

SPROUT AND PROUD

COMMISSION STORY

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It wasn't very often that Hisa displayed *generosity* to others.

And that was very much something that had crossed Joseph's mind when the nekomata had approached him out of the blue with an offer one day. **"You can probably guess why I'm a little apprehensive, right?"** The man wasn't really afraid to bring it up in front of the cat eared girl that was floating in his bedroom. He knew that regardless of *how* she treated her the result would probably be the same. **"Usually you don't—"**

"I don't ask before I change you? Yeah, I guess that's true~!" Still levitating, the nekomata's two tails swished about while she did a little twirl in the air playfully, ending with an overly cute (and fake) expression. **"But once in a while you deserve a little treat for playing along, I think! So, why not take me up on it? You wouldn't mind seeing the game world with your own two eyes, right? But I couldn't send you like *that*, so I could send you as your Warrior of Light!"**

It *was* a good offer. While his Warrior of Light, Dreah, was an Au Ra *woman*, he didn't really care much about that. The opportunity to tour the world of Final Fantasy XIV with his own eyes was definitely tempting. He just didn't know what to *expect* if Hisa was offering it so eagerly. But at the same time, he understood that if she really just *wanted* to do something funny to him that she could just do it *without* his permission.

"Fine—"

Joseph hadn't even *managed* to finish accepting her offer before the world had warped around him. A *shame* considering he had wanted to add a stipulation or two before properly accepting it. "**This is... the game's login screen?**" Everything *had* gone black, but it eventually lit up with shimmering stars and flowing light all around him. It *seemed* like he was standing on a glass platform, too. Anyone familiar with Final Fantasy XIV would recognize this setting and the man had called it immediately. It was the game's login screen where you could select your character and, true to its name, *log in*.

He could see the login information actually projected in the air in front of him, although he could only see it from behind, so the words were backwards. It *looked* like his Warrior of Light's name was there though, so was this just something Hisa was doing from dramatic flair? That would be a *lot* like her, if so. "**I'm guess I just have to wait, but...**" *That* was when a sound caught his ear. It immediately drew his attention to the login information. The character name had been switched.

And then it had been selected. Since he was reading it backwards, he hadn't been able to properly make it out before it *disappeared* with the selection. "**Wait, what—?**" But it was *already* too late. The 'login' process had already begun at the behest of the nekomata who was controlling it. And he *immediately* felt its effects. She had been true to her word *in a sense*, but as he had initially assumed? She *was* up to something.

In fact? Before he could even react in the first place, something had washed over him that he didn't *immediately* notice. A very *dramatic* change in his olive skin; both in its quality *and* its color had washed over him. The pigmentation of it all lightened towards a much brighter shade, and if he had *actually* been becoming his Warrior of Light? Then that wouldn't have been *that* odd since she was also pale. But this was a little *too* pale to be a match for Dreah's skin.

What's more, that skin underwent a change in *quality* too. It smoothed and softened immaculately and cuts or blemishes that Joseph's body might have possessed eased away. If he was becoming a woman that had fought her fare share of battles, then wouldn't it make more sense for him to *gain* scars and blemishes? But all that appeared was a singular mole rising beneath his lips.

"**So, what is *she* doing to *me* then—?**" The man's voice flickered back and forth rapidly between his own and something that was more feminine, but also carried a sultrier tone. To be fair, aside from making grunts and groans, Warriors of Light weren't really voiced in game, but

this voice sounded *deeper* than he would have expected his Dragoon to sound. But it paired nicely with a body that was beginning to thin in terms of shape, with his waist tucking in at the sides and his shoulders narrowing to match.

The man began to have a *much* better idea of things the moment he realized his clothes had become ill fit, and he got the vibe that he was farther away from the glass floor than he had been prior (but it was hard to be certain with nothing solid nearby to compare his perspective to). “***I grew taller!?***” Au Ra women were notoriously tiny, and so that jump from nearly six feet to 6’2” implied he was becoming one of the taller races of Etheirys. ...And there were a few of them.

With the *structural* changes in place, the next phase of Hisa’s powers hit fast and hard. To be fair, there *were* earlier signs of it in his narrowed waist, but his hips pulled a little wider within his pants – which paired with how his shirt had lifted up already from his height ended up showing off more skin than before. There was no denying that, at least in terms of his silhouette, Joseph looked much more like a *woman*. But it was far truer of his *face* and *hair* than anywhere else.

