

MUCH ADO ABOUT KRONYA

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A matter of disappearing students was not one that could be taken lightly under any circumstance, that much was a creed that Lady Rhea upheld even if she bore no emotional attachment to the students of Garreg Mach themselves. Each and every life in the academy was her responsibility in the end, and if anything were to happen on her watch it risked lighting a match that would be dropped into the powder keg that was Fodlan's political stability.

That was why Lady Rhea had sent the best of the best, Shamir, to investigate the sudden disappearances of Annette and Mercedes, two of Garreg Mach's finest students, who had gone missing late in the night one week before. It was as if they had disappeared without a single trace, and a restlessness had settled over the academy as others feared they might be next.

Shamir, bringing Cyrus along so that he could get the tracking experience, had gotten a lead about two girls of their description being spotted in a nearby forest and had opted to pursue it. No sooner than they'd arrive, though, they had been *abducted*. Attacked by foes of an unknown allegiance, the pair knocked unconscious before they could even react.

Of the two, it was Cyrus who awoke first. Alone in a cage, and as the boy quickly realized, wearing a skintight ensemble that looked as if it belonged on a woman rather than a boy. Black with purple accents, it wrapped down from her neck and across his chest and crotch like a

leotard, with the center cut out so the inside of her chest and her bellybutton were fully exposed. “...**What?**” His shock was communicated with something of a groan as he took hold of cage bars to pull himself up and onto his feet. In another cage nearby he could see Shamir dressed in an outfit similar to his (*although it looked extremely tight against her body, making him blush*), but she was unconscious.



It must have been late at night because there were trees all around them and the only source of light was a fire flickering nearby. A fire that, on the other side, two young women laid unconscious. Cyrus recognized them immediately. “**Annette!? Mercedes!?**” It was the two young women that they had been looking for! Dressed in their Garreg Mach uniforms, Mercedes was on the opposite side of the fire to the boy, while Annette was opposite Shamir. “**Darn it, they aren’t conscious... And this cage looks to strong to break out of.**”

“**Break out? I assure you, we’ll allow you to leave on your own once the ritual is complete.**” A voice that the

Almyran boy didn’t recognize quickly snapped his head to the side of the bonfire, where a man wearing an eerie skull mask could be seen. “**These two young women would have been the perfect tools for us, but unfortunately their talents with magic made them too competent resistance-wise. But if we were to simply transplant their souls onto bodies that didn’t have that resistance, then...**”

Cyril could tell that this man was dangerous. Ritual? What in the heavens could he be possibly going on about? He had a lot of questions, naturally, but before he could so much as squeak out a word the skull-masked man had snapped his fingers, and Cyril found himself incapable of uttering even a single word. What’s more, a red glow travelled from his cage to the spot where Mercedes was strewn about unconscious, magic circles igniting beneath the pair of them.

The boy recoiled in his cage only to bump into the wall of bars behind him. The wooden bottom of his prison prevented the crimson light from seeping through, but that didn’t mean that the energy it created was just as kind. Rather, like a plethora of tiny needles he could feel a menacing power dig into his flesh and bone. “...**Ugh!?**”

Kill! Kill! Kill! For the sake of Seiros, the unworthy must be purged!

One of his eyes clenched shut and the other went wide as thoughts that didn't make a lick of sense rooted themselves deeply into his psyche. They were sick and twisted, promoting a senseless desire to massacre in the name of the Church. No... Not even the Church would condone such things, and he knew that. It was more like these thoughts, while bound to the Church, believed that one had to break away from Rhea and slaughter – for that was what their god would *truly* desire. The Church as it was? It was simply mistaken!

Of course Cyril recognized that these *weren't* his beliefs, but the power of the magic circle beneath him was growing stronger and given time he would continue to slip into accepting it. Before that was to happen, however, as the container for this will and power he was due from some rather dramatic adjustments.

Signs could initially be seen in the boy's color scheme – *all* of it. For example, the dark brown, almost black of his hair drained away in a manner that came across as quite ghastly. It didn't quite turn white, but it reached the point of a very light blonde... *briefly*. Once its entire body had found this tone, it quickly switched to something brighter. A pale orange that betrayed any remaining normalcy the blonde had retained. And, what's worse, that hair grew longer like a set of slithering snakes. Fluffy in the back, it fluttered past shoulder blades and curled outward just above his ass.

When it came to the boy's complexion on the other hand, it wasn't long before he came across as downright sickly. Considering his Almyran descent, he possessed a naturally tanned skin tone that, if it even paled slightly, one would surely assume that he had come down with some type of illness. It went above and beyond the line of duty *there*, however. At first it lighten to a reasonable pink more typical of those native to Fodlan. At first, anyways. Soon it took an undertone that wasn't typical of, well, *anyone*. A pale, purplish blue that almost made it seem like Cyril's blood wasn't flowing properly despite there being no notable issues with his health.

Well, he *did* feel a little cold. But somehow warm at the same time. Regardless of how the boy felt though, he was both incapable of expressing it with his voice still sealed. He was left alone with the manic voices in his head that were whispering venom into his ears. The best he could do was grunt and groan as he thrashed around while attempting to push the power away through his will alone. Tragically though, that will was *not* enough.

