

# CAN THEY SOLO ME?

## COMMISSION STORY

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I had been a little *too* into Elden Ring as of late.

It was to be expected, honestly, and I wasn't even the *only one*. A fever had swept across the gaming nation that prompted many players to explore the Lands Between. For some it would be their first time, while for others? They were revisiting it after a break; no matter how long that break might have been. I fell in the latter camp. I had beaten the game years before when it had first come out and had thoroughly enjoyed myself at the time.

And then the downloadable content came close to releasing. Shadow of the Erdtree was to be the game's first and only expansion, but we had also been promised hours upon hours of brand new content. To celebrate? I had decided to revisit the game in the best possible way I could think of – with a *proper* replay. No New Game+ benefits like unlocks or endgame weaponry, just my vague recollections of how things worked from when I had first played and a dream.

The dream was pretty darn *successful* too. I managed to do a 100% first playthrough on this new file, gathering all the legendary items and beating all of the Remembrance bosses, and that *included* the seemingly hardest boss at the time: *Malenia*. Feeling triumphant, I started a NG+ and beelined towards the point that would allow me to enter the Shadow of the Erdtree DLC the moment it came out. Unfortunately, that meant beating Radahn and Mohg again. But I was triumphant in the end!

**“The DLC wasn't *that* hard. I mean it definitely had some tough spots, but...”** About a week after the DLC had released I managed to clear the final boss after exploring all that I could. There

had been complaints about the difficulty and in some ways, they were understandable, but where there was a will? There was a cheese build! I never understood people who tried to police how others played FromSoftware games!

I leaned back in my chair triumphantly. I had picked up a number of new items and weapons in the DLC, and so I couldn't help but wonder: how would those fare in the base game? **"Only one way to find out, I guess!"** And so, I got to work. I blew through the main story bosses with relative ease, but eventually craved a greater challenge for the build I had forged in the darkness of the Land of Shadows.

In my eyes she had been usurped as 'the hardest boss in Elden Ring' by the final boss of the DLC (or even a certain *dragon encounter*), but I still thought Malenia would be a decent test of the strategies I had put together within the new content. So, I took *all* of the grueling steps necessary to reach her again. Well... I more or less *ran through* any of the obstacles that were in my way seeing as I had played through the game so many times in the past. It didn't really take me very long at all to reach her boss room aaaaand...

#### *ROLL CUTSCENE!*

**"Wait a second... Where's the boss?"** I had noticed it immediately. The cutscene hadn't rendered Malenia's model *nor* the sounds she was supposed to make while moving within it. And when it *ended*? I was greeted by an empty arena with a fog gate behind me. **"It must just be a glitch. I wonder if the DLC broke something?"** That was definitely *possible*, but I also hadn't heard anything about it online. Sometimes games just broke in mysterious ways though.

Quitting the game and reloading back in usually fixed these things!

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*It did not.* Rather than alleviate the issues with the game that I was having? When I restarted the game there had been an odd *pull* into television screen; strong enough to somehow *pull me in*. The next I knew? **"Uh...?"** I was *not* in my living room anymore. I was standing *in* the arena that had been on my game's screen. It was a little humid, and a pungent stench vaguely hung in the air. Was that what *Scarlet Rot* smelled like? It was definitely *unpleasant*.

**"Wait, wait, wait... This is impossible, right? I've gotta be dreaming or something!"** How was I *supposed* to process this? People didn't just get *pulled into video games*! And if that *was* possible, this was the last possible game ever made that I'd want to be *in* the world of. It was extremely dangerous with death around every corner,

and I wasn't exactly in any shape to be taking care of myself. *Especially* not if Malenia actually showed up.

Yet that fog gate was still behind me. **“Maybe I’ll be able to walk through it?”** And then do *what*? Would there be a Site of Grace on the other side? Would I even be able to use it? How? It wasn't like I was holding a controller with a Y button at that moment. For now, I wanted to just assume it was a dream and turned to walk towards what felt most comfortable. **“...Huh?”**

The problem was that the fog gate *wasn't* where I was going. If that gate was the 'front' of the arena, then I was moving to the 'back'. To the site of a giant tree shaped like a disturbing face. **“Why am I going this way!?”** I tried to stop myself so that I could turn myself around, but I just couldn't *manage* to for some reason. Making matters worse? It felt as if my movements were becoming more and more haggard.

