

DOROTHY'S SPOT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Julianne Stingray, or Jill as she had basically *everyone* call her, was *dead tired*.

It was by no means a normal hour, already well past the bedtimes of any children that lived in Glitch City. Hell, she was out later than most *adults* were out, even though it was a Friday night. Well, it was more like it was a Saturday morning at this point. The only people that tended to go home *after* all of the drunkards had retired for the night were the ones that *served* them. Bartenders, restaurant workers, club employees; the types were numerous, but Jill only slotted neatly into that first category. She *was* a bartender at VA-11 HALL-A, after all.

Fridays were their late nights, so it was almost *3am* by the time the woman managed to escape cleaning the kitchen to head home. As you might expect, there was hardly a single soul out on the streets aside from herself. Gill had headed off in a different direction from where Jill was headed, namely because she was feeling lazy and wanted to catch the bus. Her feet were *killing* her, and she wanted to get off of them as soon as possible.

“Haaah...” The bus probably wouldn’t be there for another ten minutes, but she still let out a sigh of relief as she slid onto one of the bus booth benches. There was something to be said about sitting down for the first time after standing for 8+ hours! Once she settled in, though? She began to look around. It was late enough that most of the shady types had retired, but they could still be *around* if she wasn’t careful. But eventually? Her crimson gaze wandered down to one of the street corners in particular.

To most people? There probably wasn't anything special about that street corner. But to those that partook in Glitch City's nightlife? They might be familiar with the sight of a young girl that tended to show up on that corner around 11pm. Well, she wasn't *actually* a 'girl'. Dorothy was a proper adult woman, but she had been designed as a Lilim – an android by another name – to have the appeal of a younger girl to bring in a specific type of clientele as a sex worker.

Jill simply checked to see if she was still there. **"She must have found a client. She's been making a lot of bookings through her phone, last I heard. Or she could just have the night off..."** Back when she first started in the area she hadn't been that popular, but lately... Well, she'd been making less and less frequent trips to the bar over the past few months. She seemed to like doing what she was doing, so Jill didn't press her on it. But she wouldn't have enjoyed living a life like that herself.

But opinions *could* be changed.



"Huh...? Where...?" The woman couldn't remember falling asleep, but she found herself waking up on top of a *very* soft bed. Her body didn't hurt or anything, although she *did* feel strangely groggy as the orange sunlight that filtered in through the nearby window hit the open slits of her eyes. **"What the fuck happened to me? I was waiting for the bus, and...? I don't remember getting home?"**

And she clearly *wasn't* home. She was in the bedroom of what could only be a *very* lavish apartment based on the view of other nearby high-rise apartments through the window. There was a very *mature* aesthetic to the design choices as she rolled out of bed, completely *nude* – which did not fill her with much confidence. **"Did someone strip me? I wasn't taken advantage of, was I?"** Thankfully *not*. Her downstairs didn't feel like it had suffered any penetration recently.

But she still didn't have answers. Too high for anyone to see her even though she was in her birthday suit, the short haired woman approached the window to try and get a sense of *where* she was. She might not have been alone, so if she tried to leave the bedroom and she

was *chased*, then it was probably best to have an idea as to where she was *going*, right? “**Wait... Isn’t this near the intersection where my bus stop is?**” She could see it a short way away, in fact.

Jill had other concerns, like how the setting sun implied it was *evening* again. Had she been out a full day? But it wasn’t until she looked down at her naked body when pondering how to cover up that something *much* more concerning caught her eye. “**The fuck?**” A hand was immediately raised towards her breasts but ended up pressing against the spot where the backs of them converged just below her collarbone. But they didn’t press against skin *or* bone.

They pressed against a teal-blue *gemstone* that was seemingly embedded in her rib cage via a golden slot. She’d felt rather warm, and that stone seemed to be the cause. No, there was a similar warmth that radiated from her tummy too, and once her second hand pressed against where her bellybutton *should* have been? She found a gem nearly *twice* the size as the one on her chest. “**The FUCK!?**” She’d been modded in her sleep without her consent!?

Well, it was actually a little *worse* than that.

