

PRIMAL URGES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“You know? This might be the last time I ever come to Coerthas *ever*.”

“Don’t be like that. I know you’re not used to the cold, but the people asked us for our help!”

The grumblings of a Miqu’te while an Au Ra attempted to temper her dissatisfaction were perhaps the only sounds that filled the air short of the whistling cold that hummed through the air at the wind’s behest. But the Au Ra woman, Dreah, was absolutely correct that the Miqu’te wasn’t accustomed to the cold. S’aiya had been raised in Thanalan, a region that was *always* sweltering hot. Even cool nights were warm ones, and now faced with the shivering cold of the Coerthas Highlands?

S’aiya wanted nothing more than to return to that heat.

She scoffed at Dreah’s words, though. Knowing full well that she was right didn’t make it less annoying that she *was* right. Apparently a strange monster had been sighted up by Snowcloak and experienced adventurers were in need to slay it. Or so they had been told, but the thief of the two had been more than just a little skeptical about the woman who had given them the task.

The woman’s skin ice-cold by appearance alone, she hadn’t looked quite *right*. But despite her reservations, they had been given so much Gil that she’d decided to go along with it in the end. **“You... don’t need to pout, either. We’re almost at Snowcloak, and last I heard they established a camp at the base as well!”** Dreah was doing her best to keep morale high – she knew that S’aiya could be difficult, but she

meant well even if she acted that way. It seemed her words, at least, had diffused some of the feline's attitude somewhat. Not that Dreah *liked* the cold. It made her tail stiff and her horns feel heavy!



“**Hm?**” Something in their path up the trail had given her pause, however. A crystal shimmering with a bright blue color. Was it ice or stone? Curious about it, and not wanting S'aiya's sense for Gil to provoke her into laying claim to it before she'd had a chance to examine it, Dreah pushed ahead through the snow to pick it up.

S'aiya had been about to ask her what she had picked up, but was cut short as a blast of wind that was icier than anything they had endured during their hike knocked her far away and onto her ass. By the time she managed to pick herself up again? Dreah was still there, but she was entirely encased in ice with formidable looking spikes raised in every direction roughly twenty-five feet into the air. “**Dreah!? What the hell!?**”

From Dreah's perspective, the entire world had just suddenly stood still. She'd picked up the crystal and it had *dug into her* before the ice that encased her exploded from within her very soul. While she had been immobilized, she didn't exactly feel uncomfortable. Nor was she *cold*. It was more like something was welling up from *within* her. An energy. A power. A presence that did not belong.

While the Au Ra was conscious and aware of it, however, she certainly had no means of expressing as much while encased in ice. Nonetheless the ice itself hardly stifled what would soon happen to her. In fact, the earliest signs required no concessions from the ice whatsoever, and they seemed to be fairly reasonable adjustments.

Because the woman's skin? It began to pale at a rapid pace. Considering she was trapped within a frozen structure it really wasn't all that strange to think that she would quickly lose her healthy color, and yet at the same time it almost seemed a little *excessive*? With the pink lost, it quickly shifted towards a grayish blue that came across as sickly, with nipples and the like taking on a darker variation.

It was also strange because it hadn't been isolated to her skin. Even her blonde hair was robbed of its vibrancy, with an almost charcoal-like silver taking root in it at the end of the day. This was just as true of her

pubic hair, eyebrows, the whole works. Not even DreaH's eyes were spared as an almost eerie silver began to glow from their depths.

What came after the change in color scheme could only really be described as some form of *erosion*. As if eaten by the ice itself, her clothing gradually disappeared to expose her naked body below, visible only to S'aiya who was still cautiously observing from afar. Were it simply a matter of her clothes disappearing then perhaps it wouldn't have been so pressing.

But it wasn't, and what eroded in the aftermath wasn't something as disposable as cloth. DreaH's white scales, her tells as a member of the Au Ra race, were effectively erased to leave her skin pristine – just as her tail and horns followed suit. Rather than leave her head without ears, though? As the horns faded into nothingness, there were alternatives left in their place. Perhaps suggesting her horns had been hiding them, a pair of long, Elezen ears were exposed with white chitin removed. The ice that surrounded her adjusted to accommodate any changes, making sure that she remained utterly incapable of movement.

The presence within the woman grew stronger, and as it did her face began to change to the point that she could no longer be identified as herself. Cheekbones raised so that they were *incredibly* pronounced, while silver eyes came to narrow and her nose found a finer point. At the very least her blue lips became more engorged, but all in all? Her face bore the characters not of a woman of the Au Ra race, but resembled something perhaps closer to an Elezen, the elf-like race that made their home in the colds of Coerthas.

