

# DARK ROLLS

FEBRUARY 2022 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Great Gubal Library was an amazing place, that was undeniable.

It was known as the grandest repository of knowledge in all of Eorzea for a reason, and few were privileged to experience what existed within its walls. The dangers that lurked within were just too great for most, and that's why it was typically adventurers, or scholars accompanied by adventurers, that explored it in the first place. The monsters that lurked within did not take kindly to the idea of the knowledge being stolen all willy nilly. If one wished to obtain the secrets of ancient Sharlayan, they had to brave this test.

Mitsu Kaisuri, an experienced Raen Au Ra Paladin, fell into the latter situation when it came to reasons for being in the library. The brunette had not entered the library grounds with the intention of seeking knowledge herself, but had instead come to protect a scholar along with a small party. A scholar who, now, was busy going through the materials he sought with the area secure, and that meant that his security detail was free to do as they pleased.

**“I’m surprised he can *read* any of this.”** Making a remark to herself, Mitsu had wandered quite a distance away from the main group to do a little exploring. It was a long shot, but the chance that some kind of treasure could be hidden within wasn't *zero*. But she hadn't found anything, and had instead turned her attention to the nearest bookshelf. She couldn't make out any words upon the spines, prompting her to pluck the nearest one off and into her hands.

The front cover was no better. She couldn't comprehend the words that were scrawled there. Which was unfortunate, really. Because it wasn't a



title so much as it was a *warning*. A recommendation that you do not open the book if you weren't its original owner, and that a curse would befall anyone who did. Because Mitsu didn't understand this, well...

*You can see where this is going.*

No sooner than the woman realized she couldn't read the title, she had flipped open the book's pages while wondering if the entire tome was written in the same language. It *was*, and more than that? The pages themselves began to glow. "**Uh... That can't be good.**" And it really wasn't, because not only did the young lizard woman's skin begin to tingle, but she also

couldn't manage to drop the book. Almost like it was bound to her fingertips.

Naturally, the impulse to free her fingers from the bindings of the tome became her immediate priority. If the book was the cause of *whatever* she had set into motion, then she needed to separate herself from its influence as quickly as possible. Regardless, how of how violently she shook the hand that was holding the book, it just wouldn't come separated. "**Unhand me, you...!**" It took her a moment to realize the folly of yelling at a *book*.

While Mitsu had yet to glean any effects said book had on her short of it being stuck to her, that did not mean that nothing was in occurrence. Quite the opposite trend could be seen, in fact, beginning with a change in the woman's eye colors to a greyish purple. What's more, lashes lengthened and the shapes of those eyes had become somewhat fuller, their ampleness making her expressions much more notable as a direct result.

There was also the matter of her brown hair, which saw some of its strands now darkening to a raven black. This color pop-in wasn't exactly isolate to the hair on top of her head alone, and in fact it plagued her brows and the bush hidden above her loins. Nonetheless, by the time it had *all* been dyed black, it was only the hair atop her head that experienced *growth*.

Raven locks cascaded both downwards and outwards, the soft and silky look of Mitsu's hair soon replaced by strands that somehow seemed a little more strained and frayed than *anything*. There was plenty of volume to this hair, and it dislodged the headband she typically wore,

because all in all this hairstyle was just so much *bigger* than her usual one.

**“Should I seek out help? Tch. That would be a nuisance. Erm... No it wouldn’t? I need help!”** It was certainly imperative that she find *some* means of a solution, and so it took the Raen by surprise that she had blurted out a remark that was nonsensically dismissive. She hadn’t *meant* to say it, but there was something deep down. Like... a second voice calling out from the depths of her soul? And it was *cranky*.

Even the lips the woman had spoken those strange words for had begun to appear rather unfamiliar. They seemed to be thicker, and the tongue housed within? Just a *touch* longer. Her facial structure on the whole became fairer, smaller, and in doing so? It seemed to erase the white scales that crept in from the sides of her face.

