

# DON'T KNOW JACK

OCTOBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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With October typically came one of Eorzea's premiere festivals, All Saints' Wake. It was an autumn-themed event meant to capitalize on the cooler air, the arrival of the yearly harvest, and a spookiness that isn't at all better celebrated at any point in the year. Attendees were often encouraged to show up in costume, and so in the weeks leading up to the beginning of the event proper it was often a mad scramble for those visiting Gridania to get their ensembles together.

When it came to dressing up, Iona was hardly different than most regarding a level of intrigue and excitement. She wasn't a very confident young woman in most social situations, but All Saints' Wake provided her with a convenient excuse to conceal her face. She could wear a mask with her costume! Perhaps she'd sound a little silly saying this aloud, but it was easier to talk to strangers when they had no way to tell who she was.

Outside of her big, Viera ears of course!

Clutching a paper bag she'd picked up during a marketplace outing, Iona eventually returned to the inn room she'd rented from The Roost in New Gridania. Her weeks-long stay was only because of All Saints' Wake, and it was a little unfortunate, but she'd had to rent for that long, but if she hadn't then all of the rooms would have been snatched up for the festival!



Gil being drained from her account daily aside, however, she was in a pleasant mood that afternoon. She'd found the perfect mask to wear throughout the proceedings of the event. After closing her door, she pressed her back up against it to make sure it was shut all of the way while pulling the mask in question from the bag.

With a pair of belts for binding coming out of the back, the front looked like something out of a serial killer story. Dark gray with various studs, there were slots for her eyes and a jagged mouth that resembled the faces children drew on pumpkins. **“I suppose I should try wearing it first...”**

She'd been assured that it would fit by the vendor, but better safe than sorry? In preparation, she took off her glasses and put them on the desk so that placing the mask and binding it around the back of her head would be easier. So, of course, she did so. **“It's easier to breathe than I thought it would be, but...?”** Why was it so warm around her eyes and mouth?

Iona couldn't tell that it was *glowing*. A bright green, in fact.

Rather, she just assumed that the heat was from her breathing – which didn't make a whole slew of sense if you stopped to think about it, but at the same time the woman didn't exactly have any grounds to be more concerned about the phenomenon than that. On the other hand, at the mask's behest there was something very dramatic happening beneath its dark gray exterior, and it was happening to the Viera's *face*.

It began with the erasure of the white paint tattoos that she considered to be part of her very identity. This paint flakes and peeled off, but the skin below... it was still *white*, it just wasn't *as* white. It also wasn't as bound to fixed shapes as the paint had been evidently, for the paler color was spreading through the woman's face in its entirety until it not only fully consumed it, but had begun to spread down her neck to strip away the natural tan elsewhere in her body.

There was much, much more in store for Iona's face, however. The flattened, bunny-like shape of her nose found its tip rounded to better match the other races, and the shape of her cheeks softened so that it was a much keener fit for the rounder shape of the mask she was wearing. Even her eyes changed color while rounding, turning a bright

emerald green that was several tones off from the green glow the eyes of her mask was giving off.

“**Actually, maybe I feel a little... strange...?**” Was the heat not from her breathing? And didn’t her voice sound *different* somehow? Sure, it was muffled from the mask, but it also didn’t sound *right* either. Considering this, she brought her fingers up to try and unbuckle the mask behind her. While these fingers passed her hair to do so on the other hand, an off-color had begun to sweep through her luscious locks without even a moment of delay.

It was a fiery red that stood out easily when compared to the bluish purple that was Iona’s natural hair color. Tampering her roots the moment the glow of the mask had first lit up, it soon swept through the rest of her mane with an overwhelming speed. In the back her hair had no choice but to succumb to additional length once the coloring reached her tips, everything fanning out more wildly as it grew. What was most peculiar about it all though was the *underside* of her hair. The top was a bright red and that was entirely undeniable, but somehow the underside found itself to be a sandy blonde.

Almost childishly, she soon shook her head from side to side. “**Nah! Maybe I’m just feelin’ things!**” Her choice of words certainly didn’t come across as much more mature than her body language did, almost like a completely different personality entirely had been speaking through her. That was both true and not at the exact same time, though.

Still, whether it was Iona’s true personality, someone else’s personality, or something else entirely – it permitted her an ignorance to everything else unfolding. After all, her body had begun to dip rather dramatically when it came to her overall height. Iona typically and quite easily cleared the six-foot mark. Viera women were just impossibly tall even if you discounted their ears.

