

SHOES MAKE THE LADY III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I kind of wish people would stop offering these to me...”

While it was difficult to tell with her home nestled in the underground layer beneath the city of Belobog, it was early morning when Clara had found herself encountering a *surprise* of sorts. She didn't frequently receive any mail considering even Belobog citizens had cellular phones and a lot of the time it was easier to communicate that way. And being a simple girl living among machines? She didn't really receive packages all that often either. So to find a box in front of her bedroom door felt a *little* suspicious.

“Mister Svarog knows that I wouldn't wear them. But how did someone get in to deliver them without the alarms triggering? Hm...” Uncertain of what else she should do, Clara had brought the box into her room and left it on her bed where she had opened it. She had been surprised to find a pair of *shoes* inside. And surprised for *multiple* reasons at that. Anyone who knew her knew that she wasn't keen on wearing footwear in the first place. Even as an Underworlder who walked across stone and glass she had never been one to appreciate footwear.

So long as I'm careful there's never the risk of me hurting myself. Besides, I like the feeling! Whenever she was asked about it that was more or less the response that the orphan gave. Not even her robot guardian, Svarog, could convince her and had given up on it. But he was also the *only* person that could have delivered the box without triggering an alarm. **“It's certainly a conundrum...”**

But there was more about the situation that was perplexing than the details of *how* the box had been brought to her in the first place. **“They look... worn. And too big.”** When it came to gifting things, it wasn’t really that uncommon to give hand me downs, especially in the Underworld. But the bottoms of the shoes were both muddy *and* had an odor. Animal waste? That was her best guess. Even if she *had* decided to try them on, they looked a number of sizes too large for the child too. Like they were fashioned for an adult.

“I wonder if this was some kind of mistake? Maybe Big Sister would know?” The only person that Clara trusted as much as Svarog was her ‘Big Sister’, the Trailblazer known as ‘Stelle’ who had helped save their planet from the Stellaron. It was better than asking *no one*. But as she pulled out her phone and began to type away? Something struck Clara as *odd*. **“Er...?”** For a single moment it had felt like her consciousness had flickered. And not only was she not holding her phone when that feeling had cleared?

But the shoes were on her feet.



Her eyelids flickered open and closed numerous times as she attempted to confirm if what she believed had just happened to her *actually* had. **“They aren’t in the box. They’re on my feet?”** It sounded more like she was pointing out the obvious than *anything* though. Instead? Her phone was in the box and was still on, mid-text message. When had she put it there? When had she put on the shoes? She felt like she had blacked out for only a second, which was obviously suspicious all on its own, but enough time must have passed for her to take the shoes out of the box and put them on?

“And as I thought... they’re far too big for me.” Not seeing an obvious answer to her questions she instead turned her attention to the shoes themselves. It had been obvious from a glance but they were *definitely* not sized to fit a child. In fact, by wiggling her toes she could feel the indentation of the feet that were likely *usually* inside of them, their weight having left an imprint on the soles. It made sense that she wouldn’t need to continue to wear them then, despite not understanding why she had even put them on in the first place.

Clara lifted one of her feet. She wanted to remove the footwear and since her feet were *way* too small, she had assumed that it was really only a matter of stepping out of them. But that was where things began to get *extra* weird. The shoe lifted with her foot, not even budging an inch from the bottom of her foot despite all of the laws of physics suggesting that they should have parted. **“Are the soles sticky?”** In the end that was the only thing she could think of after setting that foot back down. Something must have bonded her foot to the stinky shoe? Well, they *did* smell very sweaty inside.

“Are there any other ways to remove them? I suppose if I pull, but...” Did the girl really *want* to remove them? Thinking about it, they were comfortable, weren't they? They may not have fit in a physical sense, but there was also this nagging feeling that they fit her in *other ways*. Like she had someone been *destined* to wear those muddy, smelly shoes. **“That's... I think I need to take them off no matter what.”** But any concern on her part had come *much* too late.

