

ASSASSIN DOUBLE DOWN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



For the first time in her life, Yunaka felt like she was finally moving *forward*. She felt like she was slowly becoming the person she *wanted* to be, rather than the person she had been forced to be by her circumstances. While the girl dressed and played the part of a simple thief? The truth of the matter was that this silly young lady was a trained *assassin*, and one who had no shortage of blood on her hands at that.

Her story wasn't exactly a complicated one, but it certainly *was* tragic. She had been abandoned by her parents at a young age, which ultimately led to her being adopted by an assassin who effectively trained her to be his successor. There was no shared love between him, and to this day she was certain that his only interest in her was her potential. *Larimar*. That was the name that she'd had back then.

But it was the name she had also tried to kill when her foster father contracted a fatal illness, and she took him up on his last wish to kill him. It was at that moment that she'd decided that she wanted to kill 'Larimar' as well and took up the name 'Yunaka' so that she could try and live a more normal life. And it had been moderately successful! There were times where she heard murmurings of her old name, but no one seemed to even know it was her!

...Or that had *been* the case, at least. Fate had brought Yunaka's path to cross with the path of the Divine Dragon, Alear. One thing had led to another, and ultimately, she had joined up with the girl's army to help push back against Sombron's assault on their world. It had been roughly

a month since she had first joined up and settle into Somniel. She had *really* believed that her past wouldn't catch up with her at this point.

Until she'd spoken with Brodia's Citrinne, who had tersely confronted her about her true identity. She believed she'd been fooling everyone, only to get called out so easily... **"I hope she doesn't tell anyone else."** Sitting in the privacy of her room in Somniel after the encounter, there weren't any 'zappy's to be shared amidst the young woman's words. Her mood was much too somber as she considered how to respond to this new information.



Larimar would have simply killed Citrinne. For an assassin's identity to be uncovered was the greatest security risk imaginable, so under normal circumstances whoever found out would just be *killed* before they could mention it to anyone else. But in this case? She couldn't be certain that Citrinne hadn't told anyone else, and *Yunaka* had given that life up! It didn't matter *who* found out, she was *not* going to kill them!

Or else she'd be no better than she used to be.

"Huh? Oh! Coming!" A loud knock at her door proved to be a much-needed distraction, and the woman hopped up onto feet and practically skipped over. No one could see her, but she was getting into the right mindset so that she could present herself as everyone saw her, rather than being all gloomy and making it obvious that something was wrong. **"Hello—? Did they leave!?"** She had *definitely* heard someone knocking, right? But there was no one there!

Taking a step forward to peer down the hallway revealed why that was, though. Her foot ended up kicking something gently, knocking it about a foot away. **"A package? Is that all it was? ...Was Anna offering deliveries?"** Did she even *order* anything? She really couldn't remember! Either way, her name was on the box and no one dangerous should have been able to get into Somniel, so she picked it up and brought it inside.

Seeing as it *was* addressed to her? She didn't really waste any time opening it. What she found inside was just... *odd*. **"A bodysuit? I definitely didn't order *this*. Is it even my *size*?"** What rested inside was a black bodysuit... or at least the leotard portion of it. It had a

raised neck and peculiar cutouts that *seemed* would likely show off her inner and underboob, not to mention her tummy. Her own had cutouts on the sides of her hips and showed off her cleavage, but the one in the box felt *lewder* somehow.

That said, she *was* alone... A thought that she was reminded of as she walked back to her door and locked it.

Before trying to new bodysuit on.

“...Yup, that does *not* fit!” It ended up fitting between than she *expected*, but there were some areas where it was either too loose or too tight. Overall? It was hugging her hips and stomach too tightly, indicating she was probably slightly too tall for it. Her breasts were trying to push out of the cups too much through the exposed inner area, while the bottom was digging *into* her ass and hips. Meaning that it was all just a little *too* small. **“I also don’t know how I feel about the design...”**

Even if she put aside the fact that it exposed parts of her body that she didn’t necessarily *want* it to, she had to consider the aesthetics of it. Its all-black design, the sharp edges, the raised collar... Didn’t it all feel a little *menacing*? It was the type of thing she might have decided to wear if she continued on as an assassin, but as Yunaka? She was better off not wearing something like that. **“I still don’t know who left it there... I definitely didn’t order it...”** But just as she went to take it off...

