

EXIA UNLEASHED

COMMISSION STORY

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The Skydom being in turmoil wasn't exactly anything new.

It wasn't rare at all for the livelihoods of everyone across the Sky to be impacted by a potentially world ending event at least once a year at this point – and more often than not those people didn't have the foggiest idea that anything had even happened in the first place. That was because the one known as the *Singularity* was always dragged into these conflicts and, if they couldn't solve it themselves, they were at least a force capable of helping with matters.

In a technical sense this Singularity's name was *Gran*, but the circumstances in this instance were so unique that there were, in fact, *two* Singularities present within this particular timeline. Due to the shenanigans of the ones behind the crisis, timelines had begun to merge and among those timelines there had been one where a second Singularity had existed. A girl named *Djeeta* who shared in *Gran*'s fate almost exactly, the two living parallel lives aside from the fact that *Djeeta* appeared to have access to more weaponry.

Along with a temporarily shared *Lyria*, both of these Singularities had stood on the final stage against the culprit, *Belial*. He had wished to revive *Lucilius* by using the *Versus* core but had been swiftly defeated by his two nemeses. Before they could put him down for good, however? He had fled... which checked out in a way. But something was *wrong*.

Whether *Belial* had planned it, or it was just an opportunity he had taken advantage of to flee, a number of crystal-bearing *Exia* had appeared from beneath the ground they had been standing on. **"Everyone watch out!"** *Gran* had cried as numerous floating, almost

robotic creatures launched themselves at their group. But unfortunately? In the end their attempts to fend them off had ended fruitlessly.



Moments later? Gran felt *disoriented*. One of the Exias had grabbed him, but then there had been some sort of phenomenon that had distorted space and he suddenly found himself standing in the empty Colosseum that he had fought in some time prior as part of Belial's little game. "**Uh... Huh? How'd I end up here?**" Come to think of, the Exia that had grabbed him at the time had possessed a different colored crystal than he was familiar with.

"It was a dark blue, right?" They were *typically* red. He didn't know that, because the Versus core had been present, the Exia that were lurking had been able to download the data of fighters from *other worlds* and had been looking for targets to imprint that data upon. Something that would surely work to Belial's benefit. "**It's weird though... I don't feel like myself.**" Things felt a little *off* and he couldn't quite place his finger on it.

He didn't realize just how literal he'd meant those words, however.

There was something *odd* about his appearance, after all. In the center of his head of brown hair something was *sticking up*. Strands of an almost platinum blonde that had *actually* grown from his own scalp, and they were growing towards the sky while eventually zigging to the side. He'd grown a sharp-edged ahoge that sported a completely different color than the rest of his hair. At least that was the case *initially*.

Yet while it didn't lengthen in the same way as his new ahoge had, the style of his remaining hair was soon to shift in kind as well. Short spikes flattened and smoothed away as they lightened to a similar blonde that also spread to his pubes and brows. In the end he was left with a chin length bob that fanned out in the back, with bangs that hung between his eyes. Eyes that promptly shifted to reflect a bright *blue* instead of the same dreary brown that his hair had once represented.

"I feel... hungry." It felt like an odd thing for Gran to note in that particular moment, largely because he definitely had bigger things to

worry about. He'd been separated from his companions, after all. Like the very important, uh... **"Huh? What was her name... Their name? I can't even remember their gender?"** Had he been *with* someone? Why couldn't he recall? Yet he knew he wanted *something*. Something *sweet* and *tasty*.

As the male Singularity pondered what this might be, he seemed to be oblivious to the fact that his body was *shrinking*. This was a phenomenon that happened in two different senses simultaneously. The first was his *muscle mass*. The strength that he had built over his journey diminished and muscles smoothed away until they no longer remained. Yet in the end? He hadn't *actually* become physically weaker. It was actually the *opposite*. He was *stronger*; inhumanly so.

The other sense of it was likely what you would expect if you were told someone was shrinking. Gran was actively becoming *shorter*. This meant that his limbs and torso were collapsing in on themselves and his head shrunk along with them. Fingers and toes collapsed too, but strangely? They eventually smoothed until they were daintier. Paired with an arch to his waist that hadn't existed before, and his perceived gender became questionable as well. Not that it was easy to see now that he had shrunk; his sweater now reached his thighs and his pants had slipped off.

He was now only 4'11".

