

SPARKLE! SHINE BRIGHT!

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Kugane is pretty busy this time of year... It’s nice in a way.”

A Raen Au Ra woman slowly walked over one of the many arching bridges of the port city of Kugane in Eastern Etheirys. She observed the many people that walked and danced past her with a slight smile on her face. Crowds weren’t generally something that Dreah was comfortable with. She had a more withdrawn personality that didn’t lend itself well to busy environments under regular circumstances. But this wasn’t really a ‘regular’ circumstance, which was why she was okay with it so long as she didn’t personally feel closed in somewhere.

Her eyes flickered to the stars in the sky above the ocean view she had from the bridge. It was already well after 9pm, but people weren’t out because they were going home. Kugane was holding a festival in its streets, a yearly affair that was finished with a spectacular fireworks show. There were game booths and good food, bringing everyone from children to the elderly out past hours you wouldn’t normally see them. The *vibes* were good, and that offset the Au Ra’s anxiety.

Of course, it helped that she had come to Kugane with friends. She had temporarily left their side as she’d had to return to their shared inn room to put away the purchases she had made in town earlier that day, but now? She was on her way back to reunite with them for an evening of festival fun. **“They wanted to meet near the north bridge, right?”** She was presently walking across the southern one, following a path that had been suggested to her to be less busy as it went around the festival grounds.

And she was certain it had been a good call to follow that advice seeing as it was so busy even on the festival's *outskirts*. Once she finally stepped up the bridge she began to head up towards the northern part of Kugane. There were still plenty of people about, but the enhanced ambiance from more lights being illuminated than normal meant that the trip still had a pleasantly festive feeling to it. But without her combat gear? She was still a touch wary of people who might try to do her harm.

Especially while walking through a shadier part of the city. Pickpockets and thieves ran rampant in the port city at night normally, so she could only imagine that they would be taken advantage of the festive atmosphere in different ways. Plenty of them had likely been drawn to the festival itself, but at the same time? Since so much attention was on the festival grounds then there might have been those outside of them that were counting on absent law enforcement to make it easier to get away with small crimes.

HEHEHEHE!



After climbing a small flight of stone stairs up onto the next city level a sound put Drea on edge. “**Who was... that?**” Had her caution been warranted? There were far fewer people walking around her now – she had come quite a ways from where everyone was gathering for the festivities so she supposed that was natural, but... That eerie laugh of a woman that she had heard made her uncomfortable. Namely because it felt *ethereal* in a way that had her questioning if she had even heard anything in the first place.

But she pushed forward, taking a turn she was familiar with towards a location she knew of. She wasn't really all that far from the meeting place now. She just had to go a little farther! “**H-Huh? Did I take a wrong turn?**” But when she turned down that street? There *was* no street. Just a dead end alleyway surrounded by what she first thought was three walls. Yet turning to leave? Another wall was *behind* her. She'd been trapped? How? A mortal power shouldn't have been able to do that to her!

HEHEHEHE!

There was that laugh again. So she *hadn't* been hearing things! This time it felt like she could *actually* hear it, and it was coming from the

end of the alleyway behind her. “**Who are—?**” Dreah’s plan had been to confront her captor, but there *wasn’t* anyone standing there when she had turned. Rather? There was a mask floating at the alley’s end. A white mask with red paint in the shape of a fox, looking like it would only cover the top half of a human’s face. But she didn’t need to speculate *that* much, because...

“**HEY!?**” The mask in question had *shot* across the limited space that she was trapped within and fastened itself to her face. Everything from above her nose was covered by the porcelain object, its grip at least fastened in a way that she could still see through the eye holes. She recoiled and tried to pull it off, but that giggling filled her mind. It was *all* she could hear for a time before, finally?

Silence.

