

PARTS EXCHANGE

COMMISSION STORY

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“Why do we have to do this *after* a battle?”

“True... I wanted to go back to my room and play BOOM!”

“...When *don’t* you want to play BOOM, though?” The Electric Shock squad NIKKE, Trony, murmured to her teammate as the two walked through the halls of the Ark’s upgrade and maintenance facility. Well, maybe it wasn’t *exactly* correct to say that Trony was ‘walking’ alongside the blonder, chubbier Elegg. She was sitting in a raised robotic chair as her toes types away on holo-screens. The three robotic legs on the hoisted chair moved at a moderate pace. It was an unusual sight, but most of the NIKKEs were used to seeing it at this point.

Elegg, her purple eyes hidden by her thick, blonde bangs as always, could only giggle sheepishly at the callout she had just been subjected to. She couldn’t really *deny* that, could she? BOOM was love! BOOM was life! But unfortunately? The two of them hadn’t come to this facility to play video games. They had just come fresh out of a combat scenario and were slightly beaten up.

They would receive repairs, but the primary reason they were there had been for *upgrades*. The two members of Electric Shock had ordered new parts for their android bodies the week before, and they had received messages that those parts were in. They just had to report to the upgrade room and those parts would be installed. It was a process that should have gone smoothly, and at the time? It seemingly had! But they weren’t parts that were specific to certain models.

And their orders had been mixed up.



“I bet she immediately started playing BOOM...” Hours later, Trony returned to her own room without much fanfare. Their new parts had been installed successfully, and *she* was strong considering taking a nap to recharge her energy levels even though she had been taken offline for a short time while her parts had been traded out. She smirked to herself as she considered Elegg’s very obvious plans. Leaning back in her chair, she raised her feet up and— **“Hm?”**

Her eyes narrowed into a glare at her right foot, and she wiggled her toes. **“Something’s off.”** The young woman lifted her left foot too. It was subtle, but she eventually realized. **“A-AH!? They installed the wrong f-foot!?”** She

hadn’t noticed because she’d been using her walking chair, but it *was* slightly bigger. Did that mean she was going to have to go all the way back to the upgrade facility to have it corrected?

Why do that when I could just stay here and play BOOM though!?

“Good poi— Wait, that’s not a good point at all!” She had the wrong foot attached to her body. She didn’t like to *walk* in the first place, but she still couldn’t walk around with mismatched feet! And they were *definitely* mismatched! They were— **“E-Eh?”** Trony was in for a shock when she raised her second foot to compare them again, but there was no difference between the two. **“I-I’m sure they were different a moment ago, and even if they weren’t... NOW BOTH OF MY FEET ARE WRONG!”**

She was correct. It wasn’t that her big foot had shrunk to its original size. The foot that *had* been the correct size had seemingly grown to match the incorrect one when she hadn’t been looking. **“H-How is this possible?”** *Nanomachines*. They were typically used to bond a NIKKE’s new parts to their body, but something had gone awry with their programming. The young woman wasn’t familiar enough with them to draw this conclusion on her own, however.

All that Trony could really tell was that things were spiraling out of control. It wasn’t *just* her feet that were *off* somehow, and this realization occurred to her due to her sitting posture changing... without

her input. “**E-Eh? Wait a sec...**” She noticed it vaguely at first. It was almost as if she was being lifted off the chair, something that didn’t really make a whole lot of sense considering her butt was still firmly planted in its seat.

But as it turned out? This *butt* was the culprit. Well, *partially* the culprit at least. Her seat had been rising because her body’s *natural* seat was bloating, lifting her upwards because the bloat had nowhere else to really go except for the cheeks of her ass – and by extension the thighs that were connected to them. “**Uh... Is my butt getting all... BOOM!?**”

There were probably *better* ways to describe what she had just noticed as she squirmed in her seat. Her rump had already grown to be quite formidable, and the tight shorts that Trony wore were struggling to contain their mass as she squirmed in place. This was partially because there was an added side effect: her hips were being forced wider, and before long the front button of her shorts popped right off. “**BOOM again! ...Why do I have BOOM on my mind right now!? I’m not—**”

Not *Elegg*.