"Pudding...?" It was clear that the loss of height had left him with a higher-pitched voice. Or, rather, it was downright *feminine*. This made a little more sense while examining his face. It was rounder, softer, and his features had slipped from the androgynous into the girlish. It would have been more accurate to say that he resembled a teenaged *girl* with how big his eyes had become, or how much plumper his lips had become. It complimented his voice, his hair, and even his build. It was also not inaccurate. Because *she* underwent a change in *her* sex seconds later. **"P-Pudding!?"**

She may have *really* wanted pudding, but the reason Gran had cried about it like that was a direct response to her genitalia shifting into a woman's counterparts. This seemed to simultaneously bleed into her hips, pushing them several inches wider to give the surrounding area to blossom. Namely? A fullness that blessed her thighs with a supple weight, and an ass that perked out behind her with a ripened shape that almost clashed with her shorter, seemingly eighteen year old body.

And speaking of pudding... **"Nngh..."** The young woman herself glared down at her chest while groaning with discomfort. Pudding was relevant because there was a part of her body gaining similar physical

characteristics. Or at least its *jiggliness*. Her sweater was quick to fill, cloth pushed forward and lifted by a pair of almost gelatinous growths upon her chest. Breasts hadn't existed in *any* capacity in the first place, but with full nipples and all they had *sprung* into a pair of bounce *F-cups* that jiggled with even the slightest breath she made.

After staring at them for a moment, however? She simply shrugged, confused why she had even shown them any concern in the first place. In the end she *did* squeak a touch as her clothing tightened around her though, with the base of her sweat fanning out into a black and blue frilled skirt overtop undergarments and black tights. Meanwhile, the upper portion tightened around her as a white blouse beneath a black, puffy sleeved petticoat with sleeves so big you couldn't even see her hands. And a blade that was larger than herself appeared in her right hand.

“Hm? I do not see any pudding here.” The change of priorities in this young lady's mind couldn't have been any plainer than when she uttered that phrase at her transformation's end. *Es* could recognize a few things. This was *not* her world, and she didn't have the foggiest idea how to return. In fact, according to her memories as they stood, she had been in the Skydom for at least a few days by this point in time. She *also* knew that she had to seek out a 'Belial' fellow to have any hope of returning, but...



She was hungry. The artificial woman only really had one food that she valued above all others and that was *pudding*. There was very little that she wouldn't have done to consume it, and somehow that was a little fitting for a short woman with boobs so big that they almost jiggled like pudding herself whenever she moved. It was clear that she wouldn't find any pudding in this Colosseum, however. **“Very well, before continuing I will seek out a pudding-selling establishment.”**

At least she was *consistent* with her priorities.

“Um... Gran? Djeeta? Vyrn?” Lyria was naturally just as confused as Gran had been. She too had been pulled away from the others by an Exia, this one sporting a core that was a cotton candy pink color, and the next thing she knew she was in a different part of the Skydom

altogether. She was on the extremely hot *Fremel Island*, the heat from the magma rivers nearby overwhelming her with discomfort. “**How did I end up here? And where did that Exia go?**”

On the bright side it wasn't like the crew of the Grandcypher didn't have *allies* on Fremel. It didn't seem as if she was very far from the village either, so she would at least be able to get shelter relatively easily. “**I guess I should head to town then... If anyone else is nearby they'll likely do the same.**” It was a sound plan, but the heat masked the *off* feeling the Girl in Blue was experiencing.



One that ensured she wouldn't reach the village as the same person she was now.

Something that Lyria didn't notice early on, and in actuality would have been *very* difficult for Lyria to notice early on, was that much of her body was changing *internally*. The shape and exterior of a human body were retained, and unless under *very* close scrutiny none would really think otherwise. But the truth of the matter was that she had become quite different internally. Her inner workings were no longer natural but *artificial* instead.

Bones were made of steel and connected by ball joints, and the blood that ran through her veins was instead something closer to a coolant that acted fast. “**Phew!**” From Lyria's perspective the heat of Fremel Island had calmed, and she was much more comfortable, but she didn't really think about *why* that was in any capacity. Nonetheless, the 'heart' pumping that coolant through her body was more like a core. One wired to the computer that functioned as a brain behind camera-powered eyes.

