

BLADEBORN

MARCH 2022 REQUEST STORY

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Lora didn't necessarily consider herself to be a thrifty individual. She naturally went out shopping when it was required of her, but life kept her busy and she wasn't exactly the sort of young woman that had an eye for valuable trinkets. The former point had been even truer as of late thanks to a certain blonde-haired Blade joining her humble little group. Mythra, as she was named, was a fussy and superficial individual – but the brown-haired Driver could tell that she wasn't a *bad* person too.

Because of this, and hoping to break the ice to welcome her more properly into their little family after some rocky beginnings, Lora had come to this quaint little marketplace in hopes that she might find Mythra a gift. Her origins were surrounded in mystery, but when it came to things she liked? Well, the blonde was *extremely* open about her preferences just in general.

“Oh! I bet she'd like this! How much?” It actually hadn't taken the Driver all that long to find something that had stood out to her, ultimately. It was a green crystal in a cross-shape. It almost looked like a Core Crystal, and she felt like she had seen it somewhere before, but... Nah, that couldn't be. What was important was its glimmer and color, and Mythra would most definitely appreciate the shimmering emerald that so blatantly complimented the rest of her outfit. So it was a very easy buy from this strange, Nopon merchant that kept his face hidden throughout the entire transaction.

Maybe that should have tipped Lora off that something was *awry* here.

But, nonetheless, with her purchase packaged, she sped off to where she was meeting the others in town later in the day. She knew of a shortcut



to get there from the market, and it involved skipping through a nearby alleyway into the plaza. The few times she had used it, she'd seen nary a soul pass through it other than herself. Which meant that there were no *witnesses* when the box she had clutched to her chest began to glow. "**Huh?**" She was quick to pop the box open, but no sooner than she did?

The light temporarily blinded her. "**Hey!?**" And when it finally cleared? Well... She wasn't in the small town they had been visiting any longer. Lora was standing in what looked like the room of an inn, based on its wooden interior and sheepish offerings – only a bed and a nightstand table, really. "**How did I...? Where did**

I...!?" Concern rightfully set in. The others didn't know where she was! Her Blades didn't know where she was!

Lora didn't know where she was!

But in truth, 'where' wasn't as important as 'when'. The young woman could tell she had changed locations, but what wasn't so easy to see was that she had been flung into the future. *Five-hundred* years into the future, in fact. She was aboard a merchant ship from that era, and her assumption that she was in an inn room? It was correct, but it was not rented out in *her* name.

"Wait! Where did the gift go? Oh, Mythra will not be pleased..." She was just as quick to notice that the box she had been holding, along with its contents, were missing. She couldn't remember dropping it, and after frantically looking around the unfamiliar room it didn't seem to be anywhere of obvious note. But the light in the box that had presumably sent her here must have been from the accessory she had bought, right? She could not imagine *why* that had happened. It just seemed so... random.

Just as Lora had been about to give up and press onward in figuring out where she was relative to where she had been, a familiar light suddenly caught her attention once more. It was the same light that she was

faulting for her ‘teleportation’ in the first place, and it was radiating from right beneath her chin along with an uncanny warmth. **“Huh...? When did it...?”**

The crystal was just beneath her neck, but above her chest. Mounted to her in the same place you would typically see a Core Crystal on a Blade. Hands were quick to grab it to try and pull it off, and that point she didn’t exactly see any inherent danger in it sitting there. Lora was assuming it was just stuck to her clothes like any accessory might be. But when she went to tug it off? **“It’s... stuck to me?”** She could feel it pulling on her skin when she tugged, and in turn the warmth she felt emanating from it felt to flow into her *body*.

“This isn’t actually a Core Crystal, is it?” Even if it was, that still didn’t make sense. Drivers couldn’t become Blades, at least as far as she was concerned. Even if they *could*, then why was this happening to her of all people? But becoming a Blade in essence was probably the least of her concerns. She would have to become one in *body* as well, and there was no guarantee that she would remain herself.

