

# WII FIT DREAHER

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“You know, I don’t think glaring at it is going to provide me with any answers.”**

There was no one else inside of the inn room of Ul’dah with her at the time, but the Raen Au Ra who *was* inside murmured this sentence under her breath in jest, giggling slightly to herself after the fact. Her attention had been cast solely on an item she had set out on her bed. A flat, white *board* that only had a bit of weight to it. It somehow looked *cheap* to her discerning eye, like it was made of a substance that wasn’t all that common in Eorzea.

In terms of the mysteries surrounding this strange object? There were a *number* of them. What it was made of aside, it was clean. *Too* clean, which might not have sounded all that mysterious on its own. Didn’t that just mean that someone had been taking good care of it? Dreah would have believed that if not for where she had *found* it. In the depths of a newly discovered set of ruins, sitting on a pedestal.

She’d encountered plenty of artifacts over the course of her travels, and in plenty of different places to boot. It didn’t matter if they were buried under rubble or positioned up on a pedestal, there were some things that were just *consistently* true about the items that she uncovered within the dungeons. The first of which? They were seldom, if *ever*, in good quality. Even the shiniest stone, if left within the darkness of the underground for long enough, would wear down with time. And it wasn’t like ruins were particularly *modern*. Else they wouldn’t be ruins!

**“It’s also way too clean.”** Or so the adventurer reminded herself under her breath. Even if the quality had been *perfect*, the condition she



had found it in was *still* weird even beyond that. There hadn't been any dirt on it, much less any *dust*. If it had been sitting at the bottom of the ruins for even a single year, then it would have had a thick layer of dust on it, right? There hadn't been a single speck. Meaning that it had been cleaned by someone or *something*, or it had just been put there, or there was some other reason for its cleanliness.

But was it worth wracking her brain over? **"I've already more or less figured out *what* it is. But I just can't figure out *why* it exists. Or what 'Wii' even means."** Dreah picked the white device up off her bed and placed it on the floor. It had two square indentations, one on either side. If she was correct, then the device was supposed to be *stood* on. A balancing board? A scale? It could have been both *or* either of those things. But that three letter word on the front had baffled her.

It didn't sound like a real word at *all*.

**"Guess I should test my theory..."** She muttered under her breath as she placed one foot on and then the other on the device. Of every possibility she had expected, what *ended up* happening hadn't even been on her proverbial bingo card. In an instant? The environment around her warped. She was no longer standing in an inn room, but in an extremely *empty* location instead. **"Wh-Wha!?"**

It was so surprising that Dreah practically fell off the artifact, but that didn't return her back to the inn room she'd been staying at. She was standing in a huge room with a light blue floor and a huge gymnastics mat in the center. One wall was grey in color, while the other three? They were composed *entirely* of giant mirrors.

For as little as there was in this space, the absence of one thing in particular left the woman extra concerned. **"I don't see a door or a window anywhere?"** Which meant that *wherever* there was, there was no exit. Was there a way back? Maybe she just had to stand on the balancing board again and it would send her home? **"Wait, am I sure that's a balancing board?"** Nothing had changed to make her certain of this, but... She felt *oddly* confident.

And when she went to lift a leg to test this new theories of her? The young woman was given pause not by her body, or by the room, or even by the board in front of her. But instead by her own clothing, or at least the feeling of it on her body. After returning from her quest she hadn't

bothered to peel off her armor, and when she had first appeared in this place? She had still been wearing that armor.

But that had changed. **“H-Huh? When did I change out of my armor?”** Though what she was *now* wearing was all the more confusing. A pair of black yoga pants that *certainly* didn’t fit her short stature very well. They had evidently been fashioned for a larger woman, what with how loose on her hips they sat, and how bunched up they were beneath her knees even though her tail pushed down the waistline in the back. But her torso was *likewise* clad in a bright blue, sleeveless top with the words ‘Wii Fit’ on the chest in white. She *wasn’t* wearing a bra, but she could feel she was wearing panties at least. Even if they were meant for athletics.