Of course, her short stature did not mirror that of this race, but that would certainly be adjusted. Perhaps much more dramatically than she might have expected... not that DreaH herself had any awareness of what had changed with her body. She was instead struggling with something *internally*. Not a single voice, but *two* that seemed to resonate with her own. Were they apologizing? Thanking her? She couldn't really tell. She just knew that as their voices grew louder, hers became quickly amounted to little more than a whisper.

Meanwhile, S'aiya had been on the verge of approaching the ice structure. She was confused about what was happening to her friend. *Was* that her friend? She didn't look like her, and any amount of calling her name led to no response. Just as she was close enough to press up against it though, she was forced to bound back. The spikes of ice suddenly swelled both upwards and outwards, and the risk of the Miqu'te getting impaled was far too great.

Because she was focused on not getting injured, she wasn't as fixated on what was happening to Dreah within this ice. That is to say: the ice she was trapped within wasn't the only thing expanding. In fact, it was expanding as a direct response to what was happening to the woman herself. Her body was growing, swelling, *expanding*. Upright, outward, in ways that robbed her of any suggestion of a mortal size. Because once the ice transcended twenty feet, so too did her body.

Looking at Dreah though, it was clear that this wasn't just a case of her proportionally becoming a giant. Her torso and limbs stretched taller, presenting her with a frame much more befitting of the Elezen she resembled. It even filled out her sexual proportions appropriately, expanding hips and bloating both ass and thighs so that they were tender and appealing. While not *as* dramatic, her breasts benefitted from a nuanced growth as well.

The locks of her hair had weaved through the ice like worms digging through soil, silver stretching down to the tips of lengthened fingers. It was one of the final changes that coincided with the woman, internally, finally reaching a boiling point. Dreah's voice had become so small, so insignificant, and yet it also did not try to repel the other beings that dwelled within. She could tell – they were not ill-intended.

“There’s no way! Is that actually...?” S'aiya had watched it all unfold from a safe distance. Her Au Ra friend's visage distorted into that of a twenty-foot woman sporting Elezen-like traits within the ice. She believed her friend was still in there somewhere, but while this was true? She also wasn't dominant. The souls of the ones deceased Ysayle and of the Source's *Shiva* reigned, and they yearned to break free.

And break free they did.

The gigantic woman shattered her ice prison, fragments of the broken container flying in every which direction as she floated slightly off the hill's surface. She was having difficulties adjusting to her own essence, which made sense since she was essentially three souls conjoined into the form of a singular Primal. Undoing the transformation so that she could fit in with society might have been impossible, but now wasn't the time to try either. It seemed her emergency had also presented her with suitable



clothing – armor of blue that left ample thighs and cleavage exposed, but such was the outfit Shiva adorned. Of course she naturally had her crown as well, though it almost seemed to be growing directly from her skull.

After scanning her surroundings, Shiva realized that something had gone awry. A Miqu'te woman looked to be observing her for a moment, and yet she suddenly fell over with a whimper. It was clear *why*. Some of the shrapnel from when she had broken out had impaled her in the stomach.



S'aiya really thought she had been about to die. Her friend had just turned into a giant woman of ice, and then a shard of ice had run straight through her gut. She hadn't checked the wound before falling over, mind you, and so her assessment of the damages wasn't quite correct.

A shard of ice *had* embedded itself into her stomach, but it hadn't pierced her skin. It was more like her body had *absorbed* the ice, and as a result her body had gone cold. She fell over not because of the shock, but because her body was acclimating to the presence of a greater power. A fragment of Shiva herself, and yet? Not the very same Shiva that was floating before her with concern upon her face.

“GYAAAAAH!” No sooner than her body had fallen into the snow did a great energy begin to well up with such an intensity that it eviscerated the clothing that the feline was wearing, exposing her tanned flesh and hefty breasts to the cold of the snow. Any sensation she felt in response to chilled temperatures was gradually becoming nullified, but she still felt a great deal of pain on two fronts. There was the physical aspect of it, of course, but it also tortured her mind as well.

She wasn't thinking at all. There was simply agony, and a hallowed voice from the depths that screamed words that S'aiya could not even begin to understand.

Writhing in agony upon the snow, no one could blame her for not noticing what was happening to her body proper. The feline traits that defined her race as a Miqu'te were quickly unwinding themselves just as Dreah had been denied her Au Ra traits in the end, with her tail slithering back into her spine, and her furred ears falling to the sides of her head. What *differed*, however, was that her ears did not take on an

Elezen's points. Instead? Cute and rounded, they were far more typical of a Hyur – or *Hume*, as a voice deep within would have called them.

