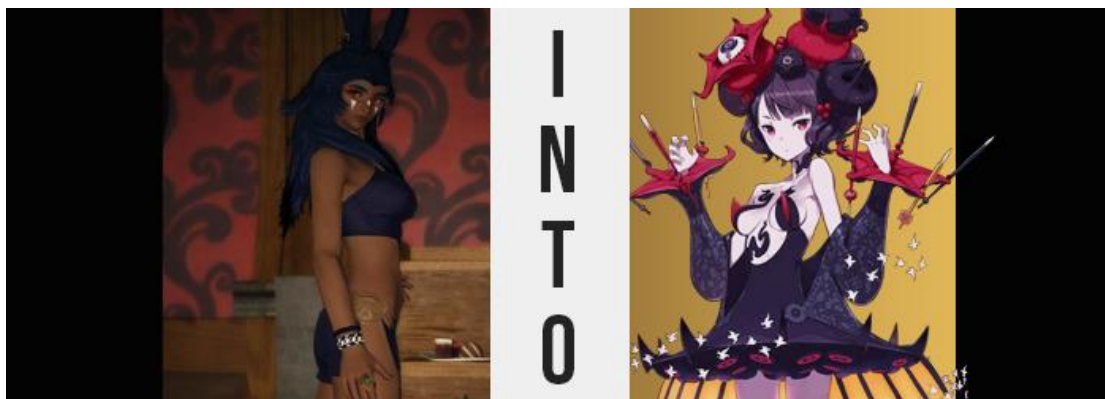


BUN FROM OUTER SPACE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Iona had no complaints about the life she had chosen to live. It was a simple one, one that might not have been for everyone – but it was what she wanted to do, so there was nothing wrong with it, was there? She was humble and lived working as a woman who would, well, work pretty much any job so long as it was within her skill set. This meant that whether it was clearing out low-level monsters, cleaning homes, or even delivering letters; she would take up this work gladly if it meant receiving a worthy enough payment of Gil.

There would undoubtedly be some that would look down on this way of life. Whether it was *‘Wouldn’t it be more fulfilling to dedicate yourself to a single line of work?’* or *‘Isn’t a job like that above your skill level?’* she had heard all manners of question about why she chose to live as what was essentially an odd-jobber. But the dark-skinned Viera woman herself paid them no mind, nor did she feel like she had to offer them any answers.

She did it because she wanted to, and wasn’t that good enough?

To those ends, she had taken up a peaceful fishing job on the outskirts of Limsa Lominsa that day. She knew her way around a fishing rod rather well, and the job had asked her to catch a certain number of a specific type of fish by the day’s end. It was a job given to her by a local seafood restaurant, and honestly? The pay was a lot better than she had expected it to be for simply fishing.

This job of hers had gone well into the evening, with the setting sun across the waters indicating that it would soon be nighttime. She was just one fish away, looking at the cooler she had set up in the small

rowboat's back. With one more line cast, she could likely retire for the evening, collect her Gil, and then pick up a brand new job in the morning. And so, to those ends, she tossed out her line what she hoped would be one final time.



Of course, nothing bit immediately. Fishing was a skill drenched with required patience. If you moved too early you might scare the fish off. If you pulled too soon? It might get away before it was properly hooked in the first place. Iona knew all of these things well, and with proper posture she waited there, observing the bobber that floated above the water's surface carefully.

Something eventually nibbled. It wasn't quite enough to justify reeling *just* yet though. But with a little more patience... "**There!**" The Viera both pulled and reeled at the same time, standing on her little boat so that she could put her whole body into the action. It was strange though. This one was putting up a *lot* more resistance than any of the other fish she had caught had. Was it a big one?

She didn't have to wait long for an answer, because with her whole back in it, she eventually pulled what she assumed to be a fish from beneath the waves. The words 'believed to be' were used here because once she saw it flying through the air, Iona was certain that it was certainly *no* fish. "**An octo—!?**"

It was an octopus, small a black. But before she could even get those words out, it landed not on her boat but on the woman's *face*, knocking off her glasses into the salty waters below in the process. After seemingly sucking on her face for a moment, the bunny woman ultimately managed to push it off of her mouth and face, slimy as it was, but it clung desperately to her ears and head, tentacles rooted firmly on her head's side.

