

ALL SAINT'S SHAKE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



All Saint's Wake had been a curious event this year. The celebration, that as always took place in Old Gridania at Mih Khetto's Ampitheater, and as always there was some manner of ghoulish delight that attracted people from around Eorzea and beyond. This year was *exceptionally* bizarre, because through the efforts of some imps that had come to participate, enjoyers could take the forms of monstrous Voidsent and parade around town.

So marvelous was the idea that it had attracted even the curiosity of three adventurer friends. They didn't exactly always, nor even *often* travel together, but they did at least all attempt to meet up a few times per year. Hydaelyn was a big planet with an infinite number of places to explore, so it went without saying that even adventurers would have different goals in the grand scheme of things.

"And what did you think?" Walking along with her two friends, Mitsu the Raen Au Ra was the first to ask about their individual experiences. Dressed in Shisui gear, exposing much of her body, and with shorter red hair, she actually might have stood out the least among the three of them considering how the other two looked.

The first reply came in a quiet voice. **"It was certainly... enlightening."** So said the blonde Au Ra, Dreah. She was the quietest of the three, often keeping to herself whenever she could. Yet she was also a mighty Dragoon, contrasting with Mitsu's role as a Paladin. Hand held to her chest, she wasn't even certain in her own opinion, looking to the woman between the two of them.

S'aiya was the only woman of the three that *wasn't* an Au Ra, and was instead a brown-haired and slightly tanned Miko'te. She stood out because of her proportions, being a rather shapely woman in the breast area. But it had been worse in the past – after once upon a time suffering at the hands of a curse that had made her that way. **“What? You two never been transformed before?”**

The other two lamented that their Miko friend *had* endured something of the sort before, but before long the three of them were laughing. At least until something fluttered in front of them. An imp? **“Madames, would you be interested in partaking in something a little more *in-depth*? I overheard that you all enjoyed out preliminary offerings.”**

But it didn't really *seem* like an invitation, because the imp soon cast an enchantment that tugged on the three women and, one by one, they *disappeared*.



“Where... am I?” Mitsu was practically spinning around in place as she did her best to comprehend what had just happened. That imp, whom she had thought was a transformed helper for the event, had come so quickly that none of them had been able to respond in time. And now not only were they separated, but she was standing in, well... a *very* fancy home.

It was big. A mansion? **“Too rich for my blood...”** But the breeze drifting in through a nearby window was cool and smelled of the ocean. Gridania was nowhere *near* the sea. How was this possible? Obviously the imp had used some sort of magic, but what and why were still questions that needed answering. **“Maybe I should ask *one of my lovely staff?*”**

...Huh?

“What did I just say? I've never had any... *staff?*” And she'd meant it in the sense of maids and butlers when it had been uttered. Mitsu didn't live that sort of grounded lifestyle where she could keep around help like that. Although this unprompted twisting of her commentary wasn't even the strangest thing that ultimately happened over the next few seconds. But it *was* a piece of a much bigger picture. Although speaking of *much bigger?* **“Whoa!?”**

The woman's gasp of surprise certainly *wasn't* unwarranted, because a strange inertia prompted her arms out to her sides to maintain her balance... while those arms themselves grew longer and longer. But it wasn't *just* her arms, either. Her legs and torso stretched all the same, with hands and feet following suit so nothing appeared proportionally incorrect in the end. This meant her fingers were longer and her feet were wider. "**Am I growing!?**", was all she cried midst it, knowing it was true.

Ultimately her height had peaked at six feet, a height that was utterly unobtainable for an Au Ra woman. The men of her race could reach that height easily, but most of the women fluttered around the five foot mark due to the nature of their genes. Fortunately Mitsu had been wearing gear that largely only covered the essentials loosely, so short of her sleeves and tights being pulled slightly down her limbs, there wasn't much in the way of clothing malfunction *yet*.