He bit his lower lip and then probed it with his tongue. “***Thicker...***” It was *significantly* so, as was the upper lip. Not only that, but these lips were *thicker*. He was quick to assume that the rest of his face was faring similarly, and he was correct. Not only did that face soon pull upward so that it was longer, but his perfect cheeks narrowed, and his nose sharpened. Perhaps the most striking change came to his *eyes* though, for they narrowed between darker, thicker lashes while irises shifted to a bright blue.

And then there were the red, almost whisker-like markings that appeared beneath his eyes.

“***I don’t think there’s any point in denying that I’m becoming a woman, but fuck!***” It *was* surprising – at least the realization that he wasn’t becoming *his* Warrior of Light – but was it really the time for that kind of language? Joseph wasn’t even really one to curse for no reason, but the way he was speaking came off far more aggressive. And it was a *lot* more aggressive than the way Dreah spoke when she was so sheepish.

Fingers, having lengthened and slimmed, ended up playing with hair that didn’t *usually* reach the man’s shoulders. “***Tch.***” That was the extent she was willing to express her annoyance on the matter, because with everything else that was happening it was more or less expected. Once this growing hair was long enough, he *did* pull some over his shoulder to look at it. It was long, thick, and blue with white tips,

reaching his shoulders in the back while bangs were thick and messy with the same frosted ends. Needless to say? The hair around his dick had acquired the same coloring while thickening a *little bit*.

But they didn't surround a *dick* for much longer.

She already looked the part of a gorgeous woman, but a sensual moan calling from between thick lips suggested the parting of a *new* pair of lips. A pussy had pulled open just beneath her balls, burrowing up into what was functionally a new wound as her unnecessary male genitalia diminished in size until nothing was left at all. **“Well, that’s fucking that, but what am I even becoming?”** An Elezen? A Roegadyn? It was neither of those options, but there was *another* race whose women were that tall.

Those racial traits wouldn't bless Joseph's body until the end, however, and at that moment her body was adjusting to better match her new sex. Of course, that included the sensual phenomenon of a once flat chest beginning to inflate almost like a pair of muffins rising in the oven. Her almost dark grey nipples puffed up first, promptly tripling in size as they grew erect. But their growth paled in comparison to the flesh that pooled beneath them, and hands that now sported dark, blue-painted fingernails groped at the heft of the sensitive F-cup tits that lifted her shirt further. She shuddered at her own touch. **“They didn't need to be so damn big...”**

They kind of *did* though. And the woman's pants became tighter because it wasn't *only* her tits that *had* to be so large. At least to match her race. Her legs were already a little shapely from her height and hip growth, but the soon came to push against her pant legs until rips and tears formed, allowing pale flesh to poke out through them. Those thighs were *easily* four times as thick as they had been before, but there was a new strength to them too. Just as there was with an ass that was molded perfectly out behind him, cheeks peeking out over the waistline of his clothing.

TWITCH, TWITCH...

“Oh, fuck off— Wait.” There had been a twitching feeling on Joseph's ears that had bothered her at first, but it structure her after a moment that there was probably a reason for it, and that reason had to be related to her race. She could feel her ears creeping up the sides of her head, in fact, and the ginger touch of one hand found that a soft fuzz had grown around them. They *felt* longer. They *were* longer. By the time they had crept all of the way up to the tops of her head they were about six feet

tall with rounded tips, covered in thick fur that resembled her hair in color. The ears of a rabbit. “**A Viera...**”

As if to confirm that this was correct, a change in *gear* occurred with the usual gear set swapping sound effect that happened in game. The space around the Viera woman’s body distorted, and in that split second her old men’s clothing disappeared. And she was left in a skimpy set of armor that showed off her tummy, cleavage, ass and thighs with its leotard, almost *lingerie*-like design. With a bunny tail and even bunny *feet* fashioned from steel.

In the end it was *very* safe to say that she *hadn’t* become Dreah. Dressed in the skimpy clothing that was traditional of the Viera race, the bunny woman was a far cry from the short lizard she had played in the game. But race wasn’t even the *only* thing that differed from her own Warrior of Light. *Seraphina Dark* didn’t know how she could tell, but she was *level 1* instead of her level 100 character and in the Conjurer job rather than being DPS. She was a *sprout* “**So much of this is just wrong, but...**”



She felt strangely *optimistic* about it, though. Which was part of the inconsistencies. Her personality had been tampered with, but Dreah was always uncertain, quiet, and often pessimistic. Seraphina, on the other hand, just couldn’t seem to sit still. “**This is pretty crazy, but it’s definitely not what I wanted! Change me back into a... Uh? Was it a Hyur?**” She didn’t care about raising her voice and remained confident even when she sounded *uncertain*.

