

BUN UP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Dreah had been feeling rather *alone* as of late.

Truthfully, she didn't really have much of a reason *to* feel that way. And no one really would have *seen* it that way from the outside, either. She was an adventurer for one, which meant that she was often working alongside others in the first place. Even then? The blonde haired Au Ra woman still did most of her work alongside *friends* and not just random party members. It wasn't like she hadn't been *seeing* her close friends lately. She saw them relatively often.

But something had been *wrong*, at least from Dreah's perspective. She typically spent a *lot* of time with them, far more than she had been as of late. This was typically because *they* were the ones to come to her whenever they wanted to spend time with her. And that *did* still happen! And yet, it clearly wasn't happening as much. She'd even tried to ask about it, whether it was Nadja or S'aiya. But they had more or less given her non-answers.

Then again, just asking if they'd been busy lately wasn't a question framing that really afforded much room for interpretation. It was definitely possible that they had completely misunderstood *why* she was asking in the first place. For most people, this was all a big misunderstanding that could have easily been addressed with an open dialogue. The young Dragoon would just have had to tell them how she was feeling.

Expressing one's own feelings was a little more difficult for Dreah than it was for most, however. She lacked the confidence that her friends possessed (and she really looked up to them for that confidence) and

tended to doubt herself at the worst possible moments. That was essentially what was happening *here*, too. **“I must be overthinking things, right? I-I just need to shake the idea that they’re avoiding me. I’m sure they’re not!”** The young woman had told herself this *several* times now, but ultimately kept ending up back in the same place she’d started.

Should she ask again? When it came to Nadja, she was always a little worried that her friend would *overanalyze* whatever she was trying to ask. That Viera was the curious sort, and in the first place? Dreah was hesitant to show her any unnecessary weakness just in general. There was a similar yet different issue when it came to her Miqu’te thief friend, S’aiya. She had spent her life on the streets and was relatively stern. She’d probably act annoyed if she was pressed even if she didn’t *mean* it. But even if she didn’t mean it, it would still bother Dreah, being the overthinker that she was.

“And my nameday is coming up soon too... Did they forget?” Not that she felt like they had any obligation to celebrate, but her nameday (or birthday as it was known elsewhere) was important to her. It wasn’t like the Au Ra could go and visit family, so she always opted to spend it with her friends. **“I wish I could just know what was going on with them... Why are they avoiding me?”** A haphazardly worded wish, but not exactly one she had expressed with the assumption that it would be granted.

And yet...



“W-Woah!?” Dreah cried out as a heavy weight on her arms sent her stumbling. When had a box appeared in her hands!? She was too panicked to recognize at *first* that this wasn’t the *only* thing that she had to worry about. It wasn’t until the hefty box slipped out of her hands and landed on a familiar looking bed in front of her that it occurred to her. The woman’s surroundings had *changed*. **“E-Eh? Isn’t this the room that Nadja has been renting?”**

All three of the friends had been renting inn rooms in Ul’Dah for the time being. She knew it was the Viera’s because of the fragrances that filled the air. As a Dancer, Nadja liked to wear very specific scents that were always strong within her quarters due to the designs of the bottles she kept them in. Of course, she could *also* see her luggage behind the inn room’s door.

“How did I end up here...?” She *had* been out at the market (albeit hidden off in an alley when she’d been feeling down), and that was *quite* a ways away from the Adventurer’s Guild and the adjoined inn. But it had been *instant*, with no visual clues for her to go off of regarding *how* it had just happened. **“N-No, this has to be impossible, right?”** She couldn’t remember picking up a box, either. But speaking of that box...

It was open a little. Enough that she could make out the contents. Party streamers and unblown balloons? **“Wait... Are these for a party? Did they remember after all?”** This *was* Nadja’s room, so they belonged to Nadja? Which meant she had purchased them, and the only thing that they could *really* be for would be Dreah’s birthday party. There weren’t any events coming up otherwise. **“Was this why they were being so secretive?”** She really *had* been overthinking things! She should have known better!

Wait, then was all of this because of that wish? But then what happened to *Nadja*? Had they swapped places or something?

Not quite. But this also wasn’t *completely* wrong either.

But this realization left Dreah feeling pretty *conflicted*. She still didn’t know *how* she had ended up in Nadja’s room, but regardless of the *how* the others must have been planning on surprising her with the nameday party. A surprise she had ruined *herself* through all of this. Even if she kept it a secret, she’d likely still end up having a guilty conscience about everything. **“I hope they aren’t... mad?”**

As much as she *definitely* would have liked to think a little more about how to tackle this new dilemma? Well, when she was flustered, she had a bad habit of looking down at her hands. She wasn’t wearing any armor on her hands, so their pale skin was entirely exposed. Yet the reason she had ended that previous sentence with a questioning tone was because there was something *wrong* with what she was seeing.

