

ALMATTIRE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This isn’t how I was expecting things to go tonight…”

Julianne ‘Jill’ Stingray looked out at a somewhat unfamiliar view as rain pummeled the glass of the nearby window. She wasn’t at her bartending job at V-A11 HALL-A even though she was dressed in her uniform, but she wasn’t at her home, either. She was in the apartment of Alma Armas, a frequent customer at the bar who was also a personal friend of the bartender at this point.

It hadn’t been her intention to be there, however. Considering the circumstances, you’d think that maybe this was some sort of late-night rendezvous, but Alma wasn’t really into women. Rather, Alma had been drinking at the bar right up until close and had left *with* Jill. Her apartment was in the same direction as Jill’s, so they had been walking together when a *terrible* storm had blown in. No thunder, but a *ton* of rain.

Alma had been insistent that Jill come to her apartment until the rain stopped. Jill hadn’t brought an umbrella, but Alma had sacrificed her own so that she could stay dry. So, in the end, Jill decided she would’ve felt a little bad if she ended up declining the invitation. And that was how she had ended up at the hacker’s place. Just until the rain stopped, anyways.

“I’m going to take a shower, Jill! I left my old clothes by the door; can you be a dear and put them in the washing machine for me?” Alma’s voice came from the bathroom that was adjoined to the living room she was sitting in. She figured that she had gone in there to shower considering the state she’d been in when they’d gotten up to

the apartment. Unlike Jill, who'd had the benefit of the umbrella, Alma had been left *soaking wet* from the rain. That was part of the reason she'd felt bad about declining her offer.

Jill simply responded with a “**Yeah, sure.**” and got up, quickly making her way to the bathroom door that she slid open *just* enough to reach in and grab what was in front of it without peeking. She was a little curious about how a naked Alma would have looked considering that *huge* bust of hers, but she had more than enough respect for Alma *and* herself to *not* do that.



It wasn't the bartender's first time in the hacker's apartment, so she more or less knew *where* to go to reach the laundry room. There had been once night where they had gone out drinking together and, while it was embarrassing to admit, Jill had thrown up all over herself and had come back to Alma's place to clean her clothes. She wasn't expecting the laundry room from that night to have up and moved!

“**These really *are* soaking wet.**” The clothing Alma had left for her consisted of a purple, long-sleeved sweater along with the black pants that she typically wore. Her underwear weren't included in the pile, but that wasn't surprising. Alma was the kind of girl that liked to guard her own privacy, and that likely applied to her undergarments as well. It was likely for the

best that she hadn't tried to sneak a peek... else she probably would have risked getting a flick to the forehead from her prosthetic hand.

Once Jill arrived at the laundry room, she was surprised to find that something *was* different from her last visit. “**Huh. New machine?**” The old washer and dryer were gone, replaced by a singular device. She'd seen them advertised online. It was something akin to a 'mega machine' that could both wash *and* dry the clothes in one cycle, and it had an incredibly large basin. After dropping the clothes in the big hole, she had to stand on her tiptoes to look inside. “**You could fit a body in there...**”

The machine's size *did* prove to be a problem, though. The controls were behind the basin, which meant she had to stand on her tiptoes *and* lean forward if she wanted to interact with them. She managed to hit the power button, which led to the sliding window on top beginning to close

slowly, but... “**Whoa!?**” Jill slipped while trying to lower herself back down, and rather than falling backwards?

She fell headfirst *into* the washing machine as the window above was ultimately sealed.

“**H-Hey! Let me out!**” Jill had fallen face first into a pile of Alma’s dirty clothes (underwear included) and pushed the wet stuff to the side as she rolled onto her back and began to kick on the window to try and open it. Because of the self-sealing mechanism, she was *pretty* sure that there was a sensor included to reopen if organic matter was found inside during the initial scan, but she had naturally panicked from the entrapment.

ORGANIC MATTER DETECTED. BEGINNING CORRECTIVE PROCEDURE.

A robotic voice could be heard, albeit muffled, through the speakers near the control panel. “**Oh, thank god...**” The woman assumed that this mean the lid was about to open so that she could crawl out with her tail between her legs, and yet... That didn’t happen. There was a *strange* noise coming from the small vent just above her where she assumed the water would come from, but nothing came out? “**Uh...?**” Well, there was nothing she could *see* coming out.

