

# IONO CHANNEL

## FIRST PERSON STORY

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**“Streaming is a real pain in the ass, huh?”**

I, like many others, had decided to take the plunge one day. As someone who enjoyed playing video games and idealized a future where I could play them while making money doing it, I had decided to invest a little bit of money to become a streamer. That said, I wasn't naïve. I knew the chances of me taking off were probably significantly lower than even rolling a character I wanted in most gacha games.

Still, I had collected all of the necessities. A capable gaming PC was something that I had *already* owned, but I had still needed things that I didn't have on hand. A proper microphone, a good headset, a webcam, an appropriate setting to set everything up in, and a game capture card for games that weren't already on my PC were all items that were basically essential – and they had racked up quite a bit of cost in the end.

Not to mention the phase of setting everything up had been a hell of its own. Sure, hooking up headsets and microphones were fairly straightforward, but my capture card had led me through a loop of nonsense before finally figuring everything out. I could have just abandoned it for the time being, but I had *really* wanted Pokémon Scarlet & Violet to be the first game I streamed, so I had to get my Switch up and running stat.

And I *still* hadn't managed to do even that just yet! No matter which instructions I followed, hooking it up just didn't seem to give me video. So I was on my hands and knees behind my computer with the cords in hand, still putting them in and out while trying to get some signal. *Any* signal would do! **“Maybe the capture card is just broken? Should**

**I send it in for a replacement?”** Reasonably frustrated, I stood up with a start with HDMI cables in hand. In doing so I accidentally yanked my Switch off the desk, and it hit the floor with a crash. “...*Crap.*”

Fortunately the device was okay even *after* falling out of its dock, and I managed to put the dock in question back up on my computer desk with little issue. If any of my gaming tech broke suddenly I’d probably have to ask to borrow money to replace it what with how much all of the streaming stuff had come to. “**I wish I had some experience with streaming, that’d be a real help here.**” Of course, I couldn’t have experience with something I had never done before.

Yet, as I slid the Switch back into its dock. “**Ow!? What the fuck!?**” I had to yank away the hand that had been holding it because... had I just been *shocked*? “**Crap, is my Switch okay? That didn’t fry it, did it?**” Fortunately it powered on without much effort again, so it was fine. But what *was* that? Why had it just *shocked* me? I just was *not* having any good luck with technology that day, it seemed.

But things, ultimately, could always get worse.

I decided to take a break and left my office to get a drink. I wasn’t gone long and returned with a soda in under a minute. But during the time when I had been gone? I had definitely felt a touch *off*? A little dizzy and a little off balance. Was I woozy? “**I certainly hope I’m not getting sick. It must just be because I’m getting frustrated.**” I also wasn’t exactly in the best of shapes, so getting down on the floor and up again over and over could have possibly been taking its toll on me.

By the time I had come *back* to my office and closed the door behind me, though? The subject of my physical fitness became a pretty hot topic... because it was rapidly changing, and not in a way that saw anything deteriorating. It was actually a change for the *better*. My pronounced gut was slowly becoming smaller beneath my black tee, leaving the shirt to appear flatter and flatter from an exterior point of view. It eventually became so flat that there wasn’t a speckle of excess weight left whatsoever, but my tummy wasn’t even the *only* place that had happened. My man boobs were completely gone, and my arms and thighs were thinner than ever.

I didn’t even notice until I was forced to catch the waistband of my trackpants and tie them tighter, because the lack of weight on my lower body had forced them to slip. “**What is... THE HELL!?**” And I certainly *did* notice. It wasn’t normal to lose that much weight that quickly under *any* circumstance. “**How am I thin? What just happened!?**” In the back of my mind I *really* wanted to chalk this all up

to being a dream, and yet? No, this was far too real. Had I been drugged or something?

**“Woah!?”** I was given little choice but to throw my hand out to stop myself from falling all of a sudden, the imbalance from my growing wooziness the perceived initial issue. But I quickly realized that it wasn't exclusive *to* that wooziness, for the arm that had been stretched out to the desk? My elbow was bending because the position of my shoulder had begun to shift without me moving it. It was getting closer to the floor. *I was getting closer to the floor.*

And not because I was falling, but because my height had been set on a downward spiral. Whether it was the bones in my arms, legs, or even my greater torso, it was all compression like I was under some sort of bizarre gravity – but my body's mass continuously adjusted so that my by retained its newfound slimness. **“There's no way I'm getting smaller! This has *gotta* be some sort of *Hypno-induced* crazy dream!”**

In retrospect it was definitely weird of me to use a Pokémon reference here, much less speak so oddly casually, but I was much too worried about how my height had fallen to a meager *five feet* to properly process *any* of that. In the grand scheme of things, I hadn't even notice that I hadn't *just* shrunk. The glow of my face had become much more youthful, perhaps suggestive of being in my earlier twenties rather than my late ones.

And what's more? It appeared shockingly more *effeminate* and continued to trend in that direction beyond any realization on my own part. **“Did I lose my pants? I totally lost my pants... *Can't go live like that!*”** Wait, was that really the issue here? I was thin and I'd shrunk! Why was livestreaming even a thought in the forefront of my mind!? A shrunken hand reached down to pull the base of my shirt past my loins, not that it needed much help with my new height, but even then? Those hands were noticeably tiny, and the nails upon them seemed to grow an inch while adapting the look of a proper manicure.

