

# SCHOLARLY WAY

## COMMISSION STORY

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L'luna Winterbloom certainly wasn't a woman that lacked opportunities to earn Gil under normal circumstances. She was a strong and talented Viera woman that had a plethora of skills under her belt. She was, like many adventurers by this juncture, a master of her craft as a Dancer. In terms of level she had maxed herself out, and as a result there were plenty that sought her out for this alone.

Which was fairly dangerous for a woman of her level of self-confidence. Luna *already* had attitude issues, struggling to get along with strangers because she was forceful and haughty, even if deep down she only had the best intentions for the friends and family that surrounded her. If you threw in the feeling that people *needed* you, which was certainly how she had taken the influx of work that had landed on her doorstep recently, and it was more or less a recipe for disaster.

Because the feeling of being needed could beget arrogance if one's ego went unchecked, and that was a big issue of Luna's. She required constant reminders from her friends to keep things in perspective, that just because people had jobs for her, it didn't mean that everyone *wanted* her. She wasn't a necessity, she was a luxury. But most of her friends hadn't been working alongside her in Limsa Lominsa by this juncture.

**“We’ve reviewed your offer, but we believe you are a little *too* experienced for our party. Thank you for your interest!?”** And so all it took was a written dismissal in response to a work application she had sent in to piss the white-haired bunny woman off. She'd grown complacent and believed that no matter *what* job or quest she applied to, that people would bend over backwards to bring her on. Most



adventurers of *her* skill level wouldn't reach out to the inexperienced normally, after all! Well... That line of thinking *was* pretty flawed at the end of the day.

L'luna couldn't believe that she was being deemed *too experienced* to aid with a leveling party! What kind of crap was that!? Clearly they were just too intimidated by her excellence! But just as she had been about to throw the page in the trash bin, the woman noticed something. Writing on the back of the page, along with a line for placing a signature.

**BUT IF YOU WISH TO BE ACCOMMODATED, PLEASE SIGN HERE AND RESUBMIT YOUR APPLICATION.**

**“Accommodated? Wouldn't I be the one accommodating *them*?”** She really did *not* seem to like the implication that she would somehow be a hindrance to them just by being stronger. How would they even accomplish 'accommodating' her

in the first place? It didn't make a like of sense! But Luna? She was *beyond* prideful. When faced with a challenge, *any* challenge, she would force herself to rise to the occasion.

And so, grumbling to herself, she grabbed a quill from the nearby desk of her inn room and began to scribble her name on the line with the parchment pressed against the nearby wall. Whether this was some form of mockery or not, she was dead set on proving them wrong. Because bringing her bad attitude into the mix of a bunch of level 50 adventures sounded like a *great idea* (*it didn't*).

Perhaps the Viera should have read the *fine print* beneath the bolded text, however. It was very, very small, so small that a magnifying glass would have been needed to read it. But it explained what she had been wondering – the absolute exact means through which she would be *accommodated*. Not that she would have believed what it said even if she *had* read it.

With the paper signed, she dropped the quill and went to storm back to Limsa's branch of the Adventurer's Guild in order to resubmit this paperwork. But she paused just short of the door, after looking down at the paper she had signed. That signature... **"That's not my handwriting?"** Heck, she couldn't really make out what was written, but it didn't even look like *her name*!

Which was funny, because it was actually *neater* than how she typically wrote.

Much to her surprise, she found herself struggling even *further* with what she was reading. Not because of the parchment or the font, mind you. **"Why the hell can't I...? What happened to my eyes!?"** She didn't want to believe it, but after seeing the text become more visible after squinting, it certainly seemed to be more likely that it was true. *It* being that her vision had taken a big, stinky nosedive. What had once been a perfect 20/20 had degraded down to something naturally fuzzy. It wasn't something that had occurred without any physical indicators, either. Her eyes had taken on a steely blue that *wasn't* their traditional color.

