

FLAT 4 LIFE

COMMISSION STORY

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There were many things worth lamenting.

Little things, big things. Maybe it was something as small as not being able to get a good night's sleep on a night where you *really* needed a good night's sleep? Maybe you'd stubbed your toe on the corner of your damned desk? But there were more serious things that could cause these feelings too, most of which were not worth bringing up. No one really *wanted* to think about things like those, right?

It wasn't really a serious thing at all that had prompted me to lament on that day, not as I sunk another hour into the object of my ire. Another live service game that I was playing was on the cusp of being taken by the 'discontinuation fairy'. That is to say: its live service aspect was soon to no longer be live, meaning that the game was effectively dead, and all of the hours I had sunk into it were rendered meaningless as a result.

Honestly, how had I not seen it coming? How many live service games, *especially* ones with a gacha element, had met this fate as of late? It was inevitable that a game of this nature would eventually come to an end, but so many of them didn't even reach the final leg of their adventure. Especially as far as localized versions went, with so many of them ending service not due to a lack of interest specifically, but due to a lack of profits.

"I probably should have seen it coming..." I sighed as I clicked on the game screen. Disgaea RPG really hadn't had much a chance. To begin with, the Disgaea IP wasn't exactly all *that* popular. It had a dedicated fanbase of course, but it was still pretty niche in the grand scheme of things especially in the West. Had it been doomed to fail out

of the gate? Maybe not, but the chances that it would succeed *had* been exceptionally small. So the recent announcement that the game would be ending service soon? I wasn't *surprised*, but I was certainly *disappointed*.

I could lament the game's closing, but it wasn't like there was anything I could do about it. **"I guess there's a new Disgaea game coming out later this year..."** Hopefully it would be better than Disgaea 6 had been at least, but I wasn't exactly going to hold my breath on *that* one. How many Ls could one franchise take? **"I... shouldn't have that mentality. Plenty of game series have come back, and not every game is going to be as good as the one before it."** Having played the games since I was younger, they *did* have a special place in my heart.

"Maybe if they added Etna!" I joked. There was no denying that the original cast certainly had its appeal. Laharl, Flonne, and Etna were all fan favorites in equal measure, and I was lucky enough to have gotten special versions of each in RPG. Though... **"Huh? Was that banner always there?"** I *had* been debating logging off the game for the day. There wasn't much else I could do after exhausting the daily content, and even then? If the game was closing soon, what was I even doing it for? Habit and denial were two concepts that quickly came to mind.

Since the game was ending, it didn't make sense for them to add any new characters, right? No one was going to put money into a dying game, especially with the end so soon. Yet there it was. A banner for an *EX SSR Etna*. **"What the hell is an EX SSR?"** Was that a thing in *any* gacha game? Was it just some sort of 'we're going to make it up to you that we're ending the game' feature? **"Well, it doesn't cost any currency to roll, so I guess..."**

There was no real harm in trying it then, was there? So I naturally went through the trouble of forcing the roll animation. One after one, I didn't get this mythical *EX SSR*, which was honestly on par for course. At least until the final roll popped up on screen. **"Woah!? I actually got her!?"** Seeing as I was playing on my computer through Steam, I practically shot up in my seat. Just as I went to click to move to the next screen while standing though?

The image of the Etna roll grew brighter, and brighter, and brighter. Until a crimson light began to radiate from my monitor. **"Huh?"** Was it some sort of graphical bug? That certainly would have been the most sensical way for me to process it. If things hadn't gotten stranger, *which they had*. Because that light was making my skin tingle? **"That's... not right."**

Obviously. The glow from a computer monitor wasn't supposed to make your skin tingle under *any* circumstance, right? Unless it was like, *radioactive*? Or maybe my understanding of the properties of light weren't correct, but that didn't change that this was weird. Flustered and concerned I went to turn off my monitor while shielding my eyes with my free arm. It didn't really seem to do anything! And so if the monitor wouldn't turn off? I moved to press the button on my desktop next. Again, nothing. Not even unplugging my desktop *and* monitor did anything!

“Why isn't it shutting off!?” There was no way for a computer to run without a power source, this much I knew. And it wasn't like my desktop and tower were running on AA batteries or anything. So I had to accept that I might have been dealing with something *dangerous*. **“Shit...!”** Looking back at the screen one last time, I resolved to just leave the room and shut the door behind me so I could call for help. Who could I even call about something like this? I didn't have the foggiest idea, but I knew I couldn't stay *there*.