Which wouldn’t have been *as* concerning if not for the fact that it was a change that became increasingly widespread. Almost as if they were eviscerated into nothing, all of the white scaled portions across her body were ground into a fine dust – and said dust would then disappear into obscurity. This left the skin beneath them bare and slightly paler than her usual complexion, yet her greater complexion wasted no time in lightening to the same pale to match.

The evisceration of Au Ra traits was unfortunately *not* limited to her scales, either. The winding horns on the sides of her head followed a similar trend, but in their absence a pair of rounded Hyur ears could be seen beneath them. And her tail? Deprived of its scaled nature, it pulled back into her tailbone, leaving the space above her rear end utterly vacant.

Deep within, the unfamiliar voice was growing stronger. **“What is... happening to me!?”** Her own voice raspier and unfamiliar, the words she croaked out felt like both her own and *not* at the same time. She could see how her bangs had softened and darkened, and could feel her strength leaving her. No doubt because beneath her protected layers, her muscle mass was regressing into a lean softness that left the woman thin yet physically weak. She certainly was in no position to wield a blade and shield by *this* juncture.

With both items holstered, she quickly used her free hand to drop them to the ground behind her. In doing so, she revealed that her gloves were fitting a little too snug and cast them off – because her fingers had grown slightly longer, and the nails upon them even more so. It was a trend that had seen her feet change as well, but in their case they had

shrunk in slight. Whether it was her hands and or feet, however? Callouses were completely removed.

**“Ugh, this body is so... N-No, this body is mine!”** The mental tug-o-war between two clashing personalities continued to wage on fiercely, with both sides present in equal measure at this point. It was a battle that reached its peak just as the woman’s figure saw a substantial shift towards the effeminate, because Mitsu’s build had never been particularly so. That wasn’t to say she wasn’t *obviously* a woman, because she was, but compared to the traits she was receiving, well...

Her hips had swung wider, bringing with it the discomfort of a poor clothing fit as several inches had been applied. As a result, the arch of her stomach seemed more dramatic, and that tummy itself *had* seemed to tighten without becoming muscular in any practical capacity. Weight ultimately was applied, and that weight saw thighs become thick and spongy, while her junk in the trunk ballooned to protrude keenly out behind her. **“Oh, gods!?”** It *had* felt surprisingly good.

Not as good as the growth that soon blessed her with the workings of an hourglass figure, mind you. Her nipples had become erect, showing off a new fullness as the breasts beneath struggled to push up against the interior of an outfit that was now much too heavy for her. Relief was granted with one final blast of light from the spell book, one that erased her old ensemble and replaced it with something more comfortable just as her breasts reached their peak at *double* their size.

This new outfit was both simple and effective. A black cape clad her shoulders, while a skin-tight body sock of sorts more or less covered the full lengths of her arms, torso, and legs. Golden plating hugged her hips, while matching bracelets adorned her wrists, a golden neckpiece enshrouded her neck, and a matching headpiece had drawn her new, black hair into a pair of tails. Gold even clad her feet in a pair of sandals. The only skin that was left exposed was her fingers, face, and her *cleavage*, which was much more abundant than it had been before.

While this was all shocking and different, but Mitsu was left dealing with the greater struggle of the second voice. It made focusing on what had happened to her body much more difficult.

When the light of the pages finally cleared, the young woman was left standing dumbfounded. Her



mind was a mess with her personality and identity matching that of the mage, *Tharja*, that she had become. But her memories as Mitsu were still present, and more than enough dominant to immediately flip open a page to try and reverse the effects of what had transpired so that she didn't *completely* lose herself in whatever had happened to her in the end.

With her mind largely adjusted, Tharja could make out more of the words on the pages than she could before. It wasn't *perfect*, but at the very least she felt like she could read enough to effectively find a spell to undo what had already been done. "*Tch.*" Biting a thick, lower lip, still believing time to be of the essence, she picked the very first thing that sounded right. "*This one!*" Before reading out the incantation.

