

IDLE CHATTER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Iona was in a *major* need of a holiday.

Which probably didn't sound very surprising, all things considered. She wasn't someone as infamous as the Warrior of Light, nor was she some sort of adventurer that was known far and wide for her exploration and combat chops. Those were skills that she *did* possess, but certainly not to the same extent as a trained professional would. No, the Viera's career path was something that was a little more *generalized*.

Literally. Her career was something best akin to being an odd jobber. She picked up work from a variety of outlets. Word of mouth, special requests, and even from the adventurer guild's quest board tended to be her greatest providers, and with this many outlets she was often busy with this and that. Helping people move, escorting carriages, weak monster extermination, exploring ruins; Iona loved working this way because it ensured most days *weren't* the same.

But she was *normally* stationed in Eorzea. The cost of travel by sea wasn't cheap, and even if she was affluent in traveling via Aetheryte, she had to go somewhere first to attune to the crystal there. Iona had really never had *any* intention of venturing too far away from her home continent. But then an opportunity had fallen onto her lap.

One of her regular clients had family in the faraway Eastern land of Kugane and had been looking for help. They had been willing to put her up for a few months in their home while she worked there, and she had happily obliged. She just hadn't imagined *how many* opportunities there would be for her even a mere 60 days into this trip. It was far more work than she had been getting in Eorzea lately.

“...My back is sore.” Which, when all was said and done, was *great* for her coin coffer, especially when she wasn't paying rent while remaining in Kugane. It wasn't as good for her *health* as it turned out though! She was on her feet a lot of the time, and Kugane was such a condensed and populous area that when she finished one job, it wasn't all that uncommon to find herself roped into something else immediately.



This had led to a number of physical issues that hadn't arisen when she'd had more substantial breaks between her jobs. Sprains were perhaps the most *serious* of them, but as of late it had more or less just been intense muscle pains, especially around her back and upper arms. The Viera found herself complaining about them more and more frequently, and the family putting her up had taken notice.

That was why they ultimately recommended *this* place to her. It was a massage parlor not run by a Kugane native, but by a woman that apparently had come from overseas from a nation that shared some similarities with Kugane, but still stood out culturally on its own. Iona hadn't really had a reason to refuse in the end, and so she had ended up at the small parlor several days later.

It was a strange experience to be certain. Upon entry, she had been led around by a girl dressed in what could best be described as an Eastern take on the traditional maid uniform. She was a little... *odd*. She had a gloomy look to her and kept murmuring something about a 'Lady Yu'. Specifically wondering when this Yu individual would 'arrive'. But the Viera paid it no mind and was cordial, even when she was asked to strip down naked and lay on long table with her face and upper body resting on a red leather table at the front.

“This is a little strange...” Iona had done as she was told, and ultimately? She wasn't *entirely* naked. She wasn't permitted to wear a bra, but she *was* given a pair of black silk panties that just barely accommodated her ass with cheeks peeking out a little through the top. She wasn't one who liked showing off her body for no reason, but she supposed that so long as her chest was pressed against the table and the masseuse couldn't see her nipples... it was *probably* fine.

“The mistress will be with you in a moment.”

The girl in the maid uniform stepped into the room once the client had dressed down to inform her of the masseuse's approach, but what Iona *didn't* notice was that, on her employer's orders, the girl had picked up the clothing that the Viera had folded and piled up and replaced it with black tights and a blue, Chinese style dress that definitely wouldn't fit Iona's body. At least as she was at that specific moment.

It wasn't long before Iona, with her head down on the table, heard the door open once more. **"You must be *Iona*, yes? I am Lady Wong, the masseuse of this parlor. I only ask two things of you: you do not speak unless I ask you a question, and you do not look up until we're finished. Is that clear?"** The second rule felt clear enough, but why the first one? Perhaps she got too easily distracted?

"Yes..." But she *had* been asked a question, so Iona replied promptly. It may have been strange, but she *really* needed this massage. After confirming her acceptance of these policies, the older woman looming over her hummed before Iona felt strong fingers dig into the muscles around her shoulder blades. **"Mm!?"** It was equal parts painful and pleasurable, probably because those muscles were so worn and tense. But there was also an oddly soothing scent in the air.

