

SIBLING CODED

COMMISSION STORY

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“Stand *down*, Dreah.”

“**But—!?**” There had been something of a kerfuffle at the Sapphire Avenue Exchange in Ul’dah. It was early evening, and some merchants from Black Brush Station had rolled in with their wares with the intention of selling them. It was a common occurrence, but something had gone awry. One of the up-and-coming big wigs in the market had taken an issue with some of their wares. He’d made up a nonexistent rule to try and drive them away. Anyone even vaguely familiar with Ul’dah’s commerce rules could see right through it.

And it hadn’t sat well with Dreah, a Raen Au Ra Dragoon. She was usually so soft-spoken and tended to lack confidence, but if there was one thing that had her overcome her social insecurities? It was the sight of others being taken advantage of or harmed. She had just returned from a monster culling along with her Miqu’té Thief friend, S’aiya, and they’d been heading back to S’aiya’s place since she had been born and raised in Ul’dah when it had gone down.

But it was also S’aiya that had grabbed her arm and told her to stand down, obviously noticing that she’d been about to step in. It wasn’t the first time she’d done something like this. Dreah was still in her early twenties, while S’aiya was around thirty. That age difference led to S’aiya babying her sometimes in very roundabout ways, but that wasn’t what had been going on in that instance.

S’aiya believed she knew how to handle the situation better. No... Was she concerned about something else? She was eyeing the crowd closely. The Miqu’té had her reasons, but Dreah had gotten too riled up. She

pulled away and headed down the nearest alleyway, leaving her companion alone to watch the altercation unfold. **“I’ll apologize later. I-It isn’t like me to act so spoiled.”** She felt immediate regret, but the damage was already done. In all likelihood S’aiya wouldn’t say a thing about it. She was good like that.



Even so, the Au Ra resisted her baser instinct to immediately return to the scene. She couldn’t guarantee that she wouldn’t draw her spear without S’aiya to hold her back, and that would be an offense according to the city guard. ...Which was likely part of the reason why her friend stopped her, come to think of it.

Before long, she had drifted well away from the Sapphire Avenue Exchange’s market. The stars were beginning to appear in the night sky above, the slim walkways that lined Ul’dah’s streets became dark aside from the few torches that illuminated them. **“Which way was S’aiya’s place again? I think it was this way...?”** While she hadn’t felt much urgency before, the later it became, the warier she grew.

She was an adventurer and so the odds of her getting jumped or something like that were low, especially when she was still outfitted with her armor, but it also wasn’t *zero*. She could pull out her weapon to defend herself, but unnecessarily killing people – accidentally or not – was still frowned upon and posed risks of their own. Every so often she saw someone standing in the shadows. Men and women in street clothes, some talking to each other, others drinking or smoking.

Dreah’s paranoia eventually got the better of her and she strayed off course, unintentionally ushered down a path that led her into a... *market*? A small one, populated by people that looked just as sketchy as you’d expect from the seedy underbelly of the city. **“That’s not a good way to think... S’aiya grew up in that environment, and she turned out fine.”** Though she did have some... *moments*.

S’aiya had her own social struggles. She didn’t like speaking to people unnecessarily, was hesitant to trust *anyone* until she got to know them, and even if she *did* trust you, it could be hard to tell when she was being kind or not because she always did it in such a roundabout way. But so long as you knew her well enough? You’d know if she was looking out for you. **“...Just like tonight. I really *was* overthinking it, but I’m not her little sister. The way she treats me, I wonder if she wishes that was the case...?”**

Caught up in her own thoughts, she'd walked past one of the stalls in that black market, not looking at its wares *nor* the suspicious woman sitting behind it. Based on her attire she must have been an Astrologian or something of the sort, especially with how she was shuffling cards in her hand. **"Little sister, eh? I wonder what the cards have to say about that?"** And when she watched Dreah turn the next corner out of the market? She stopped shuffling and drew one. **"Interesting..."**

The Au Ra was utterly oblivious to any of that happening though. She finally felt reoriented after noticing a familiar sign, and she wasn't very far at all from S'aiya's abode even despite her getting sidetracked. **"That's a *relief*. I'm sure S'aiya will find me when she gets home, and I can apologize properly. Hopefully nothing went awry after I left..."** She'd certainly feel terrible if something happened to her *dearest sister*.

"Sister? S'aiya isn't my...? Perhaps I should get to bed soon after!"

The young woman's body was wracked by a flush of warmth that Dreah herself misinterpreted as simply a side effect of her being *embarrassed* by that 'incorrect' line of thinking. There were times when S'aiya had a big sisterly vibe to her, sure, but she didn't think of her *as* her big sister in as literal of a sense as she had at that moment. That said? This wasn't *actually* what the warmth came courtesy of. It was the magic from that woman's cards taking root.