**"Why can't I see!?"** Driven to agitation so quickly, the *great* L'luna Winterbloom tossed the paper she had been holding to the ground. The damage done to her ability to perceive would most certainly be beneficial in the end. Not to Luna herself, mind you, but to the forces that had stolen away that perfect vision in the first place. It was much harder to react to things that you couldn't *see* at the end of the day!

That said, the degradation wasn't at all isolated to her eyesight. Luna, gradually, became *weaker*. For reference, the Viera were a naturally strong people. The women were tall, and their bodies were fit and firm even leading a *regular* lifestyle, much less one that was dedicated to combat like this one's was. L'luna? She was pretty damn jacked.

Or, at least, *she had been*. Fatigue struck her all at once, gradually worsening, for all of the muscles upon her figure had begun to flatten. Their power lost, there was no need for them to retain their existing shapes – that much was clear. It left her tanned body looking quite soft, with all of her baked in firmness now a soft dough suggestive of a lifestyle that wasn't *as* physically intensive. **"Why is it so hard to move? My body feels like molasses..."**

There was difficulty found in even raising her hand. Had it always looked so... soft? No, it hadn't. Because all of the callouses earned from her adventuring had faded to leave skin almost *entirely* pristine short of healing cuts that looked to have been earned from flipping paper. She couldn't really make that issue out though, not with her eyes as they

were. Even her arms looked the same to her with how blurry her vision had become.

A fair question to ask at this juncture was: was her vision the only thing impeding her ability to understand what was happening to her body? Plenty of it could be dismissed with poor eyesight, but there were things that could also just be *felt*.

There was no better example of this than the woman's breasts, for their sizes soon undid themselves within the front of her gown. Pulsating somewhat as it happened, it was clear enough that it was happening even if you stole a simple glance. Her white dress was flattening where her breasts were situated after all, and there really *wasn't* anything else that could have been causing that.

Within, it wasn't just the size of the mounds themselves that was crumbling under its own mass. Her darker nipples followed suit, downgrading a coin size to better suit the size of the protrusions beneath them. It wasn't long before her tits were hardly even B-cups, though there were no shortage of descriptors for just how perky they were. In a way they almost seemed more *youthful*, as if while smaller, they belonged to a woman that was slightly younger than Luna was currently.

Concurrently, like a plague that only affect how naturally sexy someone was, it did damage to her ass and thighs as well. The *back* of her dress appeared to deflate much like the front had, with all thanks due to the cheeks of her buttocks compressing so that while tight and form, they were much flatter on the whole. At no point were they robbed of their femininity, but they most definitely weren't as bombastic as the ass she was used to.

This went double for her thighs, which had been left to seem even bigger with her initial loss of muscle. The fat that they had been melted into had simply bolstered the meet of her legs, but not only did that excess disappear, but extra helpings were removed in due time to boot. Without her muscle, and without the curves that contributed to the Viera's self-confidence, she now looked to be strangely lanky.

And if the fact that Luna hadn't been reacting to such substantial changes sounded strange? Well, it *was*. But the woman herself couldn't really *help* it. If she gained too much awareness of the situation she might have sought help, and so it was imperative that she was left as ignorant as possible. Even now, the chemicals in her brain were changing – as were her memories.

**“Is this... right?”** After saying it with a voice that was much more nasally than normal, the woman pondered the meaning of her own

words. Had something struck her as strange? *What* had? It was difficult to make out anything unusual *without her glasses*. ...Did she wear glasses? *Of course she did! Else she wouldn't be able to see!*

While rendered ignorant of the proceedings by this point, not even she could stifle a “*Whoa!?*” as it almost felt like the floor had been pulled out from under her. That wasn't quite the case, however. With her body thinned, it was next squished – height compressed from around six feet to around the *five foot* mark. Her dress, naturally, ended up trailing against the cobblestone flooring of her inn room, but at least the back under up lifting off if it *somewhat*.

