

# IT'S CRIME TIME

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“You’re under arrest! Hehe... I’ve always wanted to say that.”**

It was a very unusual place to find Silvia Kuroi when you factored in her background. The ruby-haired and ruby-furred Miqo'te woman had blurted out this arrest order within a cave that was essentially functioning as a warehouse for a group of local thieves. But she didn't really have the *authority* to be making arrests. She was a scholar, an archaeologist, an explorer; certainly not someone with the credentials to take strangers into custody.

So it was fortunate that she had a whole platoon of The Maelstrom with her! They were *technically* the ones making the arrests and would be bringing them back to Limsa Lominsa after their raid had completed. Why was Silvia allowed to come along? Well she had been the one who had discovered them through her related work. These smugglers were moving Allagan artifacts that should have been passed about to the research community for identification and study, not sold off to the highest bidder to be used for *who knew* what!

Of course, being the one to discover this crime ring... she naturally had obtained the rights to look over everything they uncovered before anyone else! **“Okay, let’s see... Which crate should I start with?”** And she didn't waste a moment. The Maelstrom had hauled off the criminals, but it would take another day to bring the men to move the wares. So along with a small guard she had been permitted to spend the night in the cave looking through the artifacts. Naturally, she stationed the guard she had been given outside.



“**A mask?**” In the very first crate she opened? It sat on top. A silver half-mask with what looked to be a ventilation shaft around where the mouth and nose would go. On the sides it bore sharp spikes over a set of guards that would have theoretically would have been worn over your ears if they were on the side of your head. As a Miqu’te, Silvia didn’t have that luxury. “**Is this some sort of gas mask?**”

She used a single hand to pick it up, immediately noting how heavy it felt to lift. It would have been a bad idea to just put it on without knowing *what* it was, she knew that. According to even the most basic of common sense it would not have been wise to put on a piece of ancient Allagan tech without knowing its purpose. They were well ahead of their time in terms of inventions and capabilities, far eclipsing the technology of modern society.

*But she put it on.*

“**W-Wait, huh!?**” Silvia’s words had been muffled by the mask she had just put on, but her surprise was genuine. She hadn’t intended on putting it on, but had instead done so even *as* she worked through the many valid reasons *not* to. But she had already been enraptured. Possessed. *Hypnotized*. She stumbled back upon hearing a voice, unaware that it was simply a side effect of that hypnosis seeping into her brain.

## **AREN’T YOU BORED, #14-0282?**

The Miqu’te blinked several times. That wasn’t a thought, was it? The voice was unfamiliar, almost like the voice of another woman was speaking in her own mind. It was confusing, but at the same time? It seemed to ease the panic that had been onset by her unintended adornment of the mask. “**I... am I *bo*red?**” Spoken through the mask, her voice had an echoing quality to it. But that final word? Her voice had sounded *higher* somehow, ever so briefly.

Was this what boredom felt like? Wait, why was that even a question? Something was *wrong* and she lacked the will to fight it. Her body felt... tingly, awkward, and *heavy*. But Silvia wasn’t aware that she was undergoing an internal reconstruction in the earliest moments, ever since adorning the mask. Tiny nanomachines were inside the accessory and had begun to remold the woman into a different form.

But not as a flesh and blood Miqu’te.

The changes that couldn't be seen were fairly significant as well. The bones that built the frame of her form? They were more durable than any *mortal* body could ever hope to be. That bone had hardened into an extremely strong metal alloy that functioned similarly to a regular person's skeleton. Just as her blood had been transitioned into a crimson coolant and her flesh? Synthetic. Even her organs were replaced with synthetic counterparts, her brain digitalized into a tiny computer that had all of the same computational ability as a regular brain... *and then some.*

**“Ngh... Am I malfunctioning?”** That was an *unusual* way to question her own wellness. Mortals didn't 'malfunction', though that was the word that cried out from now artificial vocal chords with another high pitched crackle. It almost sounded like the frequency of her voice was slowly being changed. She'd commented in the first place because her vision had blurred momentarily, eventually becoming clearer than it had ever been.

Because her eyes had been replaced by cameras that resembled eyes.  
Cameras with dark violet irises.