Had she lit an incense?

"Now, now. We're beginning." The elder's words confirmed the obvious. How *strong* of a woman was she to possess such raw strength in her presses? Or was it more a matter of Iona's muscles being so tense that even the slightest bit of strength could have come across as such? She'd been told not to *say* anything, but how could she possibly resist at least *groaning* as all of the tension was pressed out of her body?

What couldn't have possibly occurred to the Viera was that *much more* was in the process of exiting her body than tension alone. Something much more visually apparent was being sapped away: her skin color. The woman's melanin-rich skin tone was becoming *significantly less so*, as the dark tan diminished into something lighter, and then diminished further into a yellowing pale instead. It wasn't something that occurred here and there, either. It was widespread enough that even her nipples and pussy pinkened.

But Iona was none the wiser to this, groaning again as more of her color... and even her racial traits began to be lost. Lady Wong *noticed*. Of course she did. What was happening was her *own* doing, and so she wouldn't draw attention to things like, say, the Viera's Viera *ears* progressively getting shorter and shorter. They inched towards the top of her scalp at first, but their positioning slowly inched down her head to displace and regrow hair where they traveled. Their dark purple fur

practically melted away until the paled flesh was bare... which only highlighted how short and round they now were once they rested on the sides of the woman's head.

“So, what brings a young *Hyr* woman such as yourself to Kugane in the first place? And from *our* homeland, at that?”

Wong asked just as Iona wriggled her nose within the pillow (as its tip rounded). The client seemed to think a little too *long* about her response, but was it any wonder as to why? The woman had just referred to her as the wrong race and seemed to imply that she hailed from a different part of the world entirely.

But *as* she thought about that answer, her original dismissiveness began to melt away. What other race *could* she have been? *Viera*? She didn't have bunny ears! *And of course I come from the same nation, I—* The rest of this thought was unremarkable to her, but it came paired with further changes, this time to the face that was buried in her pillow. **“I came here for work. Don't we all?”** That still aligned with Iona's past, but the sound of her voice... had it always been that high?

It went unnoticed by the speaker, though the masseuse smirked at the sound. She couldn't *see* her client's face, but that change of tone meant that it was changing as planned at the behest of the incense. Iona's face had shifted, becoming shorter and rounder in shape while the features upon them filled out a little to compensate. Her lips were puffier and her nose a little sharper for one, but her eyes... Looking closer to Hong's and those the maid that had brought her in in shape, her irises even shifted to a reddish brown color. For all intents and purposes? She was now *Chinese*.

“Of course.” Lady Wong didn't follow up with another question and instead moved her massaging hands farther down the woman's back as she watched the color of the woman's hair change next. The dark purple was lightening to a brown chestnut color instead, and its length, which typically reached the center of her long back, ended up reaching *past* that. Well past the paled ass that was still practically bursting out of the underwear she had been given, at least. **“I'm moving down to your legs.”**

True to Wong's word, Iona groaned in her new voice as unfamiliar hands pressed into the muscles within the backs of her thighs next. The weight of those thighs, oddly, seemed to diminish a little as it was kneaded. They became a little *less* plump, and that was something seemingly shared with the jiggling ass above it, too. Even Iona's *hips* seemed to narrow with time, leaving the panties that had once not fit her properly at all to now fit her *perfectly*.

The ex-Viera seemed to subconsciously notice this, but also something *else*? Being so tall, the woman had just *barely* fit on the table at first. There was nowhere for her feet to go, and yet they had been gradually sliding up the table. No, not *just* her feet. She found herself consistently adjusting the placement of her hands at her sides, too. **“You’re being too restless.”** Wong warned, trying to steer her client away from recognizing just what it was that was happening.

So, what *was* happening? Iona’s head, still resting face down in the red pillow, seemed to be the only part of her body that wasn’t *moving*. Even then, was ‘moving’ the right word to use? She wasn’t doing it herself. It was more like everything was sliding up *towards* her head. Because, as Wong continued to work her hands up and down Iona’s legs? Those legs were *shrinking*.