Courtesy of, of all things, an *added appendage*. It stretched from the base of her spine, where her tailbone would usually be hidden as Viera did not possess tails despite two other races having them. But out it grew, skin hardening as snow-white scaled crested around the bone. Before long the back of her dress was lifted up by a tail of reptilian nature, and patches of matching scales hardened from the skin of her forearms, hips, and lower legs.

It was undoubtedly the tail of a Raen Au Ra, for only that clad had scales of white. For a moment it seemed like they were appearing elsewhere too, as hard white saw clots of fur upon her bunny ears fall out. But those ears bent, curved, and slid down so that they were mounted at her head's sides. Resembling horns of the very same race that her tail suggested. Luna was, all things considered, now an Au Ra instead of a Viera. At least that explained her height!

According to the woman's own memories however, this had always been the case. She could recall being born overseas, and taking an interest in magic at a young age. She was something of a dork, really, but she didn't mind! She couldn't *imagine* being strong, much less rude or condescending. Almost like it was suggestive of this, a pastel pink erupted across her white hair. White hair that straightened and shortened, while bangs were naturally swept to reveal her entire forehead.

The document on the floor, at the process' conclusion, suddenly gave off a flash of light that the young woman reacted to just as quickly as she forgot about it. The aspects of her face had become much rounder and much plainer, giving her an 'everyday young lady' sort of aesthetic. Nothing about her appearance really stood out, and she knew that because, well, she could see again!

Rounded glasses had been placed on her nose, though she was fumbling to keep pushing them up at first. “*Why won't these stay on?*” Her nose had still been rounding and shrinking to accommodate them, but

her glasses were only part of it. Her *entire* outfit had been replaced with the gear of an adventurer that belonged to the Scholar teaching, and those clothes were only available to those of a very low level. It spoke to a humbler time, one where she was nowhere near as talented as she had once been.

No longer were her glasses continuously sliding down the bridge of her nose, and that was because the nose in question was now fully adjusted to fit the rim of those glasses (*where typically it would be the other way around*). And so after pushing them up one final time, or at least until something provoked her into leaning forward, the rounded lenses seemed to settle in a fixed position.

**“Now that’s a touch better…”** Her voice soft and carrying a hum of uncertainty, it was hard to believe based on personality alone that this had once been the arrogant Viera adventurer that had occupied the room prior. Tugging at her robes, the rebranded Dancer now fumbled about in the garb of a Scholar – a well-studied healer that utilized faeries in their magical techniques. The outfit was much thicker and less revealing than what she had worn before.

But honestly? She didn’t have the confidence to wear something that was even a smidge revealing now. The thought of showing off the skin of her modest, Raen Au Ra body made her bashful, and she couldn’t even *fathom* getting changed in the presence of another person – *especially* another woman. Because not only was she shy, but she was *super* gay as well. Not that she believed she had much of a chance in that field, not with how she *always* had her face buried in a book.

It was strange, though. Something deep down took issue with her current circumstances. Like there was a voice unlike her own deep down that was trying to break free. It came in waves – strong at first, but eventually it simmered down until she could hear it no longer. Because L’luna Winterbloom had fizzled away, becoming one with who she was now.

A nineteen year old novice adventurer with the name *Myra Melancia*. She was gay, she was shy, and she was inexperienced. Having come to



Eorzea from Kugane at a young age, she had spent much of her life living in the shadows until refugees had come ashore. But now? She was adjusting to living in the light again. She couldn't believe just how many jobs that were available to someone who was learning like she was!

Even now, Myra was on her way to the Adventurer's Guild to submit the application that she had dropped! **"Oh! How could I let that slip out of my hands!?"** She leaned down to grab it, and practically skipped towards the door. Hopefully she didn't trip and fall on her face on the way, but such was an issue with being a spellcaster. Her physical fitness certainly wasn't what it should have been.

She really hoped that her application would be accepted! If she could meet some new friends, that would be great as well! Meeting a cool, beautiful senior that she could fall in love with, and— Well! Despite not thinking that she had much of a chance in any romantic situations, that didn't mean that she wasn't allowed to fantasize, did it?

But who would love a bookworm like her?