

# A LITTLE LESS FANTASY

## COMMISSION STORY

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The streets of Kugane were just as busy as always.

It had been some time since the nearby Doma had been liberated, and so the harbor city had become more active as a result. The presence of imperials had been slowly lessening ever since, but with a civil war waging on back in their homeland, it was inevitable that this presence would ultimately disappear altogether. This meant that there were less people out there fearing for their lives, and so the streets had come to life in recent months with merchants and performers aplenty.

**“It’s... rather crowded.”** For the young Au Ra woman, Dreah, she could appreciate how the people felt much freer, but at the same time she had a difficult time with huge crowds such as these. She had come to Kugane for business, escorted by her Miqo’te friend S’aiya for added security (*and the comfort of having a traveling companion*). In fact, she had come all this way from Eorzea to pick up a new spear, one she had custom made.

Although now returning to their inn from the crowded streets, she was still presently empty handed. The smithy had needed another day to make some of the last minute adjustments that the Dragoon had requested, and while that was fine, she had been in a hurry to return to the quiet comfort of her local inn room.

They finally managed to slip into the inn’s foyer, though. **“I keep telling you not to worry about it too much. Nobody knows the streets better than me, I’ll keep you safe in areas like those.”** S’aiya, the brunette Miqo’te, provided some deadpan reassurance, although she was more distracted by something in her hands.

Something *each* of them had been given by a random passerby. It was a nametag of all things, and the name upon it wasn't even her own. **"...Meanwhile, we should just throw these out, right?"**

Dreah had been given one too. The name on it was written in the local written language, or at least something akin to it. Neither woman understood the significance of the item, particularly with there being a spot for a picture that had no picture at all. Surely the items had been given to them by mistake? Or perhaps it was some kind of joke? Nonetheless, receiving them hadn't been enough of an event for her to have thought too hard about it.

**"I guess... Hey, we're still getting dinner later, right? I'm going to take a nap first."** With the two arriving at their own inn room doors, which were right beside each other, Dreah posed this question – quickly receiving a nod from the cat girl in reply before the two opened their doors and stepped into the rooms they had rented.



But Dreah immediately came to a realization. **"Uh... Huh!? Where is this!?"** The pair of them had been staying in these rooms for almost a week now, so Dreah knew full well what her room looked like. And this? It wasn't it. With white, tiled floors, and even whiter walls lined with metallic lockers, it most certainly wasn't an inn room? A changing room? And what was with the tiny Phasmascape hanging from the room's corner showing a Hyur in a suit giving the news? Had that technology really come that far along?

Confused, the Au Ra turned to leave through the door she'd entered with, but that door was gone. The only door was on the other side of the room, which meant she had to make it across to leave. But she wouldn't get that far before she felt a force in the back of her mind stop her in front of one of the lockers. A locker that had the same characters for the name that had been on the nametag she had been given.

**"N-No, I wanted to... leave?"** That thought had been very much accurate, but it ended with an inflection that made it sound as if she wasn't even sure herself – because she wasn't. Almost as if something deep down was telling her that she was exactly where she needed to be, and like she was hardly capable of resisting its sway. Dreah ended up standing there, glued to the spot without any real attempt to urge herself away from it now that she was there.

And ever since she had arrived there? Sudden change had begun to sweep through her body, beginning with what made the Au Ra a, well, *an Au Ra*. Cracks had begun to emerge amidst her scales, horns, and even her tail – with the latter appendage stiffening up in the process. More and more of these cracks forms over time, leaving the space between them finer and finer until finally? It all began to flake away. Horns soon appeared like dandruff upon her shoulders as they eroded, while scales settled like dust upon the floor. But after lingering for a while? These flakes themselves would disappear entirely.

The end result was a complexion free of any hard, white scales, as well as a rear end without a tail attached for the appendage had ultimately been shaved down into nothing. While her hollowed horns had also met a similar fate, their erasure *did* reveal something. That beneath them a pair of rounded, Hyur ears had emerged instead. But if you were to ask Dreah what that race was called, she might have been confused. Hyur? No, wasn't the word '*human*'?

