

# DIVINE MELODY

## COMMISSION STORY

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Among the residents of Eorzea, there were an enigmatic bunch that did things that most couldn't.

There was the Warrior of Light of course, and there were few that had never heard of their greatness. Yet that warrior, faced with the dangers that hid in every corner of their world, could not tackle every challenge alone. So at moments when they would face something especially dangerous? *They* even called on help when diving into the more intimidating of dungeons and beyond. Because of these, tales of the hidden corners of all of Hydaelyn could be gleamed. At least when they weren't bound to keep quiet about *where* they had been.

The most recent expedition of this nature appeared to be one such venture, and Iona the Viera oddjobber knew this because she had been in contact with one of these adventurers. All she knew was that it had taken place somewhere midst the outskirts of Mor Dhona, but there had been protections in place to make sure that no one could tail them. And when they had returned? None of them were permitted to speak of it regardless of how hard one tried to extract that information from them.

**“Oh... thanks?”** But there hadn't been *nothing* to go on. These adventurers that had accompanied the Warrior of Light were still permitted to sell or distribute any treasures that they had found provided they didn't speak about the situation and the treasures were not particularly traceable. This seemed to be the case when it came to Iona's friend, who had left with her an Orchestrion Roll that they had recovered from their adventure.

When it came to Iona's friend, they had chosen to sell most of their findings otherwise, so she was a little confused about the gift she had received. Orchestrion Rolls allowed you to play the songs embedded within through the use of an Orchestrion device, which often promoted questions like: who created the Orchestrion Roll in the first place? In many cases they could be created by the common folk, but there were those, particularly ones that came from dungeons, where their backgrounds were wholly a mystery.



It had been a few hours since the Viera had met with her prestigious companion, and the sun was already setting by the time she got home. Busy as she had been throughout the day, it wasn't like she'd had time to evaluate the Orchestrion Roll she had been given. Without playing it, it was hard to understand what melody had been inscribed within. Yet she was fortunate enough to have an Orchestrion device in her own home.

**“Now let's see...”** When was the last time she had used it? Some months ago? Long enough to be unsure of how to load the song roll at least. Being an oddjobber that often traveled across the continent, it was more likely than not that she would ultimately spend most of her days *away* from home. It took her a bit of fiddling, but she did eventually manage to inlay the roll and get the machine going.

The Viera hadn't really possessed much in the way of expectations when it came to the sounds that would then fill her ears. It could have been a short and unimpressable melody from someone's workshop or a great and mystical melody. What eventually graced her ears was something closer to the *latter* camp. It was melodic, lyrical song that evoked reminiscence of Gridania in terms of instrumental.

It was strange though. The song was *beautiful*, so beautiful that her whole body seemed to quiver thanks to the sound of it alone. **“I...”** But it wasn't quite just the *sound* of the song that proved her shaking. It was almost like it had inspired a memory. Like she had heard this song somewhere before. Of course she *hadn't*, but it seeped into the very depths of her soul, nonetheless. **“Do I know this song?”**

*FOLLOW THE MOONLIGHT, FEAR NOT WHAT YOU  
MAY FIND...*

The song spoke of love and the moon, and while these were things that Iona did not typically think very much about, she strangely found the lyrics touching her very soul. So much so that a part of her wished to dance, yet no movements of the sort came to be. Rather? As if she had been paralyzed, it was like her body had been completely deprived of its ability to move. She was practically in a trance, yet the woman still held onto her wits as she became enthralled by the song, *Dedicated to Moonlight*.

**“No, I don’t... But then why?”** Why did she feel this way? Evidently she had not been robbed of her ability to speak as she stood there, eyes locked upon the Orchestrion that continued to play the song. It had run in full already, minutes passing by like seconds before it repeated. But now that it had been heard in full once? It became time for the seed it had planted in Iona’s soul to blossom into an icy flower.

A chill ran up the woman’s spine, but she didn’t initially understand the cause. In fact her entire body began to ache strangely – perhaps not to the extent that she would describe it as inherently *painful*, but it was obvious to her that something was going wrong. Were she not in her living room but instead her bedroom she would have had access to her mirror, and that reflection would have helped her understand that something was wrong with her *appearance* earlier than she ultimately had.

