

LOUDER VOLUME

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was seldom that Silvia Kuroi found herself being *this* excited.

But how could she not be? After a number of missed opportunities in the past she was *finally* being given a chance to see one of her favorite artists live and in person! Living in a modern city where people of different fantasy and futuristic races mingled, one could say that music was a power that united so many of them despite their different backgrounds. In fact, the artist that the Migo'te archaeologist had been so excited to see wasn't *technically* flesh and blood herself.

The artist's name was *Volume*. She was a *Nikke*, a woman that was manufactured for the sake of fighting in wars. Well, that was what they had been created for well in the past, but these days things were much simpler. Nikke were allowed to live as normal citizens these days, and Volume had become a famous rapper somewhere down the road. She had a very mature stage presence that was often mixed with an enticing sort of vulgarity.

Well, it helped that she was *incredibly* sexy. Anyone would feel blessed to have a woman like that treating them like garbage.

...Maybe that was just one of Silv's kinks slipping out though.

“Huh? Wait, what do you mean the show was canceled!?” The red head had not only purchased her ticket well in advance, but she'd lined up early to get in on the night of the actual concert too. But there had been a sudden announcement to everyone inside the lobby. The concert had suddenly been cancelled because Volume wasn't feeling well enough to perform? **“Man, I've been waiting so long for this...”**

Sure, they were going to get refunded, but she'd really wanted to see the show!

“Oh yeah? You think you’ve got what it takes to save it then?”



A shiver ran down the Miko'te's spine thanks to the voice of a woman whispering rather sensually into her ear. She'd jumped a little, and before she could get a look at the woman's face? She had grabbed Silvia's wrist and was pulling her into a nearby hallway. **“H-Hey!? Who are you!? What's this about...?”** The woman was wearing a hood to conceal her hair and face, but her voice... There was something *very* familiar about that voice.

It wasn't until she was dragged into a changing room that the woman's slender, tanned fingers let go of her wrist. But she didn't turn to face Silv just yet. **“Your hair. I like that red. It's the perfect color for a replacement.”** What was the stranger going on about in that voice? That voice that sounded a lot like...

“Wait, are you Volume!?” It finally clicked on Silvia's part. It was familiar because it was the very same voice of the performer she had come to see. And sure enough? The woman dropped her hood and turned, revealing a head of gorgeous hair and an equally gorgeous face. Not to mention the sexy body she'd crammed into a hoodie and jeans – she certainly wasn't dressed to perform. **“A replacement? What do you—? MMPH!?”**

Rather than an answer to her question she received something arguably *better*. An abrupt kiss from the performer she idolized, one mixed with a moment of sloppy tongue before she withdrew with a smirk on her face. **“And that'll do it! Try to put on a good show, got it? You'll do great! After all, you've be the same level of hot shit as I am anyways! And hey, if this works out? We could have a good thing going!”**

She didn't give Silvia any opportunity to ask questions about just *what* she was implying as she slipped out the door. Not that the archaeologist was in any condition *to* ask. From the moment their lips had met, her mouth had felt strangely tingly. It was strong around her tongue and lips, but the feeling was seeping deeper into her being and had stunned her. Not enough to immobilize her, but she felt almost like a deer in headlights. At least until she finally blurted out a reaction.

“What the *fuck* was that about!?”

Something far cruder and arrogant than the mousy scholar would ever find herself uttering.

Her random move to curse didn't go unnoticed. **“Did I just swear...? This situation really is confusing and *shitty*, but...?”** Wait, there! She had done it again! **“No *fuckin*g way! She did something to me!”** In fact, wasn't it Volume herself that was known for unabashedly swearing while on stage? Silvia didn't know what she was like in *private*, but she supposed it made sense that it might be similar. That wasn't the point though! Why was *she* talking like that!? Did a kiss have that kind of power?

And yet there were *other* things that the Miqu'te should have been worrying about in that moment. Namely the fact that her heritage as a Miqu'te in the *first place* was under siege. After all, the ruby-furred feline ears atop her head had begun to traverse downwards down the sides of her head towards where you might find ears on many other races. Driving that point home, their fur receded and shapes shrunk to become more circular, and yet with fur deprived from these now human-like ears? The color of the skin that had been revealed didn't match the rest of Silvia's body.

