

JUST A MYTH(RA)

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was something that Nia hadn't really thought much about before, but *love* was complicated, wasn't it?

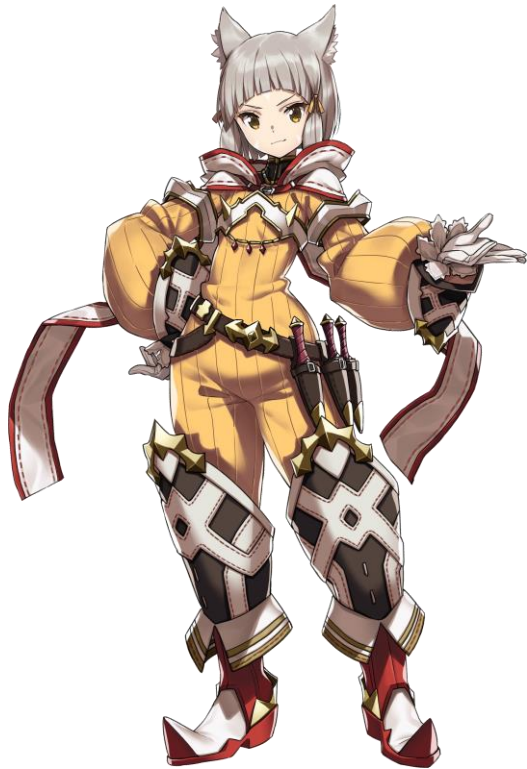
And that was *absolutely* what this feeling was. The Flesh Eater from Gormott had tried so hard to tell herself that it was something different, that not in one-hundred years could she desire the affection of another. Her life had been such a mess, after all. Her very existence was a stain on society itself. So how could she allow her to fall for him? How could she allow herself to fall for *Rex* of all people?

Yet that was how the cards had fell. He'd accepted her even after she had defected from Torna, and even after learning that she was actually a Blade, his opinion had remained unchanged. This acceptance meant far more to the cat-eared girl than she would ever let on, really. She couldn't bring herself to properly confess to him, and even then? There was a problem. She had a lot of competition.

Well, okay! Maybe she didn't have a lot of competition as much as the competition she *did* have was fairly potent. Whether it was clear to the woman herself or not however, was something Nia wasn't sure about. The Aegis, Mythra, had fallen for Rex herself. It was *so* obvious based on how she acted around him, and for Nia that was a big problem.

Mythra had everything she didn't. A more social personality, a bustier body. If not for her almost insufferable, princess-like attitude she would have been perfect. But she was still perfect enough that, in desperation, Nia had decided she needed to try and even the playing ground.

“Will this even work? I ‘aven’t heard much about spells to change a Blade’s appearance.” With everything set up, the girl was already doubting herself. The group had decided to stay at the inn on Argentum that night, in a strange gesture Nia had elected to get a room all by herself. Only because she wanted to put into practice a spell that could plausibly gift her the things she was lacking, though.



Ashamed as she was to admit it, she’d picked up a *‘How To Modify Your Blade’* guide from a shady dealer in the Trade Guild. It was the first she’d ever heard about such a procedure, and apparently it relied on magic of some sort, but she was more than willing to try anything to increase her chances of earning Rex’s affections.

Now that she’d set it all up though, she was having doubts. **“Never seen anything legit that’s called for a magic circle before, and yet...”** There she was, standing in the center of one drawn on the floor of her inn room, candles lit at the various points of intersection. **“Between needin’ special paints for the circle, and special candles. This *really* better work. But what do I do now?”** She affixed her attention back on the tiny pamphlet in her hands. **“Just state the desire for your Blade’s appearance, huh?”** That was easy enough to do.

“I wish I was on par with Mythra. Anythin’ more than that and it’d feel like cheating.”

There was an issue here, though. The instructions didn’t really state this, but it was important to be as detailed as possible when stating the desired form. Maybe this had been an intentional trick on the trader’s part, but it was much more likely he had sold her an old spell without knowing how it fully worked, not being a Driver himself. But either way, Nia was the one who was about to pay the price for it all.

“Aaaand nothing is happening. I should’ve assumed it was just a scam out the gate and saved my money.” Her disappointment was immeasurable when nothing happened immediately. The magic circle had glowed for a moment, but that light had already extinguished

and she was left looking, and feeling, the exact same. **“I wonder if I complained enough, if he’d refund me?”**

Nia was typically the type to just let faulty purchases go unanswered, so it was strange for her to immediately entertain complaining. Was it just because she had spent so much on a failed product? No, she simply felt emboldened somehow, for *some* reason. A subtle personality trait that didn’t at all belong wasn’t enough of a clue for Nia to realize the spell had actually worked though.

But, in fact, there were physical signs that something was happening – it just might not have been *exactly* what Nia had considered when she’d first made that wish.

