

# BETTER THAN A RERUN

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Well, I suppose we’ll need to fill that slot with something *else* going forward.”**

The senior manager of the Strategic Investment Department of the Interastral Peace Corporation, and one of the Ten Stonehearts, Pearl, mused not to herself, but over the phone as she reclined in the seat of her fairly open office. It had been a *very* busy day thanks to the twists and turns of the Phantasmoon Games, but that was within the realm of anticipation. She could only predict so much of what would happen, and that day had involved the most unpredictable twists thus far.

To think that three members of the Daybreak Squadron, an entertainment group under the banner of Pearluxe Corp’s programming, had undergone the ‘*Happiness Surgery*’ after becoming members of the *Research Society of Happy Smiles*. It was a process that they had very little understanding of at that time, but the results spoke for themselves. Anyone that underwent it became delusional to a point, and the squad ended up being ‘Supplicants’... but even that came across as unusual.

As a result, there were many new mysteries to unravel, but at that moment? Pearl wasn’t focused on any of them. Regardless of the reasoning behind it, the Daybreak Squadron had challenged the Astral Express, lost in battle, and then had inevitably been *disposed of* by Ashveil. That meant that there was no more Daybreak Squadron to perform episodes of their show, which was a Super Sentai-style mecha romp. **“Reruns? No... We need to worry about the ratings.”**

But on the other side of the phone, another woman's voice reassured her that she had a 'good idea'.

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**“Hellooooo!?! Your star is here!”** Of all places to be directed to, Stelle hadn't expected to be led to a *very* big warehouse considering the message that had brought her there in the first place. She'd been contacted earlier that morning by *Nihilux*, a rather peculiar woman that she'd first met while posing as a staff member of Pearluxe Corp. As it turned out, however? She had some pretty big strings to pull in some very high places, which made sense considering her position as the author of the infamous *Fluffy Across the Blue*.

As it turned out, Pearluxe Corp had been interested in filming a brand-new show and had needed a starring actress. Well, technically it wasn't a 'new' show, but a modern, live action retelling of an old Earth anime that they had gotten their hands upon. Stelle didn't really know anything about it, but when she had told Welt about it? He replied with a simply hum of acknowledgement. Not his favorite, then?

Either way, after everything that had happened a few days ago with Star Rail FES, the Trailblazer had been looking for an outlet to relax. She wasn't sure what her new role would *entail*, but Nihilux had guaranteed that she'd just have to 'be herself, with no acting required'. The paycheck associated with the gig was *pretty nice* though, so even if she had to act a little? It was well worth it!

Things were pretty suspicious from the moment she'd entered the warehouse though. No one appeared to be there, and there weren't any immediate signs pointing towards where she had to go. Well, aside from a single light in the middle of the open building hovering over a desk. A desk with a contract on it. **“Uh...? I guess I just sign this?”** Stelle, being Stelle, didn't even take the time to read it over.

She just signed on the solid line with her full name. Well, the *one* name.

It wasn't like she could write 'Stelle Astral Express'! Maybe that *could* count as a family name, though?

But as was the case with most legal documents, she probably *should* have read the paperwork over before signing it. She had just given 70% of her earnings over to Nihilux without so much as a fight, and that

wasn't even the most worrying clause *in* the contract. But Stelle herself didn't even realize that she'd signed away any of her rights. Not her income... and certainly not her *humanity*.

Rather? **“Hello? Nihilux? Pearl? Is literally *anyone* else here? I'm pretty sure I didn't get the time wrong?”** Stelle was still confused about why no one else had shown themselves. Part of her wanted to wonder if Nihilux had set her up into some sort of prank, which would admittedly have been *very* much like her based on the few interactions they'd had. Give her a fake job, make her sign a fake contract... Yeah, that sounded like something she would do.

But she also couldn't deny there was a *small* chance she had misremembered the time. Uncertain, she ended up pulling out her phone and scrolling through her messages. **“No... No, this is right time. So, what gives!? NIHILUX!?”** The Trailblazer thought that giving the author a reaction might summon her, but still nothing!? It was all a little *mean* of her, wasn't it? She sighed and looked down at her phone once more, thinking that she'd send her another text to see if she could get a reply. But something about that sight was bothering her. Namely...

**“Why does my phone look smaller...?”**

It took her a moment to reason out the truth of the matter, but that didn't necessarily make it any easier to digest. If the growing feeling of tightness across her body was any indication, her clothes were smaller too? And if all of the objects related to her body were smaller, then she had to assume that the problem *wasn't* the objects so much as it was her *body* itself. **“A-Am I getting *bigger*?”** But was that even possible? Then again, she *had* experienced stranger things over the course of her adventures.

In fact, there was a visual indicator regarding the truth behind the matter, even though she found cloth digging into her flesh to be a multitude of times more distracting. Stelle grit her teeth as she forced the term out upon noticing a very subtle glow to her body. A glow that reminded her of... **“Wishpower?”** The power of Planarcadia that allowed miracles to occur. Miracles like making a woman grow *larger*?

