

RED LIGHT DRAPHSTRICT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



This really wasn't the sort of job she was used to.

Well that wasn't *exactly* true. Investigative work *did* come up here and there for adventurers – or at least those that were willing to take it up when asked. But because it was riskier than even diving into monster dens at times there were plenty that avoided it for good reason. *How* was it riskier? Of course you could die in a den of monsters but at least if that happened you wouldn't need to live with any further ramifications. Not that anyone went diving headfirst into danger without bringing someone who could Raise in a worst case anyways.

Investigating something like a person, business, or establishment carried *different* risks. Depending on the parties involved the very same possibility that you could die *was* there. If you pissed off the wrong person then it was possible they could try to have you assassinated. But that wasn't even the worst case scenario. You could be caught and tortured, or have your personal life torn asunder by blackmail and manipulation if exposed. These were all personal liabilities an adventurer had to consider.

“With *this* job I'm not really worried about any of that.” This was the answer that the Raen Au Ra Dragoon, Dreah, had given when all of this potential risks had been laid out to her by the clerk at the Adventurer's Guild operating in Kugane. Without further context this might have *sounded* like a flippant thing to say, but it was because of the job's finer details. **“I think I'm more worried about the possibility of disappearing myself, but I'll arrange a backup plan.”**

On paper the job didn't look *that* risky. And as she entered the venue where it was supposed to take place the following morning she mentally reiterated that fact to herself. A new brothel had been erected in the slums of Kugane, taking root in a large castle-like building that had recently been abandoned *mysteriously*. The existence of a brothel itself was hardly anything to worry over on its own.



But a string of recent disappearances *related* to the brothel was a different story. Woman had been seen getting pulled off the street and into the castle building never to be seen again. *That* was what had led to the request and why it seemed like a risky job for a woman adventurer to pick up. **“Don’t overthink it. S’aiya is stationed outside. She’ll rush in if anything happens.”** A little reassurance went a long way. For *herself*, that was.

Even despite being confident she was fine it was hard not to get lost in her own head sometimes. She had chosen to slip in during the early morning because most of the talent and staff would have gone home or would at least be sleeping with their overnight hours, and it seemed so far that this tactic had paid off. Slipping across creaky floorboards and checking different rooms had turned up no other people nor any attention from anyone who *might* still be inside.

“But isn’t that odd?” Women were being dragged inside and disappearing. Yet there were no traces of anyone being kept in the building against their will. Over the course of an hour she had investigated it from top to bottom and had found *nothing*. No staff, no woman... **“Is there something I’m missing?”** The possibility that the women were being trafficked was there. So maybe a tunnel or a hidden passageway? Following that hunch she returned down to the lowest level.

...And immediately found a door she hadn’t seen before. Open at that. *Suspicious*, but in another ten minutes S’aiya would come looking for her if she didn’t return. If there was a risk to be had she was confident the thief would find and save her in that time before it was too late. And so she set off through the door and down a dark corridor until she reached another room. Which was just as unoccupied as the others, but there *was* something strange about it.

Unbeknownst to Drea the proprietor of the establishment *had* been notified of the fact that a nosy adventurer was snooping around their

establishment and had prepared this trap while they'd been upstairs. Well it wasn't really a *trap*. It was simply a setup to bestow upon her the same fate as the *other* missing women. And it was related to the incense that was burning in the room. **"It smells nice, but someone must have lit them, right?"**

There were multiple incenses spread throughout the small room while another door existed in the back. Otherwise? The space was empty. She'd had the good sense to go and check the additional door, but by the time she reached the room's center? She found her movements growing sluggish as a fog began to roll over her mind. **"Wait... Is that incense...?"** Was it *laced* with something? She should have considered the possibility!

But Dreah was stuck in the middle of the room by this point. She couldn't muster the strength to move forward *or* turn back, leaving her in a very delicate position all things considered. She wasn't growing so weak that she was at risk of falling over, she wasn't *tired*. It was *something else*. The more of the incense she breathed in the stranger she felt. The *groggier* she felt. **"This is probably pretty bad, huh?"** Was this what the brothel owner did with the missing women? Forced them to breathe in some sort of *drug*?

