

HEAVENSTURNED UP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Weh... I’m gonna die.”

“You... Truly have a hard time with crowds sometimes, don’t you S’aiya?”

The banter between two of many on the streets of Limsa Lominsa that even was easily drowned out by all of the hustle and bustle that surrounded them, but the two were close enough to one another that they could hear what the other party was saying nonetheless. Such a crowd was to be expected though. The new year was upon them, which meant that the Heavensturn festivities were in full effect across not only Eorzea, but all of Etheirys.

With the streets full of stalls that promised treats, gifts, toys, and games, both the Miqo’té named S’aiya and the Au Ra named Dreah found it difficult to push through the masses at times. Which had clearly taken a toll on the brown-haired cat girl, who wasn’t all that fond of crowds in the first place. **“I’m a thief by trade, do you think I like being surrounded by people?”**

“Isn’t this the prime environment for pickpocketing though...? I would think it would be the ideal for you.” Dreah’s retort just earned a groan from the thief. Brushing a strand of blonde hair over her horns, she couldn’t help but wonder if this was what it was like to have a sister at times? The two chirped back and forth throughout the evening, but eventually came across a stall offering omikuji.

Omikuji were paper slips that you drew from a box, and those paper slips had fortunes on them. The idea was that if you drew one during

Heavensturn, that whatever was drawn would be your future for the year to come. So it was a traditional endeavor, and one the two had done numerous times on their own in the past. **“You will experience tremendous growth this year?”** The two shared a glance after reading what their slips had said aloud, because to be quite honest... *They had said the exact same thing in unison.*

“Huh? Did we draw the same slip? What are the odds of that happening?” The Miqu’te raised a brow and the Au Ra shook her head, but the two of them honestly didn’t dwell on it too long and chalked it up to near impossible odds. Looking for a place to take a quick break, the two eventually went off the beaten festival path to freshen up and get away from the crowds for a moment.



“It’s odd to see the Octant look so empty.” Sitting alone at one of the benches outside of Limsa’s huge Aetheryte, it had only been S’aiya and herself there when Dreah had arrived. Perhaps it was to be expected with all of the festivities taking place in the upper region of the city, and the starry sky seemed prettier with everything so still. Her companion had taken a quick stroll down Hawker’s Alley, promising to get a delicious treat for them to enjoy, and had promised that she would only be gone for a minute.

Leaning back in her seat, the lizard girl stared up at the sky some more. **“Tremendous growth, though? I wonder in what capacity that referred?”** Monetary? Personal? There were plenty of ways that could be interpreted. In her opinion it couldn’t have been physical. She was an adult woman already, she wasn’t going to grow any bigger! That said there were some areas where she *had* wished her body would improve. Proportionately, if she were more like S’aiya... **“It wouldn’t be bad to be more like *my sister*.”**

Wait.

That line of thinking hadn’t made much sense, had it? Under no circumstance should she have been referring to S’aiya as her ‘sister’, even if she had wondered what a bond like that might *feel* like. But it had just slipped off the tip of her tongue so *naturally*. For but a moment she had almost felt like it was somehow true. Somehow. **“What an odd thing for me to say... *Even if it’s right!*”** It had happened again! Not only had she said something she hadn’t meant to, but she had

straight up *shouted* it – a first for her considering how soft-spoken she typically was!

Mind you, the Dragoon's troubles were much more complicated than a mere utterance of unintended words. You needn't look any farther than the top of her head to see that; not as the color of the woman's hair began to change in an undeniably manner. The golden blonde that had been her constant companion throughout her life was given a touch more *color*, as a pastel blue emerged in a way that almost made these locks *glow*. It wasn't as substantial of a change, but there was also a change in its length and style. The cut was choppy and arguably more boyish, with her bangs the roughest area in that regard.

Of course, since the length hadn't changed all that much? It was difficult for Dreaah to really note it and believe that the evening breeze was just playing with her hair. She stood suddenly, in fact. "**Maybe I should go find her? She really had been gone a while.**" It was just easier to think she was being paranoid than believe that her outbursts had been the result of something more sinister.

Though upon standing, the woman lingered. Something *else* felt strange. Did her clothes feel tighter than normal around her shoulder and loins? Not only that, but she had also been to Limsa numerous times over the course of her life, and she felt like her perspective seemed a little bit *off*. Almost as if... "**Wait, is my height...? Am I taller?**" Saying it aloud, that felt like it made some degree of sense. It would explain the tightness of her clothes.

In fact, it was easy enough to *see* that this was the case. The belt around her waist normally held her purple shirt down, but now the cloth had practically been untucked to show off her toned tummy. Her sleeves were likewise pulled up to her elbows, and her skirt? It hardly appeared to cover much, if at all. Because she'd grown *a lot*, all of the way up to 5'9" from the average size of an Au Ra, which was usually on the lower end of the five foot spectrum.