She wasn't even growing in the way that most people would expect when you heard the phrase 'growing taller'. It wasn't like she was growing lankier or anything like that, and at least for the time being her body was remaining proportionately consistent. So, regardless of how big she grew, her body's original build had been preserved. **“Ngh...”** Her clothes were tight. *Too* tight, and tears were beginning to form as she reached close to 6'5”.

The woman didn't stop growing, but something had to give eventually. The tears in her clothing eventually became so pronounced that everything she was wearing exploded into tatters that scattered across the floor in a painfully prolonged way. **"Oh, come on!"** If it had all been the work of wishpower, then it could have at least had the decency to have her clothing grow with her!? But clothing wasn't needed in the future ahead of her.

**"What if someone sees me!?"** She hadn't *noticed* any cameras when she had come into the warehouse, but it *was* a job with camera attached, with Pearluxe behind it. Stelle wouldn't be surprised if there were cameras around that she just couldn't see. She did her best to cover herself up, bringing one hand down to cover her crotch as she drew another across her D-cup breasts. But what about her ass!? She couldn't really cover that with only two arms!

That said, the Trailblazer soon realized that she had less *too* cover. **"Huh?"** She continued to grow bigger, and the roof of the warehouse became increasingly closer, but there were parts of her body that, while still growing 'larger', were actually shrinking in mass. Her breasts were the most noticeable to her, especially with her arm drawn across them. She found herself continuously readjusting her position as she held her arm across her breast.

She found herself removing it altogether so that she could get a better look at her own breasts once she realized. Stelle's eyes widened at them as they continued to *shrink*, with her nipples getting smaller upon mounds that had less and less weight to them. They compressed into *A-cups*, but in exchange for that shrinkage they became *exceptionally* perky. The issue was that her nipples *kept* shrinking until, in the end, they were *completely* gone. **"U-Uh? I need those... I think?"**

It was more like she couldn't fathom what was happening to her that would rob her body of them in the first place! And yet? Things were more dire in this regard than she had yet to realize. It wasn't *just* her nipples that had been erased from her body. Her bellybutton had ended up smoothing over, and there was no longer a feeling of 'emptiness' between her legs. Not because something had grown, but because her loins *and* her ass crack had been sealed. All of her body's orifices were closing one by one, yet the ones on her face had been spared for the time being.

She must have been about *thirty* feet tall by this point, which was still *much* lower than the overall ceiling of the warehouse, which must have been closer to 200 feet or so high. But it was getting easier for her to creep closer to that ceiling, namely because her body's silhouette had

*finally* begun to distort. It stretched longer, with her limbs finding a lengthier reach. But this was done in exchange for some of her body's remaining fate. Take her thighs, for example. They did become thinner, but they also seemed to *firm* in a way that felt unnatural. And yet, while her thighs did thin...

**“Wha!?”** They ended up *parting*, causing the girl to stumble and finally knock over the table she had been standing by with a foot that was now roughly twice the table's size. She was lucky the warehouse was relatively open, else she would have crashed through the wall. But now she was beginning to believe that the location had been chosen for that *very* reason. Nonetheless, her hips had widened significantly, stretching her legs maybe a little *too* far from her waist... but that waist slimmed along with the rest of her torso until it was incredibly thin itself.

*Cold*. It was around this point that Stelle noticed that her body heat had begun to *disperse*. Its natural warmth was fading, but her skin also began to feel very *stiff*. Looking down, her mouth hung agape with shock once more. **“N-Now what's going on!?”** The color of her skin was paling. It appeared *whiter*. *Snow white* – a color that was inhuman upon a human's skin. But this white skin appeared to be tied to her body's temperature drop, as everything painted in its pale became heavier and firmer, as if it had turned to *steel*.

Which was more or less the truth of the matter.

**“It's like I'm becoming some sort of... machine? Urk!?”** Stelle was on the right track, but her thoughts were immediately torn away from this realization as her shoulders... *dislocated*? It *felt* like they had popped out of place, and she staggered as her height was now just over *half* the interior of the warehouse. But they were still attached – they had just *jut* out nearly *five* times the distance that normal shoulders should have. It was as if her bones had developed into something else, and her arms now began *two head's lengths* away from her neck.

In the meantime? Her body's human appearance began to look more and more *artificial* at the cost of its flexibility. Why weren't her limbs moving the way she needed to? They felt *stiff*. But if everything *had* been fashioned into cool, white steel, then did that mean her joints had been frozen as well? That was initially a problem, but cracks then began to form in her now snow-white frame. Well, aside from her head, which was still normal for the time being.

They were etched into her knees, her hips, her shoulders, and even between her elbows and fingers. Crevices that revealed no flesh and blood beneath the white, but instead dark grey joints that teased just how inhuman her interior had become otherwise. What she mistook as

her continued heartbeat was instead the thumping of an engine beneath her breast. Breasts that, despite retaining their shapes despite their more mechanical forms, found red steel bubbling up across them in lines. Lines that matched a vertical one running down her belly, as well as a short, red steel *tie* beneath her neck.