It didn’t really matter anyways. The song had fully enthralled Iona by this juncture and she wasn’t thinking reasonably. So it was debatable as to whether or not she would have even noticed the fact that her two foot tall Viera ears had begun to retract in size, tips growing closer and closer to her scalp. Her body swayed slightly back and forth almost as if dancing along to the music, but that didn’t deter the fact that her ears were already less than a foot tall and *still* regressing.

Not for a single moment was her ability to hear the song encumbered as those furred ears threatened to disappear entirely beneath her hair – but only because a second pair emerged just in time for the first to become completely absent. Rounded and made of furless cartilage, these new ears resembled those of a Hyur and were concealed beneath the bushy hair on the sides of the woman’s head.

**“Did the song get quieter?”** That was the extent of the response to these changes she could offer, her mind fully fixated on the music. It was no surprise that this was the case, seeing as Hyur ears were far less sensitive than their Viera counterparts, but it was a concern that was just as fleeting as her height was abundant. That is to say... it very quickly *wasn’t* so.

Iona's mature figure wasn't initially compromised by a change that saw the length of her limbs and torso reduce, and ultimately? As her six foot height fell down to roughly 5'3", the fact that she was a shorter woman in the end actually made her tits, ass, and thighs seem fuller than ever. Thanks to her skimpy manner of dress she was spared any significant clothing malfunction at least, but that was only a fleeting reassurance.

The woman blinked. "**Am I... smaller?**" She seemed to recognize it, but rather than fixate on it like any *reasonable* person would? The melody that was playing gripped her once more and any concerns about her appearance dissipated. But things were actually *worsening* on the physical front, at least if she wished to retain any notable similarities to the body she had been born with and developed over the course of her life.

The sands in the hourglass depicting her afforded time of 'no clothing malfunction' had finally run out it seemed, as made evident by the sleeveless, purple crop top that she wore. The malfunction certainly wasn't *abundant*, but there was no doubt an excess of space within the cloth as the breasts they so neatly contained was sapped of their heft. Nipples shrunk alongside the meat of her chest, cups eventually becoming more reasonable B-cups for her shortened frame.

And they weren't alone, for her shorts underwent a similar reception of abundant space. The cause was quite plain with the shapely, pronounced girth of her bubbled ass collapsing in on itself. Dark skin tightened around as ass that was progressively less *bubbled*, but ultimately it did not lose the curvature that made it look feminine. The same could be said of her thighs, for they remained plump like the thighs of a woman, but they certainly weren't *as* plump as before. Her purple shorts hung on persistently, fortunately, because as her face was soon demonstrating?

All of this loss had been committed with a theme in mind. The theme of *youth*. "**This song is so... pretty.**" Something about Iona's voice reflected what her face had begun to. It was higher, cuter, *younger*. And her face took on the latter two traits while also becoming rounder. The flat tip of her nose became more bulbous, removing perhaps the only other physical trait of the Viera race present on her body. Lips likewise thinned, and her eyes became bigger. In the end, her lessened height and figure made more sense when paired with this face.

Because she looked like a teenaged girl that was no older than *fifteen or sixteen*.

## *SHE WILL HEAR MY SONG TONIGHT, DEDICATED TO MOONLIGHT...*

The song's second playthrough continued and Iona was still wholly captivated. But mentally? Her perception and understanding of the song had been shifting. She understood its meaning. It was about *her*. As this became clearer to her, the color of the girl's eyes began to change. It was bleached away in fact, until her eyes were not only completely white but *glowing* supernaturally as well.

Her heart was overflowing with love. For herself? A touch, but her mind wandered to a little bit of everything as the melody continued to play. She loved the forests, the animals, the *mortals* – and she most certainly shouldn't have been thinking of her fellow people as *mortals* as if she wasn't one. But truthfully? Her mortality *was* in fact a thing of the past, and deep down the new persona that was surfacing *knew* this.

Yet her body was not yet prepared to fully embody this divinity. It was well on its way, though! As it turned out, speckles of a pale coloration began to emerge against the dark tan of her skin. They were initially erratically placed and small in number, but it did *not* take long for them to multiply and grow. Their purpose was to rob her skin of its melanin, and with an icy white coloration left in its place? It seemed to have done its job flawlessly.

