SIN EATEN

Glaring daggers at a bandaged gash on her right arm, Alisaie Leveilleur let loose a hearty sigh. It was an injury given to her by an old friend – an old friend that had been, sadly, corrupted into a Sin Eater before her very eyes. The bond she had forged with Tesleen had come to an end so suddenly, and no sooner had her companion been corrupted by the Light had she launched an attack on the younger Elezen.

Thanks to the Warrior of Light she had not taken any damage beyond the gash on her arm that was now concealed by white cloth. It could have been worse. She could have died or become a Sin Eater herself. But it didn't at all feel like a victory either. She felt defeated. After everything Tesleen had done for those that were in the process of succumbing to the light's corruption, her fate had only been to become one of the corrupted herself?

The First was a broken world, through and through.

"Damnit! And there's nothing I can even do about it now!" Almost a week had passed since then, and it had been time that Alisaie had needed to recuperate. Despite the blinding light that fell from the sky above, an ill effect of the dominance of the element on this star, it was actually the dead of night. And Alisaie? She had returned to the very spot where she had lost Tesleen in the first place.

What was she hoping to accomplish there? Not even the girl herself was certain. She had told no one of her departure, not even the Warrior of Light as they slept peacefully back at The Inn At Journey's Head, and had done so without the beige sleeves that typically concealed her arms due to her injury. What had compelled her to go on this walk? Had it

been a guilty conscience? Villains often returned to the scene of the crime, or so the saying went. Alisaie certainly didn't see herself as much of a hero considering Tesleen's ultimate fate.

It was when she neared the precise point of her friend's transformation that the Elezen finally noticed it, or at the very least believed she had noticed *something*. While only a hunch, she was certain that someone was watching her from afar. But where? The nearby cliffs aside, much of this realm was open space that didn't lend itself to easily concealing oneself.

"**Perhaps it was my imagination after all...?**" The part of Alisaie that was inherently paranoid didn't desire to dismiss her concerns so casually, but she couldn't fathom why someone would be observing her so late at night either. Typically, Sin Eaters didn't give off that kind of vibe – was it because they were so inhuman in the first place?

But not only *was* Alisaie being observed, but the reason she'd come out to this spot in the first place had not been due to a guilty conscience. She'd been provoked into appearing there by an *instinct*, one deeply intertwined with the wound on her arm.

Which, mind you, had begun to glow gold beneath her bandages.

In the end, it wasn't even the glow that Alisaie took notice of first. It was a stiffness that had possessed her arm along with a loud, crackling noise that called out from beneath the cloth trimmings. "**What is— *AH!?***" As if set on giving the young Elezen an answer, mid-question the bandages suddenly tore away, for something had erupted from the skin around her wound.

No. Whatever it was, it was *legitimately* her skin. Rock hard and pale white, almost like the porcelain of a doll – the area just above her wound, around her upper arms and shoulders, hardened just the same albeit with a shimmering golden hue that appeared incredibly unnatural. The gold wasn't as smooth as the white, sporting jagged grooves that almost made it look decorative, like an ornament on a statue.

A shiver ran up Alisaie's spine. The appearance of her skin... No, was that even skin? It appeared harder than rock and thicker than her usual

flesh. Either way, considering the area around which it has spawned, she could have sworn that it shared an aesthetic with the appearance of many *Sin Eaters* she'd fought. Had the wound been tainted by something? But Sin Eater transformations usually occurred within a cocoon, and there were typically more warning signs than *none at all*!

"There's no way! I can't be... I'm not..." Not willing to risk wasting anymore time standing around, the girl pivoted on her heel with the intention of running back to The Inn At Journey's Head to get help. But she stopped herself. Even now, the crackling sound was travelling down her arm, thickening her skin as it whitened in the process. Once it met her elbow it turned to grooved gold again, spreading that all of the way to her wrist. The pace at which it was spreading concerned her. "**If... If I rush back to the inn, I'll put everyone there in danger! I can't... I can't do that.**"

Alisaie was on the verge of tears, honestly. She was... She was doomed, right? Damned if she does, damned if she doesn't. She wanted to ball her hands up into fists, but only the hand on the untainted arm did so. The right one was merely too stiff to do so, what with fingers finding themselves painted white and growing longer. Her nails ended up dyed gold, but they sharpened into what were quite evidently three-inch long *claws*. The tools of a *monster*, not the nails of a human.