“*I... I...*” Stelle was having a hard time speaking, which was weird because her face was still flesh and blood. Any sounds she *could* make sounded hollow. Robotic. No doubt because her vocal chords had been affected. She’d grown even taller in the meantime, and she was getting even closer to the warehouse’s roof. At the same time, though, her body was somehow growing even *heavier* than it already was. She struggled to turn her head to try and look, because most of that weight felt like it was now hanging off her monstrously wide shoulders.

And the cause became clear the moment she cast her eyes upon the shoulder to her right. Despite being metal, it looked like her shoulders were *swelling*. Or perhaps like new steel was growing *off* of them, which was *actually* what was happening. Two pauldrons were growing over her shoulders, predominantly white in color with red blades pointing down her arms and golden crowns on top. They were large and armored, reminding her more and more of the weaponry of the Mechatrons that Pearluxé created.

*Am I becoming a battle bot!?* It was looking more and more like this was the case. Similar to these new pauldrons in design, more steel grew off her wrists to become similarly rounded guards, with a slot on the right wrist guard almost intended to slot a shield. Her fingers clenched into fists below them, and she found she couldn’t so easily unravel them once more, even if there was a part of Stelle that wanted to use her hands to explore this new body.

It was scary, of course, but the part of her that was a nerd was *mildly* curious.

The woman’s feet soon rose as if she was wearing heels, when it was actually more a case of her feet *becoming* heels. The same red metal that had accentuated her new guards coated her soles and toes. Those toes were merged into plated trim around her feet, while the backs of her feet were twisted into the heels of a pair of shoes. Of course, there were no feet to be found underneath them. Because they *were* her feet now. Shin guards emerged above them, while around her thin waist? A number of white and red thrusters swelled from her waist like a futuristic skirt.

Stelle was almost fully grown now, and it felt like if it didn’t stop soon then her head would go right through the roof. Fortunately, it *was* slowing, but she was finally beginning to feel the cool steel stiffening her

*face*. Despite this though, there was still something *human* about it in an unsettling sense. Pale hardened her cheeks and shrunk her nose until it practically no longer existed, while red wrapped around her sharpened chin beneath firmed lips that were almost *eerily* human in design, metals aside.

*Huh!? Oh...* There was a brief moment when she was rendered *entirely* blind. But it was only in that moment that she became aware of them. *Sensors*. A number of devices installed in her body that were given her readings like audio, which ended up being necessary when her ears hardened and stretched into white, red-tipped antennae that crept up the sides of her head beneath a *crowned helmet* that not only developed *over* her hair but *consumed* it. In the place of any strands of hair, golden tassels fell from in front of her 'ears', with three longer ones extended out behind her, following two longer, white 'strands that pushed out from where her bangs had once been.

She received visual feedback once more but throw eyes that were now more akin to *cameras*. Cameras that looked convincing like normal eyeballs aside from the red in their irises. This feedback returned just in time to witness the *final* 'growth' of her body, now at her final height of *169 feet*. A silver *horn* that was growing from above her crown like the horn of a unicorn, surely 40 or so feet in length based on how it almost touched the rood all on its own.

As it turned out, the overwhelmingly tall reach of the warehouse must have been the very reason Stelle had been summoned there instead of a different venue in the first place. Now that she had grown to just *barely* not touch the top, she could perceive cameras strown



about the upper areas with the cameras that were functioning as her eyes. She had no means of speaking to communicate her surprise, however, and her motions had become quite reserved.

Not because she had no desire *to* move. She would have loved to unstiffen herself and knock one of the warehouse walls down. But her programming, or perhaps *casting*, as *Strelitzia* stopped her from acting out of turn. Even though nothing had been explained to her? She at least understood the circumstances that she was in. Wishpower had been used to transform her into her new form, and she was now a mech. One with a cockpit to be piloted, but it wasn't necessary for her to move if she wanted to.

*Did that mean there was going to be someone inside of me?*

**“Well, well, well! You turned out nicely!”** All of a sudden, the super robot's sensor picked up motion in front of her. There was a woman standing on a small bridge beneath the roof. It was Nihilux? And she appeared to be waving the contract around in one hand, and a cellphone in the other. **“Oh, right! You probably can't talk like that, huh?”** She was wearing a smirk. She sounded victorious.

But *Strelitzia* couldn't do anything about that. She couldn't move her body in a meaningful way, leaving her to do little than listen to Nihilux prattle on. **“We showed your transformation to some other directors and guess what!? A bunch of other mecha shows are totally interested in doing a collab with our new show! We're all going to be rolling in so much money! Well... 70% less for you, but!”**

*Did she just say '70% less'? Why!? That wasn't in the deal!*

But of course it was, the robot just hadn't read the contract. **“I was thinking we'd call it like... *Super Robot Wars*? That had a nice ring to it, doesn't it? But oh... Right, you can just nod!”** The *Strelitzia* shook her big head slowly instead. **“Eh, it'll grow on you! Shooting could take a few months, so you better get used to that big body of yours! Maybe when it's over you can return to normal? That's kind of an 'if' though, I'm not sure if there's a way...”**

***WHAT!?***