**“Wii Fit? Wii...? That word again?”**

Dreah wasn’t any closer to figuring out just *what* exactly it meant, and she wasn’t exactly in the position to figure it out in that moment, either. **“This... is probably a distraction, right?”** The clothes were a little cumbersome since they were too big on her, but she recognized that she had bigger issues to worry about. If she was *trapped* in this space, for example, she’d have to consider possible methods of nourishment. **“Wait, no! I didn’t try standing on the board again!”** How had she *already* forgotten her great idea? Well, it wasn’t *that* great, but it was the *only* idea that she’d had.

The woman stepped onto the balancing board a second time with hope that it would undo what had already befallen her. Unfortunately? It *didn’t*. It didn’t accomplish anything of the sort. But she *did* seem to be balancing on it much more *naturally* somehow. At least at first. Her sense of balance had suddenly become compromised – **“Whoa!?”** – which left her to wobble and step off, confused about where what could only be described as a sudden ‘dizziness’ had even come from.

**“What’s going on...? I feel a little— *That’s it, feel the burn!* H-Huh!?”** She couldn’t figure out *why* she had just blurted that out, but she *was* feeling the burn that she spoke of. All of her body’s muscles carried a mild burning sensation now, almost feeling like they’d been violently massaged all of a sudden. Or maybe like they were being *stretched*? It wasn’t immediately clear to her just how *literal* that was, but she did finally notice after a few moments.

The reasons she had struggled to immediately notice were twofold. First: the room was big and empty, meaning her perception wasn’t what it should have been. And second: because her clothes were so loose, the sensation of how they rubbed up against her skin and scales alike was already inconsistent. So when those clothes began to *tighten* around

her, and her point of view began to steadily rise, it wasn't exactly simple to tell that she was *growing*. Her muscles were literally stretching alongside her bones.

Dreah was, typically, just barely over the five foot mark. It was a fairly average height for an Au Ra woman, and the most obvious reason as to why the clothes that had been forced onto her body just *didn't* fit. **"Uh... Wait a second!"** But when she finally noticed? She *noticed*. Her height was climbing at an alarming rate, with the sleeveless top she was wear lifting to show off a little of her tummy, and her baggy yoga pants straightening and lifting to tease her shins. When all was said and done, she had to be about 5'8"!

**"That's it, nice job!"** Panicked as she was, she had thought to *express* that panic. Only to find herself blurting out another ill-suited line in a voice that somehow sounded a little bit *robotic*. **"Wh-What's nice about this!? I'm like eight inches taller!"** Raising her arms and looking them over, she wondered if it might have been more than that. Did her arms look a little thicker?

Not in the *fat* sense, but in the sense that her muscles seemed to have swollen with strength. In fact, this was a trend that was shared *throughout* her body. Whether it was her pecs, abs, glutes, or even the muscles in her legs? Her body was *even fitter* than it had been before. Which made it all the stranger that, even with this denser, taller body, that the shirt and pants still felt a little *too* loose. This would be rectified, but what was happening to Dreah's body took a different turn before the fit was corrected.

The woman looked down at the balancing board. Everything that had happened was *its* fault, but she could hardly imagine how to undo it. **"Wh-Wh-Wh- Work hard to tone that tummy! Why do I keep saying these things!? I sound like a fitness instructor!"** These words were becoming much more invasive. They stifled what she *wanted* to say and led her down a path where she blurted out something else instead. And it was *always* something encouraging. Something a trainer would say to get their client moving! Sure, she was *fit* herself, but...

This fixation on *what* she was saying unfortunately pulled the woman's attention away from her own body for a short time. Not that what was happening in that moment would have been *easy* to notice, but when it came to her *hair* she might have at least stood a chance of recognizing that: hey, maybe her blonde strands *weren't* supposed to be turning grey? Not even a *light* grey, but instead a very dark shade that almost bordered ashen. Furthermore? It lengthened. Creeping down past her

shoulders where it was tied into a ponytail, while lengthened bangs were swept off her forehead in either direction.