Just as any semblance of fantasy had been removed from her visage, so too was it being erased from her mind. She was finding it harder and harder to believe that magic was real, even though she came from a world teeming with it. But, nonetheless, the changes that affected her body were up to more than merely shaving away her lizard traits. You needn't have looked any farther than her hair to see that, as its color was darkening to a rich brown. It was also lengthening, but that was more subtle since it only fell from the peak of her neck down to the peaks of her shoulders. A gentle fragrance danced from these hairs, one not smelled in the shampoos of Hydaelyn, and one that made her hair appear softer and fuller to the touch.

**“I’m... I... Wh-What? S-Something’s wrong, isn’t it?”** Looking about, Dreah couldn't quite comprehend what was happening. She felt a little naked somehow (*probably because her scales were gone*), and weren't her bangs the wrong color? Yet on some level she accepted them as 'correct', which in turn on fueled her confusion. Nonetheless, even the face that expressed this shock appeared to be undergoing a 'correction' of sorts.

That face's narrow ship soon filled in, with cheeks growing more abundant and all but erasing the lingering signs of her Au Ra blood from her appearance in the process. Her eyes not only grew bigger overall, but took on an orange tint while the edges pinched in ever so slightly to give her a more Eastern look. A '*Japanese*' look, as she would now recall if she thought about it. Her nose widened just the same, and brows grew thinner, but her lips swelled up quite abundantly so that they were thick

and enticing. And then, for good measure? A beauty mark had appeared beneath her left eye.

While Dreah was typically easily flustered and shy, there was something building deep down. A confidence that quickly turned her expression around from one of uncertain anxiety to one that was calmer and more reserved. It evidently came just in time, for she didn't even bat a lengthened eyelash as her height sprung up to 5'6" over just a matter of moments, separating her top from her bottoms and revealing her tummy.

**“Oh..”** That was the most of a reaction she could offer, and not only was her voice deeper, but she had communicated it in a completely different language. She had grown taller, but hadn't she always been this height? It wasn't worth being shocked about, was it? Nonetheless, in terms of getting bigger, her body's stature wasn't quite the only thing.

Before she realized what she was doing, elongated fingers (*with nails that had clearly grown*) dug into the front of her top – or more specifically the breasts that were beneath them – in response to a budding pressure. It grew more and more ample, but so too did the breasts beneath them, which jiggled as they increased in size and pushed out the already raised, purple top so that more of her tummy could be seen.

A soft moan escaped her lips as they continued to swell, with fingers slipping deeper. It seemed likely that her tits would stop swelling around D or even E cups, but evidently greater plans were in mind for the continued to grow *well* past them. They reached the sizes of Dreah's head, areola each bigger than her eyes as her top was hoisted so high that you could see her underboob, but even then they weren't satisfied, doubling from that point even further. J-cups? Were M-cups a thing, because there was no way they could be anything smaller!

**“These puppies have won me all kinds of promotions, so I don't really have any issues with them...”** Blinking, she stared down at her massive tits. Tits so big that the muscles in her back had been forced to grow *incredibly* strong to keep her upright. But on the other hand, a little bottom heaviness had found its way below to help even things out a little even if it would never reach the same heights as her massive honkers had.

Even so, the sides of her cream skirt began to tear around her hips, for those hips stretched several inches wider – all for the sake of accommodating a burgeoning booty that swelled and stretched her cheeks until her ass bore a big peach shape that lifted the skirt so that you could see the base of her cheeks, and so that her panties were

wedged between them. Likewise, her thighs found a new plumpness that made them soft and tender, but compared to her other features they almost looked paltry.

And then, just as it looked like all of her clothes would be an issue, they disappeared. Leaving her butt naked.

