

MASK OF MANIA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh... I can’t believe it! The nerve of that *inferior* mask!”

Sparxie had been planning for a long time for this moment. She had started from *nothing* as a nameless streamer and had worked her way up to the top of the charts in Planarcadia. She had amassed a great deal of infamy and notoriety, and she was not open to the idea of squandering it because of a *miscalculation*. No, it wasn’t even a miscalculation. Had she been *outsmarted* by Sparkle? A lesser being than her?

That had been her initial read when she had realized what was going on. She’d been tracking Sparkle’s movements in Planarcadia ever since she had returned from Penacony, but her movements had become *strange* ever since the Astral Express had arrived. Her movements hadn’t made *any* sense. There had been numerous points in time that she had seemingly been in two places at once?

But with a little snooping, the truth of the matter had become obvious. The Trailblazer was not among the Nameless that had entered Planarcadia, and one of those Sparkle’s... there was a Stellaron within her, albeit muted. **“So that’s what she did? I didn’t even *know* you could use a mask like that! Hah! I’ll give her the *slightest* bit of credit for pioneering the idea, but... I’ll be stealing it!”**

Well, with a personal touch.

“U-Um? Hello? Is anyone there? It’s kind of *dark* in here!?”
March 7th was *understandably* very confused, but also very *scared*. She

had been exploring Planarcadia with the Sparkle doppelganger that Stelle had been transformed into – which, by the way, had been a *very* confusing situation to navigate back in Penacony – when someone must have struck her in the back of the head.

Everything had gone black, and the next time she had managed to open her eyes? Things were black still. She was in a dark room, incapable of moving because she had awoken *tied* to a chair. Not only were ropes wrapped around her waist and wrists, but the chair that she was strapped to was bolted to the ground. No amount of shaking could make it so much as wiggle.

WHOEVER DID THIS, THEY WERE THOROUGH. HOW THE HELL ARE THEY ABLE TO STOP ME FROM TAKING CONTROL?



Not even Evernight, who was undeniably a multitude of times stronger than March, was able to possess March's body to break her free. **"I feel it too... It's like something is interfering with the Remembrance!?"** That *was* what Evernight's powers stemmed from, so there wouldn't be any jellyfish being summoned to break her free. **"This is probably pretty bad! Did Stelle – I mean Sparkle – even notice we were attacked!?"**

No response from Evernight, likely because she didn't have an answer. March just continued to struggle against her bindings, but she eventually accepted the fact that it wasn't going to work. At least not at the cost of some serious damage dealt to her bound wrists. **"Seriously!? Is anyone listening!? Let me out of here!"** She hadn't actually expected anyone to answer, and yet...

FLICK!

"H-Hey!?" The room suddenly lit up from the front with a *blindingly* bright light, which forced March to turn her head and close her eyes until she could adjust. **"What gives!? Are you trying to blind me to death next!?"** When she managed to properly look straight once more, she found her staring at a 60" screen. One showing what looked to be a livestream? A familiar one, because she'd seen something similar shortly after arriving on Planarcadia. **"Sparxie!?"**

That was *exactly* who she saw on the screen. It was clearly one of Sparxie's streams, and she was grinning ear to ear when her name had been called. **"Woow! Took you long enough! But don't worry, that name is going to have a *whole new meaning* to you soon enough! A very personal one!"** What was she even *talking* about? March had rightfully been about to ask that question, but Sparxie had noticed her mouth opening and cut her off.

"Don't worry! It'll all be made clear in time! Just watch some of Sparxie's greatest hits while I go and set up Welt's own little game!" The streamer clapped her hands together and the screen went black once more, leaving Evernight to make the same commentary in the back of March's mind that had crossed her *own* mind. Considering what Sparkle had done to Stelle...

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS...

March could only sigh. **"You don't say!?"** As if being a hostage wasn't bad enough, it sounded like Sparxie was planning on doing something *weird* to her. **"You don't think she's planning on doing the same thing to me that happened to Stelle, did you...?"** The streamer hadn't explicitly *said* as much, but March also wasn't an idiot. She was simply reading into what Sparxie had said.

I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT. I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD DEAL WITH YOU BECOMING EVEN MORE ANNOYING...

