

# WRONG JAM SESSION

## COMMISSION STORY

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That was it. The end. Fin.

That was what I-No believed was going to happen to her now that the last of her power had been spent. Her miserable existence, one that had been used to hurt others, had finally been snuffed out through her own will – but not before setting the few things right that she could. A reunion between old lover, to start. But when all was said and done, she had *fully* expected to fade into nothingness. A being who no longer served any purpose had no need of existence.

And so she was beyond surprised that, after falling through the void for what felt like an eternity, she soon found herself laying upon an unfamiliar bed with a small and cozy room. “**What the fuck?**” Sitting up with a jolt, it was clear that whatever new leaf she had decided to turn over in her final moments had not been extended to her vocabulary. You couldn’t really blame her either, not considering the circumstances.

Throwing herself off of the bed, I-No glared at her surroundings through her green-tinted glasses. The room was small and homely, largely fashioned out of wood with furniture that was intricately designed. If she were to make an assumption about the supposed owner of the quarters? In all likelihood there were *loaded*, or at least very well off. An assortment of musical equipment in the room’s corner suggested that the owner might have been right up her alley, too.

But at this point in time she had no idea just how *literally* that would become the case.



**“Sona Buvelle? Never heard of her.”** Eventually, after circling the room, I-No found an envelope addressed to the presumed owner of the building she was in. Not only was the name unfamiliar, but so was the address – right down to the name of the nation. **“Demacia too... Where the hell is this place?”** The world she had been created in? She had traveled it far and wide across time and space. Never in any of these variations of her world had she heard of a place named ‘Demacia’.

The guitarist clicked her tongue. **“Who’s to say any of this is real, anyways? I’m *dead*, right? So this could just be some kind of fucking weird fantasy I’m seeing in the afterlife or whatever.”** She had no proof that the afterlife was *real*, of course, but she definitely didn’t have anything else to go off of. She couldn’t fathom the possibility that her intended eternal slumber had been hijacked by some manner of force that she could not comprehend.

Her powers no longer functioned as they should have anyways, so in the end there wasn’t even any hope of escape even if she *had* wanted to. She had no choice but to essentially accept the hand that had been dealt to her, and that hand was figuring out her current situation. **“So what? I’m just supposed to hang out here? In some random chick’s house?”** Well, it wouldn’t exactly be the *first* time that I-No had done this. She was more of a ‘take what she wanted’ kind of gal.

And so rather than evacuate, as would that would have been the politest decision when one was warped into a stranger’s home, she began to poke around even *more* than she had before. Flipping through musical theory books and the assortment of musical devices scattered about the bedroom. Theoretically there was still an entire house to explore, but she was better off focusing on one room at a time. At least until the owner finally got home.

Although I-No didn’t realize that the owner was already in the room.

*Technically speaking.*

**“An etwahl, though... Hmph.”** Among the musical items, she eventually let loose this comment after taking in the appearance of a strange, stringed instrument in the corner. The most shocking thing about this though? Was that I-No absolutely should *not* have known what it was called. It was an instrument that was unique to this world of Runeterra.

Rather than even consider that though, the woman instead rolled her eyes. **“As if I care...”** She *had* been on the cusp of complaining about her situation once more, but while she choked those words out she found the sound of it becoming raspier. Which was, honestly, a big deal for a woman who liked to talk more than she liked to breathe. **“What the fuck? Why is it so hard to... to... *COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!*”**

Her hands were quick to jump to her throat, because while her ability to speak had been becoming more and more strained, it finally climaxed with an unprompted coughing fit that forced her to place her hand on the nearby wall to stabilize herself. As a nigh immortal being, she had never been one to potentially suffer from health problems – and yet it almost felt like an eternal lifetime of coughs had struck her all at once.

It did eventually subside, but by the time it had? I-No was unable to even produce a sound from her lips at all. And she tried. *A lot*. All that escaped her lips was a wheezed cough regardless of how many times she attempted to choke out an expletive, and so the only indicators to her frustration could be seen in her body language and the scowl across her very red lips.

#### *WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING TO ME!?*

Her eternal demise would have been a more welcome development than to live on without the ability to speak... or was she getting ahead of herself? Maybe this was just a temporary issue? A side effect from being warped away to a world that wasn't her own? She could look on the sunnier side in an attempt to make herself feel better, but there was more at work here than simply robbing her of her voice. After all, that wasn't the result of what was happening. *It was a symptom.*

I-No wasn't exactly in the best position to realize this though, if only because many of the other initial symptoms were *not* in places where she could readily acknowledge them. Revolving around her face, one example was the erasure of the beauty mark atop the left side of her lips. Even then, those lips themselves had been subjected to alteration. Typically exceptionally ample, they actually thinned slightly while the red paint across them was wiped away by an invisible force.

The mascara around the witch's eyes was wiped away just the same, and as it was the eyelids that they had painted grew narrower. The color of her irises, in turn, turned a bright blue that looked very out of place with the woman's overall general aesthetic. But as her face demonstrated more generally? What would have been considered her 'general aesthetic' was changing all the same, for she resembled herself less and less as the phenomenon continued on. Facial, she didn't look like I-No at *all* now.

And that went double for the hairs that grew around that face. The black strands of the woman's bob now showed signs of growth and were spilling out both behind and around her at an alarming rate. *Eh? My hair?* I-No couldn't vocalize her shock, of course, but hands grasped desperately at them as she watched them continue to fall – all the way down past her ass.