**“Hm? What was I so flustered about? I get changed here every day, it isn’t like this is a new occurrence.”** While all of the woman’s previous outfit had been torn up by the expansion of her figure, *Akari Yamamoto* was quick to fish out a huge, white lace bra and matching panties from her locker and adorn them posthaste. Compared to the sheepish Dreah, each of this Japanese woman’s movements oozed with confidence, as did the way she spoke. Pulling out a black pencil skirt and a white blouse with a chest window so large it revealed most of her K-cup breasts, she was soon fully dressed once more with the addition of her heels and a black, lace collar around her neck.



She looked at the tiny mirror in her locker one more time, adjusting her hair in the process. Akari was the most elite worker at this office, and in her early thirties there were few that didn’t rely on her expertise. She had so many kouhais, but there was one that stood out more than the rest. Well, that was to be expected, seeing as they were an item. And it was obvious as hell, even to their coworkers. Akari was *only* getting dressed up for her.

Because she could give less of a crap about anyone else who might ogle her.

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**“The hell is going on here?”** Meanwhile, S’aiya had found herself in a room not unlike the one Dreah had. It was a big office with multiple locker and changing rooms, and it was largely identical but flipped. Truthfully, it was the room right across the hall from her friend. But the Miqu’te was a little more cautious rather than anxious about the situation. After turning back and realizing the door she’d come in through was missing, she was more concerned that this was some sort of trap.

There was a door across the way, but was that part of the trap? The uncertainty had kept her glued in place, and the woman hadn't wanted



to proceed until she knew for sure, yet... Her body moved without her meaning to. **“Huh!? Stop moving, damnit!”** Step by step, until she finally stopped in front of a locker with the same name on it that had been on that damned nametag. **“Now move!”**

Despite how forceful she was with herself in an attempt to get her body to budge, it wouldn't. She was glued in place, incapable of moving even an inch away from the locker. And yet the longer she lingered there, the more her identity was compromised. That could already been seen in her complexion, as her natural tan? Little by little the color lightened to a light pink, a color more akin to the people of central Eorzea. Although... *was Eorzea a place?*

A change of color was seen in much more than just her skin, though. Both her eyes and hair soon found themselves repainted in a red that bordered on purple, the color enchanting in its own way, but not the same brown hair with blue eyes that she had been born with. In terms of the hair, mind you, it also became longer and thicker, ultimately pushing her cap off her head to reveal that the fur of her Miqo'te ears had retained their usual brown for now. With everything swept to the right, this thicker hairdo was much more ample than S'aiya would typically tolerate.

And yet she just didn't seem to notice that it had grown somehow.

In terms of things she *could* notice, however? **“Huh!? Th-The hell!?”** An uncharacteristic stutter accompanied her blurting of surprise, which was just as surprising as the cause in the first place, really. Her hips had suddenly pulled wider than normal, and the pressure had forced the button off the front of her jeans while knees buckled in towards one another. She would soon regret wearing jeans that were skin tight, mind you, because there was increasingly more to house within them.

Both her thighs *and* her rear end began to engorge themselves, with upper legs swelling so plump that they forced tears in her pants for the flesh to peek out of. Her ass bloated similarly, cheeks firm despite their size as they began to appear over the waistband of her jeans, pale cheeks also forcing her undergarments to wedge uncomfortably between them.

But while panties also dug into her pussy in the front, red hairs could be seen poking out from the sides in the process. “**Wh-Why are my clothes s-so tight!?**”

The pitch of her voice was rising as well, with her stutter accompanying a softer, more uncertain tone. For the always confident S'aiya, her demeanor was rapidly spiraling into something anxious and easily embarrassed. Despite this being a changing room, the fact that her ass was poking up out of her pants behind her made a little nervous that someone would catch her looking indecent.

But her ass was hardly all that indecent. At least compared to what was going on with her chest. Much like with Dreah, she received a pair of tits that very plainly defied reason itself. However, unlike Dreah she felt no desire to fondle herself in public as they swelled. The white crop top she wore was quick to strangle pale tits as they swelled, pushing both forward and out to the sides while white cloth soon found itself pulled into something skin to a tube top.