Because I was so *debilitated*, I wasn't paying very much attention to my body though. No, it was more like I *couldn't*? Like something was stopping me from looking down at myself even though on some subconscious level I felt like I absolutely *should* have, like doing so would have revealed clues to me about what was happening far more easily. I *was* correct about this.

They said that not feeling well – being sick – could lead to weight loss. It was a *fact* that manifested in cases where you were sick for a prolonged period of time: a few days at least. But this wasn't supposed to be a side effect of illness that happened *instantly*, much less to *extreme* levels. But it was something that I was unknowingly suffering from as I continued to drag myself across the boss room. I was an obese man, and I wasn't afraid to acknowledge that. But this was all relevant because I was *losing it*.

My steps remained labored, but they were notably *easier* as they became lighter. Whether it was my gut, my face, my man boobs, or my chubby arms and legs, it didn't matter *where* on my body it was, it evaporated, nonetheless. Taking things even *further*, my stretch marks were hidden away while the skin that surrounded these areas tightened to accommodate my new build, until there wasn't a single unnecessary scrap of weight upon my person.

**“I can't... stop...”** My breaths were still heavy even if it *was* becoming easier to carry myself (for reasons I couldn't really comprehend). It was getting easier *still*, actually, because the forces affecting me didn't seem to be content with thinning me alone. Rather, my skin began to bulge for *different* reasons, hardening thanks to the muscles beneath became firm and *strong*. *Much* stronger than they appeared, to the point where I

would probably be able to commit superhuman feats if I wasn't so encumbered by how I was feeling. My pants slipped off my legs along with my boxers, but I kept walking. It didn't really matter since my shirt had become so versus my thinner body that it concealed everything below the belt regardless. At least for the time being. It did a good job of concealing how my waist had pinched inwards. Or how my hips had flared out.

My body seemed to look *androgynous* while leaning slightly more into the *feminine*.

And that was very much intentional. "**How much farther...?**" Where was I even going? It seemed like I was walking to the back corner, but difficulties in my sight arose. It was getting blurry and dark in the corners of my eyes for some reason, and that effect was separate from the colors of my irises paling to *silver*. It was *actually* the growing effects of what was causing me to feel so ill in the first place. The shapes of my eyes were changing to be thin and feminine in shape, but around them? Something looked *off* about my skin. It almost looked like there was *scarring*?

All the while my face continued to change in other ways that were just of suggestive of an inevitable change in sex as my eyes were. My nose was smaller, for one, while on the contrary my lips puffed out. Sharper angles and pretty features made it difficult to deny – this was *absolutely* the face of a woman in her twenties, and I hardly even felt the brush of my hair extending out behind me. Or at least it wasn't all that notable compared to the vague pain that was rippling through my flesh. Even so? That had spelled out down to the back of my back in a *bright crimson*.

Had I been able to look at myself properly then I might have noticed the similarities with *her*. And in fact? My sex was very much on the chopping block around this point. My cock and balls ended up flattening against my groin, shriveling up and then pushing *into* what became my new pussy. This shift into a *woman* invited the changes you might expect from that point on, too. A *softness* set in to help ease away some of the more rigidness of my body that had arisen when those muscles had grown in.

**"I can't... see..."** My voice was deep and befitting my body's appearance and sex now as I continued to drag myself forward, my vision robbed entirely. I was vaguely aware that something had happened with my plumbing, but the pain I felt was still more distracting. My vision had been erased and my eyes were *beyond* bloodshot. It was getting difficult to keep them open. So naturally, I

couldn't really perceive how my body was becoming *curvier* in all the right ways.

Beneath my shirt, my chest was swelling again where weight had previously been lost. But *this* wasn't the weight of someone who was obese, instead *clearly* being the weight typical of a woman's body. *Breasts* were growing, nipples plump and erect in the meantime – poking up against the shirt to erect it like a tent. In the end, my chest had gained a perky pair of *C-cups* that did well to match what was going on with my *ass*. My cheeks became pleasantly plump, burgeoning out behind me until they were jutting out about *six* inches from the gentler curve of my back. With each difficult step I took towards the tree, a cheek rose, fell, and bounced. While the excess was shifted to present my thighs with some girth as well.