To ‘mod’ someone was to add cybernetics to their bodies to improve their standard of living. It came in many forms, from optical cybernetics that could improve your vision, to things like enhanced, multi-functional body parts. Of course, whether or not these things ‘improved’ your life was subjective, and since Jill’s fleshy body still worked just fine? She hadn’t exactly been on the market for them. They were also supposed to be installed with *consent*, which in this case...?

“**Who the hell installed these? What the fuck do they even do!?**” The woman was beyond upset, naturally clawing at these new technological protrusions with her small hands. What did they even *do*? She had never seen tech like it installed on a *person* before, and all they were seemingly accomplishing in that moment was making her body *warm*. And yet? The woman only saw it that way because the room she had woken up in was notable devoid of any reflective surfaces.

Jill suddenly winced. “**Ow!?**” She wasn’t *actually* in pain, but her vision had gone out of focus briefly and her brain had come over a little bit fuzzy at that moment as well. While her vision slowly recalibrated? Something became pointedly *bizarre* with her pair of eyes that *should* have been red. The issue was that a ring of teal that was *identical* to the colors of the orbs that had been embedded into her body had begun to glow around her irises, and it gradually pushed all the way out to their irises to completely steal away their original color.

Once that process concluded, the blurriness of her vision went away. “...Eh? W-Wait, why can I see all of this!?” But things weren’t as they’d been prior. Her vision was much sharper. She could see *text* in the corner of her gaze. And for some reason? Her vision kept flickering between different modes like x-ray, heat vision, and night vision. These weren’t functions of a pair of *human* eyes. “**Are my eyes implants now!? But they weren’t a second ago!**”

That would have required a complicated process. They couldn’t just *appear in her head!* But Jill was still suffering from a fundamental misunderstanding. Mods, implants; these were terms that only applied if these parts were installed in a *human*. And as a number of lines that were slowly being etched into her flesh appeared to suggest, that wasn’t *quite* what was in store for her. At first she didn’t notice them, but the next time she looked down at her naked body? “...**Fuck?**”

One of her fingers was quick to trace it. A line that opened right across the top of her left breast, although before long one was etched across the right one too. They didn’t *hurt*, and the gaps must have been shallower than they seemed. But they weren’t drawing blood, and they were becoming more and more abundant as the seconds ticked by. Entire chunks of her body were carved into ‘pieces’, from her breasts to her shoulders, to even her thighs and around her *nipples*. And this excluded the lines that she couldn’t see, like the ones that reached up to her eyes.

Jill would have noticed her heart beating faster... *but it wasn’t*. She was beginning to draw several unbelievable conclusions, especially as she witnessed the finger she had been tracing the new lines with developing markings of its own. Each and every joint on her finger was marked by them, in turn leading her hands looking more like a *doll’s* than a person. It was replicated in her toes, and these lines became full-on *canyons* around her hips... revealing golden *joints* beneath them.

“**I look like a damned L-L-L-L-!?**” *Lilim*. An android. She was certain that this was the case, but her attempt to say it aloud was cut off by something of a *malfunction* with her mind. As the exposed joints revealed, her entire body had internally been transformed into a Lilim’s framework... but aside from hooking up to her new eyes, her brain had remained largely the same until that moment. As it was corrected to match the schematics of a Lilim’s mind? The woman hitched.

But simultaneously? Her body’s colors changed beyond what had happened with her eyes already. A change of skin color seemingly began around the edges of what was best described as the new panel lining in her flesh. A brown pigmentation spread out across her skin from head to toe, leaving her with a complexion that was technically made of faux skin that was still extremely soft to the touch. Perhaps even *softer*.

She continued to stand there as her mind continued to convert, and the brown soon spread from her skin to her *hair*. Her pubes had been shaved away from this artificial lining, but the hair atop her head grew significantly longer and lusher as a darker brown replaced its dark purple. It wrapped around a face that was not free of additional alterations, as despite already being an adult? Jill was subjected to her lips swelling, her gaze narrowing, her nose growing, and her cheeks slimming to make her *appear* older, like a legitimately sexy and mature older woman. She looked to be around *thirty* in fact, not only making her visually older but visually of a different race as well.

