

ROETASIA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



For an odd jobber like Iona, things had been unfortunately relatively quiet as of late.

But she was fortunate enough that she had already saved enough Gil to get by even if there was a lull for several years. The purple-haired Viera was actually quite sensical with her money and was always careful to put away a little bit of every payment she was made for her services into the bank. She knew full well that what she did was volatile, that a single ripple in society could lead to the job market drying up. And even then, it hadn't *dried up*. There was just far less work available to her than normal, and part of it was her own fault.

Iona had been taking a surprising number of jobs on for free as of late. Was it out of the goodness in her heart? Perhaps. But it was more of a reflection of what had been going on in the world. The End of Days had recently been averted by the efforts of the Warrior of Light, and while that meant that the planet was safe from any *immediate* world-ending threats, it wasn't an outcome that had been avoided without sacrifice.

Towns had been destroyed across the globe, often by its very own people that had been turned into the monster themselves courtesy of their overwhelming despair. People had lost their belongings, their homes, and their family members; and in cases like those, how could she possibly ignore the help they needed? Much less deign to charge them for the assistance she provided. She'd still charge for the more mundane tasks, but if it came to rebuilding what someone had lost?

Well, as someone who could get by unpaid for now, she was willing to help where she could for the time being.

She had spent the past month working at a farmstead in Thavnair, actually. The island was one of the places that had suffered the most as the End of Days had encroached upon Hydaelyn. Entire villages had been wiped up by the darkness, and their supply chain to Radz-at-Han and the surrounding community had been ravaged. The farm she was working at had been a key location in this supply chain, and they'd needed to do their harvests *and* rebuild most of their buildings.



Of course, she'd been doing it all for free. They gave her a roof over her head as well as free meals, which certainly helped. Plus, it wasn't without *other* benefits. Such as? There were hot springs on the farm's grounds, and she had been making frequent trips to them throughout her stay. *Especially* since there had been so much physical labor that her muscles had been constantly aching.

"If only I was stronger physically..." She had remarked to herself a *single* time during her stay. She was plenty tough, but there was a limit to a Viera woman's physical strength. As it turned out, however, her comment had been overheard by an alchemist that was also based at the farmstead. It had given him an idea, but not one he could enact until that month had finally run its course. **"Hm?"**

In a few days the farm would finally be done enough that Iona could finally move on to wherever she wanted to go next. She was heading out from the room she'd borrowed to head down to the hot spring, only to notice something outside of her door as she left. There was a small, black bottle that was completely opaque propped up beside the door and included a note.

Miss Iona. I wanted to thank you for all of your help around the farm this past month! I've prepared this special soaking serum for you, so please dump the contents into the hot springs during your next soak! I'm sure you'll find the results to your liking!

...Or so the note had read. **"The alchemist? Hm... Well, if it's something like a bath bomb then I guess it might be nice."** She carried the bottle with her *all* the way to the springs, not assuming that there might be anything suspicious about its contents. She really didn't know enough about alchemy to even imagine that it could be harmful, but even if she had? She'd gotten to know the alchemist quite well. She was a considerate woman that surely would never *harm* her. And that would remain true throughout.

It didn't take the Viera long to reach the hot springs. They were still on the farmer's property, but they were in a fairly isolated part of the grounds surrounded by rocks high enough that no one could peek in without permission. That suited Iona just fine, because it meant she could soak *properly* without any clothing or even a towel wrapped around her. That was to say that she was *completely* nude as she stepped into the steamy, hot water. But she hadn't stepped in empty-handed. She was carrying the bottle.

She finally sat down *into* the water when she reached the makeshift 'chair' beneath the water on the opposite side. At no point in the spring was it possible for her to sink, especially with her Viera height, but that also meant she *had* to sit in the water to properly soak herself. "***Haaah...***" The hot water immediately brought her aching body some much needed relief, and she didn't wait long after to pop the cork out of the bottle and pour its contents into the water. Something about it had struck her as strange, however.