From an outsider's perspective it might have looked rather amusing. The sight of a tall Viera woman flailing about upon a boat with an octopus clinging to her head. But Iona *wasn't* amused. It was gross, it was uncomfortable, and she felt... *weird*. It was a difficult feeling for her to truly describe, but the longer it clung to her, the more she felt as if she were in danger. Perhaps not physically as there was no pain, but maybe *mentally*?

All she knew was that she had to get free from its grasp. “**GET... OFF... OF... ME!**” Both of her hands got to work, digging into the sides of the sea creature while trying to loosen the grip of the tentacles that bound it. No matter how hard she attempted to do so, however? It didn’t seem to work. Rather, it felt like it was getting harder and harder to make it budge. And as it did, her mental state was gradually growing more and more chaotic.

Even worse? She could both feel and see something beginning to leak from the creature down her body and clothes. A black ink. One that, suspiciously, seemed to disappear as quickly as it splattered her. It wasn’t really correct to say that it disappeared, however. It would have been more correct to say that *her body was absorbing it*. “**Eugh!**”

Iona felt like her problems were getting worse and worse as time wore on. What was this octopus? What was its problem with her? Why was her flesh absorbing the ink!? Would that have any ill effects on her body? At worst she was fearful of getting poisoned, because there was no telling if this animal gave off a toxic substance. There were dangerous things under the waves of any body of water and many of them had never been seen before. This made things all the more anxiety inducing for a woman who struggled with her own nerves plenty.

The first step to solving this issue was *clearly* in removing the octopus itself, but the trend continued where the harder she pulled, the more rooted it felt like it had become. What made matters worse was that it had begun to spray the ink even more, and her body and clothing *continued* to absorb it. How did it have such good aim? She hadn’t seen a single drop wasted by landing on the boat or in the water! Then again, without her glasses it had been a little hard to see... *at first*.

But while it didn’t actually strike Iona as unusually as it should have, the truth of the matter was that her vision had been gradually improving. Over only a minute or so, things had gone from a blurry mess without her glasses to that of a crystal clear view. In fact, had her vision improved beyond what was typically possible of a Viera? She could see the shores much more clearly now than even if she had been wearing her frames, almost like there was something superhuman about her vision.

The octopus clinging to her face and sputtering ink all over her made it far too difficult to really pay it any mind, though.

“**Ugh!**” Rather than simply improving her vision, mind you, there was more to what had plagued the Viera’s eyes than a simple quality of life change. Her eyes had begun to *glow* eerily, taking on a reddish pink that was quite the far cry from her usual eye color. Other than just distorting

the color though, the shapes of those eyes began to shift the longer they glowed as well. They became larger, but they also pinched in and narrowed at the sides until they bore more similarities to the Au Ra and Hyurs of Doma and Kugane than of any Viera clan.

Or in the terms of another world, they appeared *Japanese*.

This phenomenon actually extended to the rest of her face as well, transforming it so that it racially bore no resemblance to that of Iona's lineage. The flat tip of her nose rounded as the nose itself shrunk, for example, and her face's longer structure ultimately collapsed so that her face – and her head as a whole – was much shorter. This left her looking more beautiful in a *cute* sense, contrasting the beauty that Viera typically exuded.

Iona, meanwhile, was losing the energy to resist. Or perhaps it would have been better to say that she was gradually coming to *accept* that this octopus was stuck to her head even though she probably should have? But upon closer inspection, it was clear that the marine creature was being absorbed into her body, its mass slowly disappearing into her skull. And the deeper it transitioned, the more at ease Iona felt. *Because they were becoming one.*

Chills had begun to wrack the woman's body, and in doing so they appeared to prompt a visual change in her complexion to boot. Her dark, melanin rich skin was quick to lighten from its usual tone, promptly shifting from tan, to white, to... a pale that bore a purplish tint? It absolutely wasn't a healthy skin color, and carried the same eerie impression that her still glowing eyes did. In the process though? The white markings on her face had all but disappeared.

When it came to a palette change it wasn't only her skin and eyes that came to suffer its wrath, though. It would have been difficult to see at first with the octopus covering it, but now that it was almost all but absorbed into the woman's body, her hair was now unobscured from the naked eye. In terms of color, mind you? While it definitely did change, it didn't change all that *much*. Purple as a base was retained, but it almost ended up seeming more washed out and lighter in terms of its vibrance.