Well, in the beginning it did appear like she might be getting exactly what she wanted if only because these changes were so minor that they seemed like they might be building towards what she wanted. When it came to Nia’s face, for example, the lashes on her eyes grew longer and prettier.

Her hands and feet were recrafted as well, with the digits upon her hands pulling longer and finding themselves decorated with lengthened, properly manicured fingernails that made the fit of her gloves a little uncomfortable. Feet, on the other hand, were robbed of their callouses as her boots felt a little too tight, almost like her feet had grown a size (*they definitely had*).

“Oi, what the hell’s goin’ on with my clothes? *I mean aside from them being unfashionable...* Wait, the hell’s wrong with my outfit!?” Why had she just insulted her own clothing sensibilities? She liked the way she dressed! It was warm, and cosy, *and totally super hideous!* *Ack!* She’d done it again! **“No, something’s not right here...”** While coming to this conclusion, she had managed to pull off her gloves to reveal her longer fingers. She didn’t look at them though, sadly.

Maybe it was for the best that she was beginning to have doubts about her one-piece outfit? After all, as time wore on it was evidently becoming more and more of a hindrance regardless of how comfortable she – or at least she once had – thought. **“Uh... Wait a second here! This really isn’t right!”** It was a tension around the clothes at her stomach that had made her aware of it, but her clothes were being stretched!

And there was only one thing that could be stretching them, seeing as there was no slack to be felt from the fabric. It was her *body*, that was

the only possibility that made any sense. So either her clothes were shrinking and *that* was causing the tension, or...

“Am I gettin’ taller!?! No way!” For all she’d assumed the spell wasn’t working, height was definitely a box she would have checked off for *‘things that would put her on even ground with Mythra’*. Still, with her body growing taller it became quite clear that her clothes were going to be a big problem. Pressure focused on the tops of her shoulders and the base of her groin while the most tugging could be felt around the belly area. It felt like she was receiving the world’s worst wedgie, more or less, and she was far too late for her to yank it off her body.

She only had one hope for relief, and to try and force it she brought both hands to the orange cloth above her gut and...

RIIIIIIP!

Fingers eventually broke through the center, and she was able to cause enough of a rip that the rest just came naturally, essentially separated the full-body piece into a top and a pair of pants at the expense of the outfit’s quality and integrity. *Oh well, it was ugly anyways!* One part of Nia’s subconscious thought this, but the other sobbed out of depression since it *was* her favorite outfit!

With her belly now bare, it was clear that she’d experienced more than just a little growth spurt. That tummy had become toned as hell, and while she’d been naturally fit before there was no denying that her bellybutton now looked deep enough to drink a shot from if one so desired. She didn’t. No way in hell anyone was allowed to touch her body without permission! *And that goes double for Rex!*

“So the spell is really working, then!?! *Well of course it is, seeing as I’m the one who cast it!*” Another egotistical comment, not typical of Nia at all, was blurted out in tandem with a smile that somehow appeared *fuller* than it had before. Her lips definitely looked thicker, and they sported a natural gloss that was enticing for any that might wish to kiss her. Then again, there was something to be said of the state of her face in general.

It looked less and less cat-like, for one. The markings upon it had faded, and there was a much sharper angle to Nia’s jaw that made raised cheeks all the more beautiful. Her eyes still shone gold, of course, but with thinned brows and thickened lashes, they were far more naturally beautiful. In terms of height and facial beauty, she could easily be likened to a supermodel.

Although those comparisons could be drawn further, for Nia's lackluster figure had begun to develop. She now had a height to rival Mythra, but the curves? Cursed with wide hips but a small butt and chest, she'd always assumed there was no hope for her there. But now, the pants that hung on only by the mercy of those wide hips inflated at the mercy of their contents. More plainly put: the girl's thighs were thickening, and in a way that her wide hips ultimately stretched wider still.

The meat that decorated her upper legs only served to compliment the muscles that had previously swollen there. It left the skin around them pulled tight, a rosy pink settling across it naturally while a soft jiggle became passive behavior for any movement she made with those legs. **"Legs like Mythra's too, and... Yup!"**

Nia's voice had sharpened so that it was a perfect match for Mythra's, yet that wasn't a point of interest for her. Instead she'd craned her neck over her shoulder to watch the seat of her pants fill out vigorously – no shortage of enthusiasm withheld in how those cheeks popped into an idealized bubble shape.

Of course, with a big butt typically came an equally big set of honkers; or so Nia had expected considering all of her other desires had come true without a hitch. She wasn't off the mark though, because the front of her top inflated with a weight that forced her posture to lean forward while hands reached up to help support them in the process. Her paltry showing of titty had exploded into a pair of F knockers guaranteed to turn heads (*and Nia knew that from experience, because they'd turned even her head*).

"They're huge too! Just like... Actually, why do I keep saying like Mythra?" It was the first time she'd questioned it without any reason *to* question it before, but now? **"I am Mythra, right? So of course I'd look like Mythra!"** That went without saying, didn't it? Or... Actually, wasn't something about that wrong?

