

CROSSING PATHS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“The worst part of exploring a dungeon is the aftermath, huh?”

“You said it.”

While the two of them might not have officially adhered to the title of ‘Adventurer’, Dreah and S’aiya had just returned from a job that most certainly was one that typically befell those in that profession. A new dungeon had been discovered on the outskirts of Ul’Dah abruptly, and it had been so abruptly that the usual suspects affiliated with the local Adventurer’s Guild weren’t able to set out as immediately as potential prospectors would have liked.

The Au Ra, Dreah, did much more adventuring than the Miqo’te, S’aiya ever did (though it certainly felt like with her friends asking her constantly, she had been doing it a lot more as of late). It was through the blonde lizard woman that the two had ultimately ended up exploring the dungeon themselves. Thankfully it hadn’t been all that difficult of a venture. Chart a route through the dungeon in question while bringing back as much as they could carry in terms of treasure.

Which, ultimately, had turned out to be *quite a bit*. The two girls were groaning because of this, with items strewn about the inn room they were currently renting together in an attempt to sort out what they should and shouldn’t submit to the benefactors that had commissioned their services. **“They said they only wanted valuables, right? So weapons and stuff like that we can keep?”** Having grown up on the streets, S’aiya would have preferred to just sell everything herself and pocket the funds. Contracts sucked.

“I... guess you’re right? But do weapons have value? We should have had them define the terms a little more clearly...”

On the other hand DreaH was developing a headache just trying out where to start with everything. There was *far* too much for just the two of them to go through, wasn’t there? **“What if we just start with things we could keep? What about... these!?”** She scooped two stones off of the bed, tossing one to S’aiya who caught it with ease.

The thief squinted. **“Oh, these. Are they job crystal knockoffs? They look similar, but they don’t quite feel right. Too fragile.”**

But why would knockoffs be in an ancient dungeon? Perhaps they were simply the form they had taken many years ago? **“Huh...? Wait a sec...”** The Miqo’té squinted at the silver stone she’d been given, and DreaH even looked at the dark purple one she was staring at. Cracks were forming rapidly and, in just a few seconds, they shattered entirely, dust itself disappearing.

“.....”

An awkward silence fell over the two women until DreaH spoke up again. **“Well we can just not mention *that* to our clients, right?”**

A slow nod was S’aiya’s response. Hopefully those crystals hadn’t been sought after for anything. And since they were in agreement, DreaH had been about to move onto the next item on the bed, when... **“Huh?”**



The bed she was reaching out for was no longer there. There was only the cool night air biting her midst a cobblestone alley that was wholly unfamiliar. She looked around in a panic. These weren’t the streets of Ul’Dah. In fact, she had never seen streets like these before in her life. **“Where... am I?”** And while she would find an answer to that question? It wouldn’t be because someone told her.

That purple crystal that she had been holding hadn’t *actually* disappeared. Well, it *had*, but it was still very much present on her person. Or more like *in* her person. Her body had absorbed its energy and it was the crystal’s doing that she was now in this unfamiliar city street. Yet that wasn’t the only thing it was capable of doing.

DreaH did not even think to consider the possibility that she might be in some sort of trouble other than her unfortunate displacement. The thought hadn’t even occurred to her until a cracking noise sounded directly in her horns. An Au Ra’s horns acted as their hearing receptacles in the place of ears, and it felt like the cracking was sounding

right inside of them. Which wasn't actually all that far from the truth.
“**What... AH!?**”

She had reached a hand up to touch her right horn to see if something was grinding against it, only for something to land in her palm. Pulling it down to examine it, what she found was *a piece of that white horn*, seemingly having fallen off. Little by little white chitin fell from the sides of her head now, chunks bouncing off her shoulder and landing in an alley puddle nearby. “**M-My horns!?**” Until finally? Not only were those horns no more, but a pair of Hyur ears, round and soft, were revealed at the sides of her head where their horns had once rested.

The Au Ra's hands patted these ears, naturally confused. Yet as she did, cracks spread throughout the scales on her hands, face, and pretty much *every other scale* upon her body, the hardened surfaces flaking off. Even her tail stiffened and began to fall apart, piece by piece, until not a single trace of her Au Ra heritage remained. She was basically a bald lizard... if not for the fact she had hair still.

“**No, no, no... This is impossible! Am I a *human*? ...Human? No, the term is Hyur, isn't it? But why wouldn't I be a human? GAH!?**” What was going on here? Even her brain seemed to be a jumbled mess that was having difficulty piecing together her present situation. It was like things that should have been obvious *weren't*? And things that shouldn't have made sense *did*.

All the while, her physical changes had begun to worsen. Stripped of what was true to her bloodline, the rest of her appearance had begun to grossly depart from what made Dreah *look* like Dreah. Her blonde hair was in the crosshairs next, with locks darkening little by little towards a dark brown color that bore a glossier appearance than her hair originally did. This hair lengthened a few inches, nothing too dramatic, but in terms of style? It had a swooping curve that fanned out to the sides now, bangs parted on the left side with the right length swept across her right eye. It should have been something that Dreah reacted to.

