

AU RA (BRIDE)

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There wasn't typically anything unusual in the mail for Dreah.

Being a Dragoon, it wasn't unusual for her to receive the odd letter. Recognition or thanks for a job she had done well were the most common things, but at times she would also receive payments and, unfortunately, bills. Being someone who traveled the world to take up jobs meant that she often had a lot of travel expenses, particularly when it came to staying at inns. But this also made it a little difficult to pin her down to get her mail in the first place. Thankfully the Moogle Delivery Service offered some ease in that area, at least to those that could afford to use it.

Dreah had just come back to her inn room from a job in the region surrounding Gridania. She had been staying in the area for a few weeks by this point in time, and it seemed as if her regular mail had finally caught up to her after likely being sent from place to place. **"Guess I'd better sort through this..."** The Raen Au Ra was tired, but she knew if she put it off the letters would simply end up in the corner of her room until she next remembered – which would likely be whenever she had to pack up to move to the next place, and she wouldn't really have time to go through it properly then.

The contents of these letters amounted to about what she expected, though. Bills and receipts that went through her retainer, letters of thanks for some of the more personal monster hunter jobs she had taken up. But there was *one* thing in the pile that certainly didn't belong. **"A Ceremony of Eternal Bonding invitation?"** Ceremonies of Eternal Bonding were simply marriage ceremonies, but she couldn't recall having known anyone who was to be wed.

Though it became even stranger once she *opened* the invitation and read the names of the betrothed. One of the names was blotted out entirely, almost like a pot of ink had been knocked over – though it was likely too intentional in nature for that. But the other name? The name of the bride? “**HUUUUUH!?**” It was enough to get Dreah, with all of her soft-spoken nature, to cry out. Because after all?

It was *her own* name.

Ceremonies of Eternal Bonding were always held at the Sanctum of the Twelve in East Shroud. It was a proper cathedral that was always abuzz with couples looking to become wed, and it was also where Dreah had headed out the next day in search of answers. It wasn't like she wouldn't have liked to get married *some* day, but preferably she would have liked to do that with someone she loved and, you know, *had actually met*? There was no doubt in her mind that there was some sort of error that had led to her name being in the bride section of that invitation, because what else *could* it be?



“**...E-Excuse me?**” As soon as she had arrived, she explained the situation to the attendant at hand in the hopes that some answers would be given. Said attendant then led her up to the cathedral, and brought her to a room she was meant to wait in while an inquiry was made. Or at least that was what she was *told*, but no sooner than she had stepped into that room and the door both closed and *locked* behind her, Dreah realized this probably wasn't quite right.

Wasn't this the preparation room used by brides to be?

Her anxiety built. “**Wait, I'm not actually getting married, am I!?**” She wouldn't typically cry out like this while with company, but seeing as how she was alone at that moment her nerves didn't self-censor her ability to express her surprise. Try as she might, the door just wouldn't open – and she had been asked to leave her weapon outside as not to break anything. Was there another exit? How had she ended up in this position in the first place?

Pursuing the idea that a room this well decorated and homey wouldn't have but a single exit in case there was an emergency, she moved inwards towards the spacious abode where mirrors and comfortable,

expensively upholstered furniture was aplenty. There was a closet for a change of clothes, but it didn't seem that an exit could be found within. None of the windows appeared to be openable either, but they probably could be broken. But did her desire to get out outweigh her desire to *not* pay a hefty sum in repair fees? No. Not when she could just escape before the wedding even began once that door finally unlocked.

“Waiting... I just need to wait, right? I mean, it's not like they can force me to *get married, right?*” Logically, that was true. Not only would she willfully have to attend the ceremony, but she would also have to sign the paperwork with witnesses. These were things they couldn't make her do against her will, and even if they somehow could? She could nullify them herself in the future.

But if her consent was an issue, it wouldn't exactly be one for very long.

The longer she spent in this room, or perhaps the closer the clock drew to the start time for this particular Ceremony of Eternal Bonding, the more open she would become to the idea of marriage. *Willing*, even. But this was such a sharp change in mentality that it of course couldn't be accomplished without first making some changes to the bride-to-be in question. Bother mentally *and* physically.

And in the lattermost case? There were *already* signs of it. For Dreah's short, blonde hair? It had begun to bear streaks of a color that were most certainly *not* her natural color, but instead a navy blue that pushed the overall balance of the overall aesthetic in peril for a time. One by one each strand took on this color, but it wasn't even an issue isolated to the hair atop her head alone. It was spreading through her brows, the thin hairs across her body, and even her pubic hairs so that all was dyed in navy blue.

But other than just a change in color, the hair atop her head exhibited an additional change. It gradually lengthened, tracking from just resting atop her shoulders from fall all of the way down to her ass... and even further. As far down as her ankles, where it would rest just inches off the ground. This length utterly disheveled the white hairband that she typically wore atop her head, but before it could hit the ground? It seemingly disappeared into nothingness.

The sound of the accessory hitting the ground might have tipped the Au Ra off, which would have caused a ruckus. Though the fact she hadn't noticed her hair change in length was a confusing subject with this intention in mind. You would think that having the length of one's hair multiplied almost six times would tip you off that something was awry if not because of the weight of it all alone, but the magic that was changing her? It was wired to not have her sense any physical or visual

phenomenon. On the other hand, a loud noise could snap this stopgap measure away, so it was important that nothing loud occur.

