

LIGHT // DARK

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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How long had it been since Thancred and the others had returned to the Source now? It felt like forever, but Ryne took solace in the fact that she still knew them all to be okay. Thanks to the Warrior of Light she was provided with constant updates about how everyone was doing, and even then? She wasn't alone on the First either. Lyna was always checking in on her, and Ryne ultimately fit in quite well with the other teens her age in the Crystarium.

And then there was Gaia!

It was hard for Ryne to describe just *how* she felt about Gaia. It had been some time since the truth of her existence had been revealed and they had become able to move forward together, but listening to Gaia? She didn't really care about anything that had transpired. She wished to move forward as *herself* and nothing more than that. The truth about her identity didn't matter. She was just Gaia now, and Ryne was ever so proud of her for it.

The two had grown incredibly close over the course of the time they had spent together. So close that even strangers had begun to take notice. 'Are those two friends, or are they a couple?', questions like that had begun to float around. Both Ryne and Gaia were completely oblivious to the idea of dating though, even if they *essentially* were. Neither of them had even realized just how close they had begun until they'd had their first fight. Well, their first fight since the whole 'Gaia was taken by an Ascian' debacle.

To say their argument had been over something serious would have been a drastic overstatement. They'd actually only disagreed over where

they wanted to have a picnic together. Young as they were though, it hit hard because it was one of their very first *real* fights, which left them all alone to think about it.



“Maybe I *was* unreasonable.” Despite having been so angry when she had first returned to her room, it didn’t take Ryne long to begin *pinning* for Gaia – not that this occurred to her, really. She just felt like she missed her, without putting two and two together that she missed her so much because she held deep-rooted affections towards her. **“I just wish I could understand her better sometimes. I don’t really know how to appeal to her darker aesthetic, but...”**

Wait.

It took Ryne a moment, but she eventually realized. Something was off. The feeling was uncanny, because it reminded her of one terrible experience. The moment she had offered herself to host a Primal, in fact. It was something she had never wanted to experience again, and yet her skin was now crawling like it had back then. *Why!?* She’d merely been in her room, thinking about Gaia! What had triggered it!? For what purpose!?

“This isn’t good! I need to find Gaia!” It was Gaia that had come to her rescue back in those days, so she thought she might be of some help. The problem? Her friend didn’t return to her room after their fight, and all of the spots that her goth companion frequented were outside of the Crystarium’s borders. It would take her some time to locate her better half, and Ryne could already tell that this was precious time that she did not have.

The power she had involuntarily resonated with had already begun to ripple through her body. It wasn’t a welcome power in the least, but it forced itself into her vessel of flesh. Its very presence was quick to have an adverse effect *on* that flesh as well, were the color of her skin any indication. For the healthy pink glow that Ryne had known since she was a little girl was paling in no small measure. In fact, as a clammy chill washed over her skin, the end result was a pale so white that her body might have rightfully been mistaken for a porcelain doll.

“N-No! Not again... I can’t... again!” The physical and emotional damage that had been done to her back then was something that would stick with the girl for her entire life, and the feelings she had felt back

then came crashing over her as she stared at hands that were ice cold and, not to mention, just as white as ice could be. The cold reminded her of *that* experience, of becoming Shiva's host, but it wasn't quite *as* chilling. It was somehow different. After all, back then she had been briefly encased in ice and had emerged in a different form; it hadn't happened before her very eyes.

Ryne hadn't been privy to the feeling of her very flesh twisting and growing as she now did, as limbs jittered and her heart beat so rapidly from what was ensuing. In fact, her body *had* begun to swell, but not so that she became the very giantess she had during her previous excursion. Back then she had simply become a bigger version of *herself*, but this wasn't quite the same thing.

"I don't want to get bigger! Not like this!" That didn't stop her from fearing the worst as her perspective began to rise within the confines of her room. She very much *was* growing, but it wasn't proportionate to her original height like it had been on the previous occasion. Her spine and limbs were stretching, additional bone produced while skin stretched around them. It wasn't merely her limbs though, not with fingers and toes dangling at greater reaches than they had before.

When all was said and done, she was left standing at a somewhat imposing 5'8" that had wreaked havoc on her simple outfit. Wrists fell far past the sleeves of her dress' top, and boots that once rested neatly on her thighs dangled off her knees. The skirt of the white dress had even lifted high enough that her equally white panties, and even the base of her bellybutton, could be seen plainly – which only served to make her a little embarrassed. **"No, this is... This is different from last time! Why?"**

It made sense that this might be the case seeing as it hadn't transpired the same way to begin with. But this made Ryne even *more* anxious because she had lost any ability to predict what was happening. **"Ah!?"** The girl almost fell forward suddenly, confusion washing over her because she *had* been standing idle. Once she corrected her posture though, the cause became quite clear.

