

UNEMOTE

COMMISSION STORY

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The day had been a fortuitous one, at least in the eyes of Jeanne D'Arc. And she certainly was *not* the Jeanne D'Arc of the history you know, but the one that traveled through the clouds of the Skydom has a member of the Grandcypher's crew. The reason she was in such high spirits was simple enough, surely: she had been sent a package, of all things! While this did not sound like something amazing to most, it was something she had always desired in a sense.

Port after port, her allies were delivered packages from across the planet. Families, friends, and even products ordered from vendors far and wide. But Jeanne? She never received such things, and for a time she hadn't been sure what she would feel in the event that she finally *did*. But now she understood. An abundance of elation had overwhelmed her while carrying the box with her name on it into her quarters.

“I cannot believe that someone sent me something! But who is it from? Is there not usually a return to sender card, or something of that nature?” If there *had* been, perhaps it had fallen off? She really should have noticed and asked while receiving the item in the loading bay, but she had been far too excited to even think about that until she had returned to her room.

But then who would she send a thank you card to? Wasn't that customary? Perhaps if there was a *gift* inside, and considering it was the holiday season it was possible that it might be. But such a thing wasn't exactly *guaranteed*. For all she knew before opening, there might have been something as mundane as a potted plant within!

Looking at the box itself, whatever lurked within must not have been *overly* big. A potted plant would actually be a fair assumption, or perhaps a ball of some sort? It felt *much* too heavy to be a ball on second thought, though. A verifiable mystery! One that the woman could easily solve by simply opening it. But she had forgotten to do just that, for with all of her wide-eyed innocence when it came to things like this, she had gotten caught up in the excitement of speculation.



“Okay. I suppose I should open it, then!” After setting it down upon her desk and staring it a few moments longer, a fingernail finally wedged itself beneath the helping heap of tape that was coated around the box’s roof. It was a process that certainly took her a bit of time to unravel, but Jeanne savored it in away. Anticipating something positively was nice once in a while, rather than constantly fearing the worst.

The moment the walls of the box fell over to reveal its contents, on the other hand? Jeanne D’Arc wasn’t sure how she felt. **“Erm...?”** It was because she wasn’t exactly sure what she was looking at. It was like a big ball, split vertically down the middle with sides of black and white – which wouldn’t have been all that strange on its own. But it also had... teeth? And little wings sticking out. And a marking of some sort *above* the teeth. **“It’s a little creepy somehow...”**

But the creepy object on her desk had stirred into consciousness. It had not moved. It had no need to, not yet. It required the stimulation of an operator first, which meant forming a link and *creating* that operator. And it just so happened that it had a visual on a woman that would work just fine. With a little bit of *modification*.

Said modifications had already begun, in fact, but not in a way that was immediately apparent the flag bearer. After all, the very first inkling had begun to stain itself beneath her clothes – more specifically, around her loins. For the blonde hair that composed the bush of pubic hairs about her pussy, thinly cut as they were, showed signs of lengthening until they were puffy and untamed. Which, in turn, spoke to the idea that Jeanne didn’t groom herself there more than anything. Were their

length not enough, so too did the color change. Gold was swept from these strands until they were just a shade off from *white*.

But a shift in color here was not something merely isolated to her hair. The white hairs gradually began to stand out even more atop her pussy, for the pale skin beneath began to fade out in place of a dark caramel that looked just as dramatically out of place upon her as the whitened strands did. Her pussy itself retained its pink tone, but the caramel soon showed signs of seeping beyond the general area of her groin – as did the naturally dyed hair.

“What on...? Why do I feel so warm all of a sudden? The night air is so cold this time of year, and the Grandcypher’s heating system...” It had never been so potent that she had felt this overwhelmed in terms of temperature. Jeanne felt momentarily dumbstruck because of the invisible link that had been established between herself and the toothy ball, and yet despite feeling like she required an ice bath, there was nothing that had so much as enticed her to examine herself just yet. Not that she would have seen *much* while fully dressed.

