

BUN BOOTS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The hustle and bustle of Ul'Dah could never be understated, but on this occasion wasn't it a little *too* busy? Such was the thought that had passed the mind of L'luna Winterbloom as she traversed the crowded markets. The dark-skinned Viera woman, perhaps, should not have been all *that* worried about it. She had merely been passing through on her way back to the inn room she was renting with her friend, with the two of them in town on shared business.

Mind you, she *did* feel enticed to stop upon multiple occasions. As a dancer she was often in need of new clothing for her craft to keep the experience fresh, and there were no shortage of stalls pushing everything from accessories to clothes, to boots. Not to mention the scent of freshly cooked and delicious food wafting from some of the others. It was tempting to stop, but *no*!

Luna had an important reason for returning quickly. It was her friend's birthday and she had to wrap the gift she had purchased for her before she got back. So she was understandably in a rush. So *much* so, in fact, that she did not notice a hand slipping something into the back pocket of her pants as she hurried through. Which was *naturally* strange, because pickpockets of course ran rampant in Ul'Dah.

Put-into-pockets? Not so much.

“Hm? What’s this?” She had returned to the shared inn room without incident, but as she patted her pockets in search of her coin purse, she found something in the back pocket she could not recall placing there. Luna likely wouldn't have noticed if she hadn't checked either, because

the object? It was a flat piece of paper. A business card of sorts? **“How did this end up here? What is it even for?”** Both were valid questions seeing as how she couldn't seem to *read* what was written. Was that even a real language?



It was easy enough to dismiss this as some sort of prank. It was just a piece of paper, after all, it wasn't as if it was anything important. Or, at least, it *shouldn't* have been. And yet after the Viera discarded it in a nearby wastebin? The foreign text upon it began to glow – and not brightly enough that the one who had discarded it could even realistically notice.

Rather, she set off in search of the box she had tucked underneath her nearby bed, none the wiser to any developing issues at hand. **“I hope Solace likes this present. Oh, who am I kidding? I'm the one who picked it out, so of course she'll love it!”** Solace was the birthday girl in question, a close Au Ra companion. Likewise, Luna exhibited one of her potentially worst traits in that moment: her pride, which often bordered on arrogance. She managed to slide out the gift box as she tooted her own horn, but after standing up straight once more?

She immediately noted that something felt *off*.

Had it always been so cold in the room? They had been staying there for a few weeks now, and seeing as it was Ul'Dah there wasn't normally so much as a chill so long as it wasn't late at night. Yet it was midday, and it had been *very* warm on her way back. **“Gods, I hope I didn't get sick. Not when I have to perform tonight.”** Her audience deserved her at her best, after all. She would only *show* them her best, so if she was sick then she would have to call it off.

But it wasn't *just* a chill, which in of itself was alarming. Luna's body not only felt heavier, but *stiffer* too. Had it always been so laborious to move her joints? She really didn't understand what was happening. But seeing as the visual signs had *mostly* appeared beneath the cloth of her tank top and jeans at this point though, she could hardly be faulted for not realizing.

Just because the Viera couldn't see that something was happening didn't mean that it wasn't, though. If a forest fell in a tree where nobody could hear, that didn't mean the tree didn't fall. And there was something incredibly *unusual* happening with her skin. In spots not only was the color off, but so was the texture – with dark brown leaning more into an

unnatural dark silver that bore an unnatural sheen, almost *lifeless* in newfound hardness.

These spots were few at first, but they began to emerge all across her person. From her arms to her legs, to her torso, to her face. And as they grew more plentiful, the harder and stiffer her body felt. “**Why do I...? H-Huh?**” She had managed to raise an arm to view her hand, yet in doing so that arm had become *locked* in that position. She was able to see the dark silver color that had spread, overwriting even the many tattoos she had on her arms.

“**Why does this look... like...**” A metallic taste was quickly filling her mouth and freezing her tongue. It wasn’t just her skin in the end, for blood had been frozen and her heartbeat had stilled. She managed to croak out one final word before a total silence befell her and even the strands of her hair and the whites of her eyes were caught up in it. “**...Steel?**”

It was the last word the Viera woman croaked out because not only was she still, but at a glance it was blatantly obvious that she was no longer even *alive*. She looked like a statue of steel that had been erected in the middle of an inn room, clothing slowly fading into obscurity until she was a *butt naked* statue at that.

But while Luna may not have been alive in a technical sense any longer? She was still *conscious*. *What happened? Why can’t I move? Why does my arm look like that? Does my entire body look like that?* Through her head a million questions raced, the woman herself unable to voice them or even move her body so that she could go and check.

She wasn’t sure how to best comprehend this, but at the same time she hardly had a moment’s rest *to dwell* on it before a strange grinding feeling began to occur beneath her surface layer of steel – which in itself was strange, for while she could still see and think and feel, she could not hear nor taste. It felt like, quickly, her body was growing lighter? Was she changing back to flesh and blood?

