

MATERNAL POSSIBILITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Guess I need to get started if I wanna make it back to the ship before dark.”

It wasn't at all strange to find Elma separating herself from the rest of the group she was traveling with. They all had their own goals, and sometimes those goals overlapped. They overlapped more often than not, in fact. But there was one goal that she had been prioritizing for personal reasons. Salvaging parts that could be found scattered across the planet of Mira.

She wasn't looking for just *any* parts, but instead the parts of a certain ship. An *important* ship. You see, Elma was an outlander. She wasn't a native of Elma, but instead one of numerous people that had fallen from beyond the skies, from beyond the *stars*, aboard a spacefaring ship known as the *White Whale*. Certain circumstances had forced them to spill into Elma's atmosphere, and on impact with the planet itself? A plethora of pieces had broken off and been scattered across the planet.

It had almost been surprising just how *natural* reacquiring some of those broken pieces had become. At times they found them hidden in chests, while in others they were hidden in things like ruins or caves, their importance unknown to anyone that might have stumbled across them. There was no world in which the *White Whale* would ever fly again, but collecting its parts still served a purpose.

New Los Angeles. That was the name given to the city housed within the Habitat Unit that had been housed within the *White Whale*, miraculously remaining intact after the crash landing thanks to the crystallized impact gel it had been covered in. It was a completely livable

city, and it became the base of all the humans that had unfortunately landed on the planet. The White Whale's parts might not necessarily have been useful for rebuilding the ship back to its former glory, but they *were* useful for making improvements to New Los Angeles.



“Hm... The reports said that there were sightings around here, didn't they?” Elma had chosen to independently pursue reports of these parts being sighted in the general area of the mountainside she had traveled to. The locals that lived nearby had described objects that sounded similar to pieces of the spacecraft, but she was actually interested in one specific item. One that matched the description, if it had been accurate. **“If I was a hydrothermic torch, where would I be?”**

Within the White Whale's R&D quarter, there had been a number of devices that had made the work of the mechanics on the ship easier. A number of these things had been found on Mira in the wake of the crash, but this was the first time they had caught wind of any of these torches showing up. They weren't exactly *necessary*, but Elma hadn't been searching for one because it was necessary.

She'd simply been looking for one for someone else's sake. Lin Lee Koo, a thirteen year old Outfitter and a genius mechanic considering her young age. While Elma was hesitant to admit it, she had formed something of a sisterly bond with Lin. They had similar interests, and the girl really seemed to look up to her. Lin didn't have any living family. She didn't have anyone left to take care of her, or to buy her things she needed. She probably would have insisted she didn't need anything like that anyways.

But Elma saw it differently. Most people would have said that a hydrothermic torch was an unnecessary tool, that they could easily get by without one, but she'd heard Lin talk about wanting one passionately. And so? Since it sounded like there really was one intact out in the wild, she was going to do what she could to try and find it. So that she could hopefully surprise the young girl. **“No, this isn't it. But this clearly from the ship...”**

After searching for a bit, the woman found herself pulling out a piece of debris from the side of a rock formation. It was likely a small part of the hull. **“Ugh. At this rate, I won’t be able to fill in for Lin’s family... Er... Is that really how I feel?”** Those *must* have been her true feelings. She’d never said it aloud to really think about it, but it *must* have been true. Regardless of her feelings though, she still had to take the salvage she had found back to the bin she was using to transport it all back to NLA.

Elma began to do so without thoroughly investigating what it was she’d picked up. It was about half her size and was reasonably heavy, but she was a *very* strong woman so that much wasn’t really of any concern to her. On the other hand, if she’d *inspected* the salvage she might have identified something *foreign* inside of it. A piece of crimson stone that was now glowing. But it *hadn’t* even been glowing until she’d started talking about her own desires.

