

MOVING UNDERGROUND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I don’t like the look of this thing.”

“Do you like the look of *anything*, S’aiya?”

“You two... I’m not sure this is the time to bicker?”

There had been a very loud and notable disturbance in the forests outside of Gridania, and the three chatting amongst themselves had been in close proximity when it had happened. It had almost been like a loud explosion? Like something had fallen from the sky. But it had been late at night and the ones who had ultimately discovered the source of this noise? They had been asleep up until it had made an impact, the noise so loud that it had stirred all three.

It was S’aiya, the brunette Miqu’te, that had expressed caution. She was a woman that had grown up on the streets, a thief who had to consider every step she made all her life to survive. And so what they had found, being a big, glowing, ball of golden light? She had plenty of reason to be concerned that it might have been dangerous.

On the other hand it was Nadja, the white haired Viera dancer that had uttered a retort to S’aiya’s caution. In some ways she might have been just as reserved as the Miqu’te, but in others she was more curious. Her interest in the glowing object of gold outweighed any reservations she had about approaching it. What mysteries might it contain? Could it inspire her dancing?

The third woman was of the reptilian Au Ra descent, a blonde Raen known as Dreahe. She was softspoken in a different way than the other

two, reluctance typically stemming directly from her nerves and confidence – or the occasional lack thereof. Being a dragoon, she was a far more powerful warrior than her small and often meek appearance gave off. She had concerns about the glowing object herself, and yet? Their debate about its safety was cut short through no fault of their own.

Because the glowing object? A *Stellaron*? It seemingly *exploded*, absorbing all three in its light.



“Why did it...?” *Glow?* Dreah had been prepared to ask that very question up until her vision had returned... along with the feeling of a biting cold nibbling at her body. Gridania was supposed to be mild at this time of year, but it felt like winter temperatures had suddenly blown in. Which wasn't wholly *incorrect*, but the issue wasn't that the temperatures had changed in Gridania. She wasn't *there* at *all*. **“What? Wh- Where am I!?”**

It was cold and dark *wherever* she was, with the sky above her without clouds or stars *despite* the darkness. Rather, it was like she was in a town beneath an opaque roof, the lights blinking above part of some strange *structure*. **“Am I underground? But...”** She didn't know of any underground cities in Eorzea. Looking around, the architecture of the worn down buildings and lights felt somewhat similar to those in Ishgard, but they weren't quite that similar either.

“I feel so out of place...?” Wait, wasn't that a strange feeling to have?

Dreah gently furrowed her brow. She *had* felt strange ever since arriving in this place, but she had chalked it up readily to the fact that she had been suddenly teleported to a foreign location. But nothing could have prepared the Au Ra to expect what had begun to happen – and due to failsafes left in place that was partially intended. For the sake of keeping the peace, a woman freaking out as she *changed* was something that needed to be subdued.

She spared a look up to the ceiling that counted as this location's 'sky', unaware of the fact that the eyes through which she stared had begun to burn with a bright crimson. **“Was I... going somewhere?”** *Was* she? Was that why she was in this city? She almost felt like this was true, like *someone* had *sent* her. It left Dreah hung up, incapable of moving forward as she attempted to sort out the rhyme and reason for her being there.

What plagued the woman physically worsened in the meantime, though. Not only did the Raen's head of short, blonde hair begin to lighten in color even further – something that was no small feat considering how light it was already – but those locks simultaneously appeared to inch longer. Little by little they fell both behind her and to the sides, each strand snow white and excessively fluffier while bangs ruffled about reddened eyes.

“A request from *Mr. Svarog*?” The woman was still attempting to piece together the mysteries that plagued her, but she did a subtle double take once a certain name escaped her lips. Who was that? Logically speaking it was a name that she had never heard before, and yet she felt as if she knew it so *personally*. It left her hung up for a brief moment, her expression blank and yet... That blank expression changed not through movement on Dreah's part.

