

MANTLE OF GODS

COMMISSION STORY

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No one ever said that being a Warrior of Light was easy.

Although to be *fair*, according to legends there were plenty of reasons to assume that it might have been the case that it *was*. The blessing of Light that they had been given was considered by many of the envious who were aware of what it was but didn't possess themselves to be something of a cheat code. Against powerful foes it seemingly not only allowed them the opportunity to rise again if felled, but it also presented them with the cognitive ability to perceive a mighty enemy's attacks before they were utilized.

Of course just because they had advantages didn't mean they led easy lives. An ordinary person wouldn't know the pain of having to die over and over again, and being able to make use of their precognitive visions still required that they were physically capable enough, and *aware* enough, to get out of the way. These abilities did not guarantee battles would be won.

But they were battles that had to be fought.

“Ha... Ha... Ha... That was pretty tough.” The Au Ra woman, Tsukino, sheathed her blade as the mighty Hydaelyn fell and her companions, Warriors of Light from other ‘possibilities’, disappeared back into the aether after a hard fought battle. It had been the intention of the goddess to test the Warrior of Light that she had chosen, and Tsukino had passed with flying colors. **“But it was a good fight.”**

Hydaelyn agreed, and in the end she had possessed plenty of wisdom to pass on to her chosen champion. But this was really the end for the woman who started it all, and before long she began to fade away. Tsukino could only watch the pieces of white, shimmering aether peel off the giant woman's body as she wordlessly disappeared. But rather than return to nothingness that aether lingered there. The Au Ra had thought nothing of it at first.

Until it suddenly flew *at* her.



“What the h—!?” But her voice became muffled as she was swallowed by the light. And from the stage she was standing on? She eventually *disappeared*. It didn't seem that way to *her* though. Moments later she found herself standing on the exact same stage, completely unharmed. But all of that aether... had it flowed *into* her body? Just what had *that* been about? Something Tsukino hadn't even registered was that while she seemed to be on the exact same stage, she *wasn't* in the same place. She wasn't in *her* world.

She was content with merely walking back to the entrance of the Aitiascope and leaving – the Scions had something *very* important to do after all. But unfortunately for her she wouldn't be leaving this chamber, which featured the Mothercrystal floating behind her. Wait... **“Is the crystal brighter than I recall?”** It wasn't in the same condition that it had been in when she had first step foot here. *Why?*

Despite not even being aware that she *would* be, however, Tsukino immediately felt the 'ill' effects of the Mothercrystal's glow. It was as if the stone itself was *resonating with her body*.

“Hm... This is... *unusual*.” Hardly one to ever overreact, the Xaela Au Ra merely blinked and raised her hands into the air as she felt herself *growing*. A phenomenon that was jarring, but Warriors of Light were often subjected to temporary debuffs that altered their bodies. As it stood that's what she was assuming was happening; even *as* her legs rose out of her boots and her arms extended from her sleeves. Her body must have stretched a little more than a handful of inches taller, putting her at around 5'8". For what reason? She hadn't the foggiest idea.

But her growth didn't *actually* stop there. The act of *making her figure taller* had, but when it came to her body as a whole? The growth became widespread. She wasn't just growing upwards but *outwards* as well. **“AGH!?”** Her clothing wasn't able to continue restraining her body,

because now she was expanding as if her current body was simply being enlarged into a more gigantic form. It didn't take long at all for flesh to *explode* out of tattered cloth, small but firm tits bouncing once freed. And yet as she barreled up past the ten foot mark, it was becoming clear that her clothes weren't the *only* things that her increasingly gigantic body was outgrowing.

The larger Tsukino became the more obvious it was. Her scales, her horns, her tail; none of these areas were growing in tandem. They remained small as skin expanded, and before long? They began to flake off. Scales peeled from her body the hit the blue crystal floor behind her, her tail eventually popped painlessly right off, and her horns cleanly did the same – although in the case of those horns they revealed a pair of rounded, flesh ears beneath them.

“What manner of transformation is *this*?” The victim wanted to dismiss the *off* sound of her voice as a side effect of growing so tall, because as she finally stopped growing larger she must have arrived at around the twenty foot mark first. Yet there was something oddly *familiar* about that voice's ring. And not in the sense that it was the exact same voice she always heard. She had *just* heard it somewhere.

Nonetheless, the transformation trooped on even after she had grown to a size akin to a giantess. Her facial structure was noticeable for this reason. Fuller lips, longer eyes, and a more strictly defined nose now decorated a face that was longer with risen cheekbones. It was hardly the face of an Au Ra, but then again her previous racial traits had faded already anyways. It was certainly a *familiar* face. Just as the growing length of her hair should have been recognizable as it fanned out past her shoulders.

