

HERE COMES THE BOOM

COMMISSION STORY

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“Is this even going to work? I didn’t think Doom Eternal could support a co-op campaign mode.”

The first of three friends spoke up over the Discord call as he installed the mod that had been sent to him by Axel. Those two weren’t the *only* ones in the call though, and their shared friend Joseph was there as well. Looking for a fun way to spend an evening, the three had been exploring a number of possible game options when Axel had suggested this mod that he had seen.

“I mean as long as your PC isn’t a potato it *should* work!” Or so came his response over the headset. It was easy to say that, but computer games had so many issues with consistency already. If you added mods to the equation then things could become even *more* volatile! Nonetheless, Kay had managed to get the mod installed – as had Joseph. It was just a matter of whether or not the mods would *run* once the game was booted up.

Something Joseph didn’t sound too confident about on the other end of the call. **“Is there a reason the game initiation screen reads ‘BOOM’ instead of ‘DOOM’? Is that normal?”** It was a question the three men actually came to have in tandem. But none of them were ultimately able to communicate on the subject past that, at least not before their headsets were stripped from their heads and the world around them was embroiled in what felt like television static.

“*Huh!?*” Kay fell backwards as the chair beneath him was consumed by the static in kind. All that was left in the room at this point was his computer floating in the void, but by the time he hit the ‘ground’? It

disappeared, but the whole world around him had changed. “**OOF!?**” What he ultimately landed on *wasn't* the ground, or even a floor. He was propped up much too high in a room for that.

He turned his body a little. “**A chair?**” Looking around from this perch it almost felt like he was underselling it by calling it a chair. It raised him about five feet off the floor and was lifted by a trio of thick, robot legs. Did this mean that the chair could move? It also had a number of computer screens and peripherals affixed to it, while the back was something akin to a gaming chair. Kay *did* feel like he was a little too tall for it though.

The room was cold and dark otherwise, the light of the computer screens, which seemed to be *holographic* in nature, being the only light provided. There was a door he could make out in the shadows behind him, but he'd have to get down to explore that. “**So how do I— Hey!?**” The man had done his best to wriggle his way off of the chair, but one of the legs bucked to knock him back against the back of it. He tried again. Same issue. The chair itself wanted him to stay on it for *some reason*.

At least for now.

“**Why won't this thing let me down!?**” It was just a fancy chair, right? It definitely shouldn't have had a will of its own. Maybe it was just programmed to keep whoever was on top of it there? But *why* would that be? In the end it didn't really matter *why*. All that mattered was that he needed to figure out a way to get down *somehow*. But as soon as he'd been bucked back again? He began to become *frustrated*.

Mind you, because his body was constantly in motion because of his attempts to climb free only to be knocked back again, his clothing was constantly being ruffled and disheveled. This actually made it difficult for him to realize that *less of him* was being tossed about. The excess weight on his body? It was being shed. He wasn't gratuitously large or even close, but the excess fat that Kay's body *did* have had been thinned away.

“**LET ME DOWN!**” Kay barked after he was knocked back yet another time. It felt like he'd flown farther this time, and why had his hands flown up into his long sleeves? It was almost like he was... “**EH!?**” The man couldn't believe his eyes. Stopping his attempts to flee the chair, he lifted an arm and then a leg. It wasn't *just* his hands. His pant legs were all bunched up and his shirt was reaching well past his waist. It was almost like his body was... smaller?

“YAAAAAAAAAAWN!”

This was all *very* alarming because the only implication here was that his body had *shrunk*. No, it was still getting a little smaller and wouldn't stop until he was roughly 4'10" – essentially a one foot drop. But rather than express concern or rage he had *yawned*? Fatigue had just washed over him. He was drowsy, his eyes were heavy (and eyebags darkened beneath them); he was *eepy*. **"Huh? No... But I just... Mm..."**

Rather than struggle further he found himself pushing his smaller back into the chair. The backrest had been too short for him before, but now that he had shrunk? It fit just right. **"I guess I'm getting... cuter?"** Much like his *voice* had, seemingly. Shown in his face primarily, his regressed height had been accompanied by another symptom. His face looked a lot more *youthful*. He couldn't be any older than twenty physically, but the fact of the matter was that his body was being modeled after an individual who had been *eighteen*.

