

# KUKUCOOKIN'

## COMMISSION STORY

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The brightly lit night sky that spread across the expanse of Eorzea was certainly a sight to behold.

This was a thought that crossed the mind of one stargazer in question, Iona, after she had been staring up at it for roughly thirty minutes or so. Typically a woman who spent her days doing busywork, off jobs that lined her pockets with some much needed Gil. Her day had been one such day, and of all things she had been working in a Limsa Lominsa bar since one of their waitresses had called in sick at the last minute.

She was socially *exhausted*, unaccustomed to having to serve others with a smile on her face for hours on end. But thankfully she could put that entire ordeal behind her. As the evening had worn on she recalled that she had a job in Costa del Sol the next day and so she had decided to set out on an overnight wagon. It was on the back of said wagon, guided by a horse and merchant, that she opted to stare up at the stars above.

It was peaceful enough to fall asleep, but the off bounce of the open carriage and her own paranoia would prevent her from doing so. The last thing the Viera woman wanted was to be robbed blind while she was asleep and the shakiness of a moving carriage made it too difficult anyways. There were only a few hours left in the trip, at which point she could rent a late night room at Costa del Sol once she arrived.

But these plans suddenly changed. Iona shot up at the sight of something flying past the carriage at high velocity, impacting a field off to the right. The horse had been disturbed by the sight and the Viera shot back up, tossing a small coin purse up at the driver as a bribe. “Can

**you wait here for about ten minutes?”** The Miqu’te in the front seat nodded, a little confused. But Iona had sensed an opportunity for some *profits*.



Her long legs carried her to the sight of the crash in no time at all, the distance far enough away that she could only just barely make out the carriage when she looked back. But the small crater she had stumbled upon revealed an object that would certainly make the small detour worthwhile for her. “**A beautiful emerald green...**” She uttered the color of the object, a fallen meteorite, aloud.

During its descent through the atmosphere it had clearly lost most of its mass. The translucent, shimmering emerald stone could have easily fit in Iona’s palm once she grabbed it (she only didn’t initially because hot steam was still coming off of it). She could just tell that it would fetch a high price, whether it be from a jewelry or a scholar who studied objects that fell from above.

“**I still have some time, I’d best give it another minute or two to cool.**” The Viera spoke rationally. It still appeared *much* too hot to grasp with her bare hands, and as a woman who dressed *and* packed lightly she didn’t have anything else to grab it with on her person considering she only wore a crop top and tight shorts without pockets. It certainly would have taken longer for her to run back to the carriage to fish something out of the small bag she had packed for herself.

Which was fine. In the interim she wanted to think about where she could sell it. Costa del Sol might not be the best place to search for a buyer, so perhaps Limsa Lominsa? Should she just cancel her work for the following day and have the carriage driver take her back to the port city? That was *probably* her safest bet. The longer she carried the glittering green gem the more likely it became that someone would try to steal it from her.

Just as she had settled on a course of action however, something *unpredictable* occurred with the emerald colored sample that she planned on selling off. “**Erm...?**” Aside from the sound of the rock cooling it hadn’t made any noise, but now? The audible sound of the stone *cracking* could be picked up by her ears. In fact she could see cracks forming in its surface. “**No, don’t break!**” She could still sell it in shards of course, but that would be *way* more difficult to carry!

Unfortunately it did just that, breaking open and releasing... emerald, green spores. Iona did her best to try and cover her mouth and nose, but the eruption had taken her so off guard that her reaction had been much too delayed and some had slipped in. **“Shoot! What is this!?”** Usually so quiet, she couldn't help but cry out in shock as a natural response to her body *immediately* beginning to heat up. She felt feverish and weak very briefly, but the weakness at least was quick to fade away.

Was this even something that some medicine and rest could help with?

Iona's posture swayed back and forth against her will. With the growing heat from within came a feeling weakness. Several times her consciousness flickered as if to suggest she was on the cusp of passing out, and in the process she accidentally knocked her glasses off – blurring the world around her. For but a brief seconds she actually believed she *had* passed out. Her now blurry world had become *incredibly* dark, but only for a split second. It allowed her to catch herself before falling.

And then? All of the ill symptoms that she had been feeling? It was almost like they just up and *evaporated*, like she'd had a flash illness. Her fever was gone, her strength had been returned, her vision was 20/20 again... **“...Huh?”** A hand gingerly reached up to touch her own face. One of those things hadn't been a symptom of the spore inhalation! Her eyesight was just naturally poor and her glasses hadn't ended back up on her face. So why was her vision perfect? No, it felt more than perfect? She could see better than even if she *had* been wearing her glasses!

**“That's... weird.”** The entire situation was weird. Everything from the spores, which had seemingly now faded, to the two minute illness and now her vision had been corrected? What was *any* of that? But Iona was actually out of the loop about *another* peculiar little detail. Her eyes were *glowing*. The very same emerald green that the meteorite was colored as. The brightness of those eyes had begun dull, but as they shimmered brighter and brighter it almost looked like the *shapes* of her eyes were changing. They became wider, rounder, and more expressive.

Almost in tandem with a new feeling deep down that felt inherently *good*. She felt oddly *positive*?

She had possessed positive feelings about the meteor because she had planned on selling it of course, but this was a little different. It was almost like she was intoxicated in a growing bubbiness that ran counter to her usual, calm demeanor. And the stronger that feeling become, the more it was reflected in her facial features. Her lips not only pulled into

a slight smile but their shapes were enhanced, becoming fuller beneath a nose that lost its flatter, Viera tip. Her face looked a touch longer, in fact, with a sharper chin. And with thinned brows? If someone who knew Iona had seen her in that moment they likely would have mistaken her for another woman wearing Iona's clothes!

