

ALL SAINT'S RECLASS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I wish we didn’t have to work during the festival...”

“Wasn’t it *your* idea to take this job?”

This could hardly qualify as bickering, with the two women just chatting to one another as they wandered through the plains of the Azim Steppe that early evening. The duo were *far* away from their home continent of Eorzea, and as the Miqo’té rightfully noted? It was the blonde Au Ra’s fault that they were there in the first place. **“Yeah... I guess I didn’t factor in the possibility that the weather would be bad when we sailed over.”**

Dreah, the one who had just spoken, and her thief friend S’aiya, weren’t exactly unaccustomed to traveling across the world for quests. They did so rarely, but at times there were quests that offered free travel *and* an excess of Gil for their troubles if it meant bringing them to foreign lands. At the time? This quest had seemed like a good idea! A big Gil payout for what was essentially exploring some abandoned ruins for a few days. And it still *was* a great deal.

It was just the *timing*. All Saint’s Wake was a spooky festival that was held every year, and Dreah was a big fan of it. When making the travel plans, she had considered the average ship ride so that they could make it there and back in time, but... They ended up stranded in Kugane for almost a full month before they could move to Doma courtesy of terrible, raging storms that made the ports nearly unusable.

“Can’t do much about it now. It’s not like you can just make a wish to go back in join in on the festival.” The orangey-brown

haired Miqu'te mused with a smirk. Some people had the ability to teleport using Aetheryte points, but they were just regular adventurers. There wasn't a way to just magically end up across the world in the next moment. Dreah, on the other hand, seemed to think this was a good idea.

"I wish we were at the festival for real!"

"HUH!?"



"Huh? Where... am I? S'aiya?" Dreah hadn't actually *expected* that wish to work, but... Actually, *had* it? She found herself standing on an empty street in the dead of night, with decorations hung up that reminded her of the decorations displayed during All Saint's Wake. There was an intersecting road ahead where people were hustling and bustling, dressed in elaborate costumes. But something was *wrong*? She didn't recognize her surroundings, and she couldn't make anyone out who *wasn't* a Hyur.

It was also a little unnerving that while the street she stood on was decorated, that she was the only one there.

If she had teleported, did that mean that S'aiya was nearby? *Well, I'm sure if I look around, I'll find her in a jiffy! Maybe I can even pick out a festive new blade while I'm here, too!* Those thoughts lingered in the back of her mind before they finally struck her as odd. Not only was Dreah normally hesitant and unconfident, but she was a Dragoon. She fought with a *lance*. **"E-Eh?"** That felt like an extremely unlikely mistake to make... unless she wasn't in her right mind.

And briefly? She did wonder if that was actually the case. It was dark outside, but strings of festival lanterns illuminated the street well enough to make out her surroundings and her own appearance. The latter of these two things was what was actually important, though. Because a strand of her own hair fell between her eyes with an appearance that made Dreah raise a brow.

"...Huh?" Unsure of what she was looking at, she gingerly reached up with two fingers to pinch that strand between them. But by that point? It was *more* than one. There were a few of them, and they had caught her attention because of their *color*. **"Th-That's weird..."** The strands of the Raen's hair had always been cut above her bangs so that they were out of view, but they were also a light *blonde*. Yet the ones she pinched

between her fingers were long enough to see... and a dark but vibrant *purple*.

And this was only the few that she had caught a glimpse of. The truth of the matter was that this inconsistency was much more widespread, and much more *dramatic* than she had even realized. This purple had permeated throughout her *entire* head of hair, and even her brows and pubes in the end. But the color aside? The *length* of it almost felt like a more notable change, what with how it spilled down to the center of her back and her bangs began wild and unruly.

The woman continued to roll the grabbed strands between her fingers, but she seemingly lost her train of thought. “**My hair... Eh? Did something about it catch my eye?**” It had been something concerning, right? Something that had made her a little *anxious*? But she couldn’t seem to remember now. Her hair appeared the way she *remembered* it, which was becoming a part of the problem *and* the solution.

