

EARTHY NIGHT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Phew...”

Iona, a young, bespectacled Viera woman with long, purple hair, wiped the sweat from her brow as she stepped into the shadows of one of the many mines that were spread throughout the nation of Ul'Dah. She had made a long journey across the barren wastes of the realm outside the capital city with only a pickaxe and one of those fancy mining hats, so you could more or less discern what her ultimate goal was. She was going to be doing so *mining* during that fateful afternoon!

This Viera was a woman who didn't really have one *specific* career. On paper? You could more or less say she was an adventurer. She traveled around the world while accepting and completing jobs that were given to her, some even through the offerings of a local adventurer's guild. But Iona *herself* didn't refer to herself as an 'adventurer'. In her mind, she was much more of an 'odd-jobber' than anything.

This was because she wasn't the sort of woman to tackle anything that was outside of her means. While she *could* fight, she didn't consider herself adept enough to tackle anything outside of the monsters of Eorzea – which were generally weaker than those elsewhere in the world. It was really a mystery as to *why* that was, but most assumed that it was why the city states of Eorzea were the *perfect* places for aspiring adventurers to start out.

And so, with this information it was easy enough to piece together just what she was doing even without her stating it aloud. She'd picked up a request for some ore back in the city and had simply gone out to fetch it according to that request. Iona's talents were many, and there weren't

many gathering or crafting talents that she didn't at least *dabble* in. With her pickaxe in hand, she traveled a number of feet underground according to the mine's pathway.

Something about this task *had* been bothering her, though. **"You can find this ore in basically any mine in the nearby area, so I wonder why they specified this mine in particular?"** If they just wanted the ore, then wouldn't it have made sense to petition grabbing it somewhere closer to the city? In that case they probably wouldn't have had to pay such a high fee for the amount of travel involved. There was only one possibility she could really think of.

"Maybe the ore here has some sort of unique qualities to it?" Maybe it had something to do with the way the ore had formed? Or perhaps there was something mixed in with it that made the trip worth it? At the end of the day, it wasn't really her job to question the logic behind it so long as the job itself wasn't dangerous. And she hadn't seen a single monster while walking through the torch-lit mining shaft. She ultimately found the ore at the depth she had been told she would find it at.

The color was slightly off, though. **"I guess that explains it. It doesn't usually have such an orange tinge."** Iona hadn't needed her question answered after all, it seemed. The color *was* slightly off but she could still recognize the shape and texture of the ore for what it was. All she really had to do was mine a few chunks out of the wall, and she could do that expeditiously enough.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

It only took ten or so minutes of effort to knock off what she needed. All the Viera had to do was relocate the ore chunks from the ground to the bag she had brought with her for the occasion. **"I wonder what makes it so orange?"** Or so she idly wondered aloud while crouching down. She was perfectly fit despite not being a hardened warrior, so it didn't take much strength for her to do just that. One piece of ore went into the bag, then another, and the third—

"Hm?" When she picked up the third, it *glowed*.

"I wonder what that light had been all about?" *Nothing* had come of the stone glowing suddenly. She'd returned to a nearby mining town an hour later with plans of staying there for the night, even renting a guest hut from the local innkeeper. Iona had checked on the stones in the bag periodically, but at no point had she seen any of the ore chunks



glowing again. Had it just been a fluke? A trick of the light? She would just let the commissioner know about it when she gave the stones to them. It must have been related to why they had desired it in the first place.

Unbeknownst to her though, the stone was glowing in the bag after she decided to put it down beside her bed. And *this* time? There was a reaction. A reaction that had a purpose she wouldn't have even been able to fathom, and at first, she didn't even realize that there was going to be a reaction in the first place. At least not until she lowered herself down until she was on her knees, and then lowered her upper body so that she could plant a kiss on the stone floor with her eyes shut closed.

Iona was mid-smooch when her eyes fluttered open and she shot back up into a standing position. **“Why... did I do that?”** What could have possibly compelled her to *kiss the ground*, and why had she gone about it in such a dutiful way? It had been an odd occurrence, but nothing else strange happened for the rest of the evening. So, she put it in the back of her mind for the time being...

And the woman went to sleep.

