

ALIENS ARE RAINY

COMMISSION STORY

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It was a clear autumn night, and rather than enjoying it from the comfort of my own home? I was sitting out in my backyard on a blanket I'd set up on the grass, gazing up at the stars and moon with a telescope set up in front of me. **"Nights like this are perfect for this kind of thing!"** Now, if you'd taken me as something of a stargazer from all this, then you wouldn't be wrong. You also wouldn't be right, though? I *did* love the stars. I loved space a ton!

While sad to admit though, my interest had been something of a pain point for me growing up. It wasn't the type of thing that others took seriously, or maybe they had just acted that way because I had been a girl. Other girls my age hadn't really been into space like I had, and I was always called a dork and otherwise made fun of by my peers. It wasn't *that* oppressive, but it was still something I wish had never happened. It was the kind of thing I looked back on my childhood and wished I could get some sort of do-over on.

Ultimately, things didn't improve much as I got older. Most of the careers that would allow me to pursue my love of space required skills and smarts that I *didn't* have. I wasn't particularly smart, and I found studying to be too difficult for me. In the end, I had to accept that my career options were more limited than most, and that I probably wouldn't be able to find a career that revolved around what I was passionate about.

It was a hard lesson that plenty of people had to learn as they got older, unfortunately.

I ended up working a normal job in a normal company, and now I was in my late twenties. I didn't really like that job, though. It was boring, there was a lot of paperwork, and some days I was sitting around doing nothing for long periods of time. It was mundane; *too* mundane. Life in general was boring, so I ended up turning back to something that made me happy. Space!

That fascination had been normal at *first*, but as I got more and more into online spaces that revolved around it? In retrospect I'm a little ashamed to admit it, but I ended up falling into some pretty big *conspiracy theory* holes. Nothing *dangerous*, mind you, just *strange*. I was so desperate for something to captivate me, for something to make me feel like life wasn't as boring as I thought.

And so... I fell down a conspiracy hole rated to *aliens*. The idea that there whole other civilizations out there beyond the stars was fantastical and exciting, and we were in an era where 'proof' of aliens on Earth was as easy to find as a simple Google search. While I wasn't so naïve that I fell for each and every sighting that could *clearly* have been faked, there were some I wanted to believe were true. **"Now let's see... any aliens tonight?"**

The fact that I'd bundled up in a hoodie and jeans to check the sky for *aliens* was not something I'd end up admitting to anyone outside of my online circle that was just as into alien sightings as I was. I stood up from my blanket and smoothed the hoodie down across my thin and relatively soft and buxom body. I was the slightest bit chubby in that I had a bit of a tummy pouch, but I had D-cup boobs and an above average ass, too. Not that I really dressed up or tried to look pretty.

I had a plain face and boring, brown hair that I tied into a ponytail that reached the center of my back. I had to pull some of my bangs away to look through the telescope. **"Stars... Stars... Airplane... Stars..."** Even I wasn't so silly as to think that if I looked up on a random night of the week that I'd end up finding an extraterrestrial. It was more to say I did something related to my friends. I'd probably end up going inside within ten minutes to read a book at the rate things were going.

"Huh. Wait! What the heck is that!?" I caught sight of something streaking across the sky that didn't seem like a shooting star *or* a plane! It was bright blue for one, and it almost looked like it was moving at a high speed... in my precise direction? **"Uh... Shitshitshit!"** I stopped looking through the telescope just in time to tell that it really *was*. It was aimed directly *at* me! Was it already too late to run? Probably! But I still tried, nonetheless!

...It really *was* futile, though. Whatever it was that was falling, its light struck and ran right through me, obscuring me from the world for a few seconds before the light faded. But when it did? I was still standing there. There hadn't been any force from the impact. It was more like the light had just run *through* me. ...Or been absorbed *by* me, because my body felt unusually... tingly. **"Wh-What the hell was that!?"** Did I hallucinate getting hit by a meteor or something? Or maybe...

It really *was* aliens!?

Everything strange that had just happened to me could be explained that way, right? Was there a more reasonable explanation for a *beam of light* falling from the sky and not even leaving an impact on the ground? There hadn't been anything with physical substance inside of that light, else it would have hit – and probably *killed* – me. I was very lucky that it hadn't, but considering the lowkey vibration that I could feel reverberating through my body even then, it seemed like it probably *wasn't* just a regular beam of light, either.

"Should... I go see a doctor? What would I even tell them? 'Hey! I was strike by a weird beam of light that fell from the sky and now my body is all tingly! Do you think that's a bad thing?' No one would believe me!" I figured, no, I *hoped* that if I waited a bit longer, the feeling would eventually go away. But not only did it *not* do that, but my reasons to be concerned only grew both in number *and* scale.

The hoodie that I had chosen to wear that night was warm and snug. Not so snug that it was tight, but also not so loose that I clearly looked too big for me either. If it *had* been looser then, I might not have noticed what I did *when* I did: the feeling of the front of the sweater rubbing against my skin as it *slipped*. Because I was on my own property and it was late, I had chosen to go outside without a bra on which made the feeling even *more* pronounced. **"Huh?"**

I was quick to grab my own breasts through the sweater, but doing so only filled me with new questions. Why were my hands wrapping around them so cleanly despite their weight normally being above average for a woman of my age? It was like they'd... *shrunk*? No, they were *shrinking*; I could feel the mounds get smaller and smaller even as my fingers and palms pressed against them. **"My tits are getting smaller!? Did... the light do this? How!?"** Aliens? Aliens probably possessed futuristic technology, but could they have possessed something capable of shrinking someone's breasts!? It would be very *unusual* tech to possess if so.

