

# Y'ALL WAITIN'?

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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*If this wasn't just my luck.*

Phone dead, car engine blown. I was left on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere in early spring. It would probably be the last time I accepted a last minute invitation to visit my parents over the weekend, at least when I'd already known my vehicle was on its last legs. But they'd chided me and chided me. We never see you! Your car will be fine! Sweet words meant to coax me into visiting them like they always did. And it always worked.

As I wandered back and forth on the side of the road I debated my options. It was late enough in the evening that there wasn't much traffic. What were the chances of someone stopping to help me? At the very least someone could call me a tow truck, right? But it had been about ten minutes, it was getting dark, and I hadn't seen headlights in all of that time. I groaned and picked the flashlight out of my glove box. It was a long shot but maybe there was something in the ditch beside me.

But it was really a long shot. It wasn't like people just tossed tools into the-- "**No fucking way!**" I couldn't contain my jubilation as the light caught the glimmer of not just a singular tool, but an *entire toolbox* nestled in the weeds and leaves that had been cast to the roadside. Christmas had come early. Or was it *late*? Which made more sense when it was only April?

Anyways, it didn't take me long to fetch the toolbox out of the ditch and put it on the gravel beside my car. Both the box and myself were obscured from the viewership of anyone that might drive by which was probably something of an oversight on my part, but I didn't want to put

it on my hood to open it. The latch came undone with an unsurprising ease -- unsurprising because the container looked brand new? Why leave this in a ditch in the middle of nowhere? The only scenario I could think of that made sense would be if it had fallen out of a truck, or maybe a kid tossed it out?

However I was in for a surprise when I undid that latch. The top flipped wide open on its own, and from the inside there was an explosion of liquid almost like it was regurgitating. The problem? It soaked me from head to toe in a very comical manner, the oily liquid soaking me from my head to my toes, from my hoodie to my boxer briefs to the socks in my shoes. It was almost like something out of a cheap horror movie.

**“What the hell!? I’m soaked!”** I was pissed, yup. I was also confused, because what the *actual* fuck? It wasn’t difficult to tell what I was soaked with either. There was no denying the scent. Grease? Oil? It reeked of the inside of repair garage, which wasn’t really among my most favorite of places. To begin with I only had a bare minimal understanding of how my vehicle ran so I had bad memories associated with the mechanics trying to explain things I didn’t understand. The smell of those places just didn’t suit me either.

I shook my arms expecting to feel the weight of the grease that had soaked in sagging them, but they were... light? As light as they’d been before I’d been sprayed in the first place. No, it wasn’t just my clothes? The wet grease had dried up everywhere. I didn’t feel it sloshing around in my socks or dripping from my hair anymore, though on closer inspection it wasn’t really gone either. There was a light residue that clung to both my clothes and my skin, but nothing on the ground. Almost like it had dried up.

*Or been absorbed.*

Everything still reeked like a garage though and every movement of my body felt slippery, but this all just added to the abnormality of the situation. Then came the pain. It certainly wasn’t a subtle pain either, and began feeling like indigestion that was wracking me internally. But that ill feeling churned to hunger which churned to pain, like my stomach had begun to eat itself.

It wasn’t evident at first, but my waistline had begun to diminish as the phenomenon strengthened. I wasn’t super thin or anything, not normally; my life in front of a computer had taken its toll there. But the space in my hoodie slowly lessened and my undershirt likewise became a little looser as whatever gut I might have had not only flattened but attained a nice arc on either side, abs born from who the hell knows what evident were I to touch them.

So consider me surprised when my hand pressed against my tummy to help ease the pain only for it to go flat. I didn't audibly express any surprise, but out of disbelief I kept patting the space to make sure I wasn't imagining things, hand eventually reaching awkwardly up the bottom of my shirt to feel the skin. Wait... that was real? My eyes immediately shot to the tiny side mirror on my car, and I lifted up my shirt and sweater in front of it.