But because their features themselves underwent a shift. Most notable of these changes were her now-crimson eyes. They were typically narrow as the gaze of most Au Ra were, and yet they expanded in shape and size. They were bigger, wider, *rounder*, and demonstrated an almost youthful glow that spread to the rest of her face. The woman's nose shrunk down into a button shape, her brows thinned, and her lips lost any definition typical of a woman who had undergone puberty.

Which, in fact, became a common theme. Her face aside, Dreah *was* beginning to appear increasingly less mature. Not that Au Ra were known for that particularly bombastic figures, and her loose-fitted clothing made it so the related changes were a touch difficult to see, but what figure she *did* possess had been on a decline the moment her facial features had begun changing. **“*H-Hm?*”** She could *feel* it, and yet she couldn't place a finger on it. Why did her clothes feel looser? Was her voice softer and cuter than it had been before?

The looseness, at least at first, was courtesy of the erasure of her womanly curves. Her breasts, while average sized, rapidly dissipated so that her chest was nearly completely flat short of a subtle softness that spoke more of a promise to the future, and a similar change plagued her ass and thighs. With nothing to accommodate in her lower body it was only natural that her hips would slim as a result, and that led to her skirt slipping right down to her ankles. Her underwear would do so as well, but there was no fear of unwanted exposure.

“*Wh-Wha—!?*” Dreah threw her arms out clumsily to the sides, given no choice but the sudden sensation of *falling*. Her feet were still grounded on the cobblestone path though, it was instead a side effect of her point of view dropping suddenly and quickly. In pursuit of

maintaining her balance, tinier, paled feet stepped out of footwear that were much too large for them now. The purple top she was wearing was soon worn as a dress as inches were peeled off her height, miniaturized hands, rife with new callouses and the scent of mechanical grease, eventually affording her stability.

Dreah was *certainly* child-sized by this point. She couldn't be a girl any older than ten or eleven, one with a beautiful combination of red eyes and snow white hair. The sound of something *crackling* prompted her to shake her head about warily. "**What... is that?**" Though she didn't notice that, in the process of doing so, pieces of hard white chitin were falling from her body. Her Au Ra horns collapsed to reveal a pair of human ears that had formed in the meantime. Whether it was the scales that otherwise lined her body, or the small lizard tail that jutted out behind her, it all hardened and crumbled away into dust so that there was no trace of her past race.

She blinked, holding a tiny hand to her chest. Was something *wrong*? She'd felt like it at first, but it didn't feel that way now. Even what remained of her old outfit changed, with pieces on the ground behind her disappearing. As for her purple top, a pulse of magic saw cloth thicken and part until she was wearing a large, crimson jacket overtop a folded, white dress. There was a belt wrapped around her left thigh, but otherwise? Nothing adorned her legs and feet. The cold of the cobblestone against cut and calloused tootsies was something she was used to.

"**Boulder Town? Why am I...?**" Despite how dark it was, *Clara* could recognize that it was *not* night time. Having spend her entire life living in the underbelly of Belobog she hadn't even known what the sun looked like until very recently, and when you spent your whole life in a place where there were no visual indicators of time? You began to be able to tell what time it was even *without* these things. It was early in the morning.

Did that explain why felt so disoriented? Clara wasn't sure. She was just a small girl, a child, and there were mornings when she felt worse than others. Of course she probably wouldn't have been able to fathom the true culprit of that grogginess. That the life she now believed to have always had? It had only *just* been given to her. "**Oh! Mr. Svarog needed me to pick up parts, right!**"



Clara may have been young, but she was diligent and smart. She had a bright future ahead of her especially now that she could freely pass through to the surface. But first and foremost? She would continue to live with the robotic man that had raised her, Svarog.

She couldn't imagine doing anything else, really.