The more she thought about it, though? "**No, that couldn't be the case.**" This appeared *normal*, did it not? Just as normal as how her voice was much deeper, though that deepness did not come without further physical alteration. In fact, Dreaah's face had been changing so that it appeared quite differently. There was a *stronger* appearance to her features, one that not only enhanced her beauty but altered the appeal so that it was somewhat more *handsome* despite remaining feminine. A stronger jaw sported fuller lips, and the shapes of her eyes had a new fullness as well... with irises that were much more silver in color.

It took a moment, but her stance felt more natural now that her mind had adjusted not only to her newfound height, but the memories of *always* having been that height. Though at the same time, she wasn't *only* growing vertically. The cloth around her sleeves looked to be struggling now, purple pulled tighter than normal around arms that despite her strength as a Dragoon were still moderately lithe.

RIIIIP!

Until they could no longer properly contain what was packaged within, and thick and powerful muscles tore through the fabric. It wasn't just her arms, either. Her thighs rippled with strength, her abs became better pronounced, and her pecs pushed up her bust slightly beneath her shirt. "***That's... better!***" It *definitely* should have been an alarming change, and at first Dreah had been on track to comment on how alarming it was. But instead?

Her mind registered it as *proper*, and she actually felt relief that she was no longer being as stifled by her outfit. Her glistening muscles could *breathe*, and soon more of her body followed suit. Beginning with yet *another* loud rip around her neckline, which was promptly torn down so that you could see cleavage that, while once meager, was no longer any such thing. In fact, an increased fullness to her breasts that brought them up to E-cups parted the rest of the cloth, and they jiggled into full view, nipples and all.

They even appeared a touch darker in color, but that was a trend that was observable across the Au Ra's *entire* body. Considering her blonde hair and white scales, she had always been *incredibly* pale, but that didn't appear to completely be the case anymore.

As more of Dreah's body was left exposed though, it became clear that her traits as an Au Ra had been fading. Skin was free of any white scales, and her tail? It had long fallen off, having become an ornate bow on the ground behind her. Even her horns crumbled away to reveal a pair of ears that would typically be reserved for Hyurs beneath where they had once rested.

The woman's clothes began to change, cloth peeling from her body and swirling around her exposed form. It allowed the perfect, momentary view of a bush of pastel blue pubes between muscular thighs that bloated in thickness several additional inches, while her ass jiggled fuller in tandem. "***Woah!***"

Amazed by the light of the cloth, that sense of wonder waned the moment the scraps reconvened across her body. She was left adorned in

a white kimono over a black breast band that was all open to show off her plump bosom. The kimono was drawn over her left shoulder, and black thigh highs ran from sandals up to the black cloth that was wrapped around her pelvis. She looked dressed for a festival, including the floral ornament in her hair that was now beneath her silver headpiece.

“Yes! I’m in high spirits! Time to tackle the festival!” Or so Dagr boisterously declared, but she was missing her other half. **“Huh? Is sis not back yet? What’s taking her so long!?”** Loud and energetic, it was clear that this woman’s personality was certainly a far cry from what Dreah’s softspoken demeanor had been. And her proportions? In key areas that were not only like S’aiya’s now, but they had surpassed them. Not to mention how *buff* she had become in the process.

But the Jötnar woman didn’t draw those correlations for she could no longer recall that past life, nor the omikuji slip that had been drawn that had blessed her with this *tremendous growth*. Standing now as she had been since her transformation had begun, she tapped her foot impatiently. It wasn’t all that unlike her sis to keep her waiting, but come on! **“It’s going to be morning at this rate!”**



“Hurry it up, Nótt!”



“Achoo!” Meanwhile S’aiya had been having luck that was arguably terrible, and now she was sneezing!? There was an old folk tale that if someone was talking about you that you might sneeze, but that couldn’t have been it, could it? Regardless, she was much too fixated on her current predicament. She had left Dreah’s side so that she could get them food, and there had been a perfect fried foods stall on Hawker’s Alley that she frequented. But in the end? It had turned out they were closed, having set up for the night in the main festival area.

She supposed that really explained why Lower Limsa was so empty. Aside from people returning home from Heavensturn she hadn’t seen much of anyone down

there, and it had been almost five minutes since the last time she had crossed paths with another individual. **“I guess I should get back to *Dagr*, she’s probably wondering... where... I am?”**

Who the heck was *Dagr*?

The name hung in the back of the Miqu’te’s mind as she tried to figure out where she might have heard it before, while all the while? Those racial traits that made her a Miqu’te seemed to be at tremendous risk. Beneath the hat she was wearing, for example? Her brown, feline ears were folding, flattening inwards and *into* her scalp. **“*Huh?*”** For a brief moment she *had* noticed a momentary deafness, but it was alleviated as the ability to hear returned... duller than before, and on the sides of her head. The ears of a Hyur.

A thump behind her also signaled the loss of her fluffy tail, but it had taken the form of an ornate katana now.

