

CHANGING A FLAT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Is this really the place I was supposed to investigate? It’s, uh... Just a garage, right? I can’t see why any unusual energy readings would come from here!”

Noel Vermillion felt a little lost, but that was really none too surprising. She didn’t *typically* run jobs for Sector 7, yet seeing as Makoto had recently been injured helping with an issue Noel had to deal with, she’d ended up in a position of helping with jobs that Makoto currently could not. Kokonoe had been pretty stern about that, though Noel would have agreed even without the verbal lashing she’d received.

It wasn’t like the jobs were usually that rough. For the most part she was just checking in on minor disturbances and tailing NOL officials from time to time. Considering they didn’t know what the Emperor’s next move might be, it was important that Sector 7 had all of the information they possibly could.

But this mission? It was a little different than those. Apparently, Tager had picked up an unusually reading at these coordinates and Noel had been dispatched to look into it. Yet, at the same time? There was absolutely nothing suspicious about this location whatsoever! She hadn’t exactly been provided with any tools to investigate, seeing as her job was just to confirm what Tager had gotten a reading on.

“Actually, no one is working. I guess *that’s* kind of unusual. Be hard to fix vehicles without a mechanic...” For context: the open sign *was* on when she’d stepped through the office. But there had been no one behind the front desk, and there didn’t seem to be anyone in this garage section either. There also weren’t any vehicles, but Noel wouldn’t



have known the first thing about them even if there *were* any present. Be it a car or an airship, the young woman had absolutely zero knowledge when it came to any piece of technology that wasn't the Bolverk holstered behind her.

“Alright then, think Noel. If I were a weird energy reading, where would I be hiding?” Every time she buzzed Kokonoe for extra assistance she was berated, so she didn't want to do that unless she *really* couldn't find something on her own. If the reading was correct, then maybe there was more to this garage than met the eye? Keeping in that in mind, she surveyed the room one last time – and that was when she saw it.

A wrench as big as a sword, propped up against the fair wall. Noel was quick to move to it, incentivized to consider it unusual not because of its design, but because of something else. *A gut feeling*. Considering Kusanagi dwelled within her, she had something of a sensitivity to the unusual. And the wrench? It was practically oozing with strangeness. It was unfortunate, then, that her instincts as a Prime Field Device did not coerce her away from the idea of picking the wrench up.

Because she did just that.

“Hmm... Is it this? Is this the source of the reading? It's so unassuming that I wouldn't have assumed it to be, and I'm not sure why a *wrench* of all things would give off a reading like that?” It really *was* strange, she thought, as she held it in her arms with some difficulty thanks to its weight. If the source was a weapon like Kokonoe had feared, then this form didn't really make much sense. Or perhaps its role as a weapon was already being enacted.

Because what if, say, someone wanted to dispose of Kusanagi in a roundabout way? Would an unassuming item make more sense then? Particularly if it wanted to leave its target uncertain enough that she *might pick it up*? But Noel didn't consider any of these options, and before long she was forced to drop the wrench.

“Huh!?” Its whole length had begun to glow a crimson red, and since the woman had been touching it at the time, much of its energy was absorbed by her body before she could even let it go. **“So it really *was* the source! I need to report this to Kokonoe! I need to... Who?”** Wait, huh? Why couldn’t she put a face to that name? She knew who Kokonoe was! She was... *Was* she a woman? They were...?

It was strange. How did she just forget about Koko... Kokonut? *EVEN HER NAME!?* **“Uh... I don’t like this... I don’t... AH!?”** Before Noel could even dwell on this fact further, a bright burst of gray light shone from the wrench she’d dropped once more. This time, Noel didn’t exactly feel any differently after the fact... though a single look down revealed to her that something had changed. **“Huh!? What am I wearing!?”**

Gone was the special outfit that Sector 7 had given her after she’d defected from the NOL. In its place? Well, one could say that she certainly looked better dressed for this garage, at any rate. She was now wearing a bluish gray set of coveralls that were zipped up all the way to her neck, with thick white gloves, and black boots. Except none of it fit properly!

“Why is this so much tighter around the waist than everywhere else! It’s going to fall off!” Whether it was the hips or her shoulders, no one could deny that the coveralls were *way* too big for Noel. She was even too short for it based on how much of it pooled around her ankles. **“I don’t understand. How does a wrench just change someone’s clothes!?”** She would have flailed about, but even the slightest movement felt as if it might send the full-body outfit to her feet and leave her naked in the garage.

Because Noel was so thoroughly covered though, one could hardly blame her for not noticing that there was more awry than just her outfit in the beginning. After all, her pale skin had become *covered* in a plethora of dark freckles that appeared to be multiplying by the second, filling in white space and making it clear that their intention was to completely dye her skin with a natural tan. Were there any onlookers, they undoubtedly would only have been able to notice it by looking at Noel’s face, which was shrouded in the very same color.

