

CLASSING UP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It really was a strange quest she'd accepted, and she wasn't even sure if she'd *technically* accepted it. That was what was racing through the mind of the young Au Ra woman, Dreah, as she traversed the sands of a beach that ran near Limsa Lominsa. Usually the Dragoon took quests from the Adventurer's Guild in town, and while working from the inn she believed she'd earned herself something of a reputation in town.

Was that the reason, then, that she had received a private quest via mail? She'd planned on setting out from her inn room to the guild that morning to pick up a job when the clerk at the front counter had stopped her. The envelope she'd been handed contained a very curious request.

“Follow the coordinates on the included map and pick up the weapon you find there before delivering it back to the inn at which you're staying. If you do so, you will be handsomely rewarded with Gil. That's what the message says, but there's really nothing here, is there?” Having arrived at the coordinates in question, Dreah had pulled out the letter and map once more to confirm what she already knew. That she was in the right place, and that the weapon spoken of in the text was *not* here.

Were the coordinates wrong? Had she followed them incorrectly? No, that didn't make much sense. She was fairly confident in her ability to navigate via map at the very least. Was it possible that she was too late? Had someone taken the weapon from this place? To begin with, why would it be waiting on a random beachfront? The more Dreah thought about it, the more questions she realized she had about it.



“Maybe someone was tricking me all along...?” Softspoken as she was, it didn’t feel all that shocking to consider that perhaps someone that knew of her efforts in Limsa had sought to pull a prank on her in this way. Have her waste away a day looking for a weapon that didn’t actually exist, and all that. For what purpose, though? Probably just to be *mean*.

Regardless of how many theories she penned internally though, she knew she didn’t really have an answer. All she could really do was exhale with defeat, though that exhale? It came with a much louder sound than she typically expected.

BOOM!

“WHOA!?” The last she checked, her sighs couldn’t shake the earth and kick up sand, either. Just what was going on here!? Her very footing on the beach below had been effectively rattled, and it took her a moment to stabilize her boots as

the sand above settled to a point where she could observe the point of what she could only presume was an impact. Entirely unrelated to her sigh, *logically*.

And what she saw as the sand cleared? It at least met the minimum description provided by the letter that had been blown away by the blast. It was certainly a *weapon*. A spear, in fact, of ivory white with its tip embedded in the sand below. It appeared a little shorter than the spears she might wield as a Dragoon, but it was undoubtedly a spear. **“Is this the weapon...?”**

Dreah was a little cautious in her approach. Had it just fallen from the sky? Any closer and it would’ve *impaled* her, and it had some sort of strange aura to it. So, slowly, she reached to pull it from the ground with both hands – ultimately resting it against her shoulder without realizing. **“Huh? Why am I holding it like this...?”** Despite wondering it aloud, her body made no attempt to undo it. Not even as a golden ring of runes began to circulate around the base.

Nor as a white light erupted from the upper tip, sprawling out and hardening into the makings of a lace... **“A parasol? Did the spear just become a parasol? Why?”** Was this one of those unique concealed weapons she’d heard so much about? If so, why did she feel so strangely *warm*?

“W-Wait, this thing is doing something!” Common sense and a desire for self-preservation kicked in, and the Au Ra immediately dropped the *parasol... spear... weapon* the moment she began to feel off. Just because she had more common sense than *most* victims didn't mean she was safe though. Golden runes not unlike the ones that had swirled around the base of the spear before turning into a parasol had begun to swirl around her body – or, at least, that was how she'd interpreted it at first.

But the long string of runes? They were, in fact, spiraling around her clothing. Not having seen this quest as much as a threat, she'd come out to look for the weapon in a casual glamor consisting of a long-sleeved, purple shirt and a short, white skirt with a belt around it, accessorized only with a pair of purple shoes and a white headband. **“What are these markings...?”** But Dreah? She didn't really think much about what she'd chosen to wear until the markings converged on her garments all at once.

“Wh—!?” The Dragoon stifled her own surprise as she lifted her arms, for all of her clothing had begun to glow white at once. Until, promptly after, there was a flash and the fit of her outfit felt incredibly different compared to what she was accustomed to. Tighter in some areas, lighter in others, and she couldn't help but immediately think she'd come equipped with accessories that hadn't been there before. **“What... just happened?”**

Looking down, it was easy to see. But the cause? It was a little more difficult to articulate. After all, her original outfit had been stolen from her entirely, and in its place was an elegant, regal, white, one-piece swimsuit that sat high on her hips. It was very loose around her chest and felt too tight around her waist, leaving her nipples more or less exposed through the translucent white that cut across her cleavage and down towards her bellybutton. It was also pretty loose around her crotch, which seemed to suggest she was too short to fill it out properly?

Otherwise, what she gleaned to be a white sunhat sat atop her head, and translucent white lace sat upon her shoulders and waist as long, blanket-like throws that were tied around her neck and hips. Pulling it all together was a golden necklace with a cross upon it that dangled into the swimsuit's cleavage window. **“I'd never be able to afford a swimsuit this elegant. What...?”**

Dreah eventually lowered her arms and looked down at the parasol resting on the sand. It was that thing's fault somehow, but she didn't understand why. Weapons didn't typically have any clothing altering

abilities, nor did they make you feel warm like this. That feeling hadn't gone away, and it certainly *wasn't* the fault of the summer sun.

Though, while the Au Ra wasn't certain of its reason, that warmth that surged through her body had begun to bear fruit. The feeling was caused by a unique magical energy that had entered her body through the spear. Something similar to aether, but not. *Mana*, as it was known in the world from which the spear hailed. And while it would be unfair to call its influence corruptive, its presence certainly incited a great deal of change in Dreah.

