

A MAGICAL ROLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



I had put a lot of effort into this one very specific weekend.

But well, if you were a regular con-goer than you would understand *why* that was the case. Weekend trips were already expensive, and if I had *just* been attending the anime convention one state over then it might not have required all of that effort. Paying a hotel fee and the entrance fee to the con, then bringing whatever money I needed for food and merch would have been the full extent of it.

A regular convention attendee *wasn't* what I was, however! I was a cosplayer, and a pretty popular one at that! Well, okay, it wasn't like I was *super* popular or anything. But for a young woman that tended to cosplay characters that were popular back during my childhood rather than pursuing more modern series, several thousand followers on Twitter wasn't *too* bad! I wasn't at the level where people were clamoring to see me, but I *was* at the level where I'd get invited to shoots at these conventions.

“Hey! You can get changed over here!” It was the middle of the afternoon, and I had just finished one of those shoots in one of the convention halls when the friend I had been attending with ushered me off towards one of the bathrooms. I had been wearing my cosplay all morning and was about ready to change into something casual, at least for a few hours before I had an entirely different shoot to attend in an entirely different costume.

There wasn't any reason for me *not* to follow my friend to the small bathroom off to the side of the hall that was near the convention hall I'd been in. In the first place, what suspicions could I possibly hold towards

a *bathroom*? And even then, I had even less of a reason to distrust the friend that I had gone to the convention with in the first place. Armed with a bag of clothes I could change into, I slipped in before someone else could occupy it since it was one of those single toilet bathrooms.

It felt a little lucky, because when I had attended the year before, that bathroom had been occupied *with* a line waiting to use it every time I'd walked past. I'd had to return to my hotel room back then! It must have just been a quiet part of the day, seeing as it was late afternoon and all? Either way, I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth! I locked the door behind me and took in my appearance in the mirror.

“All things considered, everything held on okay!” The little bit of makeup that I had applied was a bit smudged, but I'd mostly used it to try and even out my skin a bit. I was, after all, a woman in her twenties cosplaying as a fifteen-year-old girl, so there were some things I had to make up for with a little bit of makeup magic. But who *was* I cosplaying as, then? Well, if you were even a *little* bit familiar with the magical girl genre or had been in anime spaces at *all* after 2011, you probably would have recognized my costume.

Mami Tomoe. One of the main characters of the 2011 hit sensation, *Puella Magi Madoka Magica*. It was a magical girl anime that rose to infamy after completely subverting expectations after marketing itself as a traditional magical girl series before taking a dark turn just a few episodes in, with the sudden death of, well, the character I was cosplaying! It eventually spawned a multimedia presence across a number of different projects, and even in the 2020s it was still very popular with a new movie on the horizon.

Which was totally going to come out sooner or later! Definitely!
...Probably!

I had done a pretty good job with the cosplay, though there were some aspects of it that had been *depressing*. Not when it came to the quality, but if a woman in her twenties had to stuff her bra to replicate the bust of a girl in her mid-teens, well that was a little bit of emotional damage to consider. I was taller and broader than the actual character too, but it wasn't often that a cosplayer had the exact same proportions as the character they were dressing up as.

While I *was* using Mami's magical girl look for the shoot, it hadn't been *too* complicated of a costume. And in fact? I had managed to strip down to everything other than my lingerie in just a few minutes' time. The blonde wig with drill-style twin tails came off easily enough, though I had yet to remove the matching yellow contacts. I really didn't like interacting with my eyes more than I had to.

“Huh!?” Moments before I *could* remove them, however, I had been startled by the lock on the door making a strange noise. Had someone *unlocked* it somehow? Considering I was standing there in my underwear, I obviously didn’t want to risk someone barging in at that moment and seeing me, so I fiddled with the lock myself just in case. The thing was... it was still locked? That in of itself wasn’t a problem, but what *was* an issue was... **“H-Hey? I can’t unlock it?”**

Try as I might, the lock just *wouldn’t* turn into the open position?