Tsukino was finding it difficult to concentrate. **“*Why?*”** Her head was pounding. Not with pain, but with knowledge. She was granted newfound understanding of things that she hadn't even desired mixed with memories that were not her own. But suspiciously? Her own appearance took shape in those memories, as if she were watching events she had experienced from a different angle. While those memories were recent to the Warrior of Light, they now felt far more *distant* in her past. Very, *very* distant.

With her head flooding and swirling, augmentations to her huge body's figure went unnoticed. Her bare tits, for one, ballooned a number of sizes from their usual, mediocre Au Ra sizing. They jiggled and bounced to attention as they filled, dark skin rippling from their heft until they eventually peaked at *DD-cups*. Yet not to be outdone, her hips flared out a (comparative to a normal sized person) handful of inches so that her thighs and ass could soon fill with this same girth. Her bubbles butt

looked ripe for slapping, and thighs the sort you'd like to rest your head against.

“Venat?” A name was spoken from her transformed lips. She hadn't *meant* to say it, but now that she had it felt like things had fallen into place. Her added memories belonged to Venat – to Hydaelyn herself. She was viewing memories from when she had visited Venat in the past from Venat's perspective. And this distracted her from realizing that she had begun to float like it was the most natural thing in the world.

In the backdrop of Tsukino's transformation the Mothercrystal had begun to glow brighter – passing on that glow to the giant woman floating in the air atop the stage. Tsukino's skin inherited that glow, dark colors bleeding to a white that was illuminated vaguely blue by the stage she floated atop. But there was something *odd* about this skin. Her pussy and asshole were sealed away by it, indicating that she would no longer have any need for them, while her hair inherited the very same white.

This skin began to stretch, harden, and grow in places. Feet were distorted into shapes that resembled solid, spiked boots (and yet these boots were her flesh and blood) and dark blue crystal was etched into her torso to disguise her nipples and hold up her tits almost like a top. This blue wrapped around her thighs, lower legs, and even her arms.

While in the back her 'humanity' was increasingly questioned beyond what it already was. Elegant white wings fanned out from her shoulder blades that were monstrous by design and 'cloth' fashioned from her body hung out from below to give the impression that she was wearing a dress. A circle of tiny crystals appeared in the air behind the woman's head, seemingly held there by a smaller, blue crystal in the back of her head. More 'cloth' that was designed almost like the streamers of a veil likewise fell from behind her head, giving her a very elegant and otherworldly appearance.

It almost looked like she had wings growing from the sides of her head too.

“I see. So this is the fate of those that fell the gods of mine making.” *Hydaelyn* now fully grasped the situation as her thoughts and memories were all in order, her incredibly long life muffling Tsukino's own memories somewhat. When Tsukino had defeated the Hydaelyn in her world, *that* Hydaelyn's aether had bound to her and moved her into another timeline with another Warrior of Light. Perhaps that wasn't *entirely* true though.

The Tsukino that had been moved to this world was a copy of the original, who still existed back in her own timeline – having merely been moved to the entrance of the Aitiascope. But the Tsukino that had transformed had very much still *been* Tsukino. The copying was simply so that her own timeline wouldn't fall into disarray. It sounded confusing on its face, but the giant woman of white understood it with perfect clarity.

“And so my fate is to await the arrival of this world's Warrior of Light? Let us see...” Of course with Tsukino as a base, this Hydaelyn had never met her chosen Warrior of Light. But she still remembered them. She could *picture* them. **“This system wasn't by my design. An unfortunate side effect it seems...”** She eventually lowered herself onto the stage, sitting with her legs to the side. If this was her fate now then she simply had to accept it.



“I wonder just how long I will have to wait?”



Crashing waves came to settle as Llymlaen, the Navigator was brought to her knees. All of that overwhelming pride and bluster that she had demonstrated to the Warrior of Light, L'luna, and her party reduced to naught. **“An eventful bout! But you...”** Llymlaen eyes the Viera party leader with interest. **“You're just what I've been looking for!”**

L'luna didn't have the foggiest idea what the god was talking about nor did she truly care. This battle had merely seen another member of the Twelve buckle before her – or at the very least she had passed yet another of their combat tests. Generally the god retreated after their defeat, but not only did Llymlaen linger but she pointed a finger at L'Luna directly. **“What do you... Huh?”**

A beam of light had been fired from the Navigator's

fingertip. There was no pain, but L'luna felt it pierce her chest. And then she *fell*. For a moment it felt as if she might black out, but she just hit the damp ground with a thud before finding the strength to stand again. But when she got to her feet? She was all alone.

Not just that. She was in a different timeline. But there were no indicators for her to realize this. Only a strange sensation that had begun to wrack through her entire body struck her as unusual. It wasn't painful, and in fact it was actually quite pleasant. But it was still *jarring*. In tandem, the air around her began to swirl in a supernatural way. So much so that she was eventually hidden from outside by this whirlwind.