Silvia stumbled. Her body felt *heavy*, but not so much that she couldn't bear it. Her muscles weren't biological either, and while her body retained its slimness she was *much* stronger than she had been physically prior to adorning the mask. Far be it from her to notice something so miniscule, but when her bones had solidified they had also stretched subtly to give her an additional half inch of physical height upon her 5'5" frame.

But with the internal alterations complete and the foundation set, it was about time for the more visually obvious developments to take place. The woman's *hair* might have been the most obvious initially, for her ruby red strands darkened in the roots before it all seeped towards her tips almost like dropping food dye into a glass of water. Her original coloration was poisoned by what eventually became a very dark purple... *largely*. Not content with a change in color alone, her hairstyle lengthened all of the way down to the backs of her knees. All of the hair past her ass fed into a light gradient and the lowest tips were silver instead.

Data was fed to the woman through her new digital brain. **“I am...?”** It overwrote the memories that already existed while pacifying her further, yet there was an inkling of mischief that played on the lips beneath her mask. Lips that were swollen and perky now, beneath an equally hidden nose that was rounder by design. This was all attributed to wider facial shape changes though, such as how her cheeks had narrowed along with

the shapes of her eyes. Even the whisker-like markings on the sides of her face disappeared, taking with them any iota of resemblance to Silvia Kuroi from the neck up.

Then again how could she even be Silvia Kuroi if she couldn't even recall her own name? It felt like it was on the tip of her tongue but the *data* wasn't there just yet. "**Weird. Who am I supposed to be again? #14-0282...**" That number felt relevant to her identity but it wasn't her *name*. That was something else entirely.

While attempting to recall the very nature of her own identity, the condition of her physical form was altered further. The depths of the woman's tunic felt tighter and for good reason: the mass of her bosom had heaved, skin stretched beneath cloth while areola doubled in size to make it easier for sensitive nipples to rub up against the cloth. "**Mmm...**" Her tits weren't *significantly* larger, but two cup sizes still felt pretty large when you considered that her toned waistline had also narrowed in tandem.

Just as her hips had elongate, rendering tights a touch too snug around the waistband that hitched on them. This almost seemed preparatory more than anything however, because with this widened gait it allowed her legs to grow *shapelier*. Her thighs became denser with thickened flesh and her rump bubbled in kind. She wasn't taller, but she was certainly thinner and better toned in terms of figure. Something that was highlighted once her clothing changed.

Her tights darkened to pitch black, though white decals did emerge on the sides as it ultimately became a pair of extremely tight pants that rose all the way up to her belly button. On the other hand? Her tunic unfolded into a loose jacket with splashes of purple and blue, revealing her undershirt had become a white crop top that wrapped tightly around her breasts and back. Gloves and boots decorated her hands and feet, with what looked like chained cuffs around her ankles.

What was *strangest* about her clothing change was what became of her remaining Miquote features, however. Cat ears grew cold and hard, fur withdrawn to reveal silver steel with black mesh circles inside. They rose above her head as long hair was pulled into a ponytail and regular, fleshy ears emerged under the cups of her mask on the sides of her head. Meanwhile, her tail? It had both hardened and thickened, detaching from her body and folding to the side in the form of a *very* large gun. "**Yeah, come to think of it I am kinda bored.**" Stretching her arms behind her back, Prisoner #14-0282, otherwise known as *Sin* finally responded to the voice's initial question now that her identity felt clearer... even if there was no longer a voice to be heard. Not that she



perceived it that way any longer – she was simply responding to *herself*.  
“**Hahaha! But this could be fun, couldn’t it?**”

While she *appeared* to be a Hyur, she wasn’t even ‘alive’ in the traditional sense. Her innards were a technological wonder, a super advanced android known as a NIKKE from the Allagan era. Sin had been reprogrammed with a new personality, new wants and needs, and entirely new motivations. While Silvia had seen this cave as a den of crime in a derogatory way?

Sin saw it as a den of crime in a *good* way.  
“**Hahaha! Maybe I should just capitalize on this? Who’s gonna stop me if I try!?**”  
He broken chains rattled as she danced about in a childish fashion. She had a secret weapon. She was able to hypnotize anyone that heard her voice if she wished, so she could naturally talk her way out of being arrested if anyone made the attempt. “**But I guess I need a crew to roll with first? Then I’ll be unstoppable!**”



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...Sin had been stopped.



