

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

COMMISSION STORY

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It was once again time for the Moonfire Faire.

This festival was one that was held every summer, with celebrations taking place across the entirety of Eorzea – but there was a bigger and much more localized event that always took place at the continent’s most popular beachside tourist trap, Costa Del Sol. Between the bright blue ocean and a resort that could accommodate plenty of visitors, it made the perfect staging ground for the beachside activities that were typically set aside.

“Hah... Hah... I can’t believe we managed to climb the whole damn thing...” One of these activities was, of all things, a *climbing puzzle* that had been set up on the small island just off of the resort here the main events were held. Every year they seemingly had these puzzles in the past few years, and despite how laborious it became to navigate their tiny platforms and risk falling from a great height? They were extremely popular.

This year? They were even offering a special prize to everyone that managed to reach the top. Something that an Au Ra woman with long, pink hair had run over to hand to the two newest women that had reached the summit. **“O-Oh, thank you...”** The more sheepish of the two, a blonde woman named Dreah, offered her thanks as she received what seemed to be a small box. A similar box was handed to her thief Miquo’té friend, the brown-haired S’aiya, and the two had been asked *not* to open them until they got down to the changing area. **“W-Wait... Is there an easy way down, or do we have to go the way we came?”**

“Huh? We obviously jump?”

“E-EH!?”



S'aiya wasn't usually one for social events like these. She was a loner that kept to herself, but she made exceptions for friends like Dreah. Even so, she would always use these opportunities to have a little fun of her *own*, and Dreah was a little easy to tease. She hadn't been *serious* about jumping from the top of the climbing challenge, but she'd kept up that ruse until they reached the fun little slide that took them down to the ground. **“See? We obviously jump... down the slide!”** She could still remember the glare the Au Ra had given her.

But about twenty minutes had passed since. As curious as the Miqu'te had been, she'd done as she was told and hadn't opened the little prize box she'd been given until she was *in* one of the changing rooms. Dreah had been finishing up at the bar and seemed a little hesitant about committing to going on without knowing what she was getting into, so S'aiya had offered to go ahead first.

It had *obviously* been clothing based on the instructions and how light the box was, but... **“This thing is *super* tacky.”** What had been inside of the box was a golden *bikini* of all things. She had a number of questions, like how did they know her size? She didn't think it'd mesh well with the tan of her skin, either. **“I guess some companies have been using magic lately to change the fit of something to whoever is wearing it.”** It was almost *necessary* in this day and age so that Lalafells could have access to the same fashions as the other races.

She *was* in a training room. There wasn't anyone that could see her. So, she saw no harm in trying it on anyways.

“Yup. It definitely does *not* fit.” Saiya didn't really know what she had been expecting. Without holding things up, the bikini strings dangled loosely from her shoulders and hips. One wrong move and they would have slipped right off, not that you couldn't see her bare tits and the hair of her pubes with how low the golden bikini top and bottom hung anyways. It was annoying, especially since no magic activated to tighten it against her body. But at least she was in the privacy of a changing room where it didn't *really* matter.

“Hm? *Wait.*” At least she'd *thought* there was no magic activating at first. It took her a moment of concentration to notice. She was no mage,

so her ability to sense aether was somewhat lacking. The traces must have been weak, or at least disguised, what with how much she'd been forced to focus to even vaguely notice that aether signature travel... from the swimsuit into her body? **"Is it figuring out which size to adjust to?"** In a sense, that was *kind of* what was happening.

S'aiya just made an incorrect assumption about *what* was about to be resized.

But she didn't exactly need to wait very long to get her first taste. Something striking and not *necessarily* alarming occurred to her as she stared down at her chest. Her breasts, natural E-cups as is, felt a little *heavier*. No, it wasn't just that. Didn't they look a little *bigger*? Still not big enough to come close to fill out the bikini top, but definitely larger than she was used to seeing. **"Uh... Are my breasts bigger or am I— Woah!"** Well, transformation magic existed. And if it was giving her bigger tits, then that wasn't necessarily a *bad* thing?

It had become undeniable when those tits bounced of their own volition just what was happening, seeing as she hadn't moved a muscle. That bounce came because of the weight that had forced itself into her bosom, causing their shapes to swell. It had only been a little bit at first, which was she was initially nonplussed about it. The issue became that they *kept* growing. **"Woah, slow down a bit!"** Not only did the mounds themselves keep growing beyond what she was comfortable with, but her nipples and areola were too. She had problems seeing past the tips of her breasts, but even then, she could tell her areola must have been bigger than her *eyes*.

