

CORRUPT INTENT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A question that she had been asked recently had really gotten Lyria thinking. *‘Is there anyone that inspires you? Someone that you would like to be like?’* It was a query made a precarious source, by a fortune teller they’d encountered on one of the many islands they had visited. At the time, Lyria hadn’t really had an answer. **“Someone I’d like to be like? Um... I couldn’t say, not right now!”** The girl had played it off as if it were a matter of not knowing, but she actually knew the answer. It had just been too embarrassing to say, because said person had been standing right beside her.

‘If I could, I’d like to be like Djeeta! More than anything!’

But even with that non-answer, the old fortune teller had left her with some parting words and a small hairclip in the shape of a black cross. **“Well, when you have your answer little one, put this in your hair and state it aloud. You might find yourself getting exactly what you’re looking for...”** The woman seemed honest, and Lyria was not one to suspect the elderly, so she took it with a nod. She didn’t expect that it could really do anything. At best, it must have been a good luck charm, *right?*

Steam had fogged up the mirror of Lyria’s personal bathroom, a tiny space jutting off to the side of her bedroom aboard the Grandcypher. Due to space and water constraints, not every room came with a tub, and most were expected to use the public baths on the second floor of the airship, but the rooms that did have them were generally reserved for key members of the crew and the incredibly young. Lyria was *both*.

“Hmhmhmhmhm!” Humming to herself as she dried off her hair with a towel separate from the one she had wrapped around her torso, she was surprised to notice a certain black, x-shaped hairpin beneath her mirror. It certainly wasn’t *odd* to find hairpins here in the bathroom, not usually. But Lyria had thought she’d stashed it away in her box of trinkets. No, she was pretty much certain?

Letting a sea of blue, now mostly dried, fall from above once she took the towel away, small fingers eventually moved to pick the hairclip up. **“That’s really strange. But I guess it isn’t a problem…”** After all, it was *just* a hairclip. But as she weighed it on her palm, she recalled the conversation she had engaged in with the fortune teller that day. **“Exactly what I’m looking for? I’m sure it was just a charm, but!”**

Wondering if it might be worth it just to see, she brought the clip up to the left side of her head and bound it just behind her bangs. The girl’s hair was so long that it almost touched the floor normally, and even her bangs, combed to the sides, fell to her waist. **“As I thought, black doesn’t really suit me, huh?”** This was part of the reason she typically wore lighter colors. They just went with her blue hair and eyes better, didn’t they?

Distracted by the look of the pin though, she wasn’t paying nearly enough attention to the rest of her reflection – although at first there certainly wasn’t anything that would have been *immediately* apparent to her.

How was one to catch, say, their *complexion aging*, for one? Particularly only for a handful of years on the whole. But whether or not it was largely noticeable did not change that it was occurring, and from the skin upon her face to the skin that kept her flesh and bone within her body, minor changes seemed to creep in.

Her skin remained soft, but it did seem just a little more worn. The greater tell came with *blemishes* though. Lyria’s porcelain skin was free of any disturbance, be it scars, moles, or any beauty marks otherwise. Yet, one by one, they began to spring up. Whether it be one of many scars that etched into her arms, legs, and torso – indicating a more complicated combat background than the Girl in Blue could plausibly have – or the sprouting of beauty marks here and there (*one most notably on the underside of her left breast*), it became clear that this skin was not her own. Rather, the placement of all of these tells was a complete match for someone Lyria was awfully close to.

Djeeta.

The bathroom was still steamy from when she'd bathed though, and her towel covered up a lot of it, so at least initially there was plenty of reason for it all to remain concealed from her eyes. *Initially*, anyways. "**Huh!?**" But even Lyria realized something after a moment, something that hadn't entirely been addressed just yet. It was a phenomenon that saw her towel lifted and tied beneath the girl's neck, *unravel*.