While the lighting was still dim, she stopped at one of the street corners and began to look around. She knew where she was going, but she also wanted to make absolutely certain that she wasn't going the wrong way. Had she been paying more attention to *herself* than her surroundings, then she might have just *barely* noticed that something was a little off with her complexion.

"Which way was it again...?" She just looked back and forth between two different paths, ignorant to the sight of her pinkish pale skin darkening. A light tan began to develop from the top of her head all of the way down to the tips of her toes, but it wasn't the type you developed from spending too much time under the sun. It was wholly biological, courtesy of her skin's melanin levels, and it even darkened her own nipples and pussy from pink to a darker brown hue instead.

This darker complexion, funnily enough, made the white Raen scales that lined her body stand out all the more, whether they were on her face, neck, arms, thighs, or ankles. The contrast was *striking*, but what was perhaps *not* as humorous was the fact that the contrast didn't linger. It wasn't as if her scales darkened, nor did her skin lighten again.

Rather... the inconsistent aspects were removed *outright*, with those scales slowly *grinding* away, turned into a fine powder that was stolen by the evening breeze before disappearing into nothingness. The skin that was exposed underneath was just as smooth and evenly colored as the flesh that surrounded it, and this didn't affect her horns or tail.

Yet.

Dreah blinked several times. Each time her eyes opened and closed again, though? Her pupils appeared to *stretch* vertically, pulling longer until they were slits that appeared unusually... *cat-like*. They could easily be confused with the eyes of a *Miqo'te*, but then again... that wasn't a mistake. Her irises lightened to a familiar light blue. Familiar like the shade of her tan. **"Wait! Wasn't I going to wait here!? Wait... for...?"**

Familiar... like the strands of chestnut brown that seemingly surfaced amidst a head of hair that *should* have been blonde. There were *undeniable* similarities in the young woman's color palette between what she was looking like, and what *S'aiya* looked like. Skin, eyes, hair; all three sported near identical shades before long with only subtle differences in their shades. It might have been a viable assumption in this moment that Dreah was *becoming* her, but that wasn't the case.

Her dyed hair served as the first indicator denying this possibility. The color *was* slightly off as it was, maybe a shade or two lighter without the warmer hue, but it was the length that was more telling. Dreah's bob became rather wavy while lengthening, but it didn't really grow very far past her shoulders. *S'aiya* wore hers down to the center of her back.

"Wait! Of course! I was waiting!" No, she had *definitely* been planning on returning to *S'aiya's* home for the night, but the idea that she was 'waiting' for someone had become firmly rooted in her mind. For the softspoken Dreah, the energy level and volume she was now speaking with was a little *strange* too, but fundamentally? Her voice remained the same. It didn't really *need* to differ in any way considering what was ultimately in store for her.

Her *face* was a separate issue altogether, though. The warmth that had pinkened her cheeks finally began to wane, but not before those cheeks softened and rounded in shape courtesy of lower cheekbones and slightly fuller cheeks. Her almond eyes rounded so that her gaze was fuller when opened, highlighting how blue her eyes now were above a lengthened nose. She was still pretty, and she could even be considered *adorable*.

Namely because it made her look a few years *younger*. Like a girl who had only *recently* turned *eighteen*. Her memories now reflected as much in fact. Looking around? The streets of Ul'dah didn't feel all that foreign to her. They felt like she had walked them every day of her life. It felt like *home*. The fact that she was waiting at that corner was part of her changing memory. She could remember *why* she had to wait there. She was waiting for her *sister*.

“Hmm... What should I do while I wait?” All things considered, it was surprising that her armor still fit properly. And while it was about to become *vaguely* compromised, it would never become enough of an issue that Dreah would really feel it. Take her height, for example? So long as it didn't change too dramatically, her armor would still cover what was necessary. And that was exactly what happened when she jumped up from five and a half feet to 5'2”.

As her fingers tapped restlessly against her own hip, the tapping sounds them made changing slightly as she grew. They only became a *little* longer, but what was more important to the sound was how *hard* her fingertips were. As a spear wielder, her hands had been rife with hard callouses not only on her fingertips, but on her palms as well. But they softened, smoothing away until there were barely any at all.

Like she'd been *practicing* with weapons, but she didn't use them often. The areas that *were* slightly firm didn't align with where you'd grip a spear, either. A similar change had affected her feet, mind you. They were a size too large for her boots, and her callouses were nowhere near as significant as they had been before. Even so, they were still greater than on her hands, like she was used to running around.

