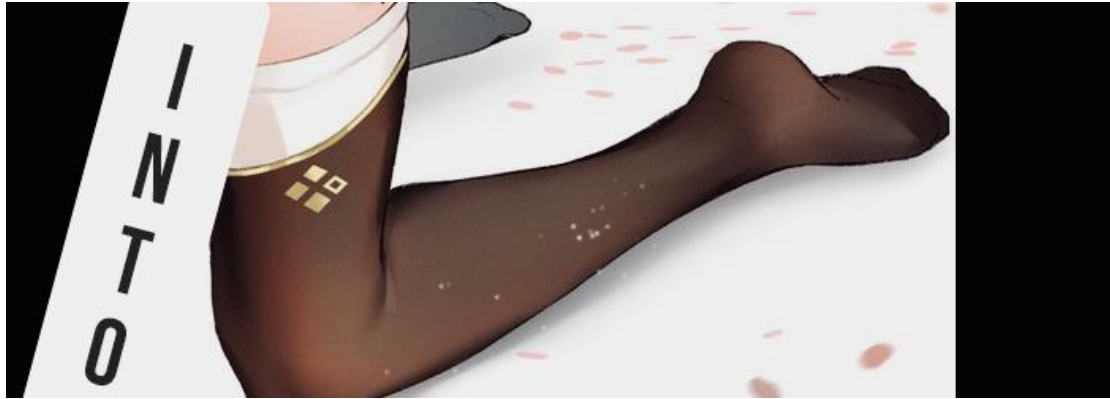


THE LONG LEG

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Another day, another order. It wasn't an exciting life Takashi led in the military, but it was one that paid well and for that he couldn't complain. After all he'd gone through years of training to learn how to oversee this particular piece of technology, an invention that transformed organic matter into inorganic items. Clothes, furniture, it was as easy as tossing in some grass or weeds and voila - your new item comes out! It was insanely practical but incredibly dangerous, and so their usage had been limited to military institutions that oversaw the war efforts.

Takashi, a rather plain-looking man of about 23 from the Sakura Empire, was the sole individual permitted to use this machine within the confines of the docks, and it really wasn't that bad. After all, the girls of the fleet were always coming to him with requests and they were incredibly cute. Literally all of them were, it was almost eerie. They were supposed to be the weapons that would bring the war to a close, and yet why create them to look so adorable? Maybe it wasn't his place to question in the end. He just had to follow orders and collect a paycheck when it came down to it.

That day wasn't any different from what he was used to. He arrived, clocked in, and waited for the usual requests to pour in from the other staff at the base, soldiers included. The first request was for a new toothbrush, something easily fulfilled with a few blades of grass. The material was deposited in one side of the machine atop a conveyor belt, before being locked in the center compartment and re-purposed from there. And lo and behold after only a minute, a brand new tooth brush came out. Takashi would put it in a box and then look at the next request.

"Lunar God legging'... Hm, this was from the new clothing catalogue wasn't it?"
The request was from one of the battleship girls too. Ayanami. Come to think of it he was pretty sure he'd already produced this whole set for her a few days ago - did

she ruin a legging already? Well it was easy enough to fix. He'd just need to put some leaves in a bin and consult the item code in the clothing catalogue HQ often sent out to the girls. He supposed they at least acknowledged the bare minimum that girls liked to dress up in cute clothes even if they were running military operations from time to time. It kept their morale high at least.

Catalogue in hand, the man wandered over to the touchscreen that served as the device's input station. Every item the machine could create was cataloged with a short code, and putting it in and then starting up the machine would feed whatever organic material rested at one end through the center compartment. "**Done and done.**" Code entered, button pressed, the machine whirred loudly as the conveyor belt moved with a dish of leaves atop of it. You only needed to insert the bare minimum equivalent mass-wise to create an object. If you inserted too little the object would be incomplete, but if you inserted too much the excess melted away and became one with the item. Even its mass was reduced. That was what made these devices dangerous, and above all humans absolutely couldn't go inside them while plugged in.

There had been accidents. Not any Takashi knew of, but to have all the warnings it came with that had to be the case, right?

