

# A TAIL TALE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Have you ever had a very weird, very bad day?

Well, for this pair of adventurers, that had certainly seemed to be the unfortunate case. Drea and S'aiya had been sent out to deal with a monster infestation in a manor within the depths of Thanalan that day. Told the monsters weren't terribly strong, supposedly it was supposed to be a cinch for a pair of warriors of *their* caliber. But upon arrival, the Au Ra and Miqu'te had been met with a very harsh reality. The reality that either the quest giver had lied to them, or the situation had worsened since they had accepted it.

The threat of the monsters posed to them had been much higher, and some of their foes didn't even meet the physical descriptions that the Dragoon and Thief had been given upon acceptance. Needless to say... they got their asses readily handed to them, and they headed back to the city begrudgingly.

**“Ugh. There’s the Aetheryte, finally.”** It was the tanned Miqu'te that spoke up first as the two of them approached a large, shimmering blue crystal in the middle of nowhere. Aetheryte were special stones that allowed those with the power to warp from one part of Hydaelyn to the next, so long as another crystal was present. The pair of them were tired and disheveled, the fact that they were roughed up obvious even after shifting back into their lighter armor and casual clothing. **“That bastard better give us a partial payment at least, seeing as he almost got us KILLED.”**

Trying to lighten the mood, Drea laughed awkwardly. S'aiya was only this talkative when she was mad, and that was when she cursed the

most. It wasn't directed *at* her, and it wasn't like she didn't understand how the cat felt, but there was nothing they could do about it at the time. **"I think he has to contractually. We brought back evidence, so..."** They could submit a complaint through the Adventurer's Guild, so it wasn't like they would get nothing. It was still a bummer though, being this tired and sore.

Both disgruntled in some capacity, they placed hands up towards the Aetheryte once they were within range, and its energy began to resonate with their bodies until finally? They disappeared.

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**"...E-Eh?"** Once clear of the Aetheryte travel, Dreah had expected to find herself in Ul'dah's Aetheryte plaza as their destination had been plotted to be. Where she found herself instead was, well... a room? An unfamiliar room, at that. **"Where did I...? S'aiya?"** Dimly lit, the lights of various screens flickered all around her, casting a glow on a series of machines she had never seen before. Some were humanoid, some weren't. It was all very confusing, because that technological level seemed more akin to that of the Allagans than what she was used to. Just where had she ended up?

Based on the fact that there was no grumbling response to calling her name, the lizard woman was very much *alone* too. Had the cat made it to their destination? No. Neither of them had. And they weren't even in Eorzea anymore, much less on Hydaelyn. Their presence was a blight on this unfamiliar world – a virus that needed to be pruned. And the only tools the world had to do so were by assimilating foreign objects *into* it.

Starting with Dreah.

**"Although, this is pretty interesting, isn't it...?"** The Au Ra had cast her gaze to the machinery in the room she now occupied, not exactly even sounding sure of the words that left her mouth at the time. It was almost like she *wanted* to be interested in them, yet it was far too forced. Like something more sensical was telling her that she wouldn't normally care about such things. *Because she wouldn't.* The woman *wasn't* technologically minded under any circumstance. Or, well, the her of Hydaelyn wasn't.

Dreah was and would remain ignorant to it, but the will of this world had already begun its efforts to assimilate her. A changing mental landscape was part of it, but Au Ra didn't exist in this world, either. And so to those ends she was being completely remade into what could be considered a 'counterpart' of this world. It was clear that this was happening through looking at her tail alone. Not only did its base appear to be slightly thicker than normal, but its length just a little longer and its white scales somewhat discolored. Yellow? Green? Both shades appeared across scales that were seemingly smaller and more plentiful.

Had it all been isolated *to* her tail, however, it might not have been so noteworthy of an experience. But it was clearly a much farer reaching phenomenon. "**Eugh, why do I feel so stuffy?**" While groaning, the woman's voice had seemingly cracked briefly, but it went unnoticed while turning her attention back down at herself. Everything felt so *heavy*, especially the parts of her body covered in armor. This wasn't without an explainable reason, though. Her body had been gradually weakening, the muscles she had strengthened as a Dragoon softening until they didn't look adept at wielding a conventional weapon whatsoever.

The mental effects of her assimilation had begun to force Dreah to question things. The issue was that she was questioning the *wrong* things. "**Why am I wearing these? They're *heavy!***" Another voice crack arose before she forced the armored gloves off her hands, and the pauldrons and neck armor up and over her head. She couldn't remember putting them on nor *why* she had opted to wear them in the first place.

As the armor around her neck came up and over her head, though? Passing over her hair, golden locks passed through the steel gap and emerged on the other side with a different color altogether. A raven black that had been shortened to only rest just atop her shoulders, strands silky yet strangely... *oily?* So too had the eyes that had passed through the loop been dyed in color, now a dark silver to better match her hair's color.

"***These too...***" This time the voice crack seemed to linger, taking a permanent root in her vocal chords as she gingerly kicked armored boots off the reveal bare feet. She was very careful about kicking them too hard. *I don't want to accidentally hit any of my babies!* Although this thought was pretty telling of how her mental reconfiguration was coming along. The growing interest in the machines of the room had turned into a straight up possessiveness, and she had quickly come to accept this space and its contents as *hers*.