“**...And why are we babysitting the criminal?**”  
S'aiya murmured not to herself, but to the Raen Au Ra that was watching a chained up Sin much more attentively. The brown-haired Miqu'te didn't necessarily want to be in this position. She was a thief by trade herself but she wasn't a *criminal*. The two of them had come to this cavern because Silvia had requested their help. When they'd arrived? The guards had already captured the woman and had her chained to a cavern wall.

Dreah shrugged, not taking her eyes off of the criminal. “**The guards wanted to fetch backup, remember? They just acknowledged we were strong enough to keep an eye on things.**” She didn't like it either, especially since Silvia was absent. According to the guards she had been inside, and so she wondered if—

**“Are you wondering if I did something to your friend? Why don’t you go search through those crates? I’m sure you’ll find an important clue. Put it on...”**

It was as if Dreah had blinked, and yet? Her surroundings were different. She was off in a far corner of the cavern looking into an open box. Had she been teleported!? The criminal had said something to her, and then...? Wait, why did her wrists feel so... heavy!? **“H-Huh!?”** Looking down, there were huge, black cuffs on them. Cuffs that appeared to have firearms built into them!? When? *How!*?

**“H-Heavy...”** At first she had been referring to the armed cuffs (a concept that still confused her), but as the seconds ticked by the Au Ra found her posture slouching. It wasn’t *just* the cuffs. Her *entire body* felt extremely heavy! While this was a mystery to her, considering the transformation that Silvia had undergone prior to their arrival the cause was largely plain. Her internals were being rewritten with the synthetic but durable parts of a NIKKE. The heft was initially apparent because of her steel frame, but eventually her ‘muscles’ adjusted to support not only their weight, but the weight of the cuffs she was wearing as well.

Dreah’s eyes fluttered several times. Her vision had gone blurry for a moment even though she was finding it easier to stand up straight once again. **“Something’s wrong... my *data*...”** Her *data*? A strange thing to say, but it went under the radar along with the digital sounding voice crack that had momentarily rendered her voice several octaves higher. The cause of her blurring vision became obvious in her *gaze*, with irises lighting up a bright pink. Well, her *cameras* lit up a bright pink at least.

She had of course meant her *memories*. She was having a hard time remembering what she was doing in this cave or what her name was. Yet she also felt confused about why her gun-cuffs had struck her as strange. The woman felt like they were *supposed* to be there. A shake of her head was given, but that two displayed something off. Pieces and chips of white fell from the sides of her head and face.

Their source was clear enough. Dreah’s reptilian horns had been cracking little by little and that shake had finally loosened not only them but the white scales on the sides of her face. In fact, all of the scales on her body would slowly follow suit, ultimately stripped away so that she was scale *and* horn free – as the new fleshy ears that emerged where those horns once were demonstrated.

It was only natural that she would be confused under these circumstances, but the anxiety she definitely *should* have felt? It wasn’t there. She felt a little *happy*? *Curious*? *Bubbly*? **“Hehe...”** No attention had been paid to the shaving of the Au Ra features from her form, nor

the *THUD* that was her tail, cleanly severed, falling to the floor. It didn't disappear not remain in its current form, instead rolling to the backs of her feet where scale and bone hardened into thin silver. It wrapped around her ankles to become another pair of shackles bound by chain.

**“Woah! What the—!?”** Those shackles didn't exactly help when she stumbled forward moments later, crying out in a voice that had become irreversibly higher. Dreah managed to stop herself from falling, but what had been the cause? Trying to correct her posture had become burdensome again, but on this occasion it was obvious as to why. Her chest was protruding a *number* of inches farther than it had, her purple blouse hoisted not only so you could see her tummy but also so that it barely concealed tits that were, uh...

A good *five times* larger than they had been? Each half of her bosom rivaled her head in size, with nipples that shared a width with her eyes! ‘Muscles’ did eventually adjust and she pulled herself back up again, but these bouncy tits jumped up and down from the suddenness of the gesture. **“My boobs are... No, wait, they're supposed to be this big, right?”** That was what her data was telling her anyways!

