

STARTING LIFE IN ANOTHER ISEKAI

CH6: DOWNMAID

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s certainly dark...” Frederica Baumann remarked to herself as she looked down the lengths of a dark alleyway, she had suddenly found herself in. From the way the buildings framing her surroundings obscured any light from above, to the bright lights that appeared to shine past the gap at the end, none of this was reminiscent of the world that she knew. But how had she ended up in this situation?

A retired maid of the Roswaal Mansion, every so often she was called back for a meeting with Roswaal himself. It was usually nothing; he was just a kind man that liked to keep tabs on her. But even then, out of respect she still showed up in her maid uniform. She also used the back entrance, not wanting to alarm any of the mansion staff that had never met her.

While on her way out, though? A strange phenomenon had occurred. A magic of some sort, one that had stolen away the mansion before the Beast Human maid herself had been swept up in its winds. For a brief moment she was almost certain that she had died then and there, but the next she knew she was standing in this space.

“I know how I got here, but what was the cause of that magic? An attack on the manor? Or maybe *he* was keeping something dangerous again...” Because it certainly wouldn’t be the first instance of Roswaal bringing in something dangerous while assuming if anything went wrong that he would be able to deal with it.

The question was: had she been teleported somewhere else in the world? None of the architecture she could perceive from the alleyway resembled anything that struck her as familiar, but it wasn't like this could be another world, could it? Whether or not she believed this to be the case though, it didn't change that she too would suffer a similar fate to those of her fellow Roswaal maids.

In fact, it had already laid siege to her maid uniform, and Frederica took notice of it rather quickly. **“Hm? What is... happening to my clothes?”** Everything had felt very airy all of a sudden, though looking down didn't provide her any answers as to *why*. Largely because while someone familiar with modern technological conventions might be able to put a name to the phenomenon, the Beast Human maid was from a fantasy realm.

So the fact that her clothes had become pixelated was lost on her. If anything it just looked like her clothes had become a bunch of tiny squares, which was weird to say the least. Only moments after she'd even wrapped her mind around what she was even looking at though, these pixelated garments exploded – leaving her naked in the dark alley. **“Eie!?”**

Frederica immediately did her best to cover up, draping her right arm across her chest and her left in front of her pussy while backing her ass to the wall. Just in case anyone came by. But now that she was thinking about it, wasn't it weird? It was obviously late at night wherever this was, but she hadn't caught sight of a single person walking past the alley entrance despite how brightly lit it was out there. Knowing her luck in this case, someone would *now*.

The woman clicked her tongue. **“Clothes don't just disappear like that! Was that some manner of magic?”** But the air wasn't rich with the same energy she knew to conjure magic. It was highly unlikely she wouldn't be able to cast anything at all even if she'd had proficiency with the wind magic she was attuned to. Teal eyes looked around in hopes she might find something to cover up with while she racked her brain regarding her circumstances, only for them to end up torn downwards as something took her by surprise.

Her own flesh and bone, in fact.

Okay, mostly *flesh* in this case. Because she'd pulled her arm across her D-cup breasts to keep her nipples hidden, it was incredibly easy for her to notice through touch alone that something had gone awry. She was using so much force to keep them in place that it was only natural, particularly if her pull suddenly fell closer to her chest. **“What...? My**

breasts!?” Frederica was certainly lucky no one had been in earshot of her yelling about her bosom.

But it was a warranted cry. The mass that made up her bosom was diminishing before her very eyes, cup sizes shed, and nipples withdrawn as their roundness became more serviceable. Her arm slipped off, revealing her bare breasts to an invisible audience once more. Small and perky, they looked more like they belonged on a teenaged girl rather than a woman who was twenty-one... but then again, she could just be a very flat adult? Touché.

Her breasts weren't the *sole* zone to see unfortunate regression, for the sway of the blonde's hips became less substantial around the same time. Her legs were forced closer together, and without the room to bloom her ass tightened so that the cheeks were more compact, but they still bubbled against the cold wall behind her with no shortage of enthusiasm.

