

GODDESS WHINING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The goddess, Palutena, had taken an increasing interest in human culture as of late. She simply enjoyed the fruits of their labor when it came to entertainment, be it live action television, novels, animation, games, or otherwise. There just simply wasn't enough to hold her attention in Skyworld, not when you had an eternity to live.

She'd developed something of a habit of locking herself up in her chambers thanks to this fixation, not surfacing for hours or sometimes days at a time until she'd had her temporary fill of indulging herself. That isn't to say she was becoming a hikikomori. No, another timeline had seen to that, surely. But it certainly wasn't befitting behavior of a goddess of Palutena's renown.

Not that there was anyone with the authority to slap her wrist over the matter.

“Another story with this theme, is it? So humans refer to it as ‘isekai’...” As of late, the goddess had encountered a number of tales told through various mediums with this very same scenario. Something happens to an ordinary person in an ordinary human society, and before they know it they've been whisked away to another world altogether. In most cases they are bestowed special powers and are tasked with saving that world. While in others they live completely normally lives.

Thematically, these tales could either be perfectly pleasant and unique, or entirely contrived and same-y. It was clear that some authors thought to differentiate their pieces while others were attempting to capitalize on what was very likely a trend. **“But something I've yet to read is a tale about a goddess being reincarnated in another world.**



Wouldn't that be much more relatable?" Perhaps if goddesses didn't make up a meager 0.0000000001% of the potential audience.

"Oh, wait!" Reclining in her chair, realization dawned upon Palutena. **"I'm an all-powerful goddess! I could create that scenario myself if I wanted to!"** And so began Palutena's master plan to isekai a goddess for the lulz. Not herself, of course. Perhaps she could send away someone more deserving of that adventure, and then she could observe for her own entertainment?

But, of course, for her little plan to work she first needed a world to have it happen in. Fortunately her abilities as such a divine (*and beautiful*) goddess allowed her to both peer into and travel to other worlds by her own power, and so she had begun to travel from realm to realm in search of a suitable locale for her plot to unfold.

"Hm... Archaic, a presence of magic, a Demon Lord... I suppose this world will do nicely!" After sampling a few worlds, she had finally settled on one that suited her specifications after talking a walk around the town she had appeared in. A town named Axel – one she had lingered in a little longer than those she'd explored previously. **"Now all I have left to do is head home and figure out which goddess to send here..."**

Thinking that her work in Axel really *was* done, she flipped green hair over her shoulder and gave a snap of her fingers. That was the cue for her powers to warp her back to Skyworld, and yet... She remained. **"Erm...? Hello?"** Another snap of those fingers revealed the exact same results. A goddess' abilities weren't something that could be turned on and off when convenient! Or, at the very least, *hers* were not!

But the situation had evolved beyond what she could control without her notice.

And for any power to put Palutena in a situation where she wasn't in control? Well, that would have to be a power more terrifying than anything any goddess possessed, and there were hardly any entities out there that possessed such a might. Surely it was a feat that could only be accomplished by the very world itself?

Things were quick to escalate past a simple inability to wield her powers, for Palutena suddenly found herself in a place she hadn't been before. "**What!?**" It wasn't as if she'd used her warping ability, but she was now standing in what looked like the stall of a barn. There were two piles of hay in front of her with various clothes strewn about... Were people *living* in a place like this? "**Who's power brought me here, and for what reason?**" And why did this place somehow feel *familiar*?

"**AH!?**" An uncharacteristically cute sounding squeak jumped from the goddess' lips as an immediate response to an unexpected feeling. While brief, the woman had thought that she was perhaps falling? But the more she thought about it, the more that seemed to be impossible. After all, her feet were still planted firm on the ground beneath her. But that ground? There was still a problem here, because she felt like she was now *closer* to it than she had been before. "**Wait... Did I just lose some height?**"

Palutena wondered a moment if perhaps she had misunderstood her situation, or that maybe there was a trick of the mind happening here. Any hopes that these possibilities might be the case, however, were immediately dashed the moment she moved. The way her dress was brushing against her body felt off. Like her clothes had gotten bigger. *Or like she had gotten smaller*, which was the truth of the matter.

