

LIGHT | DARK | LIGHT

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Had she been vanquished? In that fleeting moment, all she could see was the back of the Warrior of Light. The spirit of Edda Blackbosom, otherwise known by her true name of Edda Pureheart, reeled in defeat as her final stand had been shut down. Would she ever find her true happiness? How far would the world go to reject the woman receiving even the simplest of joys?

Edda had only wanted to adventure alongside the man she'd loved. Then the world had taken him away. Edda had only wanted to be with him again. Then she fell into the depths of madness. Edda had only wanted to bring back her beloved, Avere, from the dead. Then he returned as a demon. Edda had only wanted to marry her demonic betrothed. Then the Warrior of Light killed him again in cold blood!

In her mania back then, she had fallen into the abyss. And then what? A figure robed in black had approached her. They had promised her that happy ending she so desperately sought. They promised her that she could reunite with Avere again, so that they could be together for eternity. They promised her revenge against the Warrior of Light, who had taken everything from her again and again.

So much had happened, and yet all she could see now, was *nothing*.

Her body, still tainted, floated throughout the depths of a white, endless void. No longer was she in the Palace of the Dead, but somewhere else entirely. **“Is this the fate that awaits those that touch the things they should not?”** Feet still planted on some sort of invisible surface; the woman bemoaned her fate. Her mania had dulled somewhat, and

she was able to look back on the past few months with more clarity than she had possessed in all of that time.

“I see... I caused a great deal of trouble for everyone. For Paiyo Reiyo, and the Warrior of Light...” While she could acknowledge as much, she did not exactly feel *guilt*. No, she had loved, and *still* loved, Avere dearly. If it meant seeing him again, she didn't doubt that she would make all of the same decisions she had made all over. That was how dear he was to her.

BUT WHAT IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO?

Was it a thought that had crossed her mind? No, it was difficult to ascertain, but it felt more akin to someone speaking directly into her thoughts. Strange, but considering the events that had occurred as of late, perhaps it was welcome in the sense that this voice did not sound harmful. **“If there was a way to see Avere again without doing this, naturally I would take that chance. But it is too late now, I'm already...”** She was dead. This was the end of the line. If you were still alive, you could fix your mistakes. But in death? It wasn't so easy.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO DO GOOD. HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU THE ABILITY TO SEE HIM AGAIN. IT MAY SEEM A LITTLE STRANGE, BUT I THINK COMPARED TO DYING...

The voice sounded empathetic. The more it spoke, the more it sounded like a young girl. Edda couldn't fathom what she might look like, but she fathomed an innocent youth in her teens. **“What do you mean!? Huh...!? My voice!?”** There was no doubt in Edda's mind as she called out, her voice had changed? It was softer, sweeter... a perfect match for the voice that had been speaking in her head.

And that voice? It didn't answer any more of her questions.

Beyond her notice (*yet*), the pale purple skin tone that had plagued Edda's appearance ever since she had fallen into the abyss had begun to let up, as patchy, pinker, healthier speckles began to dance among it. Within a matter of moments her complexion had been completely restored to how it had had been when she was alive. No, was it even healthier? Her skin was softer and more aglow, almost as if it were far more youthful by design.

“Whoa!? What's... Am I falling!?” Since there wasn't really a 'ground' in this white void to speak up, even the slightest change in her

point of view could be quickly perceived as a fall. Fortunately, this wasn't the case, but the second she realized her eyepatch was no longer the right fit for her head, or the fact that her hat was sliding down the back of her skull in its looseness, or the additional fact that her dress no longer hugged her as snugly as it once had, she could only come to one correct conclusion. She wasn't falling. **"I'm... *shrinking?*"**

Logically this made the most sense. The only explanation would have been that her clothes were growing, but that wouldn't explain the feeling of inertia that had begun to plague her as the accessories peeled from her figure, falling into the depths of the void below. Evidently, being able to stand in this place was a privilege afforded to her body, not her costume.

She was right on the money, of course. Edda's frame was regressing in size, but she'd missed a more pressing point: she was becoming more *youthful* as well. Alive, she had been of a marriable age, and yet while her facial features softened and her limbs shortened, whether she still was or not could be quickly called into question.