Rather, what was more dramatic about the woman's hair was its length. Because much of it ended up in the water beside her once an invisible force cut it cleanly at the shoulders, leaving all that remained to curl slightly at the tips while bangs were brushed to the left. This exposed her brows in the meantime, which revealed they were much shorter now – better suiting the new construction of her face.

“*Oh?*” In a voice that sounded less shocked and more intrigued, Iona murmured the slightest bit of surprise as her point of view began to rapidly devolve. Her height was lessening, and this set her slightly off balance – which was a little dangerous considering she was standing atop a wooden rowboat. Fortunately it wasn’t so chaotic so that she couldn’t catch herself, but by the time she did her lanky Viera height had regressed to a meager 5’3”. A far cry from the over six feet the women of her people typically were.

Since she only wore a purple halter and matching shorts though, there fortunately wasn’t much in the way of clothing malfunction *at first*. But that was only because while her height had lessened, her body’s curves had remained just as ample as they always had been. But even that was ultimately compromised by the influence of the octopus that her body had taken in involuntarily.

Her shorts, for example? They inevitably slipped from her hips quite plainly because there was less *to* her hips. They crunched inwards, retaining a feminine gait while not remaining as significant as they had been before. On the other hand, this left the meat of her thighs and rear to dwindle some – to match both the width of her hips and her new, shorter stature. They remained plenty perky and soft, but the sizing was much more suitable for her changing her body.

The very same thing could be said of her breasts, which changed in size not long after themselves. In the same vein as her ass, they shrunk quite significantly down in size. What was once a proud pair of DDs soon became a pair of perky Cs, and this left her halter top dangling loosely. But at least they weren’t completely off like her shorts were? On that note, why was she not at all about being bottomless on a boat? Her old personality would have loathed being in such a state, but now? She didn’t even bat an eyelash.

Iona heaved a sigh just as her Viera ears began to shrink. Little by little they disappeared into her hair, and for but a moment she was left without an ability to hear. But no sooner than they had disappeared did a new pair emerge from the sides of her head – they were just simply the ears of a human, or Hyur as they were called in this world.

With a stomping of her foot on the ground, she also managed to change all of the clothing she had been wearing into golden particles that then reformed as a peculiar dress. Peculiar in that it appeared to have tentacles under the skirt, had spikes emerging from atop her nipples, and had open sleeves with tentacles on them. This wasn’t even including the plethora of strange hair accessories that looked as if they had been fished out of the ocean’s depths.

“Hmhmhm~ I suppose this body will do nicely.”

Considering how much the woman had been flailing about throughout her transformation, the fact that her body had now stilled and an eerie smile had played across her lips was just a *little* bit unsettling. The octopus had all but disappeared, but that also wasn't really true. It still existed. It had simply become one with its host, like a parasite. Like some parasites it had even gone as far as to transform the body hosting it.



Although in this case, that body resembled that of the octopus' daughter. Which sounded confusing, because her body absolutely *looked* like a human's. Why wasn't his daughter an octopus too? It was a long story. But the ego that now possessed her flesh was very much that of a man. A man named *Katsushika Hokusai*, a famous Japanese artist from another world entirely. Twisted fates had forced his body to contort into that of the octopus Iona had fished out, and with no other means of existing in this world? He had been given no choice other than to possess the first body he was compatible with.

And such was the Viera's fate. **“I'll relinquish control to her in a bit, to be fair. Although I wonder how much of her will remain herself?”** Under the influence of the Spirit Graph that was now embedded within the body, there was no doubt that the influence of his daughter, Oei, would overwrite the personality of the poor woman he had possessed. Whether she had any awareness of this, or simply believed herself to be Oei alone, was a mystery that would have to be solved once that particular process was finally done. But for now?

The Foreigner cast her gaze to the starry sky above. **“An unknown land has such an air of romance to it, doesn't it? So many sights that I've never had the pleasure of painting, so I might as well explore a little? Or maybe I could find someone to suck a little face with?”** With his daughter's body? This guy was a little fucked up.

Then again, he was bound to Cthulu of all things.