Her shorts ended up splitting at the side, which forced a jolt in her legs that kicked the end of her chair. That... shouldn’t have been possible with her current posture, however. Trony was too short to kick the panels at the end when she was sitting upright, or at least she was *supposed* to be, but then it occurred to her. “**A-Are my legs longer?**” When? When she had been distracted by her ass? It had to be *heart-shaped* now, and she could see how her thighs had lost their leaner shapes and were now notably fuller and *shinier*.

“**Or were my legs always this long? I dunno, I don’t really look at my legs all that much!**” The NIKKE ultimately blurted out something that didn’t *really* make much sense if you knew her at *all*. She was always sitting on her chair with her legs outstretched. She knew those legs better than her own hands, or at least she should have. Evidently, it appeared that her memories no longer reflected this.

To be fair to her, it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to keep *up* with everything that was happening to her now that the nanomachines were working with the dial cranked to high. Her loose sweater gradually lifted up to reveal her bare tummy, which had broadened a little due to wider thighs and, in that moment, widening *shoulders*. The length increase hadn’t been left to *only* apply to her legs. Her torso *and* her arms were lengthening now, and even her hands grew a little longer and broader.

Trony wriggled and unclipped the front of her sweater so that she could shake it off her arms and toss it onto the floor. This meant her small breasts were bare now, but why would she care? She was in total privacy. *It feels kind of like how a BOOM soldier would pull of their armor!* ...Or so she mused internally as a smirk spread across a pair of thick, plumping lips. The nanomachines had clearly taken a toll on her brain, so now they were in the process of affecting the *surrounding* area. **“How am I supposed to balance on this chair?”**

Doing so came naturally to her before. She had spent so much time in it. Yet? Now it really *didn't*. The chair was shaking, and she couldn't find the best way to shift her body weight so that it stopped – though part of the issue *was* that body weight. It was constantly changing. Of course, being about *four inches* taller than she had been before now meant that she was naturally heavier, but her body was *gaining* weight too. Her exposed belly gurgled once as weight sloshed into its fold, taking that trimmed tummy and forcing it to expand like a sponge taking in water. It eventually lipped over her pelvis with an appealing chub to it.

SMACK! “Hm? Is something wrong with my tummy? I was thin, right?” Her voice was deeper but more familiar now after she gave her belly a loud slap that saw its weight jiggle around. But the jiggling also moved *upward* into her chest. Her A-cups apparently hadn't been spared from the weight gain that her belly had received, but while some of this weight *was* because she was now a chubbier girl (with even her cheeks puffing out), it wasn't *all* like that.

Trony's chest felt very heavy all of a sudden, but she found it a little difficult to *see* what was happening. Her bangs were suddenly obscuring her vision, while also concealing how her irises had brightened to a vivid purple color instead. While her bangs had had lengthened down to her *nose*, the long hair in the back was withdrawing. It shortened all the way up to her chin, where it was all bleached to a pale blonde with yellow under-coloring. The hair on top was raised into a pair of vents, and overall? This hair concealed how the rest of her face rounded to resemble a different, older woman.

Mind you, all of this had been happening as her tits *exploded* in size. The small pair of orbs upon her chest bounced freely with nothing to hold them back as gravity eventually forced their swelling sizes against her expanded stomach. **“Ugh, I'm heavy like this...”** The woman seemed to notice their weight as her posture leaned forward, but it didn't click to her that it was because she was *growing*. Not even once her tits reached a size greater than her *head* with nipples that were bigger than her eyes when you factored in her areola.

Kinda cold up here. This thought had crossed her mind instead of contemplating her chest's size, but it triggered the final phase of the nanomachines' influence short of fluffing up a lightened bush of blonde pubes that *had* momentarily peeked up through her torn shorts. But those white shorts were *mended* and stretched to hug her widened proportions as a black top formed over her chest underneath a white crop top with a pleated trim. Detached, puffy sleeves of yellow and white wrapped around her arms, converging around a raised collar while her hands were covered with gloves. Finally, her bare feet were wrapped in white and yellow shoes, while a black band dug into her thick, left thigh.

