

SMALL PROBLEMS

COMMISSION STORY

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Some days were good, some days were bad, and some days were just the *worst*.

I was ready to neatly file *that* day down under the *lattermost* category. It had started promising enough... in that it had been a wholly uneventful day. It had begun with me getting up early for work. Earlier than most, likely, and definitely earlier than *any* man reasonably would. Being a woman was both a blessing and a curse, and most women living in western society probably knew what I meant by that.

Being a woman, I was expected to uphold certain *appearances*, especially when my job was a public facing one. That meant dolling myself up every morning to look as presentable and pretty as I possibly could. I spent a *lot* of time every morning making that happen. Taking a shower, doing my hair, putting on makeup. But that wasn't a unique situation in the least, plenty of women had an early morning routine like that.

And then, obviously, I'd *gone* to work, which was... an *adventure*. I hadn't gotten the best night's sleep the night before because of my neighbors. Apartments were reasonably priced, but mine came with a number of burdens in the form of those who lived around me. But that was neither here nor there, it just meant that I *wasn't* well rested and so I *hadn't* been in a very good mood.

I'd spent the entire day trying to keep things together. I'd *thought* that I had been doing a good job of keeping it hidden, but it almost felt like some of my customers had picked up on my fatigue otherwise and were going out of their way to be *insufferable*. Making matters worse, I'd

forgotten my purse at home because I'd been in such a rush in the morning, so I hadn't had a means of paying for lunch. I went without eating because the coworker that would usually spot me was home sick.

Needless to say, by the time my shift had come to an end, I was *more* than ready to go home. After tripping down the stairs, I had made it out to the parking lot still in my black pantsuit when, all of a sudden—*BOOM!* Thunder boomed after a sudden flash of lightning, and it *poured* down rain before I could even react. **“YOU’VE GOTTA BE SHITTING ME!”** Considering I had apparently been the *only* one stupid enough to go for a walk with the storm looming, there was no one to be disturbed by my scream... if they could even hear it over the pouring rain in the first place.

Nonetheless, I didn't have *time* to stop. Even if it was pouring rain, and even if I was soaked, I *had* to catch my bus on time or else I would be waiting an *hour* for the next one. So, even in heels, I booked it despite the makeup that was *obviously* running down my face. **“Wait, wait, wait!”** That was when my no good, terrible, awful, absolutely *shitty* day got even worse.

With the rain pouring down as heavily as it had been, I wasn't able to see my bus stop until I was only a few feet away. And I saw the bus *pulling away* before I could even think to flag the driver down; not that the chances of him even seeing me had been very high in the first place with that low visibility. And so, given no other choice? I waddled into the bus stop booth and collapsed onto the bench. **“Just kill me...”** I didn't *mean* that of course, but it was definitely how I felt.

I pulled my phone out of my work bag and began to play around with it. **“I have an *hour* to burn, so I guess I'll just find a video to watch or... Fuck.”** My plan had been a fair one, only for me to remember that my earbuds had been in the purse I'd forgotten at home. There was a reason I hadn't listened to music on the way *to* work, and I wasn't the type of person that would use the speakers on my phone in public.

With no other option available, I decided to just flip through my Twitter feed. Because I was *never* going to give that company money, I had basically trained myself to ignore the ads as I scrolled by. But perhaps because of the day I'd been having, my thumb *did* end up hovering over one. **“Click this link to turn your big problems into small problems, huh? Unless the link puts one million dollars into my bank account, I don't think *that's* going to happen.”**

I joked, but it was almost like my day's terrible luck had been compiling for that singular moment. Because a droplet of water that was stuck in my hair fell directly *onto* that link. I idly went to wipe it away with my finger, but I pressed too hard and *opened* it. In all fairness, even if I opened an ad on my phone, that wasn't the biggest deal in the world. Nothing could be installed without my permission, so at worst I'd just be closing an internet tab.