“My feet should just slip out, but...” She stared directly down at her feet. She could *see* all of the space around her bare feet! But that... was strange. Was there less space than she recalled? Could it have been possible that her feet somehow seemed *farther away* too? The girl shook her head and looked away. No, that couldn't be it, right? Her mind must have just been playing tricks on her! She had only just woken up about thirty minutes ago, so! **“...E-Eh?”**

And yet? By turning her attention to her surroundings? It actually became *more* difficult for the girl to deny that she was right to be worried. After all, her bed was so much lower to the ground from her current eye level than she recalled. So did her desk, and dresser, and her white dress... Why had it lifted all of the way up to her hips?

“A-A-Am I taller!?” She *was*, and her voice was a little deeper because of it. She had shot up from under five feet in height to nearly 5'6". This sounded like a relatively normal height for a young woman, but that within itself was the issue. Clara wasn't supposed to be a *young woman*. She was supposed to be a girl only a couple of years out from eventually reaching her teens! Realistically? She was lucky she had yet to put on her jacket because her dress was sleeveless. So the fact that her shoulders had widened a little and her arms were longer hadn't impacted any potential sleeves.

Clara was dumbfounded and she didn't even fully understand just how much she *had* to be dumbfounded about. Because she was still in the privacy of her bedroom she wasn't worried about her underwear being exposed, thankfully, she was just baffled by how she was taller... or how

her feet now fit *perfectly* into those shoes. Almost like she had been made *to* fit them. **“I’m sure that *ain’t* right, though...”**

...*Ain’t?*

The girl licked her lips to moisten them after speaking. Had she not noticed what she had just said? Had she not noticed that her lips felt *fuller*? If they *felt* that way then they must have *appeared* that way too, right? *They did*. Her lips were swollen upon a face that, on the whole, seemed to reflect the face of a significantly older woman. At first she simply just looked like herself but if she were in her early twenties, but those swollen lips marked the beginning of a departure from that point.

“Maybe I was always this *dang* tall? My memory’s *kinda* fuzzy ‘n’ all.” The words she spoke were deteriorating quickly in terms of the proper way Clara *typically* spoke. And they were spoken through a face that looked less and less like Clara herself. Dark freckles began to embed themselves across her cheeks and nose, cheeks and a nose that seemed to inherit a fuller shape than Clara’s genetics would have allowed. And then there was the matter of her eyes, which waned from red to brown in color but also lost their childlike glimmer in exchange for lengthy lashes and the dark bags of adulthood beneath them. Not to mention eyebrows that became big, brown, and busy. A triple threat.

The brown from her eyes and brows bled into hair elsewhere too. It was probably *most* noticeable in the hair atop her head, with silvery-white locks darkening *and* lengthening several inches in tandem. This hair became messy and, for some reason, dirtier, the stench of what smelled like a farm wafting off of it – a scent similar to the one that clung to the shoes she had put on. But additionally? Brown pubic hair sprouted where none had lingered before, becoming a thick and unkempt bush that spoke to a lack of interest in trimming it.

Clara wobbled a little but eventually placed her hand on a *barn stall door*. Had there been a stall in her bedroom before? No. But piece by piece her surroundings were being exchanged for pieces of a *different* location. One that likewise smelled of manure and hay. **“What was I...? I right reckon I was doin’ somethin’, right? But... Wh-Why’m I speakin’ like this? Do I usually speak like this?”** Her voice had deepened and the woman had seemingly finally noticed that her voice of vernacular was... *incorrect*. But just as quickly as she caught it, a part of her deep down steered her away from questioning it. It was getting harder and harder for her to even question it in the first place.

Case in point? The feeling of bloat didn’t seem to prompt any concerns from her despite not having had a single bite to eat since dinner the night before. But she definitely felt *full*, and it wasn’t because she had

just eaten. The skin around her tummy was stretching, both towards the sides because her hips were pulling wider, and *forward* as it seemed like she was gaining a little bit of *excess* weight. She was left with a squishy tummy that didn't lip more than a couple of inches over her pelvis, but it still stretched the already terrible fit of her dress. It was also a little... *sweaty*? But sweat could be seen being shed from all over her body as her temperature became higher.