A mistake that definitely wouldn't have been helped by her *skin color* of all things. Pinkish pale spots had begun to form across her person, seemingly poking holes in the very dark tan that had been her complexion from both. These spots grew and multiplied until not a single speck of her old skin color remained, dyeing her nipples and lips pink in the meantime. It was stark enough of a difference that even Iona herself immediately noticed.

**“My skIN!?! Ack! M-My voice...!?! Why do I sound like this!?!”** It was naturally a surprising discovery, but Iona wasn't usually one to shout even *when* she was rattled. So the fact that she was doing so must have been the product of her changing personality and mental state. Her voice *was* both higher and bouncier sounding though. **“WAAAAH!?!”** ...Though that cry was because a *different* realization.

The realization that her body was folding in on itself. Not *literally*, but as Viera women were always extremely tall women that typically towered over six feet, any loss of height would have felt dramatic. And that was *exactly* what was happening. Her limbs were shortening and her torso was pushing into itself in a way that kept her weight distribution consistent. Hands and feet shrunk in kind, and in unrelated changes callouses were wiped away from them so that her paled skin was left flawless. But it wasn't *as* dramatic as it felt. In the end she was still 5'9", an above average height for women in among the shorter races.

Lalafells notwithstanding.

**“My body keeps changing! It must have been those spore, but...?”** But *why*? Even if it was something from beyond the stars it was difficult to imagine anything developing to the point that it needed a defense mechanism that would *transform* anyone that inhaled its spores. Nonetheless, that was exactly what was happening to her. Even now she could feel and *see* those changes continue. But they appeared to be tackling more *embarrassing* areas now.

She could feel it in both her shorts and her top. Flesh was swelling where it shouldn't have. She was a fully grown woman after all, so if *those areas* were to grow bigger it would have only been because of poor dietary choices on her part. Despite how realistic it may or may not have been, there was little hope in denying what she was experiencing. Her

purple shorts were struggling to contain the weight of an ass that burgeoned with added weight, cheeks forcing themselves out farther behind her, creating a full roundness that was exceptionally perky despite their mass.

Her ass crack couldn't even be contained by the cloth and poked up over the waistline while the indentation between those two cheeks was visible straight down the back. It was a testament to the durability of those shorts that they hadn't torn or frayed, but Iona found herself struggling with the front button to grant herself some relief from both the heft of her ass and an added thickness to her thighs. **"My butt is so big!"**

Compared to the thickness that her ass had acquired, the growth of her bosom almost seemed *paltry*. She was so distracted by her rear that she didn't notice anyways, but the cups of those tits grew two sizes, tightening her top around them alone as she didn't wear a bra with this particular outfit. One hand did give them a curious squeeze once the realization finally crossed her mind, but rather than dwell on any of it for long she had to focus on something else.

**"Huh? Huh? Aah? AAAAAAH?"** It sounded like Iona was just making random noises for the hell of it, but her hearing was dulling? In tandem with the sight of all things, her Viera bunny ears shrinking back into her head. For only a single moment she had been left completely deaf, but she was able to hear again after a pair of rounded Hyur ears emerged from the sides of her head. And at this point...

Only a single piece of her old self remained visually. Her long and purple hair. But considering how things had trended it should have been obvious that it was no longer longed for this world. And sure enough? A wave of silver finally rippled through it, seeing those long locks became thicker, a touch longer, and messier all at once. What was bizarre about this hair was its *coloration* though. Much of it was silver, yes, but the under layer shimmered with the same green as her eyes. No, it almost looked like the meteorite that had fallen itself, light hitting it like it was a jagged stone.

**"I... I'm... I...?"** Perhaps the shock of the woman's transformation had been far too great. She could hardly wrap her head around what had just happened to her. Her body was *different*. She was buff and sexy, but she was a lot shorter than she had been as a Viera. The power that coursed through her body was not *normal*. It definitely wasn't something that could be found in this world. And that was the last thing she recalled thinking about before she *blacked out*.

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“Ugh...” The next thing she knew she was waking up in a bed at Costa del Sol. Throwing her legs over the side of the bed and standing up, *Kukulkan* couldn’t help but wander barefoot and somehow now naked over to a nearby mirror where she could finally get a good look at what had happened to her. “**Guess that wasn’t a dream then!**” If she were to guess, the carriage driver had seen what had happened from afar and had taken her the rest of the way. No doubt confused about who this strange woman might be and where the Viera had gone.



*She* was still confused. Thinking about her own identity, *Kukulkan* was the only name that came to mind. Had it been something else before? She was certain it had been but she couldn’t for the life of her remember. The strange thing was that it didn’t *bother* her. In fact, *Kukulkan* just gave her reflection a little shrug. She felt so *good* that it didn’t really matter, did it? “**I’m pretty strong now, right!? So it isn’t really a big deal!**”

Her personality was definitely a lot different compared to the woman she had once been. She felt energetic and bubbly, raring to go adventuring outside to see just *what* these new powers of hers could do. But she gave herself a display *inside* first, summoning that power to dress herself in a silver bodysuit that left *very* little to the imagination and contributed to the very *alien* aesthetic she had going on.

That was when she saw them. Shards from the emerald meteorite had been gathered and had been sitting on the table beside her bed. Her mind had actually changed so much as she had slept because they had been so close to her. But now, conscious? She reached out to grab one of her own volition. The moment she did? “**...Uh... Huh? Where am I? What planet is this!?**” Whatever remained of her memories of *Hydaelyn* just up and *vanished*. Like a switch had been flipped to completely change her identity. But *Kukulkan* didn’t seem to mind *that* much.

“**Oh well! Guess I can go explore to find out myself! ...I hope they have corn though!**”