She didn’t notice anything off about the scrap, and she wouldn’t be given the chance to. It was sizable and *heavy*, but it had clearly been a weight that she could accommodate. That was what ultimately made it all the stranger to the woman that she soon found the weight *too* difficult to lift. Her knees began to buckle as she walked, and she swayed back and forth until finally? Fatigued, her arms dropped the salvage onto the ground with a loud *THUD*, and it fell with the glowing part face down so that she’d never be given that opportunity to notice unless she lifted it up again.

Which *wasn’t* going to happen considering her *physical condition*. **“Whew! Why in the world did its weight increase all of a sudden? I don’t think anything fell on it...”** Could it have been a problem with the scrap’s design? Maybe she just needed to hold it differently? But the issue wasn’t the weight of the salvage so much as it was the strength of the woman’s body. **“Maybe if I pick it up from a different angle?”**

The tanned woman reached down to grab it in a different place, but this time? She couldn’t even *budge* it. Her muscles were screaming as she even tried, almost like... No, it wasn’t a matter of comparisons. The reality was something that Elma hadn’t even considered. That the firm muscles that padded her body had all *melted away*, leaving her arms thin and her torso lean, at least briefly. That weight of this strength wasn’t *technically* gone; it was just in the process of being repurposed instead.

“No luck, huh?” The woman probably should have been more concerned about her lack of strength than she was, but that was likely indicative of the fact that there was more wrong with her than *simply*

her body. Else she might have reacted more to the tightness she was beginning to feel throughout her outfit. It was essentially a skintight costume after all, designed for every bump and curve of Elma's body to protect her both in combat and in the workshop. Even losing muscle mass had left it feeling slightly loose... at first.

But that space had just been an illusion. It began to feel tighter than ever, especially around her *stomach* initially. What had once been strength was turned into what many would perceive as weakness, her belly bloating with *fat* so that a several inch belly bump developed but was suppressed by her armor. That armor's tenacity forced some of that weight to push up against the tops of her pants, perhaps making it the only place it was visible at that time.

Though, it was only a *brief* concern. "**Hm?**" Having given up on the salvage, Elma looked around suddenly as her subconscious tried to tell her that something had changed. And aside from weight not only fattening her belly, but her arms and legs as well, what had triggered that subconscious realization was something that really should have been *blatantly* obvious. "**It feels easier to move all of a sudden...?**"

Elma's armor was just *gone*. It was easier to move because a body that was no longer strong enough to support the weight of that sort of protection was no longer burdened *by* that weight. Instead? She was *basically* naked, dressed only in a black lace corset and a matching thong – both clearly too large for her present figure. That said, it all allowed freedom to her new belly bump, and it also afforded a clear view of just how soft her body had become overall. "**My! This breeze feels nice.**"

The woman's tanned body *continued* to change when it came to her weight, though it was hardly as subtle as the not-so-subtle bulge in her belly. It was more of a matter of *where* this weight was applied, because it seemed suited to tackle the issue of her new lingerie sitting as loosely as it did. Take the corset, for example. Its cups were *clearly* much too large even for the woman's D-cup breasts. They said perky and exposed within them at first.

But that was the first 'problem' to be 'corrected'. Elma's body began to sway strangely because her subconscious ability to balance her weight was off-kilter – courtesy not only of the weight all changing, but also because of a mind that was changing to expect a different weight altogether. It must have been substantial based on *how* uneven her movements had become, and her tits were a fairly poignant example of why that was the case.

Jiggle, jiggle. Even though she hadn't made any dramatic movements, her visible tits began to jiggle all on their own. These movements became more and more dramatic, with each breast almost *bouncing* on its own by the time their *expansion* became clear. Fat was *pouring* into her bosom, stretching the skin as they gradually filled the cups. Her nipples engorged, puffing up until they were bigger than her eyes. Until eventually? Her tits filled the corset's cups perfectly in sizes that dwarfed her head, skin pulled so tight that you could see her veins if you looked closely enough.

