

BIG FISH

SEPTEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Gathering at the bottom of the ocean wasn't exactly the most fun of activities. Iona was a Viera, she wasn't destined to spend so much time beneath the waves. Yet thanks to the Kami's blessing she could freely move and breathe underwater as if she were a fish. In a sense that aspect was fun, but she'd found herself in a loop of fetch quests that found her traveling beneath the waves of the Ruby Sea.

For instance she'd been on the hunt for a special type of seaweed on this occasion. She had yet to gather any, but a sparkling glint on the ocean floor caught her eye and ultimately distracted her. Of course she swam down to get a look, because if it was valuable she might be able to pawn it off for some gil. Well, if it looked like it might belong to someone she'd try to *return* it first.

“A pearl? It looks a little strange though...” Iona was calm and measured as she looked at the valuable object that was sitting half-out of the sand. There was no doubt in her mind that it was a pearl, but it was an extremely vibrant pink and almost had an otherworldly glow to it. Her Echo wasn't giving her any warning about potential harm though, so she went ahead and plucked it out. The item was hefty, and she needed both hands to hold it even underwater.

What she found immediately strange was that it was so warm. The bottom of the ocean was cold and she couldn't have fathomed there was a way to heat it, but could it have been an effect of the light it was still generating? It was strange; she couldn't really place it but she was getting a bad feeling, and the moment she realized she let the large pearl fall to the ground.

But it was too late. She'd felt it. Something had flown into her. *Something not of this world.* It was like an energy that had crept into her person. A voice whispering at the back of her brain. A desire that she couldn't quite shake. But she could resist. "**N-No! I made a mistake!**" She was shy, meek, without a bold bone in her body. Yet...

Something provoked her to lick her lips lustfully.

Iona recoiled in the water, a primal fear taking root. She had to get away from that pearl. Far, far away! But it was like at the same time she was drawn to it! She had to be close! The voice whispering to her told her she'd be rewarded if she stayed! This left her body immobile for her mind wasn't able to sort out whether she should stay or go, and that was all the window that was needed for another pulse of otherworldly energy to shoot from the pearl into her flesh.

The link had already been established. It no longer mattered that she'd let go. Iona was merely left with an overwhelming dread that began to culminate in a sharp pain at the sides of her head. "**What... is... happening!?**" Curled over while weightless beneath the waves, her hands immediately reached for the sources of the discomfort. Bumps-no, *horns?*

They were emerging from her skull and slowing out to the sides with a gentle downward curve as they grew long. The Viera could not make out their swirling black and purple colors, but she could tell they were very smooth. Had she been out on the surface their weight might have been overwhelming, but beneath the waves she was able to provide some much needed support to them.

Giant horns and rabbit ears really seemed to clash aesthetically, and fortunately it was only a temporary clash for the fluffy lengths of her hearing apparatuses showed signs of hastily diminishing. Hearing underwater was already hard enough, and the jarring flow of the water made feeling her ears all the more difficult. This allowed for their blatant shrinking and untimely retreat into Iona's head, followed by the emergence of more Hyur-like ears on the sides of the Viera's head to go without notice on her part.

The woman had possessed darker skin ever since she was a little girl, yet it was clear there was no line that was impossible to cross for the strange phenomenon being imposed upon her. Because the bottom of the sea was dark and her mind was wracked by thoughts and feelings that brought her body to quiver, Iona honestly and understandably was not taking much notice of the more subtle altercations.

Like, say, splotchy patches of white that had begun to bleach her skin tone. Splotches spread and grew, and eventually connected, before long leaving her with pale flesh that starkly contrasted the dark, melanin-rich color it had held beforehand. Something about the quality of her skin overall was delightfully aglow as well, playfully soft where it had once been firm. The muscles that were so naturally bestowed upon Viera kind had begun to melt and lose their mold, and so her flesh ultimately appeared more appealing in its tastefully obscure plumpness as a result.

Horrifying images flashed through Iona's mind as she levitated among the water, fingers still exploring the length of her horns out of shock. "No, I don't want this... I don't want to... *feel good*...?" Memories of demonic tentacles, thoughts of finding pleasure in the flesh of another. No, not just a single person but money. An endless desire, insatiable by nature that could not be satisfied at the bottom of the sea. It was the rejection of these feelings that struck her as odd. Who *wouldn't* want to feel good? Why deny them? It would be easier and more satisfying to *embrace them* after all...

Unintentionally she knocked her spectacles from her face, for her face had begun to twitch and burn. It was from the necessary rearrangement as features found new purpose, taking her design even further astray from natural-born Viera than it already had. The most noticeable changes fell into her eyes and nose, with the latter taking a rounder and longer shape in the front. And the former? Eyes glowing gold, the corners pinched inward to give them a sharper design that was more typical of someone that lived in Doman than Eorzea. But in the modern world that race was called *Japanese*.