“I need to leave, but... *I can't go out looking like this.*” The second half of this statement didn't exactly align with the mentality that she had possessed thus far. Her desire to leave came from the fact that she was imprisoned, and that she had no desire to change into a wedding gown. Yet now? It was hard *not* to think about how pretty she would look. ***“I want to impress my honey... E-Eh!? My who!?”***

She was blessed with plenty of relationships. Good friends, dear family, but most certainly *no person that she would refer to as honey!*

The thought was so perplexing that it kept her plenty distracted as the changes to her body began to pile on. For example? The woman's height had earned an additional two inches, revealing a little of her tummy now that her top was hoisted from its proper fit. In revealing this belly though, another truth was revealed. As a Dragoon, she had a very fit body without any excess softness. But her belly? It now appeared *incredibly* so. Not just her stomach, but all of the muscles in her body had softened to give her a much plusher appearance without appearing overweight at all.

That said? That plushness did have some consequences. Whether or not they were *bad*, however, was simply a matter of opinion. And that opinion was whether or not you liked your women lean or curvy. Drea already exemplified the former descriptor, with her body thin with a modest bust and rear. But this wouldn't be something up for debate if things were going to *stay* that way.

“I guess I should get changed. These clothes feel a little *restrictive.*” With a voice that was no longer her own, and instead bore a flirtier coo to it, she lamented the fit of her outfit the moment it began to feel even the slightest bit unruly. But it most certainly wasn't a slight change that saw her figure change.

Taking her chest, for example? Her nipples grew plumper before anything else, but their growth paled in comparison to the weight that was added to her breasts beneath them. Both of her breasts engorged heartily, lifting up the base of her top as purple cloth struggled to contain the mounds that bounced and pushed beneath. They grew so large that the front of her shirt was basically open at the bottom, no longer capable of hugging her body with the length of her tits above. This also meant that it looked more like she was wearing a crop top, as everything beneath her breasts was essentially exposed.

Mind you, this was hardly as uncomfortable as what ended up unfolding farther down. “*Nghngh...*” Because the pressure of it all made her groan. It all began with a widening of her hips that seemed to stretch the waistline of her white skirt. To call them *childbearing* at this juncture might have been an understatement, but the maternal qualities of her body were only enhanced further once her thighs began to thicken with abundant meat, rubbing against each other ultimately even despite the new gap housed between them.

Tears had already begun to form in her skirt by this point, but the second her ass erupted? Well, that more or less sealed the deal. Cheeks bloated with such gravitas that the fabric tore on all sides, with her plain underwear uncomfortably wedged between the cheeks of her ass. It was enough to make her groan. And if anyone was going to make her groan, she hoped it would be her *honey*.

And the idea of who that was felt clearer in her mind.

With her body now soft, endowed, and voluptuous, it was now time for a change in clothes. But it wasn't one that Dreah initiated herself. Almost as if it all had a mind of its own, the cloth that now barely clad her much sexier form began to soften, wriggle, and recolor. Its coverage altered, all binding together in a white dress that was completely backless – so much so that much of her ass crack could be seen in the back – with lace half-gloves and a hair ornament that resembled bunny ears. Black heels even lifted her posture upwards.

But with much of her legs, arms, and back exposed, you could really see how her traits as an Au Ra not only were presently affected, but had been this entire time. The white scales that decorated her had been crumbling all this time, and like dust they ultimately all fell to leave pristine skin showing beneath. This was just as true of her horns, which in turn left human ears exposed, and her tail? It wriggled inwards until it no longer existed, showing even more of her ass in that ridiculously skimpy dress.

And with her face free of scales as well? It left those facial features freer to change themselves. Her face actually became a little wider, with the same softness that had disturbed the rest of her body seeing cheeks plump along with engorged, kissable lips now carrying a cherry-flavored gloss. Her eyes widened and rounded too, but for a brief moment a sudden sting prompted her to close them. And when she reopened them? Not only were they the same blue as her hair, but...

She was standing in an entirely different room.

What had once been an unpleasant anxiety formed because she had been trapped against her will was now exactly the sort of anxiety one would feel on their intended wedding day. It was only natural to be nervous when becoming betrothed, wasn't it? Even if you knew with *all* of your heart that they were the one for you. But it was a good kind of anxiety, because that just meant you were excited at the exact same time!

That was the belief that *New Jersey* held in her heart as she did a final check of her wedding dress. Was everything in its rightful place? Was she as pretty as she could possibly be? As far as she could recall, a whole group of young women that worked at this chapel had come to dress her. Which wasn't *actually* true, seeing as her clothing had transformed all on its own. As had the location, because this was no longer the Sanctum of the Twelve. She wasn't even in the *same world*.



“I hope honey likes the way I look~!” Practically humming to herself, the woman gave one final look in the mirror. The Oath ceremony that would bind her to the man she loved would happen any moment now, and she was *more* than eager to get that ball rolling. Not simply because she loved him with all of her heart, and she most certainly did, but...

Also because she was eager to consummate that marriage. They had yet to have sex even once, and being the flirty and needy woman that New Jersey was, she had been awaiting this moment with bated breath. She was even wearing consumable panties, just for the occasion! She knew he was happy to have her in this area too, because well? There was no denying that she was drop-dead gorgeous. **“I hope he likes the way I look naked, too~!”**

She practically *purred* that line.

Dreah hadn't been the only victim of this particular scheme, mind you. In fact, invitations had been sent out all over Hydaelyn with this very

same purpose. To transform unknowing victims into fresh brides to another world. They went out to young women that were warriors, merchants, odd-jobbers; it didn't really matter which background they hailed from, for they would be transformed regardless.

Into a beautiful, needy bride, ready to be wed and consummate that marriage with all of their very being.