Upon a pair of tits that were likely *J-cups* at minimum.

"These are *way* too big!" S'aiya's own words had taken her by surprise. She was usually calm and measured, hardly showing emotion regardless of the situation that she found herself in. Yet she sounded notably panicked, and there had been a very shrill crack in her voice too. Either way, she continued to stare at her huge tits, evidently unbothered by the reality that those tits were actually obscuring her vision so that she didn't notice that it hadn't *just* been her breasts that had gained mass.

At roughly the same time? The woman's thighs and ass had been bloating in a very similar fashion. And yet, there was something off about all of this weight. Her butt and legs clearly thickened, with her thighs rising to almost match her waist in thickness while her ass pushed into a peach shape, but... It was strangely *loose*. All of the muscle beneath her thighs had melted away, and the same was actually true of her pectoral muscles as well. She was so curvy because... it

seemed like she was overweight? “**Why do I feel so *tired*...**?” It definitely wasn’t like her to be so *whiny* either.

She hadn’t even raised the question about her weight, much less known where to look for the answer. Her tits obscured the confirmation she received either way. That confirmation came in the form of a softening of her chiseled abs. S’aiya had always taken her physical fitness *very* seriously, so she would definitely have been pissed... had she noticed. Because not only did her abs soften away, but her tummy bloated like a *sponge*. Before long? It had extended a few inches over her pelvis. And while even though this all meant the bikini bottom felt snugly now?

Dark, messy pubic hairs could be seen peeking out. Until she idly adjusted it, anyways.

“***Ugh.***” As she swung her body slightly to adjust a bikini that now *barely* fit her, the mass of her new body swung around with her. Her mind was gradually adjusting to its presence, believing that she’d always been chubby and weak, but... “**Why do I feel like this booth is bigger, huh?**” It wasn’t her mind playing tricks on her when she felt compelled to inquire in a now permanently shrilled voice. Five inches had left her height, dropping her down to 5’2” from 5’7”. This somehow made her chubby belly seem all the puffier.

Forget *stealing* as a profession, S’aiya couldn’t even remember how to wield a *kitchen knife* by this point. Her hair was darkening to the same black as her pubes, while her tanned skin paled until it was a sickly shade of white that seemed as if it would burn under the light of the sun *very* easily. As her Miquo’te ears shrunk into a Hyur pair, and her tail was slurped up into her tailbone, memories of sitting in a dark room flooded her mind. Memories of playing games and chatting came to fruition in the place of those spent living on the streets. And there were few places on the planet where *anyone* could have lived a life like that.

What changed last was the woman’s *face*. Much like the rest of her body, it became a little heavier as her cheeks rounded with fat. Her lips became plumper in kind, and her nostrils flared. But what stood out most were her *eyes*, which narrowed and became hooded around irises that darkened to brown. She looked like someone that might have hailed from Kugane, and maybe one of her ancestors *had*. Well, her *father* had. But that wasn’t where she had grown up – not by a long shot. She looked a little younger too, no longer closer to thirty.

The woman herself cared little about any of this. She just finished adjusting the bikini she was wearing.

“Weh... As I thought, this thing totally doesn’t fit... I’m too chubby and my tits are too big...” The gloomy-looking *Sarrah* tugged at the golden bikini top, which didn’t even really cover the *entirety* of her gigantic nipples. Her chubby belly lipped over the bottom, and she eventually used one hand to tug at that weight, too. **“This is what I get for being a shut-in, I guess...”** She definitely *had* been S’aiya, but everything from her age to her body, to her memories had all been rewritten.



So, what could she remember now? She was a tourist from Solution Nine in Tural that had come to Eorzea with her mother after they had established a connection with the rest of the world. Back home? She was a gamer that stayed inside and never went out. She was *shy* and had *low self-esteem*, kind of like Dreah. But she’d recently had a change of heart. Wearing her old swimsuit in public had *stirred* something in her. People stared at her and she *liked* it. So, upon receiving that golden bikini as a prize? She’d been excited to try it on.

“Oh well! People will still look at me, right? Heheheh...” Sarrah giggled creepily to herself as she opened the changing room door and stepped out. She was *totally* going to hit the beach and see who was into her, rolls and all! But before that? She’d told her mom that she was going to show her how she looked! She must have been at the bar still, right?