“Uh...?” The next thing Nadja realized she was sprawled out on her back. Viera women were incredibly tall, which made the sight of her laying on a child-sized body all the more humorous before she finally picked herself up again. She couldn't remember laying down, but then again she could remember traveling to a new location either. Had she been teleported by that golden light? That made *sense*, but where were the others?

And where was she? “**This is a child's bedroom, obviously.**” But it was worn down, cramped, and unkempt. Not the room of a child from a well off family, more like the room of a child with a family that struggled to get by. She had to crouch to look through the room's only window, noting just how dark it was. Was it night? No, she was getting the nagging feeling that it was early morning, but *why*?

In fact, the room felt *familiar* even though she was certain she had never stepped foot inside of it before.

“**My bed...? No, I don't even fit on that bed!**” Nadja had looked back at the tiny bed she had found herself on when she'd first appeared in the room, and no small part of her brain had seen it in a possessive light. Not *just* the bed, either. The bookshelf, the dresser, the toys that were littered across the room... The Viera felt like it was all *hers*. And yet she could barely stand up straight in this space without her ears folding against the ceiling. There was no way she could make use of such a tiny room as she was. *And yet...*

The woman's ears soon began to straighten, no longer burdened by the low level of the ceiling against their eight inch lengths. “**Uhm...?**” To Nadja, a disorienting wave had seemingly plagued her, rolling the contents of her stomach while the room around her almost appeared to *expand*. Not rapidly, at least not at *first*, but it did almost feel akin to falling, or at least plummeting. Something that, with her feet still on the ground, was likely something that shouldn't have been happening in the first place.

But at least at *first*? It seemed like other aspects of her body required *regression* before whatever was affecting her height could take full effect. Viera women were treasured for their beauty, and Nadja was a woman who was hardly different in *that* regard. Her body was as shapely as it was tall, at least under normal circumstances. But these circumstances were *anything* but normal, and that was aptly demonstrated in the erasure of these qualities.

Her first and pronounced rump was seemingly sacrificed first, with the back of her shorts becoming flatter and looser at a remarkable pace that was only matched by the heft being siphoned from her thighs simultaneously. It was a wonder those shorts stayed up at all, for lessened girth allowed her hips to narrow as well. Yet this all almost felt *paltry* when compared to how the front of her embroidered shirt loosened and sagged... and sagged... and sagged some more as its contents, Nadja's hefty bosom, regressed into naut.

“Nadja feels kinda strange...?” She couldn't quite place her finger on *what*, but those fingers were actually worth noting as well. They were becoming stubbier, callouses from wielding chakrams fading to be replaced by little things like papercuts and chewed nails. This was something replicated on feet that gradually shrunk along with her body as well, shapes almost *childlike* by comparison as her height now committed to its downward spiral.

The fact that she had referred to herself in the third person had gone unnoticed, as had her increasingly casual and strikingly childish way of speaking. Flesh and bone, while painless, continued to grow increasingly compact – she had already reached the five foot height threshold and continued to shrink further, shorts *finally* slipping off along with her underwear while the sash around her torso unraveled and the top came to be worn more like a dress.

Examining the Viera's facial features, the striking realization that a childlike youth was being returned to her was only enhanced in her resting expression. Plump and puffy lips thinned and flattened, her nose practically collapsed in on itself into a smaller shape, and eyes grew bigger and brighter to take up more of a face that was notably smaller to match her shrinking body. **“H-Huh!? Were Nadja's clothes always so big!? Maybe daddy would know!”** Her voice was little more than a squeak, one conveying memories that didn't make much sense. Her *daddy*? Here? No, that couldn't have been possible.

4'4”. That was the height the *girl* had arrived at before the shrinkage finally came to a halt, and complete with a youthful face that didn't even *look* like Nadja anymore, you really got the sense that she was a girl

around the age of eight or so. She was fidgeting, pulling at the shirt that served as the sole piece of cloth that covered her. Her thoughts were simpler, and any knowledge of things like *dancing*? Well, she still loved to dance, but in the way *any* child did.

