

CLASH OF GIANTS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The thing with living on Etheirys was that *sometimes* something totally unexpected would occur. Whether it was an attack by bandits or pirates, the emergence of an evil cult, or even sudden revivals of the Voidsent, the possibilities were (*unfortunately at times*) endless. And two denizens of that star were about to realize just how unexpected things could be.

Because quite frankly? They weren't even *on* that star any longer.

“Where are... A forest?” From what the young Miqo'te woman, S'aiya could recall, she had last been at the bar with her Viera friend, Nadja Sjasaris. Her companion was still *with* her, but they certainly were in no bar. At first she had believed it to be a forest, but the cropping of trees was small around them, with the pair standing midst a clearing with what seemed to be a lake nearby.

It certainly didn't look like any place she had visited in *Eorzea*, and it appeared that the dark-skinned, white-haired Viera was of a similar opinion what with how her brows were raised. **“I think we have more important things to worry about. The sky is burning.”** *Wherever* this was, flames were spilling down from the sky above. Not to mention those strange, golden particles that had dissipated when they had come to here. Had they been *summoned*? Nadja wondered if she had, in fact, heard a man's voice before she came to.

“The hell? This reminds me of...” No, she didn't want to say it. Thinking back to that incident and how many lives had been lost was painful. **“Do you think that's why were summoned? I'm pretty sure some dude told me it was my job to stop this world from**

being destroyed? I'm a Warrior of Light or something? You must've heard it too, right!?"

For all of S'aiya's enthusiasm, what she'd said didn't sit quite right with the Viera. She'd definitely heard a voice when she had been summoned, but had it said those things to her? You couldn't just magically become a Warrior of Light, and something about this all felt *fishy*. It was almost like, instinctually, Nadja realized that the words her friend was saying didn't add up to the reality of the situation.

"I need to... protect this world...? From invaders like you?"

"Huh?"

The words that had come out of Nadja's mouth certainly *weren't* the words that S'aiya had been expecting. She was *expecting* her friend to agree, to tell her that she was *also* a Warrior of Light now. Not to be treated like she was the enemy. In what world could the *Warrior of Damned Light* be considered the enemy!? **"...I don't know. But what you just said is wrong, S'aiya. Something is telling me the truth. That this world is in danger *because* of people like you."**

Not that this made a *lick* of sense from the Miquote's perspective. How was she different from Nadja in this situation? She didn't understand *how*, but they had both been summoned here from their worlds. The taller woman was just as much of an invader as the brunette cat girl was! **"What you're saying doesn't make any sense! We're friends, aren't we? We're not...?"** *Were* they friends? What was this she could feel brewing within? Animosity? Towards a *perceived threat to this world? A world she had been summoned to save?*

Unfortunately, the two of them had been caught up in the struggle for Norvrandt's future, and they had been forced onto opposing sides. This was not something they could control, nor was it a phenomenon that they could *fight*. It wasn't something that would merely affect their friendship and allegiances, however. It had begun to take a toll on both of their bodies, ultimately twisting them into pieces befitting of the chess board that was this move made by an Ascian threat.

While the two *would* change in conjunction with one another, from their perspectives they hardly took notice of what was happening to the other past their initial confusion regarding how the other party was acting. And not because they were distracted, but because their minds clicked in a way that made the other's presence seem temporarily insignificant.

"I feel... *warm*." Essentially off in her own little world now, attention was turned to Nadja who had begun to struggle with a feeling that was



both one part heat and another part, strangely enough, weightlessness. It was a difficult feeling to pin down, but the Viera felt as if she was floating amongst the clouds despite her feet being so clearly planted on the ground.

She was left oblivious to *it*. A flame not born of fire but from the color of her own hair that ignited within her roots of white. Like a spark of hope it spread, flickering through the pale and delivering a vivid orange-red in the process. It did not take long for it to be wholly encompassed, and yet the explosion did not end with color alone. Her locks, so typically kept in a short cut for comfort, spread out like the very flames they resembled behind her, with bangs spanning both sides and the center of her forehead. Her pubes were not left uncolored too, with the length growing wilder, yet better maintained somehow simultaneously.