“Oh! I know!” Dreah bubbly clapped her hands together and looked up at the sky. **“I can count the stars! Sis and I used to do it all the time when we were kids! One... two...”** She looked away from her body entirely to gaze at the sky, not that she had been paying any attention to what had been happening to it in the first place. It took away *any* chance of her noticing that her hips had slightly widened, nor that her thighs thickened a tad – both from excess weight and from her muscles losing some of their mass.

Whatever she *believed* she was now, it wasn't the sort of career path that got her as much exercise as being a Dragoon did. Then again, considering her new age it was likely she didn't have a career picked out in the first place! Nonetheless, her buttocks benefited from a bit of swell as well, though her skirt still did a good job of covering it. The same could be said of her armored top, though Dreah's bosom swelling a singular cup size could only cause so much turmoil. Those tanned tits

felt a *little* uncomfortable crammed in there, but it didn't linger for long enough to be a problem.

Namely because the spell wasn't just affecting the girl's body and mind. It affected her *clothing* as well. It was a much more instantaneous ordeal though, much to her subconscious relief as slack was provided where she needed it. Her skirt became a pair of tight leather pants that were a little puffy around her thighs, and matching black sandals gave her calloused toes room to breathe. Her tummy was left bare beneath a black tank top, and a trendy jacket was worn over it, open with puffy sleeves and fingerless gloves. Finally, her shoulder length hair was tied into a left-leaning side ponytail.

“Ninety-nine... One hundred!” She had counted to one hundred stars that quickly!? Well, her sister always said that counting was one of her strong suites! It would make her excel when it came to matters of... *Gil*. Dreah was close to giving up on her little game, but not before the last remaining traces of her Au Ra lineage crumbled away... *literally*. The snow-white scales that ran across her reptilian tail finally succumbed in a similar fashion to her body's scales. They crumbled into dust and peeled away, revealing bare skin that didn't remain that way for long.

Thin, brown furs that were identical to the hairs on her head (and now her pubes) sprouted, and the bone of her tail thinned at the base while joints grew all the more flexible. Before long it was flicking back and forth behind her as a *purrr*fectly good cat's tail. Which didn't really clash with her new aesthetic much, at least not once her horns crumbled away to reveal a pair of furry cat ears that escaped from within like a baby bird escaping from an egg. Their fluffy forms quickly saw themselves relocated to higher points atop her head. Finally bringing a close to her transformation.

Well, after three dark lines of brown were etched into the sides of either cheek, resembling a cat's whiskers. *Then* her transformation was done!

Just in time for her to get bored of counting stars!

S'aayla gave her head a quick shake in an attempt to clear her mind, and her Miquo'te ears twitched as a response to the air blowing up against it. **“I must be feeling a bit off for me to be so tired this late. At least when sis has been helping me train the past few weeks!”** She looked around the street corner and rocked back and forth playfully on her heels. She had only *just* turned eighteen earlier that month, and since she was of age? Her sister, twelve years older than her, had been showing her the ropes.

The two of them had been living in the city for a long time. They'd spent a great deal of that time on the streets, especially back before her sis could fetch Gil by helping with adventurers. S'aayla had always thought she was the *coolest*, not only due to how easily she could run circles around the seedier residents of Ul'dah, but because of how she'd stepped up when their single mother had died.

Now that she was technically an adult by local standards? Her overprotective sister was *finally* showing her the ropes. How to pickpocket, how to deal with confrontation, how to scam bad people, and how to defend herself. She'd been doing *pretty* well with the knives at her hips; she had to admit! A few more weeks and she could totally go adventuring with S'aiya too! **"Why is she late now? Is she getting too old to be out late teaching her adorable little sister?"**



"Who's too old now?"

"KYAH!?"

Her sister's dry but familiar voice took her by surprise. Was she right behind her? How long had she been standing there!? S'aayla spun around with her tail furs frayed from surprise. **"I suppose you think that was funny!?"** Her sister was smirking. She wasn't even *trying* to hide it! But she was appreciative in a sense. She knew that her elder sister wasn't very good at expressing herself, and she certainly wouldn't have pranked a stranger. It was one of the unusual ways that she displayed affection.

Pouting, S'aayla grabbed S'aiya's arm and began to tug her towards the seedy market Dreah had *just* passed through. **"Come on! You said you were going to introduce me to the 'usual characters' at the market tonight, right?"** From S'aiya's perspective? S'aayla was always like this. A little too eager. It tended to get her into trouble, so she had to keep an eye on her.

Then again, she had just gotten back from assassinating all of the men working under that merchant who had been bothering the Black Brush merchants. They'd been hiding in the crowd at the time, and Ul'dah would not be a place monitored like that by a single man. But these were

things she *wouldn't* tell her sister. At least not until she was ready to hear them.