

# PRIMAL SEA FLOATIE

## COMMISSION STORY

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Summer was winding down and for many of Eorzea's people, they were finalizing their plans to enjoy the rest of the season while the warmer weather lasted depending on *where* upon the continent you lived. Of course Costa del Sol was a popular beachside resort year round, but it still experienced the biggest boom in the summer months because of its many festivities and the fact that people were just more in the mood to travel.

Even Drea, a Dragoon adventurer who was often tied up with work, had gravitated towards Costa del Sol for that reason. She'd seen it as a good chance to kick back and relax like everyone else and had *hoped* that she might visit with friends considering her *issues*. But unfortunately? Despite having made the booking all of those friends of hers were tied up with other things – meaning she had been forced to go alone. Which was a shame because she'd prepared a whole list of things that she wanted to do with them at the beach! Oh well, maybe next time...

The 'issues' the Raen Au Ra faced were personal ones. Despite how strong of a warrior she was? Her confidence was meager in other areas. When it came to social situations she always felt better when she had a friend at her side. Someone she could hide behind (sometimes literally) when things became a little too uncomfortable for her. This was *especially* true of the beach. While most women her age had no difficulties with showing off their bodies with their swimsuits? Drea just felt like she couldn't do it without emotional support.

And so? Her entire first day at the resort had been wasted walking around in just her casual clothing. Even though she'd been to the resort

plenty of times before she was just walking around like any old tourist while attempting to work up the courage needed to go for a swim. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner all came and went. And now? She was walking along an empty beach under the pale light of the moon.

“**Uh...**” A breathy sigh left her mouth once it finally occurred to her that the entire day had been wasted. Sure, she could go for a swim *now* but it was dark out! Who knew what lurked beneath the waves that she wouldn’t be able to see? ...Nothing, in fact. Costa del Sol’s beaches were extremely safe even at night so long as she didn’t go out *too* deep but the Dragoon was still making excuses for herself. “**I wish that— OW!?**”

It was like something had chosen to interrupt the Au Ra before she could speak into existence one of the biggest cliches in the book: making a wish under the starry night sky. And in a very abrupt and arguably *painful* way too. It actually stole away the woman’s consciousness, but not before she caught sight of what had *hit her in the end*. “**...What?**” A big, purple beach floatie that looked like a dragon.



“**AH!?**” Dreah’s consciousness came back to her all at once and she flew up into a sitting position upon... a bed? In an unfamiliar resort room? Her eyes steadily flickered across the space she now occupied. She’d passed out on the beach, hadn’t she? So naturally the only possible explanation was that someone had picked her up and carried her inside. Something wasn’t *right* though. The furniture all seemed strangely sleek, and there were things she didn’t recognize.

Once she pulled herself out of bed and began to stumble around – specifically once she looked out the nearby window – she began to put together a better picture of her situation. “**E-Eh!?**” She was looking down at an unfamiliar beach. A statement that contained two surprises. The beach being unfamiliar was one of those surprises. The sea was clear and blue and the sand was white and beautiful.

But the height from which she looked down *upon* the beach had taken her by a similar level of surprise. She must have been ten stories high? Never in Eorzea had she seen a building that tall! How was it even structurally possible to build one so large? “**Where... Where am I?**” Because *now* Dreah was starting to believe that she wasn’t in Eorzea whatsoever. Was she even on Hydaelyn!?

Panicked, she began to fumble around the room erratically. Eventually she tripped over something that had haphazardly been set upon the resort room floor. Something that seemed *very* familiar once she finally realized what it was. It was a beach floatie. Purple, large, and shaped like a dragon. **“Wait... Is this what hit me? What is it doing here?”** How had it fallen from the sky and hit her on the head in the first place, come to think of it?

Strangely though? Once she had taken notice of the floatie she couldn't seem to pull her eyes away from it.

**“Is it... related? But it's just a floatie, isn't it!?”** The lizard woman couldn't at all fathom how a toy like that might have been related to her sudden teleportation. A toy was just a toy at the end of the day! In fact, while she didn't see it this way, she was a little *too* confident about that toy's origins. Almost like she had *purchased it herself*? Which absolutely couldn't have been the truth when you considered everything that had happened to her thus far.

And while she still hadn't been able to force herself from looking away, she had begun to receive some help against her will. Her chin kept slipping downwards like a great weight was being slowly placed atop her head. Which, for better or for worse, wasn't all *that* off the mark. It just wasn't a case of something being placed on top of her head so much as it was a case of something *already* on her head becoming heavier with time. Dreah just didn't think to look at first.