Now it doesn't matter what kind of job you have or how much training you receive. At some point in your work life you're bound to make a mistake. It might be a big one or a little one, but this is an inevitability. Takashi was about to make one such mistake and, unfortunately, it was going to be a *very big one*.

The sound of the mass converter humming suddenly went dry as the conveyor belt stopped just short of placing the bowl of leaves in the center compartment. "**That's a new one.**" Takumi remarked, poking his head around the machine's side to inspect just what had happened. He wandered over to the conveyor belt proper and stuck his head in. Now that wouldn't normally be a mistake, but he'd forgotten to switch the machine off before poking his head in there... or sticking his hand between the mesh of the belt. Where it got caught. Before the machine whirred to life again, because *of course it did*. "**Hey! Let go!**" The conveyor belt was unsurprisingly strong, pulling him towards the maw of the compartment with ease. It was designed to hold a great deal of weight to create furniture so that was no surprise.

To ground himself better he brought his knees up onto the belt. The compartment drew closer and closer, to the point that he finally withdrew his hand... the compartment closed behind him. "**Oh shit.**" His mistake became apparent right away and fear gripped his soul. He knew how the machine worked of course. There were three stages to its process.

The first? *Reduction of mass*. In cases that there was far too much material offered for the item needed, the object would have its size reduced to better suit what was

necessary. Of course Takashi had never seen the inside of the machine while it was working, but based on what he'd seen he could only assume it used shrinking tech.

A pale blue light suddenly filled the container's interior, the man now aware of the bowl of leaves that sat in front of him turned his attention to their appearance. It didn't seem like anything was different at first, but against the backdrop of the inorganic bowl it became very clear that the leaves were shrinking in size. And, as the bowl grew closer and closer to his face, Takashi realized the same fate was being applied to himself as well. Compared to the surroundings lit around him, his perception of the world around him was growing larger and larger, as if the box was growing. He knew that wasn't the case though, as resting on hands and knees he could see the conveyor belt beneath him expanding as his body slumped closer and closer. And since the machine only affected organic matter, his clothes didn't suffer these effects at all. They just grew baggier and baggier until he was a tiny man within a sea of his own clothing.

Takashi managed to poke his head out of the hole of his shirt when the blue light turned to green, signaling that stage two of the conversion process was about to begin. The device began to rattle, putting his balance off as he tried to pull himself out of the cloth prison completely, yet fell just short before a strange sensation seized his body. Vision blurred in slight, and chest fell bare against the rubber of the belt as he realized his motor skills had been taken from him. While the bowl was only roughly three inches away from him, he could see it towering off at what looked to be nearly fifteen feet from where he laid.

His body seizing up? It was likely the effect of the second stage. Since the machine transformed organic matter into inorganic matter it was only natural that there would be a preparation stage for the transformation. Sometimes insects and the like got caught up in the process, and if they wandered off elsewhere in the machine the item production might be a failure.

It was just unfortunate for Takashi that he was being treated as an insect. He couldn't even move his mouth with his gaze fixed ahead of him, his arms in plain sight as legs remained beneath his gigantic shirt at his rear. As much as he wanted to cry out or to try and look for a way to escape, there was just no way it was possible. Honestly he was surprised his consciousness was even in tact at all considering he couldn't even *breathe*. Yet before that became an issue the light turned to red, indicating the third stage of the reprocessing.

Reshaping. Biological matter would have its composition and shape redefined to match the item sequence put in the panel. What had it been again? His memories had already begun to grow fuzzy as the converter toyed with his very existence.

His hands, laying flat against the conveyor belt in front of him, began to pull together as the conversion rays blasted through his body. Fingers spread, and digits inevitably clasped together as perfect parallels. Takashi didn't have the strength to pull them apart of course, but even if he wanted to it would have been impossible as

the fibers of his skin had begun to stitch together, binding them in their current position. The tips of each finger had begun to darken as sweeping change did its thing, texture of his flesh feeling less like it should and more like soft and smooth nylon.