It was a little more *tanned*. And in fact, this promptly became a trait that spread across *all* of the skin on her body. The melanin levels were raised to match everywhere, from her legs to her arms to her torso and face – notably consuming the whisker-like markings upon the woman's cheeks in the meantime. Tanned Miqu'te weren't exactly *rare*, but Silvia had never been one of them.

Though her existence as a Miqu'te had been something under scrutiny ever since the kiss had occurred. A loud THUD behind her was what finally forced her to look over her shoulder and understand this, though. **“Huh? A mic stand?”** What was it doing in the middle of the floor behind her? It definitely *hadn't* been there before. But wasn't something else off about this view? It took a second to click, but it *did* finally dawn on her. **“WHAT THE *FUCK* HAPPENED TO MY *FUCKING* TAIL!?”**

That was to say there *was* no tail. Even reaching back to pat where the hole in her jeans that usually housed this appendage found nothing. No trace of her tail whatsoever. There was just... the mic stand on the ground. Surely it hadn't been— **“AGH!? WHAT THE *HELL*!?”** It wasn't painful, but an uncomfortably tingling sensation began to wrack

the woman's body. It almost *burned*, and it felt like the sensation permeated down to her very bones.

But the cause of this was not something that could be seen; not unless you cut her open, anyways. Silvia's biology was being altered on a fundamental level so that it wasn't really biological at all. Everything from her skin to blood and bones, to even her organs and brain had been replaced by synthetic alternatives. She was still *alive*, but in a technical sense she was artificial. Like a *Nikke*.

The woman couldn't recognize this of course, nor the fact that her thoughts were being processed digitally through a small computer that composed her brain now. She was just glad that strange feeling had passed, and while she was panting from the shock? There was this subconscious feeling that she didn't need to catch her breath. That she didn't need to *breathe*.

“What the hell is happening to me...? Am I really becoming...? No! Damn it! That's not who I fucking am! I'm Silvia, uh... SHIT! What was my last name again!?” She was becoming more certain because her voice... it was *identical* to Volume's now. From the way she was speaking to the way it sounded. But it was alarming that she couldn't remember her surname too. It almost felt like, on some level, it didn't make sense to her *to* have a surname. Like she'd only ever had a single name.

As if to match her voice, her facial features began to adapt to the identity that was growing increasingly within her ego. Silvia could push back for now, and she was doing so desperately, but the strained expression she wore as she did so was not one portrayed upon her own face. Not as eyes narrowed and lashes fanned out longer, nor as her nose thinned and lips took on a seductive, thick, bee stung glow. The colors of her irises themselves had begun to glow an eerie glow – in part because those eyes were like camera lenses feeding digital information to her mental computer now.

She probably could have looked at the changing room mirror to get a sense of just how bad things *were*, but the woman was scared to. She felt like, deep down, if she were to look at it? She might accept it. A fear grounded in the fact that it was getting harder and harder to resist a yearning for the stage, for being sexy as hell, and for being a badass bitch that was welling from her depths. Even now, the red hair that had earned Volume's attention in the first place was changing. Its color dimmed a little to have the subtle, pink undertones that the rapper's did. But it also thinned and lengthened, strands falling well down her back and bangs better framing her face as they were swept to the right.

There was also the uncanny feeling that her clothes were too tight. **“God... FUCK!”** *Oppressively* so, to the point that it hurt. Why were her panties grinding into her ass and pussy? Looking down against her better judgment, the cause was plain. Silv knew her body well, and the shape she was staring at – nay, *gawking* at? That wasn’t the body she was used to.

Her hips had widened considerably, already pushing the waistband of her jeans to its absolute limit. But space seemed to be in short supply for reasons related to the involuntary wedgie she had been receiving. Her ass and thighs were both *notably* larger and, in fact, were growing larger still before her very eyes. **“Mmn...”** It was a little painful but it also felt *arousing*, so much so that she bit her lower lip. Silvia had the good sense to reach down to under her jeans’ button, but it popped off on its own before she could grab it. This alleviated some of the pressure, but the tanned cheeks of her ass were already peeking up overtop her waistline. Just as thighs, now as thick as her torso, had torn through her jeans in places.

“But if I’m becoming her, she really is sexy as hell, right? I’m sexy as hell! I-I mean, no, I don’t want to be...!?” Of course her correction was not how she *truly* felt. Not now. She became even more uncertain as the base of her white band tee, one done up with Volume’s image on the front, began to lift up to show more and more of a broadened tummy. The cause of this was obscuring the view of her waist, tits swelling *huge* over a matter of seconds with each tick of the clock seeing more weight deposited, mounds jiggling and subtly bouncing as a direct result. Before long her tee had become little more than a crop top that only just barely hid these G-cup beauties, her underboob still completely exposed.

