

OTHER PRIMALS II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... These certainly aren't like the crystals we are accustomed to.”

Honestly, the Lalafell scholar by the name of Krile Mayer Baldesion wasn't even sure why she was expressing her findings aloud. The Elezen man she had roped into accompanying her, Estinien Wyrmblood, was not the intellectual sort. Nor did he really care about the subject at hand. Krile had merely needed some protection in case her investigation turned dangerous, and he was the handiest person she could blackmail— er, ask to help her.

“Are you almost finished? There doesn't seem to be any danger to speak of. You likely could have come alone.” The man in question didn't exactly sound happy to be here, either. Not that his time was all that valuable, but something about spending time with this woman gave him goosebumps. Probably because she was always honing in on and exploiting his weaknesses.

The two had only come out in the first place because of a series of strange crystals that had appeared across Hydaelyn. Y'shtola and Urianger, to Krile's knowledge, were investigating one in Eorzea, while the two of them had come to Doma to record any notable findings. It would be ideal that she share her findings with the other groups at a later date, since it wasn't *just* the four of them working on this project.

Krile understood Estinien's impatience, at least. **“Yes, yes. Almost done now. I just need to take a physical sample.”** With any luck she could break a piece off. Or that had been the thought. She had a tiny hammer just for the occasion, and carefully scouted out a low-hanging

place to try and chip something away from. The second the hammer hit the crystal, however? Both the hammer and the Lalafell disappeared, leaving the Elezen flabbergasted.



“Erm... now *this* is an unexpected event.”

The surroundings had changed around Krile so quickly that it took her a moment to process that anything had even happened at all. But here she was, standing in a void that bore some resemblance to when she had answered the call of the Mothercrystal all those years ago. It was similar, but it most certainly wasn't the same at the exact same time.

It was a space that was far *emptier* to begin with, and the light that swirled around her was not the blue she had come to associate with Hydaelyn, but instead a purple that almost seemed to be *ominous*. **“I cannot help but think I might be in danger, but I also do not sense any ill intentions.”** At the very least she wasn't falling, seemingly supported by an invisible floor. But that did not provide any answers to her.

She was inside that crystal, but why? What had brought her here, and for what purpose? Perhaps more importantly: how was she meant to *leave*? If she had been brought into this space, it must have been for some sort of reason. Which meant it likely wouldn't let her leave until this reason had come to light.

Or come to *dark*, really.

But she had fallen stupendously into a trap, just as her allies had with other crystals elsewhere in the world. It was far too late to free herself even if she *did* realize what she had stumbled into. She was simply at the mercy of its power, and that power wasted little time in exerting its influence over the Lalafell that it now had within its clutches.

“...Erm?” And it most certainly began with something that was difficult for Krile to *not* notice, much less discount as a strange feeling. After all? **“Are my clothes tighter, or am I going crazy?”** The answer wasn't the latter possibility. It was the former that was true... sort of. The fit of her Lalafell-sized costume had not changed in any capacity. On the other hand, the flesh that it was shrouded around? Therein was the issue of things changing size.

Because the Scion's body? Well, it had very quickly begun to grow. And in every manner conceivable that would see to it that her current outfit

was torn asunder. This was because it appeared to have a particular aim, and as she began to sprout up that aim became clear. Limbs lengthened gratuitously, tearing sleeves at the shoulders while arms also thickened and shoulders popper wide. While down south? Her toes erupted from the peaks of her little boots, fully formed more like those of the other races... as did the fingers upon her hands.

And therein the purpose of her growth was exposed.

“How is this...!? I can’t breathe!” Jumping up past the four foot mark over a matter of moments, it became clear that the woman’s destined shape was not at all comparable to a Lalafell’s proportionately. Because of this, even her shoulders and hips widened, her flesh exploding through the cloth as tatters fell to the ground. Well, just about *all* of her clothing was decimated, but the fact that her head had grown just a little bigger was not enough to dislodge her favorite hood. Not *yet* anyways.

For a brief moment Krile thought she had been on the verge of passing out. Her jacket had been crushing her chest, and the bindings had made it difficult to pass oxygen through her lungs. **“Ngh!?”** That was why there was actually a breath of relief once her nipples broke through the cloth and became fully exposed, although they remained just as conclave as a Lalafell’s bosom would be. Initially, at least. That chest pounded as she attempted to catch her breath.

“Wow! That was suuuuper bizarre!” Without thinking, she blurted this comment out, an unfamiliar smirk playing upon lips that spouted a voice that was much higher and more energetic than Krile’s voice had any business being. It had even struck *her* as strange, albeit briefly. Except any suspicions she had about it were quick to fade, so this thought did not linger.

Standing in the void where the tiny woman had before was now one of around 5’6”. It was a staggering change in height comparable to a Hyur woman that was above average in stature, and everything from the length of her arms, legs, and torso to the width of hips and shoulders felt much more accurate to those of the taller races. **“Why did this happen!? I’m so tall!”** That directionless energy that she was feeling? Well, it quite evidently did not subside even as she marveled at her naked self.

