

# HOLIDAY SPIRIT

## DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

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Felix supposed it was his own fault. Left alone in the weapons storage area of Garreg Mach, he'd been cast the weekly job of weapon's maintenance after forgoing his attendance of the monastery holiday party. He saw little point in celebrating something like holiday cheer while partaking in food, drink, and general merriment. Felix himself didn't exactly have what one would call a reputation of merriment to begin with.

When he'd declined the party invitation he'd earned the unwanted pity and agitation of all of his peers, but none more than the younger crowd. Of course those that were closer to being children would have found his decision not to attend to be terrible, but the leader of their house himself had granted the young man an excuse to avoid it. The party fell on weapon maintenance day and it had to be done party aside, so assigning Felix was the best course of action.

Yet Felix Hugo Fraldarius, once he got a look at the shed that housed all of the weaponry in the school, realized that perhaps the party might have been the better option. It seemed the month had brought about a number of military exercise that had dulled blades, damaged armor, and dirtied the equipment in general. Despite it being 6am and the party starting at 11am, it very well would take him all day to do this much alone. **"It's still a better fate than partaking in childish games"**, he scoffed as he turned his attention to the nearest shelving unit, paying no mind to a strange, fluffy, and white accessory perched on the top.

Although the young man would quickly find himself getting up close and personal with it after he reached for a chest piece that ended up caught on the shelving... or was it glued to it? Was this some kind of prank? Either way he almost pulled the

shelves over trying to free it, and as it rocked forward something tumbled from the top and clung to his upper lip.

**“What in hell’s name!?”** Felix immediately reached to his lip once he stabilized the shelf once more, the feeling of adhesive pulling at shaved facial hair making the removal somewhat painful as he soon found a snow white, fluffy mustache scrunched up in his fingers. It looked like a costume prop but why was it in the weapon storage area? And why did his upper lip now smell and taste of sweets? Like berry-flavored candy. Giving the mustache a sniff it didn’t seem like anything had been applied, and yet...

*HIC!*

A sudden hiccup was followed by a loud cough as the youth attempted to disguise the unplanned sound his body had made. It was a strange time to have hiccups surely, but what he found most baffling about it was that the motion had brought that strawberry taste more prominently to his tongue. It was the kind of sweet and sugary trash that children (or Lysithea) would absolutely pine for, but it didn’t suit Felix’s tastes. He’d never been a fan of sweet foods and was now even contemplated finding a source of water to wash the taste out of his mouth -- or at the very least clear his head. He hadn’t consumed anything that would create such a strong taste. Could it be that, instead, he was ill? Was it a hallucination?

Were it merely a trick of his mind then it might have been easier to cope with, but if that really was the case then it was becoming quite the hallucination for something his presumed was born of illness. After all, why was it his fingers were now struggling to hold onto the second highest shelf of the shelving unit? He’d been able to rest his arm there comfortably after stopping it from falling, but he’d noticed the moment his fingers had no longer been able to even grip it and had slid off.

**“What!? This is absur-- HIC!?”** Another hiccup rang out to disrupt his outrage, this time his entire voice shifting to a higher, almost girlish pitch as the Garreg Mach uniform he wore began to show obvious signs of being far too big for his body. Forget about not being able to reach the shelves, his arms didn’t even fit in sleeves that dangled loosely past the tips of his fingers. Felix stumbled, feet tripping over big shoes that could no longer house diminished footsies, and he fell back and against the ground with a squeak that didn’t sound like him *at all*. Or maybe it did... when he’d been a child.

Not that he wanted to think too much about his childhood, but as he pulled himself out of his oversized uniform it suddenly dawned on him that he absolutely would have to now. After all, he couldn’t be much taller than four and a half feet, and the fingers that pressed into the floorboards beneath him were tiny and soft, completely without the wear from years of training with a blade. But even when Felix had been young he’d trained, these fingers looked for too... *different*. They resembled not of a young boy, but a young maiden in both length and cut, but did

that mean he was *becoming* a maiden? **"That's impossible! Felix is Felix...? Felix isn't a girl!"**

Deteriorating language aside, big words were becoming to pose a problem for both his knowledge and lips, but that wasn't even what Felix had taken notice of. It was the use of third person when referring to himself. It sounded wrong, and as he sat there still buried in his oversize dress shirt and uniform vest, he attempted to correct it. **"Felix is... Felix. No... The person that is Felix is Felix! FELIX!"** It sounded like the incoherent chirpings of a child as he essentially yelled at himself to fix the strange verbiage, and yet nothing he tried worked. Trying to correct it was practically giving him a headache.