"How is this possible? First the change in location to *my sweet little home*, and now I've gotten taller?" Even as she said it though, was her height truly an *issue*? Could she, perhaps, have always been this height? As she pondered this and the agitation that she had felt had begun to fizzle, the features that *made* her an Au Ra began to erode. Her curved white horns, for example? From the tips to their bases they crumbled into a fine powder, allowing a pair of long and pointed ears of flesh to unfold in their absence.

The white scales across her body fared no better, and with how skimpy the Paladin's clothing was it was easy to see the white scales flake away and leave her skin completely clear of their influence. Of course, as it was clear she was racially leaning towards becoming an Elezen, the scaled tail behind her would do her no good. And so it was seemingly severed from her person, hitting the ground behind her where it was propped up and turned into a wooden coat rack.

Mitsu's serious and concerned expression melted as her feelings on the matter became less questioning and more passive. Things she had believed to be strange a moment ago no longer felt as such. Though the softening of her expression *was* helped by a change in her facial *design*. "**Perhaps I'm overthinking things?**" Her voice, soft and airy now, communicated her current headspace. That clearly she had been overthinking something, even if she couldn't recall *what*.

Yet the lips through which she spoke had swollen to twice their original thickness, while her chin had pulled farther from an enlarged nose to give her face a longer and thinner look. While her eyes did grow a touch rounder, they also grew a bit larger too. Lashes fluttered longer while her irises found a more common brown. There was something *aged*

about it all, with Crow's feet finding themselves in the corners of those eyes though. Like she was a woman pushing forty rather than a young adult.

The color that soon swept through all of the hair on her body, on the other hand, almost suggested an even *greater* age even though that *wasn't* the case. Because the silver that bled in to replace its darker color was simply genetic, not a side effect of being older. It quickly overtook all of her locks though, and before long not only was it all dyed in this color, but it had grown slightly longer to accommodate her new height as well.

“*Hah...*” The woman sighed wistfully, no longer thinking of being estranged in an unfamiliar place nor of that fact that her body was changing. Rather, she was distracted by something else entirely as the clothing that framed her clothes gradually tightened. Her breasts had swollen several sizes, which in turn meant her top was more restrictive than ever – yet their growth seemed to be somewhat supplemented by the fact that she was older, for even her tummy bulged out a bit with hips widening to accommodate her lower half.

Her thighs and ass were more or less the same in this regard. They became much ampler, with the skirt she was wearing unable to properly hold them as underwear were wedged in the crack of the new heart shape of her rear, and the front pressed in on thighs that were meaty both from natural beauty and signs of aging. It was all very much an inappropriate outfit for a woman of her *age and status*.

Yet in the blink of an eye her whole outfit was replaced by a beautiful dress of baby blues and whites, elegant and refined as her posture had become. Even Mitsu's hair was tied up by a black bow behind her.

“*I'm glad that he's getting on well with the children now, but he's certainly gone much more these days...*” The Elezen woman sighed wistfully whilst propping herself up into the enclave of the open window of her foyer. Tall as she was, she only barely fit. But *Ameliance Leveilleur* was used to tucking herself in there. Her husband was always away from home and while her children had returned to Sharlayan, they were occupying his time as well since the Final Days had been averted.



Still, the woman couldn't help but feel a little lonely. Everyone else was out adventurer, while she was at home a wife. **"Oh, but wouldn't that be an interesting idea?"** The thought struck her and she sprung up. **"I may not be cut out for adventuring, but surely there is something I can do to help my children and husband?"** She *did* have a lot of skills!

The moment she came to this conclusion though? Mitsu was blotted from history's records.



"I-It's s-s-s-so cold!" There was nothing warm *nor* comforting about where Dreah found herself after that imp had used its strange magic. Gone was the mild comfort of Gridania's comfort, and instead she had been plunged into the bone-chilling cold of Ishgard at night. *Late* at night it seemed, because no one was walking about. And it was snowing. **"I-I-Ishgard!? How did I get here?"** She had been here before, but with the appropriate clothing. Clothing she was *not* wearing.

