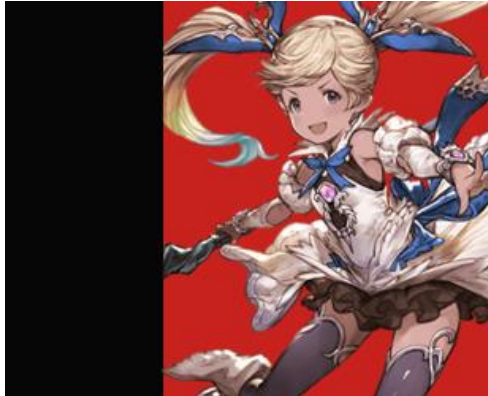


MAG ASSAULT

MARCH 2019 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



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From time to time Io returned to her home island of Valtz. It was important to return to your roots, or so the saying went, and being the kid she was she enjoyed visiting her teacher from time to time. There was never any significance to these trips, acting more as mini-vacations to keep the girl's spirits up than anything, but she enjoyed them nonetheless.

Having left her teacher's place with some time to kill before she had to return to the Grandcypher, the child looked towards a beaten path she hadn't traveled down in a long time. It was one that lead into the mines where, along with the rest of the crew, she'd fought and subdued the Primal Colossus. In a way it was the moment Io's journey had really began and she felt a great deal of gratefulness for it.

So she thought: why not pay the site a visit? Monsters of the level that plagued the mines were of no consequence for a mage who'd grown in power as much as she had over the last year or two. There was no harm in going down there really, right? Plus even if Colossus dwelt within Lyria now, it would be the most fitting way for her to pay respects to the Primal of the

place she grew up. Io was pretty sure Katarina would have a few words for her if she asked Lyria to summon a Primal Beast just for something so simple.

The trip to the cavern that had once served as a battleground between Colossus and the crew of the (at the time) fledgling Grandcypher crew was not a long one. She knew all of the shortcuts, all of the places monsters liked to congregate so she could avoid them, and before long she arrived at her destination.

It was an expansive cavern birthing heat from the land below. If the young mage had traveled much lower it likely would have been a severe health risk, but this level was only enough to stir a bead of sweat on her brow (though back then the rampaging Colossus had created a much more potent heat). Rubble was strewn here and there, mining activity seemingly having resumed some time after the incident based on the presence of various helmets and equipment up against one of the walls.

What caught Io's eye however was something else entirely. A bright glint in the center of the room that didn't quite seem to belong. Sure, ore and other valuable minerals were mined in Valtz and then distributed across the sky, but that brief glint almost seemed abnormal. She thought she was being stupid when she considered it at first, but it almost seemed like it was *calling* to her.

This was no mistake on her part. Idly she approached it, but with every step she felt even more sure. There was no voice but there was something compelling her to approach. A desire that wasn't hers, but so overwhelming in its longing that Io couldn't help but comply.

The source was an object that carried an obsidian sheen. It was perfectly spherical, not a dent nor bump on its surface. Were it stone or gem or otherwise the girl wasn't quite sure, but she couldn't help but pick it up. As if in a trance she touched it to her lips, and in a single motion she

swallowed it. It carried no flavor to speak of, and when it had been properly deposited Io was left dumbfounded.

“Eh? Eh!? What did I just do!?” She tried her best not to be too loud in her outburst as not to attract any monsters to the site, but she really hadn’t the foggiest why she’d just swallowed that object. Was it dangerous? Eating rocks probably wasn’t very good for you…

The moment the stone hit her stomach Io became very uncomfortable very quickly. It felt like her insides had been set aflame and sweat began to drip furiously from her face. Tiny hands clasped her stomach in agony as she fell to her knees, noises of discomfort all she could must in response.

