

BARBARI GIRL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



L'luna Winterbloom wasn't a stranger to getting herself mixed up in unfortunate circumstances, but these circumstances *certainly* took the cake when sized up to her past mistakes. After all, it wasn't every day that you ended up floating amongst the Void without any clear way to escape, if any. "**Hello!? Is anyone out there!?**" The only tool that she had to *potentially* seek help was her voice, and it carried only so far in this realm of floating rocks and Voidsent creatures. And she certainly hoped those creatures *weren't* what ultimately found her.

This had all come about because of Luna's pride, as many of her issues tended to come about. She honestly had a *real* talent for it, almost like her overbearing personality was rigged to put her into every unpleasant situation imaginable. But while she could be confident and, at times, overbearing, she wasn't really a bad person either. She was just doing the best she could with what she had.

Some of that confidence came from her career as a dancer. She worked tirelessly, and not for nothing, because through all of her hard work she had become fairly well renowned. Her movements demanded attention on stage, and her beauty was undeniable not only *just* because she was a Viera, but because she was exceptionally pretty even by Viera beauty standards. She had fans, and those fans often brought her gifts. Usually they dropped them off at shows, but sometimes?

They went out of their way to give them to her on the streets.

Back then, Luna had raised an eyebrow at the man and the gift he was holding out to her. She hadn't even *performed* that day and was on the way to her usual stage when this shady fellow had stopped her. He

claimed to be her ‘number one fan’, and while this wasn’t the first time someone had made this claim to her... this might have been the shadiest fellow to have said such a thing. After all, he was clad in black robes and obscured his face entirely. **“Oh! Thank you!”** Despite the *very obvious* warning signs though, her pride had prompted her to accept his words regardless.



Along with the gift he had held out to her. A small, pearl-sized stone of swirling black. If the ‘fan’ himself was menacing in design, then the gift he handed her did little to throw that opinion away. But even so... **“Oh, a gem? How lovely! I’ll be sure to put this with the others! After all, I’ve received so many gifts.”** She had said a little *too* much, and had unintentionally begun to gloat because of how she was. Fortunately the man didn’t seem to respond to the woman basically saying his gift was just one of many, though. He was simply rubbing his hands together sketchily when Luna held the black pearl in her hand.

“Indeed... We could use a specimen of your caliber in the Void as well. Ehehehe....” Huh? What had he just said, and in such an unsettling manner? Before she could even probe his comments back

then, he had disappeared entirely, leaving only his cloak laying on the road with no witnesses around to confirm his disappearance. Luna’s eyes had danced around in a panic. What... was that? What had he been talking about? The Void? As in where the Voidsent had come from? And why did he call her a *specimen*? That was *so* gross!

Fortunately – or more accurately, *unfortunately* – for her, some of those answers didn’t wait to find her. Or, well, they didn’t wait to *take* her. Because the pearl in her hand had cracked, and a darkness spilled out that swallowed her whole. A portal to the Void that had disappeared just as quickly as it had appeared, stealing the Viera in the process.

And *that* was how she had ended up in the Void.

It had been almost twenty minutes now, and no attempts to ‘swim’ through the air had amounted to much of anything. Sure, she might have spun around a few times in the air, but in the end she was still stationary. **“This is no good. If I don’t get eaten by something**

first, I'm going to end up starved." Was there really no gravity in the Void? No, but she was being supported by a field that had been set up in advance. It bound her with the intention of forcing her to absorb the corrupted aether that filled this space, for the words of that man had been genuine.

They had truly wanted a 'specimen' like her in the Void, but only because they desired the second coming of their queen. They had simply required a woman of comparable beauty to offer up not as a sacrifice, but as a host capable of accommodating *her* corrupted aether. And enough of this had poured into poor Luna's vessel now for the dividends of this ploy to reap benefits.

In fact, while it might have been difficult to see considering she was just *floating* there with next to nothing around her to provide perception that she was crucially missing, Luna had already begun to undergo a fairly significant change. But even the warning signs left her confused about just what the heck was happening to her, seeing as she had no reason to believe that she might be changing in the first place.

But L'luna Winterbloom? She was getting *big*.

"What's going on with my clothes here? They weren't always this..." *Tight*. But from her black tank top to her dark jeans, and even her boots – all of her clothing felt like it had *shrunk*! Was the Void doing something weird to her clothes!? This was a bizarre thought to have, but it was truthfully less bizarre than the truth of this issue. It wasn't that the Viera's clothing was getting smaller, it was that the body that wore them was growing.

That growth, largely, was consistent. It wasn't like her legs were growing at a different rate than her arms or anything like that whatsoever. Her proportions were retained, but the fit of her outfit most certainly was *not*. Eventually the size of her body became greater than her clothes could bare, and... **"Damn it!?"**

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The shriek that followed from Luna might as well have been as loud as the sound of *all* of her clothing tearing into itty bitty pieces. Cloth or steel, it was all overcome by the Viera's size and became little more than scraps that began to float around her body. But now because of those scraps? She had a point of reference for her perspective, and while covering up her now exposed crotch and tits with her hands, an explanation for what was befalling her finally struck true. **"I'm growing!? What!?"**

How did that make any sense!?! Why would being in the voice force her body to grow like this? And the worst part was that considering her surroundings, she could even really piece together *how* big she was getting! She'd already hit ten feet though, that was enough to prompt her flesh to burst gloriously free from their cloth prison, but it didn't even stop there. The woman continued to do her best to try and cover herself even as she swelled *another ten feet*, becoming a twenty foot tall giantess by the end.

Well, surely there were people out there that wanted to be stepped on by a twenty foot tall Viera?