A feeling of dread struck when a more abstract phenomenon made itself clear. She could see it in the arm that had been raised out – her arm was being *hollowed*. She could only tell for several holes appeared on the surface, giving her a view of the interior while grooves were etched around these holes on the exterior. Until... *her arms fell from her body* and landed on the ground with a thud. Not that there was much left to them in the end. Her hands, and much of these arms in general, had been shaved away until what almost looked like steel bracers meant to adorn one’s thighs remained.

And this was hardly an isolated phenomenon. The ‘statue’s’ posture crumbled, with her torso and head breaking off of her legs, which remained upright, though falling behind them. With that head now laying on the floor she could visibly see the same trend occurring with her legs. Much of them were shaved away until only the ankles and below remained, yet that region was hollowed out exceptionally. Heeled cleats had jutted out of her heels, and the toes in the front almost distorted into a trio of pronged claws.

For a moment her ability to perceive her surroundings was lost entirely, but only because her torso and head had followed the same trend. Sight had been lost because her head had been shaved away, as had much of her stomach. When it came to her chest, though? Breasts broke away from each other, and the steel there distorted and hollowed until a pair of additional braves with knee plates that *seemed* to go beneath the ones that had been fashioned from her arms.

In the end her vision returned, but it was more like she could see clearly from all three pieces of the metal accessories. Her consciousness had been spread between them as well, but they all shared a unified will.

When all was said and done, Luna was still. How could she *not* be? Her ego had been split between the pair of boots and associated bracers that her body had transformed into. Fashioned out of cold, black steel, and sporting sharp cleats with unusual angles, it was clear that these shoes weren’t fashion for just any race. But the *Viera Sandals*, as they were formally called, were of course fashioned only for the race of their namesake. One of them also had a pink bow on it, as if they were supposed to be a gift.



The boots could not speak. They could not feel. But they could still see, and they could still think. They held onto a loose sense of identity, but the longer they sat there in silence? The more intense something burned within. A need. A desire. Luna loathed to admit it, but she longed to be *worn*. And after about an hour of sitting there immobile? A potential wearer stepped into the room.

“Luna? ...Is she not here?” The voice that accompanied the body of a dark-skinned Au Ra woman was soft and gentle, and while Luna could not *hear* it, she could still see the now gigantic figure looming towards her. But the boots didn’t feel relief. They felt *anticipation*. Was she finally about to be worn? **“Oh no. Did she leave my present out?”**



Looking around the room for her companion, Solace was eventually drawn to the gift box that had been pulled out from, as well as the steel boots beside it that had a bow on them. The Viera surely hadn't wanted her to see her gift in advance, but at the same time... **"It's not like her to get me something like *this*, though."** Maybe Luna would get her clothes, but those were clearly not meant for an Au Ra woman's feet. Would they even fit her?

Maybe before she disappointed her friend, she should check? Solace was hesitant about it, but this *was* a good opportunity. So she shuffled over and slid them on. Not the extra pieces that laid strewn out behind them, but just the sandal portions that went up to her ankle. **"As I thought..."** They were *really* uncomfortable with how high they lifted her heels, and they were clearly meant for feet that were bigger than her own at the exact same

time.

But their fit wasn't an issue *for long*.

In the interim, Solace was unintentionally ignorant of the fact that putting on the sandal segments of the boots had put something into motion that she hadn't intended. Nonetheless? There were already signs that such a thing was transpiring, for the color scheme of *all* of her biological traits had begun to shift. While the Au Ra's skin was dark, for example? It was meant to be a very dark blue. Yet that color seemed to shift away from this hue and towards a very dark yet *familiar* brown.

And in tandem, so too did the colors of the scholar's locks lighten. It did not take long for a pale white to become dominant, starting from the tips of her mane and sweeping all of the way to her roots, brightening even the color of her brows and pubes in the process. Were these colors not familiar enough to her, than a changed glow to her irises would have certainly aided... had she even taken notice of any of this in the first place.

"I suppose I could just act surprised and tell her after the fact that they don't fit?" On the other hand, Solace appeared to be much more concerned about the boots she was still wearing. It was a little odd that she hadn't taken them off yet despite them not fitting, but... **"Erm? Or maybe they do fit? That's odd... They didn't fit just a moment ago, did they?"** She had lifted a leg and dropped it, yet there had been no slippage around her foot whatsoever.

The Xaela shook her head at the realization, not noticing as black speckles appeared to be dislodged from her head as she did so. Not only were her horns crumbling away, but so too were the scales upon her face – as well as across the entirety of her small body, really. Though the fact that her feet now fit in the sandals was actually a testament to the fact that, perhaps, she was no longer quite *as* small as she had once been.