**“I’m... I am...?”** Deep down the girl's consciousness was struggling. It was torn between two realities as the existence of a bonafide goddess flowed into her flesh and soul. She knew she was Iona, but there was something *else*, and it brought about conflict internally. Regardless, the youthful and pale features of her face changed in shape. Her face was rendered shorter, her forehead broader, cheeks rounder... until no resemblance to her past self could be found there. Glasses ultimately fell from a smaller nose.

If anything, the last bastion of her previous life was her purple hair, yet it was victimized just as quickly as everything else. Starting from the roots, a light blue color swept through each individual strand until it reached the tip. Tips that had shortened to only reach her shoulders, whereas her bangs were parted to the sides and twirled into curls so that her big forehead was completely bare.

It was hard to believe, but this new voice deep down was beckoning her towards a new life. A life alluded to in the lyrics of the song that had captivated her so. To better suit this new life, a flash of light saw her clothes change. Iona was then rendered in a white, ruffled dress without sleeves. Gold trimmed the skirt, but beneath this trim there were blue

ice-like crystals. A golden gauntlet concealed the entirety of her right arm, while a golden bangle was wrapped around the left wrist, and a matching tiara parted her hair into pig tails. There were other flourishes like toeless boots that showed how the skin beneath her knees had taken on an icy blue tone – and yet she did not feel *cold*.

“**Ah— Ow!?**” She felt *alarmed* instead. Because her head had suddenly struck the roof of her living room!?! “**I’m growing!?**” Unlike when she’d shrunk into a more youthful form, this time the growth was consistent. Her entire body was growing evenly, and fearful of emerging through her ceiling, the girl promptly fell onto her side. Floorboards beneath her creaked as she grew and grew, and before long she could feel her couch crushed beneath her. Had she grown any bigger she might have fallen through the floor or pushed through the ceiling.

Her height stopped just shy of sixteen feet though, and so she just *barely* fit in the room while laying sideways.

### *SOLACE, SHELTER, HOPE AND LOVE. WE REMEMBER TALES, SING OF... MOONRISE!*

The song finally culminated with its second run, and that was all that was truly needed. Now within what had been considered Iona’s living room was a gigantic woman laying on her side, skin pale and hair of blue, dressed in elegant raiment. It was clear that if she moved a single muscle her huge body would destroy one of the walls with ease, and so with a snap of her fingers?

*Menphina, the Lover* found herself on the outskirts of the town, floating several feet in the air while her dress fluttered as if teased by a nonexistent wind. “**Aw, my song isn’t playing out here... But alas, I suppose it is a small price to not be smothered by a mortal’s home.**” The goddess wasn’t at all unaware of what had just happened. She had been summoned into the mortal realm against her will through a mortal as the host. Or perhaps it was



to say they were now *one*? Both of their memories persisted side by side, so she knew she was also Iona.

**“But now I cannot live as a mortal either, hm...”** That would certainly be troublesome for the part of her that was Iona. Were there any belongings of importance that she couldn’t leave behind in her home? **“Perhaps I should ask someone to fetch me the musical device and the music roll inside? But I would need to interact with a mortal then...”**

It *was* strange. She had been a mortal just minutes before, but Menphina’s heart had always been overflowing with love for mortals. It was now like, thanks to her previous existence as Iona, she now had some new perspective that allowed her to love them even more than she had before. She wasn’t supposed to interact with mortals normally, but perhaps... There were ways to do so, weren’t there? She would work something out!

**“It’s troublesome though. If that musical roll could turn a mortal into a goddess, are there others about? It would afford us all new perspective, yet...”** To be remade without warning had been such a jarring situation, and even now she wasn’t completely sure just what to make of it. If it were to happen to any of the others, then... **“Oh well! I shall finish my business here and return to report to the others! I cannot believe the new perspective I have to share with them!”** And they would no doubt listen keenly, because she was essentially the little sister of the gods, after all.

Little did she know that Nophica and Halone were in similar situations to herself though, they just couldn’t recall their mortal lives.