“S’aiya is sure taking a while...” Still at the outdoor bar, Dreah eyed the box that she had been gifted at the top of the climbing puzzle. If it had been something that was quick to adorn like an accessory, then her friend probably would have already returned by now, right? Could it be a swimsuit? That would match up with the weight, but then she had questions about things like *style*. She didn’t want to wear anything too revealing. **“I guess I could go and—”**

“How do I look, *mom*?”

The Au Ra turned to look over her shoulder, thinking that a young woman had just started talking to someone nearby. But the woman, a black haired girl that was a little chubby and seemed to look a little sickly from lack of sunlight, was looking directly at her. **“Um... Excuse me? I’m not...?”** The obvious answer was that she wasn’t

anyone's mother. She wasn't much older than this woman seemed to be, so...

"Oh, I see! You haven't gotten changed yet?" The woman claiming to be her daughter reached onto the bar and grabbed the box she'd been giving, making Dreah panic. **"You can give me some more feedback on the beach after you've gotten changed, 'kay?"** She fidgeted with the box until the top popped open, and then? It was as if the world around her just *changed*.

Dreah found herself staring at the back of a swinging door, with the feeling of fabric hanging loosely around her chest and off her hips. She looked down to find herself wearing a *golden bikini*? And one that was definitely *way* too big for her at that. **"EH!?"** When had she put it on? She was in one of the resort's changing rooms, wasn't she? Where were the clothes she had been wearing before!?

"Oh dear, what am I...? E-Eh?" Dreah's narrow eyes had opened wider and wider as she'd spoken. Why was she talking like *that*? She'd almost sounded like an old lady or something. Even though she didn't talk much, that wasn't the sort of cadence that peppered her speech at all. Or, at least, it *shouldn't* have been. But Dreah *hadn't* reasoned that maybe the bikini would magically change to fit her, much less noticed any aether flowing into her body like S'aiya had.

And yet, that didn't mean it wasn't happening. That sudden, out of character commentary was a side effect of the magic already beginning to take root, and the fact that it happened so early suggested that not everyone that came under its spell would change in the exact same way. Dreah wasn't going to become a second Serrah, nor would her transformation unfold in the exact same order.

That was even obvious in what was becoming of her *physically*. To the untrained eye, things might not have seemed all *that* different, but if you looked at Dreah closely? *Especially* at her face, you could see literal cracks beginning to form. Crow's feet were etched into the corners of her eyes, and the skin not only of her face, but of her *entire* body became looser and dryer. It made her look *significantly* older. No, it wasn't just a matter of looking that way. Her body was a little weaker. She *was* older. *Forty*, to be exact.

"Woah... Maybe I need to sit down...? But this swimsuit...?" From the Au Ra's perspective? She just felt very *winded* all of a sudden. Like all of the air had been sucked out of her lungs, even though it was more like a side effect of *twenty years of age* being forced onto her body at once. But an increase in age, at least for her, also came with an increase in *mass*. It was seen earliest in her face, where her cheeks

rounded with fat and the scales that were affixed to them peeled off in tandem for some reason.

But the changes to that face were much broader than becoming looser and fuller. Before long, the tips of her horns slowly crumbled away, showing Hyur ears buried within their hollowed shapes more and more clearly as the phenomenon crept down towards their bases. Yet that still wasn't *as* surprising as the shape of the woman's maw being readjusting, both making her face slightly wider *and* slightly longer – all so that it could accommodate lips that bloated to nearly *four* times their original side beneath a longer, shaper nose. All beneath a pair of eyes that widened considerably while taking shapes similar to Sarrah's.

They didn't narrow though. If she was somehow related to Sarrah, then she was missing the Kugane blood that ran through her veins.

“I'm sure with just a little bit... of *booze*...? B-Booze?” DreaH didn't fancy herself to be much of a drinker, so why was it that she suddenly craved an alcoholic beverage? It felt like having one would make *all* of her problems go away, just like that! She was confused about what she'd said initially, but the more she thought about it? The better or an idea it sounded! Mind you, thoughts of alcohol distracted her from noticing how her short, blonde hair became shaggier, shifting to a dark brown while reaching *just* past her shoulders.