And the phrase 'modeled after' hadn't been unintentionally used. It made Kay sound like he wasn't a human but instead a machine. Unfortunately for him? This had passively become the case. His body looked *and* felt like a human's, but he was very much a robotic lifeform underneath what was now synthetic flesh and blood. He just hadn't realized.

"YAAAAWN! Nothing wrong with getting cuter though, right? Kind of feels a little... nice..." The sleepiness that he felt only grew more intense. He shook his small legs to kick off his pants and socks, revealing legs that were short and slender – but also feet that were petite and, from the motions he was making with his toes, *far* more dexterous than they had been before. But they were also undeniably *feminine*. Something that they shared with, well, his body as a *whole*.

Kay's already dark hair had been lengthening for example, spilling well past his shoulders and pooling in the seat he was making himself comfortable in. Tiny tufts poked up on the sides that resembled horns, whereas lengthened bangs criss-crossed between the small man's eyes. Brown eyes that *themselves* darkened in color to a gray not far off from his hair color. But those eyes were housed between lengthened lashes, the shapes of his optics both smaller yet wider. They were cute and effeminate, which paired well with how his nose shrunk and his lips pursed. **"Ah! Now's not the time..."**

It might have been questionable what Kay was speaking of there if not for how *she* scratched at her crotch through *her* boxers. Her pubes had been thinning away, but the main draw of the itchiness was a feeling she had mistaken for arousal. The sensation of her cock and balls regressing, pulling her manhood into a small crevice that spoke to a

womanhood that was plain instead. A womanhood that she felt *familiar* with?

“*Mngh...*” To be fair, she was so tired that she wasn’t really thinking about much. That had made it all the easier for new memories to be programmed into her mind as her new womanhood flourished in predictable ways. A small set of mounds emerging beneath her shirt for example, *A-cup* breasts that did little more than speak to her new womanhood. More notable was how she adjusted her posture as her ass swelled, cheeks and burgeoning thighs giving her a thickened look beneath the waist.

A thickness that was highlighted once clothes were replaced with a pair of white shorts and an orange and white jacket overtop a loose fit shirt. It was all messily done, but she did have a black collar and thigh strap to accessorize beyond an ornament in her hair. They were familiar clothes because *she* could remember putting them on that morning.

Reaching out with her delicate feet to poke at the two smaller terminals at the edge of her mobile chair, the NIKKE named *Trony* showed off her talents as those toes got to work typing. She felt like she had just woken up from a nap, but looking at the time on the screen to her left? She knew *what* time it was. “**I almost slept through game night... Ugh, I wouldn’t have heard the end of it.**” Trony certainly wasn’t a very *sociable* young woman, but playing games with friends? That was something that she could do from the comfort of her chair.



The typing with her toes reaped tangible rewards, not that the woman saw it that way. It was such a simple thing for her to do with how dexterous her feet were, and she was *used* to using them when she wanted to keep her hands free. It definitely made things a lot easier. Bags under her eyes, she let out a big yawn. “**Ish fine... I’ll wake up after a round.**” She was still so tired that she even slurred a word.

Whatever! She was used to not being *as* presentable as she probably could have been!

“*Uhh...?*” Having experienced a phenomenon not at all unlike what Kay had, Joseph was standing in an unfamiliar room himself – in the same Ark that his friends now found themselves in. But *unlike* Kay he hadn’t been hoisted up into a tall chair or anything like that, instead finding himself sitting on a messy bed and a dark and *equally* messy room. “**I feel like this is the kind of room you would find a stereotypical anime hacker living in...**” He amended this assumption after noticing a pair of panties midst the pile of mess. “**...A stereotypical anime hacker girl.**”

None of this really made sense of course. He had just been in his room and then it had all *changed* after getting that ‘BOOM’ screen. It sounded like a parody name of the game they had been *planning* on playing, but at the same time he also felt like he’d heard that specific parody name *somewhere* before. The problem was that he felt a little groggy. “**What time is it anyways? I should probably just check *my* PC.**” The PC that was illuminating the room from the dark corner. But...