Whether or not the woman could perceive it, that did not change that it was happening in the least. Stripes of the caramel color began to stretch out across her body with the already dyed loins as an epicenter. They wrapped about her legs like snakes, each band swelling in size until it came to enrapture once creamy flesh in its entirety while even caressing tiptoes in its glow. Though when it came to her feet, and eventually her hands, the bottom halves would be a little lighter in color than the rest of it.

Bands of dark brown continued to find Jeanne’s flesh, stretching across her torso and arms. When basked in the darkened color, once pink nipples darkened to a much more chocolatey brown so that they still stood out against the new color of her breasts. And it inevitably seeped into her face, seeing her blue eyes stand out all the more in contrast. From the depths of her ass crack to the tips of her fingers and toes, the color of the woman’s skin had been utterly and entirely repainted with excessive melanin.

Jeanne exhaled in the meantime, contemplating going down to the boiler room so that she might request the heat be turned down. It had *not* occurred to her that there was any correlation between how she felt and the unwrapping of the strange *thing* sitting atop her desk. But she *had* finally begun to notice that something was off, she just couldn’t put her finger on it. After all, with her face colored caramel, she could see it in the corners of her eyes – since *everyone* could see their nose between their eyes if they just bothered to pay attention to it.

Which she wasn't *exactly* doing. So it remained just a thought in the back of her mind for the time being.

Not content with just the patch of hair atop her pussy, the bleached blonde soon came back with the vengeance now that her skin had been effectively dyed. First it highlighted Jeanne's eyebrows, but soon began to seep into the roots of the hair atop her head. Like light filling a room that was, well, *already lit*, it swept from those roots all of the way up to the tips of every strand – and yet this color did not come without a cost.

The overall look of Jeanne's abundant mane began to appear *choppy* at best. Strands that were once soft and supple soon frayed, and a great weight was *literally* lifted from her shoulders as everything beneath the base of her neck looked to be hacked away. Severed hairs did not touch the floor though, and disappeared long before along with the bow that had once tied it into an immense tail behind her.

And *that*? It was a change that she could readily note.

“What on—!?” Shocked by the relief provided by the loss of so much hair, she raised both hands with the intention of reaching back to feel around to see what was different. But the sudden movement? It was enough for the gauntlets to fall free of these hands, revealing the darkened color of her skin to the woman. **“...Eh?”**

It was strange to see the flag bearer looking so dumbfounded, but that was the only expression she could muster at the sight of digits that had not only darkened, but had shrunk somewhat. Her gauntlets would not have collided with the floorboards beneath her if the size of those hands hadn't changed, and the many callouses she'd earned from combat? They appeared to have softened away. As her eyes had gone briefly wide, even the blues were washed away from them, granting her supernaturally golden optics in their place.

“This is... *impossible*.” But for as shocked as she had been initially, the reaction that followed sounded much more subdued. The sound of her voice had inherited a deadpan that was oh so uncharacteristic of Jeanne. Her excitability threshold was quickly deteriorating, and while she still *cared* about what was happening she no longer felt shocked nor panicked in the same way she had before.

Which, perhaps, was for the best, for her costume soon found itself at the mercy of a twisting body shape. At first this manifested as a slight looseness in her clothes, for hardly an inch had been shaved off of her overall height. But this subtle shift was not the most of the clothing malfunction that she suffered as a result. Far from it, in fact.

“*Ah...*” Surprise was communicated through her new deadpan, although it certainly seemed subdued considering the cause. The waistband of her panties had suddenly snapped, for her hips had widened with no shortage of enthusiasm. They had widened almost five full inches, creating an ample gap between her two legs that would typically still mostly be filled by the woman’s fit, ample thighs.

But those thighs? While they retained their glow, they seemed to shrink some aesthetically. If one were to investigate more closely, you would be able to see the muscles within her legs readily tightening, forcing the thin layer of fat that gave them their softness to sit more gingerly around compressed strength. This power ran through the full length of either leg, and in their fitness their appeal almost seemed to gain new power.