But the source of this weight was her *horns*. Au Ra horns jutted out from the sides of their heads where you would typically find ears on some other races. These horns actually doubled *as* their ears, but because of this they were hollow and small. Looking at the Dragoon's horns in that moment? Well, rather than curve forward and down they had been bent so they were reaching back before curving. The white chitin that composed them? Parts of it were turning grey, and from there it darkened to a brownish black as those horns themselves grew jagged.

Yet they were also *longer* and *heavier*, with Dreah's hearing muffled. This was because keratin was filling what was once hollow, making her horns completely solid as they curved and hooked down. **“Eh? Why is it so hard to...? Oh, maybe it was nothing?”** Just as she had been about to notice her deafening, her hearing returned. Not because her horns had worsened but because that had *moved*, sliding up the sides of her head so that they were more on the sides.

Revealing a pair of fleshy, pointed ears in the process.

The relocation of these horns pushed the weight backwards, and she was finally pulled away from the floatie because of this. “**Huh!?**” Her small hands reached back to grab at the source of the weight, shocked when she gripped onto the handlebars that were now her horns. “**Wait, why are my horns like this!?**” She gripped them tightly. They were *heavy and sharp!* But perhaps not as sharp as her canine teeth had unknowingly become.

It would have been wrong to say that panic had set in though, which in of itself was odd. Dreah was usually nervous and skittish and would *absolutely* freak out more about part of her body being different. Yet she quickly accepted it? Larger, more intimidating horns made her feel *stronger* somehow. Though a rippling in her muscles had begun change her body subtly so that this strength was literal.

Dreah almost *always* wore her favorite white headband and today had been no exception. At least until it had been pushed off her head not by her own hands nor because she had bumped into anything, but because her hair itself had pushed it off. Now hair didn't typically move on its own, but in this case it was moving for good reason. It was *lengthening* according to the same power that had changed her horns, dancing out behind her until it pooled on the floor of the resort room beneath her. What's more? Her usual blonde was replaced with a steely silver that became present in *all* of the hair on her body.

“**My hair? It's so... long...**” Needless to say, all of the excess weight born from the extra length was noted, the woman grabbing handfuls of silver locks to examine them; at least until she noticed the hands she was grabbing them with. Her fingers were longer? So were her nails... But more than that? Their complexion was different. A brownish tan had replaced her usual pale – but this spread to plague her *entire* body while her scales crumbled away along with her Au Ra tail.

She blinked several times, feeling an unusual stretch across her body's entirety. But each blink saw her eyes not only take a redder glow, but their shapes thinned in kind as well. It was part of a broader series of changes that thinned her face and enhanced the looks of both her eyes and lips – the latter trait growing plump, rosy, and alluring. Unable to see her own face she was left to ponder the stretching sensation in her bones though.

The cause wasn't exactly subtle in its execution. “**Mm!?**” Rather than blurt out something with surprise on this occasion, Dreah made a more mature grunt that had a sensual hum to it courtesy of a voice that had deepened. Her steps stumbled a moment and arms were used to maintain her balance as, well... she *grew*. Arms and legs stretched

significantly so that her torso had no choice but to follow suit if it wished for her silhouette to remain realistic.

But was there anything realistic about the height she was reaching up to? She quickly jumped *past the 6' mark* with shoulders and hips flaring up to keep her proportionally 'normal'. The back of her skirt ripped and it ultimately fluttered to the ground while her top ripped at the shoulders so she was essentially wearing a sleeveless crop top around her chest. And that much malfunction was only from her *height increase*. All of the way up to *6'10"*. At least her hair was no longer dragging on the floor!

She was practically a giant, dwarfing even the extremely tall men that were typical of the Au Ra race. "**How...? I am quite tall now, aren't I? But it isn't all that bad.**" Even Dreah didn't know how she managed to just shrug this off, but she did. Her confidence had grown with her height, and even though her lower body was only covered by a pair of plain panties wedgieing her *hard*, she didn't feel shy about it at all.

Which was fortunate because her clothing malfunction got *worse* before it got better. The panties that were *already* holding on for dear life began to fray around the waistline. Her hips were swinging wider than they already had, something that was necessary because her thighs and ass alike were both bloating. Before long either thigh was a small tree trunk in width, eclipsing her waistline while they rubbed against each other. On the other hand her ass swelled into a wonderful heart shape that ate up the rest of her panties. Rather than fall after the waistline snapped, though? They were caught in her cheeks in the back, so only the front fell down to show off her pussy and a bush of silver hair.

"**Hmm...**" Should that have alarmed her? Deep down she knew she should have. The old Dreah would have hated showing that much of her body even in private but the *new* uh... What had her name been again? Maybe it didn't matter all that much. All that mattered was that she didn't mind showing off at all! This was reinforced quickly, because her tanned tits had been ballooning within what was left of her top. Doubling, tripling, and quadrupling... Bare breasts eventually exploded free of their cloth prison and bounced several times – each one larger than her head.

