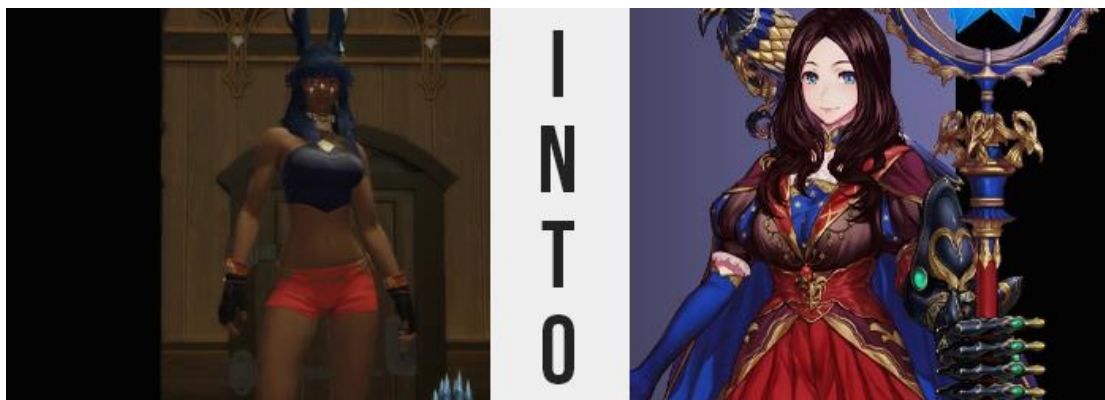


CASTER DISASTER

JANUARY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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It wasn't like Iona had any real experience in finding the worth of gemstones, and yet here she was.

Open to taking just about any quest, but even keener when those quests involved next to no social interaction (*thanks to how so very shy she was*), it was a no-brainer that the Viera would take a quest asking her to sort through a variety of unusual artifacts mined from Copperbell over the past few months. Okay, so maybe that was overcomplicating things when all she had to do was sort the things that looked like had value from those that didn't, but the hard part was more relative to the *amount*.

Having been taken to the sorting facility, a worn down building just a short way from the mines themselves, Iona was shocked to find just how *much* there was. **“Suddenly, the very high gil reward makes sense.”** She couldn't help but lament her situation after clearing only the first box. One of ten. And it had taken her *three hours*. If not for the free meals being brought to her from Horizon and the excessively steep pay, she might have turned around and walked out the door the moment she'd originally walked in.

A lot of what had been included in the first box? Well, it had been junk. It didn't take an expert to tell when a rock was just a regular rock at the end of the day, and the only things to get sorted into the box that contained items of value were those that shone a little brighter, or unique items that had clearly been lurking among the darkness for an exceptionally long time.

Iona's lunch eventually came. A sandwich prepared with top of the line ingredients. Honestly, considering how her day had been going thus far she had been expecting the worst from the free meals. So it was nice to see that they were actually *good*. But even then, all good things had to come to an end and her lunch was no exception.

“Ugh...” She felt re-energized, but looking back at where she'd left off in box two? It made her head reel, particularly knowing there were still eight more after it. **“I wonder if I'll still be sane after getting through this job? I haven't even found anything cool yet...”** One of the things she'd been hoping would happen was that she'd find something incredibly unique, something might earn her a bonus when she turned in the box.

But after another hour of sorting? She finally came across that something.

It was a rainbow gemstone with eight points, the stone itself no larger than the palm of her hand. She was instantly enamored by it and how it sparkled under the light of the sun that filtered in through the warehouse's skylight. **“I've never seen a stone like this before...”** Not even through gathering and crafting. It was truly a gem of the likes she had never seen before. **“I wonder if it has a name? What would be fitting?”**

The Viera didn't need to think long though, because the perfect name came to mind perhaps a little *too* conveniently. **“Saint Quartz? That sounds like a good name.”** Iona wasn't sure *where* that name had come from or *why*, just that she couldn't think of anything that could possibly be more suitable. **“It's so beautiful, but smaller than the one on my staff.”**

Wait, on her *what*?

She didn't own a staff like that. Just moments ago she had been thinking of how she had never seen a stone like this in her life, so why did it now seem so strangely familiar? At first, she'd been mesmerized because of how unique it seemed, but now she was mesmerized for the opposite reason. *Where had she seen this before?*

Standing in front of the sorting table, the Viera woman was far too invested in the sight of the Saint Quartz to take notice of her surroundings. Not that those surroundings were really changing, but rather? They might have appeared to possess a slightly different perspective as her field of vision was lowered. It wasn't like her eyes had suddenly slid down her face or anything of the sort, but her entire head had been naturally lowered.

Was she shrinking? Yes, though it might as well have been inevitable. Viera were among the tallest of the races, which meant if Iona were to, say, become something that wasn't a Viera? She would likely shrink substantially. It was quite dramatic, to see her height level out at roughly 160cm or 5'3", but thanks to her outfit consisting of a crop top and shorts, nothing really remained uncovered as a result that wasn't uncovered already.

In a way it almost made Iona look like a short stack compared to how she used to look, but adjustments were slowly put into place so that her figure looked less awry and more similar to the figure of a Hyur or Miqo'te. Her hips swelled forth for started, the waistband of her micro shorts given no choice by to grind against and eventually dig into her flesh and bone as the contents became too great for their container.

Eventually the strain became so grand that the front button fired off the front, and if nothing else had stirred her from her gemstone fixation yet, the sight of a button ricocheting off the table and almost hitting her in the eye certainly would. **"Huh!? What just... Wait, why is my... A-Am I shorter?"** The woman's characteristic anxiety bled in the very moment her concentration had been shattered, as tanned fingers reached for her shorts and tried to pull them down to abate this discomfort.