Physically? Her changes were complete, but no rapper could go on stage being dressed like one of her *fans*. **“Why do I feel so damn good? Shit, I could get hooked...”** That was *already* happening, but this remark on her part wasn’t completely relevant to what was happening. **“I’m not Volume, I’m... VOLUME! Volume! VOLUME!”** What had her old name been? She could even say it, much less think of it.

The discomfort from wearing clothes that were several sizes too small for her new body was alleviated promptly as the clothing itself was changing. Jeans darkened to black, for example, material thinning into a nylon that hugged her beautiful, tanned legs with stylistic tears around the knees and thighs to add appeal to them. But these weren’t *just* tights, for her tee darkened and thinned in the same way, this nylon reach down and binding to the cloth that had moved to properly cover her ass.

It consumed ill-fitted panties and a bra that had been devastated by her huge tits, and for a brief moment? With only this *body sock* on, you could make out her pussy, the crevice of her big ass, and even her enlarged, puffy nipples through its thin fabric. But something akin to a black leather bikini soon emerged across her breasts, and a bottom shrouded her pussy and ass below. The top was bound to a choker that had appeared as if from nowhere around her neck, and heeled sandals over white socks lifted her up a touch.

While not on her body, a pair of shades sat on the changing room table, and a red leather jacket now hung from the back of the chair too.

“This is disorienting as hell, what the fuck?” The woman’s face, while attractive, wore a very pointed scowl as she stomped about the changing room in clothes that most *certainly* better fit her voluptuous, dark-skinned body. **“I’m *Volume*? She turned me into a copy of her? *Shit...*”** The real one’s words made sense now. She’d been turned into a perfect replica of the Nikke. A second *Volume* that had all of her good looks, personality, and talent. But she didn’t have *any* of Volume’s memories.



That would have made things far too complicated from the original’s perspective.

How had she done it? *Nanomachines* felt likely, laced within the kiss she had been bestowed. The Nikke seemed to have some familiarity with them if her new knowledge banks were reliable as an artificial existence. **“Ugh. But since I have her personality, I don’t feel like performing either! Not that the audience wouldn’t revel in my excellence.”** Part of Volume’s excellent stage presence came from her overwhelming confidence, something her new clone still seemed to have in spades. Sure enough, she knew all of the words to her songs, and all of the dances and techniques necessary to be the best stand-in that she could possibly be. There was no longer any affection for her past self, and despite her previous resistance to it, she could only see herself *as* Volume now. An extension of the real one.

“And in terms of something to wear... I couldn’t really do better than *this*, now could I?” Despite her misgivings about these circumstances, she couldn’t argue with the fact that she felt sexy, confident, and *powerful*. It was an addictive feeling for a woman that had once been the opposite. Riding that high, performing wouldn’t be so bad, would it? Not to mention she could go all out in this fucking tight and sexy outfit of hers.

But she wasn’t *satisfied*. As a woman whose very beauty commanded the stage, whose buxom breasts and bubbled ass drew the attention as her heavenly voice lambasted them with her rapped rhymes. She had to look *flawless*, and so for the first time since her transformation began, she turned her attention to the changing room mirror. **“Why the hell did I look away? I’m so fucking hot, so why was I being a pussy about it?”**

The answer was obvious of course. Mentally she had been in a different place then. She had been a different *person* then. Any fear of accepting the truth of or resisting the changes was no longer there, and the stronger Volume’s personality became the more accepting she was of this second life she had been given. So much so, in fact, that the gears in her digital brain had begun to turn. Could she be satisfied like this? Playing someone’s double. No...

“Well, let’s get this performance over with. My adoring fans await.” This Volume groaned, but there was also a smirk to be seen upon her thick lips. **“I’m gonna knock it out of the park. If the original is gonna fucking slack off like this, then I’ll take the stage! Make it my own! Blur the line between who’s the original and who isn’t.”** She had a plan. She was just as much ‘Volume’ as the woman that had changed her. Fuck her old life! This was one was better!

“Fuck it, I’m gonna be the only Volume that *anyone* needs!”

Of course, that meant eventually she’d have to do something about the *other* one.