

AN ALIEN LIFE

COMMISSION STORY

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The state of new anime these days was terrible.

There was *plenty* to be said about the isekai genre as the primary culprit behind this. Every new anime season had new isekai adaptations in the droves, and it wasn't even a *new* phenomenon at this point. Season after season had been like this forever now. “**How many new ideas can you even have for ‘dude ends up in another world?’**” Evidently not *that* many. The genre was basically cannibalizing itself these days. It was usually the same story but with a ‘spin’ that was supposed to make it unique somehow.

‘Man is reincarnated in another world as an inanimate object’ seemed to have been all the rage lately. Whether it was as a sword or a vending machine, it really seemed like the isekai genre was going to consume itself before all was said and done. That wasn't even really the part that bothered *me* personally though. I didn't mind a good isekai series if it was *actually* good, but so many of them fell into the same trappings.

The biggest sin in my opinion? Harem endings. Of course this was something that had been present in anime since time immemorial. The unrealistic outcome of some generic looking guy ending up in a tangled web of love where a number of exceptional women were interested in him romantically, sexually, or both.

These outcomes were *odd* to say the least. They didn't really make sense. There was typically no way a single one of those girls would fall in love with a male character that was presented as so boring, if not a complete and total pervert. It was a trope that could be done well depending on the circumstances, but so many series played it off in the most

unrealistic was imaginable. Ultimately those *weren't* the anime and manga that I personally enjoyed.

“Is there anything airing this season that *doesn't* have the potential to turn into a weird harem romcom?” I spoke about what I was typing aloud as I prepared my comment for Reddit. An anonymous message board was the best place I could possibly use to air out my frustrations. If anyone disagreed or wanted to argue? Well I'd just ignore them. I wasn't commenting on the new anime season discussion for the sake of having an argument, it was just good for venting.

Yet someone did reply. Almost immediately.

YOU WOULDN'T BE SAYING THAT IF YOU WERE IN ONE!

No sooner than I had read that comment than did it strike me that something was wrong. *Very* wrong. The computer I was staring at wasn't my own – it was older, like a computer you might find in the early 2000s. I also wasn't sitting at *my* desk in *my* room. I immediately stood, shocked. **“What the fuck?”** The room I was in wasn't a bedroom nor an office.

It was a large, open space painted white with a series of gizmos and gadgets thrown about the room. My first assumption based on all of the equipment was that it was some sort of *workshop*. And in a way it almost felt *familiar*? Like I recognized the space from *something* and just couldn't manage to put two and two together. Like it was from a *very* distant memory.

“Am I dreaming? How did I end up here?” There weren't any windows. Was this a basement? Looking around I eventually spied a staircase on the other end of the room alongside an elevator. But wasn't this technically *bad*? Regardless of *where* I was, I definitely wasn't *supposed* to be there. If it was a lab or workshop of some kind then it might have been related to the government (*not that I seriously believed that since plenty of the gizmos almost looked like toys*). **“Am I going to get arrested for trespassing?”**

But it wasn't like I could linger in the workshop either. Eventually someone that used it would come back, and it would likely be more dangerous for me to get caught inside than it would have been to get caught *leaving*. And if there were cameras around then maybe they could show me being teleported there in the first place? As to *how* I had

been teleported there, that was something I couldn't comprehend. It should have been *impossible*.

And what had that Reddit reply been about? Surely it hadn't been *related*?

“Okay, let's just leave and figure out what to do from there...” I had intended on just making my way to the stairs and out of the strange invention space, but after only a few steps I ultimately paused. I couldn't really place it initially, but something felt truly *off*. Not about my surroundings, those were already plenty weird. But with *my own body*. **“Uh...?”** Was it a side effect of being teleported... or whatever this was? I could have assumed I was just dreaming, but I knew better. I was a pretty lucid dreamer and this felt even realer than that.

My only option was to assume that whatever the heck had happened here, how I ended up in this place, that it had *actually* happened. So then was what I was feeling cause for alarm? Was I in danger? I didn't have an answer to the question in the moment, but what was the truth of it? Well, to be fair I wasn't *technically* in danger of anything but that was wholly and largely dependent on your definition of 'danger' in the first place.