It was wrong, it was most definitely wrong! There was initially not a single doubt in her mind that something was off with her hair as bangs spilled across her left eye, and yet? Just as suddenly as the growth had begun, an ocean blue color consumed the black of *all* the hair on her body. And just like that, her internal assertion that something was wrong all but dissipated. As if the issue she'd seen was that her hair *wasn't* blue. Now that it was, she didn't really have anything left to take issue with.

*O-Oh!?* She gasped in surprise in response to the sudden feeling of inertia that struck her, feeling almost like she had suddenly begun to fall towards the ground. Yet her feet were still cleanly mounted there, which led to some confusion on her part. But the woman's scanty outfit revealed the truth to everyone but her. After all, her thigh high boots rose to her crotch, and her jacket now covered most of her tummy.

A change in outfit that could only have been accomplished if the clothes had gotten bigger... *or if she had gotten smaller*. Naturally the latter was true. I-No had shrunk about four inches, which was the reason she had felt like she was falling and the reason her clothes looked bigger on her now. *Maybe it was nothing...* The woman in question, though, was not only quick to dismiss it, but did so with a *much* more passive tone than she had previously help.

*Actually, why am I dressed like this?* Instead her concerns were elsewhere once she looked down at herself. It wasn't like her to show this much skin... was it? It was, at least for I-No, but this was more indicative of the fact that her ego was becoming something else, or *someone* else, entirely.

In fact, the nature of her outfit was quick to become concerning for a number of other reasons. For example? The fit of the black crop top that just *barely* bound her sizable chest. I-No was pretty confident in her sex appeal and liked to highlight them, so perhaps she would have been happy were they to, say, *grow*?

Which was exactly what happened next. The material of the crop top had no means of properly accommodating any change in the size of its contents. After all, it was already *incredibly* tight. But that was unfortunate because the contents *did* change in size, and in fact they practically *doubled*. Weight surged into her already hefty bosom and the top tried its best to hold back its advance, yet flesh soon pooled over the edges of the black container until, finally? It *snapped* in the back, and G-cup breasts came a-bouncing out in full glory.

*Why am I—!?* The woman immediately responded not with shock at the fact that her tits had just exploded in size, but with shock at the fact that she was naked aside from the red jacket around her shoulders. She cast an arm shyly across them to hide their naked masses originally, but eventually left them exposed when she remembered she was in *her* bedroom.

Ample as her tits were now, they also provided ample distraction from the rest of her body as her figure continued to blossom into a bonafide hourglass. She already had the top half, and now she was just missing a matching bottom. Which, arguably, came in just as vigorously as her new heaving chest had.

But the tight red shorts (if you could even call them that) that I-No wore struggled in the same way her crop top did. Her thighs bloated first, meeting gingerly between her legs as they duplicated their initial mass in thickness, and this meant that her boots clamped down on them with even more strength than normal. But this didn't exactly affect her shorts all that much.

On the other hand, the woman's *ass*? It bloated so ferociously that the red material of those shorts could not contain it in the back. Her cheeks were just so ample that they pushed up and over her shorts, which in turn showed off a great deal of ass cleavage as a result. She probably would have exploded *out* of these shorts if not for the fact that they were already open around the hips – and her hips suffered a necessary expansion to accommodate these new thighs and cheeks too.

Once the woman's body had effectively *rounded out*, so to speak, her clothing malfunction was quickly addressed by the same magic that had transformed her body and mind in the first place. She was stripped of crimson and black cloth that didn't contain her ridiculously ample

curves *at all*, and it was all replaced by a flowing blue dress that left shoulders and the peaks of her breasts completely bare. Hefty, gold hair ornaments even separated her long and blue hair into two thick and beautiful tails.

Wordlessly, *Sona Buvelle* turned her head from side to side, skittish as she felt. She couldn't quite place her finger on it, but it felt like she had been startled by something? Of course she couldn't exactly comprehend the real cause of it, the fact that these were lingering feelings from when her previous self had realized



she was changing. Memories of that time were gone now, and that meant that I-No truly *had* been erased in one sense or another. Even if her life had more simply been given new purpose instead.

The blue-haired woman's wordless reaction was, of course, because she was incapable of speech. It was perhaps the cruelest fate imaginable for a woman who never shut up, but nonetheless there was little helping what had already been done to her. And so Sona decided to ultimately dismiss those feelings so that she could focus on getting ready for bed. It was quite late, after all, and she'd had a busy day of shows at a local venue.

And so, after effortlessly plucking her pajamas from her dresser, the woman naturally disrobed herself. Without clothes it was easy to understand part of her popularity. She may have been silent, but she was incredibly curvaceous with a pretty face to boot. Her usual dress didn't do any favors to just *how* pretty she was, since she was even *more* stunning while nude.

Before she could get dressed again, though? A disturbance forced her to panic, said disturbance being her bedroom door opening as *another Sona* walked in. The two both stared at one another with apparent shock and confusion on their faces. How was this possible? There should only have been one of her! Did this mean that the other was some sort of imposter!? But without words it was extremely difficult for them to communicate the nature of their surprise.

It was pretty obvious nonetheless, though.

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When all was said and done, a few days passed without any further incident. The pair of Sonas had both seen professionals who had deemed them *both* authentic, and while the hows and whys were a mystery, some would seek to try and uncover the truth of what was deemed a 'cloning' when that actually *wasn't* the case. It was just something that the two of them would have to live with in the end.

At the very least it did *wonders* for their musical careers. An etwahl *duo*? And both with the very same level of talent? Now that was a show worth seeing! And so their popularity grew even *more* abundant across Runeterra, with their following becoming so substantial that it was good that there were two of them.

After all, when they were so sought after? It helped to have an extra pair of hands for signing autographs!