The closer Frederica's hips were to each other, the closer her legs became as well. This obliterated her thigh gap, her thick legs forced to rub up against one another. But this friction eventually gave way for slack as the volume of her thighs thinned just as everything else had. Her thigh gap reformed; some normalcy returned to the thickness of her upper legs – yet they were still as pleasant to look at as could be.

“This isn't happening, it isn't— What isn't happening? Wait...”
A wave of confusion plagued her as if out of nowhere, deterring her from expression her confusion about her slender figure. At the very same time, the pitch of her voice was slipping slightly in tandem with the *height of her body*. It was a pretty dramatic loss too. Frederica's standing height was 176 centimeters, which made her look very lanky with her narrowed hips and flatter chest.

At 161 centimeters, *a full fifteen centimeter loss*, her curves actually looked a little fuller by comparison. Her breasts, now B-cups, were perky and looked quite large upon a woman of her height. And her ass just jutted out behind her with more prominence. It was actually her thighs that received the greatest benefit from this shrinkage, for they looked a little plumper with the excess fat on her legs forced into a smaller space. The skin upon them was taut and rosy.

While she'd felt lost before, her surroundings were beginning to earn some familiarity. **“Isn't this...?”** It was a place she knew; she could recognize that much. Even if she hadn't recognized it all in the minutes that had come before. Staring up at the dark sky through the only slit the alley provided, the blue of her eyes became brighter than ever. And their shapes? The narrowed, becoming thinner with sharper angles.

As if she were *Japanese*. Even though that term hadn't existed in Lugnica, she now understood it, for she was now counted among their people. The rest of her facial features altered in a similar vein, blessing her cheeks with softness, and stealing some of the plump abundance that Frederica's lips carried.

It was now clear this softness was due to something else just as much though. Everything made sense, from the regression of her height to how her figure had been taken away. Frederica was *younger* now. *Sixteen* years old, in fact.

When her eyes fell back down from the sky, she found herself face to face with something she could hardly make sense of. It was an image? Floating in the air in front of her? There were a bunch of words and numbers scrawled upon it, but the girl couldn't make heads or tails regarding what it was for.

While attempting to process this menu, the last of her old identity was taken by the wind. The length of her long, blonde, and wild hairstyle had been severed at the shoulders by an invisible blade, and the excess blew down the alley's length. What remained – the short and messy casual style – soon bore an icy blue that dyed one strand of blonde at a time in its color, until it was fully consumed.

The pixilation effect returned, casting a mosaic effect across the teen's entire body. These pixels darkened into various colors, be they silver, or black, or green, and as this pixilation faded? The girl was left dressed in a stylized military ensemble that revealed the sides of her belly and the glow of her thighs.

“Oh, this is my heads up display? Why was that confusing me?” The mysterious menu that had been nagging at her for the past few minutes suddenly made sense; a direct effect of her memory now becoming perfectly aligned with the reality she had been placed within. A reality where this was all a game. Where her avatar's name was *Sinon*, but if she were to log out, she would return to being the regular Japanese teen, *Shino Asada*.



Such technology would have been likened to magic back in Lugnica, but now she was living within such a possibility. Without, of course, any recollections that might leave her in awe in the first place. Instead, Sinon now felt entirely at home since her memory had straightened out. She had no memories of being something like a maid, or even being half beast. She was just a normal girl that used VRMMOs for her own enjoyment just like any other.

It just so happened that she was something of a prodigy within this game, *Gun Gale Online*. **“That was weird. Why am I even lingering out here? I need to hurry up and sign up for the next Bullet of Bullets!”** Bullet of Bullets was GGO’s signature PvP tournament, and Sinon herself had won it in the past. She really enjoyed participating, so of course?

She tossed all of her reservations aside and booked it down the length of the alley. Kirito could tell her he was pregnant, and she wouldn’t stop! She was totally signing up!