

CHANGING FORTUNES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Where’d Megumin go anyways?”

“I believe that she went to Wiz’s shop earlier this morning and came back rather recently.”

This idle chitchat between Aqua and Darkness was little more than an attempt at making conversation, as the two of them had been sitting in relative silence for a few hours now. It was *very* clear that at least one of them hadn’t gotten a good night’s sleep – the bags under the goddess’ eyes were extremely dark and, sitting in her chair, it seemed that she was continuously on the verge of nodding off. That was the whole reason she was even sitting in front of the fire with Darkness.

“Aqua. You’re doing it again.” Darkness, looking up from the book she was reading, called Aqua out on the fact that she was nodding off. The swordswoman didn’t really understand the urgency, but apparently Aqua was waiting for a package to arrive and had barred herself from taking a nap until she had the parcel in her hands. Since Darkness had been planning on taking a day of rest anyways, it wasn’t really a problem for her. She kind of wished *she* was the one being told off though...

The noise that Aqua made when it was pointed out certainly wasn’t a cute one. While sounding almost like a pig’s snort, she perked back up in her chair. **“I’m awake! I’m awake!”** It *definitely* did *not* help that she had a hangover, but in the end she only really had herself to blame for that. They’d gotten back from a tough job the day before and the pay had been *really* good. So maybe she had spent a little *too* much on beer at the bar. She was definitely paying for it now though!

Thoughts about Megumin's absence had already faded away and the two women were thinking about other things. Yet for a brief moment their thoughts overlapped. They both experienced a strange tingling sensation in different places. For Aqua it was on the back of her right hand, whereas Darkness felt it on her right shoulder. Neither of them verbally addressed this, but upon looking *at* the back of her hand? "**UH! One sec! I'm heading to the bathroom!**"

Aqua *promptly* excused herself.



“Where the heck did this thing come from? I didn’t get it when I was drunk last night, did I!?” Her brisk jog to the bathroom had been a short one, and by the time Aqua had arrived she was already trying to make up theories about where *it* had come from. A pink tattoo had been etched into the back of her right hand – one in the shape of a bird or something? She couldn’t tell *what* it was supposed to be. But she also wasn’t confident that it had only *just* appeared. It wasn’t like she stared at the back of her hands, and since she was half asleep anyways... *it could* have been there all morning.

Running the water in the tap, Aqua desperately tried to rub it off. Pink wasn’t her color at *all*, so she was praying that it was temporary. She could probably find a spell to remove it in a worst case scenario, but that still meant having a bright pink tattoo on her hand until she could find such a spell! It wasn’t until she finally thought about magic that it clicked though. Ever since the tattoo appeared her flow of magic had felt *strange*. Why *was* that?

It was like it was moving in strange directions, but short of spells that *nullified* one’s ability to use magic there shouldn’t have been anything that could affect how magic moved throughout one’s body. But that wasn’t *quite* what was happening. It was sort of like she had been *rewired*? But the flow felt *warm* too. Especially around, of all places, her *chest*. **“What the hell is going on here?”**

Regardless of how much water she used or how hard she rubbed, Aqua couldn’t get any of the tattoo’s ink to budge. A bad sign. But a stranger sign was how that warmth continued to grow in her chest, beneath her bra and button-up blue shirt. Aqua liked to think her boobs were above average size (and they were), but the bras she wore *always* fit her chest *just right*. So why then, was it, that along with this warmth, her bra felt a little tight?

A lot tight?

“Why is...? H-HUH!?” The goddess had been on the cusp of asking that very question aloud, gaze traveling down to her chest in the mirror above the sink. But looking at her reflection and then staring directly down at her chest she came to a very shocking revelation. **“Are my boobs bigger?”** They simply didn’t *look* a little larger. They *continued* to grow larger.

Her bra continued to be pushed forward as the last bastion of restraint against her swelling bosom, but as a result the strap in the back was digging more and more into her skin. **“Crud!”**, she blurted out instead of the more intense word she had *intended* on saying, but it went unnoticed as she reached back to scratch at her bra’s clasp until it finally came undone. It had been a *necessary* step for her comfort. With nothing to hold these tits aside from her shirt, the top three buttons of her shirt *exploded* off their stitching while the shirt’s base was pulled up to show some of her tummy.

Aqua needed to place both hands on the edge of the sink to keep herself upright, but her gaze was fixed down entirely on her huger honkers. They must have been F-cups at least! And curiously once they stopped growing, that feeling of warmth gravitated elsewhere. *Downwards*. **“W-Wait. My butt and thighs are... Does that mean?”** Yes!