But she hadn't.

“***I'm human...? But the white on the streets... Hm?***” The pieces of horn and scale that she could recall falling from her body no longer littered the ground beneath her. And even as she spoke? The woman's voice was changing, *deepening*, sounding a little more mature as her choice of words grew more deliberate. Had something white by on the alley street? “***Perhaps I'm misremembering? I know these streets, and I'd definitely recall seeing something like that.***”

She idly licked her lips, not thinking about *why* she had felt the need to do so in the first place. And yet those lips? They were fuller, juicier in shape. It was a small part of a shift in her facial design that left her better matching the sultrier sound of her voice, including a slightly hooked nose and narrowed eyes that turned a dark brown. It was the face of an older woman, and while Dreah had yet to even reach twenty? Her age was technically *twenty-three* now.

The years in her memory that this changed age had resulted in were soon filled in. The alleyway and the entire city around her became more and more familiar. She could recall skulking the streets, shedding blood on the streets, and stealing on the streets. Like a thief perhaps not all that different from her friend S'aiya. "**Who...? Oh, Ochette? Why did Ochette cross my mind?**" And why wasn't she even all that sure about who Ochette *was*?

While her mind had aged to accommodate the age her face portrayed, her body was soon enhanced to catch up. Dreah, being an Au Ra (at least until very recently) was naturally a very short woman. Yet her purple tunic was pulled loose from her belt and lifted up, and more and more of her thighs were rendered exposed due to one simple reason: she had grown about *five inches* taller. "**Did I... No, this is normal.**" It seemed she was too far gone to even react appropriately.

It was a trend that continued even as the woman's clothing became ever further ill-fit. The base of her purple tunic was lifted further, but not because her shoulders had stretched farther from her hips in these circumstances. Rather, the *front* of the top was being pushed forward in tandem, a change that could only come about because the bosom housed inside of it had begun to swell. Her breasts had always been average for a woman of her build, but with a jiggle and a bounce each tit swelled two cup sizes, their heft much better suited to her taller height.

Not that this was isolated to her breasts alone. Beneath a narrowed waistline her hips had flared, and her white skirt was struggling to properly contain what was clearly a swell of her ass and thighs. These areas thickened to make good use of those widened hips of hers, and before long the sides of the skirt had been stretched to the limit, with her ass exceptional in its heart shape behind her.

It seemed like there was no way she could proceed in that outfit without the clothing ripping under the stress of her new build, but fortunately the force that had changed her did not wish this for her either. Promptly, her outfit was replaced with a long, purple dress that showed off her cleavage and slits at her thighs. Black thigh highs grappled her legs above heels, a corset bound her torso, and fancy jewelry accessorized her entire look.

“**New Delsta?**” Why was she vocalizing the name of the town she was currently standing in the back alley of? For some reason, *Throné Anguis* thought that she had maybe be wondering where she was? But that was a silly question, for the *thief* knew this town in the Brightlands better than the back of her own hand. It was the town where she had been raised by the Blacksnakes, a group of assassins and thieves that would take in children and raise them into killers. This woman in the purple dress was one of them.

But her plans had changed. She no longer wished to follow their creed.

And so for the sake of carving out her own path, Throné had left. She was a seemingly cold woman at times, which was why she had been surprised to find herself traveling with a group of people she now considered to be friends. Eight of them in total, each with their own goals, and yet they helped each other along. Throné knew a thing or two about found family, and this certainly was one.



A slight smile graced her face as she reminisced, but eventually turned back to the town’s inn. The others would likely be worrying about her. “**Knowing Ochette, she’s likely up standing guard for no reason.**” Beastlings were certainly a curious folk. But then again, so was she.



The bright light of the inn room she had been sharing with Dreah had quickly changed to the dim lighting of the night sky above S’aiya’s gaze. The cool night air immediately struck her, and while she didn’t stumble back in surprise she ultimately took a defensive stance. Something had just happened. “**I was warped?**” By magic, it had seemed. This was what looked to be the main street of an unfamiliar town, lit only by street lamps and what looked to be an inn right behind her.

But how? Recounting the moments leading up to this sudden displacement, the only thing that was odd was... those strange Job Crystals? If she could recall, the one she’d been holding had a bow etched into with an owl. The one Dreah had been

holding had sported a pair of knives. But the design probably wasn't relevant. ...Or so she thought. **"I guess I need to figure out *where* I am first."**

Common sense from her time living on the streets told her to stick *to* the streets rather than investigating the inn at her rear. She could learn plenty without revealing herself, sticking to the shadows and otherwise without exposing herself to any potential harm. While she was a little top-heavy due to circumstances in her past that were beyond her control, she was still fit and lithe enough to get around in the darkness without anyone noticing her.

