

BUFF TO BUSINESS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was nice to be out on the water.

Or, at least, that was what Iona was thinking as she sailed across the open water. It almost felt like a funny thing to think, all things considered. She'd only *just* recently spent an extensive amount of time on the sea after sailing all the way from Eorzea to the continent of Tural, and any normal person would probably end up *extremely* tired of being on the water after such a long journey.

The Roegadyn woman had a strong sense of adventure, however. It certainly helped that she had never been to Tural before. She typically resided on Eorzea, but she *had* traveled to Thavnair, Kugane, and a number of other locations on the map for work. It was only recently that Tural had become such a travel hotspot because the Warrior of Light had seemingly pulled off yet *another* miracle there. New trade deals had been formed with Eorzea's nations as a result, and so there were more merchants and travel ships going to and from Tural. Which naturally made traveling there much more convenient.

Iona had come to Tural for equal parts work *and* play. There was the thrill of exploring a new land, after all, but she also hadn't come with enough Gil to last an extended stay if she was *only* planning on relaxing. She'd simply do what she always did: pick up odd jobs from the locals to pay her way. If she could make a little *more* than what was necessary, then that would definitely be welcome, but she was content with just making enough to survive.

"Hm... The weather coming in doesn't look very *welcoming*. Maybe I should dock over there for now?" Several days after

arriving in the capital, the port city of Tuliyoall, the woman had saw fit to rent a small sailboat. She'd learned that there were a number of locals living out on some of the small islands a way down the coast and had decided it would be best to pay some of them a visit to see if they needed any help... for a fee, of course. With the small boat she'd been given, it would have been possible for her to ferry supplies to them.



The skies *had* been blue when she had first set out, but dark clouds had begun to roll in before she could even reach the first home written down on the map that she had been given. It was a good thing that there were a number of smaller islands on the way, giving her an opportunity to pull her boat onto the beach and take shelter before the rain and wind got *too* bad. There was even conveniently a *cave* for her to drag the boat into and take shelter within!

She didn't consider that maybe it might have been *too* convenient.

“The winds are strong and the rain heavy, but it should pass shortly...” And so, at least at first, Iona had considered just waiting it out in the cave's mouth. It looked like it went a ways back, but she also didn't have a reason to risk it. It was dark and there was a *real* risk of monsters lurking in the shadows. She could fight, but only if she had a reason to. But, as it turned out, a reason ended up *presenting* itself.

There was a *CLINK*. And the sound of something *rolling* towards her from behind. **“Hm?”** She turned to face the source of the noise, and found of all things— **“A gold coin?”** She bent down to pick it up and examine it in the limited lighting the cave's opening allowed. It *looked* real, but what was more concerning was where it had *come from*. Would a coin like that roll on its own? Unlikely. Someone must have thrown it. **“...Hello?”**

No response. So, she drew her weapon and stepped into the darkness. If someone was watching her, then it would have been *more* dangerous to just sit there and pretend nothing had happened. She didn't want to get *jumped*. She cast a small spell to illuminate her surroundings, but as it turned out? She didn't really *need* it for long. She ended up walking into a cave opening that was illuminated with... a glowing *gold*? There was no light coming in from a crack or anything like that. There was simply a *mountain* of gold in the middle of the cavern.

And it was somehow producing its own light.

“Think of all the good I could do with *this* much gold...” If it wasn’t already apparent, Iona wasn’t the selfish type. She usually took enough money just to get by and often donated to those that were needier than herself. When faced with such an overwhelming amount of potential wealth, she didn’t even really consider how she might use it for *herself*. She was just thinking of how she could use it for the benefit of others. She *was* a little cautious, however.

She wondered how such an obvious stash of coin could remain unfound for so long, considering the circumstances. The island wasn’t that far from the port. Had the cave been hidden and had only recently been unearthed? But she also had to consider the fact that the reason *she’d* found the stash was suspicious in the first place. What were the odds of a coin *randomly* rolling down the cave floor to tip her off? It was all a little suspicious.

As it turned out, she had been *right* to show skepticism. Unfortunately for her however, it was *already* too late. Now that she had entered the golden light’s glow, she was already at the mercy of its influence, and of its *curse*. Because it was gold that had come there from another world, and it needed its *master*. She was not present on the planet it had appeared, and so? It was designed to make sure that this master was *recreated*.

This ‘master’ of the coin *must* have belonged to a race of pointy-eared people, because that was exactly what had begun to change before anything else on Iona’s body. The dark cartilage of those ears stretched, creeping out and back along the sides of her head until they were triangular in shape. They were *almost* comparable to the ears of a Lalafell, but they were also a little too *detailed*. The cartilage had grooves and dips more like a Hyur or Roegadyn’s ears despite their shapes.

Unable to ignore the feeling of them growing because she processed it vaguely like an itch, the woman reached a hand up *to* itch one of them, only to find— **“...Eh?”** She naturally wasn’t sure if she was imagining things or not at first, but after a little probing of both ears with her hands, she was left with a big, unanswerable question: **“What is going on here?”** She didn’t understand *why* her ears had become misshaped, nor could she fathom what could have been causing it.

But at the end of the day, it was going to become *much* more extreme than that. Iona couldn’t exactly see this because her ears were on the sides of her head, but once their shapes had changed, their *colors* had become compromised as well. Starting with their tips, they paled to a

bright pink instead of her usual brown, and that color then moved through to the base of her ears and then... unto her face, down her neck, and throughout her *entire* body so that she was the exact same pink. It wasn't until she withdrew one of her hands from her ears and saw its color as it passed her gaze that she uttered another shocked "...*Huh?*".