Understandably fixated on the soft melons strapped to her chest, she hardly acknowledged just how tightly her white skirt was gripping her ass. In a fashion similar to her tits, her butt had ballooned and forced hips farther apart than they had ever been. This skirt was already on the cusp of tearing, but a thickening of her thighs with even *more* fat ultimately split the cloth at the sides. Her body shape was certainly a lot *rounder* than Sin's, even though she was roughly the same height.

The woman swayed to and fro for a moment, feeling pulls and pushes upon her attire. Cloth was lessened and reshaped, leaving her with a pair of white and black striped micro-shorts and a black bikini top with a white emblem on the left breast. Her shoulders and neck were wrapped with cloth that matched her shorts, similar matching straps dangling from her waist while two more hugged thickened thighs. **“Oh, these clothes are waaaay better!”**

...Wasn't this what she always wore though?

Even so, her transformation wasn't finished *yet*. Short of her absent horns and scales, she still resembled Dreah from the neck up. That *did* quickly change though. Her face took on a fuller shape with rounded cheeks over just a few seconds, blessing her in kind with thick and kissable lips and larger, rounder eyes. When it came to the blonde bob of hair atop her head, well... It lengthened *dramatically*, spilling all of the way down to her thighs as the color changed depending on layer. The top layer? Black. The bottom layer? Pink. They could be seen

mingling atop her head as well as in the messy ponytail that was ultimately established behind her.

**“Well now... I feel good.”** The slightest of movements on *Quency*’s part saw her tits jiggle and bouncy, ample as they were. **“Actually this place isn’t too bad... They had things organized, at least.”** #13-1070 was her inmate number, and like Sin she was a criminal NIKKE – one that worked alongside and *under* Sin. She had sent Dreah out to find those handcuffs so that she would be assimilated into this form, and it had worked like a charm. A master escape artist, she was the perfect addition to Sin’s intended crew.



The memory that the leader in question was chained off in a distant corner of the cave soon came back to her. **“Oh! I should probably free Sin before she does, hm? I’d like to earn some bonus points!”** Wouldn’t it be nice if Sin owed her a favor? Quency could try and cash it in for an easy job or extra moolah. She was likewise assuming Sin would want to make this their base of operations. It was far too *perfect*. **“Where is she, anyways? Did she get lost within the sea of crates?”**

But this ‘she’ that Quency was thinking of *wasn’t* Sin.



**“Wh-What the hell!?! I can’t move!?”** Well that wasn’t *entirely* true, but S’aiya had found she couldn’t move her arms at all. They were bound behind her with black leather straps, her wrists bound all the same. Her legs were at least free, but the Miqu’te didn’t understand how she had ended up in this situation. Just seconds ago, or at least that was how it had felt to her, she’d been watching the criminal with Dreah.

Now she was elsewhere in the cavern, leaning over an empty crate while those bindings immobilized her arms. Had she put them on herself? No, that would have been impossible, wouldn’t it? **“Too much about this doesn’t make sense... Did that bitch do something!?”** She was thinking of Sin. Was that why

Silvia was missing too? She had some kind of strange power. She *must* have.



*Why would I call Sin a bitch though...?*

“...**Sin? Who the hell is... the prisoner chick?**” S’aiya answered her own question in real time. Why did she know that name? To begin with, that woman had refused to give them anything more than a number before, but she felt *certain* she went by ‘Sin’. Was she the reason had had ended up bound? Regardless, the fact that she was tied up brought about a great deal of difficulty not long after. “**Ugh!?**”

Like the two before her the Miqu’te found herself plagued by a great weight out of nowhere all of a sudden. The cause was, of course, the same. Her innards were being switched over to synthetic counterparts. Coolant, steel, and other gizmos meant to support her body in ways similar to if she had retained her mortality. The weight pulled her forward though, and she couldn’t do anything with her arms to keep her balance. She ultimately flew right into a nearby cavern wall, but despite bracing herself to hit it face first...