“***My* PC?**”

Joseph had never seen that computer before in his life but there was a draw to it that he couldn’t resist. It was like he was being *guided*, and he began to slowly walk towards it. Each step seemed to highlight something, however. Those steps were progressively shorter with each and every one taken, almost like his reach had been lessening? But this was *legitimately* what was happening. His legs were getting shorter. *He* was getting shorter. Dropping from nearly six feet himself.

It was difficult not to notice because his clothes were naturally outgrowing his smaller and increasingly dainty form. “**H-Huh?**” He overcame the calling of the PC to him because of it, because his pants were almost falling off and his shirt was dangling too low. “**Am I smaller? Like some sort of *gamer girl*?**” That was an oddly *specific* comparison to make but he was much more fixated on his *body*. He had to be about 5’3” by the time he had bottomed out. Completely devoid of any excess body weight too.

“**How is this possible?**” The question was a fair one. People definitely didn’t normally just *get smaller* or, as he was now realizing – their *skin color* didn’t usually change. But he was watching his own olive skin tone lighten to a pinkish pale instead – suggestive of a change in his racial background. While this was true and he was beginning to look closer and closer to a Caucasian individual, much like with Kay he’d been changing internally into a synthetic lifeform instead. “**But I guess it’d be kind of a *noob move* to worry about it too much.**”

Noob move? Joseph didn't seem to linger much on his choice of wording and, actually, was finding himself caring less and less about his changing bodies. *Isn't this just like a Pokémon evo? I'm just growing into a better form!* Even though he had *technically* shrunk. Because he was more accepting of it all, he appeared to be unbothered by his dark hair inching longer, cascading down his back and the sides of his head while the color lightened to a greyish blue, bangs swiping between his eyes.

Eyes that, as things progressed, fell in line with the effeminate aura that had plagued Kay during his own transformation into a NIKKE. His face was becoming both rounder and softer. Lips pursed plumply, a natural pout decorating his passive expression beneath a nose that now bore a smoother shape. His eyes fluttered with lengthened lashes around more circular shapes, while those eyes of his came to shine with a pinkish silver.

His Adam's apple smoothed away and thus, from the neck up? He was undoubtedly a *woman* in appearance. Once that had to be around the age of twenty one or so. "*Nn!?*" Joseph voice's had heightened due to changed vocal chords, and that was immediately highlighted as *she* was left to groan thanks to a tingly in *her* loins that singled a change in her own sex – so that the plumbing matched the exterior.

"What was I...? My computer? I was *def* going to my computer, right?" So unconcerned with her changing body now, the woman instead began to wonder what she had been up to. Memories were being swapped in to replace the ones associated with her old body which contributed to her acceptance. She didn't see anything wrong because she *remembered* her body always being this way. And that included the changes that progressed the moment her sex had been changed.

It was *obvious* what these changes referred to. Joseph's pants finally slipped to pull down her boxers with them, but it didn't really matter since her shirt reached the peaks of her thighs now. But because her thighs were *exposed*? You could see how weight was pooling within them, stretching her skin and expanding both their own girth but the girth of her hips, which inched an additional few inches wider. Blessings engorged the cheeks of her rump a few inches too, giving it a perky bubble shape.

There was no denying that her figure was more enticing than the smaller Trony's, and that extended to what was hidden by her shirt too. Even as that shirt began to shift in design into a white, sleeveless graphic tee with green and black splash art on the front, mounds ballooned her top until a pair of C-cups were otherwise obscured by the outfit's frumpy

appearance. She didn't gain a bra but she *did* gain panties, sandals, a utility belt, and a loose, white jacker.

