

BIG BB IN LITTLE EORZEA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I don’t really see the appeal myself, but this place is pretty important, huh? It’s funny because it’s always been on the skyline, but I never thought about it being anything special.”

“You’ve never considered a *tower* made entirely out of *crystal* to be anything special? Sometimes I worry about you, S’aiya.”

This exchange between the two Miqo’tes was fairly standard. One party was a scholar, and the other *wasn’t* – surely it wasn’t too difficult to tell which one was which based on what was being said?

The woman forcibly styled as a big-tiddy goth *wasn’t* the scholar, that much was evident. That role had been allotted for Silvia, the ruby-haired beauty who had knelt down before the Crystal Tower’s exterior, running tests on a circular device at her side. **“Like other scholars have confirmed, the composition of the tower’s aether is certainly *potent*. That’s to be expect of something erected by the Allagan’s.”**

“SNRK!”

“What is so— Because I said ‘*erected*’?” It was typically Silvia that had the filthier mind when compared to S’aiya, but the dark-streaked brunette’s sense of humor did occasionally act up. More so when she was bored than anything. It was none too surprising that her partner and bodyguard was looking for things to amuse herself with though. Taking readings wasn’t exactly an interesting activity for those that

weren't invested in the studious aspect of exploration. **"I'm almost done, then we can explore the pathway below."**

WHY NOT EXPLORE IT NOW? I'M TIRED OF WAITING!

"Huh? Did you say something, S'aiya?" Both women had turned to look at one another, and an awkward silence hung over the two as they tried to process the possible source after the goth had shaken her head 'no'. There was no way it had been either of them. That voice had been too high to be Silv's, and too bouncy to be S'aiya's. **"Uh... Who was it, then?"** Would it have mattered had she asked this question or not? The annals of history would never know for sure, but one thing *was* certain. The moment she'd asked it, the very earth itself had opened up beneath them, swallowing them whole.

Silvia was relieved to find she had landed on her feet. As a race, the Miqu'te were incredibly agile and could typically manage a farther fall than most – barring those of the Viera race at any rate. Looking around, from the blue walls to the elaborate, golden floors, the space she'd been dumped into matched the descriptions of the new, underground chasm that had been discovered beneath the tower. But something about it was... *fishy*.

Disturbing the blues and golds was a bright purple glow that was projected from the room's center against the farthest wall. Projected onto that wall, other than the color, was a plethora of flower petals she recognized as being native to Doma. Was it an Allagan trick, or...?

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR YOUR FRIEND? I PUT HER IN A DIFFERENT ROOM FOR NOW, SHE SEEMED A LITTLE FIESTY!

There was that voice again, this time far louder than it had been the first time. It jolted Silvia from her thoughts and stirred up shame that she'd gotten so invested in things that she hadn't even noticed S'aiya wasn't here too. **"Who are you!? Are you part of some sort of Allagan security system?"** Honestly, it wouldn't be too farfetched if that really had been the case. The ancient people were so technological advanced compared to modern society.

The voice was quick to respond, sounding ever chipper despite sputtering some *unbelievable* things.

ALLAGANS? SO THAT'S WHO CREATED THIS TECH?
IT WAS SO EASY TO HACK! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME
BB! A FRIENDLY INVADER FROM ANOTHER WORLD,
HERE TO MAKE YOUR FONDEST WISHES COME
TRUE!

“W-What? Another world? Wishes?” What did any of that mean? Did other words even exist? What kind of name was ‘BB’? She had so many questions. Before she was able to ask any aloud though, a burst of light rippled through the room like a wave. For a brief second, it almost felt like it had probed the mind of any cast in it.

HM... SO YOU WISH YOUR FRIEND WAS MORE
RECEPTIVE TO THE THINGS YOU WANT TO DO, AND
SHE WISHES YOU'D BE A LITTLE MORE FRIENDLY
AND DOTING WITH HER? I CAN MAKE THIS WORK! I
HAVE THE PERFECT FORMS IN MIND!