Continuing to apply pressure with my hands, it wasn't long at all before my fingers were practically pressing into my *ribs*. Their weight hadn't been lost entirely; that is to say that I hadn't become as flat as a washboard. But they also couldn't have been much bigger than *A-cups*, which hadn't been the case since before I'd begun experiencing puberty. **"No way... they're so itty bitty!"** An odd and vaguely childish choice of words – and a sign of things to come.

"Whoa!?" Hands that had been investigating my smaller chest flew back to grab onto the belt that was wrapped around my jeans instead. **"N-Not there too!"** I had two rungs left on that belt, so I tightened it to the best of my ability before touching around to confirm my suspicions. As had been the case with my breasts, my butt was getting smaller? Not *just* my butt, but my thighs thinned too, and then my hips ended up narrowing as well. It *felt* like they narrowed because I had less weight to bear, but their narrowing *did* make my butt look *slightly* bigger. The actual cause was that my overall build was shifting into something far different genetically.

"My curves didn't completely go away, but isn't Wandjina a lot smaller than normal!?" Two *new* problems introduced themselves in quick succession. The first? Who the hell was Wandjina? Why had I said that while referring to myself where a simple 'I' would have sufficed? I certainly would have liked to figure that out uninterrupted, but I wasn't really given a chance. Because there was a sudden *drop*. **"Wah!?"**

Was it because I'd mentioned being 'smaller than normal', or was it just a coincidence? Either way, my usual height was a very average 5'4"... or it was *supposed* to be, anyways. But that height of mine plummeted somewhat substantially *very* suddenly. My limbs shortened along with my torso until I was only 5'0" tall, and I couldn't see how that loss of height ended up impacting my face in the meantime. My features had become rounder and more *youthful*. I looked more like a girl who was *thirteen* or so, dressed in clothes that were several times too large for her.

But I knew somehow. My head didn't feel... right. I should have been old enough to understand complicated things, but everything felt so much *simpler* now. **"Am I a kid!?"** If a girl in her early teens could be considered one, then possibly! Now that I'd shrunk, the belt I was wearing couldn't do much for my pants. They slipped from my waist and pulled my panties with them, but the hoodie was so big against my shrunken form that it might as well have been a dress anyways. It had *completely* swallowed my arms and hands.

"Wandjina is a kid... and I sound like one too!" I couldn't deny how much higher my voice sounded, and I kept speaking in a simple and

childish way even despite my attempts to correct myself. Not even my hairstyle was ultimately spared, because its length unraveled and pulled into a rounded bob, forcing the ponytail I had tied to come undone. But more than that? The brown strands *darkened* to black with a bluish undertone, almost reminiscent of the night sky itself. If anything was *especially* odd about my hair, it was that a segment of my bangs began to glow and curve... until it looked suspiciously like a *boomerang* of all things.

I wasn't really able to see that though, and I'm not sure if my attention span was even sharp enough to think about it for long at *that* point. My body continued to change in ways that were now difficult to see since my sweater covered basically everything that was left to change. "**I wanna get this off. It's tooooo big!**" But struggle as I may, it was hardly an easy task. It wouldn't be until my transformation's end that I'd finally notice that my skin had been darkening to an almost ashy brown, which made the white makeup dots underneath my eyes that had just appeared stand out even more.

And then there was my *face*. I already appeared far more youthful, but those features shifted further at my transformation's tail end. My nose shrunk and my thin lips thickened very slightly, all collaborating with rounder, amber eyes to create the impression that my racial background was quite different than what it had been before. Still, it was difficult to tell what my new ethnicity was *supposed* to be, almost like I was slightly *alien* in a sense.

"**Waaaaait a second! I'm an alien!**" I could hardly believe it! How silly of me! I'd been looking for proof of aliens, when *I* was the alien all along! Or... Was that right? I hadn't been an alien before, right? But now I was *Wandjina*, a Servant of the *Foreigner* class, which meant that I was *definitely* an alien! I gave a smug smile as I took small, bunched up fists and placed them triumphantly on my hips with my tiny chest pushed outward as a show of pride. What I'd be hunting for all this time... it was *me*!

But it was kinda confusing, right? I was super different! I was basically a *kid*, and one of a different race at that. "**Um... Is anyone even gonna recognize me like this?**" Did anyone *need* to recognize me, though? The more my childish mind tried to think about it, the more it was like... I hated my job, I didn't really have many real-life friends, and I hardly ever talked to my parents. But now I



was an alien! One of the things I'd been looking for!

I barely understood what being a *Servant* meant, but I had magic powers or something too, right? That was exciting! Amazing! It was way more interesting than just being a regular person, even if I had to take on a whole new identity to get those powers! **"I wonder what Wandjina can do, though!?"** It wasn't like I'd been given a starter guide, and if I wasn't saying my own name in the third person sometimes, I wouldn't have known that I was even using a different one until I went to introduce myself to someone.

Unsure, I clapped my hands together through my oversized sleeves and looked up at the sky while chanting **"Do something!"** I wasn't expecting anything actually *to* happen, and yet that clear and starry sky? It almost instantly became overcast with dark clouds that made it pour down rain. It felt really nice! Oh! So, I had some kind of rain powers? That was kind of cool! **"Wandjina didn't know that aliens were rainy!"** Were *all* aliens related to the weather? I guess I'd have to meet one to know!

Without even thinking, I managed to float up into the air. Some powers felt more natural than others to me, it seemed. But if I could fly? I was gonna use it! I'd given up on removing my hoodie, but that was probably for the best. I had nothing else to wear that would fit me at my new size, so I'd probably have to find something else soon. But now at *that* moment. I had something far more pressing to do!

"Let's go alien hunting! All across the world!"