“EEP!?” As if to *immediately* answer her question the goddess was dealt an incredibly sudden and intimate *wedgie* both into her ass crack *and* cameltoed into her pussy. It certainly wasn’t a matter of her panties getting smaller, so it was absolutely the opposite effect instead. Her ass had swollen with the same vigor as her tits, inheriting a bouncy bubbled shape that extended about four inches farther past her back than it had before. This jolted her hips wider, and in what seemed like an excess of overflow, her thighs became thicker with skin pulled tauter around them in kind.

Her knees had buckled from the widening of her hips combined with the greater weight of her form now that she was curvier, but given a moment her muscles adjusted and she was able to stand up straight again. **“I really don’t understand what... what...”** Aqua had been on the cusp of murmuring her question to no one in particular when something new caught her eye. Or, er... her *ear*. **“Why does my voice sound like this!?”** She sounded *sweeter* with the pitch a touch deeper. Even then she couldn’t tell just how much it changed, seeing as your voice always sounded different to your own ears.

For a brief moment she’d been a little excited. Her body was *sexier*. Her top couldn’t even contain her breasts, and once she picked the wedgie

from her ass she couldn't help but think her butt was quite eye-catching. If her transformation had just *stopped* there then she probably wouldn't have had anything to complain about. But the warmth spread out a little more thinly across her body while her face became warm, signaling the very next change.

“Wait a second!” Aqua pushed her face closer to the mirror once more. The blue of her eyes didn't look right. Speckles of brown had emerged in her irises and seemingly multiplied as she stared at them. Spot after spot her eye color shifted to chestnut brown, and after staring a moment longer it dawned on her that those eyes had been pulled bigger, rounder, and wider with straighter eyelashes. Her nose wriggled while shrinking into a button shape, and while cheeks rounded a touch her lips puffed up an inch thicker than they had been prior.

This reflection wasn't her own aside from her hair.

And even that wasn't destined to remain the case. **“Not there too!”** She grabbed handfuls of her hair in a manner that was very un-Aqua-like even if her reaction sounded very similar. Within her grasp those locks shortened until they would have hung just past her shoulders while the like blue shifted towards an equally light blonde. This was true of her brows and pubes too, with the latter finding themselves trimmed neatly within her overly tight undergarments.

“EEEEEEH!? I'm like a completely different person now! No one is even going to believe that I'm Lucy Heartfilia now! Lucy...? W-Wait, that's not my name!” While the teenaged girl's personality *was* fundamentally different now, from the sounds of things that new personality still included a habit of overdramatically and excitedly reacting to unbelievable events. Because *Lucy Heartfilia* could do little more than gawk and scream at her completely transformed reflection.



That was the thing though. Aqua still existed at her very core, just as Megumin still existed at Erza's core over in her room at that exact moment. **“It's not just my name... Water magic? I couldn't really use that... not without the right key. Because I'm a Celestial Spirit Mage?”** Had her mind not been altered this might have all sounded like nonsense to her, but she could grasp the fundamentals. There *was* a fundamental problem with this though, aside from the fact that her clothes no longer fit her sexier body. It was more of a combat issue.

“...I don't have any keys to use though!”

Should that *really* have been her main concern in the moment?



“**That was odd...**” Back in front of the fireplace seconds after Aqua left, Darkness had been referring to her party member's sudden departure *and* the odd tingling sensation that she had felt on her right shoulder. The feeling had gone away and there wasn't any pain so she quickly dismissed it, and with her outfit being long-sleeved it wasn't like she had easy visual access to her shoulder in the first place.

Instead the knight had pushed it out of her mind and stood up. She'd just finished the book she was reading and decided to return it to the nearby shelf. “**Maybe she went to throw up?**” A possible reason for Aqua's departure came to mind as she walked over and put the book away. The goddess *had* been extremely hungover. It was very possible she was still feeling the ill effects. Because neither of the women had communicated the tingling feeling they had felt to each other, Darkness couldn't draw the correlation with her own experience.

It was when she went to turn away from the bookshelf that the woman finally noticed the effects of the tingling, however.

“**...Hm?**” It was easy enough for Darkness to assume that she was seeing things at this point. After all, her transformation had only *just* begun and while her earliest changes were the most dramatic, they also didn't transpire all at once. But *while* she was turning from the bookshelf it had felt like her eye level had shifted downward suddenly. The knight may have been an idiot of the highest degree, but she was legitimately a very observant individual. “**Weren't my eyes at level with that shelf a moment ago?**” Now they were just *very slightly* below the shelf.

A strange warmth could be felt swirling throughout the woman's body. Yet unlike with Aqua and Megumin the intention wasn't to grant her *growth* of any kind. Darkness was already tall and gorgeous so it would have taken a lot of work to build upon that. Instead she was destined to do the *exact opposite*. And that was something that she could feel in her

dress. She idly tugged at the front where her chest was. It felt a little loose, yet adjusting it didn't help.