"Am I getting taller!?" By the time her white towel pooled at her feet below, several inches had already been applied. Arms and legs had stretched, torso doing the same while her body became much broader in width as well. Wider shoulders told the tale of how her waifish torso soon stretched, and while even her waistline grew outward, it still kept the rather defined appeal of a young woman – albeit one older than Lyria was meant to appear.

She wobbled from side to side, her brain spinning as it tried to keep up with the new balance required to maintain her upright posture. "**What's...? Why is this happening!?**" The young woman was almost knocked backwards as both of her hips suddenly bucked, popping out of place, and resettling at double their original girth, which in turn created a much more pronounced gap between her legs as knees ended up pointed inward towards one another more dramatically as a result.

But height and width weren't the only thing being applied to her frame. Likewise, there was *weight*. When one thinks of weight on the human body, they'd naturally assume fat, but that wasn't wholly the case here. Much of that new weight was born from muscle, and none of it made Lyria look particularly girthy. Rather, it broadened her appeal in a way that made her look quite attractive for someone who was, plainly, in the eighteen to twenty range based on how her face had seemingly matured.

Plenty of this weight, born of both sources, made its way into her legs – more specifically, her *thighs*. The gap forged from her widened hips quickly found much of itself filled as legs themselves were strengthened with the muscle of a young woman used to walking, running, and wielding hefty weaponry. But even then, a layer of fat concealed the tightness of it all, giving each thigh a soft jiggle that soon wriggled into the cheeks of her butt.

"Ah!?" The sensation made Lyria gasp, but the voice with which she gasped with sounded closer to another's than her own. "**Wait... Djeeta!? I'm not Djeeta, I'm...**" Talking a little just to be certain, she was now fully convinced that the voice she was now listening to and speaking with were those of her best friend and beloved captain. Not that she could do anything about it!

Rather, she almost tumbled backwards again with a squeak in response to a weight pulling behind her. It was her ass, naturally, and it had originally been left *extremely* flat thanks to how her hips had widened and spread it thin. But now? Muscles tensed, just as strong as those upon her thighs, but in contrast to those thighs where it was about an 80-20 split between muscle and fat, when it came to her rump that split was more approximately 50-50. Cheeks jiggled with glee as they swelled and rounded, and in the meantime the transforming Lyria finally managed to fix her balance once more.

...As brief as it was because she was then torn *forward*. She'd been able to spare enough of a glance at her rear over her shoulder to be able to imagine the cause, and hands immediately slapped against the skin of her breasts as if they could even make a difference in repressing what was about to come. "**Oh no!**"

And so, the young woman blossomed. Fatty tissue found its way into a chest that had once been practically non-existent, rapidly filling the hands holding them, engorged nipples prodding up and against her palms at the exact same time. They certainly didn't swell to a size that could possibly be considered shocking nor remarkable, but when compared to the itty-bitty things that the blue-haired maiden had possessed before, these heftier Cs were truly a *gigantic* upgrade.

"**Are these really real? And my hands...? They look just like Djeeta's!**" She gave her breasts a hearty squeeze, their sensitivity eventually provoking her to let go of them. She didn't want to be indecent! Plus her grip had strengthened, courtesy of the new muscles that had rippled through her arms. She recognized the scars upon her hands as the very same that were on Djeeta's, and Lyria hadn't even really noticed that her mannerisms were becoming more similar.

Looking in the mirror, it still looked like an older Lyria's head had been spliced onto Djeeta's body though, not that this lasted long. "**Oh!**" Across her shoulders, all of her excess hair had suddenly been cut. She watched most of it drift to the floor below her where it completely disappeared, but looking down? She also watched the hair above her pussy not only lengthen into a formidable bush but turn a golden blonde as well. By the time she'd turned her attention back to her reflection, the hair upon her head was not only the exact same hue, but her eyes were now brown.

Little by little, Lyria's face became fuller. Thicker cheeks, plumper lips, rounder eyes... until her reflection was wholly, and completely – "**Djeeta...**" She was looking, sounding, and behaving just like her. Never before had Lyria felt so confident or naturally peppy. Heck, she

could hardly sit still! Her bangs swept to the right, she still marveled at her own appearance, memories of who she'd once been not gone.

