

BUFF-ER ZONE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Whose Palace is this, anyways!?”

As she comically outran what seemed to be a giant boulder, Ann Takamaki was left distraught by the nature of the trap she had accidentally triggered. Why had that tile she'd stepped on specifically been trapped? Why was she the only one who had been left to get split off from the others? How was it that this stairway seemed to go on *forever!*?

Strangely enough – which actually made it fairly normal at this point, all things considered – the Palace that they had stumbled into appeared to be based upon a coliseum of some sort. Shadows clad in armor and armed with spears had been here and there, but the mystery of this realm's ownership had yet to be solved. Morgana had sniffed it out in Akibahara of all places, so the aesthetic didn't exactly make a whole lot of sense.

Whomever it belonged to, though? They were big Greek buffs. Probably. *Maybe*. Something that had struck Ann as odd during their initial investigation was all of the high-end technology that was scattered about despite the more archaic designs of the walls, floors, and pillars. Perhaps it wasn't that unusual to have a mismatch depending on the heart distorting it, but she avidly recalled Kamishiro's castle being fairly consistent in terms of setting.

“WOAH!?” Before long, the stairs *finally* bottomed out and she spilled into what looked to be a prison cell of sorts. Looking back, however? **“STOP! STOOOOP!”** The boulder continued to chase her, and with nowhere to run it looked like she might get bowled over! All she could

do was scream and pray, since there wasn't any room in the cell for her to make any real effort at dodging. But her prayers? They ended up answered as a number of stairs at the base opened up and swallowed the giant stone, before additional bars closed the route back to the staircase. "**Wait.**" And there went her only *apparent* exit. "**How am I supposed to get out of here!?**"

The bars looked way too strong to bend with her bare hands, and yet there was an inward facing plaque that read '*To overcome this trial, you must inherit the strength of the gods*'. "**Inherit? Why is this facing in at me...?**" Had she accidentally succumbed to a much more elaborate trap than she had first assumed it to be? Either way, there wasn't anything in this cell for her to touch, much less *inherit*. The possibility that this was just some kind of trick created by the Palace master was high, but she really couldn't imagine the purpose it served.

At least, until a light began to rain down upon her from above, prompting her to stare at the ceiling. This light almost seemed natural, but it couldn't be. It also couldn't be artificial because the only thing above her was stone. No sky, no light fixtures. "**Huh? Where's this light coming from?**" Was it even a simple light? It felt pretty warm and made her skin feel all tingly. The feeling was admittedly quite pleasant.

But it also felt *wrong*.

Ann couldn't really properly explain why she felt that way, but she was immediately alarmed. Enough that her body instinctively sidestepped out of its glow, but after she did so the light merely brightened to fill the entire cell. "**Crap!**" Blue eyes scanned the cell's entirety. Not a single speck of shadow was left, at least that wasn't cast by her own body. That meant that there was next to no place for her to hide, and so she was forced to endure the light's effects without solace... whatever those effects might be.

As she was dressed in a skintight catsuit though, these effects were suddenly *felt* at any rate. "**Huh? Why's everything feel all tight?**" The teen paused and lifted both an arm and a leg, trying to get a proper sense of what was going on. It felt like that, all at once, her attire had just began to restrict itself against her body. This was a fairly natural assumption to make considering the feeling. After all, believing that your clothing had shrunk was much more plausible than assuming your body had just suddenly *grown*.

Even if it actually *was* the latter that was true.

Confused, but fairly certain it was the light's doing, Ann tugged at her body suit here and there in an attempt to try and adjust it – to no avail, it seemed. Rather, it made her a little more aware of what the cause might have been. **“Do my muscles look more defined or am I losing it?”** She supposed it could have been a trick played by a tightened catsuit, but the teen also knew her own body well. She was a model after all, constantly fretting over her curves and muscle mass. And the latter? This wasn't what she was familiar with. Their shapes were bulging against her costume with a little too much *definition*.

In the meantime, however, there was change taking place that she had yet to wholly recognize. Bulging muscles, slight as those bulges were *for the time being*, merely served as a proper distraction for what was happening otherwise.