And if that had been a regular link, then that was where this story would end. But obviously? It was not. "**H-Huh!?**" There was a flash of light from my phone screen, and the next thing I knew? Not only was I perfectly *dry* despite how soaked I'd been just seconds prior, but I was dressed in skintight, leather bodysuit that showed off the fact that my body was... Well, I was a little more buxom than your average woman. "**Wh-What the hell!?**"

The rain outside of the bus stop was still pounding so hard that it was unlikely anyone would be able to hear me freak out, which was *probably* for the best. I wasn't sure I wanted anyone to see me dressed like... *that!* The bodysuit was *incredibly* shiny and *incredibly* tight, especially around my boobs and butt. Was it a few sizes too small? The more I looked at it, the more I realized that while it *was* a single piece, it was designed to look like several pieces worn ovetop of each other. It looked like it had thigh high boots, gloves, pants, and a top – but they were all mended together.

Well, aside from the black headband with green ribbons dangling from it beneath my ears, but I had yet to notice that.

I ran my gloved hands across the suit, utterly baffled. My phone was *gone*, as if changing my clothes meant I no longer needed it. Even so, I stood up to look around for it, worried I had dropped it instead. "**Where is it...? I can't lose my phone, then I won't even be able to take the bus!**" Seeing as my digital bus pass was on it and all. Outside, the rain was finally beginning to taper off into a light drizzle.

Even after standing to look around, I couldn't *see* my phone. But after spending twenty or so seconds looking around, I became acutely aware of a perplexing reality. "**...Is this booth smaller than I remember, or...?**" It *definitely* was. I'd only been about 5'4", which was a pretty average height for a woman. But that was nowhere near tall enough for the booth to begin to feel *cramped*, and my suspicion was confirmed when I was forced to look up to see that the roof was only *inches* from the top of my head.

"**That's probably not good...**" Faced with the impossible, I didn't know *how* to react to what I was looking at. In fact, my attention while

looking up fell just as squarely on my own *hair*. I kept my dark bangs relatively long, so I normally *could* see them while looking up. The issue in this instance was that they *weren't* the color they should have been. There was a light purple to their strands that predated the realization that my head felt somewhat... heavier? I kept my hair no longer than my shoulders to make it easier to care for, and yet *it* was the source of that weight. My purpling hair was spilling all the way down to my *ankles*, where it curled out to a vaguely darker shade.

THUNK!

As much as I would have *liked* to think more about that burdensome mane, the sound and sensation of my head bonking against the ceiling of the bus stop led to an “**Ow!?**” instead. Before long, I found myself having to slouch and bend my knees to even stand, but that felt like it had limits too. I'd *already* missed my chance to slip out through the door, it seemed. “**Why is this happening? How is this happening!?**” It was strange. As much as I grew, the bodysuit appeared to remain the same size relative to my body.

I forced my eyes closed as I got down onto my hands and knees, worried that someone would eventually see me in that bus booth. The issue was that *even* on my hands and knees, I was basically taking up the *entirety* of the booth's interior. I could feel myself pressing up against the plexiglass exterior, and before long? It *shattered*. My eyes went wide in that moment, revealing that they too had become *peculiar*. My right eye was now golden, while my left eye was the same violet as my hair.

But I had no time to worry about that. There fortunately didn't appear to be any traffic nearby or passersby, and the rain had conveniently stopped. I stumbled as I pushed myself up, and by the time I did so? I was *taller* than the nearest tree. The world around me, the world that had been giving me so much trouble, was beginning to feel so much smaller. And while I was still surprised, my panic felt somewhat *subdued*. I felt vaguely *powerful*, towering over anyone else.

If only I hadn't *continued* to tower.

“**Wait... Wait...**” Because I was clearly *continuing* to grow, and despite that fact... why did my voice sound *higher*? I certainly sounded *younger* all of a sudden, but this was a fact that was showing in my face along with some secondary differences. This youthfulness saw my lips thin and my cheeks round a tad. But it also saw my eyes widen yet... *narrow*. My eyelids became more almond-shaped, which in turn made me appear more Asian. More... *Japanese*. I vaguely caught a glimpse of it in the puddles beneath me that felt like they were getting farther and

farther away. I even looked *younger*, more like a girl in her early teens. **“Why am I a kid? Why am I *Japanese*?”**

There was a building nearby the sidewalk I was *half* standing on (because my feet could no longer be contained by the sidewalk alone), and I was already roughly eye level with the third floor. I was big enough that people were starting to take notice. Words like ‘monster’ were being screamed, but... **“No, no! I’m not a monster, I’m...”** How could I even explain it when *I* didn’t even know what was happening to me?