I didn't know *where* I was going, and yet my body *continued* to move. “**Ugh...**” My eyes had become clamped shut not by choice, but because my eyelids were *gone*? No, it was more like they had *mutated*. Both halves had mended together, and scarred tissue had painted over them thanks to the *Scarlet Rot* rooted deep within my soul. Its influence spread and had a similar effect over the regions of my body that had recently changed, obscuring my nipples and even my pussy so that nothing indecent would show even if I was nude.

My big ass excluded.

The pain was excruciating, but I found myself adjusting to it while the stride of my steps became longer and longer for unknown reasons. The more time I spent in this transformed state the more *correct* it felt, and so unfortunately even though my body was *growing*, I didn't really seem to care. Not that it was easy to sense in the first place when I was both *blind* and in *agony*. But my limbs and torso were stretching. I grew *gigantic* compared to my almost six foot tall original height. Before long I was *eight feet* in height and only remain clothing, my t-shirt, was torn from my body so that I was completely naked. Not that it mattered with the *Scarlet Rot* scarring.

“**Can't see... In pain... Could it be?**” Since I was beginning to adjust to the pain it was becoming a little easier to think more clearly. Considering the arena and my *condition*, and now that I was thinking about how my voice sounded... things were beginning to fall a little more neatly into place in my mind. I *did* receive a little help from the vague memories that were being implanted into my mind, however.

The effects of the *Scarlet Rot* were becoming *much* more visible now. Skin rotted and distorted in a way that almost looked burned around my left arm, at least beneath my elbow, and the same trend occurred with



my right foot and leg up until my knee. But the opposing limbs? My right arm and leg? Rather than suffer the effects of Scarlet Rot *further*, something much more bizarre happened to them. They began to *rattle* as I slowly lost feeling in them altogether.

Visually, it was quite clear *why* that was. The skin around them changed in color, a metallic *gold* spreading across the entirety of their lengths that sported a well-polished sheen. The stiffened, naturally, and for a brief moment I was practically dragging my left leg across the ground without any movable joints in either limb. That was rectified with time, and joints were hollowed out so that everything worked including my fingers. Where this gold met my shoulder and hip, however, it was carved away until the space was hollow.

They were *prosthetic* limbs that could be removed, for my original right arm and left leg had been claimed entirely by the rot... according to my memories. The skin around these prosthetics was *much* darker than the rest to suggest that, offering an intriguing contrast with the golden armor that composed the replacements beneath them, now etched with a fancy pattern. While not fashioned from my body like the limbs had, a matching winged helmet soon rested upon my head to obscure the scarring around my eyes.

My heavy breathing finally stabilized. I was wholly adjusted to this new body, prosthetic limbs and all. But my sense of touch was still spotty at best, so the appearance of a set of golden robes, pants and even an armored boot to go over the leg that was still flesh and blood more or less went unnoticed. With the air in the arena stagnant, the cloak hanging from my shoulder barely even moved that much.

The damage to my new body was extensive, and yet I could not see *any* of that damage any longer. My sex had changed, and my body was that of a powerful warrior woman, but because the Scarlet Rot that had taken root within had seeped into and paved over my eyes? I was moving while reacting to both familiarity and sound alike. **“There is no point in denying it. I have become *her*.”** Prosthetic limbs dug into the lower



side of the tree as I climbed up to a spot, I seemed to *know* would be perfect for laying down in with my back propped up against the trunk.

*Malenia's* resting spot when you step into the arena for the first time. My body was *wracked* with fatigue. Was it a side effect of the Rot, or was I simply being nudged into fulfilling the role of the late game, secret boss that I had become? I didn't really have any answers to those questions and on some level, I didn't seem to *care* either. This was *wrong*, but it didn't *feel* wrong.

*"Hm..."* I took my position against the tree trunk and stooped down. I didn't need to close my eyes and *couldn't* even if I wanted to. Sleep eventually took me, nonetheless. At least until I heard something enter *my* domain. No, *someone*. A Tarnished that had come for my Great Rune, surely. Even though I harmed no one by being able to remain peacefully, guarding a Miquella that I had forgotten was no longer there.

I rose and drew my sword. I may have been blind, but I could hear their armor rattling. My movements had not dulled due to the Rot. I would be more than a match for them. **"I am Malenia, Blade of Miquella. And I have never known defeat."** I declared with confidence. That was a fact, and I couldn't see myself losing now – as memories of my time as a person in the real world had faded. So why did this thought come to my mind, then?

*That this Tarnished would not 'solo me'?*