

RELIC THE THOUGHT

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With the recent liberation of Doma, travel to the nation had reached an all-time high. That was, of course, to be expected. The Empire had held such a chokehold on Doma for so long that business between it and other regions of Hydaelyn had basically come to a standstill between its occupation and eventual liberation.

To those that lived outside of its borders, the lands were a mysterious place rife for all manners of interaction. Whether one was an explorer looking to take in new sights, an entrepreneur looking to open new business ventures, or a scholar looking to uncover the secrets of this world's history – there was probably something worth adventuring to Doma to see at this point.

For adventurers, then, there was no shortage of work available in this unlocked land. It was to these ends that the Au Ra woman known as DreaH and the Miqo'te S'aiya had come to the nation by boat. It had been a very long voyage from Eorzea, and they had been more than happy to find their feet planted on proper land at the end of that arduous journey.

Even after arriving, however? They hadn't been afforded much of an opportunity for rest. DreaH was such a go-getter that she had immediately taken a job for the two of them, even though her feline companion wanted nothing more to coma for a few days before finally pursuing any work of note.

Well, you didn't always get what you wanted, S'aiya.

“Is this it? The treasure room?” In the end, the only thing that had motivated the Miqu’te thief had been the promise of riches at the end of their job, and it seemed that this promise had not been unfounded. Gold pieces littered the floor at the bottom of some ruins they had been petitioned to weed the monsters out of, and the monsters had been so weak that they hadn’t even needed to wear full gear to do so.

The pair of them simply marveled at the gold that spilled from a pair of doors. **“L-Looks like it, but I can’t imagine we’ll be carrying all of this home...?”** Being in the presence of this much wealth somehow made Dreah anxious. Or maybe it was just one of her classic ‘bad feelings’ being played up? It really could have gone either way at the end of the day. Nonetheless, her Gil-keen companion quickly bolted into one of the chambers, leaving a message.

“You explore the other room! We’ll grab whatever we can carry!”

It was so typical of S’aiya to suddenly be motivated when money was dangled in front of her. But it was also kind of endearing in a way. **“O-Okay!”** And do the blonde-haired woman did what she was told and entered the room to the right. It was a little difficult to walk across all of the coins, but there were other trinkets of note inside the chamber itself. Jewelry, archaic slabs, and in the back of the room? **“A hammer?”**



An ornate, silver hammer with golden decal work. It certainly looked both fancy *and* heavy, and the length of its shaft more or less suggested it was probably designed to be wielded by a Lalafell – or at least someone of a comparatively diminutive stature. It was the kind of thing that would probably fetch a handsome price if sold to the right person, and so that made it the perfect thing to bring back to Kugane.

“I wonder if I can even lift it, though...?”

Being a Dragoon, she was much more accustomed to wielding spears. They ranged in weight, but they definitely were lighter than a hammer with a head of *that* size. So Dreah didn’t have a surplus of confidence when she reached to pick the weapon up. Much to her surprise, though? **“Oh? It’s strangely light.”** Was the hammer head actually hollow?

No. It had just been picked up by someone that it was *compatible* with.

Of course, simply being compatible in essence was only part of equation in this case. A hammer of that size, miniaturized compared to most races, would not see much use as a conventional weapon by many that were not Lalafell. And to those ends? There was an enchantment meant to enforce *correction* upon one deemed compatible so that it could be effectively wielded. An enchantment that had already begun to work its magic.

That said, at first it did its work in a very unconventional manner. Dreah was still weighing the hammer in her hands, and as a result she didn't quite catch what was happening beneath her clothes. Namely? A regression that appeared to target a figure that she herself *already* did not believe to be all that substantial. But it was becoming even *less* so the more time wore on.

Naturally, her chest was among these areas. B-cup breasts were quick to deflate, skin retightening around soon to be (almost) absent mounds – although what was left wasn't exactly *nothing*. There was still the definition of what would amount to a woman's chest, but it hardly appeared substantial at her current overall size. There was a similar trend that deflated the back of her skirt, her rear end flattening to a point where it wasn't entirely gone, but it also wasn't entirely *much*.

“Is something...? Maybe I'm just imagining things.” Still holding the hammer, the Au Ra had come close to placing her finger on the pulse of something being awry, but didn't quite land on it in the end. What had tipped her off was how her clothing felt loose, undoubtedly because she had lost some of her meat. But there was more going on behind the scenes too, some of it much more visible and blatant.

Such as the erasure of the white-scaled tail behind her. Being the race that she was, that tail had been with her since birth. It had grown quite long as she had grown older, too. But all of that growth, apparently, was coming undone at quite an elaborate pace. It quickly rescinded all that had been gained, until ultimately the appendage had been slurped up into the tailbone above her flattened rear.

