

GOD FORSAKEN

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The Scions of the Seventh Dawn had found them in a sticky situation.

Reports of a potential Primal summoning had taken Krile, Alisaie, and the recently healed Y'shtola all of the way back to Doma. After the incident with Yotsuyu and Asahi, the local leadership had been on exceedingly high alert and weren't going to allow the unqualified to research these reports, so of course they had contacted the Scions themselves.

It was a shame that the Warrior of Light was preoccupied, but after vanquishing Tsukuyomi, Y'shtola had essentially ordered them to take some leisure time. She promised them that if they required their help that they would contact them via Linkshell. *But life comes at you fast.*

They'd hardly come up on the back entrance of the ruins that were reported to be the stronghold of the organization responsible for the supposed Primal summoning when they had been ambushed. And from that point on? Everything had been a blur.

“Krile!”

“Unhand her, fiend!”

The next Krile Mayer Baldesion knew, she was being dragged by her tiny, Lalafell hands with her butt against the ground. Her vision was hazy, but she could vaguely make out the shapes of Alisaie and Y'shtola calling out to her from behind the bars of a crudely shaped cell. How long had she been out? She could hardly tell. Her head ached, and her body

burned. It took all of her energy just to lift her eyes to see who was pulling her – and it looked to be a pair of suspicious individuals in dark robes.

Looking past them, the vast canvas of an open cavern, lit by mysterious means, spread wide above. Was this within the ruins they had been set to investigate? It jogged the Lalafell's memory enough to understand what was now going on. Right, they had been attacked. All three of them had been put to sleep through the means of magic, which explained her splitting headache.

“Uck!” Without warning, the two captors threw the young woman down in the center of the cavern. Landing on her back, she could see it dangling from above. A stalagmite made of a shimmering, purple gemstone – now obviously the source of light in the cavern. The atmosphere was heavy, almost reminiscent of what she had heard about—

A PRIMAL SUMMONING!?

It dawned on her too little, too late; a beam of purple light was fired from the stalagmite's point, and the small-bodied woman was forced to bask in the energy it produced. This energy was so great that her body was pulled off of the ground, and even when its power waned, she continued to linger in the air. ...*No*, was that true? All at once, Krile had felt re-energized, and this floating phenomenon? It felt more as if it was now only occurring because she willed it so.

She didn't understand, but she also did. It was far more like... she didn't want to acknowledge the truth of the possibility. But whether she acknowledged it or not would have no bearing on whether or not things would progress, and there were already indicators.

The most prevalent of these was something Krile would not be able to gleam herself, for an ominous red color had spread throughout her irises and was glowing even brighter than the stalagmite above. Once her irises were thoroughly lit, however, the white sclera around them darkened until they were blacker than the night itself. This gave her eyes a resting, intimating appeal that wasn't intended; at least not *yet*.

“Who...? What...?” The Lalafell continued to hover there. While her headache was gone, her head felt like it was in a sorry state. Did she still feel disoriented from when they had been ambushed, or was this something else?

As she pondered erratically, a pair of strange markings came to sweep upwards from her eyes. A violet-blue by color, they looked to be born of face paint, yet they were designed as a pair of clouds in a more traditional, Doman art style. These weren't actually crafted by paint however, convincing as they were. They were tattooed onto her skin, irreversible to any attempts of removal.

From them, another color began to seep into her pale skin, spreading rapidly across her face, down her neck, and throughout the entirety of her smaller body. A grayish purple that you might have found on one of the other races depending on their tribe, but certainly not a color that was common of Lalafells. The darker tone really made her red eyes stand out all the more, but that wasn't the end of the discoloration by a long shot.

Fingernails, toenails; once the digits beneath them had taken on the purple-gray undertone, the natural color of these nails became *bizarre*. Bizarre because no race nor creature would ever have nails of this color: a bright, sky blue that even saw the lengths of these nails grow. It was of little consequence when two inches of length were added to her fingernails, but her toes? They were still housed within her boots, and the pull of them against her socks and the inside of the boots was *not* a wonderful feeling.