“Grk!?” The bodysuit had already been *plenty* tight, but the material was still stretchy enough that it hadn’t caused any excessive discomfort even *as* she moved around within it. And yet? All of a sudden, the black latex felt tighter. *Far* tighter than it had been at first, and she could immediately tell that it *wasn’t* just a trick of her mind. She could see its cups *digging* into the flesh of her tits, pinning the weight that it could encompass against her ribcage, making it difficult to breathe. It was also digging even *deeper* into her ass, but that wedgie was hardly as disruptive as the whole ‘problem breathing’ thing.

Desperate for relief, she tried to shove her fingers *between* the latex and the flesh of her tits as that which wasn’t covered bulged around its hem. But it was tricky – it was *too* tight to even get her finger in there! She gasped for breath, barely able to get enough into her windpipes to avoid passing out. It was truly fortunate that she’d learned to hold her breath as part of her assassin’s training. But that didn’t exactly make up for the fact that her body *desperately* wanted to take a deep breath to compensate.

At the time, it didn't necessarily strike her as unexplainable that the color of her skin appeared to be *changing*? “...**Oh no!**” Yunaka managed to croak out some words of alarm at the sight of her perfectly pink skin gradually developing a bluish purple tint. She wanted to assume it was because she was having difficulties breathing, but even as her breathing difficulties began to lessen? The color did not return to normal. Wait. Why *were* those breathing difficulties lessening?

The woman looked back down at her chest. It didn't seem like the fit of the bodysuit had changed at all, and yet it wasn't as tight around her tits? Then, if it wasn't the outfit...? “**H-Huh?**” She managed to finally inhale *and* exhale sharply, but in doing so while looking down at her bosom? It expanded when she breathed in. That was normal. But when she breathed *out*? Her breasts seemed a little *smaller* than they had before. When she breathed in and out once more? The same thing happened. “**Wh-What's going on? Why is my chest shrinking?**”

Yunaka's breasts *had* been F-cups, but they'd already shrunk down to Es instead. Putting aside the fact that her skin was *still* purple, the next time she breathed? They shrunk an additional cup size. *D-cups*. They didn't get any smaller after *that* point, and it wasn't really like they were *small*. On the contrary, they still felt *huge* with how her bodysuit was designed to show off her cleavage and underboob, and she didn't need to worry about breathing problems anymore.

“**Why is my skin purple? It feels so... *unsettling*.**” Why did she say it like *that*? There was an almost bemused coo to the sound of her voice, as if a small part of her *enjoyed* the thought of coming across as ‘eerily different’ compared to a normal person. A smirk briefly danced upon her lips before she forced it away, mildly unsettled by a feeling she hadn't felt in a long time. *Bloodlust*, conveyed with a disregard for human life. Once upon a time, she'd been okay with killing. She hadn't valued life as a concept because her ‘father’ had taught her to live that way. But she'd unlearned that... or at least she'd *thought* she had.

So distracted by what was happening in her head, Yunaka had abandoned the attention that she had been given to her body, at least temporarily. The wedgie that the bodysuit had been giving her hadn't been unnoticed, but it had still been slightly discomforting. And yet? She hadn't spared a thought about it in the moments that followed her tits shrinking. This was because her ass had suffered a similar fate, her cheeks compressing so that the latex could pull out from the daunting crevice of her ass and sit more comfortably.

Her buttocks remained perky and fit, and while it still bubbled out behind her? There wasn't any fatty excess. This was a change that was shared with her thighs. They thinned a touch, affording the muscle that

strengthened them some additional visibility beneath the softer layer of fat that surrounded them. But weren't these legs *more* muscular? In fact, trained thief or not, it did seem like her already peak fitness level had been enhanced further without those muscles become too invasive.

“Hmph. I shouldn't *shirk* this feeling. How foolish of me to think I can even try. It's the most important tool in an assassin's arsenal.” Try as she had to fight it, Yunaka could not stop an acceptance of her baser assassin's instincts from slipping from her lips. It all felt so much more *appealing* than bottling them up. **“Do I really care if someone dies? Do I...?”** How much was a life even worth? Was someone else's life worth the end of her own? Her voice grew huskier as she attempted to navigate this moral dilemma.