Namely, the beautiful blonde in her hair, a color that had brought her much grief due to her mixed background but something she had ultimately come to love about herself, was being replaced in real time. Starting with the tips of her twintails, a **pale green** found itself dyed among her strands and wriggled its way throughout the entire length until all, including her bangs, were completely unrecognizable in color from what they had once been.

But before long, it was shifted stylistically as well. The ties that bound her hair into tails seemingly disappearing, the girl's entire mane hung loose a moment; at least until a mysterious force began to tug on it with a gentleness that was hard for her to notice outright. In the back, much of it weaved to and fro, crisscrossing with itself until it became a long braid bound by a silver tie that appeared as if from nowhere at its base. This braid ended up flipped over her left shoulder, and the hair that framed her face otherwise took on a natural curl that spiraled in slight.

“Huh!?! What the-!?” Distracted as Ann had been, the moment a weight lifted from her face was the moment she eventually drew gloved hands up to prod at the skin around her eyes. **“Where did my mask go!?”** She looked around. Had it fallen off? But there was nothing on the floor... In actuality, its matter had been repurposed, and a silver circlet with a blue gemstone charm dangling against her forehead had been left in its wake just slightly above. **“I still feel seriously weird.”** Weirder still was the voice crack that ended that sentence, seeing her voice deepen without losing its underlying sound.

“Waith, why doeth my— Ith hard to talk!?” The deepness of her voice aside, she found herself slurring her words. Somehow her lips were tripping over themselves, and by grazing them with bare fingertips (*not noticing that fingers had become slightly longer, and that growth had passively knocked her gloves off*) she realized that they felt

swollen? As of she'd suffered an allergic reaction of some sort. But it was the work of the light, just as everything thus far had been. And the more she was forced to bask under its holiness, the more difficult it became for her to find issue with what was happening.

The blue of Ann's eyes was dulling, in its place yellowing into a pale green not unlike that of her hair. But more miraculously was the fact that this green had a greater focus, for her eyes were widening. Half-Caucasian as is, it was like that half of her was overriding the Japanese half, eyes rounder and wider, cheekbones higher and facial features more prominently defined. She didn't quite look American though, and there was a much more European tilt to her aesthetic.

“Is this better? Seems to be..” Fixated on the way she'd been talking though, none of this was registered as abnormal. Besides, she quickly found herself with a different problem altogether: the tightness of her crimson catsuit was becoming unbearable. Little by little, her muscles had been growing even more pronounced in shape and size, rippling with a strength that conventional beauty standards would (*incorrectly*) call unappealing.

Tight as it all was though, cool air accompanied relief as the leather of her ensemble began to *split down the front*. Almost as if a knife had carefully slid down the front of her torso and each leg, the material opened up to exposed bare skin before sliding behind her. Mismatched scraps connected with one another and found a much more consistent red once merged. This crimson piece found itself held to her shoulders by a mysterious force, and the result was clear.

Ann was now completely naked, short of a long, crimson cape that had once been her catsuit. **“Oh, now this is an issue.”** Despite the drama of it all, her response was so measured that one might assume she had no issue with it. But she truly *didn't*. The glow of the light was still pleasant, and her demeanor had shifted into a maturity that her frame didn't quite possess *yet*. But the light's effects were playing catch up after having to put so much work into her muscles, which now rippled and glistened as they were exposed in their entirety.

Finally, the rest of her began to fill out, beginning with her height. Almost like a tree, the girl sprung up and into the shape of a whole ass woman – inch after inch seeing bones stretched and her figure twisted until she was roughly 5'10" in height. For a brief moment this left her frame looking muscular but uneven, but she gasped an **“Oh!”** in response to the feeling of her hips parting wide, and her waistline pulling in to give herself the workings of an hourglass.

