

ARTSTYLE SWAP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Solution Nine was certainly an interesting place.

Krile Maya Baldesion had thought this from the moment she had set her eyes on it. It was an open, towering metropolis unlike anything she had *ever* seen in Eorzea, Doman, the Steppe, or *anywhere* really. While there were aspects to it that reminded her of the Allagan civilizations and technology that she had investigated in the past, the Lalafell had long since accepted it as something new to study rather than basing it all of prior assumptions.

She hadn't really been afforded much of an opportunity to take in its culture and locales when she had first visited. That was back when Zoraal Ja had been a threat, and then the Endless Sphene had put her plans into actually soon after. The places she'd visited and the things she'd seen at the time had been limited to what was necessary alone. But now that things had quieted down? An opportunity had finally been provided to learn more about this world.

The world from which she had only recently learned she had come from
as a baby.

“The Arcadion, hm? I wonder what this is about...?” On the first chance she'd had since Endless Sphene's defeat, Krile had returned to Solution Nine to try and learn more about the Ninth Reflection's traditions. She'd come just in time to hear of the 'Arcadion' reopening; before the Warrior of Light even had been given a chance to challenge it in their own way. **“Hm... But is the front desk closed? I can hear a crowd cheering inside...”**

Was it some sort of sporting event then? There was no ticketer, and upon trying to use the doors they had *clearly* been locked. Perhaps it was closed when the event was ongoing? But that didn't seem to be the *only* way in. Off to the side, there was what looked like a narrow maintenance hallway that led down to another door. Well, maybe 'narrow' was subjective. For a tiny Lalafell, a narrow hallway might as well have been a regular one.



“Well, so long as I don’t get caught, I don’t see the harm!” Perhaps it was because she had been spending so much time with Alisaie as of late, but she was feeling rather *rambunctious*. When Krile’s curiosity got the better of her, she could convince herself to participate in some activities that would otherwise be considered... *unruly*. And so, she dashed down the hallway and into the side door – which was *very* surprisingly unlocked.

But where did it take her? Into another hallway, which led her into another, and another. This misadventure didn't *appear* to be all in vain, since she could hear the cheers of the crowd getting louder. She was getting closer, she was— **“WAH!?”** *Falling!?* She wasn't sure if the floor had opened up beneath her, or if a *very* obvious hole had just escaped her notice. Either way, she *plummeted* down what must have been an *entire* floor before landing on a pile of worn down audience chairs.

Krile rolled off and looked around. Was it some sort of disposal system? Maybe whoever had used it last had left it open? She didn't really know, but for *some* reason? There was a screen installed in this space, and it must have been showing what was going on in the stadium itself. There was a gigantic cat girl fighting a gigantic... *Lalafell?* Was she a Lalafell? She was *giant*, and blue, and was wielding spray paint to bring her drawings to life.

“Wow, that’s amazing! Is that some manner of variation of pictomancy?” As a practiced Pictomancer, the small woman couldn't help but wonder. She could tell just from watching that the giant blue stranger was channeling her mana through her paint guns in a peculiar way. Curious if she could replicate this, she pulled out the giant brush and easel that had been fixed to her back and closed her eyes. **“She must have done it like *this*, right?”**

It turned out to be a little different to guide with a brush as she splashed blue paint into the air. Ultimately, she couldn't really replicate it

perfectly. Something had been *off*. “**Maybe I’m using the wrong technique? Or perhaps it won’t work with a Pictomancer’s usual tools?**” Regardless of whether or not its intended outcome had come true, she *had* to stop and question what she’d ultimately accomplished.

Pictomancy paint would immediately disappear if not wielded properly since it was conjured by magic. But that splotch of blue paint was just *floating* there. “**That’s... odd.**” Krile didn’t even have a proper explanation for what had *caused* that, much less what would happen seconds later. While she squinted at this splotch of floating blue? It suddenly *shot* itself at the Pictomancer. “**Hey!?**” It splattered all over the front of her outfit, only for this paint to disappear seconds later as if it had never been there in the first place. It *had* though. She could feel it.

“**Oh. That likely isn’t good.**” Her body had *absorbed* it by force. In that moment that followed, she could feel a warm tingling spreading throughout her body from where it had made contact. Would this be a problem? Technically *she* had conjured the paint, but magic could be *unpredictable*. She couldn’t really write off the possibility that something might go wrong.