But before Lyria realized she was doing, her hands were teasing her breasts again. Something was welling up from deep within. A *need*, a *desire*, it was so incredibly distracting to the point that it was frustrating, and so Lyria bit her lower lip in a way that was almost *sensual*. “**Wait! What’s...? OHHHH!**” It just felt so good to touch herself, and there was nothing to stop her. Any shame? It had practically evaporated, only to leave space for knowledge. Corrupted lore that Lyria nor Djeeta should have had *any* knowledge of.

The optimal ways to bring about *pleasure*, be it in herself or others. She began to twerk her nipples as this knowledge became more present, stumbling back with intent to now prop her back up against the bathroom wall as she moaned to herself. But those nipples she was tweaking? They were darkening in color until they were almost an ashen grey. But then again? Much of her complexion was twisting, as if she had been *corrupted*.

Her skin lightened from a soft pink to a porcelain white, one that made the ashen grey of her nipples, and now her pussy, stand out far more dramatically. “**Why do I feel... so damn good!?**” When Lyria had first become Djeeta she had felt more generally confident, but as she licked lips that were now painted with a black gloss, there was something far more *sexual* about this confidence. Something far more *depraved*.

“I could get used to this. Show everyone else a thing or two. Watch them squirm... How delightful!” The innocence of Djeeta’s voice had more or less evaporated, leaving nothing but need and menace as the blonde of her hair paled, and then darkened, until it was an empty silver. As if her color had been stripped of everything, much like her desires had been stripped of everything but *sheer lust*. And finally, as her eyes began to glow red, her smile twisted into something disgusting. A smirk of menace and want, creating a woman that could hardly keep her hands off of herself, much less others.

Lengthened fingernails clacked against the side of the porcelain sink, their black surfaces standing out against a pale complexion just as the *two* x-shaped clips (*as another had sprouted*) in her silver hair stood out against them. Was she Lyria? Was she *Djeeta*? The latter seemed more likely, and in fact there was a distinctive shift in her memories that had led her to believe herself to be the Grandcypher’s captain.

But it was also distinctive in how inaccurate these memories were. The captain was supposed to be kind and gentle, a woman that would do

anything for anyone, who didn't have a single bad bone in her body. But not only did she now feel like rummaging through the ship's limited pantry without regards for anyone else, she also really wanted to *fuck*.

Shades of this had popped up over the course of her transformation, with a building lust to rival that of Belial himself. But it wasn't directed upon herself so much. She was not aroused by seeing *herself* in the nude, even if her flesh was so extremely taut and tender. Rather... **"Mm... I wonder if any of the crewmates would feel *hot and bothered* seeing me as I am now?"** Djeeta licked her lips, wondering what it might be like to mount one of the knights, or perhaps a member of the Society? Sex, race, none of that shit mattered to her.



She just wanted to fuck. To toy with people, to take what she wanted, and to bang. Djeeta couldn't *imagine* a captain that did not only see to her own needs, but to the needs of her crew as well. This of course should include *physical* needs, *right*? And if anyone disagreed with this new crew harem idea she was forming, then she was sure they could be coerced. After all, the corrupted woman could feel *it*.

A power flowing through her veins that would allow her to reshape others in her preferred image. Body, soul, and *mind*. Not a single soul would be able to escape her needs. As she stepped out of the bathroom and snapped her fingers, the entire cabin was remade into something like a sex dungeon, and her perky body was clad in

robes of black not unlike Belial's, which showed off her cleavage, tummy, and thighs.

"Before I can have my way however, the *other* Singularity..." She knew she was not the original, and yet that fact didn't bother her. Rather, she saw the original, pure, and sweet Djeeta as an object to be disposed of before she could rise to power. At the thought of this, the

corrupted Djeeta's lips slid into a smirk, her eyes glossed over with menace. Oh, she knew just how she could deal with her.

After all... **"She is definitely *the* perfect target to practice on."**