She was more like a robot or an *android* functionally, but it didn't seem to even cross the Girl in Blue's digital mind. But to be fair? That wasn't even as obvious of a change to miss as what came next. Because now that her body was *internally* what the power changing her had desired? It was time for her to conform *physically*. And it *definitely* wasn't as subtle as what had happened within.

After all? Unlike what had happened to her captain, Lyria sprang *up*. Her body jumped so that she gained just over *four* added inches overall – shooting from just under five feet to 5'4". This meant that her legs ultimately lengthened along with her arms, hardly impacting her white, sleeveless dress' integrity on their own. But what *did* affect them was

broadening shoulders that widened her torso in kind, tearing the dress beneath her armpits. Where hips jutted out? Her undergarments eventually snapped and fluttered to the stones beneath her.

It was clear that Lyria had grown *older* though, now looking like she couldn't be any less than eighteen or so in terms of *physical* age. This was well timed in a way, because a combination of her increased height and a thickening of her thighs and rump flipped the skirt of her dress so that her loins were *completely* exposed. Why she even had them when her body was so *robotic* was a mystery, however.

She stretched. “*I feel rather good!*” Almost as if she had received a strange boost of energy from *somewhere*. Had that boosted energy done something to her *voice*? No, that vaguer deepness to it had actually been a product of her increased size and age. And it certainly wasn't helped as her chest rose, tearing her dress further down the neckline once her bosom exploded fully into perky *C-cups*.

At the height of the young woman's stretch something went *wrong*. Something *popped* beneath her chin and her head... *flew clear off her neck*, landing with a thud nearby. “**Huh!?**” It was a development that would have killed any living, breathing person. But those weren't descriptors that applied to Lyria any longer. Despite her head being severed and the wiring laid bare, she didn't die. She could still see through her eyes and move her body, and she ended up watching her own headless body fumble over to pick her up. “**Over here!**”

In the time it took for her body to fetch her head, a great deal of change ended up occurring. Her incredibly long, blue hair shortened to a shoulder length and curled into a dark, cotton candy pink. Her eyes shifted to green from blue too, while her overall facial shape lengthened and matured a little more until she no longer resembled her old self whatsoever. And why she finally managed to shove that head back into place on her neck?

It seemed to trigger a shift in her clothes *and* equipment. A layered, light green dress neatly fit itself around her aged, android form while pink tights gripped her legs. Backless, black gloves and matching, flat shoes accessorized things, whereas a little green hat was fastened to the right of her head. But in terms of equipment? Well, she certainly hadn't had a set of *boosters* that resembled wings attached to her back before.

But now she did!

The heat didn't really bother her much anymore. How *could* it, really? Not when the woman's body was no longer flesh and blood. *Alisa Bosconovitch* was an android through and through – if her head falling

off and being reattached mid-transformation hadn't been enough to make that obvious. **"This is so strange! How did I end up on this island again?"** Much like had been the case with Es, the android hadn't been dropped onto Fremel with absolutely no understanding of her situation. She knew that this wasn't her world, but the actions she'd taken in the past few hours felt a little blurry to her.



After thinking about it for a few moments she eventually just shrugged it off. **"Oh well! I think there must be a village nearby, right?"** She could vaguely recall having seen one when she had flown to Fremel earlier, maybe? Staying out in the middle of nowhere wasn't exactly going to do much for her in the end. And so, she spread her wings so that she could expend fuel to... *blast off*. **"I'll worry about the little things later!"**

Was having a several hour memory gap a little thing!?



Realistically? Djeeta hadn't fared any better than the others. After being latched onto by an Exia with a pale blue stone she had been teleported to the Town of Albion, in a secluded area where no one else appeared to be. **"Why did it send me here?"** And considering her own circumstances, she also had to wonder which *timeline* she was in now. Was it also the product of everything being smashed together?

As much as the Singularity of another time wished for her answers, she wouldn't be able to receive them as she was. **"Wait. Something's wrong with my body, isn't it?"** Djeeta could tell that something was very much *awry* with

it. She felt a little clumsy, as if her brain was expecting her limbs to move differently than they actually were.

Like it was expecting to control a different body entirely.

“That’s... weird.” She managed to stop herself from making any notable fumbles by standing still, but Djeeta had to wonder if the sudden teleportation had somehow made her sick. Or if the Exia had done more to her than she had first assumed. The latter assumption was actually the correct one, but as the other two had first demonstrated it *wasn’t* something that would click with her in any notable capacity beyond a vague recognition that something was *off* for a while.

