

MAGUSTIC

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mm... I suppose now would be the time to sort through my belongings, wouldn't it?”

The adventurer known as Dreah was huddled around a warm fire as the sound of crickets chirped in the background. Another busy day had come to an end on her part and she had *finally* found a moment to rest after pitching the tent she would be using behind her. Now curled up beside the flame in the area surrounding Limsa Lominsa, she reached behind her to pull forward the pack she had been carrying around.

For a Dragoon of her spearmanship and renown? It wasn't strange to see her traveling all over Eorzea – if not the planet itself. Her services were often requested for this and that and as long as they had the Gil to request her services (and pay for her travels) she was always willing to do the job. She was such a good natured woman that sometimes the Raen Au Ra even did it all for free!

But because she traveled around so much? It was only natural that she would accumulate all kinds of *trinkets*. **“When was the last time I did it? Three months ago...?”** Honestly, she had been putting off sorting through her things for some time now. She was working and traveling so much that she had been way too tired to make the effort, even though it realistically wasn't *that* big of a deal. But her pack had been getting *heavier* and *heavier*.

Dreah sighed and stood so that she could turn her pack upside down and give it a shake. She kept more important things like her funds and food in a separate bag that had been left in her tent. Anything in *that* bag wouldn't be anything breakable, nor would she be at a loss if the bag

was stolen. Still, they were things like souvenirs for her friends and mementos given to her by people she had helped included amongst them.



“Where do I even start?” She had to sort through them because she also had a habit of picking up things she *didn't* need. Perhaps it was a pretty looking stone that she didn't *really* need to take with her, or she was asked to find something in a dungeon by a client and in the end they didn't really *want* it anymore so she just held onto it. Things like that? If she sorted them she could sell them the next time she bumped into a merchant or leave them behind if she felt like they had no value.

Sometimes there were even items mixed in that she didn't even know *why* she had them. Dreah considered her memory to be *pretty good* however, so it was rare that there was ever a standout item that she couldn't recall adding to her miniature hoarding collection.

“Wait... When did I pick *this* up?” But there was one of these objects hidden among what had fallen out of her pack and she reached down to pick it up before standing upright once more.

The woman turned the object over in her hand. It was a perfectly round sphere that just barely filled her palm. It glistened with a dark purple that was only apparent thanks to the light from her fire filtering through it. **“Is it possible I just don't recognize it because of the lighting?”** That could have been a valid explanation. Perhaps when she had picked it up initially it had appeared differently due to the lighting there? But *no*, that wasn't the case at all.

During her last stay in Limsa Lominsa, an eerie looking child had slid it in with Dreah's belongings without her noticing.

She squinted at it further. It looked *valuable*? So perhaps it didn't really matter *where* it had come from. Perhaps she could sell it for a fair amount of Gil? It *did* have a pretty color. A *really* pretty color. In fact? That color was so pretty that she couldn't pull her gaze away from it. **“H-Huh? I need to look at the next item, right? I need to... Why could I stop looking at it...?”** It was just so *captivating*.

Matters escalated rapidly. The sphere began to *glow* and lifted off of her palm and into the air. **“Why...?”** The woman's eyes followed it as it rose, utterly incapable of tearing her attention away from it. The orb had thoroughly *hypnotized* her now that she had finally come into contact with it, and that was why she was so fixated. She had been caught in a

trap from which there was no escape without the intervention of another party. And seeing as how she was camping in the middle of nowhere? There was an almost *nonexistent* chance that help would arrive.

*ASTAROTH... ASTAROTH... ASTAROTH...
ASTAROTH... ASTAROTH...*

Dreah's head began to throb as the orb now floated ten feet into the air. Every time it throbbed she heard *that* name. A name for which she had no context just yet, but she could sense the power and menace behind it. Was this name supposed to be *important* for her? She didn't know. And she also couldn't stop *thinking* it. The internally chanting had become her own. "*...Astaroth...*"

The Au Ra's soul had been sold the moment that *name* finally escaped her lips. Dark flames began to burn at her feet and slowly climbed her body. They were *hot*. They *burned*. But there wasn't any *pain*. It was simply the means through which the orb's power was entering her body as, escaping her entranced attention, magic had been pouring into the ground from the orb's base as if some sort of cultish sacrifice had just begun.

