

A FRESH START

COMMISSION STORY

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My plans were a little last minute, but it seemed like everything had come together well enough at the time.

As a young working woman, I didn't really have a lot of time to spend socializing. I didn't exactly have the most consistent schedule either, which certainly didn't help compared to someone that worked a normal 9-5 from Monday until Friday. I tended to work a lot of *nights*, and that I'd randomly have a day shift thrown into the mix which meant I couldn't stay up too late the night before. Toss in some friends that were mostly composed of people that *did* work your usual 9-5s and that mean it was always a nightmare scenario when it came to trying to see them.

But not that night! Through luck's good graces, the store I worked at had been forced to close at 8pm due to a power outage in the area, which meant that I was allowed to go home early. I was able to call up a couple of my buddies to come over and watch anime for a few hours. I picked up some pizza and drinks on my way home, and then it was only a matter of finding my blu ray discs and setting up the television.

Or, at least, that *should* have been what I'd done next, but I got a text saying that my friends were running a little bit behind. Which was fine. If anything, it gave me a little bit of time to take a shower, and that was something I always desperately needed after an exhaustive eight-hour shift. I made sure it was a quick one, but I was still a little damp when finished getting dressed in clean clothes and began to root around on my anime shelf.

"Where did I put them...?" The blu rays that I was looking for in particular were for *Mushoku Tensei*. It was a notorious reincarnation

series about a man that reincarnated in a fantasy world and, well... A lot happened? It was popular enough, but it also didn't have the best reputation online with the main character's more unsavory actions and how the narrative rewarded them.

I didn't watch it to have moral dilemmas, though. Despite its shortcomings (and even I had to admit there were many), it could still be a fun show. I just happened to like a lot of the characters, so I watched it anyways... though Rudeus wasn't necessarily *one* of those favorites. "**Hm... Maybe I'll have to stream it after all.**" I couldn't find it among my belongings, but that was fine. I could just stream it on Crunchyroll. BDs would have just been nicer because the video quality tended to be better.

The trip to my living room from there wasn't far. I practically skipped along the way, which led to my long and curly brown hair bobbing. I wasn't *out of shape*, but I was a little bit chubby in the tummy area. I made up for it with a larger than normal pair of tits, and a pretty sizable ass, too! ...Not that it really amounted to much. I was single and *had* been for a long time. Work didn't really give me much time to date even if anyone had shown any interest. Which they did not.

It took a bit of fidgeting with the smart TV once I arrived to remember what I was streaming Crunchyroll through. Sometimes the app on my television didn't work properly, and so instead I used the Fire Stick I had hooked up to it. It took a bit, but I finally managed to get the app loaded and episode 1 to start. I just had to do a volume and buffering check, which should have been straightforward enough.

Unfortunately for me, it didn't end up being that way.

"What going on here?" It was *buffering*, but it wasn't *playing*. Sometimes my Fire Stick did have connection problems, so usually I just had to reach behind the TV and give the stick a little wiggle. I did that. Nothing. So, I resorted to a more violent method: a light tap on the stick. At first I wondered if it had made things worse because my whole screen went black. Until all of a sudden... **"AH!?"** Well, the world *around* me went black.

The next thing I knew... Actually, at first I didn't know *where* I was. Even the floor below me had been pitch black, making me question what I was even *standing* on. Was I in some sort of endless void? How was that possible? My body was even illuminated as if there was proper lighting within, when there absolutely wasn't. I had no reason to doubt my eyes, but could I have been *dreaming* or something? That was the only way I could really rationalize my new-found circumstances.

“What... just happened to me?” It was a question I had no means of *actually* answering, but at least I wasn’t uncomfortable. For a void without any light or objects, it was surprisingly warm! Maybe a little *too* warm, seeing as I felt very toasty. I’d just been wearing shorts and a tank top, though. So, then why was I warming up? It took me an extra moment to realize that it wasn’t warm within the void so much as it was *me* who was warm.

Which didn’t really seem like a *good* thing. Could you get sick in a void? Was being in the void the thing that was causing the sickness? Was I even *actually* sick? Considering the stakes, a million questions of concern came to my mind. It seemed pretty likely that I was in some sort of *danger*, right? My mind ended up wandering back to the idea that I might have been sick, namely because my stomach ended up feeling... weird?

It gurgled and, for a brief moment, my shirt felt a little tight. Was I feeling bloated? It definitely wasn’t the best time for *that*. But the feeling soon went away and... Well, it did a little more than *that*. Because before my very eyes, my slightly pronounced gut thinned away so that my shirt became increasingly loose. It wasn’t *just* my stomach, either. The little bit of unneeded fat in my arms and legs faded too, and I could only assume my face was slightly thinner too? **“Wh-What the...?”**

As calm as the narration sounded though, I wasn’t *actually* calm about it at all! Of course I’d always wanted to shed that unnecessary weight, because who *didn’t*? But losing it so suddenly and randomly under such bizarre circumstances was *concerning*! Especially when I *continued* to become lighter, but only because I was shedding weight in parts of my body that I absolutely *hadn’t* wanted to lose it. My shirt was already much looser now that I was thin, but I ended up casting my glance back down again once it occurred to me that it was becoming even looser still.

“This can’t be happening. This *has* to be a dream, right!?” I didn’t really know who I was pleading with, much less if there even was anyone that I *could* plead with. But with my upper body feeling increasingly light because my *breasts* were shrinking, things were beginning to become more and more alarming. Seeing as I was alone in the darkness, I didn’t really stop myself from reaching up to grab the front of my shirt with both hands, although the emptying cups of my bra ended up getting in the way as the little weight that remained ended up disappearing until it was almost nonexistent. Ultimately, I was left with *A-cups* at most, and even that might have been a little *generous*.