While the stillness of her mind might have suggested that the worst had passed? There were visual signs that this was *not* the case. Namely the fact that when the Au Ra finally managed to open her eyes as she thought the worst was over, those eyes of hers were glowing a bright crimson. “**Wh-What just happened?**” She had *wanted* to believe that nothing bad had *actually* happened and she could just remove the mask now. But trying to make it budge from her face had been a fool’s errand. “**It still won’t come off!**” Not to mention she was *still* trapped to boot.

Beneath the restrictive half-mask more concerning things were beginning to unfold. It was if the mask itself was attempting to imprint a new identity on the woman, steadily altering the structure of her face so that she no longer resembled the adventurer she was supposed to be. Her face was already swelling fuller and rounder in its general shape, with her eyes growing to better fill the eye slits of the mask. While the mask may have hidden the emergence of a crimson dot tattoo under either of these eyes or red paint around her eyelids, it couldn’t hide the butterfly pattern that emerged within her now *permanently* crimson irises.

“**Hehehe... H-Huh!?**” Out of *nowhere* Dreah had giggled through vaguely fuller lips – beneath a notably smaller nose. She evidently couldn’t even feel how the scales on her face had been wiped away almost as if someone had possessed a cloth specifically for wiping scales from an Au Ra body, leaving her skin soft and smooth in the absence of hardened white. “**Why did I giggle!? This isn’t really funny...**” And why had that giggle reminded her of the giggling that she’d heard prior to getting trapped in the alley in the first place?

It was all so unsettling, and that was *without* the realization that this unsettling mask was changing her appearance. Traces of her Au Ra

lineage were gradually being wiped away *beyond* her face. Before long there wasn't a singular scale left upon her body, but it was actually far *more* extreme than that. Inch by inch her tail was rubbed away until nothing existed behind her to sway to and fro. Whereas the horns on the sides of her head? They similarly slipped into obscurity as if their very existence was being washed away. Yet they didn't give way for nothing. By the time only a couple of inches of those horns remained, a pair of fleshy Hyur ears unfolded out.

Dreah *had* been relatively ignorant to all of this, but something did eventually click when those ears unfolded. She was prompted to raise a delicate hand to touch them. “**E-Ears? What happened to my horns!? Horns? Aren't I getting a little too into character? That's all part of the disguise!**” What was she *saying*? She hadn't planned on saying any of that – the words had just *left her mouth* and in a voice that wasn't even her own.

In the first place what about her was even a disguise? *Well... Everything of course! To blend in and fool others you can't go around looking like yourself!* “**N-No, that's not true! That's not true... is it?**” She felt like her own brain was trying to gaslight her. Had she really had horns before? A tail? Scales? That couldn't have been part of a disguise, could it? After all, she was Dreah! *And Dreah is just a name that I came up with to blend in!*

The perplexing implications of the war waging on within the woman's head aside, changes to her physical form trooped on even *beyond* robbing her of her Au Ra traits. A darkness could be seen emerging into the roots of her blonde hair and, as seconds ticked by, this coloring then bled towards her roots. The woman's hair was generally kept styled into a straight, old-fashioned bob, and yet all aspects of that were undone as darkened locks lengthened into a messy mass of dark brown with reddish tips. Tips that reached way down past the backs of her knees.

Bangs framed her face in a way they didn't before, and this was striking to her. “**My hair... Is beautiful as always, of course!**” But that voice came out of her mouth again. Bubbly and cute, there was an almost mocking tone to it that felt pointed at *herself*. Or at least the part of herself that was *still* Dreah. “**This is all correct! My disguise is wearing off!**” The woman was distressed but smirking. In fact, she couldn't wipe the smile from her face no matter how hard she tried.

It was getting difficult for her to *not* believe the words she was saying. If the presence within her was gaslighting her into believing that ‘Dreah’ had never existed in the first place, then it was finally beginning to feel believable. Her grasp on her own identity was slipping as a new one

began to call the shots. A personality that was commanding and sly, spinning circles of lies around the host that it was quickly overtaking.