“The hell’s going on here!?” L'luna was hardly the talkative type under *normal* circumstances, but all things considered she was prompted to blurt out her surprise as she felt *her body lift off the ground itself*. Was the wind lifting her into the air? Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't, but the buff Viera quickly had to come to terms with the sound and sight of said wind *tearing her clothing away*. **“Grr...”** Huge and perky tits bounced into view along with her pussy and ass. What was the purpose of any of this!?

Then again, with her body completely exposed it was a lot easier for the bunny woman to notice something very surprising *very* quickly. She had to blink several times, unsure of whether or not what she was looking at was real. Much to her dismay it *was*, however... Her dark brown skin was lightening in tone at an exponential rate, the amount of melanin in her flesh clearly diminishing so that the constellation markings across it slowly began to blend in with otherwise pale-pink skin.

“SERIOUSLY!?” The woman's voice cracked as she vocally lashed out – something that went against L'luna's usual, more reserved nature. Her skin was entirely pale by this juncture, and even more than that it appeared *softer*? Scars and other blemishes had been erased, and unfortunately the muscular bulk of her body went along with it. Everything from buff arms to thick thighs, to her rippling tummy smoothed and thinner away until she only appeared *fit* at best. **“My bleedin’ strength!”**

Bleedin’? Since when did she talk like that? And despite her understandable shock at how that strength had visually disappeared, she was soon struck with the realization that she didn't *feel* weaker? She might have somehow become *stronger* in fact. But that didn't stop her body from becoming scrawnier still compared to how it used to appear. You could certainly trending that way when it came to her *figure*.

L'luna's aggressively large thighs, for example, had already lost a great deal of their mass with muscles regressed. But now they were thinning

further as the extra mass that they still contained faded away. This went doubly for her ass, cheeks deflating inch after inch until much like her thighs they were more reasonably sized. Don't get the wrong idea, though. Both areas were still above average in size. They just weren't *as* egregious as they had been before.

Paled tits and pinkened nips tragically suffered a similar fate. The skin around the Viera's plump tits tightened, and that growing tightness almost appeared to push some of their weight into the depth of the voice as nipples shrunk bit by bit in kind. It didn't take long at all for them to grow much more compact, yet they were still DDs in the end with slightly smaller nipples. Atop a narrowed chest they still looked exceptionally full and perky despite the losses they'd received.

“My strength... as... one of the bloody *Twelve*?” The howling wind that blew around the woman grew louder and she lifted higher. With her surroundings obscured from her view by the wind mixed with ocean water, she could hardly draw this particular conclusion but... *she had been growing*. She was almost twenty feet tall already, the same size as the Twelve they had been fighting throughout these raids.

And that was intentional.

It was almost like the blues of the water that surrounded the platform itself had been mixing with L'luna's body. Her white hair and the colors of her eyes both came to reflect a pale ocean tone, whereas the hair lengthened in the back and was restyled so that much of it was swept to the right where it parted atop her head. Structurally her face changed in kind, with her nose growing larger and rounder, her eyes widening, and lips filling out even more than they already were. And as for her Viera ears? Rather than their fur being dyed blue as well, the ears pulled back into her head entirely until they weren't there at all. A pair of rounded ears had instead pushed out on the sides of her head beneath her blue locks.

The whirlwind finally faded to expose the woman in all of her newfound significance. That included a flowing, blue bodysuit with decorated boots and flowing cloth to mirror a skirt, with long gloves and a golden chest plate. Not to mention the golden fins that now sat in her hair and the matching guards on her arms. There was something ethereal about how she looked. And there was a good reason for that. She had already acknowledged her newer and truer nature, after all.

“Hmph. So was that it then? Chosen to represent her in another world? What a load of horse manure!” The newly born *Llymlaen* spat on the floor of the wave-shrouded platform that would be *her* stage within the Heaven of Wind. If L'luna and Llymlaen had

anything in common it had *definitely* been their bad attitudes. Perhaps that was why the god had chosen her over anyone else to fill these shoes.

A god had a duty to see to it that all timelines had the same challenges for the differing Warriors of Light – that seemed to be the creed that the Twelve were operating on. And so out of every group of Warriors of Light they tested, they would always pick one to populate another plane in their place. This Llymlaen had been L'luna, and after her battle with the Warriors of Light that would inevitably come to fight her it would be her job to pick another to send to another world. All while leaving a copy of them behind so that they're original timelines weren't affected.



“It’s a right nuisance is what it is.” The new Navigator clearly took issue with it, but only because it was a pain in the ass. She didn’t like just *suddenly* being a god with a whole new identity. And she didn’t really want to enforce those circumstances on someone else either. But alas, it was a side effect of everything Hydaelyn had done. There was unfortunately no way around it unless they wanted the very fabric of time and space to collapse.

And that would *probably* be a bad thing, right?