

ACHT-12

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It hadn't been all that long at all since Noel Vermillion had been forced to accept a number of uncomfortable truths.

Those truths weren't simple things like being allergic to a certain food, or perhaps having an estranged sibling... though in a way she supposed she *did* have an estranged sibling or two now. These revelations had been world shattering, upending the very understanding that she had about herself and setting her on a new life path. Part of the issue was that she didn't really know where that path was going just yet. It was just... *different*. Different and potentially dangerous.

What was a girl to do upon learning that she was actually an *inhuman puppet*, a Murakumo unit not unlike the likes of Nu-13, who had tried to kill her and her friends in the past? That she wasn't really a person, never had any parents, and was essentially an existential threat to the world to those who *weren't* looking to use her for their own devices? **“Do I even belong *here*? I know Makoto and Kokonoe want to give me a place to belong, but...”**

About a week had passed since those revelations, and she had graciously been taken in by Kokonoe of Sector 7. Considering one her friends from school, Makoto, was involved with the organization, it was a safer place for her to go than most, and Kokonoe had even gone as far as to prepare her a whole new outfit. Well, it wasn't like she could go about wearing her NOL uniform anymore.

Noel had been cooped up for a few days now. Since Makoto had her own missions as a Sector 7 agent to take care of, she'd been more or less left alone aside from Kokonoe or Tager checking in on her here and there.



She had needed some fresh air, and she'd gotten the permission she needed from Kokonoe to explore the nearby town so long as she didn't wander too far. She'd chosen the evening to embark on this excursion to try and avoid any crowds. The town was well lit, so at the very least she wouldn't be in any danger of wandering into any *shady* parts of town. Her enemies wouldn't make any moves on her in public at this point anyways, especially in a place where the NOL's jurisdiction was limited.

“N-No. I need to be more thankful! I'd have nowhere to go if not for them! They said I wouldn't know what to do right away, but not having an answer... it's making me anxious.” Noel

used to believe in herself, that if she tried hard enough, she could make up for her shortcomings. There were ups and downs, but if she worked hard, she could overcome anything! Just like any other person!

But could she even be *considered* a person anymore? She was little more than a weapon designed to destroy. A tool to be used by others. That little bit of individuality that she believed she'd had... it felt like it had been snatched away right from under her feet. Every time she believed she could overcome this insecurity it ate her up from within. **“Noel! Snap out of it!”** The cool evening air was filled by a loud *SLAP* as she brought both of her palms down on her cheeks. A last ditch effort to prevent herself from *completely* spiraling.

One of Kokonoe's other conditions for Noel venturing out on her own was that she remained in the town's more populated areas. While the NOL wasn't very active out in these parts, that didn't change that not *all* of Sector 7's – *and especially Noel's* – enemies belonged to the NOL. The threats were only growing, and Noel was a newly revealed prize on the table to those who weren't already aware of her true identity as Mu-12.

“Phew! I feel a little better! M-Maybe the fresh air really was all I needed!” She pumped up her fists as part of her attempt to cheer herself up. Did she *really* feel better? No, not really. It was more of an act to trick herself into believing she did. It would work for a little bit, but before long she'd spiral back into the depths of her own thoughts. At

least, that was how things would have gone if not for a sudden interruption.

But it wasn't from someone out to *get* Noel Vermillion.

In fact, Noel herself took notice fairly early on. **“Huh? What’s going on with my body? This isn’t my power seeping out, is it?”** She was *thankful* that there was no one else around to see her, because her body was emitting a strange, blue light. The origin of this light wasn't unknown to her, she could sense it. **“Seither? Why is the seither glowing like this?”** There was always seither in the air, but it didn't tend to *glow* for no good reason. And even despite only newly awakening to her power, she could at least tell that the disturbance wasn't coming from her own body. More concerningly it felt like the opposite.

Like the seither was flowing *into* her body.

It definitely *was* concerning, but the young woman ultimately didn't treat it with the same urgency that she probably *should* have. The negative emotions that she was feeling over all that had happened recently had clouded her judgement almost in its entirety, and she'd slipped back into them almost immediately. **“What does it matter? It's not like anything worse can happen to me now.”** And if it did? From her point of view, she *probably* would have deserved it. Nothing really mattered anymore.

Was that *really* why she didn't react all that strongly, though? It felt like it was too unbelievable of a reason, especially when the blue seither began to have an adverse effect upon her flesh and bone itself. **“Hm?”** But *maybe* it had something to do with how unusually *deep* the woman's voice came across as she calmly sounded only the slightest concern at the sensation – and sight as she looked down – of what appeared to be her own hips growing wider?

“Odd. I-I mean that's more than odd!” *There* it was. Noel's odd calm broke for a moment even through the mental funk that had clearly been ramped up again for some reason or another. The sensation of her hips stretching outward, compromising the fit of her belt around her waist as well as the fit of her panties underneath. Her lower body had to be at least *three* inches wider, and that added onto a pair of hips that were *already* quite wide. They seemed to rival Mai's in size, but Mai also had more *meat* nearby to better fill those widened hips out. **“Why is my body changing!? It's gotta be because of the seither...”**

Being able to pinpoint the cause did nothing for her when it came to *preventing* what was happening though. Noel wasn't especially

knowledgeable when it came to things like that, which was part of the reason her Mu-12 felt so foreign to her in the first place. Nonetheless, it was easy enough for her to tell that her body *was* continuing to change. Almost as if it was responding to her idea that ‘*Mai’s hips were this wide, but she has way more cushion*’ as Noel had internally believed, she became acutely aware that she was growing—

“**...Thicker?**” Almost like a switch had been flipped back in the other direction, Noel sounded cold and uninterested again. Every time this happened, her voice sounded deeper too. But the sounds she was making likely weren’t as alarming as what she was commenting on, as she arched her back to examine her own *ass* of all places. There was no point in denying just what it was she was looking at.