Or was it just a typical blonde moment? A stereotype to be sure, but considering Nia's hair had suddenly taken on a golden sheen – perhaps not one that didn't fit in this situation? This golden blonde laced the entire length of it and *more*, with hair spilling out almost violently behind her. Some pooled into her open hood, but the rest fell freely in a style that was as straight as could be. Her bangs were very long too, but curved out and to the left so that her vision wasn't at all obscured by them.

Not to be excluded, her furry ears also found themselves golden... but only because they were becoming one with the head upon her hair, really. They folded in and flattened, leaving the woman deaf temporarily

before fresh cartilage shaped on the sides of her head where ears would typically be found on those *not* of Gormott descent.

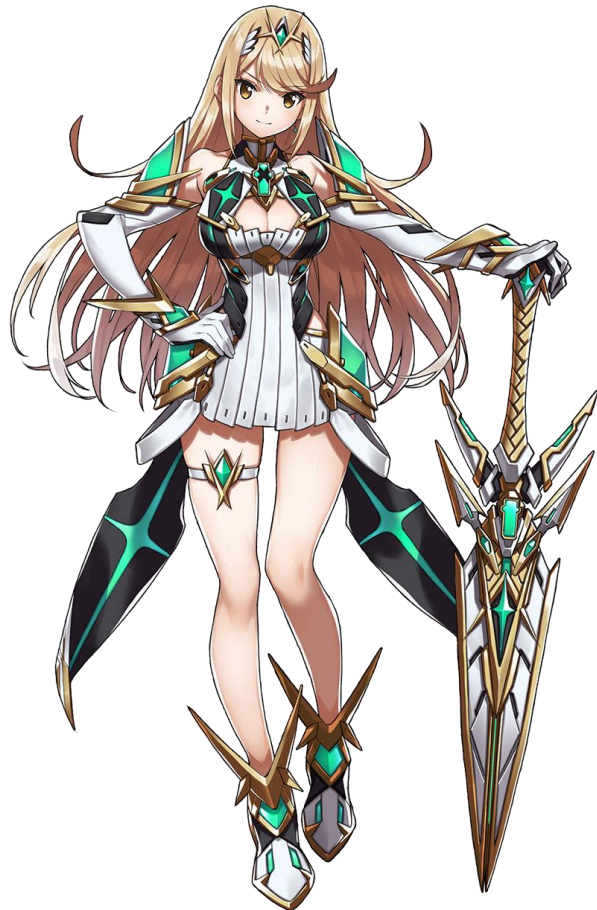
The woman blinked. **“Man, I really feel off. I need to hop into a hot spring or something, but Argentum doesn’t have anything like that, does it? That really sucks.”** Thinking her confusion just a side effect of exhaustion, she continued to spit out comments that came across as entirely spoiled and bratty. Just like a certain Aegis.

“Ugh... I feel like I was hit by a Titan.” Slender fingers held her forehead as the Blade swayed from side to side in place. Her whole body ached, and what the heck was even up with her clothes? **“I’m dressed like... Nia?”** No, she wasn’t dressed *like* her. That would imply that the outfit had fit. But instead it looked like she’d just stolen Nia’s costume and forced it onto her body, more or less destroying it in the process.

Well, I do have a much nicer figure after all!

With that arrogant line of reasoning, the fact that she was no longer Nia at all was more than plain. There had been some hope that something might have persevered in terms of memory or personality, but nope. Just as her body suggested, she had become *Mythra* through and through. The wording of the Blade’s desired form had been much, much too vague. Wishing to be ‘*on par with Mythra*’ had more or less invited this outcome, but of course there had been no indication in the notes that she’d mentally become her as well.

And what she didn’t realize – in the room where the original Mythra had been staying, there was now a Nia dressed in an oversized version of Mythra’s costume. They had, effectively, switched their very existences. There was no indication of this sort of their outfits, but the new Mythra fixed her own issue with a snap of her fingers. What sort of all-powerful Blade would she be if she didn’t have a spare outfit stashed away that she could materialize at will?



“Is this the inn room I rented for the night? I mean I guess it *must be. No one else is here.*” After patting down her dress and flipping her blonde locks over her shoulder in the most extra way possible, the new Mythra allowed her plush tush to rest upon the bed. **“But I wonder what Rex is doing right now...?”** She’d blurted this out without thinking, and with cheeks turned red was quick to correct herself. **“I-I mean! I don’t care what he’s doing! I don’t care about him at all! He’s just a nuisance!”**

At least regarding the question of ‘did Mythra realize her own feelings for Rex’, ‘Nia’ now had an answer, because they were her own feelings. She did not, in fact, understand. Or perhaps she did, but she was trying to bury them. Either way, there was no way in Alrest was she ready to admit that she had a crush on Rex!

“But if I did, I guess I definitely have an advantage over all the other girls. I mean, just *look at me!*”