Was there something I was missing? A mechanism I didn’t see? Because I was wearing colored contacts, I also wasn’t wearing my prescription glasses. They were in my bag but didn’t play well with the false coloring in my eyes so if I wore them at the same time then I would still have blurry vision. That was why I redirected my attention to the mirror so that I could fish those contacts out. But when I reached a finger in carefully to try and hook one of those contacts with my finger, I—**“Ouch!?”**

While I didn’t necessarily *like* wearing contacts, I had put them in and taken them out of my eyes enough times that I was more or less used to it. And it didn’t feel like my finger had hooked a contact at all; it felt like I’d touched my eye directly. **“Tch!?”** And then the same thing with the other eye!? I winced, but when I opened my eyes once more, I noticed several *bizarre* things about them when I stared at my reflection. **“Wh-What!?”**

Not only did the golden yellow colors look *authentic* – and the contact I’d had with my eyeballs had already confirmed as much – but the *shapes* of those eyes were different than how they had been before too. I had been a *Caucasian* woman without a trace of Asian blood in my family history. And yet, while my eyes had been closed, it appeared that their shapes had pinched in, becoming much more akin to the almond shapes of a *Japanese* woman’s eyes. **“A-Am I Japanese!?”**

I rubbed at my neck at the sound of a voice crack, one that rendered my voice temporarily sounding suspiciously like the voicework of *Carrie Keranen*, an English voice actress. It was a correlation I had only drawn because the character I was cosplaying was voiced by her. Said character had golden eyes, was Japanese... **“W-Wait...”** It hadn’t *just* been a crack? That was how my voice *sounded* now?

My attention shot back up to my reflection, and it was only then that it struck me that I didn’t *need* glasses anymore. My vision was a perfect 20/20, which meant I could readily see my thin lips had grown fuller and poutier, while my nose had shrunk and my cheeks had rounded. I

ended up appearing far more... *youthful?* Like a Japanese *girl* rather than a woman, one that was likely around the age of—

Fifteen.

“**Hold on!?**” While it was all utterly *impossible*, I was beginning to get a sense of what was happening to me. “**No, that can’t be the case, right? I couldn’t be— EEP!?**” I had obviously shown panic, but I had remained relatively still aside from my hands exploring a foreign face. That all changed when my hands flew down to grab the counter I was leaning over, because a shift in my balance had led me to believe that a fall was imminent. I was a tall woman that stood at 5’9” – so my hips had reached over the counter.

But now? They were definitely *below* the counter, and I was bending my elbows to grasp the counter rather than being able to sit my arms straight. And that bend was becoming bigger and bigger, almost like I was— “**A-Am I shrinking!?**” That was unfortunately the *only* explanation that made even a lick of sense. The sink and counter felt closer, larger, while the straps of my bra and the band of my panties became *looser?* My shoulders and hips were narrowing a tad, with the bra eventually becoming so loose that the padding I had used to ‘cheat’ my bust size to be closer to Mami’s spilled out onto the sink.

I must have lost like... seven inches? No. I was confident enough that I knew *what* was happening, even though I didn’t know *how* it was happening. I *knew* I had lost seven inches, because I must have been the same height as Mami Tomoe, who stood at roughly 5’2”. I couldn’t really deny that for some reason I was being transformed to look like her... or at least a real-world equivalent. Was that why I had been locked inside? Until the transformation was completed?

“**What should I— Oh!?**” I soon found myself confronted with a sensation I hadn’t expected, but considering the conclusion I had already come to, perhaps I probably *should* have. It was the sensation of my nipples rubbing up against the cups of the bra I was wearing, which *shouldn’t* have been possible without the padding, but... Looking down, I had noticed padding of a different sort. *Natural* padding that had led to my bosom bloating to the *D-cups* that Mami possessed despite her age. Or, well, *my* young age by that point.

I was provided with a similar blessing lower on my body, where my vaguely loose panties found themselves tightening around my cheeks. My ass had become plumping and rounder but considering my age I was trying not to think much *of* it. That said, my pubes had shortened until they were no longer there, not that I’d noticed such a minor detail with everything else going on.

