

OMEGA STONE

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Valentione's Day, Eorzea's take on the real world's Valentine's, wasn't exactly a day for the single. It was a day where couples collected and celebrated their longing for each other. The love and trust they put into one another brought to new heights as a result. In fact it could be so unbearably lonely that even friends had opted to celebrate their friendships, and there wasn't exactly anything wrong with *that* either.

But what if you had no romantic partner *nor* any friends? It was just another lonely day, perhaps feeling even lonelier than ever. For Iona, that was more or less the case. Not that she had *no* friends, but in her line of work it wasn't exactly easy for the Viera to meet up with them, especially when the questing work she did took her all over the face of her star.

Even now she was in Ala Mhigo, having caught wind of a plethora of good jobs to pursue in Rhalgr's Reach. Iona was trained with a weapon, but if she could help it? She didn't really like taking jobs that might put her life in danger. That was why she always adventured wherever the most harmless working opportunities might arise. And with Ala Mhigo now liberated, there were few safer places on the continent.

Not that she was even working on Valentione's Day this year. She had jobs lined up, but they wouldn't begin until the day after. Besides there was plenty of good to be had in taking a little break once in a while, even if it *did* make her a little depressed to go outside and see everyone celebrating their relationships with others. Intent on seeing as little of this as possible, she had basically run out, collected groceries for the night, and returned to the inn room she was renting.



“This will do for tonight. I need to watch my Gil until I collect my first payment anyways.” After returning to her room, she placed the paper bags she had carried onto the counter before running back to close her door. These inn rooms were saved for guests who would be staying in Rhalgr’s Reach a while, and were outfitted with kitchens and showers. They cost a pretty penny, but they were worth it.

The state of her lodgings aside, the Viera almost let out a scream of surprise after turning around to tend to the bags she had set out – because between them there was... was that a Minion? A wind up toy of sorts? It was certainly the right size, but looked to be a machine of some sort. It was crawling on four legs, and almost looked sort of like an insect?

Even stranger, it seemed to have a little note resting on its head. **“Are you... Are you harmless?”** Iona was not only shy, but she could be an anxious mess as well. This was the main reason she didn’t really take to combat work all that well. The little Minion didn’t *look* harmless, and it seemed to nod to indicate as much. This allowed Iona to trust it ever so

slightly, and she approached to pick up the note in question.

I AM CURIOUS ABOUT THIS DAY KNOWN AS VALENTINE’S. I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SHOW ME WHAT IT IS LIKE.

...That was what the note said, and it was a rather strange request, wasn’t it? Did Minions have wills? Or was this... not a Minion? She couldn’t really fathom *why* it wanted to experience a day founded on concepts like love and trust. But then again? The odd jobber wasn’t really being given a choice in the matter. Because by the time she lowered the note? The tiny machine had launched itself at her, its flat ‘feet’ clinging to her shoulders and hips as the Viera rocked forward to try and stop herself from falling backwards.

“Hey!? What are you...!? Get off!” The woman thrashed and thrashed, but she made no quarter against the machine, while a stone on its back began to glow. It was almost like it was *stuck* to her. And, well? It *was*. Its arms were melting into a warm black that absorbed the

fabric of her existing outfit, and she could feel its torso pressing up against her chest and belly and doing the same. The weight of the machine lessened as the melted substance it became wriggled and wrapped around her.

Eventually all that remained of the presumed Minion was a thin layer of skintight, black material that clung to her figure. It looked and felt soft, but it also seemed sturdy too. Far more durable than even conventional armor. “**Why did it become an outfit...?**” She could feel the cool breeze coming from the outside against her bare back and shoulders, and the outfit really *did* mostly cover the front. It was largely a single-piece ensemble that covered her legs and most of her front, revealing her hips and the sides of her tummy through crossed black decals. Otherwise, it took on the form of heels and gloves.

It all felt... *alive*. She didn't like it.

Truthfully, Iona had a difficult time try to describe the feeling that washed over her as a result of it aside from that. Her body shuttered, and her blood? It almost felt *cold*, like something else had begun to flow through her veins alongside her blood. It was a phenomenon that was utterly indescribable, but then again? How would you describe a Minion melting and clinging to your body in the first place?

But what was *actually* happened, what had been set into motion, was a bonding process. Not emotionally, mind you, but *physically*. The tiny bipedal machine had seen Iona as a suitable host to pursue its desires, and now she would be remade in its image. Or, well, an image that best befit it in the humanoid sense.

To those ends, there was already a torrent of change awash throughout her flesh – for her tanned complexion began to reveal a tone that wasn't traditionally *normal*. It wasn't a tone that Viera were incapable of being born with, but it wasn't what *Iona* had been born with. Speckles of a pale silver had begun to pop up against her regular skin color, their sheen more indicative of just how strange it was than the legitimate color itself. It almost seemed so shiny that it wasn't even really skin-like.

Spots grew and bled together, ultimately creating a skin tone that was much paler than her initial appearance. The sheen was essentially metallic in appearance, giving the woman a look that almost seemed like she might be cold blooded... or without any blood whatsoever. To those ends, the skin was actually *far* more durable than any regular race's skin. A blade could not slice it, nor could a gunshot pierce it. It was reinforced despite its thinness, and the blood beneath? It was blue – almost like a coolant born from the distant stars.

“I... Computing...? Hm?” What had she just said? From Iona’s perspective she was a little disoriented, but she didn’t really recognize anything had happened to her from a personal standpoint. She could just tell that there was something *disorienting* taking place, and that culminated in a coldly uttered word that a *machine*, not a person might say.