Part of her wanted to sit down on the small bench in the changing room, but she stopped herself. *I don't think I'd even fit on that tiny little thing!* But why *wouldn't* she fit? Even by Au Ra standards she was small. Small and fit, more than petite enough to sit on that bench. But the intrusive thoughts won out and she didn't make the attempt. Which, evidently, ultimately was for the best. Her transformation hadn't stopped just because she was debating doing something or not. Her spin and limbs had been lengthening as she'd thought about, slowly snaking up her height to an astounding 5'10" compared to what the height of Au Ra women typically was.

...Then again, could she even be considered an *Au Ra* anymore? DreaH's horns were gone. She had the ears of a Hyur, and slowly but surely all of her scales were disappearing. This loss was extended to her tail before long, for it shriveled away until the stump that remained was absorbed into her tailbone. Just in time for the straps of the bikini bottom to cling to her a little more snugly than they had before. She didn't bother wondering why, it was more of a relief that she didn't need to worry about it than anything.

But it was because her hips had widened *significantly*. About *six inches*, in fact. This gait felt a little strange for a woman of her figure, even

though the height *did* help. Had they widened for a specific reason? While it might not have seemed that way initially, as she absentmindedly began to play with the bikini straps with fingers that were longer, bonier, and well-manicured, the purpose behind widening her hips became extremely evident. Well, to be fair it was part of a greater trend. Yet, the woman's hips certainly would have struggled if they hadn't been that wide what with how *thicc* she was becoming.

"Hm..." There was a mature and sensual hum to her voice as she shuffled in place, subconsciously adjusting her posture in response to not only her knees buckling from the added girth to her hips, but to the weight that permeated throughout the entirety of the woman's body. The loosened skin of her thighs was really put through the paces, courtesy of supple fat bloating them at such a pace that they almost resembled water balloons being filled. They stretched and stretched further, soon easily usurping her waist in terms of width and probably even *weight*.

...Even though her belly was gaining weight of its own. Her whole body was swelling up like a sponge absorbing water. She retained some of her muscle, but it was mostly contained in her arms. Fat hid basically everything else, such as in a pudgy tummy that's inward-moving belly button almost made like her gut was *puckering* above a fat and jiggling ass that helped fill in the back of the bikini bottom. Unlike Serrah? Her pubes ended up *shaved*, but it had been so haphazardly done that you could still see fuzz peeking out from behind the golden veil.

"And this is why its troubling being such a beautiful yet full figured woman!" The *old* Dreah would *never* have spoken like that. She had no confidence in her appearance, and she definitely wouldn't have had it if her body had always been so *soft* and *loose*. Yet, there was *one* point where her pride could be justified to those that were overly shallow about the shape of a woman's body. Her *bosom*. Just as the rest of her body had, her breasts *ballooned*. The weight that stretched their skin was more excessive than anywhere else on her body, and before long they were flopping against her swollen belly as the bikini top pulled closer and closer to them. By the time they managed to (just barely) wrap around her nipples, they were *N-cups* at least.

It's a shame that my dear Serrah didn't get all of my genetics, but her own boobs aren't really tiny either!

Daphne didn't put in very much effort to make sure that the golden bikini she was wearing wasn't in any danger of slipping off. As a *forty year old* mother that was tall, busty, and chubby, it would have been hard to keep any kind of bikini in place. But the one the *nice, pretty young lady* had given as a prize was even snugger than she would have

expected. “**Oh my. Did she want me to wear something like this? I didn’t know she was hunting cougars!**” There wasn’t an iota of shame in her voice as she cupped one of her massive tits.

She was Sarrah’s mother, coming from Solution Nine all the same. Her husband had passed away when their daughter was younger, and well... She’d been working as a sex worker even *before* she’d met the man she’d married. She was a confident, extroverted woman that might as well have been Dreah’s opposite in every meaningful way. She couldn’t imagine being as shy and reserved as her daughter... though it seemed that coming on this trip had seemingly awakened *something* in Sarrah with how eager she’d been to get changed.



As pretty as the young ladies at the resort were, as Daphne left the changing stall? She was actually interested in finding younger *men*. “**Now, are there any hot pieces of ass for me to play around with? Oh, how fun vacations are!**” It was getting late now, and the stars were starting to show up above the island. While scoping out a man, though? Daphne found her *daughter*... with a pretty girl sitting on her lap, gazing into her eyes longingly.

“**...Well, it seems I’ll have to find a *different* room to bring a nice young man home to~!**”

Who knew Sarrah had it in her?