In fact her body had been, and continue to, grow larger. Her height was the initial focus, with her spine leading the charge that likewise bled into her arms and legs. In the end it was a fairly significant boost to her overall stature, and one that didn't go unnoticed – while seeing to it that her hands and feet were appropriately sized for her new stature. **“I...? Did I get taller? That has to be impossible, right?”**

Impossible as it might have been, there was little denying what she could see and feel with her own body. Her thigh highs now only rose to just past her knees, her skirt barely covered her crotch, and her dress top had been lifted to reveal her belly button while sleeves only just barely reached past her elbows. **“I have to be around the same height as Luna, and... Well, isn't this kind of nice?”**

Quiet and demure so much of the time, Solace felt strangely *confident* all of a sudden. Which was definitely weird since her body had just *transformed*. But *had* it? *Have I not always been this tall? It's one of my charm points after all. Just like my...* Internally something was very *wrong*, but the woman herself seemed to be incapable of realizing it. As quickly as things changed, her memory conformed to accept them as normal – and the more this happened, the more her softer personality was paved over with something more confident.

For example? The woman's breasts swelled in size, and without much fanfare overall. Her nipples had swollen and engorged, jumping up a coin size before the weight of her bosom beneath flourished in kind. The surge prompted a series of bounces and jiggles beneath her top, and the tightness of her clothing eventually became too much to bear, so Solace idly unbuttoned the front without thinking much as to *why* she had to in the first place. Ultimately? A pair of full, DD-cup tits spilled out, with their nipples barely hidden by the cloth.

Meanwhile, farther down? Her rear end bloated similarly, swelling in size so that her undergarments found themselves firmly wedged between her cheeks behind her. A finger, now sporting black nails, idly reached back to pick out this wedgie that lifted her skirt so that her ass *and* pelvis were exposed, not even noting how her thighs had similarly burgeoned. But for as soft as the woman now was in some areas? Her muscles had tightened as well. She was fitter in all the right places.

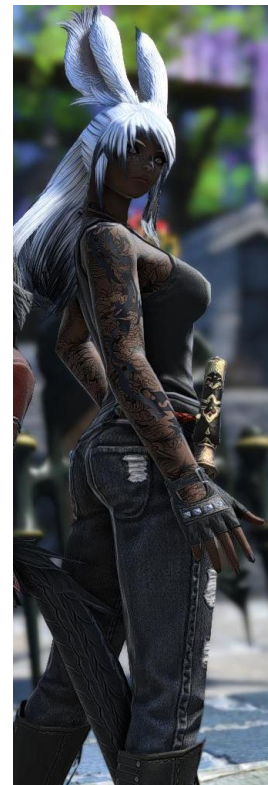
“Mm... Yeah, what was I so worried about? I’m so hot. Always have been.” These were words that sounded nothing like Solace, spoken with a voice that sounded nothing like Solace. But realistically? She didn’t *look* much like Solace either. She was taller, fitter, much more buxom, and her skin, eye, and hair colors were all completely different. Not to mention that by this juncture, all of her scales had crumbled away and dark ink had etched itself across her arms in the designs of familiar tattoos.

The woman’s facial palette even became increasingly unlike her own, with said face pulling longer. This left her cheekbones to rest higher on her face, and with dark lips swollen and her nose flatter, the sharpening of the edges of her eyes beneath bushier, white brows only served to create the illusion that she had better hailed from a different race. A race that, perhaps, easily broke the six foot height range like she now did. A race that, evidently, did not have a tail. For her own reptilian appendage unraveled in size, eventually disappearing into her tailbone so that the space above her large ass was entirely vacant.

Following the fall of the final few pieces of Solace’s Xaela horns, it became clear that there was nothing on the sides of her head through which she could hear, and yet her hearing had not disappeared? The cause was clear atop her head, where two white tufts seemed to be sticking out of her white hair. Gradually these tufts grew taller, shaping into a pair of tall and fluffy ears with pink fur lining the insides. The ears of the proud Viera race. And now that these ears had grown? Her hair spilled out down past her shoulders, tips darkening from dye more towards black.

“Why... did I put on Solace’s clothing? Why am I wearing these boots? And why the hell does my head hurt so much?” The tall, tattooed Viera woman had finally found clarity after her mind had been groggy for so long, and now that it had, the change to her personality that had been changing ever so slowly throughout her transformation was now entirely apparent. Gone was the shy and demure Au Ra, and now her personality was on the completely opposite side of the spectrum.

She was prideful, confident, arrogant, and unabashedly mean at times. There was no hesitation to any of her movements, but the keen intellect that Solace had earned as a scholar had been sacrificed to achieve that. Not that she would need to live a life like that with a body that was so tall, attractive, and fit. And she couldn’t even *remember* living that life.



Solace? That was her companion. So then who was she?

Well, naturally, she was *L'luna Winterbloom*.

The woman groaned as she peeled ill-fitted clothing from her body. **“Seriously, why can’t I recall putting this on? Did Solace even give me permission?”** The new Luna couldn’t even recall being anyone else. Her memories, body, and persona were all of that of her missing friend. A friend who was still wrapped around her feet, or at least until she eventually pulled the heel boots off so that her angled heels could better breathe. Footwear like that would be useless for her dances, but maybe she would hold onto them for a night out?

“That reminds me, I have to do a show tonight. I should get ready. But I wonder where Solace went? I wanted to celebrate her birthday first.”

She still had it better than the sentient boots she had discarded, which after having had a taste of being worn? They could no longer think of anything other than being worn again.