**“Huh? ...Wait a second... *Work towards strong, firm abs!*”**

That *hadn't* been what she had *wanted* to say, but you could more or less tell where her attention was focused based on where her eyes, now also dulled to grey, were pointed. Down. At her own *chest*. Or at least the cloth that covered them. The blue had hardly budged in that area when she had first grown taller, and even with her pecs swollen it wasn't like her small bosom had protruded *much* more.

But now she was both watching *and* feeling those breasts grow *several inches* longer, becoming shapelier with the firmness of her new muscles behind them. **“...No, not just that. *Your lower body is key for support!*”** At least what she was saying was *vaguely* relevant to what she was referring to. Because she had leaned forward with a limberness she hadn't possessed before to check out the lower body in question. Her thighs had swollen a little thicker, and so did her ass. The outfit now would have fit her perfectly if not for the protrusion of her tail behind her.

Dreah couldn't deny that on paper, being taller, fitter, and more buxom were all net positives. But she still didn't understand *why* it was happening, and much of what was transpiring was still actively escaping her notice. It hadn't clicked with her to check the *scales* on her body, even though they were undergoing a fundamentally *bizarre* change. While much of what had happened thus far had been in service of just making her more 'attractive'...

Well, how would you slot *this* into that? Her scales were seemingly flattening, being smoothed away into nothing while their porcelain white color was left in the color of the skin exposed underneath. If this wasn't *already* bizarre enough, then the fact that this color soon spread across the rest of her body certainly was. It painted over her nipples, ass crack, and even her pussy; smoothing everything except her bellybutton away until the woman was more anatomically similar to a *doll* than anything.

The woman found herself momentarily incapable of saying *anything at all* once she noticed, but she took notice as the white spread through her facial features and stiffened her ability to express herself in the first place. Even the back of her mouth was painted in this white, while her face narrowed, lengthened, and smoothed to further contribute to just how doll-like she appeared. She momentarily froze up as any remaining 'irregularities' were smoothed away.

And what was *deemed* an irregularity? Well, anything that remained of her Au Ra lineage. AKA her horns and tail. In both cases what remained began to *crumble* from the tips. Her hollowed horns collapsed to reveal nothing beneath them at first, but once it reached the sides of her head? A pair of white Hyur ears could be seen peeking out. There was *nothing* left in the place of her tail by the time it had become little more than a pile of white powder on the floor behind her, however. The skin where it had been attached was smooth and blemish free, allowing her yoga pants to *finally* rest properly on her hips.

**“Good posture begins with a strong base!”** As hard as the woman had *tried* to fight it throughout her transformation, she was no longer capable of stopping herself from blurting out exercise directions whenever she opened her mouth. Her movements were abrupt, limbs stiffly, and *instantly* moving into the posture she had spoken of. Dreah? She was in there *somewhere*. But every attempt to speak she made ended the same way. **“Let’s tone up those legs!”** Paired with sudden professional leg stretches.



Time wore on. Minutes and hours, until an entire day had passed without any deviation from this pattern. And it *was* a pattern. **“Let’s step up the intensity!”** When one exercise routine was complete, she’d start the next the next time she tried to speak or move on her own. Her body did not grow tired. It didn’t sweat. She never felt hunger. There was nothing stopping the *Wii Fit Trainer* from continuing her tireless routine to an audience of no one.

Or was there no one? Was there someone else on the other side of the mirror watching her perhaps? When she thought this, she felt a sense of joy and purpose that threatened to swallow her old self whole. **“That’s it, feel the burn!”** The days would inevitably wear on, and little by little? The woman within the Wii Fit Trainer would conform to her new role. It was predictable and akin to a prison, but after weeks she couldn’t imagine doing *anything* else. This was what she had been *created* to do.

And she would continue to do it for the rest of her life. If you could even call it that.

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**“Hm? Is this my cut from our spelunking?”** Around the same time Drea had disappeared from Eorzea, her adventuring friend S’aiya had returned to her own inn room to find an unusual object on her bed. It was a black ring with grips on either side of it, with a slot for what looked to be a compatible device in the top. **“We really did find some unusual things down there, didn’t we?”** As someone who liked to stay in shape, she had a good idea as to what it was.

**“To think we’d find an ancient *exercise ring*, of all things.”**