When nothing changed after another passing moment, Jill returned to trying to kick the window above. If it wouldn’t budge, then she hoped she could at least grab Alma’s attention to let her out. “**I should try getting on my knees I guess... Sorry Alma, I’m probably going to have to break this thing...**” Which was tragic in the sense that she didn’t really *want* to have to pay to fix such an expensive machine. Her pay as a bartender vs Alma’s as a hacker must have been the difference between night and day.

But just as she resolved to turn herself over within the machine again, something struck her as... odd. She was short, and so her legs *had* been struggling to kick the window above in the first place. But her stocking-covered feet were closer to it than it had been before, and she felt her tights slipping around her waist. It was almost like... “**HEY!?**” The machine suddenly *jolted*. Because it didn’t spin like a traditional machine, it ‘tossed’ everything inside wildly, and it was strong enough to toss *her* as well.

Jill’s voice became muffled as she was turned over and buried in clothes. It didn’t toss her a second time, allowing her to pull herself back into the same position she had been in, but... The woman blinked the next time

she lifted her legs. They were *definitely* longer, like significantly so. But they were also *bare*. “**Wait... Am I naked!?**” It wasn’t *just* her legs. The dim lighting in the machine was still enough for her to see that her arms were bare and longer than she remembered, and her chest? That was exposed too.

She didn’t understand. How could the machine pull off her clothes without her even *feeling* it? And did that mean her uniform was mixed in with the pile of dirty attire she was still sitting in? “**That isn’t even the strangest thing that’s happened, though...**” The bartender could tell that she was *definitely* taller. Like several heads taller, and that applied to her legs, torso, *and* arms. The interior of the machine had already been somewhat cramped, but now it felt even *more* so.

There wasn’t an explanation for what was happening that he could fathom. Well, there was *one*. A tech that had been rumored to be capable of changing bodies, but that usage of it was like an urban legend. There was no recorded case of it actually happening. “**Nanomachines...?**” Was that the sound that had come from the vent before? And why her clothing had just mysteriously *disappeared*?

Jill struggled to adapt to her increased height within that limited space, so it didn’t quite occur to her that she was being *pushed* to constantly adjust her posture because her figure was *continuing* to change. Her lower body was still mostly hidden beneath her clothing as her butt sat on the bottom of the machine, so she couldn’t quite see how her hips were wedging higher or get a proper sense of the fact that her ass was burgeoning with additional fat, swelling from a bubble to a voluptuous heart that saw its excess passed down to thicken her thighs.

But while her lower body’s swell had been difficult to notice, it wasn’t really *that* difficult to notice when it came to her *chest*. The woman’s bosom had always been small but perky; B-cups at most. Did it bother her that she didn’t have more? Maybe a little, but she’d also never wished to have as much as Alma did. So, when that possibility quickly became reality. “**M-My chest...!?**” She had more or less been stunned.

Her gaze was fixed downward at those B-cups, but only because they clearly *weren’t* that small anymore. She watched as their skin stretched and her nipples became big and puffy, and they quickly reached D-cups in a matter of moments. “**Hold on!**” The issue was that they *didn’t* stop there. They continued to grow, becoming heavier and heavier until they practically weighed her down so that the back of her head was resting on the back of the washing machine.

They were *her* breasts, so Jill didn’t hesitate to touch them. They started off *very* sensitive, but by the time she’d had her fill? They felt vaguely...

numb? She considered how *weird* that was. She'd grown tits as big as Alma's, but they barely felt like *anything*? Where had that sensitivity gone? It still hadn't registered to her that it wasn't just her breasts that were of a similar size to Alma's. Her ass, thighs, and hips were all a perfect match. Well, they were slightly bigger if anything, but there *was* a reason for that.

And it tied into where the sensitivity of her bosom had gone.

That feeling actually spread throughout the rest of her body, but the consequences of that were far more severe than in her breasts where she had no ability to freely move. Her legs and arms went lax without any warning, the arms falling to her sides and her knees lowering as Jill lost even the ability to *talk*. Her expression continued to show shock and confusion, but her chin fell down without the strength to lift it.

If anything, this gave her a good view of her enlarged breasts. While she had Alma's figure, she had continued to look like 'Jill Stingray' otherwise. She internally grew all the more confused when the nipples she could see began to pale and shrink, eventually leaving her bosom without any nipples at all. In a way, a similar phenomenon washed across her body. It didn't remove any more nipples because she'd only had the two, but her bellybutton filled in, her body hair (including her pubes) were erased, and her pussy and ass crack filled in until her anatomy was more akin to a *doll's*.