She was watching her skirt lift higher and higher in the back, courtesy of the cheeks of her ass inflating. They extended out behind her several inches, practically chewing up the back of her undergarments in a way that pulled them to cameltoe her pussy in the front. “**That’s not comfortable!**” Though it disguised the fact that her pussy looked to be much more *swollen* than it had ever been, with her bush of blonde pubes thicker to boot.

An attempt was made to pick that wedgie to no avail, though it was a little easier to hook into the cloth than Noel had expected. Namely because her fingernails had not only grown longer but had been polished with a dark blue paint upon fingers that were now vaguely longer. They soon attempted to slip in between her thigh highs and skin instead, because *they* felt tighter too. This wasn’t surprising, because it wasn’t *just* her ass that had swelled down there. Her thighs did so in kind to take advantage of the new space between her legs, and they doubled in size so that they even touched in the middle. Her thigh highs were practically strangling them at that point, however.

“**But I certainly look much more desirable like this.**” Was this something that Noel Vermillion would *normally* have said? Absolutely not, and it felt like something she wouldn’t have *intentionally* said. But her mind had conjured those words all on their own, almost like her old persona and another with vying for control at varying points in time. “**This might not be so bad.**” But the new persona seemed to be the *stronger* of the two by this point.

The extent of the woman’s bodily changes weren’t fully being noted on her own behalf by this point, either. The more dramatic of these shifts wouldn’t escape her eye, but if it wasn’t dramatic enough? Then she’d hardly bat an eyelash. This was easily demonstrated in her lack of a reaction towards a minor adjustment to her vertical height. Her limbs

lengthened and her hands and feet grew in slight, as she jumped up from 5'2" to 5'4" instead.

It wasn't a very substantial jump, but it appeared to be tied to the reason for Noel's widened gait in the first place. These two changes gave off the impression that she was a little older, or at least a little more *mature*. And you needn't look any farther than her face to confirm those suspicions, ultimately. It was very much affecting how old she looked, with lips now swollen and her green eyes both narrowed and a little more yellowish in hue. Though, more broadly, her face was longer and sharper by design. She looked a little older, but also like an entirely *different person*.

Not even the woman's hair was spared, but there was no longer room for a single care for that within her heart. Rather, she now found herself embracing all that transpired. **"Yes... I feel much better now."** Her self-depreciation had gradually been replaced with a confidence that fueled an acceptance towards who she was becoming. She *wanted* to embrace this new her that did not loathe herself. And *as* she embraced it, the style of her blonde locks *sharpened* into spikes in the back, while her bangs were raised and swept to the sides so that her forehead was essentially exposed.

It was almost ironic that the size of her bust, the one thing Noel had always been self conscious about, was the last thing to change *after* her mental state had already shifted to the point where she could no longer get that excited about it. Nonetheless, her tiny bosom swelled beneath a fading Murakumo mark, pulling the front of her new top forward until there was so much sideboob that... *her nipples slipped out the sides*. **"Hm..."**

She felt no shame about that, but even if she *did*, her wardrobe ended up adjusted anyways. Her old outfit was fashioned into a blue, button-up corset that exposed her tummy and *D-cup* cleavage in excess, while her waist was only hugged by not one, but two pairs of black underwear. One pair hugged her hips and waist, while the other was a thong that attached to her corset. Both were worn above long, black heeled boots that reached the tops of her thighs, while a puffy black jacket now hung from the woman's shoulders.

Large sunglasses now sat behind her bangs almost like her bangs had been raised to pin them there too.

"Hmph. This is certainly an unusual turn of events. To think I would be reborn in a future era... Or is it even correct to treat it as a *rebirth*?" Evidently, *Acht* fully grasped the nature of the situation that she now found herself in. She was a woman from the

distant past, from an era well before the one that featured the current world order. A former member of the Ten Sages that succumbed in the end, and one that was morally bankrupt and devilishly diabolical to boot.

But she recognized that she wasn't *wholly* Acht, too. She had been built upon the foundation of a Murakumo unit, and that data and the related memories hadn't been lost. Noel was still a part of her, but... **"Tch. How weak is that part of me. I'd bury you underfoot if it wasn't also my own foot."** Acht loathed the weak perhaps more than anything else. They deserved to be trampled by the strong, and she cared very little if they were sacrificed in the end. She loathed the part of her that was still Noel.

Though to be fair, Noel had hated herself well before this.



With Noel's knowledge, Acht began to formulate a number of plans. She had to assure her own safety first, and then would work towards accomplishing her goals in this new era. Yet, she also had an *itch* that she needed to be scratched. **"I suppose this is to be expected. One can't have their body grow more abundant and not find her engine revving, so to speak."** It was a very roundabout way to say that she was *horny*, and had been ever since her transformation had begun.

Noel wouldn't have acted on this arousal, but Acht was a very *different* creature in that regard. She didn't fear mounting men when she was in the mood, but they could seldom satisfy her in the way that she desired. **"Hm... Does *she* know anyone without enough stamina to handle me?"** All it took was a quick search through her new memories to sort out a few possible suitors. One stood out above the others, because Noel had complicated feelings towards him. **"Ragna the Bloodedge, is it?"** She licked her lips needily.

"I wonder where I could find him at an hour such as this?"

Wherever he was, it was in his best interest to run.