At the very least, she rationalized, there must have been an inn nearby that she could house in for the night while trying to find answers to the questions she now had. Whether she could get there without freezing her buns off, on the other hand, was a completely different issue. At least it had been one, until she found herself swathed in something warmer. **"Huh...?"**, she squeaked.

Where had this big, leather jacket come from?

So much was happening here that Dreah naturally found overwhelming. She was a soft-spoken individual even when she was comfortable, so to be so out of her element in such an alarming situation truly left her feeling like a fish out of water. Nonetheless, she began to push down the city street under the dark of night, clutching the leather jacket of questionable origin to herself since it was several sizes too large for her.

As the wind bit at her face and legs and she groaned with discomfort though? She wasn't exactly concerned about its sizing. Though the fact that the cold was biting at her face so fiercely might have struck her as strange if she had taken a moment to think critically about it. Normally both areas were covered sparingly with *scales* that at least pushed away

the elements somewhat. But was it just so cold that the wind bit *through* them? *No*. Rather, the wind seemed to have chipped away at them, and as she pushed against its terror these chips were pulled away, leaving her skin void of any scales whatsoever even *beneath* her clothing.

“Nn... Where is the nearest inn? *Isn't that obvious though?*”

Two questions came rapid fire from her mouth, the second answering the first despite the fact that Dreah *didn't* think it was all that obvious. But maybe it was? *Didn't she know this city like the back of her hand?* No... That wasn't the case. Was it?

Still, she lowered her head further to shield the sides of her head better from the cold. Had the weather chilled even her *horns*? With the understanding of her own biology that the Au Ra held, that would have been the obvious conclusion... if not for the fact that her curved horns had gone the same way as her scales. Not that the sides of her head were blank now, though. Rather? A set of fleshy ears had taken their place, slightly pointed but not as much so as a pure-blooded Elezen's might be.

And Dreah's tail? Well, it had already numbed and fallen off, buried somewhere in the snow behind her.

Somehow, the snow accumulating in her hair stood out a lot more obviously than it had before. Snow was white and her hair was bright blonde, so it went without saying that it was a *little* difficult to see under normal circumstances. But these also *weren't* normal circumstances. The snow stood out more obviously because the woman's locks had come under a spell themselves, blondes darkening to an undeniable dark violet as the length grew and style changed. Before long, bangs had almost doubled in their stretch and had been swept to the right.

“*Ugh... This weather is unbearable.*” She groaned, uncharacteristically, about the weather eventually. Though even though she was complaining? She somehow felt more familiar with this biting cold. Like she could recall walking through it time and time again – something that was common for all Ishgardians.

She stopped for a moment though, for she felt a touch disoriented. **“*Hm?*”** Was it the sound of her voice? Had it always sounded so *gruff*? The woman supposed it must have, but distracted by the confusion she paid no attention to something else. The fact that the fit of the leather jacket she was wearing no longer required her to hold it in place. The reasoning for this was two-fold, and one of those reasons was that her height had perked up to 5'6”.

Which, again, was awfully short for a pure-blooded Elezen, lending credence to the idea that her blood was likely *mixed*.

The other facet contributing to the jacket no fitting properly came from Dreah's *figure*. Overall she had become a little fuller in weight and muscle to accommodate her new height, but her torso had swelled broader and her breasts? Well, the jacket hid it quite well, but they practically *doubled* in size. Before long they practically occupied the entirety of the insides of the jacket, along with an undershirt that had appeared there at some point.

Legs that had felt as if they might become frostbitten found some relief thanks to the appearance of a pair of thick, black pants and matching thigh high boots. They disguised, in part, what was taking place underneath them though, as thighs swelled with delight and her ass bloated into a peach shape that truly made good use of how tight these pants were.