As her tits passed her head in size though, that cloth eventually slid down to her waist, no longer capable of holding her huge tits and leaving them bare. Shame immediately seized S'aiya's mind, and she tried her best to cover her huge, pink nipples with her hands. “**D-Don't look!**” Not that she had a potential audience in the first place, but that was how nervous she was. They never quite grew to the size of Akari's, but they were only a cup size smaller. That meant they were still *ridiculously* huge.

As she hid them with her hands, the fingers on those hands grew a little longer and bonier, with nails that were long, pretty, and trimmed neatly – something S'aiya never bothered to do. All the while, her facial structure was being rearranged higher up. Eyes narrowed so that she looked just as Japanese as a woman who, in her mind, was becoming increasingly deserving of her love and respect as a senior (*or a senpai*), and her language changed to boot. Lips swelled amply and her face became longer, giving her a pretty appeal that led to questions about how she could possibly lack in confidence with her bountiful body and pretty face.

She even looked younger. Like she was in her mid-twenties. Which wasn't *that* much younger, really.

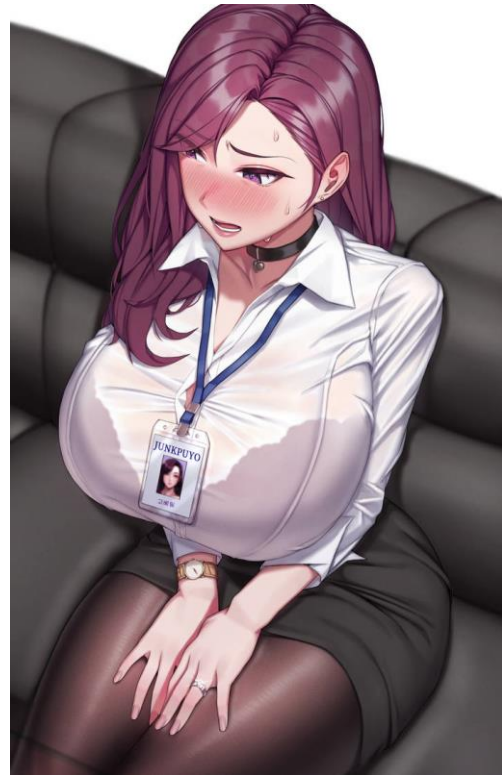
But her fantasy aspects still remained. That is to say that her cat ears and tail had lingered all this time. Yet this was quickly undone, for her ears slid down to the sides of her head and rounded, losing their brown fur all the meanwhile, and ultimately becoming human ears. While her tail? It was slurped back up in a single, quick motion, making the

woman jump with surprise so that her tits bounced and smacked against her tummy.

**“WAH!?”**

Even her ass had jiggled, because her clothes? They were gone.

**“O-Oh? I’m still not dressed? I need to hurry! I want to have coffee with senpai first...”** All of a sudden, everything had just clicked into place in *Rumiko Suzuki*’s mind. All of her earlier anger and confusion had waned, and in its place a sheepish wallflower had bloomed. She was exceptionally gorgeous, with a bombastic figure (*that didn’t quite meet the same heights as her senpai’s*), but her self-confidence was low and she was very shy. It was only at the side of the senpai she loved that she felt at ease.



And so, desperate to get back to Akari for coffee, Rumiko slid on black, lace underwear, tights, a pencil skirt, and a white blouse that was so tight that you could see her bra and big honkers even through the stretched material. It looked as if the buttons would pop off at any moment! Not that she minded. Her senpai was always telling her that she liked it.

After making sure her long, red hair was properly brushed, she shuffled out of the locker room. Each step saw her big breasts bounce and her thighs jiggle, but that was more or less normal for her. She didn’t care. She liked her job, and she loved Akari.

That was all that mattered, really.