In many ways that *was* what was happening. But it also wasn't *exactly* the truth of the matter at the exact same time.

A black paint danced across the woman's lips, which quivered with her mind seized as it was. It was a superficial change, but watching the flames burn? You could see that it wasn't the *only* one. Those flames that had engulfed her weren't burning her *body*, but her clothing was turning to ash and falling to the ground beneath her. But she wasn't left naked by it all. From those same flames *new* attire was concocted. A short sleeved, black leotard and a pair of dark brown thigh highs and black heels. Silver bands stretched around her thighs but hovered there loosely through the flame's powers.

All of which being the *least* of Dreah's concerns. "*Lord Astaroth...*" She wasn't really concerned about *anything*. Her mind was still seized and her mentalscape might as well have been an empty field. No thoughts passed through it aside from that singular name while, all the while, the flames began to have their way with her body instead of merely her attire. The many white scales across her body were a victim of this. There were charred and eroded, eventually becoming ash that fell into the pile around her that her clothing had *already* become.

Her tail, ultimately, was charred and did the same. But in *every single* case, when something was removed from her flesh? What was revealed

underneath was skin just as flawless as the skin that surrounded it. For a time it almost did seem like her horns would unfortunately be suffering a similar fate. Their chitin on the sides of her head *was* darkening to black just as her scales and horns unfortunately had before turning to dust.

But her horns *didn't* fall apart. The moment they had fully been engulfed in darkness they instead... *moved*? They had become malleable and slipped off the sides of her head, being pulled farther up where they were bent and stretch to reach *up* and curve vaguely forward into sharpened points. They eventually hardened into place again, but did so even sporting a different texture. To avoid deafening her she developed a new pair of round, fleshy ears where her horns had once been.

There was something *demonic* about the designs of her horns as they now existed. Dreah's body began to levitate and the flames burned brighter, and for a time? It almost seemed like nothing more would come of its effects. But much more was in store for her. *So much more* as a tearing sound indicated. Her body convulsed and her eyes glazed over. An additional pair of appendages forced their way out of her body from just below her shoulder blades. Purplish red and covered with strange, glossy 'feathers'? A pair of wings had emerged and wrapped around her.

Certainly helping very little when it came to the 'demon' allegations.

Now wrapped in her wings and just floating there, Dreah's body passively curled into the fetal position so that only her head could really be seen without standing directly under her. But just because her body was hidden from view didn't mean that nothing else was happening to it. In fact? Her wings really *did* do a good job of disguising it but there was increasingly more *to* her body. Which solved an issue with her black leotard. It had been a little *loose*.

Nylon that had been bunched up around her tummy stretched and tightened whereas her thigh highs were pulled down a touch to show off more of her thighs. Even her heels came to fit more appropriately; all because her body had been *growing*. Knees pushed up higher while in the fetal position because her legs were longer, and that lengthier torso meant that the length of the leotard was now appropriate. Dreah had been just over five feet before, but now if she'd been standing upright she would have stood around 5'5".

"Astaroth..." That name was still spoken occasionally, and each time the Dragoon uttered it her voice sounded vaguely deeper. There was little chance that she would come to and recognize that her body was changing, not if she hadn't noticed *already*. So a little extra weight

filling out the rest of her leotard's shape? Of course it went unaddressed, but Dreah's old self probably would have welcomed it anyways.

The woman's arms were tucked beneath her bosom as she remained in the fetal position in the air, resting her chin on her knees.. Her bust was barely defined normally, so it wasn't like it was much of a trick to tuck her arms there in the first place. But things *changed*. Those characteristically small breasts of hers? Their skin soon stretched, additional tissue gathering beneath nipples that grew in kind.