She hardly looked like herself any longer, nor acted like it for her posture exuded much more confidence now down to how she kept her hands, which were now clad in brown, leather gloves. But if there was any sign of Dreah still being Dreah? It was her face. **“Seriously, what’s wrong with me?”** But it didn’t remain a clue for much longer, growing fuller and rounder, with lips that were thick and begging to be kissed. Her eyes became much more circular but didn’t really *grow*, although her irises *did* shine with red. From the new shape of her nose, her face revealed a mix of features that indicated her new mixed genealogy.

And with her hair tied up in the back? All was done.

“Why am I lingering out here on such a cold night? I need to bundle up and head on in...” Or so *Hilda Ware* reasoned. Half-Elezen and half-Hyur, society frowned upon her very existence as a woman born of two races. There was no denying that she had suffered throughout her life because of this, and ultimately she had formed a small group of rebels known as *The Hounds*. With Ishgard’s current political climate with the Warrior of Light making its walls their home, they were needed more than anything.

Evidently she thought nothing of having had another life as an Au Ra Dragoon. She was a Machinist through and through, and the happiness and sadness of her current life was all



she could *truly* recall. She had to meet with her informants at The Forgotten Knight to see what the noblemen were up to. And knowing Ishgard's higher authorities? It was likely no good. And Hilda reinforced that with a comment she made under her breath.

“Screw the bloody church.”

With that comment? Records of Dreaah ever existing then ceased to exist.



“The Royal Promenade? How in the Thirteen Realms did I end up here, exactly?” S'aiya was *obviously* just as confused about her sudden change as locale as her friends had been, but just as been the case with the other two, it hadn't been something that could occur to her that there had been a change in *time* as well. Forget the same day, it wasn't even the same *year*.

At least she knew where she was. She was in Ul'Dah, on the Royal Promenade late at night. It was a red-carpeted location that led up to where one might meet the city state's sultana, but while it was largely vacant during peak hours it was basically empty *now*. S'aiya could only assume the sultana was back at her quarters, being taken care of by whatever servants she had.

She was wrong.

“No... I've been tied up with... meetings?” The Miqu'te blinked. **“Huh? What did I just say?”** She had been thinking of the sultana and had just blurted that out as if to correct herself? Why? How could she even know what the sultana was doing? And why did she correct herself as if she *was* the sultana in question? It was a real headscratcher, and a sign that something was *amiss*.

Much like her friends, there wasn't much of a delay between when her thoughts got all wonky and signs of physical change began. S'aiya's skin was typically a fairly notable tan in color, yet all of the melanin seemed to seep from her flesh – leaving her complexion lighter with a touch of pink. That said, pink was going to become a largely *common* color when it came to her overall visage.

It had *already* emerged elsewhere, in fact, as a pastel pink that bit at the tips of her orange-brown locks. Spreading oh so quickly, it wasted no time in reaching down to her roots, not altering the length but seeing

the style become wavier and wavier with time. If bound it might even have a wilder and messy look, whereas her bangs found themselves swept above her left eye. **“No... This is wrong. I’m not supposed to be here... Right?”** Why was she not *certain* of that? It was certainly something that she probably *should* have been certain about.

From behind the curtains of her pink hair, two growths eventually emerged from the sides of her head. Long, flat, and pointed – they were clearly a pair of furless ears and resembled Elezen ears... in a sense. But they *weren’t*. There was another race on Hydaelyn that had pointed ears, after all. When it came to the furred Miquote ears under the woman’s hat though? They had been absorbed back into her head, their absence unnoticed thanks to the hat in the first place.

S'aiya shook her head. **“What was *that*?”** Her hearing had felt funny in the interim, as Miquote had much more powerful ears than the new ones she had been bestowed. Yet while she initially found it strange? She ultimately shook it off. If she had no need for her cat ears, though? Well, then the furry tail behind her was just as unneeded. And like a hose being reeled in it was quickly absorbed back into her tailbone, brown fur and all.