A change of color, likewise, had seeped into Krile's hair. A natural brunette, little by little all of the color faded away as if the light of the setting sun were slowly disappearing, and before long the tone was of a lifeless silver. An *ample*, lifeless silver, if the back of her hood had any additional details to share. The space behind her head filled as the length wriggled and grew, eventually becoming so abundant that the hood was forced open from her mane alone, and long, silver hair dangled past even her feet. The color likewise penetrated her eyebrows, which also saw them shorten in length until they were little more than a pair of fuzzy looking, magatama designs.

Despite her confusion, Krile suddenly recalled the fact that Y'shtola and Alisaie were trapped within a cell nearby. They were surely too far away to see her, but thinking of her friends, trapped? It angered her to the point that she snarled like a beast, and in doing so she showed her teeth. As they clenched, they were remoulded, sharpened like a set of knives contained within her mouth. "**I need to help them! I need to...**" But wasn't there something else she had to do first? She wasn't 'ready' yet, whatever that meant – it was more of an *instinct* than anything. And just what, exactly, did it mean to *help* them?

She hardly resembled a Lalafell anymore, and if she did? She certainly looked like an evil, monstrous one. This aura was only enhanced as her

inhuman features began to multiple, beginning with a set of four protrusions that erupted from the top of her forehead at equal distribution points. They began as little more than a set of pitch black nubs but given a moment they began to extend and show a more diverse color palette.

They were carved into tall horns that were vertically thin but thick in width that reached towards the back of her head, with their upper layer colored a vibrant *purple*. Each horn curved slightly outwards to the side before reaching straight up, and stood complimentary to Krile's ears, which doubled in length and tripled in sharpness by design.

“Ugh!? What’s... My hands!?” A wave of discomfort finally knocked the transforming Krile after her tizzy. Her fingers had been cracking and popping, and the moment she brought it before her eyes. The dark color of her skin paired with the blue of her now long nails surprised her more than anything; or so that had been the case fleetingly. But the cause of her finger spasms laid itself plain as she observed as well, for her fingers were cracking because they were growing longer. They practically tripled in length, palms growing larger in size to accommodate these new, bony digits, until they were a total mismatch for her small body.

But at the same time? The tension in her boots reached a boiling point, and the sound and sensation of the front of her boots being torn open could be heard as she hovered there. Elongated toes erupted first, as did the rest of her feet, finally, quadruple the size of a regular Lala's feet with a bone structure more similar to those of a Hyur... at least, aside from the overall length of the toes, which appeared far too disproportionately bizarre.

SWISH, SWISH, SWISH

From behind her was the sensation of something swinging to and fro. A hairless tail that had snaked out from beneath the hem of her jacket, the final piece of her newly discovered *'divinity'*. But there were no gods in this world, not literally. There were only the god-like beings known as Primals. **“This power... Grr... It feels so... *Who would dare attempt to contain it within this tiny vessel!?*”** Krile couldn't comprehend it. The more she grew familiar with this foreign power that flowed within her, the more her body felt too liking.

Fundamentally, she should have rejected it entirely. She was typically too reasonably to allow herself to be consumed, and yet? Those that were enthralled by Primals had it easy compared to the influence of having one directly hooked up to your soul, which had largely been the case here. Her body had been changing to suit it, and while she had

taken on the essence of this mighty presence... further adjustment was needed.

And so, she swelled.

There was nothing subtle about it, not was it limited to merely growing up. Her little, Lalafell body began to stretch in every imaginable fashion, be it growing more massive with consistency, or stretching into a figure less befitting of a Lala and more befitting of one of the taller races. The woman's spine cracked as it grew long, pulling her torso tall and seeing its weight redistributed so she didn't appear anorexic. On the other hand, her limbs reeled and jittered just as her fingers and toes had as they'd lengthened, becoming just as lanky as his torso at the end of it all.

“Ngh... Grow! Faster!” Clothing fashioned for a Lalafell stood no chance as her figure changed, but the fact that she was growing in the sense that she was becoming a giant at the same time more or less guaranteed everything would be reduced to tatters. Her broader form burst free of cream-colored fabrics, their exploded pieces fluttering to the cavern floor below as more and more of her grey-purple flesh was left entirely exposed. Perhaps she should have felt shame as her small chest was laid bare, or her pussy (decorated with silver pubes) came into view. But *shame*? What was that? She had evolved beyond the need for such a thing. **“Yes! Yes!”**

Krile's voice deepened as one might expect as her figure began to dwarf even her surroundings. As a Lalafell she had been less than four feet tall, but in just a few moments? That height had doubled, and she continued to excel upwards as her bones cracked and stretch. It wasn't painful – in fact, it was quite the opposite, for pleasure had taken her the moment the cavern air had begun to tease her bare puss. There was something arousing about her body growing upwards, but some credit was due to where it grew *outwards* as well.