Though, speaking of catching her *eye*. The eyes through which she saw this hair before letting go of it had brightened with the injection of a bright teal. It was almost as if that change in color also enhanced their perceived size, but the size change was *physical* and not an optical illusion. Her small, Au Ra eyes grew wider, as did the pupil and irises within as lashes lengthened. She became far more expressive as a result, which might have been a problem if she were still an anxious mess.

It was just that this no longer *appeared* to be the case. Dreah expressed little concern for her hair, and even her body language was a little more confident somehow. For someone so skittish, it almost made her feel like an entirely different person. But, well... There was far more cause for that assumption transpiring in the moment. “**What was I doing again?**”

That confidence was conveyed in a vaguely deeper voice, the woman not batting an eyelash as particles of white seemed to fall off of her body like dust or snow. It was the direct result of her reptilian traits *crumbling*. Scales, horns, and even her *tail* had their durability compromised, and chunk after chunk fell away to ultimately render her skin smooth, her tailbone tail-free, and the sides of her head? Well, crumbling horns eventually revealed a pair of rounded, fleshy Hyur ears.

But if she was to refer to that race now, she would likely refer to them as *human*.

Dreah seemed to be in something of a stupor now, however. She’d been staring off into the distance ever since her racial traits fell away and the

evening breeze carried them down the street, and it didn't seem like she was about to snap out of it anytime soon. Rather, the changes to her body trooped on as she stood there silently, her face eventually becoming wholly unrecognizable thanks to swollen lips and a narrowed jaw. She somehow looked *younger*. Like someone in her late teens instead of a young adult?

“Wah!? Who wants to test their skills against my blade!?” But that hold on to her mentalcape suddenly let loose in a sudden and comedic way as she blurted out what sounded like a bunch of nonsense, as if she had just awoken from her dream. She no longer questioned her judgment on the matter of the weapon she wielded, and instead felt oddly excited to challenge someone! **“Eh? Where is my weapon? What am I wearing, for that matter?”**

Dreah returned to being able to tell that something was wrong, but in this case it was for all the wrong reasons. Her clothing and build seemed strange to her, even though those were the parts of her that had *remained* unchanged. Mind you, it wasn't that way for long. The woman had actually been growing steadily, up from just over the five foot mark to a size that was closer to 5'5" or so. As a result? Her arms pushed farther out of her sleeves, her shirt lifted to show off her tummy, and her skirt was lifted with her hips so that her thighs were almost entirely exposed.

It was *uncomfortable* to say the least, and only continued to highlight her concerns about her clothing. **“Ugh. I need something else to wear. Something more... festive and suitable for a date!”** A date? When had she gotten it in her head that she was going on a *date*? Then again, her perception *had* changed so excessively that she no longer recognized herself as Dreah, so the mental changes had surely run very deep.

That need for a different, *fitting* outfit soon became more dire, too. The purple top that had been lifted slightly as she'd grown was lifted even higher off her tummy, revealing her bellybutton in full thanks to the swell of her *chest* of all places. Her bosom was *generally* average for an Au Ra but seeing as there were no longer any signs of that being her race, she wasn't exactly beholden to those averages. Her breasts swelled nearly two full cup sizes, becoming a perky pair of *D-cups* above a narrow yet toned waistline.

Her tits weren't *alone*, either. The swell plagued her lower half in equal measure, seeing to it that her plain undergarments were exposed as her skirt continued to lift. This ill fit came courtesy of swelling ass cheeks that burgeoned out behind her, transforming a once average butt into a full, bubbled shape that extended out several additional inches behind

her, and even wedged her hips several inches wider. What couldn't be contained in that ass was provided as a blessing unto her thighs instead, thickening them to disguise their abundant muscle. **"I'm serious, these clothes suck for moving around in!"**

With her body changed, mind you, her clothing wouldn't be a plague upon her for much longer. Cloth contracted and swelled her and there, colors shifting, and new accessories forged until she was dressed from head to toe in a brand new, and appropriately festive ensemble.

An orange dress with a black, vertical center that sported a cutout around her navel, with detached sleeves and black thigh highs that slid beneath black witch's boots. Witchery appeared to be the theme of this outfit based on the big, black and orange hat that was shaped atop her head, above a white bandana that was slipped over her purple hair. Otherwise? The addition of several belts, a Jack-o-Lantern that hung from her left hand, and a sword sheathed at her side completed this ensemble.