"**I really did shrink!?**" The goddess had been something of a statuesque woman, quite pronounced in her height of roughly almost six feet. Now, she couldn't be any taller than 5'3", and that was such a dramatic change in height that not only was the base of her dress dragging in the hay and dirt below her, but her legging had scrunched up and the golden decorations on her arms had slid off and onto the ground.

I bet we could pawn those off for a good price though! Or so reasoned a voice in her head that was cause for further panic. Why would she pawn off her own treasures!? No, no, no! There was something very, *very* wrong here! And it was something she was clearly powerless to do anything about. That made her more anxious than anything – the idea that she lacked the ability to act or prevent, that she was no better than any other person when it came to dealing with something.

Even though shrinking for *whatever* reason had been so alarming, it was still a paltry change for her in the face of what was to come. Everything about Palutena's body was a point of pride, and every single piece of it would be ripped away from her before everything reached its climax. She had been set onto a downwards spiral, and one that she was utterly incapable of doing a single thing about.

“H-Huh!? No! Not there! Anywhere but there!” Perhaps the shock of it all was just getting to her, but as time wore on, the woman's cries began to sound more and more frantic. But, at least in this case, there was a good chance that it was warranted. The fit of Palutena's dress had already worsened as she had grown shorter, but it hadn't fallen from her body thanks to the mercy of her breasts. It was around them that the fabric was fitted, and so it went without saying that...

Well, if her breasts were even a little smaller than the dress was fitted for, that the dress would finally fall from her body. Which was *exactly* what had happened in the end. Those breasts had originally ended up looking inadvertently larger with her shorter height, but now a full cup size had been removed all for the sake of helping her shortened figure to appear leaner. As a result of this loss and the fact that Palutena did not wear a bra of any sort, her dress had fallen all of the way down to her ankles, leaving her completely naked aside from white lace panties, her heels, and her remaining gold jewelry.

“No, no, no, no! Not my tits!” Even for Palu, the whiny hum her voice had begun to carry seemed to be wildly out of character. Not to mention the fact that while she typically held herself to appearing and speaking in a more refined manner, her dialect was finding itself plagued with cruder terms and a disinterest in censoring them. Had having her prominent bust lessened really left her *that* shocked? No. It was naturally a side effect of her changes in the first place.

The woman's very nature was being altered, and yet she didn't have time to dwell on it. **“Hey!?”** Because with a squeaky scream, she was forced to react to the feeling of her panties slipping off her hips, just narrowly catching them with two fingers. It was all for naught in the end though, for she ended up letting go the moment it occurred to her.

‘It’ being the fact that not the fact that her hips had narrowed several inches, but the fact that her thighs were thinning before her very eyes. They still carried substantial mass to them and were quite meaty in the end, but they certainly were *not* as abundant as she was accustomed to. The cause of this was partially an absence of fat to be sure, but the woman was just overall weaker. Her muscles everywhere, not only just in her legs, had significantly weakened.

“Why is this happening to MEEEEEE!?” There certainly wasn’t any shortage of entitlement in her voice as she screamed, Palutena’s voice jumping several octaves permanently as she did so. Victimhood wasn’t something a goddess could plausibly be expected to be accustomed to, yet she was certainly being much more dramatic than the old Palutena would have been. In fact she almost seemed to be on the verge of tears with her lips pulled down into the most depraved of frowns.

But even that frown looked like less of one as time passed. Not that she was smiling nor was she even *close* to smiling about it, but the shapes of her lips were far less pronounced given a little time. Truthfully, the overall shape of her face was disfiguring, and away went her natural beauty... Okay, it didn’t exactly *disappear*, but it wasn’t the same kind of beauty the woman was known for.