There wasn't anything she could do about it. Her eyes were simply wide with shock as her breathing became shallower and her heartbeat slower. At some point? That heartbeat actually *stopped*, and yet she didn't die. She was still fully conscious, able to note how strange she felt even with her senses dulled. There was the strange sensation of feeling *hollow*, especially in her torso at first, but she didn't know that her heartbeat ceasing was related, and that her body was changing from the inside out.

Before her very eyes, her skin began to sag slightly as if there was less bone, blood, and flesh inside to support its shape and, well... As her breasts began to 'deflate' as if they were losing their shapes, she watched as the skin's color – no, *texture* as well – became less and less *human*. A dark purple permeated through it, and that skin thickened as horizontal grooves were etched across it vertically. She had no idea that the phenomenon crept up her neck as well, and it reached all the way down to her wrists until her torso looked more like a *very* familiar turtleneck sweater than part of a woman's body.

Doesn't that look like Alma's sweater...? The correct thought crossed her mind. That *was* what it looked like, and unfortunately she couldn't see beneath the clothes that covered her that her lower body's fate had

become similar. Stitching traveled down the sides of her legs and where the crack of her ass had once been as thickening skin darkened to a black, shiny material that came across as a mockery of leather. Her pelvis lipped so that plastic zipper teeth could grow above where her pussy had once been, while *beneath* what was clearly now a pair of pants? A layer of her body had peeled off to become a thong.

There were already signs of her body ‘deflating’, but once her top and bottom had properly transitioned into more inanimate forms, they *completely* fell flat, becoming nearly indistinguishable from anything else within the washing machine. Her hands and feet, which hadn’t changed at all, crumbled into a dust that would be disposed of once the machine ran properly. *Is my body... clothes? How? Why? W-W-Wait!*

Things had been bad enough, but then Jill realized her *vision* had begun to fade. Considering her eyes were left on what was effectively a severed head at that point, it wasn’t *that* surprising, but the nanomachines were doing their best to make sure that Alma *wouldn’t* find a severed head mixed in with her laundry. Her long, purple hair was pulled into four lengths that firmed and hardened into what looked to be black clasps that could interlock, while black fiber and lace spread across her face.

Her facial features were blotted out, her nose thinning into a tiny band that held her face, which was being pulled into two pieces as her head thinned and hollowed. Her cheeks bulged to take up the most of these two pieces, absorbing her eyes so that her lips could flutter out into adorable strands of lace. Before long, there was no head at all. There was an adorable yet mature brassiere. The very kind that the washing machine’s owner would wear.

Cold water splashed against Jill as it poured from the vent above where nanomachines had once spilled. She could hardly feel it with her senses dulled, and she could barely even rationalize what had happened. After all, she was now a four-piece ensemble including a purple sweater, black pants, a black thong, and a *big* black bra – presumably a perfect match for the outfit that Alma Armas wore in her day-to-day life. She was lucky that she even had a consciousness still at all.

And even then? As the water filled and the laundry was slowly pushed around, that



consciousness... *split*. All four articles of clothing separated, and when they did her ability to think became even more fragmented. She was at the mercy of the machine that was cleaning her along with the rest of Alma's laundry. It was wet and cold but eventually became warm. The whole process only took about thirty minutes before the lid opened.

“Jill? You in here? Huh. Maybe she went home while I was in the shower? Did I do something wrong?” As it turned out, after getting out of the shower Alma had been looking all over for the missing Jill. The last room she checked was the laundry room, and she was doing so in only a *towel*. **“Oh well! At least I can put on some warm, clean clothes.”** Even though it was the middle of the night, it was basically the middle of the day for a hacker who slept during the day.

She leaned into the machine with little difficulty considering her height and picked out what she thought was her sweater, pants, and underwear. Jill couldn't *see* this, but she could vaguely hear Alma's muffled words and shuddered subconsciously whenever she was touched. That was the most intense thing she could feel, so you could only imagine how it felt when she was stretched all over Alma's warm, soft, and voluptuous body. She didn't even realize she'd been brought to Alma's bedroom first.

“There we go!” Alma exclaimed after running her hands down her sweater to smooth it out. She was finally dressed and ready to go! But she was none the wiser to the fact that she was *wearing* her missing friend, and that this friend was pressed even against her breasts and pussy. And considering Jill was now a series of inanimate objects? She probably never *would* realize.

But at least Jill was living in ecstasy now that she was living an outfit's true purpose?