

WITNESS PROTECTION II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Mia Fey felt a great deal of pride in her chest.

And it wasn't for no good reason, either. It had been a long time now since she had taken the promising defense attorney, Phoenix Wright under her wing. And he was due for his first trial later in the day! All of their hard work had finally paid off, and the man in question was really showing his stride. If anything she *was* a little concerned about his self-esteem, but that was something that ultimately came with experience. She couldn't expect him to walk the walk or talk the talk without crawling and babbling a bit, could she?

She felt a little bad, because Mia didn't doubt that Phoenix would be a mess on his first day, at least in the beginning. But it was a necessary hurdle. He had come a long way from the day she had met him as a sniveling student that had been set up as a murderer by his girlfriend. Of course it turned out that he was innocent, but to think a young woman could do something so heinous...

“Well, I think we've done all we can. All we can do now is our best during the trial.” Mia wasn't all that worried. It was a simple trial and she was fairly certain she could see the truth, but Wright had to finish it by himself. And she had faith that he would, seeing as how the man he was defending was his childhood friend. She had faith that, while an idiot, this Larry Butz was not at all a killer.

Phoenix had gone off ahead, leaving Mia back at the office to finish putting together the paperwork. He probably needed to cool his head a little, and since he was still under her tutelage it fell on her shoulders to make sure all of the documents were in order. The only variables in this

case would be the testimony and evidence the prosecution had, whatever that may be. Once all was said and ready, she took a sip from her coffee. And the next moment?

Darkness.



How much time had passed? Days? Months? Years? Okay, probably *not* years, but when you awaken after unintentionally blacking out there was plenty of room for concern. It took Mia a short while to pick herself up, fortunately finding comfort in the fact that she was not on the floor of some seedy place, but in the warmth of a bed. She had clearly been kidnapped, but for what reason? The comfort and lack of apparent guards directly nearby suggested she wasn't in imminent danger.

But that didn't mean it would *stay* that way.

Stepping out of the bedroom and into the rest of what was clearly a hotel suite, she could see a familiar view from the nearby window. “**The office? I'm just across the street?**” So she probably hadn't been out for *that* long, although it was evening now. But why go to all of the trouble to take her within walking distance from her workplace? She surely had enemies, being a prolific defense attorney and all, but surely a better laid plan to detain or kill her would involve taking her farther away? Especially when they'd had her unconscious for over twelve hours.

“**Do I have my phone? Maybe I can get into contact with *Feenie*?**” Could they have been so careless as to not take it away from her? Checking the pockets of her suit, it didn't seem to be there. And after examining the hotel room phone, she found the wire cut. “**Apparently not...**” But had something she had just said been odd? While examining the phone situation it had lingered in the back of her mind.

Did I just refer to Phoenix as Feenie?

Surely she hadn't? She was just misremembering what she had said. The name also felt like it had special significance, like she had heard it somewhere important before? Or perhaps she had heard it spoken *by*

someone important? **“It must just be a side effect of being drugged. My mind is all messed up.”** She *did* feel groggy, so it was easy enough to see how her thoughts might be a little jumbled.

That wasn't even the only side effect. Her body felt heavy and tired. But it also didn't feel like fatigue? It almost felt more like her muscles were screaming out that her physique should have been different. Like she shouldn't have been so hefty – particularly around the chest and rear. It was enough to have her debating whether or not she should go back to bed. **“No, I definitely shouldn't do *that*.”**

Mia had yet to check the inn room door, but that was because she was assuming it was locked – that or there was someone guarding it. And she wasn't confident she would be able to escape in that situation. She could even end up hurt. But unknowingly? She actually had *other* things to worry about.

Signs of this fact were observable from the exterior already, for the woman's complexion wasn't *quite* what it had been prior. Mia's skin was a touch pinker, leaning into a tone that was less vaguely yellow in tiny. But this change in color soon saw a shift in the natural markings on her body as well. Freckles and scars were faded out, leaving her skin completely fair in these places while new markings appeared elsewhere (although hidden by her clothes). This included the beauty mark that was so notable on Mia's face, with the right corner of her lips now without any defining feature. All in all, her skin *looked* flawless.

It wasn't the sort of thing that the target would notice without having it pointed out to her though, and the defense lawyer had no reason to believe that she was in any more jeopardy than her simple imprisonment. Which was what she was still fixated on, or at the very least *escaping* it. **“If there are guards out there then maybe I could... *I could wrap them around my pinky finger and be on my way?* No, where did that idea come from?”** It really felt out of place because it ultimately would rely on her charm and manipulating people with her appearance... which was the last thing Mia wanted to do.

She hated being ogled already, she would never use her body like that intentionally.

Despite vocally rejecting this idea though, it continued to play on her mind. Would it be as big of a deal if she played the part of an innocent young lady? That said, could she even project that sort of aura with her looks? She could recognize that she had the appeal of an attractive older woman, something like a big sister. The cute and innocent shtick wouldn't really play well with her appearance, right? At least as it was.

For one her breasts were far too large! ...*Or were they?* No sooner than the thought had crossed her mind did the force that had dyed and smoothed her skin begin to work its ‘magic’ on the suggested area, set on correcting the issue aimed at the plan that was brewing in the back of her mind whether Mia liked it or not.

If she believed her tits to be too massive then, it wasn’t much of a mystery as to what might occur in order to correct it. And lo and behold, the exposed cleavage that the woman made no effort to hide (because objectification was the issue of the onlooker, not her manner of dress) soon showed diminishing returns.