And the glass that gave an hourglass shape soon filled. Ann's breasts already stood perky, even more-so with all of the muscle that now found its place in her chest. But a fattier tissue poured into tits that seemed too tiny for her current, taller, bulkier appearance, and tits jiggled to life as they surged with size and shape. Their roundness preserved, as they bubbled up into a pair of E-cups, their softness in contrast to the muscles beneath them was extremely obvious – but that did not make them any less appealing.

Her ass, on the other hand, grew with muscle and fat alike. The woman's rear practically tripled in size, giving it a comparable weight to her tits. On the other hand, there was so much muscle involved in its machinations that despite its big size, her cheeks were surprisingly tight. Even as some fat saw her thighs burst a bit, the muscle was so much more pronounced that they remained rippling and strong, without a single iota of squishiness to their appeal.

And thus, the light began to dim.

Ann stood confused, hands exploring her body. **“I feel so strong. I feel.. unusual. But it isn't a bad feeling. I could get used to this.”** Despite a shifting demeanor and an acceptance of her changes though, Ann's memories didn't appear to be in any jeopardy. She could still recall who she was, but at the same time there was a strange understanding of who she'd become as well. Memories of two lives existed simultaneously. One set of Ann Takamaki, and the other of *Nótt*.

Her appearance as it was now just wouldn't do though. She could not escape from the prison clad in naught but a cape, but the last lingering warmth of the light that had changed her saw it fit to grant her the necessary coverings. A sleeveless white, toga-like dress that revealed her cleavage up top and lacked sides around the legs to completely expose her strong thighs and the white cloth that was clearly worn to hide her crotch. Steel pauldrons, gloves, and ankle guards brought her protection, and black wrap sandals decorated her feet. The emblem of an unknown kingdom found its way all across this outfit, designed into the armor and cloth alike, while black straps bound it all together.

“Now, this should be enough to escape the confines of this prison.” Her voice deep and her tone stern, the iron-clad Valkyrie brought her armored fingers to the nearby bars, before pulling them clean off with only the slightest sliver of her strength. At the tops of where the bars had been, it was quite clear that the force the woman had exerted had been enough to snap them cleanly, which truly was a devastating strength.

But Ann – *Nótt*, felt completely at home with this power. She had not forgotten who she once was, but there was likewise this new identity, as if it were some sort of strange overlay. She saw the name ‘Ann’ as something of a past concept, an identity she had been forced to shed in order to be faster, stronger, *better*. A gentle toss of the bars saw them pierce the opposite wall, and she turned her attention to the coliseum’s prison entrance.



There was someone there. A man, shrouded in shadows, yet only she could make out his visage. Her stern expression softened immediately, a light pink then tickling her cheeks as she realized who this was. *Nótt* wasn’t even exactly sure how she knew, just that his identity could be no one other than the owner of the Palace. “**How do you feel, *Nótt*?**” His voice sounded very hollow, but hearing it was enough to make something click into place in the back of her mind. It was as if she’d just remembered everything about him, and in response her heart began to race.

Despite her tough appearance, she was surprisingly quick to fall in love.

“**F-Fine, my lord!**” The address took *Nótt* off-guard, and she looked away shyly. Handsome men were her greatest weakness, and even shrouded as he was, she could make out just how handsome he truly was. “**I was just about to head out on patrol!**” She spoke as if on autopilot. Was it typical of her to go on patrol? No, the part of her that was Ann was confused by her sudden loyalty to this man... *but he was so attractive!* But she absolutely could not resist her sway upon both her heart and soul.

“**Good, as you should.**” His reply came, and she found herself saluting as if a guard that had just given her orders. This wasn’t right! Yet she could not gather the resistance to do otherwise. “**I’ve found**

someone suitable to take a role as your sister, so I'd like you to find her next." Sister? Ann didn't have a... No, Nótt did. Her memories spoke to that fact. And she wanted to be 'reunited' now hearing that there was a way to do so. **"The girl with orange hair and glasses. She should be a suitable subject. Find her, change her, and I'll give the two of you a suitable... reward."**

Nótt's lips quivered. A reward? Did that mean...? **"Yes, sir!"** But a girl of that description...

That was Futaba, wasn't it?