Why couldn’t she remember what her race had been called though? It wasn’t like her memories had changed... “**Shit! Is this a case of that?**” Of Hisa locking some memories so that she couldn’t speak of them. Sometimes she did it so her transformed victims couldn’t blab about who or what they had been before, or *where* they hailed from. “**What the hell am I gonna— AHHHH!?**” She wasn’t afforded more time to ask any questions before the world flickered black, then displayed a loading graphic, and then...

She was sitting in the back of a familiar carriage.

“**She said Joseph went on ahead of me, but what’s with the login stuff?**” I honestly should have known better than to take Hisa at

her word. I was closer to her than anyone, being her creator, Axel. How many times had she transformed me in the past? It was hard to say for sure because she often wiped my memory of it once she'd had her fill, but sometimes she showed me *videos* of how I'd acted both *during* the transformation and afterwards. Depending on what *or* who I had been transformed into at the time it ranged from a little embarrassing to *very* embarrassing.

Hisa had approached me with the same offer she had Joseph, and smartly I had initially refused. But then she had told me that Joseph had already gone on ahead. I was plagued by a sense of responsibility in case anything went wrong, and so I chose to follow after just in case. *That* was how I had ended up at the login screen. And why I was forced to watch the character name get switched from my Warrior of Light's, a miqo'te ninja named S'aiya, get swapped to something else from behind. **"What are—?"**

Too late.

I was immediately hit with a *very* strange feeling. Like a mysterious force was *pushing in* on my body from all sides. If I hadn't been aware of Hisa's tricks then I might not have caught on about *what* this meant for me, but I was experienced with her ways. I didn't even *need* to look down to confirm what was happening, but I did as much regardless. **"Yup."** I could see it happening in real time. My bulging stomach was regressing, pulling against my torso as a side effect of all of my excess weight fading away. It didn't take long at all before I was perfectly thin, from my stomach to my chest, to my limbs, to my face. An expected change. It wasn't like there were many chubby women models in the game. And my Warrior of Light was thin *and* fit.

But none of that fitness took root in a visible way. Rather, the trajectory of my transformation appeared to have a *very* different plan in mind, and I didn't have any reason to *doubt* who I was becoming at first aside from the changed login name. It seemed to focus more on transforming me into a woman before anything else, and so the slimming I'd experienced appeared to target my waistline just as much as it had my belly. My hips had flared out a little and my shoulders thinned, too.

I touched my face wordlessly, able to tell that my skin was much softer and smoother. Small bumps that I'd always had on my face had faded, but there was much more to it than that. I poked at my lips to try and tell that they were thicker, the bridge of my nose was smaller, and the shapes of my eyes seemed to have become a little softer themselves. **"I definitely have the face of a woman, but..."** Did I look much different? No, my dark hair didn't even change colors even though it *did* grow out to my shoulders.

If anything, I looked more like a female version of myself – made all the truer once I shuddered at the sensation of my dick and balls pulling in to invert my sex permanently. I had *officially* become a *woman*. “**O-Oh...**” Had a stutter really been necessary there? It happened *sometimes* in social situations, but when it came to Hisa’s shenanigans, I was usually pretty firm and confident. This wasn’t really an instance where I would typically trip up, even if having a pussy and womb take root in your body wasn’t the most *normal* of feelings.

But of course, once my biological sex had changed it was only natural that my body’s changes would enter the final stage... at least when it came to changing my sex. A small, *B-cup* pair of breasts emerged beneath my shirt, and by ass and thighs perked up into appropriately feminine shapes that didn’t really *stand* out. It didn’t really matter though, because my racial changes hadn’t kicked in, right? Maybe once they did, I’d—

“**W-Wait, something was wrong with the login, right? S-So...**” My stutter persisted, and my voice was clearly that of a woman now. But it was soft and a little higher than I would have expected? I considered my situation with a natural amount of concern considering Hisa’s habits. As it turned out? I was *right* to have those concerns. Because paired with the ground beneath me basically being transparent glass, I get the impression that I was falling. “**UWAAAH!?**”

It took me a second, but I did eventually realize that I wasn’t *actually* falling. My *point of view* was dipping, but that was because my body was getting smaller as arms and legs pushed in against themselves, along with my ribs and stomach. On paper, if I had been becoming S’aiya then this would have happened, nonetheless. I was nearly six feet tall, and Miqu’te woman were of an average height. But it became clear that this *wasn’t* what was happening once I dipped beneath the five foot mark. “**U-UH!?**”

My arms flailed up and down in a mannerism that wasn’t typical of me, my clothing becoming more and more like a hefty set of blankets upon a body that was getting *tinier* and *tinier*. My pants and underwear fell off of me, but once I dipped beneath four feet it didn’t really matter. My shirt was already pooling on the ground around me as I became more and more of a prison within. There was the risk of it coming off entirely and exposing myself.