**“That does *not* look right.”** My usual sarcasm bled out as my navel, shallower than it had once been without the usual weight, stared back at me. The skin around it was stained with patches of grease and almost looked a little tanned compared to the usual pasty complexion my reclusive life had given me. What was the most bizarre aspect of it was that there was a clear line where it stopped: just below my chest. The coloring was the same there, as was the shape. One could say my tummy almost had a curvaceous appeal to it, and I was hesitant to call it feminine.

*But shit like this just wasn't possible.*

The phenomenon sought to prove me wrong though. The moment I'd made mental note of the fact that my chest seemed to be free of any absurdity, the color there began to darken. It was enough to force me to say **“Screw it”** and pull my tops off altogether, confusion winning out over my absence of self-confidence. I hung my soiled shirt and sweater off of the mirror I'd been looking in before, the fact that my short hair swung free a little longer -- *and a little blonder* -- than it had before escaping my attention.

I was, however, far too distracted by what was happening with the rest of my torso. In the time it had taken to rip my shirt off the subtle tan had spread across my chest's entirety and had worked into my shoulders. I wasn't fit or anything but it wasn't like I had man boobs either... not normally, but... **“Why's my chest lookin' plumper than a sponge in a bucket?”** Putting aside my less-than-subtle transition into a Southern accent for a moment, or the fact that the pitch of my voice was just a touch more feminine, what had taken me by surprise was my chest? My breasts? That would probably be more accurate considering how flesh had rolled forward into a pair of orange-sized orbs, uneven in their shape but consistent in their volume.

I was touching them of course -- why *wouldn't* I? Hands grimy with grease and oil squeezing 'em like a pair of stress balls. And *damn* were they sensitive! A man's chest was... whatever. Nipples were always sensitive of course, but not as sensitive as the pair that were widening between my fingertips, skin darkening simultaneously as areola

expanded in diameter. The flesh underneath splurged up all soft 'n' nice, size settling probably around the size of a modest B-cup for all I knew, maybe pushing C.

Fingers kneaded them and squished them together, grease present on their tips smeared all over my tits as a moan escaped my lips. As I continued to paw my fingernails began to dig more sharply into my skin -- the side effect of my nails inevitably growing longer to match how fingers had become longer but leaner, yet finger pads worn from hard work in a business I had no experience in.

A combination of discomfort and arousal eventually tugged my hand away from my bosom, shame apparently not on the agenda for the day as fingers slid between the skin of my waist and my boxers as I'd reached for my crotch. Not sure what I was expectin' at the time, but my member was feeling a little lacking in girth. Even though I was all hot and bothered even standing at full mast it was probably only a few inches long, but the sensation of my jeans beginnin' to bind my wrist against my wrist gave me no choice but to pull away.

**“Heck’s goin’ on now? Pants ain’t feelin’ too good...”** It took all of my energy to put aside how frisky I was feeling, to leave my breasts and balls alone and lace thumbs beneath the lips of my jeans at the hips to try and judge why they'd tightened so much. Didn't take much of a samplin' to figure out why though; my hips were wider. It was pretty clear thanks to how much tighter the pants were pinned to my hips, leavin' space in the front and back. But the back? *Yeah.*

My booty was fillin' out, I reckoned in a similar fashion to how my breasts had gotten all big and perky. Didn't take long to notice: after all when a part of your flesh is inflatin' like a car tire you get pretty keen on noticin' it. I couldn't keep my hands off of 'em, cuppin' my cheeks through the jeans as I felt my boxers beginnin' to grind against my taint -- taint that, I might add, felt all empty like a girl's. I didn't have hands there to know, but a pussy had right grown where my dick had diminished, makin' me a fully fledged country gal.

A country gal with a pretty thick rear at that! **“My ass is huge! The boys at the garage must be checkin' this thing out all the time!”** The southern drawl was thick now and was even infectin' my thoughts. I didn't think to ponder what garage I was thinkin' about, considerin' I hadn't ever worked in one before but sayin' it just felt *right*. I fumbled to unbuckle my pants so that the waistline would stop diggin' into my skin, and with the zipper popped it was easy to see just how defined my pelvic bones were, and how my thighs had thickened and tanned underneath. I caught the tail end of my pubes too, usually unkempt 'n' brown, but shortenin', straightenin', and goldenin' all at once.