But there was also something *off* about that weight that was hidden by how they were cupped. It was very *loose*, with no perkiness to their shapes at all. They appeared *aged*, and this wasn't the only part of her body that demonstrated this. “**Whoops~!**” Elma cried out in an airier tone of voice that was almost *playful* while she stumbled past the scrap she'd attempted to carry before. She didn't spare a single thought towards it anymore. She couldn't lift it, and she couldn't remember *why* she would have wanted to in the first place.

Ultimately, the woman had stumbled because of that imbalance she'd been feeling. Her huge tits had pulled her forward, but she managed to catch herself courtesy of a similar weight swelling *elsewhere*. Her bare thighs and ass practically *ballooned*, with shaved skin growing puffier and puffier as both a natural figure and the weight afforded to women who were aging was forced upon her simultaneously. Her hips were given no choice by to swing out until her lower body sported a heart shape that was supplemented by thighs so thick that each one was almost as wide as her tummy. Her ass, on the other hand, extended almost *eight inches* out behind her.

“I should take my dear, sweet Lin here someday~! It has such a pretty view!” Despite how different she looked, it seemed that her memories of Lin remained... somewhat? She was speaking of her like the girl was her own daughter. No, she had *memories* of that being the case – and her *biological* one at that. Which was odd, since they were clearly from different racial background. Or, at least, they *had* been from different racial backgrounds.

Once Elma's build was fully adjusted, the tanned pigmentation of her complexion began to change. Little by little her tan was lost, and its lighter hue took on a yellowish tint that almost seemed pink as a light blush became more evident against its jiggling design. This sweeping color change likewise affected her hair, which not only darkened to brown, but was pulled up into a neat bun behind her. Her pubes, on the other hand? While they inherited the same color, her bush became *massive* and stray strands of hair peeked from behind the veil of her thong's front.

Interestingly though, Elma *didn't* lose the green of her eyes. Its vibrancy dulled at most, but that wasn't the most notable thing regarding what was going on with her eyes. Her eyelids in particular stood out as their shapes narrowed to give them a more Asian, *Chinese* shape. A shape that aged with the addition of Crow's feet that was etched into their corners. The rest of her body *already* looked older, but with her lips swelling and the skin on her face slowly showing subtle cracks and damage, it became clear that she was *undeniably* an older woman now. One that was at *least* forty years old!

“Mm... After 10pm already? My dear Lin must be fast asleep by now.” Just when had the woman's surroundings even changed? It had happened in an instant, but she no longer stood on the mountainside in the middle of the day. She lingered in a rather lavish, modern bedroom with a queen-sized bed and a large, open window that showed a city outside late at night. The horizon was lit up by city lights, and it was a view that felt completely natural to *Mei Koo*.



As Mei saw it, she had always lived in *Los Angeles*. Not the artificial version created within the White Whale, but on planet Earth long before its end that had caused humanity to flee in the first place. Mei had grown up in America after her family had immigrated from China when she was only a young girl. She'd built a home, met a man, and even had a daughter in Lin Lee. Her husband had left her about ten years ago, but even now she supported Lin with all her heart.

She worked as a librarian during the day. She was beloved by all of their regulars, even though libraries were becoming a dying establishment type in this day and age. But by night? *Well*, there was a reason that Mei was stripping, revealing her huge tits and mature belly bump. A knock at the front door didn't prompt her to put her clothes back on. In fact, she left her room in only her lingerie. **“Coming~!”**

Lin didn't know about this. Well, maybe she *did*. She was very mature for her age, so she might have had an inkling. But... men, woman... if they were willing to pay, then Mei was willing to use her body to give them a night they wouldn't forget in her bedroom. It paid well, and she *needed* that money to help pay for her daughter's future schooling. **“I hope my client tonight is generous with the tips~!”** They usually

were. She was exceptionally skillful with, well... *all the parts* of her body.

In a way, Elma's wish had been granted. She now had an opportunity to give Lin what she had wanted to give her. A chance at a normal life with a loving family. Well, a loving *mother* at least. But that mother would do anything for her daughter's sake, and she would *continue* to do as much. It was exactly what her sweet little baby girl deserved. And she would spoil her rotten for the rest of her days.