I should have been a panicked mess at this realization. That my problems were technically *growing*. But I felt strangely subdued, and instead more *annoyed* than anything at the fact that people were saying such things about me in the first place. Did it even really matter? I was already creeping past the fourth floor, and their voices were becoming more and more distant. Soon I wouldn’t be able to hear them at *all*. But this meant my body was becoming so large that I had to start being careful about where I stepped.

“Everyone just... *get back!*” I practically growled this warning, unintentionally making it sound like a *threat*. It was the only way I could make sure nobody got hurt, but that didn’t make *me* feel any safer. In fact, I was beginning to realize that not *every* element of my body had been getting *larger*, and that there was a *reason* the bodysuit had felt somewhat tight around my body initially. After all, that tightness was beginning to *alleviate* itself.

The moment I noticed it, I squinted *down* at my chest. It proved to be an ample distraction from the ground, which was beginning to look more and more like a set of toys from my perspective rather than the sidewalk I had originally stood on. Instead, I watched my own bosom *deflated*, with its abundance diminishing until all but perky *B-cups* remained. **“Well...”** Was that disappointing? Yes. Was it a relief that it no longer felt like my E-cups were being *crushed*?

Also, yes. And that was a sentiment that my lower body shared. How tall was I by this point? Well, the building my bus stop had been situated beside was ten stories tall, and as my growth hastened I was now even with its *roof*. I already couldn’t make out the people below me, and any larger and the street I was within would start feeling like a tight squeeze. On the ‘bright side’, that sentiment shared with my lower body was making sure my ass wouldn’t be getting caught on a building anytime soon.

Much like my breasts, the heft of my heart-shaped *derriere* was lessening, allowing stretched leather to settle into a more comfortable shape. My thighs had always been thick too, but those drained until a

few inches had peeled off, delivering me a similar comfort, while the combined efforts of my butt *and* my thighs? It led to my hips narrowing very slightly. They remained *very* wide, but nowhere near as wide as they had been before.

“...Did it finally stop?” Admittedly, the moment I had cleared the nearest building, it had been difficult to tell if I was *continuing* to grow. The clouds were just above my head, but only *barely*. **“That’s good at least, but...”** I still didn’t have any idea *how* it had happened, and nothing pointed to a revelation that would do just that. Even if I had a human in my ear at that size, would I have been able to hear them?

People had started running *long* before I’d reached my full size, but *now* I was so large that I couldn’t even hear anyone screaming on the ground below. When I stood straight, I was about twice the size of the biggest building in the city, but there weren’t exactly many skyscrapers. But at the same time, even though a day of frustrations and an altered personality had left me in a sour mood, I didn’t mean anyone at my feet any *actual* harm. **“I can’t believe this... I’m huge.”** And I didn’t understand *why*.

Putting aside my gargantuan size, I had purple hair and a body that was... younger. I had the figure of a girl in her early teens at *best*, and I had noticed that I’d become Japanese *before* I’d started growing. Making it all more confusing was the *name* that came to mind when I thought about myself *Kingprotea Alter*. Nothing about that name was Japanese, and it didn’t even sound like a *real* name! What kind of last name was ‘Alter’!? It sounded like the name of a video game character or something!



I didn’t realize how right I was. I’d just never played or heard of the game she belonged to.

“But what do I do now? What if I...” Even though I *sounded* concerned about my size, I lifted a giant foot and went to drop it on

some cars. But I stopped myself and laughed like a bratty little kid. **“...step on something I shouldn’t!? Hahaha!”** I wasn’t *seriously* going to hurt anyone, at least not intentionally. But wasn’t it funny to imagine the looks on the faces of all the puny humans below when they thought I was going to crush them? **“Don’t worry! I won’t hurt anyone! Well, if you don’t piss me off, anyways.”** After the day I’d had, it was a little therapeutic!

“I guess my old problems *are* pretty small now, but hm... Don’t I have much bigger ones now?” I leaned my hip against the top of the nearest building gingerly to not damage it. **“Like, what if the military shows up? If they don’t shoot me... *Ugh*, they’ll want to *study* me, won’t they? And where am I even supposed to *live* if that doesn’t matter?”** I’d end up crossing that bridge later, so there was no point in overthinking it.

“For the time being... how do I even leave the city without *crushing* someone?”

That was a big enough problem on its own.