**A NEW THREAT WILL SOON CONSUME THE SKY. I APOLOGIZE
YOUNG ONE, BUT FOR THE TIME BEING I MUST MAKE USE OF YOUR
MORTAL SHELL. THE SUFFERING WILL BE BRIEF, BUT YOU WILL BE
OF GREAT USE TO PROTECTING THE WORLD IN THE TRIALS TO
COME AS MY ENVOY.**

“What, and I don’t get a say in the matter!?” She didn’t know who she was speaking to as she grit her teeth, but she knew this was bad. If there really was a threat approaching why was she being used to fight it!? She was just a mage!

Of course the voice didn’t respond. Pushy people never responded.

“AAAAA!” Regardless, the disembodied voice hadn’t been wrong that it would hurt. The heat inside of her built to the point that she felt as if she would erupt like a volcano, pressure having built specifically in her head. The pressure paved way for the eruption of two solid objects from either side of her head, blonde hairs parting to accommodate cobalt spines. The weight atop her scalp was immediately noticeable and she was forced to crane her head downward as she cried out, canine teeth growing sharper without notice in the meantime. Crimson markings etched themselves

across a pair of horns that pivoted after reaching a height of about five inches, pointing forward in a design Io would have noticed was eerily familiar had she the ability or energy to see them.

Inhuman red flickered across her blue eyes like a monitor being plugged in and unplugged until they finally settled on a crimson not unlike the markings on her new horns.

Even though Io felt unbelievably hot, like she was being burned alive from the inside out, her skin didn't char or darken in the slightest. In fact, the natural tan she'd been born with began to appear almost sickly in comparison to its usual glow. Her skin was nearly as white as snow itself, the change in coloring bringing additional change to her ears. They grew longer, pointed, and paired with the horns atop her head she almost appeared to be a Draph in design. Of course, there was no Draph as lacking as Io when it came to their figure.

She could feel the will of whatever it was changing her penetrating the layers of her mind. Consciousness, subconsciousness, like a fly stuck in the web of a spider she couldn't escape the gaze of whatever had compromised her body. It's intent seemed far less interested in altering her body than it was in making her a vessel in mind as well. Crimson eyes were wide as it almost felt like memories were being burned away one by one, Io herself unable to halt tears that fell from them as flame began to spiral around her in the cavern's center.

The mage was freed from her clothes as flames at them but didn't so much as leave a slight burn across white skin. Even the heat that had pooled in her womb seemed less intense, as if indifference to warmth itself had been bestowed upon her. It was a natural immunity gifted to those born from flame.

Worst of the pain set aside, she was left with the issue of the damages to her mind. In the place of the memories burned away new memories were lit.

Or perhaps it was more proper to say a new purpose sparked. A desire to protect, knowledge of a mission only she could fulfill. She was a Primal Beast? It was such a scary thought, and yet memories of Rosetta brought her a little comfort. She was becoming more like the Rose Queen. Rosetta was...? That was the mortal name she'd chosen. Then herself as well...

The raw emotion that her eyes had expressed previously seemed to dull, remains of tears turning to steam as the temperature of her skin reached a boiling point. Now that the container had been *prepared* it was being *filled*.

She stared downward, conscious of what was happening. Her new understanding of her circumstances allowed her that privilege. Her body would now be reshaped into the form best befitting of the power of Colossus.

Still on her knees, Io's legs pointed out in either direction behind her. The nails on her toes grew more pointed, black paint spread across their surfaces as a slight elongation of each digit forcing her to wiggle them into better positioning. It was almost like she was growing and not growing at all at the exact same time. Age piled upon her, no longer seeming like a child in facial structure as her jaw narrowed and the volume of her facial bones lifted. But there was no real change to her height.

Io couldn't be too tall to fulfill the new fate she'd been given. She wouldn't *fit*.