It wasn't until the woman looked down at *herself* that she understood, even if it was more than a little unbelievable. "**Erm... Could my bosom be...?**" Blue eyes blinked a handful of times while gazing down upon her own person. She could see it. She could *feel* it. The abundance that was housed within her bra and the cups of her dress were *diminishing* quickly. Shocked fingers reached up to press against their mass, yet pushing in saw fingers press almost all of the way into her ribcage before finding the tiniest bit of plushness atop them. 'A-cups' were a generous description of what remained.

And she somehow felt *extremely* envious of the big breasted now, despite never caring about the chests of other women before.

Because of the layout of Darkness' dress, she didn't take as *much* notice of what was happening beneath her waist. There was a slight slip of her undergarments because her ass and thighs deflated in much the same way that her breasts had. In fact, much of her ass was erased entirely and her thighs, while bearing some width in the end, were still far too lackluster for a woman of her age. It was by the merit of her underwear's stretchy waistband tightening around narrowed hips that they didn't fall off entirely.

"**Not just my bosom, I-I'm shrinkiiiiiiiiing!?**" In the end her initial impression that she had been a little shorter than the shelf *had* been on the mark. It just turned out that the phenomenon was awaiting the slimming of her curves to take things a step further. Without tits or an ass of not to her name, the knight was quick to shrink *dramatically*. Limbs were swallowed by her sleeves, her skirt pooled on the floor beneath her. Gloves and boots were shed while she fumbled around in the process.

Ultimately she was left at a height of 4'9" at maximum.

Darkness' body was closer to a child than anything – and in fact she was now *twelve*. It wasn't just her height that spoke to this either. Her face was *pointedly* more petite and youthful. Thinned lips, bigger and cuter eyes, rounder cheeks... She didn't even really look *like* Darkness in the face, come to think of it. Blue eyes shifting to brown played a part in this impression, but even if they *had* remained blue her old identity would have been a hard sell.

"**I-I'm... O-Oh no...**" Her voice was soft. The girl felt shy and uncertain. It was a far cry from the swordswoman's usual, confident albeit silly demeanor. Her expression was similar to a cute little deer

caught in the headlights, with big, round eyes skittering around the room and down at herself. She was so shocked, in fact, that the changes to her hair were secondary enough it didn't even strike her. Nonetheless, her blonde strands darkened to an ocean blue. The length didn't really change but there *was* more of a sheen to it all in the end as it dangled behind her. When she eventually would attend to it later that day she would have the urge to tie it into twin tails.

There were more important things for her to worry about anyways.

“I-I-I need to find something to wear!” The child was panicked. Not only had she just become younger and her personality much meeker, but Darkness' old outfit was hanging off of her like a loose blanket. It felt like one wrong move would see it slipping off, exposing the girl's body. And she *didn't* want that to happen! **“Um... Maybe Miss Erza would have some clothes that... Miss Erza?”**

While fidgeting in place she *had* been thinking of Megumin. Since her body was so small it was possible that her clothes would fit the girl's new form better. Instead though, she'd spoken a different name. **“And then Lucy... I-I mean Lucy!”** No, she had meant *Aqua*! What was going on here? Why couldn't she call them by their real names? But wait, what about her own name? After all she looked like – and acted like – a completely different girl.



She hesitated a moment. **“My name is... W-Wendy Marvell!”** No it wasn't! **“I'm... Wendy? The Sky Dragon Slayer? Er...”** Like it or not this was the identity she could verbally speak. *Wendy Marvell* was indeed her name, and her magic was indeed of the Sky Dragon Slaying variety. The more the girl thought about it, the more she could recall the techniques of her new magic. Was that also why her senses felt so much sharper too? **“Oh... This probably isn't good.”**

“Wendy!”

“EEP!?” A woman's voice boomed in the living room doorway, prompting Wendy to scream and find herself face to face with a tall, red-headed woman and a busty blonde. Her mind *immediately* recognized them as the Erza and Lucy she had just mentioned. So they were what had happened to Megumin and Aqua? It seemed Lucy was having some outfit problems of her own. **“Wh-What happened to everyone?”**

Before anyone could follow up with that question, Lucy quietly raised her hand. **“Um... Maybe before we deal with that we could find some clothes for Wendy and myself? I don’t exactly want to sit around and talk with my boobs hanging out!”** In the end they all agreed that this was a fair compromise. Even though neither of them really *knew* Erza beyond their new personas though, both Wendy and Lucy felt like the red-headed woman was acting a little strange.

The two newly transformed girls stared at each other, and in tandem...

“She knows something!”

Not that Erza would openly *share* the fact that she was the reason they had transformed. How could her putting on a tattoo even affect other people!? It was a real mystery for the time being, but that didn’t really change the fact that the situation would worsen before long. More of those tattoos had begun to appear upon the women of Axel and that could only mean Megumin’s decision would impact even more lives..