There was an uncanny feeling of imbalance that struck the woman next, causing her to step from side to side as she tried to comprehend just what it was. She almost felt *lighter* somehow? It was perplexing from the woman’s perspective, but from an audience’s point of view it couldn’t be *more* obvious.

After all, the well that was her F-cup bosom was *rapidly* drying up. Almost like a pair of balloons deflating, her nipples gradually fell closer and closer to her ribcage while the fat that composed them was drained away. The skin that wrapped around them tightened in kind, and her nipples shrunk away until they were pretty much nothing of note, and in the end the front of her white top was completely flat. That wasn’t to say she was without a bust, but the A-cups she now possessed could hardly be seen as anything substantial.

Much was the same when it came to her ass and thighs, in fact. They deflated without pause, leaving legs thin and her rump almost nonexistent. Combined with what had happened to her chest, one might assume her destiny was to become *substantially* younger than she was. But that *wasn’t* S'aiya’s fate. After all, the needle of her age wouldn’t drop a day below twenty-one. That didn’t mean *nothing* would drop, though.

“I’m... I... Perhaps all the work is getting to me? I feel a touch tired.” Not only was the woman’s voice softer now, but she was

speaking in a manner that was much more *proper*. Like she was someone who held a position of great renown, where speaking in such a way was essentially required. As she even spoke it, though? Her lips thinned into mere pencil lines compared to what they had been before. Her face on the whole distorted in shape so that it was almost a perfect circle when it came to her cheeks and chin. And her eyes? They followed suit while inheriting a turquoise color.

Facially, she resembled a Lalafell. The miniature race of Eorzea that were common in Ul'Dah. In fact, the city state's own sultana was of this race. Which certain made sense, all things considered. But S'aiaya, with a Lalafell's face and lack of curves, looked utterly bizarre while still standing at a height of 5'5". And so a drop in height was desperately in order.

Arms instantly were thrown out to her sides as the world around S'aiya began to grow *dramatically* larger. "**Oh my!**" It was a sensory overload that momentarily stunned her, as her outfit slowly but surely swallowed her body whole thanks to how *excessive* her drop in height seemed. She shrunk in a way that wasn't even consistent, with arms and legs essentially becoming stumps compared to her torso, fingers left short and thick, with feet little more than stubs coming off the ends of thick ankles.

On the other hand? Her body became much more *rotund*. Hips maintained a notable width despite how stubby her legs were, while shoulders narrowed to the base of her tinier neck. This left her torso to better resemble the lower half of an hourglass, with it swelling out towards her hips. She was extremely wide near her hips as a result, but there was no separation between her hips and her stomach. Which the young woman almost looking more like a garden vegetable in shape than a person.

Such was the curse the Lalafell bore.

"It's so terribly dark!" Having bottomed out at a meager *three feet* in height, the woman's head was lost beneath the pile of clothing that had fit her at her previous height. But it was only for a moment, before it all transformed into an elegant, bejeweled gown of pink, red, white and gold that puffed out around her legs. Red boots decorated tiny tootsies, and a tiara was nestled atop a head of hair that was now pulled into twin tails. **"Erm... Of course it's dark? It's become nighttime."** Why had she even pointed out the time?

“I cannot believe I had meetings *this late*. Times like these I truly miss Raubahn.” No longer still, the tiny legs of the Lalafell sultana began to climb the stairs back up to the meeting room at the top of the promenade. She had just left to see her guests from afar back to their inn, and now she had to meet with one of the maids that took care of her before they went back to her home. *Nanamo Ul Namu* knew that her position was a difficult one, but it was something she was committed to doing.



Nonetheless, she sighed. It had been a long time now since the Final Days had been averted but it didn't seem as if her work would ever cease. She needed rest, certainly, but something else burned within the small sultana as well. A desire to seek and explore, to engage in new experiences altogether. **“Well, I suppose my schedule is open tomorrow.”** A smile played upon thin lips. **“Perhaps I'll sneak out.”**

And finally, S'aiya's existence was snuffed out from history.