Is it really all that strange though? It’s my own body!

While Krile had certainly grown to mirror the height of a woman of a taller race, something about her overall visage looked quite strange, though. It was because there was no weight distribution to her limbs,

and no notable growth to her figure. She looked like a lanky, almost stick-like person, like someone had just stretched a child to a taller proportion. Fortunately (or unfortunately), that strangeness was ultimately corrected thanks to a series of much needed adjustments.

Take her lower half, for example. **“Oh!?”** Even the woman herself felt it, for a jiggling in her ass brought a cry from her lips. Cheeks that almost seemed to be notoriously flat suddenly came to life like a pair of balloons, their masses jiggling with soft flesh as they rounded into plumper shapes. Even then, the excess could not completely be contained by her cheeks, and much of it slid into her thighs to pull skin around them tightly as well. They made good use of her widened hips, and all of a sudden? Everything below her waist didn't look quite as strange.

The same could be said of her torso, although it hadn't been in *quite* as much disarray as what rested below. Her belly thickened, but only so it was toned and tight, but her chest? What had been left completely flat by the transition from her previous race suddenly filled full, breasts swelling into fleshy orbs that rested proudly atop her body. At best they were C-cups, but coming from the proportions of a Lalafell? It was a *very* dramatic difference.

“What are you doing standing around here?”

“Yeah! Hurry up!”

A pair of voices startled Krile, who cried out in surprise. She couldn't tell if they were coming from the crystal, or *inside* of her. She could just kind of hear them. She threw hands up in the air while surprised, but the moment she did? Something... frayed. Not physically, but mentally. Like her mind had been fractured, yet still somehow functioned as if it was whole. A trio of thoughts swirled around within her... yet it was all, somewhat, of the same mind.

At the moment of this fracture, a strange warmth encompassed her raised hands. For a pair of puppets that resembled cute little dogs appeared on them. **“Huh!?”** But wait! Weren't these the sources of the other voices? Something deep down, something *instinctual*, told her yes. It wasn't just the puppets that had appeared though, for crimson armor pieces decorated much of her body. Yet also left her belly, thighs, shoulders, and cleavage utterly exposed.

Everything from this point on occurred seemingly in rapid fire, like flames spreading through a forest. Perhaps the fire analogy was even more relevant than that though, for a crimson took root not only in her hair, but in her eyes. It saw hair lengthen dramatically, pushing out

from underneath the hood that persisted even now. But that hood ultimately met its match thanks to her ears promptly sliding up inside the peaks of it, before erupting into masses of fluffy, crimson fur. They were not a Miquote's ears. They looked more canine than anything.

“What are we still doing in here, woof!?”

“We should go out and find our master. Woof!”

“Uh... I guess so, but something feels a little weird, doesn't it?”

It briefly looked as if the crimson-haired woman was speaking to herself, but the truth of the matter was that the two sock puppets on her hands were talking, possessing wills of their own. That was the truth of the Primal known by the name of *Cerberus*, a Primal from a different world altogether that had now been sicked on the Source.

Did she *have* a master, though? Mimi, the second of her three heads had suggested it, but the main body of the dog woman wasn't exactly sure. Nonetheless, instincts told her that if she didn't have one, then she absolutely had to go and *find* one. **“Okay, let's go! We can figure it out and stuff later!”** But the hows and whys didn't really matter, did they? She was a simple minded Primal based on a dog, and so not much else other than instincts even really mattered. They just had to meet up with their temporary partner outside of the crystal!



No sooner than Krile had disappeared into the crystal had Estinien attempted to smash it. For how indifferent he acted towards the Lalafell, the two of them were still friends in a very strange way, and he *had* been brought along to protect her. Something he evidently couldn't say that he had properly done if he didn't retrieve her from whatever had taken

her away. Unfortunately, all striking the crystal with his spear had done was sent her to the very same place that Krile had ended up in.



Well, *kind of*.

“**Where am I!?**” It was very much the same space, yet the color was different. Not that he could have known that the area around the Lalafell had been purple, but for him? It was a golden yellow. Almost like the color of light itself. With his feet firmly rooted upon what seemed to be nothing, the man’s first impulse was, again, to bash his way out of whatever problem he found himself in. “**This cage will not hold me!**”

Imposing threat aside, the great leap he had intended to utilize to blast upwards was not conjured in the end. It was as if his body wasn’t working as he had intended it to – a side-effect of the influence that was now working its magic on him. The power of the crystal would not stand for any of its victims attempting escape, which naturally left Estinien concerned. “**What!?**” Why could he not leap?

That said, the man had other things to worry about, even if he didn’t exactly take notice of them. Such as the fact that his already long, silver hair appeared to be growing longer still, soon spilling as far as the back of his legs before its unraveling ceased. Length aside, the style of it all grew much wavier, and his bangs were parted and then swept to the left. What was just as shocking was the change in color, silvers soon shimmering a contrasting gold instead – hair within his trousers included.