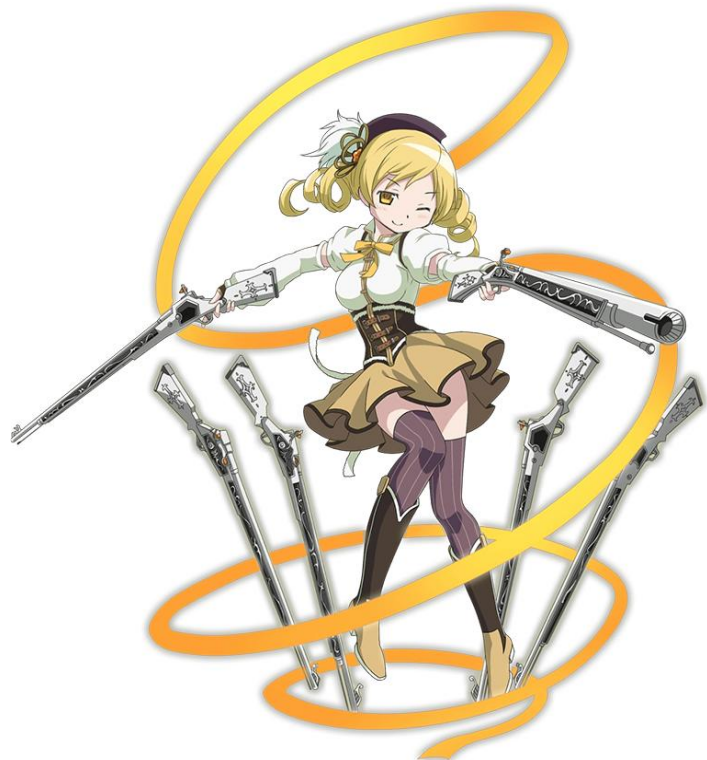
The swell of this flesh had torn my attention away from my reflection, but I found myself whipping my head back when I noticed a strand of blonde draped across my eye. My hair *had* been tied up in a bun so that the wig I'd been wearing had seemed authentic enough, but that bun came undone so that lightened strands could fan out into a pair of blonde drills that reached just past my shoulders. It was a perfect replica of the wig that had been tossed upon my bag.

Aside from the fact that it was now *100%* real.

“It’s so soft and silky, and... Oh dear! What am I going to wear?” *Oh dear?* I had noticed it slowly creeping in for the past moment or so, but it was becoming more obvious. The way I was talking was much cuter and more *proper*. I wasn’t an impolite person, but I certainly wasn’t *that* polite either. **“Is this affecting more than my body? I must be acting just like her...”** And as it turned out, I’d be *dressed* just like her too.

The cosplay that I’d folded on the counter’s edge *moved* on its own, jumping onto my body in a pile. **“H-Hey!?! MMPH!?”** Some of it covered my mouth temporarily as pieces wrapped around my body, but while this cosplay *should* have been too big for my smaller form, in the end? It all fit *perfectly*. From the brown corset over the cream-colored top with white sleeves and matching, fingerless gloves, to the dark yellow skirt, black tights, and shin-length boots. I was even wearing the character’s little beret, flower ornament and all.

But it was all *different* too. It all looked very *high quality*, like it had been fashioned by a proper seamstress and not something I had strung together myself. If being a ‘fabrication’ was what made something a cosplay, then could this be considered the ‘genuine article’? My lips hung slightly agape as I found myself staring at my completed reflection, captivated by the sight of a character brought to life.



“I...? Oh dear, I really look like...” *Mami Tomoe*? Well, if the fictional character had been brought to life in the real world, of course. Mami was a polite, gentle, and refined soul, and I was even *behaving* in a manner befitting of her... without a means of stopping. It was as if my very nature had been molded into the form of the character, just without any of her memories or with the intrinsic belief that I *was* her. I was even cupping my face with my hand as I looked in the mirror, helping sell this even more.

It had all begun when the lock had been fiddled with, so I naturally became on guard when the bathroom door *unlocked* on its own and in walked... *the woman I had come to the con with*. **“Oh, wow! You look so realistic! So young and cute! Like the real deal!”** Judging by the things she was saying, would it have been a fair course of action on my part to assume that she had somehow been behind my present predicament?

“You...? Did you do this to me? I... didn’t ask for this.” I was annoyed – *angry*, really, but Mami’s personality held back the brunt of that anger because I felt *extra* obligated to speak politely with a woman who was probably ten or so years older than me. **“Can you revert it? If not, I’ll have to explain to the authorities what you’ve done.”** Would they *believe* me? Admittedly... probably not.

My friend *laughed* at this, which certainly didn’t make me feel any better. **“But think of the cosplays you’ll be able to do looking like that? Not just Mami, but other characters with that build! Besides... What’s your name?”** Maybe she did have a point, but what did that matter if I *wasn’t even legal* anymore!? I couldn’t even rent my own apartment without a guardian, much less drink. And when it came to my name? That was obvious.

“I’m Mami Tomoe, of course!” Wait, no. I had wanted to use *my* name. The name I had before the transformation! Not the name of the character! **“Mami Tomoe... I... mean Mami Tomoe!?”** Regardless of how hard I tried; I just couldn’t manage to spit it out. Which meant... things were far more difficult than I had originally assumed.

“Don’t worry, Tomoe-chan! I’ll definitely take good care of you!”

I did *not* trust that!