One might ponder how this change of color might have influenced the fur upon Nadja's rabbit ears, but the silvery white that was so key to her identity *had* persisted. Nay, the issue that plagued them was a different one altogether, for while the color of the fur did not change, the fur itself... dwindled. It wasn't all at once, but instead a gradual loss that grew more common as those ears drooped and slid – down the sides of her head. Her ears shrunk in the process, tips narrowing into gentle points as they approached where ears would usually rest on a Hyur or Elezen. With cartilage exposed thanks to the fur all being pulled within, it certainly gave the impression that she was now sporting the ears of the latter race.

Even if she wasn't.

“**What am I doing...? My *branch*? What is...? *Who* is...?**” The floaty feeling that had plagued her made it difficult to think. Memories felt jumbled, and some didn't seem to belong. Even her manner of speech was twisting, with words she didn't typically use slipping into a softened tone. It was distracting, amply so. Which was ideal to pull her away from what was happening to her body *just enough* to make sure she wouldn't find it strange before the new memories became dominant.

Things were certainly beginning to become much more dramatic in *that* regard as well. From birth, Nadja had possessed a dark skin tone that contrasted the lighter tones of many of the Viera forest dwellers. Some saw it as a charm point, but those who did would likely be disappointed by what was transpiring. Because that darker tone was lightening, her natural melanin levels decreasing as almost as she was being put through a color slider, her skin came to take on a light pink. Of course this was reflected in her lips, nipples, and what existed between her legs as well, but their pinks were all a little darker.

“Oh!?” With a voice that sounded much sweeter than was typical of Nadja, she cried out thanks to soon finding herself a little off-balance. *This won't do! I cannot protect my realm if I cannot even stand! Her realm? What realm was that? Why, Il Mheg of... Wait, why do I know what this place is called!?* She was a stranger to this land, wasn't she? Why did she feel so intent on protecting it? These memories, they were...

Of course, her loss of balance *had* been accompanied by a cause. Her tall Viera figure had very suddenly diminished, and her height had collapsed down to something more befitting of a Hyur in stature. This left the blue dancer's garb dangling from her loosely, particularly as muscles waned and her curved became ever-so-subtle. It was true, though. Her breasts diminished severely until they were little more than perky A-cups, and while her waistline retained enough of an inward pinch to preserve her perceived femininity, the gait of her hips and the weight of her rear certainly became significantly less impressive.

But even though her clothes were on the precipice of falling from her frame, the shorter woman was much too distracted by the construct of her own mind. **“I'm not... Viera? Viera? What does that even mean? That is not a term I've ever heard before. Perhaps my beautiful branch would...”** All of the races in this world went by different names, and so she hardly recognized the name of the race she had *once* been, nor could she fathom even *being* one any longer.

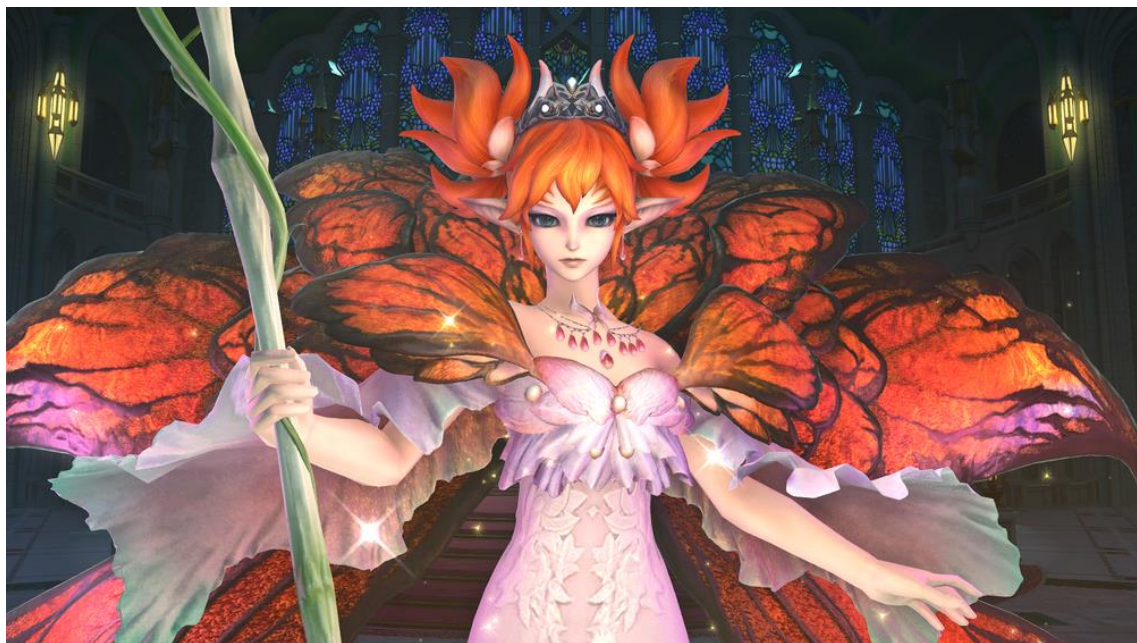
In fact, the remaining traces of her Viera lineage disappeared as her nose shrunk and rounded. All in all, her face had grown *much* slenderer and shorter overall, giving her a slightly more youthful look. In plenty of ways, some might have likened her visage to that of a *fairy*. Which honestly was absolutely dead on. With markings of a color that matched her hair pushing in across her forehead from her hair line, and with eyes growing flatter and more delicately designed, she certainly seemed to be reminiscent of a fae.