"...?" A confused grunt was sounded seconds later though, stirring her from any potential plan of action. Speaking of how top-heavy she was, the Miqu'te was taken off guard by her white tube top slipping down her chest. Hands reached up to grab it before it could slide off, an action that would ultimately flash her tits had there been an audience. **"What on— How the hell!?"**

It hadn't taken the woman all that long to figure out *why* her top had slipped. The E-cup breasts that usually sat upon her chest were very much *not* the size she was used to. Over the course of twenty seconds or so, their great heft had compressed into sizes that were much more *average*. At *best* they were B-cups, and considering her top relied on the size of her chest to remain fastened to her body? There was no hope of them accomplishing that any longer.

Even then, it wasn't even isolated *to* her tits. The bubble shape of her ass flattened in a similar fashion, pants looser around her legs because her thighs were thinning too. It was like any and all of the sexual appeal to her body had been stripped from her, and it was a change that predated something even more dramatic. Something that S'aiya immediately noticed. **"*Wah!?*"**

She squeaked out in a voice that was *much* higher than was typical of her deep, quiet voice. It had been prompted by a prompt imbalance that almost provoked the woman into falling over, but stretching out her arms to the sides managed to save her. The *source* of that imbalance had been a compression of her body's *height*. Limbs had shortened and hands and feet had collapsed in size, height dropping from 5'3" to 4'10" just as quickly as her breasts had been emptied of their weight.

"*Wh-Why am I so short!?*" Why was she so *loud*? For someone who had been fixating on stealth just a minute ago, it seemed her priorities had changed. But with a smaller body came further clothing malfunction, and her unzipped jacket was practically slipping from her

shoulders – pants bunched up around the knees, and her hat slipping off to reveal her feline ears.

She tried her best to keep her top from falling, but with shorter fingers and her overall diminutive stature it was becoming increasingly difficult to do so. *Well, I only wear 'em because humans expect us to anyways, so maybe it's not that big of a deal?* ...Was that true? Wait, humans? Weren't the people she was thinking of called something else? All of her time on the streets had... On the streets? But hadn't she grown up on an island? The streets were no place for a hunter like herself!

S'aiya's mind now a jumbled mess, it allowed the remaining changes to pour through her body. Plenty of it had to do with her body's aesthetic color wise, such as a darkening of her skin to a greyer tan – aside from white tattoos that wrapped around her arms like bands or curled beneath her eyes. Those eyes became teal, and her hair and fur? Lightened from dark brown to silver, with the hair on her head straightening and shortening a touch.

Shapes changed to put the final nail in the coffin of her transformation. Her ears didn't necessarily become less cat-like, but they *were* a little wider. On the other hand, the fur upon her feline tail fluffed up as the base of the tail itself thickened. Any prehensility it had was robbed from it, too stiff to do anything but wag back and forth like a dog or wolf's. And with its newfound fluff, it certainly appeared much more *canine*.

The woman's nose wriggled back and forth, and in the process its tip flattened and became wet, while its skin darkened to black like an animal's. Her face on the whole was rounder and more youthful, provoking the image of a short woman around the age of twenty that still had something akin to a child's innocence fastened to her personality. But the sharp, canine teeth that were enhanced in her mouth sold the point that she was dangerous too.

“I... Was I hunting something? Standing... guard?” The poor girl couldn't make sense of her situation. Memories of her past life, talents and all, had been replaced. While she once knew how to steal? All of her knowledge now pertained to hunting and living off the land. And her clothes changed to match, becoming a white, sleeveless tunic that faded into a pink overhang, with brown sandals and tribal jewelry decorating her form otherwise.

She *looked* like a young woman that had been raised in the wild.

The big, fluffy tail affixed to the beastling's body swished back and forth, the young and small woman it was attached to no longer burdened by thoughts about why she had felt disoriented. If *Ochette's* head was clear

now, then that meant there was nothing to worry about, right? After all, she couldn't even remember the life she'd had up until she had felt weird anyways. Everything about her current existence was pieced together perfectly in her memory!

That included being raised on the island of Toto'haha and the journey she had taken up across the world to help avert a calamity that would destroy her homeland, along with her speaking owl companion – where was he, anyways? **“Oh, right! I asked him to scout! Throné still hasn't come back!”** Was there any reason *to* wait for the thief to return? No, and she didn't need to stay watch outside of an *inn*. But Ochette was used to standing watch of her village, and some old habits died hard for the *hunter*.



Her fluffy ears perked up at the sound of footsteps drawing near from a nearby alleyway. Ochette's tail wagged even harder. With her sense of smell, she could already tell who it was and lunged down towards the source at high speed, arms outstretched. **“Throné!”** Ultimately she practically tackled the thief in a hug, who managed to catch her.

“Woah, Ochette. You weren't waiting for me, were you? I've told you that you don't need to stand guard.” Ochette was small, but she was only three years younger than Throné. **“But I imagine you're going to insist, aren't you? So why don't I stay up with you so you aren't alone?”**

“Sure! Want me to cook up some meat? I'm really hungry!”

Of course, neither of them knew that more of those crystals had ended up in the hands of old friends back in Etheirys, and those friends would be joining them soon.