Her transformation didn't make any *sense*. From what she knew, Sin Eaters always emerged from cocoons after the victims were corrupted by the light. It wasn't something where they had to suffer for a prolonged period with the knowledge they were becoming some sort of mindless beast, and yet here she was.

Tears finally escaped her eyes as the girl realized that her ability to choose to flee to the inn had been stripped away from her. The reason? She hadn't been able to see it because of her clothing, but the white porcelain texture had ran down her thigh and had evidently seeped into her thigh and, ultimately, her leg. Her right leg had locked up just like her right arm, rendering her entirely immobile.

It travelled down her leg and beneath her thigh high boots, only the gap between her tunic and the boots available to show off any skin – and even then that small gap was filled by a golden growth that coiled around her thigh. All in all, her leg was different from her arm because the pure, smooth white showed signs of damage, cracks forming as gold filtered through. And her foot? It took on similarities to the hand, each toe, once chiseled and firm, adopting sharp, black claws that dug into the inner toe of her boot.

"What do I do… What do I do!? Is this my punishment for not being able to save Tesleen? I— AHH… My clothes feel so…!?" The girl had a lot of feelings about what was happening to her, but she wasn't as free to express them as she would have liked to be. In this case, her clothes had seemingly tightened around her body; it was something she could feel more around the parts of her body that remained flesh and blood, rather than the statue-like sections that had succumbed to the Primordial Light where most of the feeling had bled away.

But the cause became as clear as the never-ending day, for the sound of her clothes ripping and tearing revealed the unfortunate truth. Her body was outgrowing the garments she was adorned with. Whether it was clawed toes erupting from the front of tanned boots and wriggling freely, or those boots being ripped to sheds as legs became far too thick and tall to be contained by them; it wasn't a truth Alisaie could deny.

She didn't take any comfort in it, but at least for now her body was growing with consistency, where no part of her was bigger or smaller than it should have been in comparison with the rest. "*GAAAAAAH!*" But the tension and pressure? It was a lot for the girl to bare. It hurt, and that pain forced her to cry out. That cry, though? It was deep and hollow, like the cry of a monstrous beast. **"No! I'm… I'm *not*…!"**

With time, Alisaie's body size had doubled. A little more and the constriction of her tunic against her torso was finally alleviated, for it exploded due to the sheer mass of the body it had been wrapped around. Even so, she continued to swell. Three times her usual size. Four times. Five. Until the nearby cliff was merely at eye level for her.

And that wasn't all. As she'd grown, the transformation the light had plagued her with had seeped into her left-sided limbs. All four corners of her body were stiff and cold, but at the very least she'd found the energy to move them, albeit barely.

With the same crackling, the porcelain white moved into her torso from all four of these corners – but now without leaving a parting gift to her thighs and the surrounded area. While her flesh had appeared thicker where corrupted thanks to the dense layer of rock-solid white the Elezen's skin had morphed into, her figure hadn't really changed any… until this point in time.

"*AHHH!?*" She screamed again, this time in a much more human voice for her hips had suddenly dislocated themselves and resettled a great deal wider than they once had been. With this preparatory step complete, the seemingly solid thighs of her legs began to bloat in a way that almost appeared like they were jiggling. Their mass increased along with a tremor that rocked through them, each upper leg growing more

ample before grinding together in the center of her pelvis where they met. In the back, the cheeks of her ass swelled in a similar manner – at least to the point where, at her current height, each cheek was just as big as Alisaie had once been tall.

Thighs continued to grind together, and in between them the crackling white ran to her pelvic area. Her pubic hairs peeled off and were stolen by the wind once the phenomenon coated her flesh there, and her pussy itself sealed with a golden clasp that resembled undergarments upon it. A Sin Eater could not reproduce in that manner, so there was no need for such a thing.