The initial feeling of unease had actually brought about the earliest signs of what was in store for me, they just hadn't manifested in a way that could have possibly been immediately apparent to me. What did I mean by that? Well, changes had been invited that weren't easy to notice. Things that couldn't be felt and things that couldn't be seen – at least not without a reflective surface.

Among the areas affected was my hair. More specifically the *color* of it. From my experience the only way someone could obtain *pink* hair was through dyeing it, or at least purchasing a wig and hiding your *real* hair. Yet a pastel pink had begun to glow atop my head, gradually replacing what should have been my biological hair color altogether. And *thoroughly* at that. For all intents and purposes this pink had become my natural, biological hair color. Any hair that grew from my body in the future would be pastel pink as well, and my brows and pubes found their colors changed as well to acclimate to this.

The *other* parts of my body that were unknowingly afflicted with change were my eyes. Much like my hair their color *was* part of it, and a teal soon replaced my naturally eye color speckle after speckle without the use of any colored contact lenses. But there was also a matter of *shape*? They grew bigger. A little *too* big if you were to ask me, with lashes fluttering effeminately. Yet the changing of my eyes evoked a change in

how I saw my surroundings. Everything seemed *flat* and *colorful*. Like I the workshop I was standing in was a scene right out of an anime.

And I was viewing it through a pair of big, effeminate, teal *anime eyes*.

“Wh... What?” Of course I didn’t know what had become of my eyes and hair and was simply left aghast by the state of my vision. Holding out my own arm I found that my perception of my own body was the same. It was two dimensional just like everything else, clearly *hand drawn* like an arm you might find on *any* anime character. Looking down at myself uncovered similar results, yet at the same time I was simultaneously baffled by my figure. Or at least the weight of it.

Had I always been as thin as I was in that moment? My shirt seemed flatter than it should have been. I was still *shocked* naturally, but I pressed a hand against my tummy, nonetheless. **“Definitely thinner...”** I had never been *that* thing. It didn’t feel like there was an excess pound of weight anywhere on my body. I also felt a touch more energetic. Was that because I was lighter and healthier? Or was it because of *something else*?

I didn’t have answers to any of the questions I posed to myself of course, and more continued to pile up on their own. While examining my stomach I’d noticed something peculiar about the hand I had patted my gut with in the first place. There *was* my skin color. It looked a little lighter, but that wasn’t quite it. I raised it and turned it over several times. **“My hands are smaller...”** It wasn’t a question this time. I could *tell*. Not only were my palms and digits shrunken, but I never kept my nails that long. Not to mention they clearly looked manicured.

*Of course! *****-chan helped me manicure them!*

I winced. Something akin to a thought, or perhaps a memory...? It had flashed through my head as if to dissuade me from wondering about how my nails had ended up in that state. I didn’t realize that my feet were in a similar situation though. Tootsies were more compressed, smooth toes dotted with pink-painted nails now. Since I was only wear my socks it was hard for me to notice though.

On the other hand, what *wasn’t* hard to notice was a sharp decline in my overall *height*. As a man who had at least been seen as respectably tall, a decline down to 5’4” was easily noticeable even as it happened. Increasingly baggy clothes had helped tip me off but I also could tell based on my surroundings, or at least where I stood relative to them. **“Why am I getting smaller? What is happening here!?”** Crying out *as* I shrunk, the pitch of my voice seemed to rise every so slightly as I expressed my confusion aloud.

I had to hold up my pants to stop them from falling, but given a moment they managed to remain upright on their own again? I hadn't thought much of considering everything else happening at the time, but in retrospect it had definitely been because my hips had widened as part of my body's silhouette changing. My waist had pinched in several inches at the sides around the same time in fact, and so too did my shoulders narrow.

"I— EIYEE!?" There was much I had *wanted* to say in that moment only for an intense feeling to strip that agency away and prompt a girlish scream to be sounded. I wasn't in pain, but there had been a very *sharp and sudden* tug between my legs. **"No, I didn't just... Did I?"** Coincidentally my voice remained not only in a soft feminine pitch now, but I was also speaking in Japanese. It was *coincidental* because the tugging had been my sex forcibly changing. I was now a *woman*.