The black crop top and orange shorts she was wearing were beginning to grow tight. In fact, they'd begun to did into the flesh they were wrapped around as if they were too small. Such a thing *should* have been impossible, for her clothes had been tailor made to fit her form, but what was and wasn't possible was a notion being challenged in real time for the young woman.

That plump glow from the earlier reformation of her flesh was already consistent from head to toe, but the areas of discomfort were taken that glow and running it to the point of theoretical blindness. Because it wasn't that the clothes were shrinking, no. Her proportions were growing with fatty bulk where they mattered for a woman: plainly, *in her ass and breasts*.

It was almost a *welcome* change though. Desire that was becoming too difficult to resist embraced a more pronounced figure as the flesh of her tits began to seep out from under her crop top, the sound of fabric tearing behind her indicative of the fact that the threshold of relative

sustainability for the cloth was reaching maximum capacity. Erect nips pierced the front of the cloth and paved way for the escape of fleshy, sensual mounds, and for the woman in question to become awe struck by what were quite evidently F-cup tits, bare and bouncing beneath the water.

“I don’t want to touch them... *I want to touch them...!*” Iona’s mind was tugged back and forth between rationalization and sensual need, but fingers did eventually plunge into her tits with complete disregard to how violently she was ravaging her own breasts.

Her shorts were put in a waning position of sustainability no different than the top had been placed into, and the flesh of her ass initially had no point of escape other than by peeking out over the back in the form of deep ass cleavage while the shorts clenched uncomfortably around her rear and thighs alike. It was clear that while she was getting a fat ass that there wasn’t any real muscle to them, suggesting the appeal to be an escape into softness for all that might gaze upon those cheeks and legs.

Tears did eventually form for it was only a matter of time, and while they began exclusively at the front and back of the shorts, they soon began to appear on the sides with thanks to the fact that her hips were uncomfortably widening at the same time. A wider gait was necessary to support those buns and the thick, jiggling thighs that accompanied them. Scraps of her clothing were caught by the subtle current and carried away -- right along with the glasses she’d accidentally rubbed off previously.

“Oh my... *I feel so good.*” Iona floated in the water, her form now mostly bare as she spoke with a voice that was deeper and raspier than it had once been. She wasn’t aware that a single, **purple dot** had appeared in the center of her forehead to part her bangs. Bangs that were darkening to a pure black as the style of her cut shifted. Her hair grew longer and longer, waves spreading throughout the length as hair went from straight to curly, all while darkening all the same. Down below her bush became thick as it approached the same coloring scheme.

Another **purple dot** appeared. This time above the first, vertically. Perhaps coincidentally it was vertical growth that would be applied as a result of its appearance. Iona’s entire body suddenly felt bloated, far more-so than it had even with her growing curves. There was no focus this time, no area where this bloating could be predominantly felt. It was just *everywhere*, and for good reason.

She was growing. Not in a way that was subjective to single parts of her body. It was just all and everything, evenly flowing in size as if manipulated by a slider. Her proportions remained consistent as she

grew, and while the woman became larger and larger her shier personality waned. **How could someone so big lack confidence? She towered over all, was more powerful than all. She could take what she wanted without complaint, please herself however she wished without complaint.**

Whatever tattered remains of her clothing existed? Her new size burst through them. Ten feet, twenty, thirty... it was fortunate she was so deep beneath the water, for by the time she was done she was no smaller than a skyscraper. The cursed gem that had almost been too large for her to carry at the beginning of this still glowed in the sand below as her giant feet pressed into the ground around it, the gem now small enough from her point of view to be worn on a necklace.

“Ara, ara! I’m so big! So much more to touch!” Her confidence now oozed, and that voice was so booming it could be heard from nearby civilizations.

Finally, a third **purple dot** appeared beneath the first two. It provoked a tugging at her feet and around her legs as the water there began to swirl. As if crafted from nothing it birthed what looked to be a mermaid’s tail, bending the woman’s knees and binding her heel’s together beneath the scales? Cloth? The tail looked so fake that whether it was real or not would remain a mystery to everyone *but* her.

Otherwise? The giantess remained unclothed. Not that this was much of a concern, really. Her face burned pink with anticipation as gigantic fingers felt around for something, anything that could satiate her. Nothing. **“Perhaps I need to pay a visit to the closest village then. Ufufu...”** With a snap of her fingers she shrunk back down to regular size. A temporary measure to move without being suspected of anything. Though, come to think of it things might be easier if she remained this size unless she was planning on shoving an entire village up her giant pussy.

Iona wasn’t gone but she was lost. Lost in a sea of desired pleasure, lost to the nature of the personality that had taken her over. She could hardly even remember her name with the two that stuck out with prominence. *Kiara Sesshouin. Yaobikuni.*

But did it matter? It soon wouldn’t. Once she tasted pleasure for the first time in this form, *nothing* would matter anymore.