Inches were peeling off of her roughly six foot tall frame, not *just* from her legs, but from her torso and arms as well. Her hands and feet shrunk as her limbs shortened, but unusually? It appeared to have a *plumping* effect on the ass and thighs that had only *just* lessened. This was because as her body shortened, the fat that existed didn’t diminish. It was condensed into a smaller package, so to speak, so despite looking shorter? She looked thicker.

Wong was massaging her arms now.

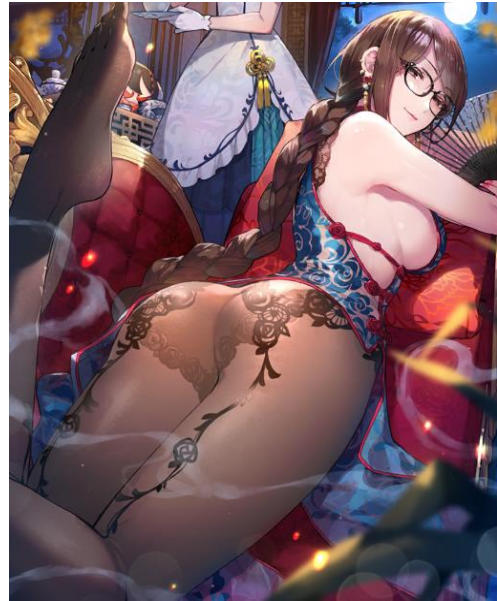
“You have such a lovely frame for a woman of your age. Any chance you’re talented with your... *body*?” Wong asked a new question, allowing Iona a new chance to speak in kind. Had this been prior to the massage, she might not have understood the *implication* behind that question. That she was very talented in the bedroom. And Iona had never really considered herself to be. At least *before*.

But things were a little bit different now. Not even the client herself realized just how much her mind had been altered, from her personality to her very memories. She passively altered her posture on the table before answering, unknowing of the fact that her already sizable breasts seemed even larger now that she stood at only 5’3”. They were rounder and her nipples larger. Perfect for seducing those that longed to be seduces. **“I suppose you could say I know my way around both men’s and women’s bodies.”**

Lady Wong smiled and finally withdrew her hands. She’d worked the woman’s body from head to toe, and by the massage’s end, the incense that had been lit at the beginning had almost entirely burned away. It certainly wasn’t a waste in any capacity either, seeing as its purpose had been completed. **“Allow me to leave the room and when you hear the door close, you’re free to do as you please.”** Lady Wong left

the client with these final words before stepping away. And once the door closed again? The woman laying on the table lifted her head and pushed herself off.

“I really do feel better. Much more relaxed. I suppose that idle chatter helped.” It wasn’t a matter of just being *relaxed*. The massage must have worked miracles of some sort, because *Yu Meiren* could have sworn that she felt much *lighter* too. And why could she vaguely recall standing much higher? Surely a *massage* of all things hadn’t diminished her height? Even as she stretched and her sizable tits (for her height) rose and fell, the sensation felt both familiar and not. **“It must just be a side effect of how good that felt.”**



The Chinese woman shuffled over to where she had left her clothes, not thinking twice as she slid the translucent, black tights over her plump thighs and round ass, nor as she wiggled into the short-skirted, blue China dress that she could *recall* wearing to the parlor. She didn’t even question the pair of rounded glasses on a nearby table, which she put over her red eyes without delay. **“Xu Fu. You’re out there, aren’t you?”** After putting on a pair of thick rimmed glasses that had been left beside the dress, she shot the door a glance.

Right on cue, the girl in the maid dress practically fell *through* the door. **“L-Lady Yu! Yes, I’m here! What do you think of the place I’ve found for us to work in within this city? They’re in need of hostesses, and I think she took a shine to you!”** Evidently, *both* of their memories had been altered. They now believed themselves to be new to Kugane and in need of work.

The parlor wasn’t just for massages. Hostesses worked there too, and with Yu’s talents as a consort... **“It isn’t my preferred type of work these days, but I suppose I can make it work for the time being. At least until I can find a man to settle down with.”** Because *this* Yu was unmarried, and never had been. **“You did a good job, Xu Fu.”**

“Ehehehe...”

That was *not* a normal reaction to praise.