Silvia blinked again, confused further. Did she have a desire like that? It wasn't as if she held S'aiya's contempt for idle work against her, she understood. And did S'aiya want her to dote on her more? Did she really have feelings like that? Then again, if she did, she certainly never would have mentioned it. But something else stood out to her. **“Wait, ‘perfect forms’?”**

Her question was answered with a change in lighting, the entire room aglow with a neon blue. Like the light that had probed her mind earlier, it felt like this light, this *aura*, was rippling through every facet of her body. It didn't hurt, it wasn't unpleasant, it was just extraordinarily *weird*.

YOU'LL SEE~! IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE SOME HANDS
IN THIS NEW WORLD, SO THESE TWO WILL DO!

That was the last comment the voice would make to Silvia before the light's effects had completed. And at that point? Any questions she had would have been moot regardless.

“I don't understand what you're trying to say? M-M-M-MUFFUFU~!?” Her attempt to wrestle with the words of the disembodied voice and the aura that was piercing her very being was interrupted by an unusual laugh that she had tried to, and *failed*, to stifle. It had been almost cartoonishly comical in sound, and she felt her lips curl briefly in a smarmy grin before Silv managed to correct it. This

incident was merely the precursor, a small glint of a bubbly demeanor that would grow more and more pronounced over the next few minutes, as the Miqu'te scholar was reshaped into the form decided upon by BB.

And she'd be getting her first taste right about...

BYOM!

“Byom?” The woman gave a questionable sound to the feeling, hands jumping immediately to the point of origin. She almost couldn't believe what she was feeling, because under normal circumstance? It absolutely wasn't something that should have ever been felt. After all... **“Uh, breasts don't typically just get larger, do they?”** She wasn't even sure who she was talking to. BB? But the voice hadn't granted any replies in a while now. It was more like, despite the fact she didn't normally see any merit to doing so, she really just wanted to run her mouth. Want? *No*. It was really more of a *need*, like a pent-up energy was desperately in need of release.

As for the breasts she had been wondering about in the first place? Her concerns weren't exactly misplaced. No one knew her body better than herself, and while she'd always had dreams of a heftier chest, never had she imagined she might *obtain* one. She would be lying if she had said at the moment, she wasn't a little *excited* by this, if not explicitly *aroused* – although considering how she kept squeezing her chest through her jacket, it didn't take much to gleam that fact.

Silvia didn't really have any complaints about this. **“This is kinda nice, wan! Oh...”** Enthusiastic as she was, she was spouting words far more casually, and had she just made a 'wan' noise? Was that supposed to be like a dog or something? Even though she was a *cat*? N-No! A Miqu'te! A Miqu'te wasn't a cat! She would never call herself a cat!

Her fingers were really going to town either way, massaging the newly discovered plumpness of her bosom, weight steadily increasing and beginning to test the integrity of her jacket. Now, Silvia knew she was being watched, and she absolutely wasn't the kind of person that would strip knowing she was being watched. But that was merely tied to her sensibilities, and those sensibilities? As her level of energy rose, her respect for common sense and, more importantly, her level of shame, both completely degraded.

“FUUFUU~! Let's let the girls out to play!” A sharp crack of the woman's voice brought further change to her verbal palette, as fingers fumbled with her jacket and, finally, the shirt she wore beneath it in order to cast them aside along with her bra. The result? Tits that had already doubled in size bounced perky and free; the coloration of their

flesh somehow paler than she remembered. She then rested either tit in the palm of her hand while lifting and dropping them like a mesmerized child, the feeling of their bounciness oh so pleasant as they *BYOMed* one final time. The end result? A pair of breasts that were roughly the size of the woman's head each. "**Oh, my pants~ My pants~**" As the woman seemed to realize, however, the fun didn't *quite* stop there.

Fingers slid beneath her waistline in a hurry, and Silv scooped her butt from side to side playfully as she slid them down to her ankles and stepped out of the pants, her underwear, and even her shoes. Despite being blatantly naked, it didn't bother her one bit. Shame? **What was that?** She could walk around in her birthday suit without a single care in the world, especially with a body like this!

