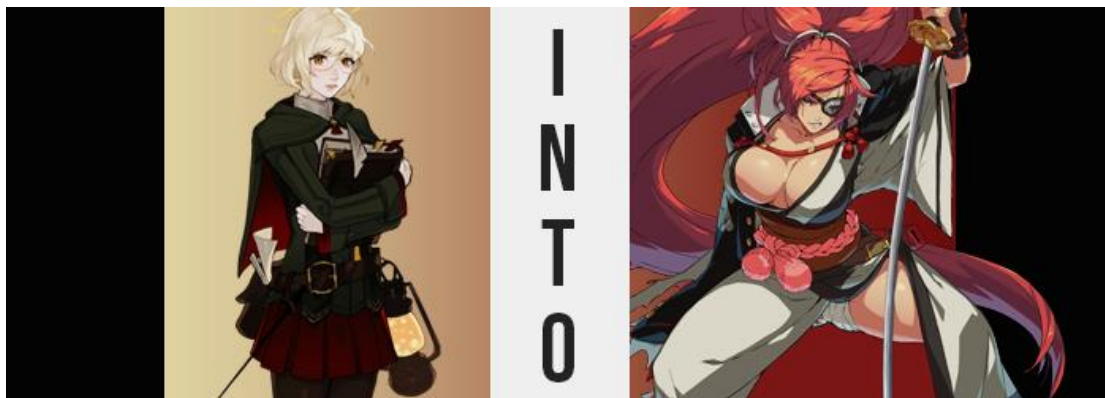


BY THE SWORD

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Another batch of strange items today...”

A young woman paced back and forth in the back of a familiar storeroom as she took in the sights of a number of objects that had just been delivered, her blonde hair tussling thanks to the breeze entering through an open door behind her. It was the storeroom of a small shop, but she was neither a customer nor the owner – which might have seemed odd to anyone who wasn’t in the know to find her there. But the truth of the matter was that she had an *arrangement* with the owner.

Kitty was a scholar by trade, but also a Scholar in terms of combat abilities. She offered herself up to odd jobs as assigned to her by the store owner. Sometimes it involved culling monsters or escorting wares through dangerous locations. It was never anything *too* hard, and since the woman was such a competent healer she was also good for making sure operations were carried out with everyone unscathed at the end. But she didn’t really do it for money.

She was in it for moments like these. The scholar liked to research old artifacts and mysterious items. It wasn’t a part of her profession as much as it was a personal hobby. It was only when the items were magical that her actual career overlapped, and even then? As a member of the Scions of the Seventh Dawn, much of that research went through Y’shtola Rhul.

“Hm... Maybe... this one?” Her fingertips grazed the hilt of an old looking katana. It had numerous chips in its blade, speaking of a weathered history. She could also sense a little bit of *magic* within. *This* was why she helped the shop owner. The store was something of a relics

shop. Kitty always wanted first pickings when he got a shipment in so that she could purchase what she wanted before anyone else got their hands on them. Of course, he was always accommodated accordingly thanks to the Scions' coffers. Apparently, her research was invaluable to Y'shtola too.



Because the katana was so damaged, the amount of Gil required to make the purchase had actually been well under her own budget for a change. Since this shop was in Mor Dhona, the Hyur woman had wasted no time retreating back to a personal workshop she was renting in the eastern part of town with her findings in tow. It was easier, and also meant she could investigate and report her findings sooner rather than later.

“Now, what makes you tick? What secrets do the magic inside of you hold?” After laying the blade out on her workshop table with a number of harmless looking tools scattered around it, Kitty spoke calmly and confidently. But this was the only type of environment where the woman *ever* spoke with that much confidence. She was typically shy and demure when in public or in the presence of others.

Her social skills were from the very bottom of the barrel just in general. Which was part of the reason she coveted her bonds with the Scions of the Seventh Dawn as much as she did. She felt much more confident in their presence, and much more like she could just *be herself* rather than hiding in the shadows of others to avoid experiences she'd really prefer not to partake in. She was improving this confidence of hers little by little!

But sometimes she wished it was something she could fix with a mere snap of her fingers.

The Scholar's personality woes were neither here nor there in the current moment, though. When it came to her work she was focused and disciplined. She *had* to be, really. When dealing with magical artifacts of an unknown origin, there were risks associated with the research phase of it all. Sometimes magic was placed within an item intentionally, while in others it accumulated over a very long time naturally.