But a color change wasn’t *all* that plagued her skin. Rather, there were some noticeable sanitary differences. Her skin became just a little dirtier and oilier, not quite speaking to her health decisions but instead being more indicative of a different lifestyle. After all, among the scent of sweat she now gave off was also the scent of motor oil – and so it could

be assumed she smelled just as a mechanic that would wear a set of coveralls might smell.

“I’m actually *feelin’* a little weird. What’s come over me? Was it that *darn wrench!*?” With an accent slipping occasionally into the young woman’s voice along with a dizziness that saw her rock to and fro in boots that hardly fit her tiny feet, Noel felt both flustered *and* confused. She had to report this to someone, but who!? She couldn’t remember much of anyone! Well, other than her *kids* of course. **“...Eh? I don’t have any *darn kiddos!*”**

She certainly wasn’t old enough to have kids! ...At first. But Noel? She wasn’t paying very much attention to things, and it showed. Because the fit of the coveralls? Well, over the past half minute or so, it had come just to fit a little better. The girl’s body had been springing up inch by inch, and as a result the base of the scrunched-up pant legs had come to rise so that they weren’t *as* scrunched up around her boots as they once had been.

But this growth wasn’t meager through any means of quantifying it. After all, she peaked at almost 5’11” in height, making her intimidatingly larger compared to what her original height had been. The fact that she hadn’t taken any notice at all could only be considered a marvel, really, but it spoke more to the influence that was affecting her more than the girl herself.

“Wait, do I really not have kids? Why does that sound wrong? I can’t even tell *how* it’s wrong.” Her mind felt split 50/50, and she could practically see the faces of her children when considering that she might actually have some. As she’d previously mentioned though, she wasn’t old enough to have one kid really, much less multiple thanks to her existence as a... a... *Hadn’t she been something special?*

Noel’s expression turned sour as she realized that, yet another thing made no sense in the back of her mind, but in doing so it became clearer that the issue of age that had been in the forefront of this dilemma so far was finding itself resolved. After all, her face’s design was rapidly doing just that: growing older. Whether it was seen in the crow’s feet that struck out from the corners of her eyes, or the plumpness of her lips that also bore some cracks and wear beneath hastily applied gloss.

But if she was just looking like ‘Noel, but older’ then perhaps the changes to her face might not have been *that* alarming. This *wasn’t* the case though. The new tan of her skin contributed to it slightly already, but now it was becoming clearer. The fact that while older, she didn’t really much look like Noel anymore. Her cheeks had ballooned to give the woman a chubbier look, and the arch of her nose was sharper. Her

complexion had also been soiled, sporting numerous scars from acne and flared pores – but that could have been just as much a product of her age.

“I *ain’t* have any idea what’s *goin’* on here, but I sure feel full for some reason...” Her Southern accent was thickening more and more every time she spoke, but much like her cheeks it certainly wasn’t the only thing to be *thickening* in one sense of the word or another. She was already taller, but her figure hadn’t filled out much *initially*. But that initial moment had already come to pass, and so the coveralls found themselves better fitted with each passing moment.

At first it was limited to both her shoulders and her hips. To say her shoulders broadened would likely be an understatement, and so what happened to her hips could have been considered an absolute anomaly what with just *how* broad they became. They swung themselves so wide that the tissue of her tummy was spread incredibly thin, and that was after her waistline had no choice but to broaden along with it. Even then, it was still significantly thinner than her hips, which had pushed her knees inward as a result.

Going back to the prospect of thickening, however, the almost sickly thinness that her widened gait had afforded her was fortunately filled in. What might be considered by some as *unfortunate* was just *how* filled in she became. The bloating was not minor nor random, and it was significant enough to fill in the coveralls *and* push them to their limits.

“Urk! I really do feel right weird... Almost like when I had the last kiddo.” So much had happened that the deepening of her voice was so inconsequential in the grand scheme of things, at least compared to what was happening to the woman’s figure. Such as the tummy bump that was protruding from within the bluish gray of the coveralls below as her waistline thickened even more to accommodate what could only be considered a woman’s beer belly.

But the heft in this belly was *nothing* compared to what formed in the surrounding areas – not as her ass and thighs ballooned with such girth that an outfit that might once be mistaken for a giantess was filled to perfection with ample fat engorging itself above a layer of raw muscle. Thighs grew puffier and puffier, going from a point where you could barely tell that she had any all of the way to a point where she looked like a pair of flesh balloons now composed the upper portions of her legs.

With every twitch of her body they jiggled, and those jiggles were clear through just how tight the pants she was wearing were. But these thighs were only a very thick part of a very thicker picture, as one could see by observing how her ass bulged with a similar glee. Cheeks rose in size

with gratuity, seeing the free space in the back of the coveralls as their canvas for expansion. Given a few moments, each cheek was bigger in size than her head, and the tightness of her lower half pulled the front of the bottoms to reveal the full outline of her pelvis, cameltoe and all.