As if to prove her shamelessness correct, the reason she'd instinctively stripped her lower half in the first place came into play not long after. A supple plumpness beset her ass and thighs, bubbling her rear out towards the back a sizing or two while the gap between her thighs, once relatively wide, closed with fat and muscle alike. This was a trend – her body was growing ever so larger mass-wise, but it was equal parts muscle and fatty tissue, giving her a glow that was both soft and strong simultaneously. Then again, that glow might have also been attributed to how much *paler* her body was looking on the whole.

"Nya!?! Now my butt is big too, like a cute bubble!" Peering over her shoulder, Silvia (*even though she didn't sound or act much like Silvia anymore*) was fondling both cheeks with her hand, large tits in front jiggling with each sway of her form. It was a process that was becoming rather difficult, in no small part because the hands she was using felt rather... *swollen*. "**Nya!?!**" Another cat-like noise. Being called a cat would have been insulting to a Miqu'te, but internally she was practically *embracing* that term now. '**A cat is fine too!**'

Mind fixated on fondling her naked form, she was forced to put that aside and bring her hands back to the front of her body. The flexibility of her fingers had waned dramatically, and they could hardly bend properly as she spun them around to her front. When they were where she could properly see them, though? The extent of the cause was fairly apparent.

Each finger was as thick as a sausage, Silv's palms even more staggering in size. At least in terms of her fingers themselves, she was having difficulty pulling some of them apart – because her pinkies had fused with the fingers next to them, four digits per hand left in their wake as they continued to swell. Swell and... grow hairy? Soft, brown fur sprouted from the backs as their shapes all rounded quite neatly, fingernails sprouting into black claws that curled inwards. The brown

fur became thick and fluffy on the backs of her hands, spreading as far as just past her wrists while the undersides were furred in white with pink beans and paw pads. Paws. Yes, these were definitely paws. “**Why was I so worried about my paws, wan!? I’ve always had paws!**” The exact same thing had even happened to her feet!

Wait... *had she*? It felt right to say, but in the back of her mind it didn’t really ring true. Why would a person have paws? Did they belong to a cat...? Dog...? Fox...? What *was* she? Any of those things? *All of those things*? “**Nya!? Wan!? Kon!?**” As if responding to her confusion, the same brown fur from her paws had seeped into her ears and tail. The ladder practically exploded into soft, *fuwa fuwa* mass, the breadth of this tail practically five times to size of her old one, and roughly half the size of her body. Her ears, on the other hand, grew taller and gained tufts of white fur in their centers. All in all, they appeared much more vulpine than feline.

Which left only the remnants of the woman’s head. Pink seeped into her ruby mane, the hair growing softer and the styling wilder as if flowed in practically every direction. And her eyes? They glowed a mystical gold while the flesh of her face was reconstructed. Her facial features were softer, plumper, paler – eyes taking a slant that was more common of the people of Doma than Eorzea. But then again, she couldn’t really remember anything about this world. She was *Japanese*, wasn’t she? Yeah, she was!

She couldn’t be blamed for not questioning it. All in all, *Tamamo Cat*’s mind was quite simple. She was still an intellectual about things, but as a Berserker? Most of her life was lived based on instincts alone. Actually, where was her partner? She wanted to smother her with attention! If you could count on a Cat for anything, it would be that!

NOW TO DRESS YOU UP SO YOU CAN MEET YOUR FRIEND AGAIN!

BB had a bunny girl costume in mind. This world seemed to have a fairly prominent casino, so she would start her invasion there.



In the chamber S'aiya had been whisked into, events had transpired in a remarkably similar fashion. BB had introduced herself and spoken of granting a wish, only to go silent just as quickly as she had spoken up. Sensing the Miqo'te wasn't much of a talker though, not much had been said on the part of the Artificial Intelligence either, leaving her even more confused when the disembodied voice had gone on about 'wishes' and 'forms'.

“The hell did she mean by all that? I want Silv to *dote* on me? I’ve never had a thought like *that!*” She was lying to herself. She often felt like Silvia cared more about research than her own well-being. It wasn't like she wanted to be romantically involved with her, she just didn't want to feel like her company was just a second-place prize. Maybe if she had been more enthusiastic about Silv's work like the woman's voice had implied...