"Hey!?" The host wanted to protest her other self's 'joke', but it wasn't *really* a joke. Besides, the screen in front of her had come back to life, playing what appeared to be one of Sparxie's old streams at a high volume. Evernight urged her to look away, and at first? She did. But for some reason, her attention gradually kept moving back to the screen. **"Wh-Why can't I look away!?"**

Ultimately, March's eyes were *forced* to stare at the screen, making her take in both the sights *and* sounds of Sparxie prattling on and on to her viewers. *Does she ever shut up!?* She ended up thinking this to herself rather than saying it, namely because she wanted to avoid a situation where she ticked Sparxie off even more. There was *no* way that she wasn't still watching her. **"But if I don't figure out something soon, Mister Welt might be in danger!"**

It was very much like her to be more concerned about a friend than herself, but what were her options? She had *been* struggling, and that struggling had amounted to effectively *nothing*. And yet... Was her mind playing tricks on her, or did her wrists feel a little looser? **"Come on... Come on..."** She continued to move her wrists in hopes that she could

break free, and she was quick to realize that she wasn't crazy... it *was* looser? **"Maybe it is working!"**

The hope that March had was a little misplaced, and she didn't quite grasp where that space had actually come from. It wasn't going to get any easier to slip out because the space that she had been allowed was minimal at best. It wasn't even because she had made any progress against her bindings. It was because her wrists had somehow become *slightly* thinner than they had been before.

No, it wasn't *just* her wrists. It wasn't like the woman's body was particularly thick or anything, she hadn't had a belly bump and she wasn't chubby, but any unnecessary weight on her bones just up and *disappeared*. It was simply a *precursor* to what was to come, as her clothing began to feel slightly looser – just as her bindings had. The issue was that because she was squirming around so much, it didn't really *strike* her as anything odd. The feeling was lost in the motion.

WOULD YOU PAY ATTENTION!? SOMETHING IS UP WITH YOUR BODY!

While March had been ignorant, Evernight was *not*. She could tell that something was wrong, but the host's reply did not fill her with confidence. **"Wh-What!? Really!? I can't really turn my head away from this *awesome* stream! Wait... *Awesome!*?"** Sparxie was just going on about some *nonsense* on the screen! There was nothing especially *awesome* about it, so where had that enthusiasm come from?

The woman quickly realized that something *less* awesome was transpiring. It seemed that there was some merit to Evernight's warning, but it was something she could only *feel*. Her feet were forcibly sliding across the ground towards her hips? **"Uh...?"** Because of her height, she'd had them stretched out, but even though she *continued* to try and stretch them out, she didn't have the same reach? At the same time, it also felt like she was sinking farther into her seat, and her clothes were beginning to feel a little...

"AM I GETTING SHORTER!?" March might have been distracted, but she wasn't *stupid*. That was *exactly* what was happening, and the sensation of her feet pulling out of her boots had more or less made her *certain* of that fact. ...Well, along with the pitch of her voice shifting in the meantime. She'd *been* an average height for a young woman of her age, but she'd quickly slipped beneath the five-foot mark, forcing smaller fingers and more delicate tootsies on her at the same time.

She couldn't have been any taller than 4'6" by the time the feeling of sinking in her seat slowed and eventually stopped, and by that point she could tell that her dress was *way* too big for her. The bindings around her stomach felt a little looser, mind you, likely because the sides of her waist had slimmed as she'd shrunk, and she *almost* felt like she could now pull her hands through the bindings around her shorter wrists. **"Oh, come on! Just a little more and I can return to the stage!"**

Return to the stage? *What* stage?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY!

March *winc*ed at the sound of Evernight's voice in her head. Had she always been that *grating*? She was starting to feel a little *pissed* at her? Who even *wanted* an annoying little voice in the back of their head that told them how to act!? She unintentionally pouted, which led to Evernight internally hissing at her with her own annoyance. Regardless, *neither* of them were paying attention to the reality that the woman's body was becoming even *smaller*.

Fortunately, it wasn't her *stature* that was shrinking still, else it might not have been long before she was mistaken for a child. What was *actually* shrinking might not have helped with that either though, namely because it was the aspects of her body that helped present her as a mature young lady! Like, for example, her bosom? **"Wait, am I less perky than I remember?"** With her loss of height, her breasts *had* seemed a little larger contrastingly, but she'd been right on the money that their heft had lessened some. C-cups shrank into *B-cups*, but only her smaller body? They still *felt* like C-cups, if that made sense.