No, that would have been a far more *normal* explanation than the truth.

Slowly, *ever so slowly*, it began to eat at the back of her mind. It was a feeling like someone had placed a heavy book on the top of her head? Subtle right out of the gate, that weight built and built and built, eventually becoming more than what her body could probably handle. The Au Ra became concerned that this might finally upset her balance and knock her over. Her knees would give out *eventually* with enough weight, right? But that strangely... *wasn't* the case.

The woman was still able to look around and move a *little* even despite those movement being heavily restricted, and she soon wondered if she was seeing things. Were the incense burners always eye level with her? Hadn't they been a little *below* her eye level? And why did her clothing and armor feel surprisingly loose? **"Wait."** She had an epiphany and stared directly at the floor beneath her – watching pieces of armor fall off in the meantime until she was left only in underclothes – a black bodysuit that covered her arms and torso but not her legs beneath her pelvis. Yet it was bunching up around her tummy and elbows now that there was less length for it to all wrap around.

"I-I'm shrinking!?" It had taken an overly long period of time for her to realize this fact but it was undeniably true. Roughly *six inches* of height were ultimately shed, taking her down to *4'7"* from her original, *5'*

stature. But it was *weird*. She had shrunk and, assuming that was possible, wouldn't your body shrink proportionately? Yet that hadn't happened to Drea at all. It was like her limbs and spine weren't as long and yet everything else was the same. If she'd been naked she could only have assumed her boobs and ass looked much too *large* considering how short she now was.

Boy did she not know the *half* of it.

Standing there in only her legless bodysuit another obscure detail was brought to her attention. “**How... did my armor fall off?**” Drea had been so distracted by the shrinkage that she hadn't thought very critically. There was no way for most of her purple armor to just *fall off* without being cut or damaged. But the pieces on the floor showed no signs of wear. It was as if they had just fallen off *magically*. But at least the pressure pushing down from above was gone?

As much as she probably would have liked to linger on that thought, the effects of the incense planned on reforming her swiftly. There was a mental aspect to it as well that hadn't taken root just yet, but it would gradually numb her to the changes she was undergoing as her personality was twisted. But it wasn't there just yet, after all—
“**HUUUUH!?**”

Had she the strength to, the Dragoon might have gone against her better nature and grabbed her own chest as she cried out with surprise. Her nipples had grown erect from a warm tingling sensation that had encompassed her breasts in a general sense, but from there? The tight fibers of her bodysuit were forced to expand, encompassing a mass of flesh that *ballooned* beneath them and made quick work of the slack of cloth around her stomach. The tits were utterly *massive* when put up against her 4'7" body, and she had assumed they had looked weird before. But no, these *J-cups* were fat and perky, their weight forcing a bit of a forward lean in her otherwise immobilized posture. “**How is this— EEK!?**”

Growing huge tits had certainly been an *experience* but at least there had been enough room in her clothing that it wasn't *uncomfortable*. On the other hand, the back of her bodysuit had been forced to give her a big old wedgie with the clothing sliding up into an ass crack that appeared infinitely deeper, cheeks pushing out and escaping her clothes by lifting up the leg holes in the back so that a doubled ass was exposed. Or at least the underside of her rear end was. You could even make out a mole that hadn't been there before!

Drea didn't have the strength to pick at the wedgie and found herself forced to just *deal* with it. Well, that and how the shorts of the bodysuit

were digging into thicker thighs. There was a word for such a bizarre body shape as hers now was, wasn't there? It was on the tip of her tongue. **“Shortstack. But that isn't what I— Hm? How do I know what I am? Odd... Why is it that I'm speaking like... this?”** It was very *proper*, strict even. Like she was someone of renown entertaining a guest. Her voice felt notably deeper too. But she couldn't *stop*? She was *thinking* with that same voice, in the same way. And some very *indecent* thoughts were coming to mind about her new body.

The mental seeds had finally bloomed and her reaction had become more reserved as a result. She would become a perfect *courtesan* for this establishment. The knowledge and skills had been implanted. She just needed to appear less like *herself* and more like the courtesan she was becoming. Her white scales had begun to peel off as part of this, but more striking shifts could be seen in the woman's *face*.