The few white scales that wrapped around her wrist stood out in terms of color. There was a much starker contrast between them and the skin that surrounded them, even though under normal circumstances the two colors should have been more or less the same. **“Wh-What’s wrong with my skin?”** The scales weren’t necessarily the problem, at least not yet. Rather, it was the *pigmentation* of her skin. Its usual pale was darker than the scales affixed to it and was growing ever darker before her very eyes. It progressed towards a light tan, and then became a much richer tone before long.

It felt a little... *familiar*. She must have known someone with that very same shade?

Ultimately, *Nadja* came to mind for a brief second. **“Was I afflicted with a curse of some kind? But why change my skin color?”** Curses *were* common. Stories of people being transformed into forms that weren’t their own circulated now and again, though it was usually done by monsters. Dreah was actually being a little optimistic here, assuming that this transformation had both started *and* ended with the *color* her skin.

And yet that *wasn’t* the case. Being a Dragoon, a warrior who ran and jumped about, it was only natural her hands and feet would be calloused. But those callouses? Those on her paler-than-the-rest-of-her-skin hands shifted in position, suggesting that her grip wasn’t usually on a polearm but instead a weapon, or *weapons*, she could grip much more narrowly. This occurred as said fingers showed signs of lengthening and growing bonier, with even her palms fanning out.

This left the woman’s hands to seem a touch too big for the rest of her body, but they weren’t exactly *alone* either. Her *feet* underwent a similar process, with her toes pushing forward until the fronts of her boots felt a touch *cramped*. **“H-Huh?”** Her changed skin tone was still fresh in her mind, so Dreah lifted and dropped her feet to make sure there wasn’t anything *else* wrong. There *was*, but she couldn’t *see* it as much as it could be felt. Her callouses toughened further too, as if she typically performed short, rapid motions with them rather than long, powerful strides.

“N-No, it’s not finished, is it?” It wasn’t just her boots. Her outfit gradually became more and more uncomfortable, distracting the woman aptly from changes that could hardly be felt at *all* comparatively. Her *hair* was a good example of this. Blonde locks that *should* have reached her shoulders unwound, pulling up to the top of her neck behind her while it was parted to the sides in the top. The same was done with her bangs, leaving her forehead completely exposed. Even then? It wasn’t just the length of her hair but the *color* too. Blonde strands lightened to silver with blue undertones. Once again familiar coloring.

Not even her pubes had been spared, for the silvery blue claimed them and fluffed them up into a bushier yet well maintained form.

The woman’s eyes widened as the realization set in regarding just *why* everything felt so expressly *tight*. Though even those widened eyes weren’t spared from what was happening. A yellowish gold ignited amidst the young woman’s irises, while the *shapes* of those eyes narrowed in the corners but lifted around her lids. Longer lashes danced from them soon after. **“Am I getting taller!? ...Or should I be tall?”**

Well, *wait*. Why did *that* thought come to mind? Au Ra women weren't particularly tall – quite the opposite in fact, so there was a snowball's chance in Ifrit's domain that she was *supposed* to be tall. *But what if I wasn't an Au Ra? Why would I even think I was an Au Ra?* Golden eyes blinked as she found herself grappling with growing inconsistencies... that her changing body looked to address. Of which her *height* was addressed before anything else.

It almost seemed like the purple armor she wore around her torso was being grabbed and lifted up with how the base of her now tanned belly was slowly exposed (along with a showing of abdominal muscles that were now much more defined than they had been before). That armor was being lifted because her shoulders were rising, pulling the slack-less armor along with them. Inch by inch her limbs and torso elongated, gradually matching her grown hands and feet in size.

She jumped up past 5'7" rather promptly, and it was around *this* point that there was evidence of the growth affecting her *width* too. Dreah's hips flared out, pulling her skirt against them until they were digging into her skin uncomfortably. "*Ugh...*" She groaned with a voice that not only sounded deeper, but she had also groaned in a way that wasn't normal for her. She was usually much more *delicate* about it.

The 6' mark now. Her skirt was raised on lifted hips so that you could see the base of her underwear. Her legs were so long now that boots that reached her knees barely even covered her shins, and there was a white powder falling off her body? The woman didn't *actually* pay this any mind, because it was the product of something that shouldn't have *been* on her body; at least not if she was a *Viera*. *And I am a Viera*.

Horns, scales, and even her *tail*. That was what the what powder was – or *had been*, at least. Her Raen traits grew brittle and fell away, ultimately leaving tanned skin bare and the space above her ass free of any emerging tailbone. There were no wounds, it was more like nothing had been there in the first place! "*I'm...No, how could I be an Au Ra like Dreah? Er... Like Dreah? Aren't I...?*" Dreah had *horns*, right? But she didn't. After crumbling away, the holes beneath them on the sides of her head filled in, paving the way for silvery blue fur to peek out from the top of her head. It was affixed to a pair of tall bunny ears that had bluer tufts of fur on their tippy tops.