It wasn't even *just* her skin that had changed color. As the pink ravaged the color of her scalp, the hair that sprouted from it lightened dark blue with green highlights to a consistent, paler blue that grew longer at the sides and in the back. It reached past her shoulders and tickled near her back's center, while a *large* ahoge sprouted from near the front of her hair before ending up slicked back naturally. The bangs on the left side of her face even ended up curled. "**Wait! Is something *seriously* happening to *my* body!?**"

Where had *that* tone come from? She didn't *usually* sound *that* self-important.

What Iona did or didn't sound like was hardly the main issue in that moment though, at least compared to everything else that was happening. Being a Roegadyn, her body was *naturally* 'large' in a multitude of ways. *One* of those ways was when it came to her *muscle mass*. She was naturally bulky and strong, or at least she *should* have been. And yet, almost all of that muscle was softening away, leaving her arms and legs without much definition and her body feeling more exhausted. She somehow felt too *big* but also too *weak* at the exact same time.

"**What in the *world* is going...? Does my *voice* sound different now as well?**" It wasn't *just* her voice, to be fair. It certainly maintained that self-important tone and lighter sound that had been developing, but the *way* she spoke from her inflection to her choices of words came off as sounding *completely* different as well. Her issues were growing without her noticing too, because the things she'd *just* noted as 'off'? The moment that she heard her voice, she forgot all about them and fixated on that instead.

Iona's changed voice certainly had been *unprompted*, though. If you stole even a single glance at her face, you could rightfully conclude that she looked *different*. The woman's lips had thinned, her nose shrunk down into a button shape, and her eyes narrowed as a light purple seeped into her irises. Her face appeared significantly *wider*, but also smaller that uncannily made her feel like she *should* look younger, but that was still the face of an adult woman. In a way, it *also* elicited comparisons to the facial structure of a *Lalafell* while still differentiating itself enough.

The Roegadyn's body continued to shed weight, but in the latter half of her transformation it was more of the *sensual* variety. The woman's large and perky breasts deflated within her leather crop top, barely becoming *A-cups* – although the tightness of her top meant that it wasn't very obvious to tell. Where it *was* much more obvious was in her ass. Not only did the weight of her rump gradually lessen until it was hardly a bump behind her, but her hips narrowed a few inches, and her thighs were robbed of their padding as well.

“From a business perspective, this... I suppose it would be a net loss?” Of all things, it was *definitely* unusual for Iona to whip out a ‘business perspective’ in the midst of what was happening to her. She handled her own finances of course, but she didn't fancy herself to be a ‘businesswoman’. But somehow, thinking of everything in *business terms* was just coming so *naturally* to her. She could even think of a million different business strategies on a dime as if she was *incredibly* accustomed to doing so.

If anything, it kept her distracted as she succumbed to what was perhaps the most dramatic element of her transformation. Her creeping, substantial *drop downwards*. The woman's feet *remained* firmly planted on the ground, but her eye level gradually slip downwards towards the floor of the cave. Whether it was her limbs, or torso, or even the size of her *head*, *everything* about her was shrinking, and she'd already dipped below five feet in height.

Well, not *everything* was shrinking. Her breasts, ass, and thighs didn't shrink further. If anything, they ended up looking *larger* the smaller she became. Her A-cups effectively ended up looking more like *D-cups* upon the chest of what was eventually a *three-foot tall* woman, with her hips looking significantly wider than narrowed shoulders that otherwise matched her regressed height. Her thighs were thick and her ass perky, even though her hands and feet had becoming impossibly tiny.

“*Hm?*” And it was only natural that, if she became someone so small, she would not fit in her clothes. They'd practically *all* peeled off of her, leaving Iona standing in a pile consisting of her old top, shorts, underwear, and shoes. Her small but mature body *was* exposed, but it wasn't really an issue for long. In a flash of gold that simply left her to blink, everything was corrected so that she was neatly covered up.

And what she was covered up *by* was both *fashionable* and *professional*. It consisted of a long-sleeved, white top underneath a black coat that was worn loosely off her shoulders. A black pencil skirt hugged her hips, sitting high on her waist with ornate, gold decorations. Her lump thighs and legs were bare, though she did wear black heels around tiny toes.

Likewise, her hair was tied up behind her neatly to prevent it from becoming too unruly.

Lulou Holoh looked around the cavern with her tiny hands on her tiny hips and a smirk upon her Harvin lips. “Well, if all of *my* wealth is already on this island, then there isn’t a reason why I *shouldn’t* build upon it, is there?” As the petite woman saw it, it would have cost *far* too much to move it in the first place. Besides, things could be *built*. “I’ll need a home, of course, and then I could build a safe, shops, you name it. It wouldn’t take long at all to turn this small island into a *premium* resort!”



It was a little hard to say how much of *Iona* was even still in there. But there wasn’t really *any* of her old self left. Lulou Holoh’s personality and memories were entirely present, though she didn’t quite understand *how* she had been spirited away to another world. In the long run, it didn’t really matter if her *wealth* had come with her, did it? She had *everything* she needed!

“Mm... And then? I could go on a *world tour*! See the sights, eat all of the delicious dishes out there! Mhm! Sounds good to me! Once I commission the island’s construction to my liking, then I’m sure I’ll have a little time to engage in taking in the *sights*!” Assuming that she could find competent minds to handle the work, that was. Maybe she’d check the nearby port? There must have been at least *someone* talented enough to leave such a task to?

But none of that mattered until the storm outside stopped raging regardless. She was effectively trapped. Not that she was certain of *how* she ended up there in the first place. “Well, with the idea phase complete, I suppose it all comes down to execution! So, once the clouds clear... let Lulou Holoh’s Hydaelyn debut finally begin!”

And *what* a debut it would be!