

SUMMER SPLITS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was nice to go on vacation once in a while.

Even for Iona, a woman who lived a life of constant busywork, could agree with *that* sentiment. While the Viera had a fulfilling life helping others with their own problems whether they were big or small, *she* even grew tired now and again. Breaks were necessary for *everyone* regardless of how much or how little work they did, or how important their roles might have been in the grand scheme of things.

The only *real* issue with taking vacations was the cost of it all. Sure, there were nice resorts to visit even in Eorzea, but even a single night could be quite the drain on one's Gil reserves. Make that double when you considered the fact that you needed to take a break from work *to* go on vacation, and so not only were you spending money but you weren't making more, either.

And so Iona counted herself as *very* fortunate in this case. She hadn't needed to pay a single penny for her vacation at Costa del Sol in Eastern La Noscea that summer. It had really been sheer *luck*, as she had partaken in a special raffle at one of her favorite shops several months prior, back in the string. She hadn't expected to win the grand prize: an all expenses paid trip for two to Costa del Sol!

"...Not that I had anyone to bring with me." Finally settled in the seaside room that had been provided to her, the Viera felt reminded of the fact that she had come all on her lonesome due to the amenities that had been provided to her. Not only was the bed big enough for two, maybe *three* people, but the resort had provided things like towels, food and beverages, and even *swimsuits*.

The lattermost amenities merely elicited a sigh from Iona. **“There’s no way either of these will fit me. Why not ask for my sizes beforehand?”** One of the swimsuits was pure white and *much* too small for her Viera body, while the other was basically the *opposite*. It was too big and mostly colored black. Actually she couldn’t even *imagine* a woman with curves big enough to fit into *that* thing. Fortunately she *had* packed her own bikini to wear on the beach.

Not that she would be making much use of it right away anyways. The trip to Costa del Sol had taken her an entire day by carriage and the sun was already setting over the crashing waves of the nearby ocean. Considering the time of year it was inevitable that fireworks would start soon, and so she thought she might enjoy them from the comfort of the seaside cabin she’d been given.



Which brought her to the table in the center of the cabin room. Apparently part of her vacation package had included *all* of the works, and so there was a plethora of food and drink set up at the foot of the bed. So much food that it was clear that the intention had been for two people to eat it, but seeing as the bespectacled woman had come *alone*, well...

Iona sampled some unusually square, red grapes from the fruit tray that acted as the table’s centerpiece. They were sweet and delicious, albeit questionably shaped. Maybe a real life patch would fix them someday? It really was a mystery. But after eating her fill she grabbed a prefilled glass from nearby. A quick sniff revealed the strong scent of coconut, yet there was *certainly* booze laced within as well.

A sip was taken. **“A coconut cocktail? I guess it isn’t that bad.”** She wasn’t *huge* on alcoholic drinks in general, but seeing as she was on vacation? It was fine to simply *live a little*, wasn’t it? However the woman was quick to regret her choice just moments after taking that sip and putting that glass down, because ultimately her head began to throb. Not painfully, but certainly uncomfortably.

She rubbed at the bridge of her nose and removed her glasses, setting them on the table soon after. Iona was certainly no stranger to migraines now that she was an adult, and part of her wished she could go back to when she was younger, when health issues seemed like little more than a fantasy. Adulthood was *far* crueler in that regard. But what was crueler still was the *cause* of her pounding head. It *was* the

alcohol's fault, but the pounding was part of a much more *dramatic* issue.

In a strange way, it almost felt like she was being split in two.

“Maybe alcohol was a bad idea after a full day of traveling...?”

It was easy enough to blame the feeling on the beverage she had just sipped from even though any ill effects from consuming it *certainly* should not have come on *that* quickly. Iona felt a touch dizzy too, almost like something was off balance? But she couldn't have possibly imagined the reason as to *why* that was.

You didn't need to look any further than the top of her head. Viera had long, fluffy rabbit ears. So long, in fact, that it was undeniable that their lengths were tied to their balance in a very vague capacity. So the fact that *this* Viera's ears appeared to be steadily creeping downwards, their length being subtracted inch by inch? Well, paired with her pounding head it *was* knocking her a bit off balance. It didn't take long at all for their purple lengths to fold entirely inward and yet her ability to hear wasn't at all hampered. Instead? She could hear just fine out of the *sides* of her head where a pair of rounded Hyur ears had taken shape instead.

There was also the unusual matter of the woman's *complexion*. She had dark, melanin rich skin – or at least she was *supposed* to, but it was growing increasingly pale by the second. It didn't take long at all for the tone of all of her flesh to reach a whitish pink, even brown nipples altered to a pinker alternative. That said, the white markings on her face also appeared to fade away due to some manner of unknown circumstance.