To begin with, the features that were so typical of her race had become imperiled. That meant her Au Ra horns, scales, and tail – and each area unfurled in a very different manner. The matter of her scales was simplest, in fact. Whether it was the ones upon her face or those that lined her arms, legs, and hips, their features were smoothed away as if someone had taken sandpaper to them. They eroded until the pink of her skin began to peek through their harder surfaces, and eventually they were entirely erased into obscurity.

Not that Dreah had any idea that this was happening. Her scaled tail was rolling up like a ball behind her and sliding back into her tailbone, and she had ended up taking no notice for crying out loud! But it wasn't her fault, because she'd been lulled into something of a trance once the Mana's warmth grew more potent. Horns falling from the sides of her head to reveal Hyur ears beneath them absolutely should have been perceived, especially since they fell against her shoulders before landing in the sand, but *alas*.

“Forget warm, I feel so *hot*...” It was felt on her breath as her voice suddenly deepened as well. Strands of gold had begun to paint the locks of light blonde hair that stood straight across her forehead, and almost as if guided by a breeze they were suddenly swept to the left. The gold became more prominent, flooding into the rest of her hair, and once it had settled the mass atop her head grew thicker and longer without disturbing the placement of her new hat.

While it grew long both at the sides and in the back, it was only the sides where it was allowed to fall as far as her bosom. Everything in the back slithered upwards though, entwining with itself to form a neat bun that rested beneath the hat, leaving the nape of her neck exposed. Not long after, within the blues of her eyes a bright light ignited that turned her irises white, and before long a shining emerald spread through the irises.

Almost as if the color shocked them into doing so, the moment the cups filled with green the shapes of her eyes stretched, swelling rounder while her brows took a thinner, narrowed slant. Her facial features generally

became slenderer, giving her face a more imposing bravado while supplementing it with enhanced femininity, such as in the bloat of her lips.

“Hm? Is the world spinning? Where did my sense of balance go?” With her voice both deep and airy, she made remarks about how the heat within brought her to wobble a little. The cause was more obvious than she realized, what with it being clear that everything about her was *growing*. Her limbs stretched while weight and muscle saw them bloat slightly to not look out of place.

Nowhere was this truer than in her thighs, which saw almost immeasurable growth to that the point that they gleefully jiggled. It was a boon afforded to her rear too, with cheeks more than making up for her tail’s new absence, both firm and jiggling in a way that would readily catch the eyes of anyone behind her.

Dreah grew taller still, and before long she more or less had a handle on her balance again. The dizziness had come not from the growth explicitly, but from her brain adjusting to her new height before she’d even obtained it. It accompanied a number of changes to her mental state, adjusting her memories to a new reality that would find her abandoning her name, her job, and the very breadth of her identity.

Once 4’10”, her jump to 5’7” was certainly a dramatic amount of growth. But nowhere upon her person was it as dramatic as it was around her torso. Putting aside how her waistline tightened and her navel deepened between hardened abs, her small bust size promptly exploded before her height reached its peak. The growth sent her balance awry once more, forcing her to fall forward briefly before catching herself.

At the very least, all of the free space in her new swimsuit ended up rightfully filled. Her height stretched the length of it so that her biggened ass fit snugly into the bottom along with her new golden bush, but nowhere was it truer than around her bust where so much space had been left initially.

Were they Cs? Unlikely. Ds? Most certainly not. At smallest, the breasts that flourished so splendidly upon her bosom could be considered E-cups if not a little larger. They were firm as could be, and jiggled slightly with every exhale of Dreah’s lungs. For a short time their weight had felt uncomfortable, but once her changing mental state caught up to it all, she was able to adjust her posture.

“How strange. I almost feel as like I’ve just awakened from a dream.” Somehow, this statement could be considered both wildly inaccurate and absolutely true. The woman, beautiful as she was, was

left confused about her circumstances. The only thing that brought her clarity was the parasol laying in the sand. *When did I drop that? It belonged to her, that was what she recalled within a shadow of a doubt. It matched the elegance of her beach wear entirely.*

The beachside beauty was still felt a little toasty, but it was no longer the fault of the power that had seized and altered her body and mind. It was simple the heat of the summer sun above teasing her porcelain complexion that brought this feeling above, the parasol that was cast over her shoulder only affording her the slightest bit of relief. **“Summer is summer regardless of how much you block out the sun. Yet, why is this beach so vacant, in that case?”**



Her fundamental understanding of Eorzea remained, even though her body was not one that should have existed on this continent, much less in this world. Gone were her memories of her past life as an Au Ra woman, but in their place? Recollections of growing up in this world as a Hyur with unusual abilities took their place. She was a strong and noble woman, royalty from a foreign land.

Or, at least, that was what she told others. When asked *where*, she would always respond with ‘Camelot’, a place no one had ever heard of. But the woman simply considered them to be ignorant of her land. That was the stance that *Artoria Pendragon* took in situations such as those, because it was the only explanation the assimilative factor forced onto her mind could conjure, all things considered.

“Oh, right. The monsters. It makes sense that people wouldn’t vacation here.” She’d cast her eyes over her shoulder as she clutched the ‘parasol’ in her hand, noting the fiends patrolling nearby. Artoria never had much of a problem with them, for monsters feared the powers of light that oozed from her person. But for a normal person? Even the smallest of beasts could be considered a threat.

The mysteries of the sent letter were lost to the woman now. She couldn’t even recall receiving a note, much less staying at the inn. A woman of her wealth had ample housing nearby! But it didn’t matter.

The letter had already done its job. Guiding a girl with a compatible spirit to the spear that would usher in the great Artoria Pendragon.

Just one of such letters, and of such weapons, cast into this world on that day.