

BLOODSHOT

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



Riley Miller, talented inventor of Squad E of the Edinburgh Army, had been left in something of a conundrum. “**Just what are they expecting me to do with this once I analyze it, anyways?**” Some of her higher ups had forced a rather unusual assignment on her. Having given her a vial of blood that had apparently been taken from the battlefield, she had been ordered to ‘analyze it using whatever means you have’.

Which, to her, might as well have been them saying ‘we don’t know how anything works so we expect you to take care of the finer details yourself’. Typical, but she couldn’t really fault them for not be as much as a genius as she was. So Riley wasn’t *exactly* humble, every woman has a flaw or two!

It was lucky for them that she *did* in fact have a device capable of analyzing blood. The soldier just wished that she had been given a little more information. Was this the blood of a human? A beast? Something else? They’d been so cryptic that she couldn’t help but prep herself for a very shocking discovery once the contents of the crimson vial had been analyzed.

Nothing could have prepared her for what happened during the analyzing process however, because...

BOOM!

Huddled up in her makeshift laboratory, Riley hadn’t at all been prepared for her device to just *blow up!* Smoke and dust blew



everywhere and, uh... was smoke supposed to be *red*? “**Oh no! The sample!**” It took her a second to realize what the cause of the color was, but by then she’d already inhaled a hefty amount of it despite trying to cover her mouth with gloved hands.

“**Ugh!**” Not that it took her very long to realize it was too late. The room was filled with the smoke, and try as she might to find the exit she just couldn’t. Whether it was over tables, chair, or her own two feet, the blonde almost fell on her face several times in the process too. In Riley’s defense, she was feeling incredibly disoriented, and it almost felt like her body was burning up. Which was strange, because if she’d been poisoned or was suffocating, that wasn’t a very common trait.

In a way, it was almost like something was bubbling up from within.
Like a *power* of some kind.

The smoke was still thick, and Riley wasn’t really sure what to do about it. She was supposed to know this space like the back of her hand, but the initial inhalation of the unusual smoke had left her so out of sorts that she could no longer make heads or tails of where she was standing versus where windows should have been. If she could just open one, things would definitely have improved!

But alas, she was left at an impasse presently. Because even if it felt like something was bubbling up from within, she simultaneously felt just as weak as she did disoriented. Not in the sense that she was about to fall over, but the inventor didn’t really have the energy to go running around the room – that was also ill-advised seeing as she would inadvertently inhale more of the smoke at the same time.

Not that the smoke the woman had already inhaled wasn’t already paying dividends. After all, while obscured by the crimson smoke just as everything else was, some of Riley’s key traits were under siege. The least of which were her eyes, which had at some point begun to adopt the very color of the smoke itself. Her left eye went first, crimson overcoming blue, and given just the slightest bit longer her right eye did

the same. Even her lashes, somehow, appeared to have taken on greater volume.

Those lashes weren't alone when it came to that volume, however. Her hair was showing the very same trend but in a much greater capacity. After all, despite her hair already hanging to her butt, it had snaked a little longer and grown what seemed to be infinitely fluffier. Much like her eyes though, a new color began to trend – but it wasn't the same red as the smoke or as her eyes. It was a commanding, vibrant *purple*. It completely filled this head of lengthened, thickened hair, and in doing so it exposed just had wild and curled at the tips it had all become.

“Huh? What’s...? What’s going on with my hair!?” Despite her better judgment when it came to speaking in a potential harmful smoke cloud, she'd noted the pulled weight of her hair and had pulled some forward with gloved hands. The shock of what she saw had been enough to force words to cry out anyways, and even *that* felt a little strange to her. Almost like her lips weren't cooperating like they should have? But that didn't really make much sense.

At least it didn't make sense with the lack of understanding Riley had at that point. She was so shocked by her hair, and yet the idea that differing changes might have been occurring to the rest of her body hadn't at all struck her. Like, for example, the design of the face she looked at in the mirror every morning changing to resemble a different face altogether.