Iona slept soundly. Perhaps more soundly than she ever had, honestly. It was almost strange that she *had*, what with how restless she ultimately ended up becoming. At one point her body had begun to toss and turn like crazy, and a cold sweat began to spread across her skin. It was around this point that she had a very unusual *dream*. A dream where she was overlooking the very sky itself from above. How did she know that? Well, the clouds were beneath her. Clouds and floating island that looked like tiny speckles on the ground comparatively. Such a point of view could only be possible if she was flying high... or if she was incredibly *massive*.

“Mm... So high...” The Viera had been known to sleep talk at times, not that it ultimately disturbed anyone since she always slept alone. But she didn't wake from this dream until the morning's first light. In the meantime, however, a number of *very strange* things began to happen to her body. She wouldn't be the woman that she remembered when she finally opened her eyes. Or, well... *came to*. Ultimately, she might never open her eyes again. And not because she was going to die!

With most of her body hidden under her covers, the most obvious difference early on was her skin color. Iona's natural tone was a dark tan, and it had been that way since birth, and the problem lied in a

reality where it was *no longer* this shade. In fact, her complexion had gradually been paling. At first it almost seemed like she had come down with an illness with how much she'd sweat, but the shade quickly lightened so much that it *couldn't* be a product of illness. She became a pinkish pale, with brown nipples taking on a reddish tone themselves.

Although, in terms of color? "**Mm...**" It wasn't *just* her skin that became a victim of change. With her eyes closed, one could hardly notice just how his irises had begun to glow *gold*. But changing color *was* much easier to observe in both her hair and the fur upon her bunny ears. While dark purple wasn't a traditional color, it was *still* her natural hair and fur color. Or it *had* been, at least.

Something more traditional dyed her strands to replace their natural shades. A chestnut brown jumped from strand to strand throughout almost her *entire* mane, but there was a navy blue that highlighted her bangs here and there. These highlights became more apparent as her hairstyle *changed*. It grew longer in the back, pooling around the sides of her pillow, while her bangs were swept to the right – pointed at a length of hair on the side of her face that reached her chest.

The fur of Iona's Viera ears suffered a similar fate, the very same brown as her hair replacing the purple, although it *was* darker near the tips. Even the 'style' of these ears changed much like her hairstyle had, though it was of a slightly different *nature*. Those ears compressed in length and became rounder on the sides. Gradually, they appeared less and less like the ears of a rabbit and more like some other sort of animal. They were too long to be those of a cat or a fox. Perhaps their ambiguity was the point?

"**Hm~?**" The woman mumbled in her sleep again, but this time there was a subtle difference to the sound of her voice. It was ever so slightly deeper, and there was a big sister-like maturity to its hum that seemingly matched with what was happening to her paled face. She sleepily licked at lips that bulged out into a full, glossy pout, and shrunken nostrils led to her passively adjusting her breathing technique. While her eyes remained closed, they did widen a touch. Toss in that her face was rounder on the whole, and she looked like a different woman entirely.

One with a *second* pair of ears that peeked out from the sides of her head. Long and pointed like an Elezen's, but still too long to be a Lalafell's.

She rolled over onto her side but then back onto her back again. The dream she was experiencing had become more vivid. She wasn't high in the sky anymore, but instead standing on the deck of a ship? But even

then, she felt unusually close to the ground. In reality, Viera women were *all* very tall. Six feet was the bare minimum, and Iona stood slightly above that when she *wasn't* laying in a bed.

The issue here was that her height in *reality* was being altered to match the height she had in this dream. Slowly but surely, the amount of space she occupied in the bed lessened. Her limbs regressed in length, pulling her below the six foot mark as her torso followed suit. Her head remained seated in the pillow she was using though, so it was more like her feet were being pulled up closer from the *end* of the bed. Her hands and feet followed this shrinking spirit, eventually becoming fairer and daintier by design.

Her dream-speak continued. “*Oh, hello danchou...*” Iona met someone on that deck. A boy... or was it a girl? The visual wasn't quite clear, but she knew what to call them. She felt oddly *fulfilled* in their presence, as if she had been blessed by fate itself. And that made her want to bless *others* in return. How? Memories of doing so with a kiss were mixed into her dreamscape as her body underwent the final wave of changed necessary to perfectly mirror the body that she had within that dream.

Even though Iona was roughly a foot *shorter* than she had been before she'd gone to sleep, her figure didn't follow the same trend and become lesser too. In fact, her hips actually *widened* a little – and they'd already been plenty wide in the first place. It had been something of a necessity, because seconds later weight began to pool into the surrounding areas. It thickened her already impressive thighs so that they made good use of the excess space now permitted between her hips, while the cheeks of her ass burgeoned and lifted her lower body higher in the bed. Before long it was perfect, perky heart-shape. And her thighs were so plush that she almost dreamed about allowing someone to sleep in her natural, cushy lap pillow.