The sensation of its energy flowing into her flesh was not a feeling that waned, but rather intensified the more it remained rooted to her flesh. But try as she might, Lora was essentially incapable wholly of plucking it from her person. She lacked the strength, and even if she had possessed such power, she was certain based on the progress that she had made that she *shouldn’t* rip it from herself. How painful of a process would it be to ungraft something that was bound to your body with such intensity? How much self-harm would come about as a response? **“Perhaps I should leave it be, but...”**

Was it harmless? In a way, yes. But she hardly understood just how the light of this Core Crystal had begun to influence her body in the meantime. It had only been bound to her for a pair of minutes now, yet the green that it radiated had already begun to radiate elsewhere. Namely? The woman’s eyes. Replacing the gold that had once been there, a familiar green shone in the same way that the eyes of Blades would glow under specific circumstances.

That said, the color had also sparked *elsewhere*. A shade that was a touch brighter sparkled amongst some of the strands of the young woman’s hair. While few at first, like a fire spreading through a forest, or perhaps light spreading through the darkness, it jumped from hair to hair until it was all colored with this radiance. From the spikes ahead proper, to the tips of the lengths that fell all the way down to her ankles, it had all ignited in a similar fashion and gave Lora a rather supernatural appeal that she did not possess before.

“I... actually, perhaps I should remove it. I don’t feel quite... right.” The warmth that had been radiating into her body had reached the point where it rendered the Driver feeling unwell. She felt feverish, specifically. As a result, her mind felt clouded and she began to think less critically and less sensibly about the situation she had been thrust into, allowing the phenomenon in question to wreak havoc in ways that otherwise would have alarmed her – and in turn alarmed other guests within this inn – in the process.

Changes such as? Well, the length and style of her now emerald hair was a good example. The lengths that hung down to her ankles actually unwound some, rising up to the base of her thighs while the lengths themselves thickened with a new volume and found a new scent. Said scent was a floral fragrance born from a shampoo that couldn’t possibly have existed during the time that Lora hailed from. But this all applied to her hair in general, with the spikes atop her head ultimately flattening, while bangs were gently swept to the left. It was a hairstyle, at least in the front, that was certainly reminiscent of a Blade Lora had recently met.

And gradually? Her face began to resemble that Blade’s as well. Tomboyish features were soon touched up with a more natural beauty and femininity, transforming a palette that many might have considered plain to one that they might call gorgeous instead. This meant bigger, brighter eyes, brows that were overall much thinner, and lips that had swelled plump and luscious. Yes, there was no denying that in terms of facial structure and even eye color, Lora had come to strongly resemble *Mythra*. And yet while that was very much true, the color and style of her hair betrayed the assumption that this might be the ultimate outcome.

“I’m... erm... my name is? Strange... Why can I not remember?” Her voice more maidenly just as her visage appeared to seem, Lora appeared to have stumbled upon a conundrum. With the Core Crystal’s influence growing stronger, its influence on her mind had grown more potent as well. Her identity felt blurry now, like she was on the precipice of two different states of being. How much of her was still herself? How long would that even remain?

Based on her body’s appearance, it didn’t seem like very long remained for her. With everything above the Core Crystal transformed, it now fell upon the rest of her flesh to conform into a container that was suitable for the Core Crystal’s energy to be contained. To those ends, a groan escaped her bloated lips as her body’s fit began to creak and crack.

At first, because the bones of her limbs and torso had begun to *lengthen*. The young woman’s height was forcibly altered, seeing her sprawl

upward almost a handful of inches over a very short period of time. With limbs longer, thighs rose out of her armored boots, her skirt rested higher to show off *more* of those thighs, her gauntlets sat lower, and her top was pulled away from her skirt so that the base of her tummy was left exposed. But it wasn't isolated to her limbs and torso, because fingers and toes had also stretched somewhat.

In terms of expansion though, it wasn't *only* her height that was on the proverbial menu. "*Uwah!?*" In fact, she almost fell forward suddenly because it had come for her girth – or at least the girth of her hips, which had suddenly uncomfortably been forced to widen, pointing knees in towards one another while creating a sizable gap between her legs and pushing the sides of her crimson skirt up.