The difficulty with her lips was a part of that, of course. Not only did they swell larger, but they were both pinker and glossier to boot. It was only natural that it would take a little readjusting to get them to stop smacking against each other more than they were supposed to. Besides, they were only the small part of a bigger, rearranged puzzle. Her cheeks were a little rounder and that was another puzzle piece, whereas her reddened eyes now possessed a stronger slant that left her resting expression to appear a little more menacing.

“I just don't... Uh? Wait, why does my voice sound like that? Is it from inhaling too much smoke?” No, that also didn't make sense. Her voice was a little deeper and a little sultrier, traits that one wouldn't typically associate with smoke inhalation in any capacity. As much as she surely would have liked to dwell on this issue though, something more pressing soon stole her attention.

It was pressing in a very literal sense, too. Because it felt like in every sense of the word, her body was *pressing up* against her clothes in a way that struck her as very, very uncomfortable. It was a widespread hindrance, from how her fingers seemed to be pushing out the insides of

her gloves, to how her feet felt ever so slightly too big for her boots. The cause absolutely wasn't the idea that her garments had shrunk, which meant the only other explanation? In some areas, her body was *growing*.

“Ow... What is...?” Riley struggled to pull her gloves from her fingers, communicating her shock in a much more subdued way than she had before. It was like, even though she was shocked, something about it somehow felt *right*? But what she saw after freeing one hand certainly wasn't. Her fingers and nails were both longer, no doubt the clear cause for her gloving discomfort. These hands were only really the tip of the iceberg though.

When it came to the woman's leggings, they were ultimately stretched farther and farther thanks to growth that plagued her legs beneath them. It was, in fact, mostly her thighs that were doing the growing, but it was still enough to cause tension throughout them – it was simply mostly focused near the top. Incapable of accommodating their thickness for long, taut, pink skin eventually began to poke out through tiny tears.

The backs of her tights fared about just as poorly, for hips had been forced farther apart with no shortage of thanks to Riley's ass. Could it really be called *Riley's ass* any longer, though? It had doubled in weight roughly, its roundness so abundant that the backs of the leggings that had once clung to her waistline had been completely *blown out*. Her panties were left wedged in between her cheeks in the interim, and the back of her jacket had been flipped slightly.

“This feels so... mm... good, actually.” Riley should have been in shock, and she'd *been* in shock at first, but the more the transformation went on and the thinner the crimson smoke cloud became, the more the woman found herself enjoy not only the process, but the outcome. Even as the zipper of her jacket was yanked down, given no choice for her breasts were swelling so profusely below, she couldn't help but think that maybe this was for the best.

Or maybe it was how she was supposed to be.

Three times. That was how much larger her tits became, far more befitting of a woman that gave off an aura of maturity like she now did. Even the neckline of her undershirt had no option but to tear down to make room after the strap of her bra had snapped. The woman's cleavage was fully exposed, and yet it didn't bother her in the least.

It was amazing how much older a thicker figure could make you seem. She'd technically aged only four years, but if one were to compare her body before and after, she might as well have aged ten. She'd even

sprung up a few inches in height, a fact that had gone unnoticed throughout the rest of the kerfuffle. Taking a moment to clear her mind, Riley's last action as the individual known as Riley Miller was to close her eyes to clear her mind.



Her eyes jolted open while carrying the very same red as the smoke that had finally dispersed from the room, and with it a moniker came to mind. A title meant to strike fear into the hearts of the Empire's enemies. *The Winter Witch*. It was a title that belonged to her and her alone, and the thought of such a thing stirred something deep within. It wasn't confidence, but rather... the opposite. *Am I really someone that can live up to such a lofty title.*

"But where am I?" Speaking in a manner that came across as cold, but also irrefutably forced in its coldness, the woman's crimson gaze surveyed her surroundings. It appeared to be a lab of some sort? That realization was unsettling, considering the sort of life she had lived. *Crymaria Levin* was not someone who carried any fondness for the madness of science.

After all, she had been subjected to no shortage of tests as a Valkyria.

I need to leave. That thought rang out, but a single step revealed to her another problem. **"My clothes? Why am I dressed like a soldier of Edinburgh?"** And why were they so torn and tight? A mystery to be sure, because there was a gaping hole in her memories as she was now.

But she did not doubt that she needed to leave no matter what.