The shortstack woman's gaze gradually grew more piercing thanks to a combination of said eyes narrowing physically and their colors coming alight with a base of blue and red highlights that appeared depending on how the light hit them. Mascara thickened her lashes and brows were soon painted on rather than grown. Drea's facial structure in general became shorter yet rounder, giving her a fuller, mature look with even fuller lips that soon stuck together with dark red lipstick. A splash of blush colored her cheeks where scales had once been.

THUMP!

Something fell to the ground behind her. Her Au Ra *tail*. It had not only been severed but had been transformed into another incense stand. It looked simply like it had just been knocked over.

“I suppose I just need to wait for this to conclude, don't I? I can already feel the incense's hold weakening.” She waited obediently, not even bothering to observe what she could feel; that her hair was growing incredibly long, spilling well past her shoulders and even her ass as the color darkened significantly to black. It was soon tied up in a style similar to the nihongami style behind her while bangs framed her face. Red and gold pins went through both a tegara cloth and a sakko ornament in the back, the excess length looped around while additional red and gold jewelry fell across her hair's front.

Something that had been happening very discreetly was, of all things, her horns *moving*. They had been slowly inching up the sides of her head so they rested on the upper sides of her scalp, and while that typically would have meant her *ears* were moving this wasn't the case. Her original horns blackened and their hollow forms filled, shapes

curling upwards and lengthening rather than curling down. By the time they had moved past where any other race would possess a pair of *ears*, a new pointed pair like those of a Lalafell, albeit bigger, had emerged.

The woman let loose a sigh of relief. Her wedgie had been alleviated. The black bodysuit had up and disappeared, leaving tits, ass, and a shaved pussy bare for but a second before she was lifted up a handful of inches by a pair of raised, lacquered koma-geta sandals. She was dressed in an ornate kimono of varied colors and patterns that spoke to her ranking midst this brothel. Her tits and thighs were largely exposed by it, with a big golden sash tied around her front.

“Mmn...” The fog that had rolled over the woman’s mind finally cleared completely and she stood there with a blank expression for a moment before a wry smirk played upon plump lips instead. **“For goodness’ sake. That was an entire ordeal, now wasn’t it?”** If there was any doubt about whether or not she could recognize that something had just happened to her it very much seemed like she *did*. In fact, *Utsusemi*



could recall her previous life very vividly. But it simply wasn’t important to her. Who she had become was all she was now.

And that person was a courtesan in the service of this fine establishment. There was no mystery about what existed beyond the mystery door in the incense room now; it was the housing accommodations for the other missing women, all having been turned into beautiful courtesans just like herself. Although Utsusemi was fairly *unique*. Her race seemed to be unknown, for there weren’t any other people on Etheirys that could be considered horned, big titty short stacks. At least none that had been discovered.

“It’s a touch unnerving how indebted I feel to this venue, but alas...” The Draph could not fight her own feelings. She was incredibly loyal to her new place of work and felt no need to escape nor rat them out. In fact, she knew she was good at the new job she had and was excited for her first night on the job to come. She excelled as both an

entertainer and in... *other ways*. Even though as Dreah she hadn't been very sexually minded at all. Now? She could recall the best techniques for all manners of 'pleasuring' – both another person *and* herself.

But that was hardly relevant in the moment. **“Dreah!? Are you in here?”** The sound of another woman's voice calling from near the front entrance snapped Utsusemi out of that train of thought. It was her friend, S'aiya. Or well, it was Dreah's friend. But that didn't mean she couldn't be *Utsusemi's* friend too, right? Of course some work would need to be done to make that happen. Even if she had wanted to, it would have been impossible for her to introduce herself with her old name.

The incense still burned, however, and it was the incense that carried the power to transform a woman into a new courtesan of this brothel. The short, horned woman licked her lips at the thought. She had an idea. But it would probably require a little bit of acting on her part considering S'aiya was such a suspicious Miqu'te. **“I'm certain I can make it work. After all, it would be nice to have someone to share my bed with. As well as a new work companion!”** And so, cheerily, she made her way towards the front entrance.

“One moment! I apologize for the delay, miss!”