These legs weren’t the only facet of her body to tighten with strength, however. An eight-pack was quick to find her tummy, navel looking deeper than ever with the raw muscles that enshrouded it (*not that this was easy to see while clothed*). Even her pecs became firmer, and yet this came at a cost. Her breasts lost a sizable showing of meat, regressing down to a pair of perky B-cups at best – which left her top feeling even *looser* than before.

Jeanne was confused internally. For all her body had changed, there was a mental aspect of it that she had hardly noticed until it was already too late. Like there was another voice, another will within. Was it accurate to say that it was *different* from her own will? No, it felt like they were one, almost. But that other will was growing stronger by the moment. And with it, her power grew as well.

The woman’s facial design shifted subtly as this energy welled up within. Her features all became much more solid, and sharper in a way that left her blank resting expression seem unintentionally menacing. This was all a far cry from the horrors within her mouth though, as all of her teeth had grown razor sharp. Quite *unlike* those of a human.

Unable to repress the energy building inside of her anymore, or perhaps because she no longer held any will to do so, an aura was released from within her very core. It burned so brightly that everything she was still wearing, be it cloth or armor, was eviscerated. For a time her caramel flesh was wholly exposed, and she levitated in the air just an inch off the ground. But with an instinctive snap of her fingers, cloth found her once more.

It was a simple outfit consisting of a white top and very short, white shorts. A matching cloak was fastened to a mantel that rested around

her shoulders, but she could feel how warm and slimy the cloak's underside was against her skin. Bands and belts fastened to her otherwise, and a hat with cat-like ears clad her head.

Perhaps the strangest of these changes were the crimson bandages that wrapped themselves around her leftmost limbs. No damage had been done to them before, but once they were wrapped up so neatly they had begun to burn some. Like she had received some sort of scalding wound beneath that she dare not show off to anyone.

Staring down at her wrapped fingers, *Ramlethal Valentine* flexed her fingers in and out, in and out. The phenomenon of having your flesh and soul reborn from that of another was a strange one indeed. Parts of her felt as if they still belonged to who she had once been, which brought about... complications. **“Can a body exist with two souls buried within? Or are our two souls... one?”** The subject of hearts and souls was already a complicated one to most, but to Ramlethal she might as well have been speaking a different language to herself through her deadpan.

It wouldn't have been right to say that Jeanne D'Arc was a presence that was manipulating her thoughts or feelings. She was just simply *there*, like a part of her without a voice. And yet Ramlethal could not help but be conscious of her presence. **“I do not understand. This is the... Grandcypher? For what purpose were we brought here?”** The only convenience allowed to her by this unusual fusion of beings was knowledge of this realm. Of its locations and its dangers. But perhaps that was justification enough to leave them in their current state?

She hadn't said 'we' in reference to Jeanne though. She was staring directly at the teethed, winged ball that had transformed her in the first place. It had been idle this whole time, but she could tell. It was only *feigning* it now. **“Lucifero.”** Of course she knew his name. It was hard-programmed into her brain. They were unconventional partners in a sense.



Upon being called out, it laughed and started to float. **“Took ya long enough! Did you enjoy all that? Not every day you get transformed, right!? Gotta say though, that old bod of yours had a much bigger ra— OW!?”** Ramlethal wasn’t sure *why*, but she had felt an instinctual urge to kick him in the teeth before he finished that sentence. And kick him in the teeth she had. **“Fine! Fine! Too far! I get it!”**

“You better. But this is your doing, isn’t it? So tell me. Am I Ramlethal, or am I Jeanne?” Because she couldn’t conceptually grasp an answer herself, she turned the question onto the one that had changed her in the first place. Being the cause, Lucifero must have had some deep understanding of what this meant for her existence, right.

“I dunno!”

“You... don’t know?”

“Nope!”

Perhaps rather than Ramlethal’s current existential crisis, they should have had more concern for how they had ended up in this world – or at least how Lucifero had. Because he wasn’t the only package from a faraway world that had been distributed to the Grandcypher’s crew, and little by little those packages would be opened...