Exia dropped her perky buttocks down into the seat of her chair, an imprint already properly formed from hour after *hour* of the NIKKE sitting there. **“Alright! Ready to teach those noobs a lesson!”** She started up her copy of BOOM and fiddled around in a pile of clothes by leaning off her chair until she finally found her headset – complete with a pair of panties dangling off the microphone that were hastily tossed over her shoulder.

She buckled down into her slouched gamer posture. *Exia* was *extremely* good at hacking. She was a highly intelligent woman whose genius could hardly be matched even by many other NIKKEs. But there was also an area where she excelled above anyone else: video games. She had a bad habit of calling her opponents noobs, and playing a multiplayer BOOM mod wouldn't change that. She was going to teach the other two a lesson! Either in the ring, or through *legitimate* gameplay guidance since she liked to teach new players.



“Then again, they're both already big fans of the game huh?”

I really didn't understand *what* was going on. I'd just recommended a mod to Kay and Joseph that we had all installed with the intention of playing a modded version of DOOM together when it felt like the world itself had been consumed by static. When 'reality' came back into view? I was in a bedroom surrounded by steel walls that definitely *wasn't* my own. At least so long as my name was Axel, anyways. **“Okay...”** I immediately pushed myself away from the computer I was sitting in front of. The chair was a little low to the ground, like it was meant for a shorter individual.

The room wasn't very big but there were a lot of *screens*. The computer, several TVs, a laptop, and even a *smart fridge*? Somehow all of them were showing a *very* familiar screen. **“BOOM? That was what our computers had said...”** Was there a correlation? I felt like I knew the name from somewhere else too, but I couldn't really place my finger on it. **“Oh!?”** I had almost tripped over a... bra? A pretty *big* bra, in fact. Who's room was this!?

Huh? Ain't this my room though?

“Oh, right... Wait, no!?” I had never seen that room in my life before! How could I possibly have perceived it as my own, personal space? Mind you, the same force that had changed my friends had *already* begun to work its magic on me. After all, my short brown hair had begun to display a number of *streaks*. A significantly lighter color: a platinum blonde that danced from one strand to the next until my head was entirely painted in its color. **“Hey!? What the hell?”**

In the end I only came to notice it because the hair *itself* gave me no choice. My hair’s length shot out, becoming thicker and fluffier while never lengthening past my chin. It had a choppy cut in the back and on top it lifted a little to reveal the underlayer was *yellow*. But I’d noticed all of this because of my *bangs*. I tried to push them away with my fingers because they reached all of the way down to my nose.

And when pushing them away didn’t work? **“Pfft! Pfft! PFFFFT!”** I did my best to try and blow it away by pointing my lips upward. It felt a little awkward to do though; somehow *not* like how I remembered it? It was like I had to strain more to push air *through* them. But this was because my lips had grown plumper. When I returned my expression to neutral there was now almost a cat-like smile to their shapes. Just as curious were my *eyes*. I couldn’t see them without a mirror of course, but when I attempted to blow my bangs away there were brief moments where you could see them.

So you could see that they were now *purple*. Purple, with fluttering lashes and rounded designs that, when paired with a petite nose, elicited the impression that my masculinity was being *replaced*. Adam’s apple and all. **“So something’s weird with my hair... And my voice, sounds like?”** It definitely *hadn’t* been that high or bubbly beforehand and of course I couldn’t notice the changes to my own face. But the more I thought about it the more I had to question what I was even saying. **“Is something actually weird though?”** It kind of felt *right*, didn’t it?

There were already effects taking place in my mind that had me warming up to my changes, if not outright embracing them as ‘reality’. So as the extra weight on my body waned away, eliminating my bulging gut? Well that was something that *did* go unnoticed. That said I did scratch at my tummy as the skin tightened. I wasn’t presented with a perfect thinness, however, and there was a pudgy torso that had my belly lip over my pelvis while a little extra weight hung around my hips.

“Woah!?” A sudden sensation akin to *falling* was quick to interrupt any train of thought that I may have had and I grabbed a nearby table to stop myself from hitting the floor. The issue with that? Well... *Had I*

been falling? My feet were still planted firmly on the floor, but I couldn't deny that my point of view had succumbed to a sharp drop. One that left my clothing *disheveled* to say the least. Which really wasn't surprising with context. The context that my height had dropped from almost six feet to 5'2", anyways.