Sitting upright in a chair that belonged to Trony, *Elegg's* legs were crossed with her ample chest leaning forward to highlight the chub of her compressed belly just below it. She was working the keyboard furiously now that she had opened the copy of *BOOM* that had been installed on the chair's computer. "**I guess I should figure out what just happened to me? But maybe once this Boom sesh is done!?**"



At her most basic level, *Elegg understood* what had happened. She knew she had been Trony and was vaguely alarmed by that. She hadn't inherited any of *Elegg's* memories but was just forced to identify *as Elegg* due to the changes to her personality data. Those changes were potentially binding and had completely rewritten the way she acted to be *identical* to the real *Elegg*.

So, even though this was all extremely *alarming*? Because *BOOM* ranked so highly on *Elegg's* list of priorities, *this* *Elegg* wanted to play the classic game more than anything. More than finding answers or even returning to normal. Considering it was the product of a mismatched part with tainted nanomachines, it probably *wasn't* possible to reverse it though. "**Haha! Die, die, die!**" The game was *too* fun to worry about that!

At the very least, she'd likely be in good company?

As Trony had initially assumed, *Elegg had* started her copy of *BOOM* the moment she had returned to her room. The short and busty woman was a creature of habit; one that only really had *one* habit aside from eating and sleeping. She had collapsed into her computer chair and was in the process of reaching for her keyboard with her left hand when she



realized it. “*Uh...?*” Had she been so excited about playing BOOM that she hadn’t noticed until she’d taken her gloves off?

Her hand was too small! Not like, significantly, but it was definitely smaller and thinner than the right hand. “**Was there some kind of mix up when I got my parts swapped?**” That was the *only* explanation that made sense, though she wasn’t aware that it had been bound by corrupted nanomachines too. Nanomachines that were in the process of flowing over and *through* the rest of her body.

Ugh. I don’t want to walk all the way back though.

Elegg wasn’t normally one to care about something like *that*. While she’d much rather be playing BOOM at any given moment, she wasn’t actually the inactive type, and her pudgier build was just how she’d been *built* to look rather than being a product of any lifestyle choices. She didn’t care about going for walks, and she understood how inconvenient having a mismatched hand could be. She raised both of her hands to peek through her bangs to double check, but...

“**Huh? Weren’t they different before?**” They definitely *had* been! When she first looked, one had been a different size than the other! But now they were both the same size... but that size matched the *smaller* size of the incorrect part. “**Wuh?**” It wasn’t just her hands, it seemed. She could feel it but couldn’t *see* it with her puffy sleeves in the way. A strange phenomenon was crawling up her arms from those hands, thinning her forearms and then her upper arms.

A groan of discomfort left the NIKKE’s lips as the position of her arms were forced in suddenly. Her shoulders had *narrowed*, and this made her already huge bust seem all the bigger for a *brief* moment anyways. But as the nanomachines traveled down into her torso? It seemed they were systematically stripping her of any weight deemed *unneeded* for the one whose hand had accidentally been installed in her body.

“**Woah!?**” Elegg understandably felt *very* uneven on her feet. Her body was getting lighter and smaller *very* quickly. You wouldn’t think that one’s breasts compressing and one’s nipples shrinking alongside it would make a body *more* difficult to balance, but when you weren’t used to it... Still, her huge tits had deflated so quickly that the crop top and undershirt now covered down to her bellybutton. All had been reduced

to a meager pair of *A-cups* that set the stage for just how lean her body would become overall.

This is such a pain. I wanna sit down...

In terms of priorities, this definitely wasn't one that should have ranked very high. But she was beginning to feel very *tired* even though her body, technically, was becoming much lighter. As she swayed from side to side, the pudge of her tummy was drying up. It tightened neatly against her frame, erasing even the slightest bulge before moving farther down to push her hips in towards one another. "*Ugh...*"

This briefly rammed her excessively thick thighs against each other, but their oppressive collision eased up once the nanomachines began to lessen her thighs and ass, too. She wasn't drained *completely* of all of her weight down there, because the girl she was becoming had a comparably thick pair of thighs and cheeks relative to her height. It was just that Elegg didn't *possess* that height. Now that her cheeks had been thinned to eliminate the rest of her unneeded mass, though...