The white scales that decorated various parts of her body as they did with all Au Ra seemed to slowly be fading away as the color of her complexion paled ever so slightly, but upon examining Drea's tail once more, it was clear that its metamorphosis had become much more dramatic. At first its size had only changed meagerly, but now?

By this juncture, her tail had come to stretch several *feet* out behind her. The typical scale patterns of an Au Ra tail had been erased, and in their place greens, yellows, and browns all weaved a spotted pattern with scales that were inherently shiny and far smoother to the touch. While the base of this tail was much plumper than it had been before, its base wedging in between the cheeks of her rump and stretching the gap in her clothes behind her, it became thinner the closer you got to the tip – which seemed even *farther* away. More than anything, it almost looked like a *snake* had been attached to her as a tail.

But really, she had just become a race that *was* part snake.

**“Still too stuffy!”** The woman's usual hesitation had been erased in exchange for a personality that was increasingly impulsive, and tired of the stifling nature of her clothing, she threw off the armored top and skirt of her ensemble without any further hesitation. Perhaps it was for the best, as her height had shrunk a single inch and, with the loss of her muscles, it hadn't quite been sitting right anyways. She retained her undergarments *for the time being*, but their persistent presence simply reaffirmed that she was a little smaller overall.

Although there was one area in particular that couldn't be seen as *smaller* under any circumstance. For she almost tumbled forward briefly thanks to a popping in her hips. **“Gwah!?”** It hadn't been painful, but it had most certainly felt awkward to have her gait enlarged like that. Hands, the callouses she'd had from wielding a spear for so long now faded in place of cuts and burn marks likely earned from wielding mechanical devices, quickly reached down to tug at the waistline of her plain panties. They didn't seem to be sitting properly, and of course she couldn't remember *why*.

The base of her tail *was* pushing the backs of her panties down some, but their fit wasn't helped at all by the ass beneath it. With hips parted, newfound mass accumulated in the cheeks of her rear end to thicken them. They bulged out behind her to become something of a centerpiece, while excess saw her thighs engorged in a similar fashion so that they were plump and juicy. Unfortunately her bosom didn't quite see these gains, but they did appear just a little but fuller than normal.

Actually, when her armored top had been pulled over her face and horns, it had seemingly set into motion the final wave of changes for the



young woman. Her face had rounded for one, ultimately seeming fuller thanks to eyes that widened dramatically, and lips that grew plumper until they were naturally big and glossy. Her face didn't resemble Dreah at all, but even then it wasn't as surprising as what befell her horns. Because their chitin softened into a fleshy color and, like flower buds blossoming, they opened in the front to reveal long, pointed ears.

**“Eugh, that was all so stuffy! Why was I even dressed like that!?”** Armor already removed, the fingers of the Pythian tore through the little cloth that remained bound to her body so that she was standing there entirely in her birthday suit. But *Eunectes* didn't at all mind it, because why would she? This was *her* lab, and no one was allowed in without the right credentials, which she needed to give out herself! She didn't really care if her machines saw her naked flesh, perky as it was, and she most definitely kept a stash of spare clothing around.



Knowing exactly where they were stashed (*in a secret compartment in the floor, eccentric as she was*), she dropped down onto all fours and began to root around while her large snake tail lashed about enthusiastically. **“Which bag did I put it in...?”** Considering she was nude, she was undoubtedly getting her skin dirty while crawling around and sticking her hand into the oily floor tiles, but *Eunectes* hardly minded. Getting dirty just meant you'd put in a good day's work, right?

She eventually got up onto her knees and peeked over her shoulder.  
What time was it again?

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As previously alluded, it wasn't just Dreah that had found herself in this situation. But for S'aiya, she had appeared in a room that was far more comfortable and a little more basic. **“Where the hell...?”** Rather than demonstrate the nerves that the Au Ra had, the Miqu'te was just openly *pissed off*. First the situation at the manor, and now she had been whisked away to some unfamiliar... what was this? An inn room? A dorm room? Why were all the walls a steely white? *Everything* was white. It was creepy.



She was quick to check what looked like the exit, but there was no doorknob nor groove on the door. **“How am I supposed to get out of here? I hope Dreah at least made it to Ul’dah...”** Her temperament was so meek, S’aiya could only worry that she was having a worse go of it than she was. But little did she know the transformation her friend had already undergone, and how she was about to undergo the same.

It was something that hit the woman quickly, the world’s correctional ability now bearing down upon this feline intruder. It certainly seemed to work with much greater haste than it had with Dreah, but it only came across that way because at first it was simply reallocating assets that S’aiya already possessed and then converting them into something else.

And so, to those ends? Her height very suddenly began to waiver. **“Hm?”** Something struck the Miqu’te as strange as her height began to fall, but she was rendered just as incapable of identifying the phenomenon as Dreah had been elsewhere in this huge facility. But she *was* rapidly dropping, with her pantlegs bunching up and her white top sliding down a tummy that appeared to be shorter, yet maintained its curvaceous design. It didn’t take long for her to be shortened down to a meager 4’10”. **“What is going on? Where am I? I bet *Gavial* would know...”**

...Who?

