

SENA-SATIONAL

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes it felt as if there were no end to the requests that fell upon Iona's lap. The Viera was a career woman, but in the eyes of some it might not have really been interpreted that way. Most dedicated their lives to one career tract. A fisher? A chef? A warrior? An adventurer? These were all things that were commonly accepted as run of the mill careers. But for this woman it wasn't quite as simple.

Soft-spoken yet eager to learn, Iona instead chose to dedicate herself to as many things as she possibly could. In a way she was an odd jobber who was willing to take on any task so long it was properly compensated, but she also couldn't walk such a path without the talent in the first place. That wasn't to say that she was an *expert* when it came to everything, but she knew plenty and had skills aplenty as well.

And that in itself was a marketable skill.

Mind you she didn't necessarily gravitate towards combat-oriented jobs all that often. She *could* fight in a worst case scenario, but battle was the one area where being an expert could unblur the line between life and death. Not being as good as someone who specialized in the art of battle could very much get herself killed, so she often avoided jobs that might have been *too* dangerous.

Thankfully *this* job had no combat aspect at all. It was a simple job watching over a simple kids' game in Old Gridania. Every year the guilds ran a jewel hunting event, where various gemstones were scattered about the city at select locations so that they could be uncovered and exchanged for prizes. It was popular enough, and it had gone on all day.

By the time Iona realized it was already late evenings, which meant her job of helping supervise the children had ended.



“Now it’s time for cleanup...” Admittedly she *was* a little tired after how long the day had gone on. In the morning she had helped with hiding all the stones throughout both Old Gridania and New Gridania, and then she had been tasked with keeping an eye on the kids, helping distribute lunch, and for a time she had helped with the prize booth. But because not all of the gems had been turned in, that meant she had to check all the hiding spots and bring back any that weren’t found.

She was just glad that the job paid well.

The sun had almost *completely* set by the time she got around to the last spot, and to little surprise there was a gem there. Everywhere else she had checked, the gems had been picked up. But not here. Hidden in an alley behind an old tree was a glowing, light blue stone. Of course she hastily picked it up, but it was only after she did so that Iona realized something she probably *should* have realized sooner. **“Wait... Is this actually one of ours?”**

In terms of quality, of course the gemstones they had hidden had not been of very high quality. And yet this one not only looked authentic, but its blue radiated even with the subtle light from the setting sun that tickled it. In a way it was almost uncanny in its mysticism. In fact... Was the light that glowed from it not a little too bright? And warm? The Viera’s self-defense mechanisms eventually kicked in a moment too late and she went to throw it.

But instead? It slipped out of her hands and landed on her chest, just above the center between her breasts. Or... no? She hadn’t dropped it, had she? It hadn’t simply just slipped out from between her fingers. Something had guided the rock when she had let go, like a magnet intent on binding the gemstone to her. And it really *was* bound, for it burned through her shirt and dug into her skin where it could no longer be removed.

“Wh-What!?” The woman cried out despite normally being so quiet, both hands pawing at the stone to try and knock it off her person. But these efforts were to no avail, and the warmth that she could have felt radiating from it now seemed to pulse into her body, leaving her feeling a little *awry*. Like something was off-kilter and she couldn’t exactly

place it... *initially*. But given another moment it *did* eventually click. “**I feel so... off-balance?**”

In a way she was correct, but it was a little more than that too. All of the movements of her body felt heavy and awkward, almost like she wasn't adjusted at all to using it how it was. Which was naturally *weird*, because she had grown up into this tall Viera body of hers. It wasn't like something had suddenly changed physically. But therein existed the issue. Because what had changed *wasn't* physical. It was *mental*.

In the sense that her brain subconsciously believed that her present figure was *incorrect*. That it was adjust to a body that was hardly as tall and squishy Iona's was. Somehow the weight of her breasts and ass just felt wrong, just as her point of view dizzied her with how high it was. Yet at the same time? She struggled to properly piece this together as she was. How *could* she when it was such an off-putting feeling to feel?

“No... Something isn't right here. It's this stone?” The gem that was bound to her chest could be the *only* cause. It continued to pump a strange warmth into her body, and her fingers still couldn't pry it from her skin where it had mended itself. While she could identify the issue despite her inability to correct it, though, she was too fixated on the gem to see the bigger picture. Or perhaps the *smaller* one?

For some of the aspects that her brain had gauged as 'off' were soon 'corrected' from its point of view, slowly bringing the Viera's body more in line with something that didn't feel quite as awkward and clumsy. This trend certainly wasn't subtle either, or at least the fact that she wore so little, and such tight clothing certainly helped make it much more obvious.

A simple glance at the woman's pronounced chest, highlighted by the tight purple crop top she wore, served as a fairly obvious example of what this meant. After all, the cloth was contracting and beginning to hang loose simply because there was *less bosom* present for it to cling onto. In the beginning it simply seemed like a bit, yet before long her tits were about half of their usual size. And before long? A meager A-cup showing was all that persisted within a top that only hung onto her frame due to how it was wrapped around her shoulders.

That said, this was only *one* of several areas that were affected by this phenomenon. If your gaze drifted further down upon the woman's body, you could see a similar trend eating away at the tanned cheeks of her booty as well as the thighs that were nestled beneath them. Very little time was wasted in seeing these areas deflated just like her breasts had, with the match purple shorts soon becoming looser once her ass was barely pronounced and, while her thighs maintained some girth, they

still looked a little lacking when she was so tall. Strangely though? Despite all this her hips did not shrink even a touch.