Which, at her current height, made them *U-cups* when compared to a normal sized person.

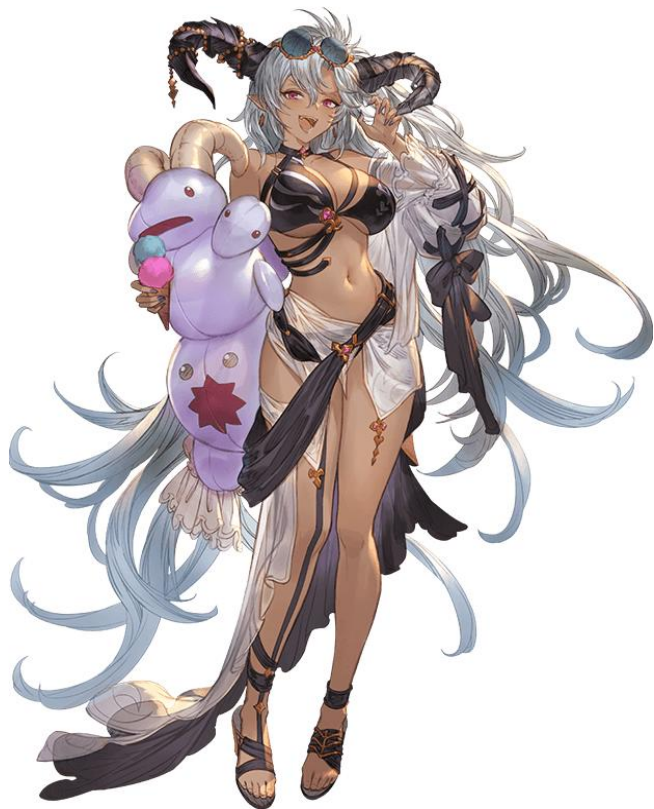
The tanned woman groped at her own bosom and slapped her own ass a moment, savoring just how *good* she looked. She didn't have a care



about this form at all! Though a whine *did* escape her lips as new clothing formed because she wanted to ogle herself a little longer.

Any traces of her previous outfit disappeared, replaced with a black bikini and a translucent, white lace top that was dangling down one arm. Sandals adorned her feet and black fabric hung from her hips and top. All in all it was a strangely elaborate beach outfit, but the sunglasses resting atop her head gave a touch of something more mundane. The presence of a copper necklace wrapped around her right horn was certainly a brow raiser though.

Left to only shake her head, the woman that now towered so high that her *horns* practically poked into the ceiling above her. **“I... just transformed, hm? I was once... Well *that’s* concerning.”** What *Fediel* found concerning was that she couldn’t seem to remember just what her old identity had been, even though she could recall having changed rather stupendously. She could recall her old reflection but that did nothing in the way of help jog her memory about a name nor identity.



If it *had* been concerning though, you likely wouldn’t have believed that the tall dragon woman actually felt that way with the smirk she wore on her face. In fact, no sooner than she had realized she could no longer recall that past self? She had ceased bothering to *care* about who that had been. **“I guess it doesn’t really matter, does it? I’m way bigger and more beautiful than I was before. Perfect for studying dyads!”**

How exactly did these things help her study the mechanics of a dyad? Well, in *Fediel’s* mind a dyad was a relationship between two mortals. A romantic relationship was the best example of this. But being an ancient dragon who had only recently begun to mingle with mortals in a meaningful way, she had chosen to default to her own understanding of things while taking the time to observe and learn about them.

Realistically her appearance's *beauty* did nothing to help this, but she did understand that beautiful women seemed to have a higher chance of entering a dyad in some, but not all cases. **“And with this swimsuit those odds should be even higher!”** It was clear as day that she didn't *quite* understand what she was talking about. Was it her goal to enter a relationship with some man or woman during her beach stay? No. Fediel was simply a *very* enigmatic individual.

Throwing her hands behind her head, hips shook as she sauntered over to the dragon floatie on the ground. The woman didn't recognize the fact that it was the trigger for her transformation – not that she would have cared at all about it even *if* she had. She was much more confident than Dreah had been, although plenty dumber in some ways, but she really liked being able to live in such a carefree manner!

**“Okay, time to hit the beach! There will surely be plenty of dyads to observe there today, just as the Singularity foretold!”** Apparently Auguste Isle was a very popular tourist destination and couples had a tendency to flock to it. She'd spend the whole day lounging around the beach observing whoever she wanted to! She might even take a dip! Ultimately she'd just have to see how things went!

Like the carefree spirit she was!