The contents of the bottle looked a little *familiar* as they fell into the pool? Not so familiar that she instantly recognized it, but it was going to bother her if she *didn't* remember. As it turned out, however, her memory would *certainly* be jogged over the next few minutes. In fact, her skin was *already* beginning to feel a little tingly for *some* reason. Iona assumed it was just whatever the alchemist had done working, though. "**She said that I'd find the results to my liking... Maybe it was just a remedy to help with my aching muscles?**" She *had* expressed how uncomfortable it was at times to her after all, so it wasn't implausible that she was just being thoughtful.

There was a brief point in time where Iona believed that she had been *correct* in her assumption. The laborious aching that had plagued her muscles for the past month was alleviating far more quickly than during her regular soaks. The hot spring always *had* helped, but never *that* quickly – and it had always only helped for about as long as she remained resting in the water. The relief in this case had come on almost instantly once the tingling had begun, and somehow, she got the impression that it wasn't just a placebo feeling. Her muscles had *actually* healed.

It was actually much *more* than that – she just hadn't realized it because her body was mostly submerged and being a hot spring, it was too steamy and the water was a little too murky to get a good look at herself. Mind you, there absolutely *were* signs that something might have been more amiss than she had first assumed above the water, but they were just difficult to make out when she wasn't actively seeking them out *yet*.

And *yet*, there was a *very* strange phenomenon taking place when it came to her *ears* of all things. Iona reveled in the soothing sensation of the waters, not once raising her hands out of the water due to the irrational fear that doing so would bring that ache back to her arms. But this made it nearly impossible for her to tell that her rabbit ears were *shrinking*. Those ears were very sensitive, and if this had come about because they were being handled then this would have immediately registered to her.

But they weren't, and so there wasn't much of a sensation at all to give away that their lengths were steadily regressing. Inch by inch they lost their lengths, and by the time they were about *half* as long as they had been before? They began to lose their *fur* too. Purple tufts didn't *fall* out, they were simply rewound back into the follicles that covered those ears until only the same tanned skin that the rest of her body possessed could be seen – with those follicles even sealing entirely, because those ears were no longer the types of ears that could sprout much of anything.

They were barely three inches tall when they slowly *moved*, creeping with an impractical speed down the sides of her skull in a motion that appeared rather *uncanny*. How did they move so cleanly? Did it not disturb the skin they traveled across? Of course not, because what was happening to her was already a provenly safe method of transforming someone. She just didn't realize she was being affected yet.

“**Hm?**” Those ears eventually settled behind the hair on the sides of her head, but that was when she finally raised her hands to check on something. Her hearing had *dulled*? It almost felt like her ears had been *plugged*, and yet when she found them... They weren't where she had expected to find them, nor were they in the shapes she had anticipated. “**...Huh?**” Iona's fingers tugged on bald, rubbery cartilage much lower on her head than she'd expected.

Round and curved. “**Are these my ears? Maybe that potion really was...?**” No, there was no other explanation. Then, if her appearance was being changed, what was the planned outcome? Her ears were small and round, and that description only fit a couple of races. Miqu'te, Hrothgar, Au Ra, Lalafell, and Elezen were all ruled out because of their ear shapes, and so there were only real *two* options.

If Iona had possessed the capacity to see her face in that moment, then it *definitely* would have been obvious which of those two she was becoming. Her face *broadened*, with her cheekbones pulling farther from each other as her chin widened in kind. They were wider, but there was also a much sharper, angular shape to the bones in her face that made her jaw seem *chiseled* and... ‘masculine’ wasn't quite the word –

perhaps ‘broad’? Her upturned nose eventually flattened as her nostrils flared beneath a pair of eyes that looked all the smaller. It was a *very* striking facial design that could have only belonged to a single race.

The only race whose women could grow to be significantly taller than Viera women.

“So, should I get out? No... It’s probably too late.” Evidently, her voice had deepened slightly as part of whatever was happening to her, but it still held a familiar sound. You could still easily identify her *as* Iona from her voice; it just sounded more like she had dropped the pitch on purpose. Mind you, it suited her new face better, and gradually began to suit the *rest* of her body as well. The woman eventually stood in the hot springs to check herself, and her timing couldn’t *really* have been better.