My pants and underwear slipped without the same mass or length to hold them on my hips – just missing a phenomenon moment later where those hips were yanked roughly *four inches* wider. “**Did I stay up too late playing BOOM last night or something? I wasn't falling at all! Huh? BOOM? Wasn't that...?**” The name of a mod? No... the name of something very precious to me? The name of something far more important than a mod?

It was true that while still somewhat soft my body *was* significantly thinner than the morbidly obese shape it had possessed before. But some of that weight appeared to be coming back in some *very* specific places in *abundance*. But I didn't really seem to bat an eyelash at any of it regardless of how much *abundance* grew upon my person.

BYOMP!

I wish I was being dramatic but you could practically *hear* my chest swell beneath my shirt. What had once been a little squishy from excess weight *ballooned* into a pair of fleshy orbs tipped with thick, luscious nipples that held my shirt out forward like a tent, lifting my oversized shirt so that it just barely reached the tops of my thighs. A pair of fat tits now sat upon my torso, each orb as big as my *head*. The flopped up and down from growing so big so quickly, and I idly sunk my hands into them to stop them. Fortunately my body was a NIKKE's internally now so that I could bear their weight.

“*Hmm...*” I stared down at my rack. It completely hid the rest of my body from my view, and so I didn't really have a good way to look at what had *actually* enticed me to look downward. A very sharp tug between my legs that, while painless, had left me feeling strangely *empty* physically. I was a *woman*, which made sense considering my cute, round face, my huge tits, and my widened hips.

But there was more to it too. The regions around my pussy were blessed with additional mass similar in significance to how much had grown my breasts. My now hairless thighs engorged as if they were a pair of ballons being filled with water; a new fatty weight sloshing around inside of them as they made use of my widened hips. Even after they had *doubled* in weight there was still an enticing gap between my thighs. One through which you could see the inner sides of my swelling ass just

by peeking through. My ass was really quite remarkable in the end, a perfect heart shape that continued the trend of showing that my body was a little chubby on top of being so sexily shaped.

And for better or worse? This was all better highlighted by a clothing change. A black thong beneath a pair of grey shorts so short that my entire legs were practically bare, a black thigh strap on my left thigh, tiny white and orange shoes around shrunken feet... and that was only the waist down. My plush tummy was left just as bare as my legs, with only orange suspender straps reaching across them from my shirts to my collar. Otherwise my chest was merely covered by a cropped, white jacket with yellow sleeves ovetop a black bra. The jacket had a raised collar, and I had electric-proof gloves on my hands.

Related to the work... I had just been doing?

“Fixing that elevator took longer than I thought... Hope the other two aren’t too mad, but it’s nothing a good BOOM session can’t help with!” I stepped away from my bedroom door, fully convinced that I had actually just gotten *into* my room from the hall outside. It wasn’t odd for Ark’s elevators to break down, and as the local fixit gal? It had more or less become *my* responsibility to help with repairs when it came to electronic equipment. But that was also why every digital ad in those elevators had BOOM installed to it now! He-he!



I gave a little stretch of my arms, my gratuitous bosom lifting and dropping as I finally lowered them and scratched a moment at my exposed, squishy tummy. Of course every screen in my room would have BOOM installed – it was something more sacred to me than my favorite game. It was my (healthy) obsession. Well, depending on who you asked! It was a gaming *classic* after all!

Finally making it to my chair, I allowed my weight to drop into my seat and threw on my headset. The second I joined the call I was met with the screeching of Trony and Exia. **“YOU’RE LATE, ELEGG!”** I couldn’t help but laugh it off as the *Elegg* they were yelling at. They were just as into it as always! We may have been an unlikely gaming group,

but we were all into it for our reasons. There was still a shared love of the game in the end.

“Hey now! I’m here, I’m here! So let’s just enjoy some BOOM, yeah!?”