Cute, festive, and a little sexy; it was everything she had wanted and more!

"Huh. She's not around here. But this is the street we agreed to meet on, right?"

Mia tapped at her own chin for a moment before she realized the big, orange witch hat that she was wearing was slipping off her head. It was easy enough to fix just by grabbing its brim and giving it a little tilt so that it didn't slide anymore. **"Maybe I just need to look harder!"** And with a burst of confident energy, she began checking behind the various unmanned stalls, as if this person she was searching for might have been hiding behind them.

But the person Mia was searching for *wasn't* S'aiya. She couldn't remember her homeland or her prior history. She was a mercenary from the land of Tellius, but she had been summoned to this Askr place to help them with their own battles. She didn't mind! She had been surrounded by familiar friends and new ones as well. And even a girlfriend! *That* was who she was looking for. They'd agreed to meet on this street for the Harvest Festival because it would be quiet until the party moved later that night.



“Is she off stuffing her face somewhere? Hm... Well, I wouldn’t want her passing out from hunger!”



S’aiya could only breathe an irate sigh as she found that her surroundings had changed without much warning. Much like her friend, she was standing on the very same vacant street with a similar view of the busier street ahead. But she was on the *other side* of that busy street, and it was populated with far more unoccupied food stalls than Dreah’s side was. **“How did I end up here? Is Dreah around too?”**

The Miqu’te was generally a much more serious person than her traveling companion. A thief by nature, she was much quieter too. But what *wasn’t* quiet in that moment was a *very loud* gargle of her stomach. It was so loud that it prompted the cat to blush. **“Didn’t we eat like an hour ago?”** And she was also beginning to feel very *fatigued*. Was it a side effect of the teleportation?

I’m so hungry... but what else is new?

No, that was a *weird* thing to think. S’aiya was pretty conscientious when it came to watching her weight. She was good at keeping her hunger in check as a direct result of this, and she certainly never allowed herself to become as hungry as she felt in that moment. But the hunger was all encompassing, and continued to pull her thoughts away from rationalizing that something might have been amiss.

Even though her body was beginning to change in peculiar ways. Part of that peculiarity stemmed from what one would often associate hunger with. Usually, you refused to eat to become thinner, but it seemed like the Miqu’te woman’s body was doing the opposite. Her body was *softening*, fat becoming fashioned from muscle that was rapidly deteriorating. **“I feel... *weak*...”** Or so she squeaked as her movements slowed. Her body felt heavy as her belly took on a smooth, ab-less form.

How was she supposed to sneak around and move quickly when her body was so weak and easily fatigued? Then again, it almost felt like she wouldn’t *need* to. A *mage* got to stand in the backline, right? And when her skills came to mind, the casting of magic was all that she could think of. Since when? And was it really that odd? Any time she was on the cusp of wondering something relevant to her transformation, hunger pangs pulled her away again.

More of her once fit and vaguely intimidating visage melted as the seconds ticked by, this time seeing her 5’6” height diminish a couple of

inches so that she was 5'4" instead. She was smaller *and* weaker now, and her clothing was now illy fit to match. Her pants were bunched up around her knees, while a crop top that usually left her bellybutton revealed now covered *half* of that bellybutton. But it was soon to cover her *entire* stomach.

S'aiya continued to wobble, seemingly not interested in commenting on or even *thinking about* what was happening to her body. Nonetheless, her reformation trooped on whether or not it occurred to her that it was happening. Her crop top became more of a *regular* shirt courtesy of her own F-cup breasts *compressing*, their abundant weight sapped away until they were *C-cups* at best, accompanied by smaller nipples as well. In many ways, it felt like she was on the end of the exact *opposite* type of transformation that Dreah had undergone.

This made itself clear in her ass and thighs as well. Not only did her heart-shaped ass deflate, shrinking down into a much smaller bubble, but her thick thighs diminished, and her hips narrowed a little bit too. But with her clothing hanging loosely off her frame, more skin around her shoulders, not to mention the full lengths of her arms were exposed as her hooded jacket finally slid off. This made it much easier to notice that her complexion was lightening, her natural tan paling until she was porcelain white instead.