“I guess the *feeling* is going *away*?” Despite a couple of strange voice cracks that raised the pitch of her voice and seemed to sound a *lot* peppier than Iona at her norm, she could honestly say she had begun to feel *less* weird. But she also hadn't really taken notice of how she was a little *lighter* than she was before in some areas that were fairly important for a woman of her age. But therein existed a paradox, because Iona's age? It was technically *part* of the reason her curves had faded so much in the first place.

It was seen in the woman's face before anywhere else. A regression of apparent age in just how rounded and soft her face and skin were. But this was simply a warning shot fired before the big guns came on in... to make her littler. **“*Whoa!? Wait, am I shrinking!?*”** What she had at first dismissed as a voice crack very quickly developed into something else, but the Viera didn't have time to sit on this realization. Because her point of view had begun to fall, and it had begun to fall *fast*.

She threw out her arms to catch herself from falling, and yet doing so demonstrated the breadth of what was happening. After all, those arms were losing their length as they flailed about, as were her legs, fingers, and toes. She was much more demonstrably *petite* by the time she had bottomed out at just above the five foot mark. Already loosened by her previous loss of curves though? Fortunately her clothing was not shed from her shoulders nor her wide hips. **“*This is... impossible? Erm... Was my height not supposed to be this low?*”**

If the Viera sounded confused it was because she *was*. She had been so certain that she *shouldn't* have been this height, and yet at the same time it *also* felt *right*. Whatever dizziness she'd felt from being so tall before was certainly gone. And while she was much smaller and better resembling a girl in her mid-to-late teens? Her muscles actually felt dancer and her abs seemed better defined. Somehow her shorter stature had been blessed with a greater height.

Her crimson glasses finally fell from her face for her nose was much shorter than it had been before, yet Iona hardly took notice of it. After all? Her vision was perfect without them... *for some reason*. Although those eyes were now a chocolate brown and *much* larger and better expressive compared to their old selves.

These eyes darted around. **“*Why do I feel so confused? Where...?*”** Where was she? This place felt familiar, but it felt less and less so as time wore on. All the while, something *very* peculiar occurred with the woman's hair. Whether it was the tips behind her or the sides of her

bangs, a bright blue flame suddenly took them and flickered. This flame ate the length of her mane all of the way up to the base of her shoulders where it continued to burn. But it also didn't progress farther. No. The hair that remained? It turned to a steely, navy blue that better went with the flickering flames.

The blue of these flames was the same blue that the gemstone in her chest shone, and slowly this light could be found across her body's entire design in the form of several lines markings that extended from it. They ran down the sides of her torso, pinching in towards her bellybutton before pulling out and running across her thighs and down her legs. The blue light pulsed through them as if they were passing some sort of *energy* about?

But the skin directly around these lines also appeared to change in response to this energy. Not *dramatically* so, but the color of her dark skin was *certainly* compromised. In cloudy patches the tan was eviscerated, ultimately settling on a dramatically lighter brown that bordered pink everywhere across her skin. Even her face succumbed, and the markings that could be found under her eyes dissipated.

Iona clicked her tongue and wrinkled her nose while the last traces of her past self faded away. Her nose gained a rounder tip that told little of her past, bunny self. While her face became fuller as a whole with narrowed lips. Otherwise, slowly but surely, the bunny ears atop her head slid down the sides of her skull and shed their furry, ultimately becoming a pair of Hyur ears comparatively.

“Huh. Guess a few things make more sense now?”

Much, *much* shorter than she had been before, and one hundred percent less Viera, the teenaged girl that stood where Iona once had finally found clarity after what seemed like eons of incomprehensible confusion. Her itch to go training of all things had initially struck her as confusing. Had she believed herself to *not* be the kind of girl that would spend all of her free time working out for some reason? Wouldn't that have been a little silly?



After all, *Sena* was obsessed with working out! She was something of an unabashed meathead, not ashamed under any circumstance when it came to her likes and dislikes. Unfortunately this meant that she wasn't

really all that book smart, but most problems could be solved with a giant hammer, couldn't it? **"Come to think of it... Where the heck's my weapon!?"** She couldn't summon it from the hammerspace where it was stored? **"And what am I even wearing? These clothes barely fit!"**

And come to think of it... **"Where even am I?"** She wasn't sure why the question hadn't immediately come to mind. Probably because she had been so darn confused? The last she could recall she'd been traveling with her party through the desert, but now? She was nestled in what looked to be an alleyway of a town. One *surrounded* with big, huge green trees. She'd never really seen anything like it back home!

Curious, she bolted out of the alleyway... only to trip and eat dirt. **"Ow!? What the snuff!?"** But with all of that strength baked into her tinier form, she immediately bound back up onto her feet and cast her gaze down to what she had tripped over. **"Hey, there it is!"** It was her hammer? Just laying on the ground? Come to think of it the other functions of her special eye weren't working as well. Was it all simply a side effect of this place? Because it wasn't *home*?

Sena sighed and picked the hammer up, slinging it over her shoulder. What was she supposed to do now? See if Mio or someone else showed up? Maybe they were already here? It was also late at night, which opened up a number of other issues. Where was she supposed to sleep!? **"I've got a million problems right now and no idea what to do..."** Not to mention she had to hope no one would be openly hostile towards her seeing as she was carrying around a *giant hammer*.

"Is there an inn? Maybe I should ask someone?" Not that she could see anyone walking around. It was already dark after all. But would they even accept her currency? She couldn't even read the nearby signs, unfamiliar with the language as she was. **"Oh no, what if they don't even speak my language?"** This was just getting worse and worse!

But she was going to have to push through it somehow! ...After some training. What? How else was she going to clear her head?

Though her oversized shorts would certainly let her butt crack slip out several times while doing so.