6'3". That was where her growth spurt ended, and it was above average even for the tall women of the Viera race. It came with added confusion that was expressed with a more confident temperament as it became plain that she could *not* remember that Dreah *was* her identity. But how could she even think that, really? Her once thinner lips had swollen into fuller, thicker shapes below a larger nose with a flattened tip.

I'm not Dreah. What a strange thing to think. Deep down she pushed back against her *old* identity, the new one rooting itself so strongly that she had become powerless to refute it. White facepaint emerged against her tanned facial features, on the sides of her nose and under her eyes. A familiar pattern seeing as it was the very same that *Nadja* wore. But there was little point in denying that Nadja was who she was becoming. She was even seeing herself as the Viera Dancer now.

All that she was really missing was the *figure*. She had the Viera's height and strength, but she was lacking in terms of *curvature*. The already ill fit of a partially armored ensemble meant for a woman more than a foot shorter than her was complicating things, though. Case in point? The panties she wore that *already* struggled against her widened hips became all the more uncomfortable as they were forced both in between her cheeks and into her pussy as her ass – and by extension her thighs – swelled beyond their new muscle.

The skin was pulled tautly around a heart-shaped rump, whereas thighs rubbed up against each other even with her widened hips. **“Ugh, what is up with my clothes?”** She picked at her wedgie without even thinking much of it, simultaneously bothered by how tight the leather chest armor felt. Why was it *crushing* her breasts? Well, it was actually the fault of those breasts. An average sized bust had *doubled* in size, creating a circumstance where the torso arm was being lifted forward off her front, forcing it to dig into her shoulders and back.

But the Viera eventually breathed a sigh of relief as all of that tightness and tension seemingly lifted off her body all at once. It was as if she had blinked and it was gone, but in a visual sense? Her old attire had been swapped out, replacing it with a revealing outfit of woven blue. A strapless top showed off her tummy, bound only around her chest while a matching, undergarment-like cloth wrapped around her pelvis and butt cheeks. There was a detached sleeve on her left arm, sporting the same blue with golden trim. And gold was just as prevalent in the outfit's design, for netted thigh highs were composed entirely of it and bled into a pair of sandals. Topping off this costume were feathered decorations that hung from the sides of the woman's head.

As well as a pair of glowing chakrams that were now affixed on either hip around a translucent blue 'skirt' on the right that was affixed to her top.

“Oof, I needed that.” The body of *Nadja Sjasaris* had felt unusually stiff all of a sudden, so she drawn her slender, tanned arms up to stretch and limber up her limbs. As a *Dancer*, it was of the utmost importance that she kept her body in a state that was both loose and comfortable at

all times. The *last* thing she wanted to do was pull something, else she wouldn't be very useful either while performing *or* while engaged in combat as an adventurer.

After rolling her neck in a way that made her long, Viera ears bob about, she cast a glance towards the box of party decorations on her bed. **"I wonder if we picked up enough to decorate the whole restaurant? Dreah doesn't like crowded places, so..."** And so, it had been her idea to rent out an *entire* restaurant for an evening just for Dreah and her friends. That way she wouldn't have to worry about being overwhelmed in an uncomfortable social scenario!

But that meant they had to make the restaurant *look* the part. This wasn't even the most *difficult* part of the entire event, though. The hardest part had been keeping the entire affair a secret from Dreah, though she *did* feel a little bad about it. At the very least, she'd been able to express her negative feelings about doing so with her girlfriend. A Miqu'te woman that Nadja had been eyeing for some time now.



They hadn't been dating before Dreah's transformation, but in this new reality? They were. Because the original Nadja had been transformed *into* that Miqu'te. **"Well, we've still got a few days left until the party! Hopefully I can keep my mouth shut until then!"**

Several nights passed, and the evening of the surprise party *finally* came. Nadja was there along with her Miqu'te partner and some of Dreah's other friends. But Nadja felt like she had been forgetting *someone* somehow. That couldn't have been the case, right? What was *more* pressing was that Dreah had yet to show up. **"Did she not get the invitation? No, she definitely RSVPed..."**

But just as she'd been about to contact her via Linkshell, the restaurant door opened and a familiar, blonde haired Au Ra walked in. **"Happy Birthday!"**, the small group of friends exclaimed, taking Dreah entirely off guard. But if the original Dreah had turned into Nadja, then who was this? Well, Nadja *had* been forgetting someone. S'aiya hadn't even crossed her mind, because she no longer existed.

Because she was the birthday girl that had just walked in.