In the former case? You could determine its purpose with a quick examination. Things became a lot more complicated if it was the *latter* case, however, and Kitty had already determined that the katana fell under that umbrella. That was why she had an odd looking device that almost looked like a kitchen timer sitting beside her. Its purpose was to transfer any magic from an item into it, from where it could be more safely studied. **“Okay, so this will just take a minute or two...”**

Kitty pressed a button on the device, and it began to whirl to life. She had to take a step back so that it didn’t pull the mana from her own body instead, and before long? A pink glow that traveled between the sword and the device subsided. She approached the item once it looked like was done and done properly at that. **“So, for what reason did you— KYAH!?”** The moment she stepped into point blank range? The device *detonated*, the magic energy within blowing about like a puff of smoke before getting absorbed into her surroundings.

“...Crud.” Had she spent all that moment for nothing? All for one of her tools to malfunction at the most pivotal moment? It was depressing, but there was nothing she could do about it. The problem with this situation was that she had failed to make a key observation. The magic energy the blade possessed *had* been absorbed. The issue was that it was her own *body* that had absorbed it. Which meant it had sought out a warm body all on its own for *some reason*.

But there was no part of her body that was warmer than, of all places, her *chest*. **“Huh? That’s a weird reaction to be having... Don’t tell me that the device failure turned me *on* somehow? That’d be a really *unusual* kink to have, I think...”** And Kitty didn’t really consider herself to be an especially kinky person in the first place. She had needs that she treated here and there, but those needs never came up when she was engaging in work or recreational activities. She wasn’t *that* lewd.

The dark green tunic top that she was adorned with – a piece of her favorite outfit that she was presently wearing – felt a little bit stifling. The heat was certainly part of it, and nipples that now stood erect amplified what she was feeling. But it also felt a little *tight* in there, all while her breasts both ached and felt *much* more sensitive than she recalled even *at* the peak of her past moments of arousal. **“No, wait... Something’s wrong with my chest!?”**

It had taken the scholar a rather long time to realize, but at the same time? Her outfit was so tight that she didn’t have much in the way of visual clues to work with. She could only really react to how it *felt* for now, but that had misled her into not recognizing the extent of what had transpired thus far. Such as? Well, the coloration of the creamy flesh

beneath her top had darkened, almost like bread batter being lightly baked within an oven. But this slightly darker skin coloration was a product of her own melanin and not something like an artificial tan. It also spanned far more than her breasts, even though it was those breasts where it had first been most apparent beneath her clothes.

“What... do I do? Should I strip?” Kitty had lifted both of her arms in a confused panic. She could feel her tunic growing tighter and tighter, with the base gradually pulling upwards to tease the base of her vaguely tanned tummy in the process. Her *left* hand grabbed her own bosom, noting that the size and weight were *definitely* much more ample than she remembered. But the right hand didn’t make the trip. It just fell limply to her side. She couldn’t even really feel it. **“My chest – my ARM!?”**

Enough was already going wrong, but the woman was further disoriented by a blurring vision that made it difficult to focus on any of the other *incorrect* sensations she was enduring. Well, it was more like it was blurring only in *one* eye. The left one. **“Ngh...”** There was a gruffness to the woman’s voice that was essentially the *least* of her worries as that eye went *completely* dark. Her lids around the left eye slammed shut, and... **“TCH!?”** She clicked her tongue while lifting her left hand to touch it.

“What’s... wrong with me!? When was I injured!?” What her fingers grazed was an incision vertically down her left eye. No, it wasn’t a fresh wound. It was a deep *scar*? She could only assume the eye underneath had been damaged, but when? *How*? She hadn’t received any wounds! In the meantime, her remaining good eye underwent a change in color. A peachy orange shade emerged around her pupil, all while the shape of that eye seemed to take a sharpened, almost almond-like shape with longer lashes.

Damnit, she cursed internally against her usual personality, ***I need to do something about my clothes!*** The top was too tight, but she couldn’t move her right arm still. Perhaps it was lucky for the woman that that part of her growing discomfort was that the fit of her outfit had been compromised by her own *strength*. As a magic user, it wasn’t like she had required any abundance of muscle. Yet her body had gradually begun to be graced by it, with her abs, pecs, legs, and the muscles in her left arm alone swelling to nearly triple their original size.

With her fingers twitching and frustrations growing, Kitty used her good left hand to slide her tanned fingers into the collar of her tunic. From there? All it took was one downwards motion to *tear* the front of her tunic clear off, allowing the weight of a pair of breasts that had been

steadily growing within to finally find the freedom they had been seeking.