The whisker-like markings on her face were rescinded, and the tip of her nose flipped up ever so slightly to aid in making the woman appear even more Hyur-like. Her screaming persisted, and for a moment it almost seemed like she was taking a path opposite to the Shiva whose ice had triggered her transformation in the first place. Because her body seemed to be regressing in size as opposed to growing like the other had.

Perhaps it would have been more accurate to say she was getting *younger*, though. Her reshaped face bore softer lines and a thinner design, with lips hardly developed into adulthood. Her limbs shortened and her height diminished until she was no taller than a girl in her mid, if not late teens – effectively returning her into adolescence.

Perhaps sensing the changes to come, an outfit spawned upon her tanned flesh before anything became *too* exposed, with a dress with an open chest over a bottom that resembled the base of a leotard pressing down on her womanly curves so that they regressed and shrunk as she flailed about. At least the snow was no threat to her with her thigh highed boots, and both a silver crown and a pink ribbon in her hair remained fixed regardless of how much she screamed and rolled around.

When all was said and done, her gratuitous figure had been rescinded so that while her curves sported the beginnings of adulthood, she was still a far cry from reaching her potential. Her chest was fairly sizable for her shorter height, but it certainly wasn't anything astounding. The cut-out between these breasts did more for their perceived size than anything.

The youthful maiden's hair began to extend with yet another agonized scream, soon extending down to the butt of her snow-covered dress. While its brown color remained during the lengthening itself, once it finally reached completion a light silver was set awash straight through it. That color, much like that of the giant woman nearby, settled within eyes that had begun to glow as well.

It was inevitable that her tanned skin would eventually lose its tan considering the palette changes that had already plagued her body's appearance, and before long it all paled to a greyish blue that was slightly lighter than that seen on the older Primal. It certainly suited the cold of her touch, not that anyone could feel it with how much chaos was present in her current mannerisms.

S'aiya's mind had not stilled at all, and in fact that chaos that had wracked her with pain had only grown stronger, and stronger, and

stronger still. It grew so much that the power that came with it had begun to leak out, and in an attempt to patch the holes that formed, the container expanded. And so her body, still reeling in the snow, began to expand.

Her clothes stretched with her flesh, maintaining some semblance of consistency even as she undeniably transcended past the size of a regular, mortal container. Whether it was her long, blue gloves or the girl's boots, they all continued to fit snugly without even the slightest bit of inconvenience in that regard. Then again, she was in so much pain that she likely wouldn't have thought much of such things in the first place. She certainly hadn't realized that she was growing, or that her thigh had just crushed an entire tree beneath it. Hopefully there was nothing about that could be harmed, because there wasn't even a consciousness present that could have displayed the empathy to avoid harming it.

“AAAAAH!” Finally in a condition to move once more, the *Shiva* that bore a younger-looking appearance, and one much closer to a Hyur, let out a cry. Her body could not handle the power that now blessed it, and her mind was overwhelmed by an instinct to destroy that drowned out everything else. Light and ice swirled around within in equal measure, distracting her from questions of her own identity, much less which form she was meant to take.

Being attuned to similar forces, the older-looking Shiva could immediately sense what was wrong with this girl. A container that wasn't meant to hold her power would only crumble beneath its weight. But there was *something else* dwelling within that girl as well. It was forcing things to spiral out of control more than it *should* have. There was little hope of her calming her demons all on her own, and it was certainly dangerous to allow her to continue on as she was.



“Calm, girl. You need to calm down.” The younger of the two had begun to thrash about, casting powerful icicles in every direction at the peril of any wildlife lurking nearby. Or at least she *had* been, up until the moment the older iteration embraced her. The two connected, being this close the Shiva that had once been Dreah could sense it. A way to contain the child’s power by undoing her own. A process that would quell the both of them until their powers were needed once again.

And so, pulling on that power, the two were encased in ice once more. But when it crumbled this time? There were no Shivas, much less Dreah nor S’aiya. Instead there was an Elezen woman embracing a Hyur girl in the same position the two Shivas had been in prior. The child fell limp, unconscious from her own fatigue, but in that moment when clarity had returned, her name rang true. *Ryne*.

As for the silver-haired Elezen? *Ysayle* or Iceheart, either name worked. But she certainly shouldn’t have been here. For all she knew, she had fallen in battle. **“I suppose I have that woman to thank... Dreah, was it?”** Cradling Ryne in her arms and lifting her up, she thanked the Au Ra who had given her very being for this chance. But Dreah *did* still exist within her. Perhaps, in the end, their identities were the very same? Just as S’aiya and Ryne had become intertwined.

Regardless of the answer, they would most certainly need to find the Scions of the Seventh Dawn. Explaining this would be *difficult*.