Iona *was* over six feet tall, which was a height that was tall to most, but it was also on the taller side for a Viera woman. She towered over most of the other races as is, and that was before, well... **“Oh...”** It wasn’t actually all that difficult for her to notice. Because she had been frequenting the springs, she was familiar what the view of her surroundings *should* have looked like. And not only did everything look slightly smaller... that gap was growing.

“I’m getting taller.” She hadn’t panicked even once throughout everything that had happened before. She was just that type of woman, but she also more or less understood *what* was happening, so it was a little easier to process. Because she was blaming a Fantasia, she also knew that the effects *should* have been reversible. That was why she was more curious than concerned as she watched her body grow taller and taller, just not without any additional changes to her body.

Much like had been the case with her face, Iona’s body became *broader* as it grew taller. This was accomplished in numerous ways. Her shoulders and hips were forced farther apart for one, adding a significant gait to her silhouette that acted a foundation for what was to come. For example, you might assume that this meant her waistline would look even *thinner*, but that wasn’t the case at all. Her waist *thickened*, growing wider not with fat but with *raw strength*.

She had already been fit and toned, but this went *beyond* that. The musculature that bulged and hardened went well beyond simple training and into the realm of a bodybuilder’s physique – a physique that one of Eorzea’s races possessed naturally. It wasn’t even *just* her waist. Her arms and thighs bulged with mass as the growing muscles made them appear all the more chiseled, and her chest... **“Hm. My boobs look bigger.”**

Bigger pectoral muscles meant that her breasts would have been pushed out further, but it was more than that. Her tits and ass were the only parts of her body *that* gained as much fat as they did muscle, so her bare tits ballooned into *G-cups* while her ass jiggled into a heart shape behind her. It all appeared even *larger* because of how tall she was, with her growth ending when she stood at a *massive 7'4"*. Nothing on her body had shrunk, with even her fingers and toes now thicker and more powerful.

But that wasn't *completely* true. There was one part of her body that *had* shrunk: her hair. Her long, purple locks were cut beneath her chin, falling into the hot spring where the potion in the water made them disappear. What remained was styled into a bob with her bangs swept over the left eye. Bangs that were highlighted with *blonde* while the hair closer to her roots retained the original purple.

"I... guess that must have been Fantasia she gave me, after all." *That much* had been obvious to Iona early on when her body had begun to change, but it wasn't regular Fantasia. If it had been a normal brew, then not only would it have to be taken orally, but it was designed to twist one's body according to their own desires. *She* had taken it through her skin, and she certainly didn't remember ever wanting to be a *Roegadyn*! Not to mention it was *very* rare and expensive.

Standing in the hot spring, now that her transformation had concluded, she was finally able to examine her new body in great detail. Firm fingers ran across chiseled abs that twitched under their touch at firm, and she eventually grabbed an equally firm rump behind her. Her arms and legs were *incredibly* built, and in the reflection the moonlight provided in the hot spring, she could vaguely make out how *angular* her face had become.

"It's strange somehow being taller than I already was..." But how much *stronger* was she? All of the aching in her muscles had disappeared, but she felt like she could push herself *much* farther now. Even so, the alchemist had to answer for transforming her without



permission. Eventually, she reached her rough fingers up to tug at her blonde bangs. “...**But why did my hair color change like this?**” Her skin and eye color were the same, and she could see purple in her hair in the reflection, but her tips had been dyed blonde for some reason?

As it turned out, the alchemist woman had a thing for Roegadyns... *and* blondes. It had been a personal wish on *her* part when designing the modified Fantasia.

Iona simply sighed. There was nothing she could do about it at that moment, and she'd been so distracted by her transformation that she hadn't properly soaked in the spring. “**I'll speak to her when I'm finished here. Hopefully she can reverse it..**” Unfortunately, however, by the time she finished her soak? She wouldn't remember being a Viera in the first place. Nor would *anyone* aside from the alchemist, for that matter.