Iona could only groan as she debated laying down, only to *not* do that whatsoever. The 'headache' was *splitting* but she didn't exactly know just how *literal* that was. And yet the 'splitting' aspect slowly began to etch itself into her body *beginning* with her lightened skin. The dim lighting of the suite she was staying in didn't exactly make it *obvious*, but the pigmentation of the ex-Viera's skin wasn't exactly *consistent*. In fact both sides of her body were completely different, with the left notably paler than the right. It was like she had been split down the middle in a completely perfect line.

“Ugh, why won't the throbbing go away?” And why didn't it *hurt*? The thought *had* vaguely crossed the woman's mind, but it was a little difficult to think critically in the moment because of the pounding in the first place. She'd had plenty of headaches and migraines in the past, but this one just *felt* different. The lack of pain was definitely *part* of it, but why did she almost feel like it was throbbing at different intensities depending on which side of her head it was pounding on? **“Did I pack**

any pain relievers?” She tried to think about the possibility but really *just* could not concentrate on the thought.

All the while her physical state was growing *increasingly* uncanny. It was obvious in her eyes especially by this stage if only because they appeared to be reflecting different colors altogether. Her left eye had taken on an icy blue, while the right? A dark crimson with a subtle purple hue to it. Yet the differences between her eyes didn't *exactly* stop there either.

It extended to their *shapes* as well. The blue eye appeared to compact in size, becoming smaller while eyelashes thinned. Contrastingly? Her red eye seemed to grow *larger* with longer lashes. That eye somehow seemed as if it belonged on a more mature woman, or at least one that *appeared* more mature. This idea was likewise helped as the right side of her lips appeared to swell while the left thinned – a far more distractingly uncanny difference.

“No, I didn't— Eh?” Had Iona been hearing things? It had only been twice, but had her voice sounded like *two* voices overlapping each other? Neither had even really sounded like *her* voice, one much more energetic and one being exceptionally calm, but she sooner shook her head and dismissed it as a side effect of her head pulsating than assume there was anything stranger at work.

Strange such as? Well, her left eyebrow had thinned and lost its purple coloration, turning silver instead, while the right? It *had* thinned similarly, but it was an almost bleach blonde color that had emerged. Both colors departed from her brows and soon slipped into her hair on the same sides, left dyed silver and right dyed blonde over just a few seconds.

The length and style *likewise* was altered depending on the side in question. Silver hair shortened into a bob length, a tuft curling out behind her almost like a wing. Yet the hair on the right, the blonde hair that is, grew *significantly* longer and just as significantly denser. It all fell down to her ankles and fanned out away from her body. These hairstyles and colors contrasted each other severely, contributing to the almost Two-Face aesthetic of both halves of her head looking like they belonged to different people.

One side gained something that the other *absolutely* didn't, though. From the left side of her nose down to the left side of her chin a thick scar was etched. Damaged skin looked to have been cut with a blade at some point in the past, the marking dipping between her eye and her nose before disappearing behind the silver bangs that framed that side of Iona's face.

The throbbing itself had begun to wane, but it was more because the ‘feel’ of it all seemed to be changing. That pull Iona had felt earlier on was growing stronger, and she was having difficulty thinking now *not* because of the pounding but because it was... Well, it would have been hard for the woman herself to explain but it felt like she was thinking two different sets of thoughts in tandem with each other, each thought slightly different from the one overlaying it. “*I don’t...feel well...*”

At the very least there was *one* change that ultimately ended the same regardless of her body’s size, and that was the fact that Iona’s body was shrinking. Viera women were *extremely* tall with even the shortest of them still being around six feet, but her own height took a deep dive down to 5’6”. Since she wore a purple top that only covered her chest and a matching pair of shorts, fortunately there was no clothing malfunction at the time. But since she was shorter and her weight had not changed, the compression did leave her tits and ass looking larger comparatively.

Or well, *one side* was like this. The right side that was marked by her long, blonde locks of hair didn’t just remain large – her most attractive regions grew even *larger* on this side. Her right tit ballooned, stretching the fabric of her top so that her underboob ultimately peeked out from beneath it, while one of her ass cheeks had a very similar experience on the same side. Excess mass saw that thigh bloat, similarly, giving half her body a bodacious and curvy design.