As if to solidify this, *they* emerged. A pair of wings from her back that made use of how her short top was sagging a little from her height loss.

Red, orange, and black made up their colors like those of a butterfly – majestic and regal. And in the process a number of pieces that resembled *foliage* began to grow from her skin. Leaves and vines that hid her breasts and groin, even disguising the crack of her ass.

She looked every part of a fairy now, albeit one that was the size of a typical race. But that situation? It worsened, for as Nadja became more and more comfortable within her new skin, her body began to *swell*. It was a process that was consistent, and all of her limbs remained the same ‘size’ relative to one another, but she was growing to proportions that could be considered giant. The blue of her dancer’s garb ripped and snapped beneath her size, allowing the foliage that hid her naughty bits to become immediately useful by the time she had peaked at around twenty feet tall, taking up almost half of the clearing.

After closing her eyes a moment, they opened to reveal her irises had turned silver and were glowing. That very same glow soon drafted a pink dress with open sleeves across her body, with a shoal reminiscent of her wings and a tiara between hair that had been pulled up into pigtails. Even her feet, which had rounded and softened, weren’t left bare. For a pair of matching heels encompassed them. No longer was there a Viera woman in her place, but a fae woman that gave off the impression of royalty.



At the same time, the Miqu’te had been undergoing a transformation of her own. However it didn’t exactly take to the exact same rhythm that the fairy’s had. S’aiya’s transformation had *begun* with the growth, with her frame swelling and balloon, flesh pressing out and through an outfit that practically *exploded* under the tension’s pressure. “Ngh! GAH!” It was certainly a hard thing to ignore, what with your own body bursting

out of your clothes as you ascended to what could only be seen as a twenty foot giantess, but something deep down told her that she was *used* to such things.

The dark spell I used to increase my size is never performed without discomfort.



...Or so said her thoughts. Or were they *memories*? Regardless, it sought to keep the cat woman from panicking even as her ample tits and bountiful booty were left exposed by the growth. Once cursed into the form of a big-titted woman, even after having that curse dispelled some of that heft had been retained, much to her dismay at the time. It was all on display now though, from her sensual silhouette to her slightly tanned skin.

Not that the color of this skin was retained for overly long after the fact. Because no sooner than it was exposed did its color seem to wane, albeit not in a fashion as dramatic as what had plagued Nadja. The tan was erased and it moved into the realm of pink, yet took a hard turn to what could only be seen as a sickly pale. The pale of *death*, as the skin of any woman in *her profession* might possess.

As she was standing there at such a size, it was only natural that she seemed poised to fall over. Huge, bare feet were adjusting to the new weight of her form, but ever so slowly they lifted upwards until the naked woman was just *hovering* there. By a trick of magic that she was subconsciously using.

“Mm... I was summoned... to protect this world...” The belief that she had been brought here as some sort of hero became more and more rooted in her mind, and now she was speaking it with paled lips that found black paint smeared across them. The color of her nipples had darkened too, but this was while they were *shrinking* some. It was the size of her breasts as a whole, in fact, for they regressed down from F-cups to Ds. Still big, comparable to small hills while upon a body of her size, but they were hardly as outlandish as they had been before.