“GASP!?” Even though the use of her lungs was now *optional*, the woman gasped in a deeper and sultrier voice once her mental faculties were returned to her. **“What just happened to little old me~? Hm? Why am I speaking in such an... mmm... sexy way? Oh my~! I can’t stop myself?”** It wasn’t just how Jill was *talking*. She bit her lower lip while she moaned, and her movements all seemed calibrated to highlight a figure that wasn’t quite *there*.

Her personality had *clearly* been tampered with, but she didn’t understand just how much direr the mental reconditioning was about to become. **“I need to... fuck.”** It wasn’t like Jill hadn’t been sexually active, and she was kind of a little freak in the bedroom, but... She’d never felt an urge that strong. Not to mention that upon recalling the idea of having sex led to recollections of night after night of sordid sexual affairs, many of which including moves and positions she had never done in her life. She didn’t want to fuck just for the pleasure, either.

She wanted the *paycheck* associated with it.

“But I’d never... Oh, but I would~!” The Lilim felt conflicted, but her programming as a sex worker became all the more prominent as her naked body entered the final stage of its repurposing. Lilims came in all shapes and sizes, and evidently she wasn’t destined to remain as small and paltry as she’d once been. Her dark skin was stretched across her limbs and torso as her mediocre height rapidly rose, promptly pushing her up to 5’7” while her shoulders broadened and her hips swung almost *six inches* wider. **“Mm...”**

The warmth being emitted from her twin cores – the exposed teal orbs on her body – intensified one final time once her height had peaked, though that warmth seemed to focus on her tits, ass, and thighs. While ‘fake’ compared to a human’s breasts, her own pair inflated like a pair of water balloons, sloshing around as they soon grew bigger than her head with nipples that almost completely used up the plates they rested upon.

Despite how *huge* they were, the fact that they were technically ‘fake’ meant that they were much perkier than a human’s tits.

Jill could remember *masterfully* using her tits to get men off by shoving their cocks in between them, and she had plenty of women customers that loved to suck on them too. Recalling these things just made her *horny*, which led to her idly rubbing thighs together that initially hadn’t been able to touch with her hips widened. Nonetheless? They had swollen to *triple* their usual girth to make up for the extra space, while what they couldn’t accommodate was packed amongst the silicon fed into her heart-shaped ass. She wasn’t sure what compelled her to do so, but she gave it a hearty *SMACK!*

“Hmm~ Do I need to submit myself for a parts assessment? I shouldn’t be locking up *that* much simply after recharging.” *Jahmelia Johnson* rolled the artificial arms in their doll like sockets and stretched her neck back and forth while strutting around *her* bedroom. While firmer than a normal human’s at their size, her *H-cup* tits still jiggled and bounced according to her body’s movements. There was an authentic softness to them that their paneling suggested didn’t exist, but those panels were just so she could swap her nipples out for different sizes according to her client’s preferences.



If it wasn’t blatantly obvious? Jahmelia was a sex worker Lilim, but she was a unique *type* that could swap out her parts to alter her appearance. A night alone with her was worth a pretty penny as a result, and so she was able to live a life of luxury within one of the most expensive apartment buildings in all of Glitch City. She would soon get ready for another night out, but she was a little concerned about how she *felt*.

What she saw as her body seizing up momentarily had just been a side effect of the *transformation* she had endured, but she didn’t think of questioning anything beyond what her memories now told her had happened. **“Either way, I don’t have time tonight. No clients, either. So, guess I’m working *that* street corner for a bit. Maybe I’ll head out later when that little girl Lilim isn’t around~? She seems to like that spot.”**

It was almost 3am, and Jahmelia had been standing at her corner for about an hour. It was late and no one was around, sure, but if she was patient then they would come. She'd *already* seen her first signs of life in a while, likely because all of the 'open late' establishments were now closing. Still, she couldn't help but think she'd seen her before. A short woman with purple hair and red eyes who sat down in the nearby gas station.

She didn't realize that she had actually been *sent back in time*, and that this woman was the woman she had been before.

But to her? It was probably nothing in the end. Nothing more than a feeling of nostalgia that she would quickly forget.