Her hips stood among the most notable of areas here, for they swung wider than her shoulders from a gait that had been smaller than half a foot as a Lalafell. This left plenty of room for her new figure to fill in, and it certainly did so without any care for how gratuitous it did so.

The cheeks of her ass surged rapidly, purple mounds building to meet the expectations of these wider hips as they grew both towards the back and the sides. Her hairless tail continued to swish to the sides above it, but by the time her height had peaked out at almost ten feet, her tail was practically slapping her own huge ass with each sway. Comparable, one cheek of her ass at this size would have been bigger than most Miqu'te men. You could get lost in that ass crack. *Literally.*

While her limbs had become lanky, they had likewise grown strong. Muscles were evident in both Krile's arms and legs, but as far as her thighs were concerned? They were quickly overshadowed as they caught the overflow of the fat that had blessed her rear end. The purple skin that contained them became taut and tender as fat saw them expand to curvilinear extents, really adding an extra *bang* to the wow factor of her lower figure before this weightiness moved chestward.

“Mm... Good, bring them!” The complacent Krile could only paw at her flat chest with elongated fingers as she anticipated what was to come next. Even though the rest of her body had grown? Her hands and feet were still larger than they should have been proportionally. It hadn't been an accident before: they were a permanent *feature*.

As predicted, the flesh between her fingertips came to rise like muffins baking within the depths of an oven. They surged forward, filling rapidly and very suddenly filling the palms of her oversized hands, not stopping even as they began to press up and against her palms. **“Oh...! That's right, swell!”** She was living in the moment, her long nails tweaking dark purple nipples that were larger than a sword each, massaging flesh that reached the peaks of F-cups comparatively, but were larger than a Lalafell's hut *each*.

She got so heated that she almost lost herself in her pleasure but realizing the men that had dragged her in here in the first place had returned, she staved off her arousal and gave a snap of her fingers. Her large, luscious body was immediately shrouded in traditional *Japanese* clothing. She did not know where this 'Japan' was, but it was the first thing that came to mind.

The woman's ensemble consisted of pure white undergarments – a pair of traditional panties shrouded by a skirt that did not even hide the base of her crotch, and a matching brassiere that appeared more like a series of large clasps across either tit than anything, with most of either breast still visible. Harem sleeves and pant legs, both sets detached and colored a translucent purple, covered her limbs. Bright green magatama danced around her, as did golden bangles, pauldrons, and hair pieces. But while her body was largely naked, there was a very thin trail of skin tight black that weaved its way across her skin, zigging and zagging in a unique way, which certainly drew attention.

Now clothes, she pointed her crimson gaze, overpowering it was, at the two men. **“Oh, great Ibuki-Douji!”** They were quick to throw their hands up and prostrate themselves before her. So her name now was Ibuki-Douji, was it? Much of Krile's identity had remained in tact, but her new nature was far more prevalent. Prevalent enough that she discarded her old name the second she had heard this one. **“We've**

summoned you so that you can protect Doma! Protect our people from any who wish to do us harm!” Such a humble wish from a puny, powerless lifeform.

Even though Ibuki-Douji had been one of them not even ten minutes before, she now looked upon these two as if they were ants. They were so tiny, and with her grotesquely large foot she could crush them at a moment’s notice. But she would refrain. **“Alcohol. Bring me alcohol and I will consider your request.”** Krile had never had a drop of alcohol in her life, but Ibuki-Douji? She *thirsted*.

“Likewise, bring me the other two prisoners.” Y’shtola and Alisaie were still contained. Should she enthrall them? It would be a simple task, and she had no desire to return to normal as she was. She was too strong and beautiful; she had become drunk on this new identity. **“I’m sure I can find a use for them.”**

The new Primal’s lips curled up into a menacing yet mischievous smile.