Steppin' up to my mirror again, foot slipped out of my runnin' shoe and the sock I was wearin' mischievously slipped halfway down, bringin' my attention there right before I got a good look at how much my face had been changed. Tugging the black sock off, toes wriggled in the air as I was hesitant to toss 'em bare onto the gravel below. I had t'squint with eyes that had fashioned themselves green in the midst of all the chaos, but I could definitely see those toenails growin' a bit longer 'nd the overall look of my foot becomin' small as a girl's with a sharp heel and subtle arch. "**Huh. Weird.**" But that bit of concern was all little old me could muster for some reason or another. Strange as things'd felt at first, was this really all that weird?

Bein' a woman felt good. 'nd why was I even thinkin' I'd ever been anythin' else?

Deciding I couldn't exactly be hangin' around the side of the road topless any longer I reached for where I'd hung my shirt and sweater, putting the former on first. I slid the straps over my shoulders and made sure the cups hid my tits properly before claspin' the sides together at the back properly. Er... this ain't how a short is supposed to go on, is it? Fingers brushed a strand of dirty blonde from my gaze as I looked down to see I'd thrown on a bra. Where'd that bra come from? But I just shrugged and continued on, throwin' on my sweater next. Arms went through the yellow sleeves that had been soiled by car grease, and I left the front of that jacket open like I always did because the garage was so *damn hot*.

Plus it wasn't so bad to have guys checkin' me out either.

The evenin' breeze tickled my thighs, settin' sun soon deprivin' me of the light I needed to work on my engine. 'Course I didn't think too much of why the wind was fondlin' my thighs' flesh to begin with, but jeans had split to leave their sun-kissed flesh exposed. The tops remained, though as a pair of extremely short shorts that gave everyone a show whenever I bent over to work on a car, while the rest on the bottom had become a pair of leather thigh highs that'd meet up with my boots. I was still wearin' one of 'em, but the other was on the ground behind me. I slid 'er on quick.

**"Alright. Gotta get 'er done before I'm stuck out here all night."** I plucked my toolbox off the side of the road, twirling my hat beside it around a gloved index finger before flipping the accessory onto my messy head of golden hairs. I licked plump lips enthusiastically as I popped the car hood open and leaned in to get a good look, what was left of my boxers grindin' against my puss while pink straps of my thong emerged over the waistline of my shorts. I nabbed a flashlight from the

tool belt that was thrown over my waist and got to work. Did I say earlier I didn't know shit about shit about workin' on a car? Can't imagine I did, 'cause it was what I did for a livin'. Working up at Hammerhead.

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**“CINDY! There you are!”** Headlights and a familiar voice pulled my away from my work just as I'd finished workin' on the car, and I looked right at the light as I wiped the sweat from my forehead. I gave a little wave at the driver of the black sports car before I slammed the hood of the one I was fixin' down, tracin' my finger along its frame as I made my way over to the other car's driver. That sure as hell was the Regalia, and the driver was that little prince Noctis. **“Cid said you went out for a job hours ago and didn't come back, so he asked me to look for you.”**

**“Well ain't you a sweet one.”** I smiled, now leaning against his car. The prince and his group had been pretty damn helpful back at Hammerhead even with everythin' goin' on. **“This rig just took a touch longer than I was hopin', but we're right as rain now. You wanna go on ahead and I'll meet ya at the station? Maybe I'll sit around the campfire with you boys a lil tonight?”**

**“Sounds good,”** the prince replied before revvin' his engine to leave. **“Don't be late though, I'll make sure Ignis makes something good.”**

And then he sped off, leavin' me alone with the classic car that had just been abandoned in the middle of nowhere. I took the driver's seat, smell of oil wafting off my body filling the space pretty damn quick, but before long I was hittin' the road, unaware that I'd entered a new world altogether when I'd changed.

Or that I'd even been changed in the first place.

It was only about a 20 minute drive to get back to the station, and out so late I was lucky I didn't run into any daemons. But eventually I strut up to the boys at the station, the sway of my hips as promiscuous as it'd always been.

**“Sorry. Y'all waitin' long?”**