**SQUISH!**

...*Squish?* The woman had hit the wall, but had stopped short of her face making contact. She could feel *what* had hit it. Her chest? But it wasn’t until she opened her eyes that S’aiya realized just what that meant. “**Holy *shit*...**” Staring down at the space between her body and the wall, well... her tits were *certainly* what bridged that gap, but... Her white top had been stretched *beyond* capacity around her tits, which had evidently grown so large that either one eclipsed her own head, with bee-stung nipples torn through the fronts. The cavern wall was cool and made them peek out, fully erect.

Normally the thief was the kind of woman who would have cried out loudly if she felt as if she were in danger, but her words were little more than a whisper now for *some* reason, even as she murmured to herself while attempting to lean back to stop leaning against the wall. “**How is this possible? My tits are huge, but...**” Deep down she found it strange that she found the size of her tits strange in the first place. The rewrite of personality and memories was proceeding at the appropriate pacing to prevent her from questioning things beyond a surface level.

The Miqu’te’s hips had stretched around the same time for example, but it wasn’t like she could see past her gigantic tits to realize that. Still, thighs and ass were now struggling within her tight jeans, the front button having long since popped right off while heart-shaped ass cleavage spilled over the back. She looked ready to burst out of *everything* she was wearing, and that which was *already* out demonstrated that her tanned complexion had pinkened quite a bit.

S'aiya had grown a little from 5'2" to 5'4", not that it really mattered from her perspective at this point. But it *was* relevant when you considered her hair, which was growing at an alarming rate. It stretched *incredibly* long, reaching down to the backs of her ankles under only twenty or so seconds. But much like Quency's, this hair took on layered color changes. Black on top, but a lime green underneath. This contrasted with the colors of her irises, now a dark purple with their camera lenses.

She struggled with her bindings again, unaware that the scowl on her face as she did so was growing more intense. This wasn't helped by her face's *features*. Thickened lips only added more to the look, and widened eyes made that scowl more expressive. Whisker markings were soon erased on the outskirts of a sharper nose. Overall? Her face had an overall more *feminine* and *gentler* look to it. But much like the quiet aura she had been demonstrating since her transformation had become, it was actually concealing a restless *strength* within.

A clicking of her own tongue returned focus to the woman. "**I need to get out...**" But her own clothing was making that difficult. Whether it was her pants or her top, the material was thickening and lightening to white. Before long it slithered, covering and restricting more and more of her body as both parts bound into a single, skin tight bodysuit with lime green decals along the legs. Her huge tits stood out even more, but as a chain dangled from her new collar and additional cuffs bound her ankles, it became clear that someone did *not* want S'aiya to be freed from her shackles under any circumstance. But now there were even more bindings!

Realistically, could she even be called 'S'aiya' anymore? All that remained of her old appearance were her brunette-furred cat features, and even then her ears seemed to be flattening away so that fleshy, rounded alternatives could emerge on her head's sides. On the other hand, the chain that dangled from her neck had somehow been pulled *behind* her. It had fixed itself to a steel clip that had grown out of her tail, and once those two parts had connected? Her tail *fell right off*, fur disappearing and bone thickening until it was a large, silver rifle that hung from her neck and dangled between her legs.

"**Eugh... I really want to be untied...**" While there was no one nearby to hear her whine, it almost felt instinctual for inmate **#13-0803** aka *Guilty* to make such a remark about the black leather that bound her sexy body. Those bindings were there for good reason though – this NIKKE was *exceptionally* dangerous, far stronger than any NIKKE had any right to be. Which was naturally an issue for a NIKKE that could be counted among a group of criminals.

Yep, she ran with Sin and Quency. Things were a little *different* now, it seemed. Was this the distant future? Even though it felt far more archaic? A sharper mind might have spent more time dwelling on this, but Guilty didn't really care. She just wanted to be freed. **"I want to move my arms... so I can do things."** Violent things. She may have appeared calm and quiet, but her true nature...



**"Hahaha! It worked! There you are, Guilty!"** Hope was returned to the bound woman at the sound of Sin's voice. But she wasn't alone – Quency was tailing along after her. She didn't really know what Sin was talking about. *What* had worked? Had she been trying to do something? Maybe she wanted to use this cavern as their base? **"We have a lot of work to do before those Maelstrom freaks come back... You wanna scare 'em off, Guilty?"**

**"...Does that mean...?"**

**"Duh. I'll untie you!"**