But the fit of the woman’s top and shorts didn’t result in any tearing because even though the right side of her body had seemingly swollen, the left? Well, it had done the opposite. Her leftmost tit *lost* the heft it had already possessed, deflating into a small A-cup that didn’t match the F-cup on the other side at all. Whereas her left ass cheek and thigh? They became similarly scrawny. It was difficult to see since she was still clothed, but even her *pubes* had been cut down the middle with the same colors as her hair. The silver ones were much shorter than the blondes, though.

Iona was momentarily incapable of mouthing words. The pulling... It was so strong that she couldn’t think straight to even *form* what she wanted to say, and it was now taking a physical toll. She was wobbling to and fro, footing unstable as mismatched hands and legs did their best to stop her from falling over. But wait, was the tugging sensation... *physical*? It had felt mental for so long, but now it felt as if someone was gripping both side of her body and pulling them away from each other.

RIIIIIIIIP!

Fortunately it wasn't her *body* that had made that tearing noise, but her body *was* the cause. Iona's flesh forced her clothing to rip, tatters falling to the ground because, well... She was *split into two*. The mismatched sides had been yanked away from one another, but instead of this *killing* her as one might expect, fully formed matching halves filled in what was missing on either side *as they parted*. That meant the scar on the face of the left half continued up the other side of the new side of this same face, and that the silver haired side was unilaterally small figured to contrast the *very* full figure of the blonde.

Both women, sourced from a singular individual, stumbled and looked back at one another with shock.

“What?”

“What?”

They asked the same question as if they were still of the same mind, but in reality they were thinking independently of each other now. Their memories were *inconsistent*. What was wrong about the woman that was staring back at them? Both girls noted just how pretty the other one was, even as the silver haired and scarred beauty shrunk even more down to 5'2". Neither of them saw this as odd though, and the blonde couldn't help but think the silver haired woman's appeal only grew the smaller she became.

It didn't help that both of them felt increasingly *out of it*. Iona had only taken a single sip of the coconut cocktail yet they both felt varying degrees of intoxicated as if to mask any potential shock they might have felt. The blonde haired Iona was just a *little* drunk compared to the smaller one, though. That girl was absolutely *plastered*.

“Why do I feel like something is wrong here?” The two of them were both thinking it, but the older looking woman was the one to ask it first. She expected an immediate response, but the other woman didn't really seem to have heard her? Was she really *that* out of it? **“Earth to my silver haired cutie~? You alright in there? We're trying to have a conversation you know!”** A *naked* conversation? Honestly while this sounded like a strange idea, the level of intimacy she felt with this woman – her other half – seemed to suggest that this definitely wasn't the first time that they had shared a conversation while being completely nude.

“**HIC!?**” It was the smaller of the two women, the one with silver hair, who hiccupped as the taste of booze filled the back of her throat. Considering she was the smaller bodied of the two it made some degree of sense that an alcoholic beverage would have hit her the hardest. *Mary Read* had been raised as a boy despite being a woman though, so she had long since grown accustomed to drinking. “**Aren’t you going to drink more, Anne...? You’re messing with me, aren’t you...?**”



The two of them were both naked, Iona’s splitting body having reduced what she had been wearing before into tatters that now rested near the foot of the bed between it and the table. The blonde and more voluptuous woman, *Anne Bonny*, merely giggled at her smaller partner’s comments. “**M-A-R-Y~! You know I think you’re just adorable when you’re drunk!**”



It made sense for her to act this way. While they had once been a singular person, neither of them remembered existing in that state. They were now two separate individuals, and to boot? They were romantic partners. While they would toy around with men here and there, Anne and Mary were

wholly committed to each other. So a little fooling around would... “**Oh! She passed out!**” The naked Mary had collapsed onto the bed and had started to snore cutely.

Well, a chance was a chance! And so Anne, still naked herself, snuggled up beside her girlfriend just as fireworks began to go off outside. She supposed they could resume in the morning!

“**How strange that they lost our luggage! Good thing they had swimsuits that fit us perfectly, mm~?**” The morning’s light had come, and the two women had been baffled to realize that their bags were nowhere to be seen. How scandalous for a pair of pirates to be robbed! Perhaps there was something karmic about such a development?

But after getting up the two of them had realized a pair of bikinis had been left for them. A black one for Anne's ample figure, and a smaller one for Mary's, well, *smaller* figure. She preferred the term 'petite' though! **"I guess... It's a little shady if you ask me, though. How did pirates even win a prize like this?"** She couldn't remember. Neither of them could. ***"HYAH!?"***

She was immediately distracted by Anne grabbing her ass though. **"Don't be like that, Mary! Just think of all the fun we're going to have together!"** She had a point. Maybe it *didn't* matter. They were at the resort now, and the weather was beautiful. Perhaps it was better to just savor the opportunity?