And she didn’t need to wait long to see that yes, something *was* going to go wrong.

Krile’s entire body began to feel *clammy*? This felt the most obvious where her skin was *exposed*. Which, *honestly*? That wasn’t in *too* many places. Her Pictomancer attire left very little bare; only her face, hands, and her thick Lalafell ankles. The coolness of the air in the disposal room against this slightly moistened skin triggered an obvious conclusion. “**Is that aether making me sick?**” Her voice had cracked? Well, that was easy enough to handwave away, all things considered. It didn’t matter how old you became, sometimes your voice *would* crack.

The conclusion that she had come to was extremely reasonable though. You could feel a little clammy if you came down with a fever, or even from tummy issues if you ate something that disagreed with it. The issue was that she *knew* what the culprit was, and that culprit was the tainted aether from the spell she had attempted to replicate. Either way, there *were* signs that there was something far more *unusual* taking place when it came to her body. Something that no illness could have possibly hoped to solve.

A subtle but clear example of this was the small woman’s *ears*. Lalafell ears came in all shapes and sizes. They were always longer than the ears of a Hyur but had wider bases and rounder points than the ears of an

Elezen. Krile's were about three inches long and pointed straight back. Or, at least, they *should* have. The issue was that, in that moment, the tips of those ears both sharpened *and* drooped about an inch, while also growing a couple of inches longer.

“Hm... *What* should I *do*? Oh... that voice *crack* wasn't a one off?” She had to put her weapon away so that she could rub her throat with one of her hands. Was the aether messing with her *voice*? It was an odd thing to target if true. But she was *also* missing the bigger picture. She was too focused on her voice to realize that there were more pressing matters. Like? Her hair!

With most of it tucked into her hoodie, it wasn't exactly easy to see how it was changing from the exterior. Yet, little by little, the Lalafell's brown locks were both darkening in color and changing in length and style. Black strands came untied, and the scrunchie from her ponytail got caught in the back of her hood while what it had bound shortened to her chin. Her bangs lengthened down to that chin on the *sides* of her head, while the ones on top took a straight cut above her eyes.

It was the *exact* same hairstyle that the presumed Lalafell on the screen in the room wore. Just without being *bright blue*, of course.

For now!

“*I wonder if— Oh. It's stuck like this now?*” The pitch of Krile's voice was *off*. It was slightly *too* high, but not so much that it was too off-putting to her own ears. She was able to ponder this without thinking too much of it because of her physiology. While Lalafells could look very different, it was hardly ever in overly dramatic ways. There weren't a ton of changes that she could undergo that *would* make it obvious.

That was why, when her nose twitched, she couldn't have imagined it was because her nose had *vaguely* changed its shape to become narrowed. Nor that simply blinking had seen the colors of her irises brighten to a pale green. When her eyes *opened* after blinking, they were narrower in design vertically too. Her typically round face narrowed just a touch, but it still possessed that Lalafell-like chub that many of the other racists used to refer to them like they were 'child-like'. Still, that *wasn't* Krile's face.

She looked around for an exit, still under the impression that only her face had been altered. “*There is a door. But will it take me to the exit?*” All the while? Her nearly nonexistent chest puffed up so unsubstantially that it was still unnoticeable, while her fingers developed callouses around her index fingers – a place where you were

more likely to find them on something that used a *firearm*. Like a pair of guns that fired off spray paint, perhaps?

The first change that Krile *finally* noticed was one that was *very* hard to miss. “**Huh!?**” Because her eye level *dropped* all of a sudden. Two inches were shed from her height in just a few seconds, and while that didn’t *sound* like much, it was certainly a fair drop for a woman of her race. Her outfit felt a little *loose*. “**Did I just shrink? Am I still under the effects of that spell?**” If only she’d had a mirror, it would have been *extremely* obvious that she was.

Now, the woman had felt clammy this whole time. It hadn’t gone away. Rather? It ended up getting *worse*? You began to see moisture soaking into her clothes from underneath. It would have been easy to assume this was *sweat*, but you definitely wouldn’t get that impression if you looked underneath her clothes. Because the *moister* she became? The *bluer* she became! “**Ick. Why do I feel so— HUWAH!?**” She didn’t notice it until she raised a hand to try and wipe some of the ‘sweat’ from her forehead.