On the other hand? While floating, she slowly leaned back not by choice, but by force. The size of her pale ass cheeks were swelling so that she became *much* more of an ass woman, with expanded hips in a pear shape to house the peach-shaped buttocks. **“Mm...”** It all felt a little

good? Or perhaps she was just getting too high on her own desire to be a hero? That feeling *was* growing stronger. That a *Hyur* woman of such a *dark background* could become a hero.

But wasn't she a Migo'te? That thought stood to contradict what her memories were telling her, although it was a contradiction that was sorted out without delay. S'aiya's brown cat tail was *already* shrinking, the length slithering in towards the peak of her bursting bottom while fur collapsed and faded away – until there was nothing there at all. Even her ears found themselves redesigned as they crept slowly down the sides of her head, losing their fur while the cartilage rounded into a pair of cute, blatantly Hyur ears.

The feline slits within her blue eyes dwindled until they were tiny circles, colors shifting to a steeled silver as eyelashes became longer. On the whole her facial structure most certainly became rounder and fairer, eye liner applied to make those eyes stand out despite their lack of color. In many ways she almost resembled a porcelain doll. Even the dark stripes upon her face faded.

One with very pink hair, seemingly. S'aiya's naturally wavy locks straightened as the slid against her shoulders, brown taken from them while an almost bubblegum pink took its place. When it came to her bangs they were largely parted, but a great deal of them ran between her eyes before curving to the left past a nose that looked smaller and rounder than it ever had. It went without saying that the pink was true of *every* facet of her body, and so her pubic hairs had absolutely faired no better. That said, they were cut *very* short for comfort reasons.

That was made clear once a new costume, born from the woman's own magic, took shape upon her. S'aiya's torso was clad in something akin to a black leotard with golden trimmings, yet its cut was so thin that the sides of her torso, her hips, and much of her ass were more or less exposed short of the black decals that stood against them. Detached sleeves of black with white lace beneath them saw her arms secure, and tall, laced up black boots with covers that matched her sleeves ran up to the base of her thighs. Almost like wings, a parted cloak fluttered out from behind her with a crimson underside, and her head? It was covered by a masked hood, black with the same golden trim seen elsewhere on her ensemble.

It certainly wasn't fashion of Eorzean origin.

“And with this, I can work my powers of the dead to bring salvation to this realm.” With her voice calm and cold, she summoned a pitch black staff to her right hand. There were no memories of her past life left in her noggin. She only knew of the

darkness that she could now twist into light, and the horrifying background she possessed to reach such a juncture. *Powers like mine do not come without sacrifice, after all.*

It was a process that had taken on the whole only a few minutes. For that entire time the two beings had been locked eye-to-eye, both of them too cautious to take their perceived opponent out of their field of vision. Both floating and both *huge* now, the two women hadn't lost an inch when it came to this stare down. Whether it was the Queen of Fairies or the Spectral Necromancer, the two seemed to be in a gridlock.



“As the loveliest of branches, I will give no quarter to the world that my adorable sapling gave their all to save!”

Conjuring an elegant wooden staff within her oversized fingers, *Titania* was the one to verbally break this stalemate. Once Nadja, she certainly didn't resemble who she had once been in appearance *nor* demeanor. The crimson fairy could not even see her friend in the other woman any longer, instead registering her as a foe to be vanquished.

The *Spectral Necromancer* that had been fashioned from S'aiya's existence was of similar opinion. **“Lies. This world is on the precipice of ruin, and I will not allow any fae to stand in my way!”** Drunk on the words of the Ascian that had summoned her, she believed down to her very core that she was the *hero* here. A powerful Warrior of Light summoned to save this realm from dangers posed by any who would naturally oppose her intervention. She was ignorant, and would remain willfully ignorant, acting unknowingly as a force that would do this realm more harm than good if left to her own devices.

And so the two had no choice but to clash. And what a clash it would be! One deserving of time on the big screen! But a clash far too expensive to be properly recorded here, to be sure. In the end it was the fairy queen that stood triumphant, with the necromancer buried beneath her heel. Defeated, the enchantment that had drawn the woman of darkness to this realm soon dissipated, and she returned to the world she had come from.

...It just wasn't the same world that S'aiya had come from.

“I wish you luck, my adorable sapling!” Triumphant, Titania found her thoughts wandering to the Warrior of Darkness that had liberated her world. She didn't think anything of where she had come from, nor her opponent. For all she knew, all was right with herself. And the Necromancer, once returned home, would feel the same as well. The Source, on the other hand? Well, it would be short two individuals when all was said and done.