Little change was made in the way of Dreah's height when all was said and done, but that didn't mean *nothing* changed about her figure. In fact, beneath her purple shirt the mass of her average sized breasts had perked up a little bit. It was only an additional cup size in terms of weight, but that certainly wasn't something to scoff about either.

What was surely to be far *more* noticeable was an additional shapeliness that came to bless the space beneath, and within, her skirt. Helped first by the reality that much of her muscle mass as a dragon had been sapped away to render her build much softer, her bare thighs were certainly quite noticeable in how they plumped up even *beyond* that. Pale skin was pulled tautly around plush tissue that expanded the girth of either upper leg before long, making them enticingly playful – much like the expression she now passively wore.

“Stop resisting! Just accept the inevitable, would ya? After all, I'm waaaay cuter like this!” Much to the woman's joy there was no internal pushback this time. It must have almost been complete. As complete as the peach-shaped rump that lifted and pushed against her skirt behind her. **“Come to think of it though, these clothes are kinda ass.”** It was a comment made as she stepped out of her footwear so that her bare feet could breathe on the ground. Perhaps *because* they were free, those delicate tootsies appeared to widen oh so slightly, trading their narrowed shapes for more flexible, cuter toes.

The woman acted on instinct and snapped her fingers. The *very* second she did so? All of the cloth she was wearing took flame in the same color as her eyes. It wasn't hot nor uncomfortable, and eventually it consumed her body wholly. But once she stepped out? Her body was unscarred. The only thing about her that had changed was her *outfit*.

She was dressed in a crimson kimono with a low cut neck and matching sleeves that were detached. It was ornate in design with gold and white flourishes, but it was also short enough that her supple thighs were on full display – as attributes she would use to entice the simpler minded. Her feet remained bare and an obi sash was tied into a huge bow behind her, but when it came to her head? Crimson flowers tied long hair into a pair of tails.

“Now that *that's* all sorted out. Hmm...” The girl reached up with painted nails and shifted the location of the kitsune mask on her face so that it no longer obscured her facial features and instead sat where a child at a festival might wear an accessory. There was no doubt in *Sparkle's* mind that the identity of 'Dreah' was just an illusion. A falsity

she had created to deceive the people of this world – even if that *hadn't* been true up until the moment her transformation had begun. **“Why’d I even fight back against myself? I guess I’m so good at being a Fool that I can even trick myself, huh?”**



She’d file that under ‘*things I’m really good at!*’. Even though Sparkle considered herself to be the best at *everything*. **“So what was I doing, what was I doing...?”**

The small woman did a little skip in place before mirroring the pose of *The Thinker* – a pose no one of *this* world could have possibly known. **“Oh right! A festival, huh? There’s no better time for a Trickster to work her magic! And ‘Dreah’ was going to meet her friends, wasn’t she?”**

All it took was a snap of her fingers to *seemingly* undo all of the work the transformation had already done. Sparkle’s eyes glowed pink as Dreah’s appearance was reconstructed overtop of her. It was just an illusion, but she looked like the genuine article. And she could genuinely *act* the part as well. **“I don’t wanna get homesick though, so maybe I could spice things up in a different way! What if I made even more Sparkles? That might be fun!”** But it might also get kind of noisy. She didn’t want to have to fight for supremacy or anything like that.

‘Dreah’ began to walk forward, the ‘alley’ she had been trapped in dissolving to reveal that the path had been unchanged all along. It had just been an illusion cast to trap her inside. Of course, after becoming Sparkle? The Fool had *naturally* known that. It was a cute little trick, wasn’t it? One she’d undoubtedly use to ‘trick’ other potential ‘victims’. And on that note? An even better idea tickled her fancy!

“But Penacony, huh? I bet I could replicate some old ‘friends’ from there! Dreah even already has a friend group! It’s perfect!” But who would she turn into who? Who would make a good Acheron? A good Robin? A good Firefly? And then there were the crew of the Astral Express to consider. **“Ah well, I’m sure I’ll know in the moment! Whatever is funniest is usually the correct answer!”**

“HEHEHEHE!”