At first it wasn’t all *that* noticeable, with the fullness of her bosom not quite meeting the requirements of her black brassiere. Yet it didn’t stop with just a touch of loss, and so as more and more inches were shaved off her bust, it became clear that the collapse would leave her breasts not even remotely sized for the bra she was wearing. Weight left them and eventually her nipples could be seen because of how far back each tit now stood. So compact in the end they were essentially B-cups, bordering Cs. With her bra still propped up on her chest and her neckline still low, they might as well have been bare because you could see them *completely*.

“And it’s difficult to feign innocence when they’re drawn to my *huge ass*.” Mia would not use that vernacular, not *ever*, but it was already clear that mentally her persona was twisting into something cruder that sought to feign elegance. Like putting makeup on a pig. Nonetheless, her comment *did* appear to have consequences much like the thought that had crossed her mind about her breasts.

Because her ass? It was going the way of the dinosaurs now, too. Perhaps it wasn’t destined for total *extinction*, but the back of her pencil skirt was clear enough as to just what was happening. After all the black material was smoothing out, the definition of her riper rump bleeding away while the flexible material of her black panties began to bunch together beneath. When all was said and done it still possessed the rounded definition one might expect of a woman’s ass, but it wasn’t quite defined enough to be considered exceptional or even above average.

Of course this indirectly affected the surrounding area, too. The thickness of Mia’s thighs fed directly off the abundance of her ass, and without those ample cheeks present, her upper legs ultimately *did* suffer. The multitude of meat that padded her thighs thinned out, leaving legs to appear stalkier while not being all that out of place on a young woman. Likewise, her hips also seemed a touch smaller – a

couple of inches narrower, in fact, so that her skirt was on the precipice of falling off.

Mia raised a hand to her chin, not even noting that her fingers appeared thinner than she knew them to be. **“And I suppose being taller would be an issue, wouldn’t it? No one wants to protect someone bigger than them...”** In this case there was no moment between when she spoke and when her sentiments manifested, and the woman’s frame shrunk *while* she reasoned it away.

Whether it was her limbs or her torso, Mia’s body shortened with her feet still firmly rooted upon the ground. Her clothing *already* disheveled with everything that made her figure all it had been, a significant *five inch* loss only made that worse. Her skirt now dangled down to her knees, and her top dangled down past her hips. Of course her bare breasts were still exposed. Taking a step, she unknowingly walked right out of her heels because her feet *no longer fit them*.

“Of course. My body is perfect for this sort of thing...” An eerie smile played upon the woman’s lips, yet with attention on them it also became clear that something was *wrong*. Those lips had lost much of their volume, their new thinness not typical of Mia at all. Even the voice she used had shrunk along with her body, but there was something uncharacteristically *menacing* about how she was talking. And how she was *thinking*, for a number of schemes making use of feigned innocence were now reeling through her head.

All the while, whatever resemblance the defense lawyer still had with her old self was quickly being tidied up. Her lips were just a small part of this facial reconstruction, for her nose smoothed and eyes narrowed. But the changing *shape* of her face was a much more convincing alteration, with it shortening and earning rounder cheeks and a tinier chin. It all left the impression that she was a touch younger. Perhaps around the age of twenty as opposed to her intended biological age of twenty-seven.

Her smirk did eventually turn into a scowl after she looked down at herself. **“Just what the hell am I wearing, though? This doesn’t even goddamn fit me!”** It was the first vocalization of a more volatile persona as she lashed out at her clothes – clothes that she eventually shed with little effort since they were so big. It was then that she noticed her *favorite* white and pink dress upon the inn bed, with the matching parasol propped up beside it.

It didn’t take the woman long to get dressed in *her* clothes, yet all the while the remnants of her transformation were finalized. It was largely only her *hair* that needed to change, and a reddish auburn swept

through her locks while she pulled her dress over herself so that spaghetti straps rested on her fair shoulders. It did shorten a touch, and it was braided so that her forehead was bare and the sides of her head were framed with a crown of braids. And, of course, her pubes took on the same color.

By the time she had gotten changed, she completely recalled what she was doing in the hotel.

“Witness protection? Please, I can deal with things myself.” The memories that she had been bestowed brought *Dahlia Hawthorne* clarity, but that clarity did not bring her the expected comfort, either. Born with fair yet stunning beauty, it wasn't all that uncommon that most men saw her as unsuspecting and vulnerable – although to be fair she *did* present herself that way to manipulate them a lot of the time. But in truth she was far more competent than any of them could *ever* expect.

So her memories, which spoke of being taken in by the police for her own safety? They didn't sit well with her. She was far too *special* to allow herself to be abducted for such a reason. Something didn't *make sense*. **“Was I trapped? No, what year is it, even?”** There was a calendar on the inn room wall, and the year was... much later than she could last recall. Had she not been involved with that trial where Feenie was going to be put away as she had planned?



The red-headed woman placed a hand on the exit door's knob, and gave it a turn. It was unlocked? And peeking out, there didn't seem to be anyone keeping watch. Why? How? Was this all a setup? Was she being pranked or trapped? **“Okay then...”** Each step she took from that point on was both cautious and dainty. All of the way down the hallways, and even down the elevator.

Dahlia cared little for the fact that she was indoors once that door opened, and she unfolded her parasol to carry over her shoulder. She approached the front desk with confidence, particularly once she took note of the handsome young man behind it. **“Excuse me. I'm afraid**

I've gotten a touch lost! Could you help me out~? Where am I?" She leaned forward, her posture oozing with a delicate charm.

This was how Dahlia functioned. This was how Dahlia got what she want. That was how, according to her memories, Dahlia had *gotten away with murder*. She could already tell that the concierge was falling for her shtick. She had him hook, line, and sinker.

And so now? It was time to try and get to the bottom of all this.