Rather than a cool, mature beauty, her features softened so that this beauty carried a more pronounced cuteness. This was best seen in her eyes, which while they had once been thin and appealing, they had widened with gravitas so the fact that she was on the verge of tears was even clearer. In the process, the emerald glow of this orbs found the yellow extracted from them, and before long her eyes were a deep-sea blue like the waters of the ocean.

Water that was leaking, because she’d finally started crying.

“WAAAAAAH!”

Her eyelids thickened in slight, but as they did so that blue from her eyes returned. In fact, it also came to decorate the hairs above her exposed pussy, which had shortened. This phenomenon continued even as the blue leaked into her head, for a massive mane that had started to drag upon the floor thanks to her shortened height pulled up so that it fanned out just behind her waist. Her hair was still soft and pretty, but the blue just didn’t suit Palutena anymore. Had that *actually* been her name though? Something felt all wrong with her memories.

So distracted by her tears, the young woman didn’t even notice the fact that her discarded clothes, both on the ground and the jewelry that still barely clung to her body, had begun to melt into water, ultimately seeping into the hay and soil beneath her. At the very least she was compensated for their loss in the end, for an ensemble composed of a blue top, skirt, and boots with detached white sleeves appeared against her skin without notice. Was she at least wearing a bra now? *Nope! Why would I when my tits are so big and perky!?* Oh, had her confidence returned in some capacity?

That arrogance was certainly still present, but what was largely different was the altered sense of what she would and wouldn't do. Or perhaps it was better to word it like this:

The woman hardly possessed a sense of shame any longer. There were few things that she absolutely wouldn't do now, especially if it came to garnering attention.



“NOOOOO! HOW DID THIS HAPPEEEEEEN!?” Unable to hold it back any longer, the young woman collapsed onto her knees in a pile of hay and let out a shrill, depressed scream. Palutena? She could hardly even remember that name any longer! Her name was... *Aqua!*? AQUA!? Who was Aqua!? Well... it was *her* name, so she must be Aqua! But that didn't make a lick of sense to her either!

Hands flew back up to the sides of her head to grip it tightly, and another, less intelligible cry flew from her lips at the same time cartoonish tears poured from her eyes. **“THIS DOESN'T MAKE A DAMN LICK OF SENSE, I'M TELLING YOU!”** But who was she saying this all to, exactly? It wasn't like she had an audience to speak of and Kazuma wasn't back yet. **“ON THAT NOTE, WHO THE HELL IS KAZUMAAAAA!?”**

Head bashing against the hay pile, Aqua really *was* having a hard time wrestling with what had become of her. Perhaps part of the issue was that her new, dramatic personality wasn't helping things, but... No, no that was one hundred percent of the issue, really. She could recall being a goddess in the past, but... Wait! She was definitely still a goddess! **“YES! I'M AN ALL-POWERFUL GODDESS! YOU SHOULD SEE HOW MUCH WATER I CAN SHOOT OUT OF TOY FANS!”**

...Was that really all that impressive, though?

“Huh? Aqua? What the hell are you doing screaming like that? Aren't you usually at work at this time of day?” The sound of a young man startled the goddess, who quickly lifted her head out of the hay and whipped it to the side to look in his direction (*ignoring the hay now stuck in her blue hair*). She looked like a mess, honestly. If her old

self had the ability to see her now, then she probably would have lost her goddamn mind.

For all she had wondered who Kazuma was just a moment ago though, upon locking eyes with him her memory of this boy returned. Right. He had come from Earth, and he'd been brought into this world with a gift. ...That gift being Aqua herself, much to her dismay. **“Kazumaaaa!”** Rather than stop crying though, she began to whine loudly as snot fell from her nose.

She was really upset! Over... Over... **“Eh? Actually, I can't remember what I was upset about. It must have been something important to get me this worked up.”**

Kazuma's face suggested a different understanding. **“Are you sure about that? I've seen you literally cry over spilled milk before.”**

“That milk wasn't cheaaaaaap!”