A chubby tummy alone wasn't even the only place she obtained extra weight, but the other regions? The weight there couldn't really be seen as a *negative* in any sense of the word. **“Come t’think of it, why’m I even wearin’ such a teeny dress? This thing from when I was just waist high t’mmy Pa, or what?”** Clara noticed her dress *because* she was getting thicker, but instead of blaming her body's changes she blamed the dress instead. She *barely* managed to peel it off along with her panties. Just in time for her figure to *engorge* further.

“Whew! That’s feelin’ a touch better! But if someone walks into th’ barn, I’m gonna need t’make sure I’m covered!” With the woman's body *entirely* bare now, there was absolutely no resistance given to small tits that began to jiggle more and more with each breath. They jiggled more because they was gradually more *to* them, weight filling those sacks like it had filled her pudgy tummy – just in much *greater* amounts. Nipples stretched and expanded until they were larger than her eyes, whereas once nearly nonexistent breasts had bloomed into a ripe pair of head-sized melons upon her chest. **“Can’t leave my girls hangin’ out after all!”**

Clara gave one a playful jiggle with a hand that was... different. It was a little too dirty and her nails were bitten from a new habit that had developed in her memories. Those hands, much like the rest of her skin, had a strikingly farm-like scent to them. Even the rump behind her, which would normally be clothes, carried the odor as cheeks became heftier. A verifiable dump truck was fashioned with pale cheeks that would probably require *two hands* to hold even a single side. Complete with a trail of freckles that wrapped around to thighs that swelled to a full weightiness as well. All in all it gave her a full but homely figure. Like the kind of girl you'd definitely find living out in the countryside.

She was certainly *talking* like that was where she came from.

“Huh. Clothin’? Right, I’ve been keepin’ a spare set out here...” She suddenly recalled a stash at the back of the barn, one she dug up after being careful to dodge any cow dung on the floor with her shoes. She eventually fished out a pair of blue jeans and a black pair of undergarments, which she slid over her boots, as well as a white, sleeveless crop top. There wasn't a bra to speak of and the top showed a

lot of cleavage, but the woman didn't seem to care. She was just happy to be dressed. Even if all of her sweat was soaking into it. Topping it off with a cowboy hat and a yellow hair tie, and...

Her brain immediately switched gears.

“Thinkin’ I was right as rain t’be gettin’ up a little earlier than normal today.” Taking an already dirty towel from beside the cow stall, all part of a change in her surroundings that hadn't even occurred to her, the woman dabbed at the sweat that was dripping down her cleavage and armpits without much hesitation. She was used to living this life of hers, one on a rural farm out in the middle of nowhere. *Clementine Baker* was only twenty one years old but she was very much a farmer's daughter. **“Cow's be makin' more of a mess every day. Manure's stuck to my damn shoes again too...”**



From what she could recall she had *just* guided the family farm's cows out of their stalls and had cleaned up all of their droppings. The sweat was from the physical effort it had taken, paired with the hot morning sun heating up – and stinking up – the barn. **“Pa better be appreciatin' this, and her better not be givin' me no trouble when I have that date with the city boy who moved in down the street.”**

The small town that Clementine had grown up in was so small that short of the radio and TV? Most people didn't have much in the way of technology (a far cry from living with robots). But recently a cute boy that was her age had inherited the Mercer Farm down the street from them. **“That city slicker's got no idea what he's doin', but damn is he a fine piece of meat.”** Clem had become quite taken with him, but knowing her dad? He was way too overprotective and didn't like city folk. He wouldn't approve.

“That's neither here nor there though. Gotta finish the chores before anythin'. Come to think of it though, one cow was missin', wasn't she?” Not the brightest tool in the shed, Clem had to slowly count the cows she had seen on her own two hands. She didn't *need* to be smart to take care of all the cute animals that she had

practically grown up alongside. But there was something *special* about that missing cow. She was *way* smarter than the others sometimes. **“Yeah, *Stelle*’s missin’. Wonder if she’s off grazin’ by herself again? She’s one of our top milk producers, so better find ‘er.”**

No, it wasn’t a coincidence. That cow was the Trailblazer. Or *had been*.

“And thus another happy recipient has been made. Who next, I wonder?”