I shuffled there on my feet, the feet in question smaller now than even after I'd initially shrunk. My heels were rounder now and the toes upon those feet fairer. Honestly? I was having a hard time sitting still. Where had all of this energy even come from? I felt like I'd been *wired* all of a sudden!

Hidden by my shirt, the shape of my frame and its distribution of weight were subtly changing. Most notably were my hips and shoulders, which was dangerous for completely different reasons. With all of that weight and size lost, by shoulders were already dangerously close to slipping

through the neck hole of my black tee. And with shoulders narrowing? The potential slippage of that shirt had become even more likely. On the other hand, my hips had pulled a little wider so that they pushed out the sides of my shirt a little more, and in the end it gave my torso a more dramatic curve on either side of my tummy.

**“Y-Y- H-Huh!?”** I had almost blurted *something* out, catching it because I hadn’t meant to say anything? But where were those words coming from if I wasn’t thinking them? Was my mouth moving on its own? Regardless, the fact I had even tried to say these things in the first place was reason enough for the attention to focus on my face and mouth. I already looked younger, but as things had worn on my masculinity had been imperilled.

My eyes, for example, grew gratuitously in size and shape. They practically doubled in size and were far rounder for a greater range of expression. My lashes fluttered longer, almost like the beating wings of a butterfly, on either side of a nose that flared and then narrowed in terms of the size of my nostrils. The tip grew closer to my face, giving it more of a button shape. While my lips? Their pink softened and shone, while they turned up into a perfectly plump and natural resting pout. But those lips also hid my teeth, which against all biological sense had essentially sharpened into a complete row of *fangs*.

Tiny hands covered my mouth. I felt it bubbling up again, those words that weren’t my own. **“Y-Y-Y-Y- NO!”** Except *this* time? My voice sounded to be *much* higher, and almost like I’d triggered something? When I shouter NO, a burst of color exploded in my irises, treating them to a pastel pink. **“E-Even my voice now? No way any of my *friendos* are gonna believe it’s me if I call ‘em!”** Friendos? Had I just said *friendos*?

Grappling with the vocal complications of my present predicament drew away all of my attention from the more obvious of the physical ones. Such as my dark hair and a length that began to grow at a staggering pace. I always made a point to keep my hair as short as possible, and yet in a matter of moments it had hung down to my shoulders everywhere except my front bangs. And in the back? It grew even *longer*, growing full and fluffy in form.

Hair dye saw to it that the color of this hair no longer lingered in the realm of the reasonable. The right side of my head? All of the hair there brightened to a cotton candy blue. The left? A cotton candy pink – while minimal overlap occurred atop my head where choppy bangs were cut and both colors were weaved into a ribbon shape in the center. It was the kind of bombastic hair coloring you might expect to see on an anime character.

Which really wasn't all that far from the truth.

“**CIAO!?**” Both of my hands jumped down to my crotch as a sudden and sharp pain radiated from between my legs, and with only my shirt to cover my crotch? Those hands did not grasp onto the dick that should have been there. Instead they had sunk *into* something *extremely* sensitive, and I immediately shuddered. ...Had I expressed my surprise with *CIAO*, though?

Still shaking, I brought my hands as far away from crotch as possible. “**Th-There's no way, right? But my voice.. And my hands? AND MY HAIR!?**” Little by little I noticed new things that had changed with me, and each was more familiar than the last. Shock in my eyes, I held multicolored hair strands in front of me. My teeth couldn't even gnash together anxiously because of their pointed shapes. “**Y-Y-Y-Y-Y- NOT AGAIN!?**” And my new energy level continued to boil over.

But I was undeniably a woman in terms of sex now. My fingers had sunk into a pussy, and while I opted to explore further the area directly around it began to complete this assertion. My thighs had swelled rounder around after all, making them quite plush to the touch. And my ass? It was certainly fuller and perkier, perfect for comfort if I was to, say, spend a lot of my day in a computer chair? And then there was the matter of my chest. It had swollen little by little, nipples larger than ever. I *clearly* had breasts pushing against the underside of my shirt, around C-cups in size. They still looked pretty big seeing as I was so short!

I had been doing so well with keeping it bottled up. Like if I blurted it out, I would be giving into the strange force that had changed me into *this*. Into a video game character given life in the real world. My body was small and cute, yet it was likewise sexy in all the right place which worked out since I was around the age of twenty or so. But I couldn't deny the boundless energy that had been building within, which had been escaping slowly through laughter and uncharacteristic



shouts.

So inevitably? I succumbed. “**Y-Y-Your eyeballs are MINE—caught in my Electroweb! and 'Ello, 'ello, hola! Ciao and Bonjour!**” It was a greeting that I knew all too well, and my brain was split on *where* I knew it from. Was it from a video game character? Was it *my* signature phrase? “**Nyohoho! It feels great to finally say that! Why was I resistin’ it so much!?**”

In body, soul, and personality I could only be seen as *Iono*, a Gym Leader from Pokémon Scarlet & Violet – but my memories still vaguely carried the essence of my previous self! Which was totally weird, right? “**I’m totally gonna take the web here by storm! All those sweet likes and subs! I’m gonna make so many friendos!**” But looking around at the stuff I had, I really had to frown.

“**What’s with all this junk though? It’s totally not cute! Wonder if I can buy my clothes on the internet, too...**” I couldn’t continue to wear mens clothing. But at least I still knew how to use Amazon!

Ideally there’d be an Iono cosplay on there somewhere!