That was neither here nor there now though, because that same neon blue light had begun to reverberate throughout the room, delivering a similar yet different experience to what Silvia— *Er, Tamamo Cat* was enduring at the same time. “**What is this!?**” She could feel it rippling through her body, but at the same time, a chorus of tearing sounds rang loud. “**My clothes!?**” Looking down, she watched her ample tits become naked as her outfit basically exploded, leaving her stark naked from the outset.

It was a mercy BB afforded to S'aiya alone because she might not be able to endure the discomfort of her transformation otherwise.

Even if S'aiya herself didn't see it as a mercy at present. She was being watched! She didn't want some disembodied voice staring at her body! So, she was quick to cover up, throwing a hand before her pussy while crossing an arm around her breasts – the latter quite difficult considering their DD sizing. “**Um...**” Even though been stripped so suddenly had angered her, however? Her voice suddenly went soft. She couldn't find the backbone to lash out at whatever had caused her clothing to peel away in the first place. In fact, despite usually being one of the more composed people she knew, her heart was beating quite quickly thanks to a growing *anxiety*.

That anxiety only grew further once she became aware of a numbness to her fingertips, one that had no reason to have surfaced. “**Wh-What?**” It wasn't as if they'd been resting funny or anything, so why had the feeling dulled— “**EH!?**” Once the goth had gotten a look at them, though? She was immediately made aware that she had far more to worry about than a little numbness. Her fingernails were... gone! No, more than that, the tips of her fingers looked extremely hard and were discolored. A gold based with a hot pink streak down the center... and that phenomenon was *spreading*.

In the meantime, her brown hair came to life with a much more vibrant coloration. Streaks of a purple that, unknown to S'aiya, were a close match to BB's, had begun to replace her browns. These new strands were straighter and grew longer so they fell *far* past her ass. One strand by one her old hairdo was slurped up, and in the end only a straight, purple styling with fringe bangs remained in their place. Not even her ears had been spared – but it was more like they had been completely stolen. For in a matter of moments her feline ears had flattened against her hear, and the rounded, Hyur alternatives had sprouted from the sides of her skull. Even her tail retreated until her tailbone amounted to essentially *nothing*.

“**Wh-What's going on with my hands!? And my voice is so squeaky...!?**” She almost sounded like a child with that squeaky, high

pitch of hers. Eyes blinked with hot pink irises that were narrowing to take the same Japanese appeal Silvia's had in the other room, a softness to her face robbing her of her narrow jawline and washing away the scars she'd earned on her travels. Lips betrayed the sound of the woman's voice, and in the end, they somehow appeared plumper than ever before.

But her gaze had been fixated on her hands, and for good reason. It was difficult to notice anything happening to your hair and face when you were watching then backs of your fingers turn into ornate gold, or when you could see their now-mechanical joints beneath, or as your palms succumbed to a similar effect. Every part that turned to metal lost all of its feeling, and it was so weighty that it became difficult for S'aiya to hold them up. Before long they were dangling at her sides, up to just below her elbows solid, unbreakable steel. **"Th-This can't be happening!?"**

But it was.

Even though these gauntlet hands didn't seem to spread any farther, she could feel them becoming heavier with each passing second. **"Wh-What n-n-NOW!? N-N-No! Don't get bigger! Stay small, please! Small!"** Their heft was because of their size. Her hands were becoming proportionally larger, bit by bit. Within the matter of a few seconds the tips of these new claws were on the precipice of touching the floor beneath her, and within a few seconds more? They were resting against it **like Meltlilith's feet**. W-Wait, who was *Meltlilith*? That name almost felt warm somehow, **like a sibling**.

The claws hadn't merely grown downwards, but outwards as well. Each finger of either gauntlet was as wide as her torso, and there was nothing comfortable about dragging them at her side. Was it an instinct? A gut feeling? Something else? She wasn't sure, but to put them in a more comfortable position she clacked both hands together, eventually raising her body off the ground and using both hands as a perch. They were extremely cold, as her bare butt found out. Although the seat wasn't as uncomfortable as she'd been expecting otherwise.

