

OLYMPIAN IN EORZEA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It honestly felt like just *another* adventure for the Dagoon.

Things had been relatively quiet as of late. Not in the sense that she could not find any work; the flow of tasks was just as steady as it had always been at the end of the day. She would pick up jobs from local bulletin boards or guilds most of the time, and on rare occasions? Jobs would be specifically requested *from* Drea. It was honestly astounding to the Au Ra that so much work was available in an era where so many talented adventurers were about.

“You’d think the market would crash, but there’s no limit to how remedial of a task someone is willing to pay for someone else to do.” Or at least those were the words of the Miqo’té thief friend she had. It had come up in a conversation between the two the last they had crossed paths, but that would have been a *month* ago now? The last time that the Raen had been in the waterside city of Limsa Lominsa.

Shortly after that conversation she had received word from New Gridania that the quest market there had begun to flourish more than the other regions, and so she had been stationed *there* for almost that entire month. Every day had presented her with a new job. Usually it was things like monster hunter, acting as a bodyguard, or sometimes even taking up more mundane tasks like helping others move.

Drea didn’t care too much about *what* the job entailed so long as there wasn’t a heavy social aspect to it. She wasn’t the most sociable of women, and not in the ‘she wasn’t very agreeable’ sense. She was just anxious and sheepish, meaning she felt uncomfortable in those

scenarios rather than being the one causing that discomfort. And so she hadn't exactly had any issues with the job she'd been given *that* day.



“Whew!” The blonde, within a dimly lit space, had removed her armored gauntlets so that she could wipe the sweat from her brow. The wilds surrounding Gridania had a tendency to get a touch more humid than you might expect on warmer days, and covering everything but your legs in cloth and armor certainly made you *sweaty*. She'd needed to take a break even if she *was* technically inside. **“No new monsters seem to have settled... Maybe someone had tricked the commissioner?”**

She was content with this job because it had been one she could do all on her lonesome. All she had been tasked with doing was trekking through some *already* explored ruins within the forest's depths. According to the commission there had been monster sightings in the entranceway and someone had wished to make sure it was clear. But not only had she not found *any* monsters, but there weren't even any signs of monsters having entered.

“Come to think of it, there wasn't a name attached to the job either, was there?” Usually a name or position was attached, but the one who had submitted the request to the guild had just sent the task along with the payment – while specifically requesting Dreah herself. **“...Maybe I shouldn't worry about it too much since I *did* get paid.”** She thought back to not only the monetary payment, but the small *gemstone* that had been included with the payment. It had been pink and heart-shaped, and it was tucked under her clothing.

Dreah exhaled and peeled off the rest of her armor to cool off. She was at the very bottom of the ruins where a small camp had been set up, so it would have been *fine* to take ten to twenty minutes to rest before climbing out onto the surface again. As part of that break she paced around the room's outskirts, being thorough in checking for signs of monster activity. But this led to something she hadn't *expected*.

“H-Huh!?” The ground began to rumble, and a small square opened. Because it was still hidden in her tunic, the woman herself didn't notice it, but the heart-shaped gemstone on her person had been *glowing* at the same time. And it glowed until a pedestal *fully* rose out of the ground. This pedestal was long and hollowed out, but inside of it? **“A... spear?”** A tall, ornate spear with a complex design. Hearts were ever

present in its decorum. **“Has this been hidden here this whole time?”**

The ruins had been discovered twenty years ago, but it still had secrets to share?

For a moment the Au Ra was a little apprehensive. She *could* have just reported the spear’s presence and left it behind, but the rules of ruin exploration were consistent. If you found it, it belonged to you – and what you did with it was up to your own discretion. She was the one who had *found* the weapon so according to the rules it was now *her* property. **“Either way, if I leave it here then it’s likely someone else will just steal it..”** And so, it made sense for DreaH to take it with her *regardless* of what she planned to do with it after the fact.

So, she grabbed it.

In the woman’s mind it was a fairly simple, uneventful action. How many weapons had she picked up from ruins and dungeons in the past without incident? Pretty much *all* of them, actually. So, when, in this case, she grabbed the spear, and it began to *glow*? Well... She understandably got a *really* bad feeling. The good sense to toss the spear came along and she did just that, but in the end, it was already too late.

“What was that!?” Her hands – no, her entire *arms* – tingled? And that sensation was spreading across her entire body like a light buzzing feeling that would have been *very* distracting if it lasted long term. It fortunately did *not* do that and instead faded just seconds later, but the Au Ra looked both at herself *and* the spear with confusion. It wasn’t glowing anymore. Had it applied some sort of buff to her? In actuality it *had*, but she didn’t have any way of seeing what that buff was. What it was *doing* was *greatly* increasing her stats.

DreaH could feel as much, in fact. She felt stronger, lighter, more agile. And fatigue from the trip down just melted away and she felt like she had been re-energized. **“Maybe it wasn’t something to worry about after all..”** It put her mind at ease to think that, although she was *absolutely* wrong. In fact, signs that more was at play than she realized had already begun to spring up. Just not in places that were *immediately* apparent.

Instead? Most of the earliest signs were related to changes of *color*. Her pale skin, for example, seemed to darken not towards a *tan*, but towards a coloring that was best described as an ‘ashen pink’ instead. It made the white paint that came to cover the upper half of her face in a bad across both eyes and her nose stand out far more than if she’d remained her

old, pale color. In turn, this made it incredibly obvious that her eyes had come awash with, and began to glow in turn, a bright pink.

Still a little anxious about what had just happened, Dreah cautiously watched the spear on the ground while scratching at her neck. **“Should I leave it here after all...?”** Somehow, she was finding the idea of leaving the spear behind a hard pill to swallow now. Did she have some sort of personal attachment to it? It was more like she felt like she *owned* it somehow. *Why would I leave behind my own property?* It was a strange thought to have. But stranger still was how it *didn't* hit her ear wrong whatsoever.