And just like that... the tips that turned black collapsed. Not only that, they grew shorter. While his hands, now fused together into a single mass, had initially retained their shape, as flesh turned to nylon they quickly lost definition, fingers becoming stubbier and without notable mass as they fell flat upon the belt. The front of his hand dipped inward as the back of his upper hand suddenly rose a short ways upward, almost like it was swollen as the texture of his skin became increasingly artificial. Black weaved through the fibers that replaced biological material as what was once his wrist suddenly and painlessly twisted to the side.

And that was when Takashi realized what it looked like. A foot. Or rather a sock, or a *stocking*. That's right, the order was for a stocking.

Meanwhile his feet had begun to undergo similar changes. Both fused at the heel as toes pointed out to either side within the confines of his shirt. Unlike the black that had turned his hands into a foot, it was white cloth that bled through his feet as their shape deformed. Feet spread until they formed a circular end, the flats of the man's feet soon collapsing inward from the back until they were a perfect, open tube. And, like the nylon of his front, without any mass within them to hold them upright they collapsed against the platform, becoming one with the pile of clothes Takashi had once been wearing.

Legs and arms began to fuse together in tandem, the technician incapable of doing anything other than watching in horror as his body looked less and less like that of a person and more and more like that of an object as the changes swept towards his head from either side. At the back his legs grew stretchier and spread outward after blobbing into a single mass, not just the black dying new nylon but also a golden trim beneath the white and a golden decoration. Arms, becoming one, were much leaner in design than what had become of his legs, but before he knew it the changes were only a few inches from his face.

Already Takashi's torso had already fallen to his new, destined form. Butt crack had faded into sleek fabric, dick had all but washed away despite the peculiar arousal he'd felt at his predicament. His heart rate stopped. Stiffness set through his back and approached his neck, and where he'd managed to keep his head upright throughout the entirety of the transformation, he suddenly found his face buried in the ground. Hairs atop his head became little more than nylon strands that weaved into his skull as the taste of material filled his mouth and it felt like his tongue pressed against the conveyor belt. He couldn't see, but then he could.

A little too well. It was like the environment around Takashi had opened up. He could see it from every angle, even though he didn't have eyes. As the machine dinged

and the conveyor belt came to life once more, there was no human that emerged from its depths. Merely a single legging sticking out from a man's military uniform.

And the legging itself? It was confused. How did it have consciousness? Such an existential question lingered for only a brief moment before it came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary. It was a piece of clothing's role to be worn, not to question the *fabric* of its very existence. That purpose? As if on cue, walked right into the room as soon as the conveyor belt stopped.

It was a girl, surely no older than mid-teens, with hair as white as snow and pulled into a long pony tail, as well as a pair of wide, amber eyes. She was clad in an elaborate costume, one that struck a chord of longing with the legging. More so when it realized she was only wearing a single legging and was walking in barefoot. Looking at that soft, uncovered leg, 'Takashi' knew that was where it belonged. To be pulled up against that surface and be worn? Well, that was the dream. A dream that would soon be fulfilled as it felt the girl's gentle fingers tug it free of the men's clothing pile behind it.

"Strange. Where did Takashi go?" The girl, Ayanami, pondered aloud as she turned the legging right side up and dangled it before her bare leg. Well... this was what she ordered, so there was no problem with taking it right?

Takashi could feel itself being held open by fair fingers as its top was lowered to the height of the girl's raised foot. Slowly but surely, she tugged the piece of clothing up her leg, toes wiggling against the fabric as the legging felt itself embracing the warm skin of a beautiful, young maiden as intended. When it came into contact with her it could taste the shampoo she'd bathed with, as well as any sweat and dirt that had been accumulated from her trip over, and as her toes pressed firmly against the foot of the legging and she increased the tension by pulling it upward, Takashi finally achieved ultimate bliss.

Ayanami lowered her foot onto the ground, Takashi getting a taste of the tile and a bout of pleasure from being stepped on. The girl didn't linger long, instead leaving the machine operator a letter of thanks on the nearby desk.

Step, step, step, step. Somewhere on her way back to her dorm, what was left of Takashi's will was erased, bleeding into his new purpose and new existence. It would enjoy this bliss until its owner got changed, and then would sit restlessly until she adorned it again. Because being worn on a foot? That was its calling, one that brought it the most please.

It just hoped she didn't tear it.