no way booting up an anime episode had suddenly teleported me into the anime itself, this could all *only* be a product of overconsumption paying a price on my mind. And yet, reality would quickly move to challenge these assumptions of mine.

And then change them. Until I know longer would realize what was different.

While there *were* early signs that something was amiss, I didn't noticed the earliest ones due to my own fascination with my surroundings. I *had* to be dreaming, but this was still Lucy Heartfilia's room, right? So technically I could go exploring? *It wasn't like I would face any consequences for exploring my room!* Huh? Had I thought something strange there?

I walked over to the nearby dresser, for example. Being an anime character, Lucy's fashion pool *was* fairly limited. She was often wearing similar, if not identical outfits. So by anime logic, the drawer I was about to open should have contained tons of the same clothes, right!? Rather than hit the mark *there*, however, I immediately turned red and slammed the drawer shut the moment I opened it. **"B-Bras and panties!?"**

Well, this *was* a girl's room, after all. I was mentally berating myself for not *remembering* that that drawer was where I kept *my* underwear. But then why was I so embarrassed about seeing it? It took me a moment, but eventually it dawned on me. **"Wait! This isn't my room!"** Why did I keep *thinking* it was!? Was it some sort of strange side effect of the dream? It might have been if I was *actually* dreaming, but alas.

Looking around, the familiar feeling I felt about the apartment felt more solid than it had before. Like I could almost remember using the amenities daily as opposed to observing it all through a screen. This actually served as ample cover for something more dramatic that had begun to take place, initially focused on the *build* of my body.

In terms of young men, my level of fitness was debatably *average*. I had a little bit of muscle, but I also had a bit of a gut. Nothing that made me obese by any standard, but I also wasn't anywhere near as fit as I likely should have been. But whether it was muscle *or* fat, the palette of my build was irreversibly changed over time, slowly but surely.

The bit of muscle in my arms had been fading, leaving those arms of mine weaker, but so to had any excess fat upon those bones. This left them thin and narrow, descriptors that could just as easily be applied to my chest and stomach as similar trends saw them narrow too. Before long, it almost seemed like I possessed a notably feminine gait, something that was helped by an unusual flare up around my hips that widened them several inches.

Even though my pants were tighter around the hips and my shirt was looser around my torso? It really didn't register with my brain. I was much too confused. **"This can't be my room! After all, everything here is 2D!"** But *was it*? Did that mean I was 2D? But didn't this all feel very *normal*?

My changing perception was accompanied by a change in the body parts through which I perceived in the first place. My *eyes*, already changed to suit the anime aesthetic of the world I found myself in, grew *notably* larger in shape. My lashes lengthened and my irises darkened to a chocolate brown, accentuating these big old anime eyes even further.

The change in these optics was part of wider, sweeping changes that affected my face though. My jaw inherited a rounder shape, as did my cheeks, and above my eyes? My brows thinned. A smaller nose likewise drew attention to my *lips*, if only because they grew pinker, glossier, and *larger*. Even with the world so flatly rendered, there was a clear fullness to those lips. Brought together, all of these features left me with a face that was *clearly* effeminate, muddying the line between which sex I was supposed to resemble.

Realistically this wasn't helped at *all* by my hair, which had been becoming progressively shaggier. Typically cut short enough, it had already fallen to my shoulders and didn't seem to be all that interested in dangling much farther than that. Yet streaks of a blonde that walked the tightrope between golden and platinum began to emerge not only against these strands, but the strands of my pubes and brows as well. It didn't take very long for *all* of them to adopt this coloration, slightly longer bangs and all.

“I... E-Eh!? Wait, haven't I forgotten something important? I came from...? Did my voice always sound like this?” Raising a hand to cover my soft lips, exposed fingers didn't even appear how they should have. They were smaller, nails longer. I'd never had a manicure in my life (*or had I?*), so how had my nails turned out that way? Something was *wrong* here, and I was powerless to recall what it was.

Taking a shaky step forward, my pants fell from my hips along with my boxers. This would have led to the assumption that I was completely bare from the waist down, yet the cause of their slippage in the first place had actually prevented that from happening. My shirt was dangling down past my crotch, something that only would have plausibly been possible... *if I was shorter*.