But the smaller I became the less there was *to* expose. My breasts and ass all deflated, not disappearing like they might if I had regressed through puberty, instead retaining their maturity while becoming more *compact*. My tits might as well have been mosquito bites in the end, but

when it came to the race I was becoming they were basically average size for a woman who was around *twenty*. Much of my body's shape distorted in ways that would have been much more fascinating if it hadn't been happening to *me*. Everything became thicker and stubbier on top of becoming smaller, with fingers looking more like short sausages before lone upon broad, tiny arms.

There wasn't much weight to my thighs or butt at all by the time I had shrunk all the way down to a mere *3'1"*, although oddly? My hips were still rather wide. This was to accommodate my *stomach*, which had grown to be much broader than my shoulders and had taken on some weight so that a slight belly bump pushed forward. Some might compare my body's overall shape to a *potato*?

“L-L-LALAFELL!?” If I'd *really* been becoming my Warrior of Light then I would have become a beautiful, vaguely buxom cat girl. But I was *definitely* a Lalafell, the dwarfish race of XIV that had much cuter features. This cuteness had come to show well in my face, which had become much more circular and robbed of its human maturity. My nose was painted over with dark blush – a beauty practice of my new people – and circular eyes were a bright blue. Even my hair ended up changing much more dramatically, lengthening and *curling* into a pair of twintails that had lightened to a pale pink with darker highlights.

From *behind* this hair the final nail in the coffin was hammered in. Or *out*, in this case? Because two flesh points emerged. My ears had pulled to the sides and stretched out, becoming about five inches long before their sharpened points reached their ends. I touched one with a stubby, Lalafellian hand. Yup, definitely a Lalafell. But despite my difference in stature, it wasn't hard to move? As I shuffled about, I found myself moving my short legs in a waddle to best distribute my weight on very small toes and flat heels. **“O-Oh dear...”** Since when had I become so *passive*?

In the end, light around my body distorted as my own gear changed. When it cleared? I was no longer trapped within a pile of human clothing, instead dressed in a cute, white tunic with a brown vest, bloomers, and little boots with a red scarf. Traditional Lalafell traveling gear.

“D-D-Did this really happen!? Th-This isn't what she offered me at aaaaall!” I couldn't stop myself from murmuring like a stuttered mess, my high and mousy voice bordering *annoying* in terms of sound as I threw my stubby arms up and down in the air. I couldn't remember my old name *nor* what Hyurs were called where I came from. I just knew that I was *clearly* a Lalafell woman. One



who was twenty years of age, and one who went by the name *Fofolu Folu*.

Hisa had promised to turn me into *my* Warrior of Light, but I clearly hadn't been. S'aiya was antisocial and broody, but she was confident and strong willed. As I was now? I was a sheepish and stuttering mess, but I also craved having company of some kind. I was likewise level 1 and shoved into the Arcanist job. It had the potential to remain DPS or become the healing Scholar later. And somehow, I felt my new personality would lend itself better to the latter.

What was I supposed to do!? My body was so small, and I must have looked so *adorable*! I had to be a *sprout* too, right? **“I-Isn't this bad? If I log into the game like this, TH-THEEEEEEN!?”** Before I could go over just *how* things could go wrong, I'd been launched into Eorzea itself with a loading screen.

Finding myself sitting in the back of a familiar carriage.

Three years past, and over the course of that period both women had very similar, yet very different journeys. Since Seraphina nor Fofolu had been able to use their real names, they never encountered one another in a way where they could tell they had actually been reunited. They *lived through* the game's story. All of its dungeons, trials, and raids; suffering all the while. The Warrior of Light could always get up and try again, but the pain associated with the initial death would always be overwhelming. At some point the both of them had learned to push through it, helped by their healing jobs of White Mage and Scholar respectively.

But they had found some happiness amidst the futility behind the idea of returning home. Both had fallen in love and become wives to their own partners, and it seemed like the would be continuing their lives in new ways going forward. Fofolu was even pregnant! ...Through artificial insemination, mind you, because her partner was another Lalalfell woman. The two old friends had even unknowingly attended each other's weddings through shared friends.

“I wonder if I should let them live full lives before I change them back? Hmm....”