This was a question likewise bolstered by the shape of the woman's frame. Her breasts were diminishing in size, the front of her dress becoming hollow as breasts that had once been closer to a set of D-cups slid down and into the friendlier B-cup realm. Her hips? They narrowed until they were only just a little wider than her equally shortened shoulders. But this was fine. After all, the mass they'd been wide to accommodate was lessening as well, with ass and thighs alike regressing and growing tighter, until on the whole?

Her body better resembled a girl in her mid-teens than the adult woman she had just been.

"I'm smaller? Younger? Oh, my skin looks healthy again as well!" Among the things lost to the void were her hat, eyepatch, and boots (*as shrunken feet allowed the void to yank them free*). Overall, she looked quite strange, for she looked like a younger Edda but, likewise, there were some differences that made her look like a different person altogether. Her figure had been more abundant than this at her new, apparent age for example, and her face?

Her facial features were brightening and taking on a luster that Edda wished she'd actually possessed in her youth. Before becoming corrupted, her face had always been quite plain. So much that, in her youth, she had worried that she might never find love. She'd been so lucky that Avere had fallen for her regardless.

Now, on the other hand? Her lips seemed more pronounced and far pinker naturally, while the structure of her cheekbones was both soft and distinguished, creating a face that certainly couldn't be considered common (*barring clones*). Bigger, brighter, wider eyes really brought this look together, even more so as her irises brightened to an innocent, sparkling blue as beautiful as the sky itself. Or the *ocean*, perhaps?

Not to be outshone, a playful *reddish pink* (*leaning far more on the red*) began to dance among the girl's hair as well. Before long, the raven-black that had defined her in her corruption had been completely swept away, and along with it much of its length until not much more than a bob remained.

“I... Who... Who am I?” As the changes had seeped into her skull, it was perhaps inevitable that they might eventually cloud her mind. Edda had been so caught up in the whimsy of it all that she hadn't taken steps to protect her ego, but then again? That was how the void had corrupted her so easily in the first place. At least this influence was well intended, the girl's best interests at heart so that she might one day find her happy ending.

She couldn't grasp her name at all, but there was also another name. A name of someone especially important to her. A man? A boy? Regardless of age, she knew she absolutely couldn't let go of the way he made her feel. It was more important than even her name, and to make sure she could preserve that feeling she clutched her hands together and closer her eyes.

The girl remained still, and as she was, her loose fitting gothic dress tightened around her much smaller frame. The frilly layers of the massive skirt merged together as the material became thick and warm, the breast of the same dress hugging her bosom comfortable while completely concealing any trace of her pink skin. The long sleeves pulled up to leave her arms completely bare, and the excess material? It wrapped behind her neck to form a hood as the entire ensemble was decorated in pink and black, with many-a-white buttons running down its front. Her legs? Other than the skirt hanging to the peaks of her thighs, they were completely bare since her boots had fallen off, which was fine.

Because it allowed her to feel the warmth of the sand beneath her feet.

Edda couldn't make much sense of what had happened to her at the end of it all. No, could she even really call herself that anymore? After all, she self-identified as a girl named *Kairi*. That was the name that popped up whenever she thought about her own identity. All of the pain that had held her down all of this time had lifted from her shoulders, but

likewise that had come at a cost. *Her memories*. They weren't gone, but they certainly felt scattered.

The only thing that remained as clear as it should have, was her desire to see him again. But who *was* that him!? Frantically, the red-headed girl wracked her brain trying to figure out who he was. It felt like letters were swirling around, halting her from figuring it out in its entirety. Her memories shattered and reconstructed themselves, and before long a name came across her tongue. "**Sora?**"

As if that had been some sort of access code, the moment she said this, the whiteness of the void opened up into a vast, blue ocean. "**Huh?**" She could feel and see the soft sand at her feet, the small island with a familiar looking tree upon it, and the spikey-haired brunette boy waiting there. What was he waiting for? No, she knew what...

He was waiting for *her*.

"**Hey, Sora!**" She called his name once more, running for the entrance to the cavern that led up to this special place atop Destiny Island. Kairi may not have realized it, but she had once been Edda Pureheart. And Sora? He was Avere. Two lovers, reunited at last.

And may they live happily ever after.

Wait, how did the KH3 DLC end again?