Unfortunately it seemed that the light itself had *different* plans in mind for me. How did I know? Well, I'd tripped. Not over my chair or rug, or something haphazardly laying on my floor. No, I'd tripped over my own pants. **“Huh?”** Naturally my gaze fell downward once I had caught myself, my gaze seeking the cause of pants now hanging down to my knees.

I could hardly believe my eyes with *what* they had noticed. It was no wonder my pants had slid down. My thighs and my stomach? They were *significantly* thinner than they had been before. But I could also tell that it wasn't *just* them. My stomach was trimmer, there was no excess weight under my shirt, and so the shirt in question was probably just as loose. **“I'm thinner? That's... Is it actually radiation!?”**

Maybe I was in denial, but radiation could make you sick and lose weight, right? Well, it probably didn't happen *that* fast usually. Not to mention, as I realized soon after, I hadn't *just* become thin. **“Am... Am I shorter too?”** I had to be, right? Probably a few inches? Maybe I was going crazy from the shock of it all, but likewise it almost sounded like my voice was a little *off*? Higher maybe?

Seeing no other option (and because I was home alone) I shook off my pants so that only my boxers still clung to me. I looked down again with the intention of moving towards the door again once everything seemed okay, but I was once again splashed with surprise. My legs had been made thinner, yes, but did my thighs look thicker than they had after the weight loss? At a loss for words, I arched a brow. But then I caught it;

the sight of the flesh on my thighs jiggling, expanding another inch further. **“HUH!?”**

It wasn't even *just* my thighs. A plumpness had settled into my ass too. Cheeks became fuller and thicker, which when paired with my thighs ultimately meant that my boxers were getting tighter and tighter. So tight, in fact, that they were crushing my dig and balls. **“There's no way this is happening! My lower half looks like... like...”** A woman's? It certainly did, and widened hips beneath a narrowed waistline certainly didn't help impose any masculinity.

Of course, without a mirror I was ignorant to the fact that my masculinity had been well on its way out the door even *with* my lower body in view. My face had been gradually becoming more effeminate. Wider eyes, longer lashes, plumper lips, a smaller nose... Even the shape of it all collapsed, giving off the impression that I was 'myself, but a woman'. My hair growing to my shoulders certainly didn't help.

Nor did the eventual lumps that I could both make out with my eyes and *feel* with my other senses beneath my shirt. **“N-No way...”** I corrected my posture finally and brought my hands up towards my chest. But even *that* caused me to hesitate. My hands were smaller than I remembered, and despite being a chronic nail biter my nails were nice and long. Similar changes had actually happened to my feet as well, but since I was wearing socks it wasn't *that* noticeable.

My nipples were erect and pressing up against the underside of my shirt, feeling more sensitive than they ever had. But they weren't what I was hesitant to touch. Well, at least not largely, since even though those nipples were certainly *bigger*, they weren't as big as the C-cups breasts that had filled out over a matter of moments. To someone who had never had tits, they definitely *felt* heavy. They were also sensitive even without touching them, which begged the question?

“Why aren't I...?” *Stiff.* I didn't have a boner? I couldn't exactly see *past* the boobs I didn't want to touch, so I had to send a hand down into my cramped boxers. My dick was found... sort of. **“SHIT!?”** Only a nub, and even that disappeared *inside* of me. Into a slit that could only be a woman's pussy. **“I'm... I'm really a chick!?”** Tits, and ass, a pretty voice, longer hair, a pussy... Was this some sort of messed up dream?

I turned my attention back to my glowing computer monitor. It was its light that had done this, right? But *how*? **“Is there some way to reverse THIS!?”** It was a good thought, but a sharp voice crack took me by surprise. **“W-Wait. Is my voice higher now? I don't sound... like a woman!”** But that didn't mean I didn't sound *female*. It just meant that I sounded *younger*.

Evidently (though not to me just yet) the crimson glow from the screen was having a direct effect on my body – or at least the way parts of it were colored. Both my eyes and hair alike inherited a bright crimson, and once the hair was done dyeing? It lengthened even longer, falling halfway down my back before it was all pulled up into a pair of messy pigtails my black hair ornaments.

I blinked, a realization dawning on me in a panic. **“Hey!? I’m not getting smaller again, am I!?”** I had thought that maybe I’d been crazy for a moment, but that really seemed to be the case! My desk wasn’t all that close, but my eye level didn’t so much as reach the back of my computer chair now! My clothes felt looser and heavier with each passing second too.