Not that I mind or nothing. The boys that work at my shop deserve a treat.

“Now I’m feelin’ right hot. The AC break again?” Noel was certainly sweating a lot more, but it was thanks more to the energy expelled to transform her body so dramatically. Even now her hands and feet had swelled to fit more comfortably in her gloves and boots, but at least when it came to the hands she really *needed* them to be bigger with the amount of junk she now had stashed in her trunk.

And that was to say nothing of the bulging in the chest area, which soon inflated in size like inflating a balloon. In a way, considering Noel’s old figure, this entire process had been something akin to *changing a flat* and replacing it with a thicker, plumper tire.

It didn’t take long for a chest that had once been so lacking that it had been the butt of every joke to reach an impressive D-cup, but were her upper half to match the lower it needed to go above and beyond. And... the growth did both of those things. In a matter of moments each tit the same size as her head, looking to pop out of the coveralls. And in another? They’d grown bigger still, so large that the coverall’s zipper was yanked straight down so that tanned breasts could erupt, likewise revealing that a massive, white brassiere had been there all the while.

But from Noel’s perspective? Despite how her tits were now *massive*, comparable to a pair of hefty beach balls glued to her chest, she merely sighed a breath of relief that the cold, garage air brought a coolness to the sweat dripping down her boundless cleavage. **“Now that’s feelin’ much better!”**

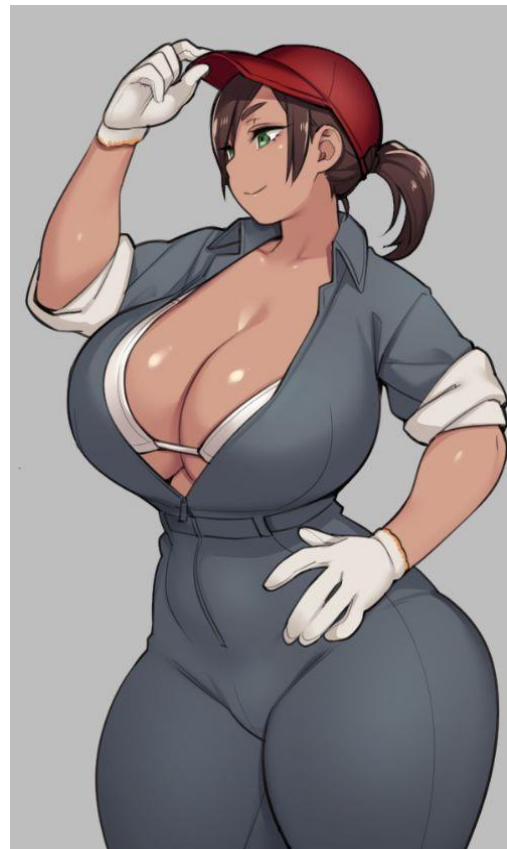
The woman still felt like something was wrong, and she quickly noticed the cause. **“Aha! My hat!”** Sitting on a nearby chair was a red ballcap, which she promptly bent over to grab. If anyone had been behind her, then they certainly would have received quite the view as she picked it up and put it on again – all while the blonde of her hair darkened to brown, and was tied into a messy tail.



“The shop’s open and there ain’t no customers again, huh? Really goes to show that times are changin’. Or maybe it’s just the NOL puttin’ everyone off a travellin’ mood?” The grease-covered gloves of the buxom mechanic adjusted the red ball cap atop her head as she looked around at what she now considered to be *her* garage.

If the intention had been to remove Noel Vermillion, and by extension the Kusanagi unit, from the playing field? Then this could certainly be seen as a success of the highest degree. The powers the young woman had once possessed were now as absent as her youth, and the forty-year-old mother in her place had no understanding nor memory of such an identity to call it into question anyways.

As far as she knew now, her name was simply *Palmyra Paz*. She didn’t know anything about swinging around fancy guns or anything like that, she’d grown up in one of the poorer regions of Kagutsuchi and gotten into mechanics when she’d been just a little girl. She’d married young, had a few kids that were now old enough to be on their own, and the man she’d been with had left her, so these days she was on the prowl for any man or woman that might like to have a drink with her after work.



Problem was: didn’t get to connect with many people if work wasn’t bringing in any customers. It had always been a problem to pay her bills, and lately things hadn’t gotten any better. **“Guess I’ll spend another night at the bar, hopin’ the girls can score me some drinks.”** If there was anything that Palmyra had confidence in, it was her body.

Despite her age, she was thick beyond belief and there were plenty of drunks willing to buy her a drink or a meal. Too bad none of them were keepers, though.

Fortunately someone did eventually come in that day, but not for repairs or anything like that. A big, red man looking for a blonde-haired woman that had supposedly gone missing in her garage. **“Ain’t no one been here but me today, I’m afraid.”** That had been the answer

she'd given, but it was enough for him to pay her a little money for her time.

“Ah well, tomorrow’s another day, right?”