The back and sides of her pajama shorts all tore from the growth, though.

“**Mm... Danchou...?**” The woman was close to stirring from her slumber, but not before an immense weight began to press down upon her *chest*. Much like her ass had, her tits were swelling. It was just that they were in a much more precarious position, sitting atop her rib cage. As they became heavier and their shapes crept towards the sizes and roundness of a pair of sports balls, their weight pressed down on a chest that wasn't accustomed to their weight.

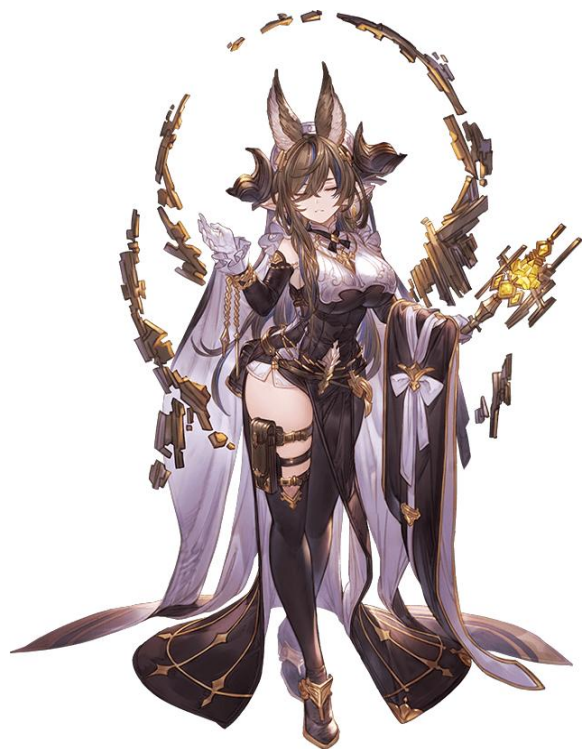
Her pajama top tore beneath the covers once they surpassed E-cups and even with the sheets in the way you could *still* see her chest rising larger,

with nipples as big as her eyes. Each breast eventually rivaled her *head* in size, and thankfully her ribcage and muscles were adjusted to weather their *J-cup* mass.

And then, she finally awoke from her dreams. “**Hm?**” She had been snapped awake by a pressure on the sides of her head. A pressure that led to a pair of brown *horns* curving out from the sides and pointing forward, making it so that she had *three* sets of growths protruding from her skull when you factored in her two sets of ears, too.

But as she was now? She didn’t find any of it odd.

It was honestly difficult to tell that the woman had awoken suddenly, if only because her eyes didn’t even appear to *open*. She continued to lay on her back in the bed, staring up at the ceiling through closed eyelids even though such a thing would have been entirely impossible for a mortal. Nothing about her appearance suggested that she *was* still a mortal, though. “**Excess.**” *Why does my body feel so heavy?* Her mind had produced a full thought, but only one word had left her full, seductive lips.



The source of her body’s mass was *immediately* apparent when she sat up and the weight of her gigantic tits jiggled about. Not only was her rack excessive, but she understood that she was *much* shorter and had an ass that was just as fat as her tits. “**Bare.**” *I’m going to need to find something else to wear, it seems.* There was a mirror in the inn room, and once she stood, *Galleon* took a moment to observe her appearance in her reflection.

From her shorter, voluptuous figure to the pointed ears and heavy horns, she didn’t look like any being that lived on Hydaelyn. But she vaguely understood *what* she was. A dragon whose memories were becoming stronger. Her new identity was taking hold. She was something akin to a deity that had come from another world? And that ore had contained the power to reconstruct her likeness over the body of a native of this land. This surely should have concerned her, and yet she saw it as a blessed.

Her naked body *was* a problem, but she found a quick fix. She tore up the sheets on the bed and fashioned them into an impromptu dress. They would have to do until she could find someone that could create something in her new size. **“Prepared.”** *And with that, I can set out.* But set out *where*? She had an idea. A pilgrimage. She would bless the people of this land with her divinity. A blessing she could pass with her lips.

And, as she had been compelled to do before, she got onto the floor and gave the stone ground a big smooch.