The most notable changes to her lower body came into play around her thighs. Thin and childish one moment, the next her position against the back of her legs rose several inches as supple flesh settled into its new place beneath porcelain skin. Flesh hung over the sides of her legs slightly as its new size dwarfed the thickness of her lower legs, seat only made more uncomfortable by the inflation of her ass. Cheeks were practically elastic as they bounced unnaturally from the sudden outward burst, drawing her eyes behind to note the increased curvature even while hips

flared outward and forced her to adjust her posture so that knees pointed more inward.

Io should have been shocked by these changes. She wasn't. If anything they were welcome. Her mind had almost finished being reprogrammed, the nature of her body now intertwined with the ground beneath her. She was Valtz, and Valtz was her. That was the relationship between a Primal Beast and its island after all.

In fact, she took it all with quiet indifference. Once she'd been a child that was easy to make react emotionally, but an overwhelming calm had set across her.

As if her stomach was putty, its childish design was pulled inward as torso elongated ever-so-slightly to give a thin yet full appearance, tummy firm with the muscle needed for her mission with the shadows in her navel a sexy standout against pure white skin. The curvature of her back flowed seamlessly into her pronounced ass, all the more apparent thanks to her shorter stature.

But it was her breasts that stole the show. Io had been only twelve when her journey through the skies had begun. She was a little older now, but even then it didn't seem likely that she'd flourish as a woman anytime soon. *All of that flourish popped into reality at once.*

Feeling the expansion begin, slender and pale fingers cupped breasts with skin just as white. Her nipples were small but as dark as the horns atop her head but even that was a temporary appearance. Areola spread wide as each became erect. They grew thicker and thicker in preparation for the explosive finale that was about to occur.

There was no gradual building of fat, no warning for it, but all at once the weight of her chest erupted like a volcano. In a single motion her torso lurched forward as breasts dragged her down against her knees, body

needing a moment to develop the back muscles to lift such a gratuitous bounty. JJ might have been a cup size description too small for their completed form, her hands incapable of even holding them properly.

“Skyfarers like women like this…?” It was an idly thought she voiced to no one in particular, the first words uttered in a voice that was both deeper and free of emotion as she contemplated the need for such a form. Did Colossus pick this for her, or was it simply what she needed to appear as? No, if Colossus picked it then it was just right.

Her head was jumbled as the blonde of her hair was swept away by a colorless white, twin tails having unraveled long ago when her clothing had washed away. Her transformation complete, she sat naked and alone in the dark.

She wanted a name. That was the thought that took shape from the jumbled mess. *Io?* Was that a name? Where had she heard it? But it didn't suit her.

Digging hands into the ground she eventually pushed herself up onto her feet, stumbling a moment like she was walking for the first time (*and she might as well have been from her point of view*). Flesh bounced seductively with each movement she made, as she shook her body to get a feel for being upright.

Fire… Heat… Magma… **“Mag…?”** Mag. That sounded like a good name. Her cheeks tickled pink, she glanced over at a cliff that lead deeper into the mine. She could feel it. Colossus was here. It was her job as it's envoy. As an artificial Primal Beast created with its power. *She had to pilot it.* Not the true Colossus, but a replica left behind. It couldn't be controlled by a regular skydweller, they needed the power of a Primal. They needed a small body to fit in its cockpit too.

Mag took one shaky step and then another, drawing closer and closer to the ledge. Another memory surfaced; a part of her mission.

Flames of her own control flickered around the newly birthed Primal Beast, translucent and dark spandex emerging around most of her body, sealed only to her form by pieces of thicker armor that bore resemblance in color and pattern to the horns atop her head. It kept her breasts perky and tucked itself between swollen ass cheeks. A pilot suit.

She should seek the Singularity. That was the directive that stuck out most prominently in her mind. It was strange, but she felt like she almost had memories of that person.

Almost.

But before she left she had to make one stop. To the man that had completed Colossus in the first place. To give thanks. That man was her teacher... *No?* Why did she even think that?

“I’m off...” Taking one step over the edge of the cliff she fell down into the unknown, the whirring of an engine in the darkest depths of the mine soon dwarfing all other noise.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE SKY.