Despite her feelings, however? The changes trooped on. Her skin wasn’t the only aspect of her body to receive a dulling of color. Take her hair, for instance. Typically her hair was long, fluffy, and blue – but the silver of her skin had begun to seep into it from its roots, slithering through every strand until her head was just as silver as her skin. The volume likewise thinned, and while the length didn’t change? It became straighter and silkier, quite orderly in its overall design. Well, aside from some strands that seemed to levitate supernaturally at the sides. It retained a ponytail style, even.

Even the fur of her bunny ears inherited the silver, as did her brows. The only hair that *didn’t*? Her pubes, but only because they had receded with her previous skin color change. She was as smooth as could be down there!

Now, Iona wore glasses in part because of her own eyesight, which most certainly wasn’t perfect. **“Ow!?”** Or that had *been* the case up until that moment, because it suddenly became much sharper – too sharp, in fact. She could see everything in the room with a clarity that was overwhelming sensory wise, and that didn’t change even *after* removing her glasses and putting them on a nearby table. She didn’t think much of *why* she’d had to remove them, but the eyes that were left exposed? Naturally they were just as silver as everything else.

With her whole body now basked in this almost obscenely artificial glow, it was now time for her features to become more in line with the body that the mechanical being hijacking her body desired. The earliest indicator of this could be seen by observing her Viera features. Which, essentially, came to be erased in all of their entirety.

Take Iona’s facial features, for example. Viera typically had strong cheek bones, but those rounded – which ultimately gave her face a smaller look overall. Lips that had lost their pinkness and had practically turned black had shrunk down some, but still remained plump and shiny comparative to the rest of a smaller head. But there was also the matter of Iona’s nose, which normally had the flatter tip that Viera noses typically had. That rounded and shrunk, presenting her with a nose that was almost button-like between eyes that now bore sharper edges.

“I am...? Conclusion uncertain.” Internally, she was grappling with her own identity. Something was bubbling up from within, a will that was stronger than Iona’s own. But Iona wasn’t *disappearing*, it was more like her ego was being locked up or sealed away, converted into something else while her mannerisms and speech became more and more mechanical.

Her floppy Viera ears gradually slid down the sides of her head, yet their floppiness was undone as their lengths were lost. Fur regressed to reveal silver cartilage beneath it, and before long? On the sides of her head she ended up possessing a pair of rounded ears that were undeniably Hyur-like, as opposed to those of a race with more animalistic traits.

This had all transpired, mind you, as the woman’s body had regressed as well. Her height of roughly six feet collapsed, with limbs and her torso shrinking so that she was roughly five foot four by the shrinking’s completion. Despite this loss of mass, however? The strange, armored black bodysuit seemed to shrink along with her – never becoming tighter nor looser in the grand scheme of things.

Reinforcing this fact was that her overall figure had been reduced, and the outfit still fit her properly anyways. What was included in this figure loss was a shortening of hips horizontally, with both legs moving closer together as a result. Her thighs were so thick that they temporarily crushed into each other, but before long their mass subtly unwound so that they were still plump, but not *excessively* so. It left a notable, attractive thigh window through which you could see that the cheeks of her ass were still big and perky, albeit just a touch smaller.

Her breasts were in this camp as well. Viera women, typically, had one of the largest bust showings. Obviously it varied from person to person, but this was just on average, you see. With her height shorter, her chest had briefly looked much too large for a woman with a Hyur build, and so the chest of the costume condensed them so that they shrunk down to perky Cs.

Iona didn’t like that.

She liked her large chest, and saw it as one of her most striking features. Because she was still conscious *somewhere* within the ego that had overwhelmed her, it seemed her desire to preserve its greatness was heard. **“Acknowledged. Recalculating.”** With a voice that was hollow and metallic, the being took note of Iona’s desires and began to put them into motion as a concession. It had taken this body without permission, so it was only fair to at least ease her woes.

And so her chest began to swell back up to its former glory, black steel bending and reinforcing as her bosom ballooned. Ds, DDs, Es, Fs... Well, okay, perhaps they had been made even bigger, but the presence believed it was granting its host's wishes in this way. That said, they seemed quite excessive for her new body type, though fortunately the firm fit of her outfit kept them in check. Were she a mortal, there was a good chance she might have fallen flat on her face with them at some point. But she didn't really need to worry about balance.

“Assimilation complete. I suppose this will do, although more modifications were necessary than I had hoped.” With a voice that sounded both human and robotic simultaneously, the woman finally uttered words for the first time since her transformation had reached its turning point. She was no longer Iona, but was it also correct to say that this was entirely the case? The Viera's will still lingered deep down as a packet of data that made up the ego of the artificial being that now stood in her place.

For *Omega-F* was the culmination of all manners of information. Originally a machine sent from the depths of the cosmos, she took this form to better understand the society that called this star its home. It certainly wasn't something it could have accomplished in the small, robotic Minion form it had been left in after its trials had been vanquished, yet in that state it had also lacked the power to rekindle the humanoid form she now occupied. So a host had been necessary.



Typically she would be able to switch between this form and that of a man, but bonded to a biological being, she could not twist her form all that dramatically. The conservative boost she had given to her curves, while fed from Iona's desires, were practically the extent of what she could accomplish in this state. And now that it had happened? Omega was utterly incapable of unbinding from her. **“Based on my observations, I must now find another being and ‘woo’ them? Is that correct?”** It certainly seemed to be, at least on the memories of Iona that she was reading.

And so, to those ends, the gray-skinned beauty made her way out the door and out of the inn. If someone already had a partner they wouldn't do, that much she understood from observing, and so she strutted up to

the first being she found. A Miqu'te woman with tanned skin and spiked, blonde hair. A woman that, according to Omega-F's databanks, was named M'Naago? A leader in Ala Mhigo's Resistance.

“Would you treat me to dinner and return to your room where we may commit intercourse?”

This was what wooing was, right?