Try as she might though, they *wouldn't* budge. The hips were a big problem, sure, but there were likewise additional causes that were making it all the *more* difficult. To begin with, the bottoms of the shorts were getting caught. They had had been fashioned to fit her wide, muscular gait, but somehow? Her thighs had grown in abundance to the point that they surpassed even her Viera's leg design. It was like all of the muscle in them had softened and spread wide, straining the skin, and bloating them so they were riper by design. Their tenderness was noteworthy, almost *ideal*.

The second half of the issue? It dealt with similar themes. Moving back a little, the cheeks of Iona's ass had crept outwards in size and were peeking up and over the back of the shorts because, quite evidently, the clothing was far too small to contain them. She could feel her panties flossing the crack of her ass in the back while the front cameltoed the hell out of her pussy. **"W-Wait, this is wrong, this feels... Good? I wonder if I could jot some data down somewhere— Huh!?"**

Much like the thought that had taken her by surprise earlier, she'd blurted out something she hadn't meant to say. A sudden fascination with data, a desire to learn and experience, an appreciation for how beautiful she was becoming – this was the nature of the thoughts that were bubbling up inside that the woman could not stifle.

“**Wah!?**” She cried out as the front of her crop top exploded. Dealing with the growth of her ass and thighs, she’d been far too distracted to likewise tend to as a building pressure beneath her bosom. But that pressure eventually climaxed, and weight had surged forward into both of her tits at once. Mass sprung amply with great speed, and Iona’s already impressive assets doubled, no, tripled in size to the point that her upper wear could not contain them.

Her fingers dug into these big titties, every movement sending a pleasurable ripple through their masses while she resisted playing with them a little more *fondly*. This was neither the time nor the place, as much as she wished it were in that moment. “**How strange...**”, she gasped, clearly aroused. “**What might bring about a phenomenon like this? I’m not merely growing and shrinking, but these thoughts and feelings aren’t my own? They’re foreign, but not unpleasant.**”

Iona’s voice was clearer now, and her ability to articulate had grown far more concise than it used to be. She’d comprehended what was happening so quickly, and despite how terrifying of a concept it was, her newly born curiosity far outweighed any anxiety? Puffing out her chest pridefully, she almost felt... *excited?*

In the meantime, the Viera’s natural tan was lightening. Not in a speckled pattern, not piece by piece, but at a nice, consistent rate that was more akin to gradually lighter coats of paint being slapped on one by one. Before long, her skin tone was a whitish pink, while her nipples and vulva were a far darker shade. This discoloration soon spread to her pubic hair as well, and that dark blue became much more mundane, settling at a quite common brunette color.

Of course, the curtains usually matched the carpet, and so from the roots on her scalp that brown began to flow throughout her mane as well. As the color changed, so too did its volume. Her hair became softer, fluffier, and incredibly luscious – almost as if she’d won the good hair lottery. Then again, this body had been created with perfection in mind in every area. It was a body free of callouses, one that was soft and firm where was most ideal. The type of body anyone would drool over, regardless of preferences. *The ideal beauty.*

This hair didn’t grow much longer than it usually was, but it did become a little wavier by design. Most noticeably, the style changed in the front, for her bangs split and spread to the sides so that her forehead was laid completely bare. Her eyes? They soon glowed a bright blue, optics wider and features fairer upon her paler complexion, but among the changes to her face were things that signified that her race was changing as well.

Most notable of them was her nose, which had bother rounded and stretched at the tip where Viera noses typically had a rabbit-like flatness to them.

“Then I suppose my name isn’t ‘Iona’ anymore, is it?” She spoke objectively. Her mind was swimming, and she did not lose sight of her old name, but? This new one, it certainly made more sense. **“Leonardo da Vinci...? But da Vinci-chan sounds much cuter, doesn’t it!?”** She nodded to herself, feeling accomplished while ears born of human cartilage were erected on the sides of her head. Naturally, the pair of bunny ears on top flattened and merged with her skull. They had no role in her ability to hear any longer.

So, then, what were her plans from here-on in? She needed to gather more information about this place but being bottled up in this dreary building certainly wouldn’t help. Should she leave? **“Oh! Clothes first!”** She had almost forgotten! But it was something solved with ease for a Caster of her talents! All it took was a snap of her fingers to see her old attire scatter into hundreds of golden particles that swirled around her attractive body, before reemerging into a much more fashionable ensemble.

Well, on the other hand? The fashion sense of da Vinci-chan was really something that needed to be called into question. There was nothing particularly trending about this outfit, which took many cues from Renaissance designs.

“Now onward! INTO THE WORLD WE GO!”

Something within was crying about how she wouldn’t get paid now, though.

“Hmhmhmm~ So this place is called Eorzea? I see...” Being both familiar and unfamiliar with your surroundings at the same time was truly an unusual feeling, but *Leonardo da Vinci* of all people was up to the challenge. The Caster-class Servant was complete in both memory and personality, but her identity as Iona had not faded entirely either. It wasn’t prominent, little more than a vague presence that helped guide her, but at least it hadn’t disappeared entirely. **“It’s a problem though, I’m far too removed from home...”**

That place, *Chaldea*? It was important to her. She had to return, even if ‘Iona’ wanted to remain in Eorzea. But as things stood, there really wasn’t a way to return to Earth either. For the foreseeable future she would be trapped in this realm, seeking a route back. That was why she had immediately come to this library!

“I suppose there’s a silver lining! There are so many pretty people here, with so many different races! It’s like the inside of a video game!” At least da Vinci had some enthusiasm about this, but how could she not be excited when beauty was involved!? **“Hm... Should I modify my body to resemble one of the other races? Would I look good with cat ears?”** Although there was a voice deep within that expressed some alarming concern.

WHY NOT A BUNNY!?