The size of her tits was swelling larger and before long they rested *overtop* of her arms much more plainly. Sure, these *D-cups* didn't push any boundaries. But they were a lot larger than they had been before, and they finally properly made use of the cups of the leotard she had been adorned with.

Dreah's lower half changed in a similar fashion, with the regions of her body that highlighted her femininity expanding to give her form a more seductive tone. It was her thighs and ass, namely. The former were utterly bare aside from where her tights reached up, but that made it all the more apparent that they were swelling. A natural sheen reflected off of skin that grew tighter around the added mass, thighs so plush and tender that they would have made an ideal lap pillow. Of course, her ass benefited in kind. The leotard that she was wearing no longer hung so loosely around her rump and black nylon dug into the crack between swollen cheeks so that it was snug but not uncomfortable.

The light had slowly begun to return to the woman's eyes and the light of the flames finally showed signs of dwindling. But they still had parting gifts for her. Blonde locks were charred black like her horns, yet their heat also appeared to encourage *growth*. Her chin length bob practically *exploded*, with black strands shooting down as low as her ankles whereas the style became much, much straighter. Her bangs, on the other hand? They earned a straight hime cut while those that framed her face reached her chin.

Her eyes darkened to a charcoal grey but also shifted in their shapes as the light within became clearer. Her face just in general was being stripped of the last remaining traits that made Dreah, well, *Dreah*. The last of her identity was jeopardized. Black lips swelled and darkened eyes enlarged with lengthier lashes to boot. Her nose now bore a hook, but overall? There was a menacing beauty to not only her face, but her entire body now.

And as wings unfurled and she stretched so that feet touched the ground again? That beauty was on full display – a bounce to her chest and all.

**“DEMON LORD
ASTAROTH!”** The moment the hypnotic glow of the purple orb finally faded and it fell back into her hand, it was as if the woman had just awoken with a start despite not having been sleeping in the *literal* sense. She *had* been trapped in something akin to a mental slumber as the brainwashing overturned her own personality, and in the end the woman that stood beside the fire was *not* Dreah in any capacity, even if she could recall her past identity and vague memories.



Magus groaned as she stretched her wings fully. **“Ugh. What’s the last thing I even remember? I suffered a defeat in Pandemonium, and then...”** They were memories that had been planted in her from another world. Fundamentally she wasn’t the *real* Magus, a Primal Beast from the skies of a foreign world. But she might as well have been close enough functional. Even her *abilities* had been applied to this new body of hers. All courtesy of the original Magus sending these Anima orbs to other world.

The sound of the flames flickering in front of her were all that could be heard for a brief few moments. The origin beast was focusing, taking stock of whatever energies she could sense nearby in order to compose her future plans. Obviously *several* had landed on Hydaelyn, perhaps because the original Magus sensed potential in this world. **“Oh. There are other orbs like this one, are there?”**

She didn’t understand *how* the orb had pulled her into these lands just yet, but if more of them existed? **“Perhaps I could channel their energy...”** And use it to summon *Astaroth* to this world. She had dedicated her life to reviving her lord – and it didn’t matter *where* she managed to do so from her perspective.

She thought nothing of the belongings nearby as wings were flapped and she rose into the sky to get a better view of her surroundings. **“It**

wouldn't be any fun to do so all by my lonesome though, would it?" It would also be a lot *easier* for her if she had outside help. She didn't understand this world, its culture, nor its people. Magus didn't really *care* personally either, but there were still benefits. Surely this was all information that she could just request from a goodie two shoes individual, right? Then again, how would the people of this world respond to her demonic appearance?

Searching vague memories from Dreah's life she eventually stumbled upon recollections of people that might be *useful*. Powerful and knowledgeable adventurers that might suit her needs. But what if she cast a spell on them to turn them into her demonic servants? Then it wouldn't matter what *she* looked like, now would it?