“I didn’t just mix up *Dagr*’s name, did I? No... I did it again? *Dagr* is *Dagr*! She’s my *sister*! ...What!?” There was a growing frustration on S’aiya’s part as she struggled to state Dreeh’s identity aloud. She *knew* what it was. It was Dree... Draw... Dar... *Dagr*? **“*Why am I so confused?*”** Her voice had clearly expressed raw agitation the first time, but there was a strange and delicate calm to her voice in the end there. Even then, was her voice a touch *deeper* now?

Shaking her head did nothing to dissuade her confusion, but it *did* free the woman’s hair as her hat fell off, exposing the fact that the roots of her hair now bore a light green tone. This increased visibility made it easier to see the color crash through all of her locks like waves, ultimately reaching the tips while her hairstyle was minutely altered. If anything it just became slightly wavier naturally, and her bangs were parted up and to the sides so that her forehead was entirely exposed.

Now, in terms of figure? Compared to your average Miqu’te woman, S’aiya’s own was already well above the norms in terms of size. There were reasons for this, but her chest and rear were plusher than most. This was relevant because, well, both areas would grow exponentially larger even still.

“*What is...?*” Pressure had mounted beneath her bosom, and no sooner did the skin around her breasts begin to stretch while the white cloth of her strapless top did the same. So immense did they grow over such a short period of time that the fabric eventually split down the center, allowing her bare and heaving bosom, breasts well into I-cup territory, to bounce about. Even after they had settled, each inhale and exhale she took saw the left breast ripple. The veins around her huge, engorged

nipples were just as plain as everything else – especially since it seemed the color of her skin had paled a touch.

The woman blinked while staring at her bare breasts. Something was wrong with this sight, wasn't it? Was it the size of her tits? Their shapes? No, the issue was that they were exposed, wasn't it? Even though much of her body was beginning to succumb to the exact same status. Because her body was growing *upwards* and *outwards* in every and all capacity. Rippling muscles chiseled her form, while an additional softness surrounded them to take away some of their age. And while S'aiya's height shot up to 6'0" at that.

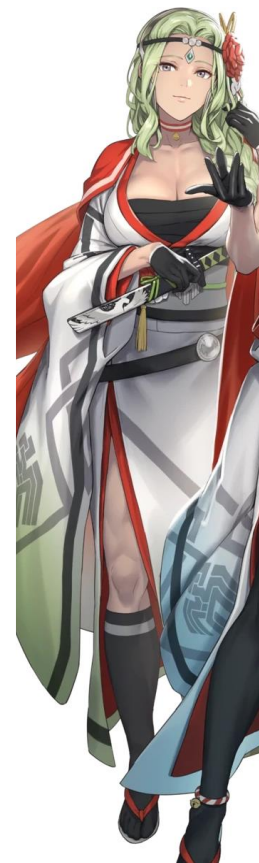
There was no part of her outfit that *wasn't* ripping by this juncture. Her jeans, despite their ability, could not contain hips that had almost doubled in their sway, just as they couldn't handle how her thighs had tripled in girth between muscle and fat alike. Panties snapped, and the back of her jeans was chewed through by an ass that didn't surpass her huge tits in size, but it did surpass her *head*. **"It's awfully breezy, isn't it?"**

Spoken like a woman who was bafflingly ignorant.

The tatters of torn cloth soon began to float and glow, leaving her immaculately muscular and curvy body to rest bare as the final changed rearranged the woman's face. S'aiya's eyes turned silver above a larger nose, whereas lips became enticingly swollen between cheeks that were higher than ever. Until finally? Her outfit was repurposed as a kimono that was near identical to Dagr's. The only real difference was that the sleeves of Dagr's were blue, while hers? They were green.

"Hm... This kimono is breathable and I quite enjoy it, but I wonder if it isn't a touch too revealing?" Perhaps now wasn't the time to dwell on her outfit, but the statuesque *Nótt* felt momentarily fixated on it. Because while she couldn't remember it happening, it was the most recent and final thing on her person that had changed. She was both taller and better endowed than her sister, who was already abundant in both of these areas, and she was just as muscular to boot.

Idly she couldn't help but wonder if her time would have been better spent training, but Dagr had been set on coming to this festival. She didn't mind the clothing they had worn, and the scent of food from the upper



areas was certainly alluring. “Perhaps this isn’t too bad. Even Dagr can have a good idea once in a while, I suppose.”

“Nótt!? What the heck! You’re taking way too long!”

Speaking of the devil or, well, the *sister*, she could see Dagr running down the street at her while clad in a similar kimono. There was certainly no denying they were siblings, at least not with how much bigger they were than almost everyone else in this city. “Sorry, sorry.” Once the distance between them closed, she apologized. “I got distracted by my outfit.”

“Were you distracted, or was a pretty girl ogling you and you enjoyed it?” Thus came the smug retort from the shorter of the women, earning her a gentle tap on the back of the head. “Ow!?” At the end of the day, Dagr and Nótt were still siblings, it was only natural they’d argue about little things like this. Even though Dagr had been right in this case.

“Let’s just hurry up to the festival, shall we? There must be plenty of pretty women up there…”

“Huh? What was that last part?”

“N-Nothing!”

