

# EVEN WRONGER LIFE

## COMMISSION STORY

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For the first time in several weeks, Magisa let loose a sigh of relief.

An incident had occurred two weeks prior where their captain, Djeeta, and Lyria both had gone missing after she had imparted them with a magic battery to power something known as a video game console. When all had been said and done, she'd found the gaming room empty with the console intact, and a game she hadn't heard of resting in the system. Under Night In-Birth. It didn't look like anything that had been made in this world. But it was the key to finding her friends.

Over the next two weeks she had surmised that the two had been pulled into the game itself, and Magisa? She embarked on a journey to make sure she could right her wrong. There was no way her magical battery hadn't been *somehow* responsible, and so she had hoped that by using her magic she could construct a method of pulling them out again.

**“Now, if I simply tweak this...”** The past week had been what was essentially a non-stop work session broken up by the tiniest of breaks, as she tried to do her work while concealing where Djeeta and Lyria had gone. The witch's fear was that if the crew knew she had been the cause, that they would intervene in a way that would prevent her from creating a proper means of saving them in the end. **“And then if I press that...”**

She brought her finger down upon the gaming console's power button, and for a short period of time it looked as if things were working as planned. Until finally...

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**“Where in the skydom am I?”** The console had spewed crackling, blue electricity, and the last thing Magisa could remember was a bright, white light clouding her vision before it faded, leaving her in a place that was both unfamiliar in shape and technology. **“The room of an inn?”**

That was the best impression she could from her surroundings. It had all of the staples. A professionally made bed, a bathroom, mass-produced curtains, and yet? While some of the technology housed within bore some resemblance to the things she knew, they seemed far too advanced. The television? Could they be made with screens so flat? What was the device on the wall beside the door?

The most surprising thing in the room, however, wasn't surprising because of the technological level. It was simply the sheer size of the objects despite what they had evidently been created to do. Because against the wall, beside the bed, were a pair of platinum gauntlets decaled with gold. On their own, based on that description, they weren't that surprising – she'd seen all manner of weaponry over her travels. But it was their *size* that was shocking. Each armored fist was larger than the nightstand table they were propped up next to, and Magisa hardly believed any person could properly adorn them, much less wield them.

Magisa's curiosity was boundless though, and so it was only natural that she would give an in-depth examination of the first thing that caught her interest. She loomed over the gauntlets, which were pointed fists down, and lowered her hands into the thin slots that looked as if they'd been forged for regular sized hands. She wondered if there was some kind of mechanism within that made them work, and yet...

*All she got was instant regret.*

The moment her fingers bottomed out in the gauntlet, something locked around her wrists. **“What!?”** Was it a mechanism designed to keep them from falling off? It made sense if so, but her fingers were longer than the space allowed. It was far too uncomfortable, at least until...

***CRUNCH!***

Shockingly painless, but nonetheless still very alarming, it felt as if the gauntlets had just crushed all of her fingers at once. When all was said and done, though? She could still move them, and did they now fit properly? **“Peculiar...”** was the only word Magisa could muster as a bead of sweat rolled down her face from the shock of it all, but really? This caused problems. Forget pulling her hands free, she couldn't even lift her arms now that the gauntlets were bound to them. Her posture

was bent down provocatively, with emphasis placed on her big ass and even larger breasts.

Or so they should have been, but a wave of disorientation struck the witch, and it led to results that were see her adult figure unwound without prejudice.

Initially, one might have called it a trick of their eyes – well if their eyes had been fixated on Magisa’s breasts (*and for many this was often the case*). Those juggernaut tits appeared ever so slightly smaller initially, but as the seconds carried on it became more and more evident that it wasn’t merely a trick, but a reality that Magisa would have to come to terms with. The issue? The woman herself had not noticed her ample bosom diminishing, for she was far too distracted by her hands, and the ill fit of her dress, while loose, could easily be excused by the fact that she was leaning forward.

Just because she didn’t notice didn’t mean it wasn’t happening though, and the fact that the front of her dress was hanging looser was proof of that. Beneath the fabric, the mass of her breasts was inching away, disappearing into a dark void from which it would never return, tragically, with no one there to mourn its loss. Before long, while still sizable, they had shrunk down to a size that was merely ‘larger than normal’, and the fact that this is still smaller than Magisa’s breasts used to be merely spoke to how massive they’d been in the first place.

Their regression ultimately sped up, but as they did so too did the curves of her lower half show signs of diminishing as well. Her fat ass became much more manageable and her thighs became lean and thin, showing off that the mage had little in the way of any muscle mass. Even her hips, somehow, seemed all the smaller; but then again, they didn’t have such hefty loads to support now.