Thus marked the undoing of the Dragoon's Au Ra features as a whole, as made evident by the softening of her scales – until they ultimately disappeared into her creamy skin. Of course, this still left her horns, but even they succumbed to this phenomenon. It did not take long at all for them to turn tender and unfurl while flopping back and straight out the sides of her skull. Given time, they took on a fleshier color while unfolding, fanning out into cartilage that was overall shorter but kept pointed tips. Until they were a pair of ears that were of similar build to a Lalafell's. They might have been comparable to Elezen's, except for the fact that they were much too short.

The woman blinked. **“No, something is definitely – WOAAAAH!?”** She *had* been on the verge of a breakthrough when the breakthrough in question found *her* instead, with a phenomenon that was first perceived as an imbalance leading into a long fall stealing her attention. Of course, that *wasn't* what was happening. She was shrinking, and at quite the rapid pace, which was what had led to the misperception that she was falling.

Clothes that had once fit her properly slid off her person, or at least her skirt and the belt around her waist had while the top ultimately became a dress that even her arms had been swallowed by. There had been little that was consistent about her drop, too. Her torso soon found itself shaped like a potato while retaining its feminine arches, and by the time she reached 3'8" the breasts and ass that had once been so flat now looked more pronounced against this frame. While on the other hand, her arms and legs appeared stubby and petite.

One might have likened these features to those of a Lalafell, except they bore some subtle differences. Her hands and feet were much more closely formed to those of a Hyur's for one, while her legs weren't *as* stubby. **“I shrunk!? Erm... Is that true? Wasn't I always this size!?”** Based on the higher pitched chirping of her voice, the woman in question couldn't quite place a finger on what was wrong, even though it *should* have been obvious.

Yet everything that appeared strange corrected itself. Her clothes soon glowed and rebound themselves into armor of silver, gold, and green – a green that soon found itself reflected in her eyes, to boot. Eyes that were bigger and rounder, mounted on a face that had rounded itself. With plumper cheeks and a tiny nose, she almost appeared to be younger. But the caveat? Dreaah was actually slightly *older* despite how she looked.

All that remained to change so that she could become acclimated to the hammer, which she was *still* gripping, by the way, was her golden hair. Those locks, like vines, soon splurged out with length, a hair tie binding much of its new length, which fell past her ass at her current stature, into a ponytail. Bangs were thick and curved to the right, while an ahoge erupted from the peak. Though it all quickly found itself dyed in a chocolatey brown, just as the hair of her loins and brows were.

“Bleh. Why are we skulking around in these ruins, anyways? I'd much rather be at the bar, getting a drink!” The tiny woman swung her (*comparatively*) huge hammer around haphazardly as she lamented the post that she and her partner had been given for the day. As members of the Doman army, with the Empire driven out there wasn't exactly a ton of work for them to get up to these days. The best

their superiors could seemingly manage was having them investigate some stuffy old ruins here and there.

Wasn't that the sort of work that should have fallen on the shoulders of *lesser* soldiers? That was what *Polaris* felt. While she resembled a Lalafell and would likely be assumed to be one by the people of Hydaelyn, she actually belonged to an ancient, almost extinct race known as a Harvin. But it was less confusing to just keep that to herself and her close friends. And speaking of which...?



“SHURA! ARE YOU ALMOST DONE IN THERE!?”

In the next room, S'aiya had been busily putting together a pile of items that would be both easy to transport with her bare hands and worth the most Gil imaginable. It might as well have been her birthday what with how giddy she was to get this all back to Kugane and exchange it for some *serious* money, and she had hoped that Dreah had been doing the same.



One of the items she had been *avoiding* touching had been a big, ornate spear in the back of the room. One with a golden shaft and a curved, emerald blade. It certainly *looked* valuable, but it also looked way too big and cumbersome to transport out on her own. Whatever investigation party came in after them? They could have it. That hadn't stopped her from picking up gemstones that were laying midst the gold *around* it, however.

At least until that voice boomed from the next room. An unfamiliar voice, calling out an unfamiliar name. **“Huh!?”** It took her by such surprise that she fell forward while cherry-picking around the spear, and to catch herself she had accidentally grabbed the shaft. **“The hell? This thing is super light...”** And as little interest as she'd had in it before, she now couldn't seem to let it go despite it being much too tall for her.

Though, while that *appeared* to be the case at first, it didn't exactly remain that way for long. Because the same enchantment that had been applied to Polaris' hammer lingered on this weapon, which almost seemed to be from a matching set aesthetically. But just because the

enchantment was the same, it didn't mean that the transformation that would ensure would be similar.