But patting myself through a shirt that was becoming increasingly more like a tent atop my torso, I realized something. I wasn’t just getting shorter as I bottomed out at 4’10”. My body had gotten a *lot* thinner in every capacity. My tummy, chest, and hips were all just as thin – and so naturally my boxers had slid right off. While my butt and thighs still had weight to them, it wasn’t really *much*. My breasts, on the other hand? They were practically *nonexistent*, and somehow that realization made me irrationally angry. **“Why the hell...!?”**

All it took was a little movement in this thin, small body for my shirt to finally dislodge enough that my men’s sized tee to slip right off my shoulders, leaving me naked. Or at least you would have *assumed*, but I wasn’t actually naked. A lot of my skin was showing, but I was left in a familiar, black bikini top that almost looked like bat wings, a matching skirt with a belt, and black belts around my arms. I even squeaked as my height jumped a couple of inches. Not because I’d grown taller, but because black leather boots with crimson heels and latex thigh highs underneath had found their way up my legs.

“I... recognize this outfit, but that’s impossible!” it wasn’t *just* my outfit. The sound of my voice, the shape of my body, all I was missing was... **“EEK!?”** Three sets of uncomfortable sensations took form in tandem with each other. One of which was simply my ears, which were yanked into short, thick points. The more uncomfortable part of that was the fact that those ears became *pierced*, with big skull ears appearing in those new holes. Those ears weren’t human.

But neither was the long, spaded tail that had slithered out from the base of my skirt, rubbing between the cheeks of my butt and the black panties I was adorned with. It whipped out behind me, flicking back and forth with a mind of its own at first, but I slowly got it under control just as I did the small, bat-like wings that escaped my shoulderblades. Both

my wings and tail were the same leathery red color as the TV glow. I felt like I understood how to use these new appendages. I feel like I understood a *lot* of things I hadn't before. A lot of memories that weren't mine, that were wearing down my usual personality.

And once my humanity had left me, I finally broke down.

“Hahaha...! HAAAAHA MY ASS, HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE LIKE THIS!?” I'd impulsively thought to laugh this *weird ass* situation off, but my new personality was 'complicated' to say the least. Not that this was surprising because, after all, even if my old memories were still dominant, I could not control *Etna's* impulses. I had become the character that I rolled! **“Obviously I'm the cutest, sexiest demon in this realm... But only because I'm the only one!”**



Wait, why was that even a *priority* for me at that moment? My crimson, spade-shaped tail swished back and forth and my hands rested on bare hips while I stared at a computer screen that had returned to normal. I was *obviously* not thinking straight because *Etna's* personality, a personality that prioritized myself above all else. A personality that, despite the fact I'd been transformed, was *extremely* confident in myself. Regardless of the fact that I had a very lacking, almost childlike body.

But my first outburst *had* carried a good point. I was a demon in a world without demons. Could I hide my demon traits? **“But why would I hide 'em? I could just make people think I'm a really good cosplayer or something and make a boatload of cash! Then I could stuff my mouth with as many sweets as I want!”** Oh, yeah! That *was* a really good plan! But in the meantime, stealing was an option too, right? Since I was a demon, there was nothing wrong with theft! In fact, it would be morally wrong for a demon *not* to!

“Hehehe...” I snickered to myself, fingers apart with my palm before my lips in a very dramatic pose. Maybe things weren't *that* bad? What was I so worried about, anyways? I was basically immortal as a demon anyways, and there wouldn't be a single human capable of defeating me!

Some people knew the saying ‘the world is your oyster’ but that couldn’t have been truer for anyone more than it was for me now, right? Who was going to stop me!? **“Ugh, but there is one problem.”**

Pacing back and forth, still talking to myself, I wasn’t immediately forthright about what this issue might have been. Did I lack confidence? Obviously not. Was there anything I couldn’t do? Nah, I was basically set there. This issue was actually something more fundamental and inherent to my new personality. My old self probably wouldn’t have cared about this at all, in no small part because it *definitely* wasn’t something that men cared about at all when it came to their own bodies. Yet with an exasperated sigh? I ultimately cupped my own chest with a scowl on my face. Not that there was much to cup, and therein lied the problem that was bothering me oh so much.

“WHY AM I SO DAMN FLAT!?”