This was all just a preparatory step, mind you. Hips needed to be wider so that the physically femininity intended for her could flourish. And flourish it did, quickly. Born from seemingly nothingness, her thighs rapidly thickened, jiggling intensely as their girth amplified and the skin was pulled oh so tightly around them, to the point that this skin inherited a pleasant sheen. They didn't make full use of the gap between her thighs, but it most certainly *did* come close.

"*Mn...*" That said that which saw those thighs grow meaty also affected her ass, and as a result the undergarments beneath her skirt were yanked into her pussy. It was uncomfortable, but also pleasurable enough to make her moan ever so slightly thanks to the stimulation associated with it. It was a testament to just how plump her rear end was becoming, with cheeks pushing up the back of the skirt and bubbling into a sensual peach shape that would most certainly rise and fall with a notable bounce.

This rear, those hips, and the thighs all presented Lora with the beginnings of an hourglass figure. Now, it could have left her bottom heavy only, but one look at the fit of her shrine maiden-like top demonstrated that the hourglass figure *was* in the stars. After all, her tits had begun to expand in a fashion not all that dissimilar from what had happened to her ass.

It had actually begun with an expansion of her nipples. While her chest was typically quite small, so too had her nipples been. Yet they engorged in shape and size first, jumping several coin sizes just before the flesh of the bosom below began to swell vigorously. If not for the tight fit of her top, they most certainly would have bounced about with no shortage of jiggling thanks to their mass, but bound by the tightness of the top, even as they flourished into the DD realm they were just uncomfortably wedged beneath the cloth, looking as if they were on the cusp of just exploding out.

Her flesh entirely redefined now, the Core Crystal let loose one final burst of light – or at least as was relevant to her transformation. This light saw her disheveled outfit glowing the same shade, and before long it morphed into an entirely different look altogether. It pulled her hair up into a ponytail, while an emerald spike emerged from a black circlet atop her head.

On the whole, the outfit was very futuristic. Something akin to a black bodysuit enraptured her hefty bosom and legs, while silver armor pieces were overlain with blue crystal accessories. A green not unlike that of her hair lined pauldrons and leg pieces, while feet raised into metallic heels were decorated by golden clasps on the front. While she looked plenty like Mythra, she certainly wasn't *dressed* like her.

Pneuma felt rather bewildered by all of this. Had she just transformed? That was certainly the case, wasn't it? She couldn't exist without Pyra or Mythra first giving themselves to her, and both of their beings persisted in swirling around within her. Of course, in this fashion she inadvertently dismissed the truth: that the *transformation* she had initially thought of was becoming herself from Lora, a Driver of the distant past.

“That’s strange. Why can’t I give control back to Mythra? Am I... stuck like this?”

Typically, with her business done *Pneuma* could just dismiss her presence and give control back to Mythra. It was much more comfortable to do this, and the Blade of green did not like to exist longer than was absolutely necessary under pretty much *any* circumstance. Essentially the three of them were all one in the same anyways, so it was a little redundant to stay like this.



But she couldn't undo it. Was it a problem with her Core Crystal? Was something malfunctioning? Uncertain, and made a little anxious by this

condition that she didn't quite understand, she cast her emerald eyes down at the gemstone that rested just before her abundant bosom. Fingers grazed it gingerly, and her eyes were overlapped with a series of numbers as a diagnostics was run.

“I don't sense any irregularities, but... Was my Core Crystal always this new? Something doesn't quite match up here...” The data contained within the Core Crystal was fine for the most part, with one notably exception. The counter that kept track of how long the crystal had been active was *way* too low. Five-hundred years too low, in fact. The last she had checked that wasn't the case, so was that the issue here?

She cast attention to the door out of her inn room. Evidently she would have to confide in someone, because sooner or later someone would ask why Mythra hadn't come out in a while. **“I guess Rex would be my best bet. I'm not sure what he could do to help, but maybe we can find a lead?”** The sooner they could resolve this, the better. The longer she remained as Pneuma, the more uncomfortable she felt in the end. It was strange, really. She felt ever *more* uncomfortable than usual for some reason, and she couldn't really quite place why.

Almost like her own existence was wrong somehow.

But that just couldn't be, could it?