It was evident that they'd suffered more than a *little* bit of growth within. They'd already *doubled* in size, and now that they weren't restricted by the front half of her clothing? They were only ballooning *further*. "**My tits are so big...**" And it wasn't *just* her breasts that were experiencing that swell. The black tights that the woman wore beneath her skirt had already tightened as the woman had grown stronger, yet now they were swelling so much that *tears* were forming in the nylon. They were ballooning thanks to a new abundance of soft weight that was pouring into them, stretching each thigh until they were wider than her own waist.

"None of this makes and damn sense. Even the way I'm talkin'... it's odd." Kitty wasn't acting polite nor curt. There was something cruder and more casual about how she was conducting herself. It wasn't any *consolation*, but the face through which those words were spoken better suited *how* she sounded. Her facial features had aged rapidly, presenting her with the visage of an older woman that featured excessively thick lips, an aged complexion, and a broader jawline. When you considered the scar across her left eye, she had a rather *gruff* exterior.

And that wasn't helped by what became of her right arm as her bare breasts finally surged out into unbelievably heavy *I-cups*. At least her new muscles were up for the challenge, but her posture was still tilted somewhat forward as a side effect. "**Wait, my arm's...!?**" When had it happened? Or had it been happening gradually? After falling limp, it had actually been crumbling away from her fingertips all of the way up to her shoulder. A painless process that completely *robbed* her of one arm, leaving nothing but scarring that had been smoothed away by time around her right shoulder.

"The hell!?" Kitty was trying to grapple with all that had happened. She had a pair of *enormous* tits, she was incredibly buff, she'd lost an eye and an arm... and she didn't even know the full extent of what had happened with her face and ass. It wasn't like she could see past those honkers of hers while looking straight down. All that had *really* remained of her old self was her short, blonde hair. And even then...

The color of these locks had darkened. Not towards a dirtier shade of blonde, even though that had *appeared* to be the case for a time. The color took a hard pivot towards a shade that was a mix of orange and pink, but it also *grew*. Not just a little bit, but *excessively*, creeping past her shoulders and all of the way down her back until it hung at the rear of her ankles. This mane was messy and oddly dirty, like she hadn't

cared for it for a while. This was especially true just below her neck, where some of it had puffed up into wild tufts, whereas her bangs had been swept to the right, above her one working eye.

Topping everything off was a pale pink marking that was painted onto her forehead, right beside *another* scar across her right eye this time. Fortunately, it wasn't deep enough to have robbed it of its ability to see. Kitty hardly even realized that it was there. She was far too overwhelmed by basically *everything* else.

“This is sure inconvenient. I’m missin’ a whole arm here.” It had been clear enough that throughout her transformation, Kitty hadn’t once forgotten herself or been incapable of acknowledging that her body was changing. The issues were that her body *had* changed, and with it? Her personality had been altered as well. She let out a dejected sigh. She hadn’t been much of a drinker before, but now that she went by the name *Baiken*? A cup of sake was the first thing on her mind when she considered how to *take the edge off*, so to speak.



That was the only part of her mind that had changed, actually. **“Damnit. My name’s Baiken? It was somethin’ else, but... Baiken. Baiken!”** The busty samurai groaned again, this time because her gut feeling was correct. She couldn’t utter her original name at all, her new one would always escape her lips instead. **“So, how the hell am I gonna get someone else to realize who I am?”** Or was that the point? To make sure that she *couldn’t* get anyone else to realize? To leave her trapped in this new role.

A piercing glare was shot at the katana on the table, but she instinctively grabbed it with her good left hand instead of casting it away. **“And part of me wants this damned thing at my side, huh?”** Well, it *was* the magic within the blade that had changed her in the first place. It must have been for the sake of recreating its previous wielder, and to those ends its magic had worked *seamlessly*. Not that Baiken could tell. She knew full well *how* to wield this blade effectively now. What she *didn’t* know, at least any longer, was how to wield magic or how it even really worked.

Another side effect of the magic that was just making itself clear now.

So, what was she supposed to do? If she approached the Scions, then could she explain herself? Could she join their ranks under this new identity? Would they even realize that 'Kitty' had gone missing, or had more of reality shifted than just her own person? There was only one way to find out, but a good backup plan did come to mind. Even if it was a little unorthodox.

**“Suppose in a worst place I can just become a wanderin’
ronin.”**

Actually, that would have suited her just fine!

“Findin’ some clothes should be my first goal, huh?”