I had dropped down to 5'4". It was a respectable height, but it was still a shorter one than what I had possessed prior. My shirt was essentially acting as a dress, the sides fanned out by hips that appeared *notably* wider than they had prior to my shrinkage. The fact I hadn't noticed was a product of the mental defects that arose from old memories clashing with new ones. What about my body was strange? Was it what it was becoming, or what it had been? Because of this fallacy, I couldn't sort out my assumptions at all.

And, well? In the interim, the question of my sex became one that was much less questionable. My thighs rubbed together, and very easily at that as they had widened with newfound fat to sensually match with my widened hips, in response to a rather uncanny feeling between my legs. My dick and balls were going the way of the dinosaurs, everything collapsing into what seemed like a void between my legs. This was *no* void though. It was a new pussy, clit standing plain as the depths were repurposed uncomfortably into a woman's womb.

I'm a girl? The question crossed my mind, but it was fleeting. *Of course I am?* The inconsistency was immediately addressed so that no further issues could arise from it. Complimenting this new sex that I had apparently *always* been, the cheeks of my ass rippled as swelling fat saw vibrations shake them. They pushed out the back of my shirt, mounds forming a heart-shaped ass that *really* stood out against my shorter, thinner from.

I bit my lower lip with frustration, unsure of whether or not my lips had *always* felt so full. I hadn't noticed my big ass nor my thick thighs, and simultaneously I didn't notice as my chest inherited similar trappings. Once flat as could be, nipples grew fuller first. Before long they had tripled in size, each areola now just a little smaller than one of my eyes. Once, erect, they had settled into their new sizes though?

My shirt was lifted at the base due to what was happening near its peak. Fatty tissue was accumulating beneath this swollen nips, skin tightening around jiggling flesh that showed no signs of halting in its territory expansion. The soon grew so shapely that the bumps of them pushing out could be seen in the shape of my shirt, my posture leaning forward in slight not by choice, but because the E-cup tits that had erupted afforded me no other option. I was *very* lucky that tightened back muscles eventually allowed me to support those breasts.

"I'm forgetting something... Aren't I?" Arms crossed beneath my supple chest, I really *did* feel groggy! Was it because I had been out late due to Natsu and Happy's antics? But that tended to happen *pretty* often these days, and I still never woke up feeling like *this*! **"Maybe I'm getting sick? No, that'd be even worse!"** Thankfully it didn't seem like I had a fever or anything like that, because I didn't want to miss out on anything my friends took from the quest board!

These were all very normal thoughts... for *Lucy Heartfilia*, the Celestial Spirit Mage of Fairy Tail. Associated with Team Natsu, I was always running off with them to get into this in that. How many times had I almost died because of the things we had been through? But the good times meant *way* more to me than any danger we might have had to

face! Plus, not to toot my own horn, but I had gotten *way* stronger since joining!

“EHHH!?! Why am I wearing these clothes!?! They belong to a man, don’t they!?” After ‘waking up’ a little, I finally realized I was only dressed in a man’s shirt – with pants and underwear laying on the ground a few feet between myself and my bed. How had those gotten there!?! I hadn’t done something indecent with a man last night, had I!?! **“But wait, that doesn’t make sense... Unless he went home naked?”**



There definitely wasn’t anyone else in my apartment so maybe I was overreacting just a little? It was still weird that they were in my apartment though! Maybe Natsu had placed them there as a prank? But then had he put me in a different shirt while I’d been asleep!?! **“That pervert...”** I couldn’t help but mumble under my breath.

Regardless of the absurdity of the situation, I removed to dirty shirt and managed to get dressed in something *much* cuter from my own wardrobe. If we were talking about adventuring clothes, then of course they had to be practical. But they also had to look good too, right? I was a girl in my prime! Why not show off what I had to show off in the first place?

And once I had my boots on, I tapped them against the floor and made a beeline for my front door. Upon opening it? **“N-Natsu!?”** My fellow guild member, Natsu, was waiting. Or maybe he had just been about to knock on the door himself? Either way, I had expected to find him there at all! **“Hey, you perv! Why’d you leave a man’s clothes in my room last night! And to even dress me in a shirt!”** That meant that he had to have seen me naked, right!?! Unless I put it on myself while sleepwalking? Not that I was known for such a thing.

But that possibility became more likely the moment I noted Natsu’s puzzled expression. **“Hah? What’re you going on about, Lucy? Happy and I went back to our place the same time you went back to yours!”** Had I actually been mistaken? But who else could have...?

Even now, I still don’t know who had left those clothes there in the end.