Although in the second Singularity’s case specifically, the earliest notable changes had more or less been shielded from her gaze. Changes in colors that were either affixed to her face or shielded by the fact that much of her body was covered in either cloth or armor. Nonetheless, it could readily be seen in her face, cleavage window, and thigh window. Her skin was *darkening* away from that more, standard Caucasian white that it had. At first it became tanned, but it darkened even further to a mocha shade that made her seem *African*, at least according to the terminology of our world.

And in fact? That implication that her race was changing was further built upon in her face specifically. Some of those physical traits shifted dramatically, such as her nostrils parting and her nose becoming much bigger overall. Her lips, now much paler than the rest of her darkened face, were notably fuller too. But in terms of structure? Her cheekbones became much more defined in a way that made her appear more beautiful than before, but clearly African by design. Even her brown eyes shifted slightly in shape while browns inherited a steelier blue.

“Hm? Have I been here before?” The Town of Albion *should* have been familiar to Djeeta. She had been there plenty of times in the past, and yet now it almost seemed foreign to her. Familiar locations seemed foreign, and she no longer knew where to go. But she couldn’t put a finger on *why* that was. Even despite the fact that the blonde in her hair was fading away, replaced by a shimmering silver that contrasted with her skin color while it shortened into a bob that barely even reached her nose in terms of length.

She clicked her tongue as if she realized something important. **“Yup! Definitely don’t know where I am!”** And it turned out she had realized nothing of value at all! But while she hadn’t changed *proportionately* at all, at least not *yet*... she didn’t look or even sound an iota like her old self now. And that gap only widened further as her

proportions finally *did* shift. In a way that had the young woman *grow* in several different ways.

The first of which was common sense. Djeeta's overall height bloomed at an astounding pace. She had been roughly 5'3" before this stage, a normal height for a girl of her age. But as her limbs and her torso lengthened, things took a turn for the *abnormal*. Armored gloves were pushed out of position by her arms and eventually slid off to reveal lengthened fingers with nails painted blue, and legs rose straight out of her thigh high boots. Her feet eventually became much too large for this footwear selection and her toes burst through the fronts of them.

Until she stood at an astounding *six feet* in height.

"Eh?" Something was *definitely* wrong, right? So why couldn't she figure it out. Was it her clothing? Her burst of height *had* torn her sleeves as shoulders expanded their width. And the growth that then blessed her body's muscles certainly didn't help things. Any softness to her flesh was utterly and completely hardened away as strength manifested within her in a different way. Lanky arms and legs bulged with rippling muscle, and her pecs and abs followed suit. All in all, it gave her body a much stronger look, but it sacrificed a little of the weight to her breasts. On the plus side? Her ass and thighs had enlarged a fair bit to compensate.

And this was all highlighted as her clothing became... Well, not *much*, really. It was pale blue and bikini like, leaving much of her body exposed, including the entirety of her extremely long legs. Even her feet were bare, showing off nails painted the same blue as those on her fingers. Multicolored bands decorated her neck, wrists, ankles, shoulders, and shins, but aside from gold hoop earrings that had pierced her ears?

The woman wasn't wearing much else.

Despite only being eighteen years old, the Kenyan woman that Djeeta had become was already *six feet* tall. Not that this bothered *Elena* herself. After all, as she now recalled, she had been this tall since she was at *least* sixteen. **"Hmm..."** Her height wasn't really what was on her mind, anyways. This was Albion, right? She'd only ended up in this strange world a few days ago. Honestly, being pulled into another world was such a strange thing to a woman who, aside from her fighting prowess, was just a normal person otherwise.



“I guess this is a good opportunity though, isn’t it? I can learn all about Albion’s culture since I’m out and about!” Elena was the type of girl that loved to learn about the cultures of other places and would always try to fit in while visiting. Why would that be any different in this world? Sure, some people had horns or animal ears, but they were still people at the end of the day! **“Oh! And I wonder how many friends I can make in this world?”**

It was good to stay positive, right?

What was unfortunate for Belial in the end was the fact that the Singularities and Lyria were not *gone*. The Exia had transformed them, but in their absence? Random dwellers of the sky had been transformed into Gran, Lyria, and Djeeta so that the status quo was maintained. But it was equally unfortunate for the other crew members of the Grandcypher...

Because more than three of those unique Exias were floating around
now.