"Hungry..." The first word that she had managed to murmur in a while was on theme with what had been happening thus far, though this time there was a much softer and girlish hum to her voice's sound. It left her sounding more *youthful*, and this was something that her face ended up backing up. Her skin's years were rewound, leaving her with a complexion not unlike one she'd possessed in her late teens.

But, more than that? It left her face's design rather *off*. At least if she had still desired to be seen *as* S'aiya and not a different person entirely. Her facial features became smaller on the whole, with thinner but poutier lips, smaller eyes, and a button nose. If anything *grew* it was her cheeks, but only because they rounded and were featured on a face that was shorter overall. The colors of her eyes were even replaced by a soft purple... right below soft purple *eyebrows*.

Then again, what was happening to the girl's brows was just a precursor for what was about to happen to her hair as a whole. The same color washed through her orangey-brown locks from her roots to her tips, though the style lengthened *and* fluffed up to give it a lighter and puffier style that was better described as 'cute' than suggesting it contributed to any sort of allure.

And this purple even painted the fur of her ears. The issue with this was, well... Once all of this fur had changed color? Her ears appeared to fold *into* her head, just in time for a pair of rounded human ears to emerge on the sides instead. The moment she was deaf between these two events didn't occur to her at all, much like the sound of her tail falling off with a rustling noise, detached to become yet another sting of lights that were lying around, wasn't even on her internal radar. "**Ngh...**"

The girl looked as if she was on the precipice of collapsing. Her body was weak, and she was absolutely *starving*. But *before* she could fall? A change in wardrobe was afforded to her. Cloth crept, grew, and shrank so that she was left in a purple gown with a white frilled skirt overtop a pair of white tights. Dark purple boots hugged smaller feet, lighter purple gloves shrouded her hands, and a pastel purple cape with a dark purple interior was fastened around her neck. Puffy, white sleeves drew one's eyes to the gloves, within which one held a purple Jack-o-Lantern lantern with a blue flame burning within.

She vaguely resembled a vampire. One with a thin circlet around her forehead.

Ilyana's legs finally gave out from underneath her now that her hunger had become so strong, and she collapsed on the ground with her legs spread behind her and a cute little groan. "**I'm so hungry...**" That hunger had consumed all of her thoughts as she had changed, and the result of that was very similar to what had happened to Mia's mental state. She no longer recalled her past life, and she couldn't have fathomed a world where she was part cat. She wasn't even sure about wearing the Halloween dress she was adorned with.



She was a mage from Tellius that was almost impossibly hungry at all times due to an incredibly fast metabolism. If she didn't eat a lot or frequently, she got like this. Too drained to do anything but sit there and nod off to deal with her overwhelming hunger and lack of energy. But just as the silver haired beauty was about to nod off while sitting up?

The sweet smell of taiyaki filled her nose and she perked up to find a sweet-filled fish pastry being waved in front of her face by her own girlfriend. "**Mia to Ilyana? You doing okay over there? I wondered if you were having problems, so I went outta my**"

way to pick this up!" Ilyana's eyes were focused on the snack, which Mia moved from side to side. Ilyana's gaze followed it back and forth before gently taking it and scarfing it down. **"Come on! There's more where that came from!"**

Mia was always a bright ray of sunshine in Ilyana's life and was always fussing over her, that was why the mage trusted her and why she didn't hesitate to take the hand that she was offered to her. **"Thank you, Mia..."** She *did* feel a little better, but she was definitely going to need a lot more. When she was pulled up and onto her feet, Mia locked arms with her.

"Now you can't fall over! So, let's get to the busy street and hit up the food stalls, sound good!?" Mia looked over and beamed, taking note of the slight smile and nod of her head that Ilyana provided. She was fairly discreet with her emotions, and her low energy made her hard to read for some. But not Mia! She could always tell when the mage appreciated her!

And she could tell that their bond as girlfriends had *definitely* just grown stronger!

"Onto the Harvest Festival! Tally ho!"

"Tally ho..."