And yet her changes still weren't complete. Next was a change in *color palette*. One that began with her melanin-rich skin, seeing it progressively lighten from its dark brown glow. Little by little that natural pigmentation lightened to a tan before going a step further. Her skin was left pinkish pale, one that allowed the fact that her eyes had taken on a golden glow now to not stand out as much.

Nor the golden color that had begun to shine midst her hair. White locks brightened in color towards a golden yellow, simultaneously lengthening and softening so they fall down her smaller back. Before long they reached the backs of her tiny, knobbier knees while bangs were left big and fluffy. This hair was a little oily, like it wasn't being washed often – which honestly wasn't all that uncommon for a child.

Similarly to Clara, the child's clothing began to disappear and change. Yet while it happened? The bunny ears atop her head *finally* said adieu. The color of their fur hadn't changed with her hair, and that seemed to be because they weren't longed for this world anyways. They shrunk in size, fur fading as they crept down to the sides of her head in fleshy, pink forms. The ears of a human through and through.

Her clothes, ultimately, had become a thick, brown coat over a hastily thrown together yellow top and brown shorts combo. There were black gloves on her hands, and cute matching boots on her feet. But it almost seemed like she was missing *something* atop her head.

“YAAAAWN! Huh!?
Did Hook fall asleep
in her clothes again!?
Better not let daddy
or Natasha find out...”

The blonde-haired child had stretched with that yawn, her head of messy blonde hair exposed with her favorite hat sitting on a nearby desk. She felt so out of it, and since it was so early, *Hook* was under the impression that she had just woken up, even



if the eight year old hadn't *actually*. **“Hmm... Oh! Isn't today the day Clara is visiting? Maybe he can go take a bath together!”**

It seemed like a strange thing to be excited about, but baths weren't all that common in Boulder Town. Being underground like it was, there was only a singular, shared bathhouse that was open to the public. Hook was a girl who got into everything, but she also *hated* baths unless she was able to go with her dad or a friend. Clara was an honorary member of her gang, the Moles, and she had texted Hook ahead of time that she was coming over!

“Hook is totally dragging her to the bath! Everyone there can hear the legend of *Pitch-Dark Hook the Great!*” She puffed out her chest proudly and pounded it with a tiny fist. It was performative, and only for herself, but that was just the kind of kid that Hook *was* at the end of the day.

“Oh, maybe we could convince Natasha to come as well!?”



“A doctor's office? How the hell did I end up here?” S'aiya immediately realized where she was – or at least what the space she occupied was *supposed* to be. There were medical supplies neatly lined up on a nearby shelf, and tools not unlike those she'd seen in doctor's offices back home were scattered about the spacious room. The building was lit up inside but it was *very* dark *outside*, making her think it was late at night. She was wrong, but she didn't know that.

Why was the office unoccupied though? It seemed important. **“I guess I shouldn't worry too much about it and get out her here...”** The whys and hows weren't as important as making sure her friends were safe. Because despite coming off as cold and aloof, S'aiya *did* actually care about other people. Which, perhaps, was why she had been teleported into this doctor's office of all places.

Leave? She had too many responsibilities this early in the morning.

“I... *what?*” S'aiya knew that this just *wasn't* true. Because those responsibilities seemed to be relevant to this office. How did she know that the paperwork on the desk needed to be done? Or that the storage closet needed its inventory checked? These felt like common things you might expect from an office, but how did she know *how* to do them?

With the woman reeling from the strange memory dumps, she didn't quite take notice of the fate that had begun to befall her – and it had begun in a fairly dramatic way at that. Unlike the other two, whose racial traits had been targeted near the end? The inward folding of the feline ears atop S'aiya's head and the gradual shrinkage of her matching tail towards obscurity came before anything else. Before long she had a pair of human ears and absolutely *no* tail to speak of. And things only escalated from this point on.