Estinien had not noticed his change in hair color, but he could hardly be blamed. After all, some sort of phenomenon had caused his eyes to suddenly glow red, and in tandem with that change in color? He was forced to cry out in agony not because of something that had happened to his body (although his skin color *was* lightening to soft pink) but due to something that had happened to his *mind*.

It was almost as if his psyche had just been snapped into two, separate fragments that coexisted alongside one another. While one of these two pieces was persistent in understanding his own mortality, the other? As time wore on, it became more self-important, more understanding of things that no mere mortal could understand. Knowledge, power, and

divinity all permeated through this second half, which ultimately developed into a separate identity.

“Guh...!?” But this all happened as his body’s visage continued to distort. His imposing Elezen height, over six-feet in fact, quickly succumbed to the influence that was transforming him. And before long? His height rested just under 5’3”, a far cry from his original size. This left some of his armor to fall off, such as his gauntlets, while he ultimately sat lower upon his greaves uncomfortably until he stepped out of them.

Doing so, however, revealed just how his limbs, and the body parts on their ends, had transformed as he had shrunk. His hands exemplified this quite plainly, with fingers slender and the nails atop them longer – feminine, even. This was equally true when it came to the man’s pink feet, which had taken on softer heels that lacked the many, many callouses Estinien had earned from his profession as a Dragoon.

“Heavy...!?” Estinien himself really didn’t understand. Why didn’t his armor fit? Why was the remaining chest piece so burdensome? Evidently, the fact that he had become so much smaller had escaped him, as had the fact that his muscles had diminished to leave his arms, legs, chest, and tummy thin as well. With time that strength of the Elezen’s *would* return, but it most certainly wouldn’t be represented physically.

Gradually the rugged aesthetic of the man’s face had been getting scrubbed away, almost like someone had taken sandpaper to his skin to get it looking all smooth. What this ultimately translated to was the fact that his jaw became rounder, his cheeks fuller, and eyes larger. Lips also saw their plumpness engorge, and nose become petite. Until rather than a tough man, he came to better resemble a fair-faced young woman – one that was rather pretty.

More and more he began to look less like a man, although much of it was happening beneath the armor piece that was weighing him down now. Estinien’s waistline? It was pinched in dramatically from the sides as his hips swelled a handful of inches wider. It gave his figure an effeminate sway, and that was ultimately the foundation for all of the growth and loss that followed. **“Mmn...”**

While still rather pained, the groan that escaped puffier lips was clearly made with the voice of a woman. The cause of this sound was some new sensitivity beneath his chest piece, for his nipples had both grown and become more sensitive... and the flesh underneath followed suit. Slowly but surely, his definition-free chest grew plumper and plumper, *breasts* developing where strong pecs had been before. They made good use of

the excess space under the armor, but without a bra they were just rubbing up against everything.

It all felt rather... *nice*. Or at least the part of his ego that was still rooted in its mortality believed. *If only I could share this feeling with Katalina...* Katalina, Katalina, Katalina. It was a name the Elezen had never heard before, yet it began to sprout up more and more commonly amidst his thoughts. In fact, daydreaming about this mysterious individual distracted *her* from, well... *becoming a her*.

Estinien's dick had been slowly shrinking, and before long it folded *into* his pelvis along with his balls. Leaving *her* with a woman's counterpart – a fully functioning pussy and womb. It was a vaguely squirmy feeling, and so her thighs rubbed together sensually as it happened. Which, come to think of it, was only really possible because her thighs had grown plumper as well.

The skin of these thighs was glossier since it had been pulled so tight, and that glossiness bled into her rear end as well. Once muscular cheeks bounced to life beneath the armor, their peaks growing goosebumps as they rubbed up against the gold steel behind her. Ripe as a peach, it may have actually been more notable than her breasts.

Which was a shame, as with a flash of light her outfit suddenly changed. And her new outfit? It highlighted her breasts while her ass was hidden by flowing coattails. An ensemble of crimson cloth and silver steel, all but her cleavage, belly, and thighs were exposed. You could even peek and see her panties, not that she seemed to mind. Tying it all together was a cute, crimson bow in her hair.

Yet this change of clothing seemed to come with some clarity. For *both* sides of her ego.

“Ngh... This voice pulsating inside of me... Luminiera?” The blonde woman that was left in Estinien's place flimsily wobbled from side to side as her armor reformed into the crimson outfit that she was now adorned with. While she had become, in essence, a Primal like Cerberus, the Primal in question was actually intrinsically linked to the body of a human. A human by the name of *Vira Lillie*, whom Estinien had essentially amounted to in the



end. The Primal, Luminiera, was bound to her and in this form they functioned as the same existence.

It all left the woman in something of a tizzy as she attempted to piece together her circumstances. She had been brought to another world? One without Katalina? That realization alone immediately soured her, and she let loose a grumpy groan. **“What good is my existence here, then!?”** There was plenty of good in it, but she would probably have to find that good herself after getting over it. She could also tell she had to meet another Primal outside of the crystal so that they could go on some sort of journey.

Which sounded like a pain in the butt.