Everything else considered, '*girl*' was probably a better descriptor though.

I hadn't looked like an adult in body ever since I had shrunk, but the look of my face soon sealed the idea that I was young. A *teenager*. Not that it was easy to tell considering how my face was now drawn like an anime girl's. Nonetheless, my features were rounder and cuter to match my already feminine eyes. Lips were plumper, too! It all contributed to the fact that I was now a girl around the age of fifteen or sixteen.

In fact, in tandem with my previous scream? My pink hair had exploded out behind me. What used to be a shorter cut had erupted into long, silky locks of pastel pink that fell right down to my thighs, bangs choppily floating atop my teal eyes so that I could see them by looking up a little. **"Pink hair... And my voice...?"** *What's wrong with my pink hair? I bet ****-kun really likes it!*

Another thought came into being that contradicted my established sense of being. Though that *was* gradually becoming flimsier as my transformation wore on. My body was becoming better suited to my new sex in the meantime, as already widened hips had allocated space for my thighs to swell to plusher shapes, as well as for my butt to bubble oh so slightly so that it was exceptionally pronounced for a girl of my age. It would certainly be more comfortable to sit upon!

"Oh, my chest!?" I *sounded* shocked as the front of my shirt began to bloat forward, but I didn't exactly *feel* shocked anymore. It was almost like I had expected them to be there deep down? Like the weight that had given rise to a pair of breasts upon my front had *always* been there – even though I knew they definitely hadn't. These breasts were sized

somewhere between C and D cups despite my shorter body, which gave me a pretty *curvaceous* body overall for a girl of my age. It didn't even strike me that I had already begun to think of myself as a sixteen year old girl, or that this workshop increasingly felt like it was somehow *my* property.

I felt like things were becoming clearer. The names I'd thought of earlier... Mikan-chan and Rito-kun? The lattermost name made heat rush to my cheeks. I was blushing? Why did thinking of him make me feel so... *Wait!* I knew these names from my past life! If I was right, then my own name, which still hadn't taken shape, must have been—

“Wah!?” Just as I thought my transformation had finished I was given definitive proof to the contrary. Because a *tail* snaked out from between my oversized shirt and pants, snaking between my legs and poking up towards my face with a spade upon its tip. The length of the tail was pressing up against my loins and this heightened my embarrassment, but I managed to figure out how to guide it away.

“Lala!? I'm Lala!?” I had already put two and two together when my tail had grown, the nostalgia of a character from a series I'd enjoyed back in my younger years. But the influx of memories that had crashed into my ego had left me flabbergasted by the fact that it was all *real*. I could remember everything that had happened to Lala up until this point. It continued to misshape my personality into hers just like my body already had been, and before long my past life felt like little more than a fleeting fancy.



I cutely tilted my head to the side inquisitively. **“Of course I'm Lala? Who else would I be?”**

The words escaped my cute, swollen lips, but in the back of my mind what remained of my own persona wanted to debate just what I was saying. Lala's thoughts were my thoughts, but I still had enough sense to just vaguely recall that this was somehow *wrong*. Those recollections just weren't strong enough for the *new* me, the alien girl *Lala Satalin Deviluke*, to act on.

“Weird! Maybe I just need a Rito-kun recharge!” Wait, why was I blushing as I thought of the main character, Yuuki Rito? That average guy that all of the girls constantly fawned over, including Lala... It had struck me. To-Love Ru was a *harem* comedy. And that Reddit reply I had received! All along, this had all been in the service of— **“Hup!”** A cute little hop pushed me on my way towards a dresser in the corner of the room. I couldn’t go upstairs looking like this, could I? I was going to...

Spend a lot of time with Yuuki Rito!

After all, I was in love with him!

“No, no, no... I mean yes! I love Rito-kun! But it’s hard to just say it to his face...” Thinking back to all of the times that I’d *wanted* to say that I loved him only to get a little too shy. Or when I *had* and he hadn’t quite heard me... My cheeks burned even pinker! But it made me feel really *happy* too. To have someone like Rito, even if other girls were also vying for his attention... **“I wouldn’t trade these circumstances for the universe!”**

Even though an increasingly small part of myself definitely *would* have.