But she was clearly beginning to lean in the direction opposite of the one she'd believed before. As she mumbled to herself, it became clear that the woman's curves and musculature wouldn't be the only victims of what was happening physically. Her violet lips swelled, and her nose lengthened upon a face that pinched in at the sides courtesy of her chin becoming narrower than it had been before. The woman's eyes grew in size, and while the reds of her eyes were preserved? They *did* darken a tad.

What stood out more when it came to her eyes was the black, teardrop tattoo that was etched vertically across her left eye, anyways. It invoked imagery of a pierrot with how pale her skin was.

...And how *orange* her hair was? Her crimson locks succumbed to their own set of changes while her face conformed to this altering identity. Bright orange replaced the red, not at random but by dyeing her roots and gradually traveling down the length of each strand towards her tips. It was a process that was made all the easier as her mane *shortened*, pulling towards her scalp while all of the star decorations fell out, some hitting her shoulders. **“*The hell!?*”** ...Which made her lash out in an unusually aggressive manner. Nonetheless, it wasn't long at all before she had a messy, orange bob with long bangs swept over her right eye.

“Whatever. Those were ugly anyways. They'd just getting in the way during an assassination. *Hahaha!*” It was difficult to deny that Yunaka's cackling at the end was unsettling, but her mind had been warped into a far more unsettling place. A strong desire to smell blood and observe death had taken shape. Her allegiances, too, had changed. There was a shadowy figure that desired her services, and who was she to refuse as she was now? But her physical transformation had not concluded, even though it was in its final stage.

The woman's eye level simply *dropped*. Not dramatically, but from 5'5" down to roughly 5'2". These three inches took care of the snugness that could still be felt around her stomach, because her body had been slightly too tall for the bodysuit. She now fit in it snugly, and yet even while all of her important bits were covered? She still felt *naked*. "**Ugh. Where is the rest of it?**" As she could *now* recall, the bodysuit was only *part* of her outfit, wasn't it? But it had also been the only thing in the box.

It *was* magic that had been changing her though, and that magic took care of the rest before she could complain again. Thigh high, black boots and long, matching fingerless gloves shrouded her limbs, with black, arrowed bands tightly hugging her thighs between the boots and the bodysuit. Perhaps the most *intriguing* aspect of this new ensemble was what emerged from the *back* of the bodysuit though, just above her ass. Three *tendrils* were added that expanded after several feet of length into a trio of triangular 'claws'. Two at the side of her body, and one that flicked back and forth behind her like a tail. They resembled the weapons of a *scorpion* and would likely be perfect for piercing human flesh.

But how was she making them *move*? Dark magic was the obvious answer. It was difficult to tell if they were part of her body directly or not.

"**What an interesting gift that Lord Sombron left for me... I suppose this means I'm now a full-time employee...**" There wasn't an iota of silliness left in the woman's body as she traced a long finger down the side of her body, sometimes hooking on latex while otherwise digging into her violet-colored skin. She certainly felt much more *complete* now that the curse had constructed the rest of her outfit. She was still relatively bare, but at least she didn't feel *naked*.

Kronya cooed to herself with curiosity. She had not *lost* anything, and she could completely comprehend what had just happened to her, body and mind. In terms of her body? How could she complain when she was so *attractive*? She looked eerie, surely, but it hardly mattered to her. She was lean and strong – qualities that made her a perfect *assassin*.



Not to mention that her mind was so sharp that she could easily manipulate others. **“I can’t believe the *old* me was about to give up on an assassin! Why cut a good thing short, right?”**

She sauntered over to the door with a smirk. **“Now. Would Lord Sombron prefer I return to his side to receive orders? Possibly.”** While he had successfully managed to create an assassin dedicated to his cause through this trick, though? Kronya was something of an unpredictable entity. One with the uncanny ability to disguise herself without much effort.

All it took was a snap of her fingers for her appearance to return to how it had been prior to her corruption. She appeared *identical* to Yunaka again, and she could put a convincing enough act on to boot. The only thing giving her away in that moment was the blatantly evil smirk that adorned her lips. **“But why not bring him back a prize? I won’t *kill* her, but maybe Firene’s young princess? Yes... If I keep her alive, maybe he’d have a *use* for her.”** Maybe he could corrupt her innocence much like he had her own?

“Zappy! That sure sounds like a great idea!”

...And she was off.