But much as her facial structure had come to contest whether or not she was actually a Viera any longer – or at least would continue to be one – was a hot topic at the moment. Height dropping to a diminutive (*by contrast*) five-foot-five was another substantial rock in the ‘she’s not a Viera anymore’ pile, certainly. Iona was merely fortunate that her clothes were small and based on the fit of her chest and hips, else they would have finally from her body in the process.

The final nail in the coffin of her racial status had to be what became of her ears, naturally. Even though her hair had changed to red, the fur upon Iona’s ears had showed no signs of changing from the outset, because changing the color of that fur was *unnecessary*. Instead they rolled up like paper from their tips until they reached her skull, at which

point they were absorbed by her hair and entered a state of non-existence. But the woman herself wasn't at all troubled by this, for a fleshier pair of what she knew to be Hyur ears had emerged from the sides of her head, hidden slightly by her hair.

There was no longer a single sign that she was still a bun.

**“Oh hey! That feel *really* funny! A little tight though!”** Childlike whimsy still apparent in her voice and choice of wording, the woman's body wriggled from side to side thanks to the feeling of her clothes restricting her curves. Was it a problem of the clothes themselves, though?

***RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!***

Nope! It was *definitely* her body! The sound of fabric tearing rang out because the size of her bust had doubled over only fifteen or twenty seconds, tearing the front of the purple camisole that she typically wore about on the town. Farther down, the straps on the sides of the woman's pants had little choice but to snap under the force of hips pushing wide so that they could best accommodate a rump that blossomed several sizes bigger – an ass so big that it could probably become a meme.

Hips widened too, but it was the shapes of her thighs, now just as pale as everything else, that stole the show. It wouldn't be wrong to call them bulbous with just how pronounced they were compared to the rest of her legs, and with hips as wide as they were there was no shortage of a pleasant thigh gap between them. Inherently, Iona was incredibly flexible now – although she had no reason for that flexibility to occur to her presently.

**“I really, *really* do feel hot though... Mm...”** The heat that had plagued her face still persisted, but with her curves flourishing as they were, heat had gathered around her bigger breasts and loins now as well. The lengthened fingers of one hand played with one of her tits while the other rubbed between her legs, the woman arching her back backwards at a ninety-degree angle in the process.

Lost in the sauce (*as they say*), it was a hardly a surprise that she took little note of a glow radiating above her head. A solid object appeared, floating there with no shortage of mystery. It strongly resembled a halo, or one with four spikes at least, but a sizable chunk of it was broken. It all just floated there as if it were a natural piece of Iona's existence.

Before the woman could climax the temperature of her mask rose once more until, suddenly... **“GAAAAAAAH!?”** Much to her dismay, the

taste of latex filled her mouth and the sight of it clouded her vision, forcing her to stand upright and pull her hands away from herself immediately.

Thankfully it didn't go into her eyes or mouth, but it poured out of her mask quite cartoonishly, white latex sliding across her body and ultimately clinging to it in the form of a skintight body suit with a neckline so low that it reached her bellybutton. The sleeves and pantlegs were open, but at least in the case of the latter they had slits that opened near her shins, with a ride emblem on either leg and a matching one just below her navel.

Otherwise, black latex that had been mixed in with the white hardened into a series of accessories. One of them was a belt with golden studs that rested loosely around her hips, decorated with a Jack-O-Lantern buckle that matched what now extended from her left ankle: a prison ball with a Jack-O-Lantern face glowing green engraved into it, attached to her by an unbreakable chain.

Body once again clothed now in her skintight bodysuit, *Jack O' Valentine* didn't struggle at all any longer to remove her mask from her face. In fact, she couldn't quite recall why she believed it was difficult to remove in the first place. **"That was strange. Maybe I need to get more sleep if I'm having episodes like these...?"** That was the best that she could liken it too, actually. An 'episode'; seeing as she wasn't technically a normal, living being by any comprehensible standard.

With the mask off, she appeared much calmer and more mature. That second, more childish personality? Seemingly it had disappeared, at least for the time being.

Jack O' merely wondered if she was having difficulty thriving in a world that was not her own? Or... no. She had been born here, hadn't she? **"Strange. There appears to be some sort of damage to my memories. Or is it... Are there two sets in here?"** Memories of being Jack O', but also memories of 'Iona'? A woman with rabbit ears? The thought crossed her mind to just delete



them, but she hesitated in the end. **“I’d better not. What if they belong to someone and can’t be recovered?”**

They belonged to *her* though.

Oh well, it wasn’t long before the All Saints’ Wake festival would distract Jack O’ anyways.