Her knees were pointed inward much more prominently, and the band of her panties felt like they were on the verge of eruption. There was a sole, overlapping cause for both though. Her hips had pulled apart, presenting her with a much wider gait. But that was only the *beginning* of a string of changes that plagued her now taller body. With hips lengthened, space was in no short supply between parted legs... for a time. But porcelain thighs soon rippled with abundance; thick, shapely, and meaty.

Thick, shapely, and meaty were also a trio of adjectives that could just as easily describe her ass in the aftermath. The bloating of her rump served as the final cry for the integrity of her panties, and Ryne let loose a clear gasp as she both felt the band snap and the cool draft of air teasing her bare loins. The size of her ass was certainly nothing to scoff at, and she'd been so surprised that both hands reached back to firmly grasp almost head-sized cheeks with disbelief.

“This is so lewd! Why...? It’s making me feel so... so... No!” Loathed as she was to address it, she could feel something stirring within. Something keen on disregarding Ryne’s good nature in favor of something more menacing, sinister, and *evil*. She could swallow that voice down for now, but it was only a matter of time before it overwhelmed her and escaped.

The front of the girl’s dress began to feel rather... compressed, and there was no secret as to why in the end. She had already been looking down to absorb her new height, thighs, and ass. So it didn’t exactly go unnoticed that her nipples, in newfound thickness, had been pushing up against the white of her gown from within. This merely predated a surge in overall mass beneath them, her once meager bosom expanding with a breath of life that saw them tear through cloth and burst free, some fatty tissue held back my stray fibers. In doing so it revealed that her nipples were a dark purple to contrast the white of her skin.

Rather than panic about that though, Ryne really wanted to touch them.

“N-No! I shouldn’t! *But wouldn’t it be delightful?*” Words that were both her own and weren’t at the same time escaped her light purple lips – lips that were juicier than they had been only breaths before. Their thickness was part of a greater change that swept through Ryne’s frontal countenance, stealing away her face’s youthful look and replacing it with the look of a *woman* of an age more befitting of her new bombastic figure. Whether it was her pointed nose, narrowed gaze, or firm cheeks, it couldn’t even be said that she looked like an older version of herself.

She looked like a different woman altogether.

Such a thing was of no concern to her, though. No longer capable of fighting back against the corruption within her mind and soul, she hardly batted an eyelash in response to a distortion that rippled through her features; one that began with an elaborate, black tattoo swirling vertically across her left eye. In its wake, black circles formed around both eyes, and the irises within were stained a steely purple. Her resting

expression showed more agitation than Ryne had ever willfully shown in her life, and with plump lips resting with a slight pout, there was something almost erotic about the woman's current look within ruined clothes.

“Mm... That's right. Gift me more power! I desire *more!*” Voice deep and sultry, her opinion of this phenomenon had evidently done a one-eighty. She now waited on bated breath for what was to come, desiring a strength to match her newfound beauty. The more strength she drew in though, the less human she appeared.

Bumpy, black scales surfaced around her elbows and slid down into her hands, transforming them into scaled claws while fingers thickened to appear much more reptilian and dangerous. And her hair? The bright orange she had been returned once granted her existence as Ryne? It darkened to a black as dark as night while slithering longer down her back.

HISS! HISS! HISS!

She did not even move her eyes as more than just her hair began to slither. Gaping maws erupted from her scalp, pulling longer and revealing twelve pairs of slitting, golden eyes. Scaled serpents erupted from her head and twisted back and forth, most of them panted green, and yet one was painted gold. The moved about according to Ryne's emotions, and so they seemed somewhat subdued for now.

The sound of clawed fingers snapping rang throughout the room after the monster of a woman gave a dissatisfied look towards her robing. *Medusa* knew she had once been Ryne, a girl who fit into such a pure looking outfit – but she



didn't care. As she was now, she was a powerful goddess willing to shed that past life as any snake would shed their skin. The snap of her fingers conjured a spell that even shed her scraps of clothes.

They were replaced by a dress of dark purple velvet that flowed down to pale feet, with decorations of crimson and gold – most in the designs of snakes – bringing a central sense of aesthetic to her look. “**These suit my tastes much better.**” Yet while her ‘rebirth’ might have invited a moment of celebration, something else hung in the air. The presence of a power familiar to her. One that made her so upset that the snakes upon her head began to wreath and wriggle.

“So Palutena is here *too*, is she?”