Becoming thinner was one thing, but losing my boobs was a totally different issue altogether! I was struggling to think of a reason as to why

doing so would even be *necessary*, but matters were made worse in that regard when it eventually occurred to me that it was a more widespread phenomenon than I'd feared. Feeling my loose shorts begin to slip upon my hips, my hands ended up leaving my emptied bra alone to instead reach back and grab my ass.

Or, well, what was *left* of it. Any of the definition that I had been proud of was *already* practically gone, leaving only the slightest bubbling that left my shorts hanging a little more than normal. "**Seriously!?**" It wasn't even *just* my ass! My thighs were definitely thinner too, at best preserving a body shape that was clearly *feminine* even despite a narrowing of my hips that forced my knees to straighten. In terms of build, I must have looked like an entirely different person by that point; likely only recognizable by my *face*.

Whatever was happening, I *wanted* to stop it. But good luck to me on that one when I couldn't even figure out *why* it was happening or what the end goal was. It all went back to me fiddling with the TV... That was the last thing that had happened before I'd ended up in that place, right? But how could that connect to having all of my body's fat stripped away? No matter how I sliced it, it just didn't make any sense!

"**Hopefully it doesn't get... any... worse...? Oh, come on!**" It couldn't even let me finish my sentence before *actually* getting worse! I noticed *while* I was speaking it that my clothes were beginning to feel significantly larger on my body, and since I didn't even have anymore weight *to* lose, I had to instead assume that what I was losing was... "**I'm getting shorter now. Great!**" As I so *sarcastically* pointed out, it was in fact my *height* that was being lost next.

I hadn't been overly tall *or* overly short, but instead completely average for a woman of my age. But I definitely ended up slipping into the latter category once my limbs and spin began to shorten. I lost so much of my overall stature so quickly that my shorts and panties finally slipped off, but it didn't really matter since my shirt ultimately ended up being so big against my body that it was effectively functioning as a dress that reached down to my knees. I'd dropped down to probably 4'6" or so...? No, perhaps part of the issue was that this wasn't even a guess. I *knew* I was that short. Like I could vaguely recall being measured? "**What?**"

My eyes widened because the sound of my own voice had surprised me. I sounded *way* too young, and even then? Had my voice *ever* possessed that exact pitch? It felt wrong somehow, just like how *defiantly* I'd spoken. I had never been particularly proud of myself, and I definitely didn't have anything *to* be proud of in that moment, but I ended up sounding that way all the same. "**Wait, I sound younger? Then...**"

No, that *had* to be the case, right? I was small and flat, like one day I would hit puberty but just hadn't yet.

I couldn't see my face to tell for certain, but it revealed the truth. I did appear younger, and *significantly* so. My facial features had de-aged until I *definitely* looked like a child, probably one that was no older than *ten*. Of course, with how things had been trending, there was obviously more to I than that. My enlarged eyes were possessed by a fiery red for example, their shapes growing further as my lashes lengthened *very* slightly beneath shortened, reddened brows. My nose's shape was narrower, my lips thinner, and my cheeks slightly round once more – a product of my newly regained youthfulness.

“Come to think of it, my voice sounds kind of familiar, doesn't it?” I had definitely heard it before, and as a name slowly appeared in the back of my head? My curly brown hair was ignited with the same red as my eyes and brown. It swept through it from the roots to my tips rapidly, but it also straightened away any of its curls and pushed it all longer in the meantime. My bangs ended up centered between my eyes, and the slightest ahoge peeked up from on top of my head. **“Wait, could it be...?”**

I had already become fairly confident about what was happening to me, even if I didn't understand *how*. In the end though, the sudden feeling of being cloaked in something more comfortable as the heat in my body finally waned more or less confirmed it. I was now wrapped in a beige, hooded cloak overtop a white tunic and short, brown pants. Sandals covered my feet, while the tunic had long, white sleeves and black gloves underneath. Not to mention the new headband behind my ahoge. I was dressed just like her.

“How...?” How was I *Eris Greyrat*, one of Mushoku Tensei's main characters? Making matter more inconvenient, I had clearly become a lot smaller *and* a lot *younger*, and that had affected my ability to *think*. I couldn't really remember any complicated concepts, and going farther than that? Whenever I tried to think about modern technology, my brain basically drew a blank. I basically had all the know-how of a twelve-year-old that had never seen something like a television or a camera.

I pulled on some of my red hair in a panic. **“Hmph. I guess being a Greyrat is a pretty good thing, though!”** Wait, was that what I had *wanted* to say? The idea of being Eris *was* a foreign one, but when I thought about it more clearly... did it fill me with a



certain pride. Eris was very haughty, especially when she was younger, and so that must have rubbed off on my own personality. **“Th-That isn’t the point, I need to get...?”**

My train of thought was correct. I needed to find a way to get out of that void and change back to normal! But before I could, that void situation sorted *itself* out. Light and color returned, but I was standing on a dirt path surrounded by trees. I should have been distressed by this or maybe elated to be out of the darkness in some capacity, but I didn’t have any thoughts like that at all. I didn’t even question *where* I was.

“Grr... Where did he run off to now!? He was going to spar with me!” It was so like Rudeus to just run off on his own without telling me! It was possible he’d run off ahead to the field where we practiced, but I had a hunch he’d gone exploring again. Of course, none of this was *correct*. I wasn’t actually Eris Greyrat, or at least I wasn’t supposed to.

But that was all I could remember! A familiar path, my familiar body, and familiar feelings towards Rudeus and the others... In what world would I believe that I was anyone but Eris Greyrat? **“Guess I’d better find him... I’m gonna kick his butt when I do!”** I sighed and slammed one fist into the opposite palm to hype myself up. Well, if anything this was all at least...

A fresh start?