The color of her hand was alarming. No, not just the color, but the *opacity* of it too. Raising her blued hand to the light above, that light passed *through* her hand with some resistance. Like her hand was made of... *slime*!? “**Wait...!**” This allowed Krile to put two and two together. Her head swung to the television again. The woman fighting was the *exact* same shade of blue! Had her entire body become semi-solid goop? *Some* of that goop extended out from the back of her head, elongating into a tendril on either side. Yellow on the right, purplish pink on the left; they reached down to her hips.

Krile didn’t need to strip to find the answer to this question. “**Oh!?**” The height that she had lost suddenly returned *with interest*. She had grown. The issue was that she grew, and grew, and grew, and *grew*, and her clothes weren’t designed to fit all of that mass within them. On the other hand? Her body of slime wasn’t designed to be *restricted*. It was too malleable, and so the clothes squeezed her body like a tube of toothpaste until the slime began to pour out where it could. It leaked *all* around her old outfit, and as the slime touched the fabric? It was eaten away like acid.

Before long, her slime body stood completely naked. She was *already* over five feet tall, and her body returned to its original Lalafellian shape. “**Th-This is impossible? And I’m still growing!?**” Six feet. Seven feet. *Eight feet*. It was good that the ceiling in the disposal room was so high, else she would have bonked her head! Fortunately for her, she stopped just shy of *ten* feet. And she also wasn’t left unrobed.

Some of the slime hardened and separated from her body, becoming a matching outfit that consisted of a black jacket, boots, shorts, crop top, hood, and hat – all accented by a bright pinkish purple. A splash of the same vibrant shade emerged around her right eye, though both eyes had become fully green, sclera and all, when she first turned to slime. Two tiny flans also appeared on her hood: a yellow one on the right, and a pink one on the left to match her new tendrils. Most importantly, however? There was a circular object on the left side of the hood. A *Regulator*. While grabbing at her hood and hat, she ended up touching it by mistake.

Causing her height to crumble and her skin to solidify back to a more *typical* color and consistency.

“Aha! I managed to... return to... normal?”

While her size and skin certainly looked much more *normal*, all Krile had to do was hear her own voice to realize something was still amiss. It didn't *sound* like her. Her hands weren't *her* hands. And after using them to grab strands of shorter, black hair? She realized that this hair wasn't *her* hair.

“...Or not.” While

very similar, she wasn't even a Lalafell any longer. She was a *Milalla*, an uncannily similar race from the south seas.



This was the true form of the woman performing on the television, *Sugar Riot*. Krile had used the Regulator that had appeared on her head at her transformation's end to return to 'normal', dismissing the Beast Soul of the Flan that had been fused with her for the time being. But now? She had to grapple with an entirely different issue. **“Okay, so how do I deal with this...?”** She had the stranger's appearance and powers, but she didn't have her personality or memories.

“Evidently, I might need to find out more about this ‘Sugar Riot’.” She’d overheard the name through the screen speakers. Would it be best to just reveal herself once the match ended? Maybe not. She didn’t know where to find her. She could probably *pretend* to be the real Sugar Riot to pull information from her fans? But she didn’t know enough about Sugar Riot to put on a convincing enough act. **“For the time being, maybe I should just find a change of clothes?”**



Assuming that she was wearing what the real one did when not channeling a soul, she would be identified *immediately* if seen. Wearing something different might help, as would pulling her hair into a different style. A short ponytail, perhaps? Krile was confident that she could figure out the rest later, and it really did seem that revealing herself to the genuine article might be her best bet. But she couldn’t do it now. She had to escape unseen.

“Hm? Were you thinking of leaving? But I have the perfect job for you!”

A shady voice called out to her from the back of the waste disposal room, prompting Krile to spin around suddenly. **“Who are you!?”** Whoever they were, they were making a point to hide themselves. It was certainly a man based on the sound of his voice. And he was offering her a *job*? Had he seen what happened to her? **“What do you mean?”**

“I’m the *owner* of this establishment. And I couldn’t help but think how handy it would be if I could *duplicate* all of my fighters. Just how did you do that?”

That didn’t sound good.