Unfortunately her mind was such a mess that she'd only really honed in on the word 'transform' in the spell description, the surrounding letters still not words that she had completely become adjusted to reading. So *was* it a spell that would undo everything that had already been done? *No*. Was it going to exacerbate the situation in the worst possible way? Most definitely.

**"Gods, I feel so bloated."**

And *that*? It probably wasn't a good sign.

"*Urp!?*" At the very least she wasn't bound to the book at this point and was able to put it down in time to catch a burp that bellowed up from within. It was strange – she felt both bloated and *hungry* at the same time, a combination of gastronomical sensations that she had never experienced in her life. Yet as time wore on that hunger grew, and the bloated sensation? Well, it began to take physical shape. "**Did I cast the wrong spell!?**"

The body stocking that had so perfectly shown off her presently appealing figure was quick to show off, well... *not that*. Its spandex-like material was forced to stretch, for all at once her body's shape began to round with no shortage of dramatic volume. Whether it was rolls of weight jiggling into her arms and legs, or the beginnings of great protrusion upon her stomach, it was clear what kind of spell she had *accidentally* cast.

"**Am I... getting larger?**" She was, and while she should have turned back to the book to find a counter spell *quickly*, that somehow felt like too much work. Her body had already been weakened physically once transformed into Tharja, but now with her body growing heavier and spongier, even simple movements seemed to feel far too difficult. And

she'd barely even scratched the surface of just *how* big she would get yet.

The woman's cheeks became full and round, making her face look almost like a perfect circle. And even then, her face only received a minor weight boost compared to the rest of her figure. The body stocking was pulled tighter and tighter around forming rolls that expanded both forward and to the sides, with her belly naturally leading the charge once it jiggled and protruded several *feet* away from the perfect, trim shape it had possessed before. Stretch marks would naturally form, but of course that wasn't isolated to her gut alone.

Comparatively, her legs almost looked shorter just because of how swollen they became, with her thighs pushing out just as ridiculously wide as her belly had with all of the same rolls and jiggling that could be observed elsewhere. Not even her *ass* was spared, though as it blew up behind her like a pair of fatty balloons, each cheek surpassing her head in size, those cheeks seemed to retain their definition quite well.

**“Oh... Gods... So hungry...”** Tharja's voice sounded a little deeper, perhaps because it was being communicated through a much more immense body type. But she was sweating naturally just from standing, leaving her clothing to feel a little slippery on top of tight.

Eventually her weight surpassed the 400 pound mark, and breasts had burgeoned forth to accommodate a gut that had protruded so drastically ahead. Each tit swelled to about the same size as her now fuller head, but when compared to her ass, belly, and legs? They weren't nearly as gargantuanly *huge*.

Every movement her body made felt *weird*, which wasn't all that surprising seeing as her body weight now clocked in between the four-hundred and five-hundred pound marks. **“This isn't what I wanted!”**, she practically hissed from between *very* chubby cheeks while a hand reached back to grope her gratuitous rump. Through the magic of the spell, the bodysuit she'd been dressed in after becoming Tharja had not ripped nor torn, but that did not bring her any relief. Her body was round and enormous, and undeniably unhealthy.

But deep down, there was an urge *far* stronger than the one to change herself back, loathed as she was to admit it. Hunger. Tharja had become increasingly hungry throughout her transformation, and now she wanted nothing more than to consume a five, six, or seven course dinner *all by herself*. At the very least, the spell *had* staved off her fear of having her being fully consumed. While she was Tharja in name and body, the woman's personality nor memories had been replaced, leaving Mitsu in control.

The hand that had been grabbing her ass was eventually pulled forward to rub her bulging gut, and as she did so a labored sigh slowly escaped her lips while struggling to take a few steps forward. **“I can try and figure out how to reverse this after lunch. And maybe a nap. And dinner. And after going to bed...”** How long would she put off doing this? Probably inevitably.

But hey, at least the fact that magic had cursed her with this build more or less guaranteed that she would suffer few fatal health defects despite her massive weight!

Maybe that isn't the best silver lining?