She fell. "*Woah!?*" Elegg's pitch jumped significantly higher as she squeaked out in surprise; a natural reaction to what she perceive as her body dropping downward to hit the ground. It was only a moment later that her digital brain put two and two together, that she couldn't *fall* without her legs bending or the ground giving out beneath her. Two things that *hadn't* happened at all. Her height just rapidly *dropped*. That *four inch* loss left her thighs and butt feeling significantly thicker than they had been after they had originally diminished.

But it still left her outfit in a place where it solely hadn't slipped off because of the suspender straps attached to her shorts from her collar.

The woman's clothing began to change now, tightening to adapt to her smaller, more youthful form. But *while* this was happening? Her blonde hair changed in color and length. It darkened to black as the bulk of it spilled out to her ankles behind her, bangs lifted but still long as they criss-crossed between her eyes. "*Wait, I kind of get it now. I sound like me too...*" It had occurred to her just *who* she sounded like, but she couldn't even express that they were a different person. Hair on the sides of her head sprung up into a pair of tiny spikes that resembled *horns* just seconds later.

With her eyes revealed, you could now see that her purple gaze was darkened to a rich green as those eyes narrowed in shape. Her nose was smaller, her lips thinner, and her facial shape just older. She looked identical to *Trony*, as she had figured out. And she finally allowed her body to fall gently to her knees *just* as her outfit finished shifting into

Trony's oversized white and orange jacket and matching, white shorts. Her footwear had disappeared, and she had a black strap around her right thigh now.

"I-I can't believe this happened! I'm... me. I mean, my name isn't Elegg, it's Trony!" This new *Trony* struggled with her weaker, jittery voice as she attempted to talk herself through what had just happened to her. Like the *new* Elegg she could fully parse her changed fate, but she'd thought to challenge the mental changes by referring to herself by her old name. The wires were just too crossed, though. She'd call herself Trony when she tried to call herself Elegg and vice versa, and since she was *acting* like her too... **"H-How am I going to get anyone to believe me?"**



The young woman hadn't even left Elegg's computer chair. Trony always sat on that big, robotic seat, and now the new one understood *why*. It felt like such a hassle to get up! She'd have to walk somewhere to get answers on her own two feet? **"Wait, if I'm me, then..."** Thinking of potential avenues to pursue, she thought of the real Trony. She'd been with her when they'd had their upgrades installed, so was it possible she'd suffered a similar fate.

She didn't have to wait long for an answer as the door to Elegg's room opened. Trony had locked it when she had entered as her old self, so a fingerprint would have been needed to unlock it from the outside. It made sense that the one to walk through the door was a perfect copy of her *old* self, leading in a large, legged chair that the new Trony immediately recognized as 'hers'. **"Oh! Guess it did happen to you too. Good thing I brought the chair!"**

"E-Elegg!" Looking at her *old* self was odd, but Trony's feelings towards her were warm. Either way, the two of them were best friends. Being swapped didn't really change that, did it? **"H-Hey!"** She almost immediately re-evaluated that assessment when Elegg picked her up off the computer chair without asking her like she was a stray cat. It had been to put her on her *own* chair, but she still should have asked first! **"Th-Thanks..."**, she replied sheepishly once she was finally up on her own perch.

“So you’re Trony and I’m Elegg...” Elegg’s words only made sense to *them*. Had she said those to someone uninvolved, they probably would have dismissed them as the blonde just pointing out the obvious. Trony nodded along, assuming Elegg might suggest a plan of action once she realized they were on the same page. And she definitely did suggest, well, *something*! **“Cool! Wanna play BOOM together then?”** In terms of *priorities* that shouldn’t have even ranked in the top 100!

“D-Don’t we have more important things to worry about right now?”

“Hm? Like what?”

“E-Elegg...”