As previously stated, what had been lost initially was simply being repurposed before the woman’s very eyes. Or, well, it was happening in the place that she was least likely to see with those eyes, because it was *behind* her. A great weight suddenly set her posture to tip backwards as she tilted her head with confusion, and looking back? Well, it was *exceptionally* blatant as to what the cause was.

The woman’s fluffy, cat tail had been robbed of all of its gingery brown fur, although its nakedness hadn’t exposed bare skin, but instead scales of black on top and white on the bottom. It very briefly bore resemblance to the tail of an Au Ra with how a number of spines erupted from the top, and while these tails were naturally heavier... it would grow heavier still. *Gratuitously so.*

“...Ah?” With a squeak that sounded softer and more uncertain than was typical of the grumpy and confident S’aiya, she quickly threw out her arms to the sides to retain her balance – shedding her now oversized jacket in the process, though she couldn’t remember why she had chosen to wear that anyways.

The source of her panicked imbalance was the tail behind her, as it had begun to swell bigger and bigger. Thicker and thicker the base swelled, scales rapidly spreading and growing to continue coating the cold-blooded appendage as black and white far surpassed any reasonable sizing, and seemingly the shock of it all had caused the Miquo’te’s tanned skin to pale to a porcelain in the process.

***RIIIIIP!***

Fortunately her white shirt was so oversized now that it sat loosely against her and was not disturbed by this tail’s swelling might, yet her pants weren’t so fortunate. The base of the tail tore right through its waistline, ultimately leaving pants to fall to her ankles and her panties to follow suit. It was lucky that her shirt *was* so big, because it still managed to conceal the crotch that had been exposed. Her rear end in the back, though?

The woman was beyond panicked now. “**What’s going on!? Gaviaaaal!?**” Under the influence of this world’s intentions, even though she could identify that something was strange, she was blocked from realizing that it was the tail that had swelled to rival the rest of her body in its own size alone. It was gargantuan compared to her petite frame, and it was no surprise that she had temporarily found issue in balancing herself even though the knowledge of how to do so *would* eventually come to her.

What was stranger was that she had said that name again. Gavial. She felt like she didn’t know who that was, but also knew who that was exceptionally well at the same time. What was this feeling welling up inside her chest? Admiration? *Love*? Too much was going on for her to really dwell on it, anyways. At least she didn’t need to worry about her tail growing any bigger, but wasn’t a tail of this size *embarrassing*!?

Not that it all came to an end just because her reptilian tail had finished completion. Legs shortened, her thighs had naturally looked a little plumper as a result, but the now *extremely* paled flesh bloated even more intensely, forcing hips to pop apart and even then, the two thighs rubbed passively against each other between her legs. Despite how short she had become, from her tail to her legs, to even an ass that grew bloated and perky, well...



Girl was getting *t h i c c*.

The only area where this *wasn't* true was her bosom, however. And instead of thickening, they regressed until they were hardly a B-cup showing. Some sacrifices needed to be made to have a lower half that excessive, it seemed. Not that S'aiya would ultimately mind. Nothing about this body's construction seemed like it would be naturally easy to move about.

**"I... I was... Was I dreaming about Gavial?"** Her voice was more of a chirp than the gruff, feminine sound it had possessed before. It sounded a little more childish in fact, and that *was* ultimately reflected in her face. Her cheeks grew rounder and her eyes bigger, though lips thinned so that they didn't draw as much attention. All in all, her facial features bore the resemblance of a girl in her teens, but in terms of her actual age? She was legal, at least.

The final advent of assimilation saw some colors change that were not isolated to her skin alone. Blue eyes lit up with a gold, which in turn had them stand out with far more significance against a face that was so *white*. While her brown hair lightened into a silver that became fluffier and messier by nature. An ahoge popped up atop its peak while the rest fanned out loosely behind her.

That said, the fur on her Miqu'te ears did not change color, but instead was erased altogether. Left bare, these ears actually thinned and lengthened, traveling down the sides of her head to rest where you would normally find ears on most races. They almost resembled those of an Elezen, but Elezen also didn't have bombastically thick reptilian tails, now did they?

**"...Eh?"** Her voice ever so soft, *Tomimi* tilted her head to the side while looking down at her own body. No. It wasn't her body that was strange, but the clothing that adorned it... kind of. A trail of pants and a jacket





extended out behind her, while a white top was dangling off one of her pale shoulders to just barely cover her like a dress. Her tail, extraordinarily thick, quivered a little bit behind her as some lowkey anxiety settled in.

Between being part reptilian and being quieter now, one might assume she had inherited some of Dreah's traits. But the Archosauria did not know who that was to make the connection. In fact, she could remember nothing about her stay in Hydaelyn. **"...Why am I dressed like? Oh... But maybe I should get dressed and ask Gavial?"** Ask her what? Not even the thick-thighed girl was sure, but it had been eating at her throughout her transformation.

A desire to talk to the Gavial that she admired so much.