"Well, even if they did, that just means they were becoming better! Hah!" The maiden blinked once it registered to her what she had just said. *Why* had she said that? Were smaller boobs better? ***They are when they're on me! A smaller butt, too!*** Almost as if her thoughts had *triggered* it, her resting position in the chair sank as her ass cheeks became more compact. They remained swollen even without this excess wait, in part because her hips ended up narrowing in tandem, while contrastingly...

Her thighs actually jiggled several inches thicker.

WOULD YOU GET YOURSELF TOGETHER!? YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE... LIKE HER!

It wasn't like Evernight could have pointed to reveal who she was talking about, but considering the only presence in the room other than March was the Sparxie goofing off on the screen... *That* was who she had been referring to. **“What? The gorgeous, adorable, and beautiful thing on the screen? Why wouldn't I want to look exactly like that!?”** Evernight was too flabbergasted by what the short woman had just said to immediately respond. It wasn't just her appearance or her voice. The *way* she was talking had become very casual, very *attention-grabbing*, like a *performer*.

As she spoke, however, whatever was changing her body had decided to finally do a little bit of work *above* her head. While she still retained the maturity of a young woman, there was no denying that her face ended up appearing 'smaller' courtesy of a re-angling and thinning of her cheeks, while stealing a touch of length from her nose and a bit of the pout from her lips. It was *cuter* to be certain, and the resting smirk that crept across her lips mirrored the expression of the woman on the screen.

“Hey! If you're going to pin me doing like I'm some sort of masochist, you could at least let me scratch!” There was no longer any fear to March's voice as she shouted. Rather, she came across as *confident* and a little bit *playful*. She was referring to an itchiness that had suddenly washed across her scalp as her pink hair had begun to rapidly *lengthen*, spilling over her shoulders and well past the back of the chair. It even paled to a pretty silver, with her bangs framing her eyes with a straight cut. It was a *familiar* hairstyle, and she didn't mind its presence at *all*!

In fact... **“Get on with it! Just change my outfit!”** Ignoring Evernight still bitching in the back of her mind, the woman beckoned for what she assumed would be the *end* of her process. Evidently, she had known her stuff, because a swirling red and white light spread across what she was wearing before dispersing, leaving her dressed in an entirely different outfit entirely. One with a little, black top hat in front of the right twin tail on the side of her head that matched the one on the left.

Shoeless feet had been reclad, now in black, leather boots over short socks, and the bulk of her legs, thighs included, were exposed. A red, kimono-style dress covered much of her body otherwise, complete with a small cutout to tease her cleavage while large, kimono-style sleeves with red and black checkered patterns covered them. The skirt of the dress was largely white and resembled Japanese apron in a way. There were a number of 'entertainment' themed decorations, like playing cards, stuffies, and even bells hanging from her sleeves.

I SWEAR I'M GOING TO GET REVENGE ON THAT LITTLE—!?

“Oh, shut up~!” Evernight’s voice went silent in the back of the woman’s mind, as if she had no choice but to listen to the command she had been given by the new *Sparxie*. All that the transformation victim had to do was snap her fingers and the bindings that had been (now much more loosely) holding her just *disappeared*, as if she had dominion over the space that she occupied.

Well, why *wouldn’t* she? It was a space that had been created by Sparxie, and she *was* Sparxie. **“Why would I even want to go back to that naïve little girl that I had been before? I’m much cuter now, not to mention influential! There isn’t a single person on Planarcadia that doesn’t know our name by now!”** The ‘our’ was naturally thrown in there because she understood what the situation actually was.

That she wasn’t the *original* Sparxie, but a clone made to combat Sparkle’s underhanded shenanigans! If anyone had any issues with her being transformed into a second Sparxie, then they obviously should blame Sparkle instead! That was the one way to even the playing ground! **“Well... Is it really evening the playing ground if we’re making Welt one of us too?”** Which reminded her...



Looking around, the room didn’t exactly have any exits?

Well, not a conventional exit like a door that any normal person would need to pass through to another room. Fortunately for her, she *wasn’t* a normal person at all! The stream on the television had stopped playing reruns and was just a blank stage, but *she* knew that it wasn’t really blank. It was live. All she had to do was...

Well, with a hop, a skip, and a *dive*, Sparxie *plunged* her body into the screen, which she passed through like there had been nothing solid there at all. She appeared *within* the screen from the room, but for her? She was standing *on* the stage, facing what seemed like a million screens – all of which portals for her to pass through if she wished. Of course, with so many of them, there was a little issue.

“Uh... Which one takes me to the other room that the original set up?”