"**Why is this…? Why? Why? Why?**" Alisaie's will, tragically, had broken. She was still crying, but the growth of her body had merely added to the shock she had already suffered emotional difficulty enduring. Despair was her only friend now, and so she remained oblivious to plenty, from the continued transformation of her body to the fact she was now floating slightly above the ground.

But the corruption continued, nonetheless. Her stomach hardened in a way that not only made her appear more toned, but gradually her torso grew taller and thinner (*arms lengthened slightly in tandem, just to keep it all consistent*). More golden cracks formed in her 'skin' here, and the phenomenon both wrapped around and travelled up her back.

In the girl's front, on the other hand? Things were a little different. Her small bust was quick to explode in mass just as the porcelain approached its perimeter, and the scream she allowed to escape was more of an eerie moan in response more than anything. They jiggled into E-cup equivalents, jiggle and lewd with engorged nipples upon their tips. Yet any bounciness they possessed diminished as they became wholly encased and made of white, nipples included despite still being defined.

More gold caressed the undersides of her new giant tits as the corruption soon travelled up Alisaie's neck. Rather than immediately seeping into the woman's face though, it was her silver hair that succumbed beforehand. These silver locks both lengthened and fanned out at the sides as they hardened into a gold not unlike the many growths upon her Sin Eaten flesh, but the way they fluttered out horizontally in design they resembled a series of wings. Three on other side, while the rest of her hair wrapped around her face and against her breasts.

"NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!"

The very moment she felt the lack of feeling encroach upon her face, this was all she could manage to say. It was eerie and unsettling, and it spoke to just how broken the maiden's psyche had already become thanks to the Light's influence. But she was powerless to stop it as it washed through her facial features, smoothing them out and granting them the appearance of a beautiful, young woman that was likely in her mid-twenties.

When the phenomenon passed through her eyes, dulling them to black, her tears finally dried away. Because she was incapable of crying. She was incapable of talking. There was simply an eerie stillness to indicate her very will had been subjugated along with her form.

Yet two pairs of appendages had to extend from her back before her assimilation was complete. The first was a pair of ornate, golden wings that erupted painfully from above her shoulder blades, and the other was a pair of golden tendrils, three pieces per length, that erupted just below them. Even with her senses dulled it was enough to provoke a pained cry from the monster.

<center>

"*GRAAAAAAAAH!*"

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Her appearance warped entirely by Primordial Light now, the newly born *Sin Eater* let out an abominable cry as bare feet eventually lifted even farther from the ground, the foul soul shooting high into the bright night sky. It was safe to say that Alisaie's consciousness was still preserved within the light-dyed husk of this new monster, but she was wholly at the whims of the corruption that had distorted her appearance in the first place.

Yet, present or not, her old name could not be recalled. As with all Sin Eaters she could associate little more than a title with her own identity. One that capitalized on the sin that she embodied. Despite how attractive she was and how claws fingers could not keep themselves away from her porcelain breasts and thighs, however, that sin was not lust. Rather, it

was something even greater than that – something that lust was a part of.

<div align="center">*Forgiven Obscenity.*</div>

Such was her title, tantamount to her name. "***AAAAAAAAAH!***" Forgiven Obscenity then cried out with another scream, this one just as instinctual as the first. She sensed a presence nearby, one that she had actually noted before her corruption – and the fact that she had noticed it then had been a tell that her corruption had already begun. The Sin Eater had already ascended well above the clouds, and it was through the clouds that this presence finally made itself known.

Another Sin Eater. Familiar. Forgiven... Tesleen? Forgiven Obscenity recoiled a moment on sight. Instinct was far more dominant than thought, but she drew closer to the winged Eater nonetheless. The shape of her face, the black tear markings that fell from her eyes. She was a Sin Eater that was far more monstrous than Forgiven Obscenity was by design, but she drew the beast into her arms, nonetheless.

Did Sin Eaters have free will? Did they have things they cared about other than corrupting those that remained pure? Studies showed that, typically, they did not. And yet this gesture seemed to show that even when twisted by the Primordial Light...

Feelings, on some level, appeared to remain.