In fact, it differentiated itself with step one. Because rather than tumble down in height, the cat woman's stature instead *stretched*. "**Eh?**" It was difficult to not notice as it happened, but her mind certainly made a good attempt to block it from fully clicking. After all, jumping almost four inches *was* a fairly substantial change for her, and it wreaked havoc on her outfit. Maybe not her top, which just rested even higher on her tummy than it already was along with her jacket, but it was far more noticeable in how her skintight pants were hoisted up so that the bottom of the legs sat beneath her knees.

"No, I've always been this tall, right?" For all of her experiences with curses and enchantments toying with her body in the past, you would think S'aiya might have more keenly noticed that she was under one's influence. But she was just as mesmerized by its mental effects as Dreah had been, rendering her only minorly inconvenienced at moments, which were ultimately excused away by a changing mentalscape.

This was on display no more obviously than when a great weight swelled within her thighs. Black jeans were afforded little option other than to tear at the seams – as well as through a number of little rips among the material in general – exposing flesh that bulged out, and continued to bulge within. Her thighs thickened with gravitas overall, shaped big and round, so much so that they forced her hips to pop wider.

And with the pop of those hips came in the inevitable pop of the front button off her pants, exposing the black lace panties she was wearing underneath. Despite the girth of her new upper legs, there was surprisingly still an ample gap between these ripened thighs, and it bled into a growth that saw her panties slide uncomfortably within the crack of her bum. "*Mmn...*" With a groan that sounded a little more passive than her voice did typically, she expressed her discomfort in response to what was clearly her ass ballooning in kind as well. It didn't take long for a rear end cleavage window to form, practically exploding from her bottoms.

But again, S'aiya's response was subdued from what it should have been. When it came to her chest, at least, the great growth that had thickened her lower half did not continue. Rather, her E-cup bust appeared to be far too gratuitous for the form that was in mind for her, and so it shrunk a single cup so that her white top hung just a *little* looser upon her torso.

Because she wore a cap, it was difficult to see what was transpiring beneath it. She hid her feline, Miqu'te ears there, but were you to

remove her cap just moments later they would have been gone. Gone, but not forgotten, for she still needed to hear. And to those ends, rounded Hyur ears emerged beneath her hair on the sides of her head. Trending racially in this direction, so too did the dark, whisker-like markings on the side of her face wane, and even her tail took cues from Dreah's, wriggling back into obscurity above her now gratuitous rear end.

“Something... is wrong.” Speaking far too calmly considering what was happening to her, the woman shook her head in a hand of lengthened fingers as her hair darkened to a brown not all that different from Polaris'. It was far darker than the almost orangey brown it was normally, and pained *all* of the hair on her body in this fashion. As did it paint her irises, turning them from blue to this shade. Those eyes, however, also narrowed into almond-like shapes, while her facial configuration lengthened ever so subtly. She looked like a woman that would fit into Kugane and Doma with far better ease now.

The pigmentation of her skin even changed, which was an alteration that was unique to herself. Her natural tan, being a woman born in the hot climate of Thanalan, eroded as a pinker shade took root instead. From head to toe this painted her, while her nipples and pussy became pinked by contrast. What stood out against its lighter hues was the darker tone of her hair, which had grown impossibly long – down as far as the bottom of one of her immense cheeks. For all intents and purposes, the woman now clutching the spear was *not* a Miqo'te named S'aiya.

And as if to make that even more blatant, her costume underwent a change so that it complimented Polaris' in terms of color scheme. That said, it was more ornate, exposing, and paid more homage to the stylistic senses of the continent they had been visiting in its elegance. Of course, with thigh high boots over a pair of lopsided shorts, it made clear to expose one of her ample thighs and her cleavage without regards for what was sensical fashion wise. It also bound her lengthened hair into a



significant, braided ponytail. Her overall aesthetic was that of a calm, measured woman now.

“Helloooo? Earth to Shura? You just about done in here?” Not having received a response after two or so minutes, the tiny Polaris poked her head – and her body – into the treasure room that her army’s beloved strategist had wandered into to investigate. The tall, spear-wielding woman in the back of the room, *Shura*, craned her neck back to look at the Harvin. Evidently she had been confused by *something*, but she couldn’t remember what that was at all.

Apologies were in order, she knew that much. **“Sorry Polaris, did you call me a minute ago? I must not have heard it.”** Her temperament was calm and poised, matching up somewhat well with her tall and imposing figure. She was a statuesque beauty who hardly knew any rival, and Polaris was forever grateful to have taken her under her wing. The two of them got along well, and they were actually quite close.

Probably a little closer than the army would have been comfortable with if they had known.

“Yeah, yeah! It doesn’t really matter now. Want to go report what we’ve found and then hit a bar? My mouth is so dry from not having a drop of booze all day!” Polaris was always saying this, but weren’t you more likely to get dry mouth *from* drinking booze? Shura always had that problem herself.

“Sure. It’s a date. But let’s make sure there are no hidden passages first.”

“Aww...”