While the Au Ra went back and forth on what to do, changes in color became more persistent. It stemmed from the roots of her hair next – a pink that wasn't dissimilar from the pink in her eyes. It didn't take long at all for this color to reach the tips of her chin length bob haircut, but the issue was that this pink didn't *stop* there. Her hair rapidly grew and tickled her shoulders in just a matter of seconds. **“E-Eh? My *beautiful hair!*?”**

It would have been miraculous if the Dragoon *hadn't* noticed what was becoming of her mane. She had to admit that the pink was pretty and, worst case, a trip to the aesthetician could fix it. The issue was the *length*. It grew and grew, both in length *and* volume as bangs were cast from her forehead. It *easily* reached her ankles when all was said and done, but the hair on the sides of her head fell across her chest – somehow perfectly aligned with her nipples. Some of this hair even curled to resemble the shape of a heart.

“Was there some sort of transformation spell on the spear?” The woman didn't sound *as* panicked about it anymore, but she *was* still questioning it. She'd caught sight of her skin, and she could feel it in her clothes. They were getting *tighter*, like her body wasn't the right size for them? This was not only *true*, but it was *especially* true in some key errors before anywhere else. **“Eugh!?”** Around her *chest*, specifically. Au Ra women weren't exactly especially buxom on average, and Dreah was no exception to that.

At least *normally*. But she could clearly feel the skin of her bosom stretching around fat that pooled beneath engorged, soon to be hypersensitive nipples. **“My *tits* are growing so *magnificently large!*”** She sounded more *enthusiastic* than she did concerned, and promptly moved to pull off her chest piece so that she was only wearing the tunic underneath. It still didn't *fit* her, but the full DD-cup breasts housed within didn't feel *as* cramped anymore. She still had half a mind to just strip down in that moment, however.

That was a desire that only grew as her clothing... *did not*. With tits heavier now, the rest of her body began to shoot up and it quickly became apparent that the Au Ra had no choice in the matter. Cloth began to tear here and there, whether around shoulders or hips that broadened, or around her bosom, which simply occupied more space as the shape of her chest became broader overall. *Eventually* she became so *obscenely* large that no clothing could contain her, and she was left practically naked.

Because she was about *ten feet* tall. Dreah was lucky the ruins had a high ceiling.

It was a near-superhuman size. A height comparable to that of a god, but... **“Is that... what I’m becoming?”** Now that the idea was in her head, she couldn’t quite seem to shake it. Like she *knew* what – or *who* – she was becoming deep down. The weight around her widened hips quivered as these new memories took root, a side effect of the heft of her thighs and ass bloating into far more desirable shapes that were hard to ignore now that she was butt naked.

That in itself was *weird*. Dreah was such a demure, self-conscious woman that she would have *hated* to strut around scantily clad. But now? It felt *natural*. It felt *normal*. **“Why should I fret about such things when I’m so beautiful?”** Or so she asked herself reassuringly as her lips swelled to triple their usual girth, and her jawline shifted to have a far stronger, yet more beautiful, definition. It would have been impossible to mistaken her for *herself* now. But then again, that depended on ‘who’ she was now, didn’t it?

The last of her physical changes came without much changing *on* her body. Rather, things *fell off*. Her horns fell to the ground along with her tail, leaving a bare ass and exposed, rounded ears in their places. The woman seemed to know what to do next herself and kicked the three pieces together – where they merged and formed a shield of gold and pink. A heart-shaped emblem was on the heart’s front. *Her emblem*. **“It’s all making sense now.”**

While Dreah reached down to pick up the shield, a *semblance* of clothing appeared on her person. Maybe that wasn’t an *accurate* description, because in the end her tits, ass, and shaved pussy were all unclothed. But she did gain some fancy, thigh high tights, a plethora of glimmering accessories across her arms, a matching choker, and several floral hair ornaments designed with similar materials. She was *extremely* beautiful and seemed to fully understand that. The pride she felt was practically overflowing.

Almost ironically, the spear that *belonged* to the sole woman occupying that room at the bottom of the ruins *disappeared* so that she could hoist her arms up into the air and stretch with an “**MMMMMMN!**” that almost sounded *sensual* even though it wasn’t *intended* to sound that way. It wasn’t like *Aphrodite* cared all that much how others saw it anyways. Was it really all *that* strange to hear a *Goddess of Love* make such a noise?



“**Now that’s better!**” The goddess’ arms dropped, and with their weight shifting came a bounce of bare breasts that was still vaguely concealed by her long hair. They worked as the *perfect* censor bars for not only her nipples but even her exposed pussy. It was *technically* part of her power, allowing her to look as promiscuous as possible without showing anyone the *full* view unintentionally. “**I do feel bad about the poor, poor soul that was my past life, however...**”

Even the divinity herself was confused about the state of her own identity. She was very much Aphrodite, the goddess of love from another world’s pantheon – and one that certainly did not belong in *this* world. But she had not forgotten her past identity fully. Memories lingered within as if they were a distant dream, with Drea’s identity essentially having fused with her own. It allowed her to understand where she was, and it allowed her to recall people *in* the world with whom she might be able to network with.

If they *believed* her when she spoke her old name, at least. Aphrodite had her reservations about it. “**There are means to get them to believe, I suppose. But I don’t wish to turn anyone in this world into a worshipper of mine against their will...**” But if there was a means of summoning *her* to this realm then what of the other gods of Olympus? Drea’s friends... Why not turn them into more familiar faces? She even had a clue at hand.

A bow-shaped gemstone laying on the ground in front of the pedestal.

“...Artemis, is it?”

And a certain thief was quick to come to mind.