Her gaze was cast towards the desk once more, the woman herself incapable of noting the fact that her eyes had inherited a bright crimson color while narrowing in shape in the process. Not only did she know that the paperwork needed to be done, it was *nagging at her* that she hadn't started it. “**No, that's not my job...**” But she didn't even feel certain that this *was* the case!

The brown locks of S'aiya's hair had begun to grow compromised by a differing color *and* grow literally. Hairs straightened and thinned, losing a fluffy and curled quality that was so inherent to their style while they grew down to her ass. It was here that their new color, a very royal blue, seemed to fade towards an uncanny gray. Not like she had gray hairs, just that there was a notable gradient to the designs of these strands.

“**My job... is...?**” Her voice? It was smoother, a touch sultrier and even a little peppier than the thief typically demonstrated. And yet it was likewise spoken through lips that were only a touch *more* pronounced than they had been prior. Unlike with Dreah and Nadja, it seemed S'aiya's destiny wasn't to become *younger* but the *opposite*. Her facial features aged every so slightly, seeing perhaps a handful of years push her up into her early thirties while her face slimmed and crimson eyes narrowed. She was hardly recognizable before long, and the appearance of a beauty mark beneath her mouth on the left side contributed to that.

It was uncertain if the simultaneous changes were relevant, but they were ones that (arguably) affected her figure in a positive light. The spaghetti strap top she wore, for example? It tightened, cloth at the base rising to show off more of her belly than it already was thanks to the contents of her breasts filling further. She didn't wear a bra and it showed as a full additional cup size saw her tits bounce, and yet their heft felt somewhat more burdensome than she might have expected? Only because her build wasn't quite *as* muscular as it had been before.

While her ass didn't exactly swell significantly to match (*and it didn't really need to, since she had a bubbled, heart-shaped rear to begin with*) what *did* swell more significantly were S'aiya's thighs. Without the firm muscle definition that had existed there before, a softer glow spread across them as fat expanded their reach. Tanned skin was pulled

tightly around them so that a natural shine was presented, and yet before long that shine was *brighter*. Her thighs turned pinker, part of a greater skin tone change that affected her body overall. **“I need to get to work?”** None of this really *bothered* her though, not even as these thickened thighs tore through the cloth of her black pants. Not that her clothing remained much of an issue. Not even despite having grown a couple of inches taller.

Her entire outfit transformed into a layered, white dress overtop a leather top and pants that hugged her curves almost seductively. The coat, layered with red and blue, resembled a doctor’s coat which thematically matched the nurse’s cap that was being used as a bow to tie her hair into a ponytail behind her. A vial filled with green medicine dangled from her neck, a belt holding supplements and bandages was wrapped around her waist, and a teddy bear, oddly, was fastened to it as well.

New, leather boots clacking as she did so, *Natasha* gave her head a little shake before turning her attention to some paperwork on her nearby desk. The doctor was always so busy, but she was busiest first thing in the morning when she had to prepare the office for the day. Had she more staff then she would have left her clinic open all night, but considering Boulder Town... Well, perhaps now that people could come and go from the surface as they pleased, she could find some more staff to help with that.



“Oh wait... Isn’t today the day that Clara was coming by? I suppose Hook will be with her...” The beautiful woman had noticed the day circled in red on her little calendar. Clara was coming by more and more as of late. Apparently Svarog respected Natasha enough to see her as a potential caretaker for the girl while she was in town. How had she become a mother figure for those two girls?

Not that she *mind*ed, but it did add to her pile of responsibilities. **“I suppose once you become an adult you have the right to complain about it a little!”** At least, she now remembered, she had the afternoon and evening off. Clara had asked her out for the afternoon and as long as there were no emergencies she could step away from her clinic. Again, Natasha assumed Hook would invite herself. **“I wonder if she’ll want to go to the public bath again...?”**

She wasn't sure how much ogling of her big breasts she could take from Hook *this* time.