...Or at the very least that was what he'd chalked it up to, but age regression was not all that was in store for him, not as the white mustache glowed mysteriously off to the side. The pain wasn't quite around his brain, no, it was literally his skull, and sleeve-covered fingers rose to his head as the pain became more excruciating. He very quickly felt them. Bumps. Two of them, one on either side of his head and perfectly parallel to one another. The boy hadn't hit his head when he'd fallen, so why was he bruising? *Was* he bruising? Something at the back of his increasingly simplistic mind was telling him *no*, and that... *horns?*

The bumps came to a very prominent point as the bone that should have been jutting out of his head was suddenly considered. His state of mind had very quickly jumped from 'what is growing from my head?' to 'why aren't my horns as big as they normally are?' rather quickly and intimately, and he could then feel the grooves of the black horns that had completely filled in. They were small. But *he* was small. They'd grow.

Despite Felix's distaste for sweets, he found himself smacking his lips with his tongue, gesture born of an absent mind as his distaste quickly became a desire. Candy? It didn't sound so bad. Eating a bunch of candy was sounding waaaay better than cleaning some weapons! And what a better time to eat it than the holidays! Surrounded by friends!

Speaking of... did he have any? It wasn't like he really got along with anyone. Always challenging the strong to battles, his sharp tongue dug into the patience of others. Wasn't that sad? Wait... **WHY DID IT MAKE HIM SAD!?** Tiny lips turned into a frown as he thought about how lonely he was, and on the holidays to boot! Plumper cheeks accompanied the frown, lashes fluttering across chestnut eyes that were wide and increasingly innocent as Felix himself became void of both sin and sinful thoughts alike.

Before he'd kill without a second thought, but now the thought of even a stuffie getting hurt made him feel *incredibly* sad. **"Yaia wants to have fun with everyone too..."** He gave a cute pout as the blue hair that was pulled up behind him had come undone and began to frame his essentially girlish face, a sweet milk chocolate

brown washing the peculiar color away. The ears came to a point on either side of his head, reinforcing the fact that his horns weren't merely decorative.

Felix wobbled back up and onto his feet, what remained of his uniform pooling on the ground with the rest of it as he couldn't be much taller than one hundred centimeters now. His body was short and ripe with the fat of a young child, from a little tummy to thighs that were only thick thanks to the genetics of the horned race he was becoming.

Those genetics bore additional fruit, but not before claiming his banana. Her desire to think of herself as a girl became a necessity as she became one in body as well, fat likewise giving her a pair of rather developed breasts. From a human's perspective they were large, probably larger than many adults. But for a Draph girl? They were about normal. They had a *lot* of growing to do.

**"Hmm... What should Yaia do now? Why is Yaia naked...!?"** She was surprised when she looked down, seeing bare skin in this barely lit room. Not a student of Garreg Mach, she was an orphan Miss Rhea had saved -- an experiment in one of her earlier attempts to revive Sothis. But Yaia had not perished from it, instead having had her race changed to something that did not exist in Fodlan at all. But it was okay! She'd made lots of friends! More than anything, Mercedes and Annette were like her new mommies!

The mustache, still on the ground, began to glow once more...

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11am came, and the students of Garreg Mach began to file in for their holiday party. The ballroom was filled with a number of tables, a dance floor cleared away for a day of fun. The atmosphere was lively, the space decorated with pine trees, mistletoe, and there was even a gift exchange for anyone that wished to participate!

But as the Blue Lions filed in, they found a welcome guest already sitting at the table, her tiny feet kicking back and forth because they couldn't touch the floor. It was Felix Yaia, clad in a red and green holiday dress much like Santa Claus, with a white, costume mustache across her lips. She was grinning ear to ear. **"Yaia's here! Let's make it a memora... a good party with Yaia!"** The child of six years old was overwhelmingly full of enthusiasm.

One table over, a Golden Deer snickered. Lysithea had reached a breaking point in regards to Felix scoffing at children, sweets, and holidays alike. Watching the child that was once Felix stuffing a huge piece of cake into her tiny mouth, chubby cheeks wide with a smile? It was kind of funny!

...Actually, Lysithea wanted some cake too.