Returning northward briefly, the woman’s chest had sunk as low as B-cups, allowing even her nipples to be seen from the front with how low her now empty dress hung. While one might wonder how much smaller they could even go, their regression exceeded even the greatest of expectations. Because in the end? They were hardly larger than a pair of mosquito bites, not ample enough to even fill a hand.

But Magisa? She was still struggling to free her hands – something that felt next to impossible without any actual hands free to help. All she could do was pull her arms up in hope that they would move, and they didn’t. *Until suddenly they did.* “**Oh!?**” It was only an inch or two off the ground and they were still dangling there, but she had managed to lift the gauntlets. She’d sounded incredibly chipper when she’d cried

out in surprise, certainly more-so than the quiet and whimsical front she put up regularly.

*But that, too, was an effect of what was happening.*

Being able to lift her arms finally provided her with the slack to straighten her posture, but not long after she'd brought her point of view back up to the height she remembered? It began to slip down again. She hadn't bent her back or anything, but she was dropping. "**Huh!? What's happening!? Am I falling!?**" Sounding unusually excited, the woman flailed around as she threw her hands in the air. *Not at all realizing that she was now throwing those gauntlets around like their weight was completely natural to her.*

"**No! I'm shrinking!**" Her voice, this time, chirped in a pitch that was more befitting of a child. It was a change that made sense considering her assessment wasn't at all wrong, and something in her heart was aflutter that made her a little excited for it. Her limbs lessened in length, something that really made the gauntlets look *even* bigger. Typically, Magisa stood at a height of almost five foot and seven inches, which made things all the more shocking as she dipped below the five-foot mark. Had she still possessed her sexy curves, they undoubtedly would have looked bizarre on her frame as it was now.

Even more-so considering it continued to dip, seeing her posture likewise better resemble a child's as her dress was little more than a troublesome garment hanging off of her frame so delicately that a simple breeze might steal it away. It could be seen well enough in her face that she hadn't merely shrunk once she bottomed out at four feet and eight inches (*almost losing a full foot*), but she'd become younger. Her face was round and pudgy, and what looked to be blush stickers had pinkened upon her cheeks.

She likely *wasn't* a child and was in her early-to-mid teens, but her face truly gave a different impression when you likewise factored in how complete void of curves she was. Magisa's eyes, typically red, sparkled with a golden amber that had lit up with energy, smile upon her face wide as she began to bounce around the room. And as for her hair? Blonde had been permeating through its long, silver mass for a while now. But all of a sudden its length was chopped off just past her shoulders, the excess not falling to the ground but disappearing completely before it could.

The girl squinted a moment as things in her mind began to readjust. Her name? Magisa! Wasn't that kind of a weird name though? Wasn't she *Japanese*? While squinting, the shape of her eyes shifted to better match that assessment, softening her remaining features even further in the

process. Hmm... So if her name wasn't Magisa, what made more sense? *Mika*? Oh, yeah! It was totally that! *Mika! Mika Returna of the Licht Kreis!* Which meant... she was here for a mission? Well, she did stay in hotels a lot while traveling. Had to make sure not to smash a wall with her fists though, else Orie would get mad...

Almost as if it were responding to her realization, the dress that had carried over from her old life suddenly tightened around her body and wriggled, the ticklish nature of the effort forcing a giggle from the girl in the process. Cloth teared and reformed forming a blue and gold, sleeveless breast plate that might as well have served as an exhibition of how flat her chest was, while leaving a belly that sported some degree of firm muscle on display in their place. Down below? Her flat butt was hidden by a pair of bloomers with a blue skirt and belt overtop, while knee-length boots with leg guards covered the bottom.

The final piece of the puzzle was a pair of blue, metal hairclips that pulled her blonde locks into a set of pigtails, and the moment they appeared everything just kind of clicked for Mika. Any doubts she had, any lingering concerns that might have persisted from her old life? They became little more than noise in the back of her mind that would completely disappear by the day's end.

**“Huh? What time is it anyways?”** Until then, she was fairly sure she had a mission to see to? She rocked back and forth on her heel, looking out the window at a city that was basking in the orange glow of the setting sun. When night finally struck, that was when the mission would finally begin. All she had to do was await her orders. And a knocking on the door indicated the time had come.

**“Are you ready, Mika?”** She knew the speaker. It was Orie, an ally in this organization and one of her closest friends. They were lucky to be able to do missions together like this, really. Mika inhaled deeply, her enthusiasm practically palpable as she threw both of her giant fists into the air.

**“AYE! LET'S GO, ORIE!”**

If only she'd known that Orie had once been Io from the Grandcypher, accidentally brought along to this world with her.