S'aiya hadn't been accounting for her ass though. She was typically so muscular that her butt was fairly firm, but all of that muscle had released. The result? The flesh across the entirety of her body had grown much softer and squishier, though her ass was a little exceptional in that area. The skin there had paled (*as it had everywhere*), but the size of her cheeks? They were thrice what they had been before. A bulbous rear that would still pale in comparison to the only aspect of this new form she was missing.

And their growth was really going to make her wish she still had hands she could grab with.

Even though S'aiya felt so weird, it was feeling increasingly less so. She would probably never feel comfortable, but her mind was beginning to chalk up the discomfort she did feel as '*well, this is normal for me, so...*' So, even as her nipples stood erect, and their already impressive sizing began to flourish, there was no shock. Only a building sexual frustration that provoked her to rub her thighs needily together atop her perch. "**W-Wah... This feels g-g-good...**"

If her gigantic claws didn't already give the woman a tanky appeal, her breasts would provide that in spades. A bust sizing of *one-hundred and sixty* is what eventually rose into existence, contributing to her now *one-ton* weight. Those tits were so large that her sitting posture tilted forward, and the mounds retained so little perkiness that they flopped against her belly. But *Passionlip*? She just wanted to be touched. **But if Cat wanted to do something else, then she'd follow Cat...**

Who was... Cat? She had just been thinking of Silvia, hadn't she? Er... who was Silvia even? Cat had been right! Tamamo Cat! Her closest friend! But why were they here? Oh... BB! BB had brought them here, or something. "**BB! W-What are you planning!?**" She had memories of that AI now. After all, BB was like her *mother*. Lip wouldn't go along so readily with BB's schemes. Not normally anyways, but right now she was lost, confused, and horny.

**YOU'LL SEE, PASSIONLIP! BUT FOR NOW, BUNNY
GIRL TIME!**



“**LIIIIIIIIIP!**”

A little later, a small elevator had lowered Passionlip down into the same room Tamamo Cat had occupied, where BB had projected herself on a far wall. Not that either of them seemed to care, not as Tamamo Cat flung herself at the Alter Ego without a moment’s hesitation, burrowing her cheeks and paws into the Sakuraface’s monstrous bosom. “**C-Cat! I missed you!**” Even though it felt like she’d been with her this entire time, almost. She was discreetly biting her lower lip, trying to hide that she was still turned on from her transformation. She wasn’t going to tell Cat that!

**HEY, HEY! TAMAMO CAT! PASSIONLIP WANTS YOU
TO FUCK HER!**

“**H-HEY! I DON’T! I... Maybe...**” BB wasn’t so kind. If there was an opportunity to bully someone, especially Lip, she would definitely take it. Passionlip’s cheeks were even hotter now than they were before. “**Wh-WHERE ARE WE, MOTHER!?**” Better change the topic, quick.

Not that Cat seemed put off by the idea. “**Nyuhuhu~ Is that so, wan!?**” Gods, now she was getting pawsy with Lip’s breasts through the bunny leotard. Cat didn’t seem at all interested in where they were, nor why. But she was a simple beast, so she could hardly be blamed for that. Not even as she planted her thighs on Lip’s tits and swung her torso off of them like a perch so she could paw at the massive woman’s nethers. “**Let’s play then!**”

“**N-Not here!**”

HELLO? MOON CELL TO LIP AND TAMAMO CAT?
DON’T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT’S GOING ON
BEFORE YOU START FUCKING LIKE WILD ANIMALS
IN THE CRYSTAL TOWER, WHERE I CAN SEE?

And BB certainly would have watched gleefully. She was a pervert, after all. But her words appeared to fall on deaf ears, because despite Lip’s protests, Tamamo Cat had licked her lips and had begun to, well, *dig in*. “**N-No! Stop it! Not in front of BB, please!**”

*WOULD YOU TWO SERIOUSLY STOP IT!? LISTEN TO
WHAT I HAVE TO SAY!*