“Can someone help me!?! I’m in trouble here!” A part of her wondered if anyone would even *be* able to help her at this size, but truthfully? She felt a little more *confident*. Being this big meant that there probably weren't a lot of Voidsent that could hurt her, right? *And she'd love nothing more than to crush them if they tried. She dared them, even.*

Luna was prideful, but these thoughts almost seemed *twisted*. And they weren't fleeting, they simply grew more plentiful. As they did, her body continued to twist in form – beginning with the tanned complexion that the woman had possessed since birth. A pattern of pale speckles emerged across the entirety of her skin, from head to toe. But seeing as she was trying to avoid looking at her own naked self now that she was covering up, she didn't really *notice*.

It didn't remain merely a pattern for long, and eventually more and more of those speckles appeared to rob the natural melanin from her skin. But more than that it also ate away at her many tattoos. Before long it became inevitable that these speckles would overlap and merge, and as they did it was clear that this skin color wasn't at all *normal*. It was surely pale, but it had a pastel green pigmentation to it as well. Something overtly *unusual*. Well, the fact that her nipples and pussy took on a blatantly forest green color in the process certainly helped with putting two and two together in that regard.

“That’s right, I *dare* someone to cross me...” Where was this confidence coming from? She had *always* been a confident woman to a fault, but this was something broken, something that didn't view life as something valuable. And to better suit the mentality of a monster, physical features upon herself quickly took a turn for the *monstrous* themselves.

The nails upon her fingers darkened to a black color, but they also *grew*. Not to a normal length, mind you, but undeniably into the shapes of

sharp *claws*. All the while, the canine teeth within the woman's mouth sharpened into the form of fangs themselves, the lips that hid them growing thick and green to better disguise their sharpness.

Luna's mane fluttered behind her with no shortage of chaos. The very *same* chaos that stirred within her heart with greater and greater influence. Her ponytail had already come undone with her growth, but now that hair was growing longer and fanning out. Some of it moved strangely, twitching here and there. The woman didn't realize this was because her mind had begun to exert some sort of control over it all, like it was prehensile. In the meantime? Her Viera ears shrunk in length, ultimately disappearing into her skull while new, Hyur ears rounded themselves on her head's sides.

Rather than feel helpless about being trapped in the Void now, a groan passed green lips that sounded *agitated* instead. Like something wasn't up to snuff. No sooner than she had, a vibrant green passed through her new gratuitously long mane of hair. The color was lighter near her roots, and bangs were rearranged lengthily and chaotically to sweep to either side, while much of that hair atop her head curled up towards the sky. On the other hand, the bulk of the length behind her gathered into a series of darker green tendrils. "*Perfect for lashing.*"

She peered over her own shoulder with eyes that were now glowing vaguely with a yellowish green themselves, smirking at her own locks. Any reservations that Luna had possessed about her situation had seemingly been dissuaded, but only because a new identity had drowned her ability to protest out. It was clear that she was significantly more comfortable with her giant, monstrous appearance. She *welcomed* it, almost. To the point that she no longer endeavored to cover her tits and pussy.

In the case of the former area, there was soon not as *much* to cover in the first place. The overall cup size of the woman's breasts was reduced so they were a little more reasonable. Still, she *was* twenty feet tall. C-cups for her were still bigger than the entire body of any singular mortal that might approach her. She licked her green lips, but it was clear that Luna, or *whoever* she was, still wasn't completely satisfied.

How could she be when even her ass shrunk a little in size? But it didn't matter in the end, ultimately, because her prehensile hair passively began to wrap around the woman's body. And when it eventually withdrew? Ornamentation done up in silver and dark green was clasped around her flesh, covering the essentials and strongly resembling a swimsuit in many ways. It wasn't conventional clothing, and in a technical sense might as well have been considered *part* of her body, but it could be removed if she ever felt a little *frisky*.

Not that many existed that could satisfy a woman of her abundant *size*.

The fact that she had outgrown her clothes early on during her transformation was oh so clearly no longer an issue, for the vague coverage that now barely shielded her loins and breasts were composed *entirely* of the Voidsent's own hair of green. She floated there quietly a moment, her expression blank as the new personality she had been 'blessed' with finished finalizing itself. But just because it was new also didn't mean that it was wholly *different* either.



“*Tch.*” The first sound that *Barbariccia* made once her transformation had completed was the sort of sound you might expect from a woman that was far too full of herself – and in fact it was a sound that L'luna had made plenty of times herself in the past. But she was no longer L'luna despite how few or many similarities that might have existed between the two. As she was now, she leaned much more strongly into the idea of taking what she wanted, particularly if it meant she could do so violently.

She crossed her arms beneath her chest, the emerald gem above her bosom shining even among the green-tinted color of both her skin and hair – the latter moving about behind her with all of its length as if each

strand had a mind of its own. **“To think this is how I would be reborn? In a vessel that was not even mine? Or no, perhaps we are simply one in the same after all?”** Luna’s memories had not been erased, they had simply been overwhelmed. And so Barbariccia could still recall those roots. She simply just did not care for them.

“Heimdall.” A name escaped her lips, and at its command a Voidsent appeared. An imp that had a *very* familiar voice, for it was the same voice as the man that had given Luna the pearl in the first place. **“I assume you’re prepared for the repercussions of reincarnating me in a vessel so undeserving?”** Because the Queen’s pride was endless, she wouldn’t have been satisfied regardless of whose form she had ultimately corrupted.

“Y-Yes, your highness...” The imp bowed, and with a snap of her fingers? The giantess’ hair impaled him. It was fine, he would be reborn. But she had to lash out *somehow*. Seeing as the reason she had ended up in this position in the first place had been someone that had come from Luna’s realm. **“I’ll find this Warrior of Light and squash them once and for all!”**