“**NNGAH!?**” There was a soft and feminine pitch to the sound of Cyril's voice now, but this cry was more akin to a moan than anything. A moan

sounded with good cause, mind you, for it felt as if Cyril had just been punched in the groin. That wasn't quite the case, but *she* had certainly suffered some degree of damage there, nonetheless. Cyril had been young, but she'd still been a boy up until that moment. The equipment between her legs had ultimately been irreversibly swapped out now though, a prim little pussy left where a dick and balls had once been.

From this point on, an advent of femininity escalated its assault on her visage. The open, inner chest of the strange leotard she had woken up wearing clued into the fact that she'd become a girl rather promptly, with chest swelling to a meager A-cup to match her sex and age as they were. Otherwise, her hips parted slightly, her waistline dipped a bit, and fingers grew slightly along with her nails.

Not even her face had been spared, with features softening to become more befitting of a Fodlan female. The scar atop her right eye was erased in tandem with the darkening of those eyes to a seemingly soulless purple, and her lips pursed slightly as they bloated. The girl couldn't recognize this for she didn't have a mirror, but she now looked like a younger version of the woman whose magic circle she was linked to – albeit with a different hair and skin color.

I'm a girl!?! Oh, but I've always been a girl! It caused me so many problems in the past... But not anymore! Ahaha!

Cyril's brow furrowed. The maniacal thoughts she had been coping with were becoming more dominant, and with them she was beginning to remember things that weren't *right*. Memories of a childhood as a commoner in Fodlan – a situation that was likely better than what he'd endured as an Almyran even so – and memories that spanned much farther back than she was in age. Almost as if she had somehow been older...?

Such a thing *should* have been impossible, naturally. But then again, so was suddenly becoming a girl in the first place. And so it went without saying that, as things had thus far, changes began to take place that would put Cyril's body more inline with the age her memories and maturity had begun to reflect.

Slowly but surely she sprung up, fingers grabbing bars behind her to keep her stable in the process. Cyril could recognize that she was changing and had been doing so throughout her transformation, but with each change an unspoken acceptance had been slowly growing. One that leaned into the calls for murderous extremism ringing out in the back of her head.

Once around 149cm tall, hardly any taller than Lysithea, by the time her height had peaked she was at a full-figured 169cm. And full-figured isn't a term that was used without cause, seeing as maturity had settled into her figure as she grew upwards. Hips swelling wider was a small part of this of course, but it was the weight that bled into her curves that really sold the look, and the idea, that she had become a young adult.

The black leotard stretched while Cyril had grown of course, but it was clear it had been designed to fit her new measurements in the first place. The cups of the chest didn't struggle at all to contain tits that swelled readily into the D-cup realm, and the woman herself ultimately let go of the prison bar to fondle herself – both from disbelief and the slightest feeling of arousal that rapidly built upon itself.

Farther south, with her hips widened it became possible for her cheeks to balloon, ass filling out with a notable bounce as it was completely bare in the back. She shuffled her feet a little as thickening thighs rubbed together around her pussy, and the carnal need she had been feeling built even stronger. Before long she was smacking her own ass and rubbing her own clit through black nylon.

Oh! This is so indecent! Seiros certainly wouldn't approve! But that's what makes it exciting, isn't it!?

Lost. Cyril had become completely lost. And because she was finally lost, a black teardrop marking was painted vertically across her left eye.

The woman ran her long fingers down her breasts, recognizing what she was doing as wrong but incapable of preventing herself from doing so while a mischievous giggle escaped her lips. This wasn't her body, and her name, *Mercedes*? It also wasn't hers. She had just been a young Almyran boy, and yet now...? As much as she could recall that, there was a personality that didn't allow her to think much about them. It simply wasn't Mercedes' personality either. It had been twisted, distorted into something far more sinister. Thinking back to the students of Garreg Mach...

She really wanted to kill them.

On the other hand, she felt incredibly tired. So much so that it was growing difficult to retain her stand posture. Eventually she fell down to her knees, and then onto her side. But as her eyes fluttered



closed and she succumbed to the fatigue left upon her by the ritual, one sentence did escape her lips. **“I’ll kill... them all...”**

“What did you do to her!? What did you...? Wait, why are there two Mercedes’?” At some point near the end of the transformation, Shamir had stirred from her unconscious state and pushed past the shame about how she was dressed to observe the final moments of whom she didn’t realize had just been her traveling partner. She hadn’t noticed the second Mercedes that was sitting across the campfire, but once she had she also realized Annette was there. **“Hey! You two, wake up!”**

An indifferent yawn came from the skull-masked man she had addressed her previous questions to. **“They won’t wake up, you know. Never again, in fact. I mean they’ll continue to live, but**

as soulless husks that follow our orders. Of course, they’ll be relitigated to simple labor that even an undead could do, but alas... I’m sure you won’t mind the help.”



He’d made some haunting points in that little speech, but unfortunately for Shamir it was followed up by a finger snap that robbed her of her voice for a time. Magic circles lit up beneath herself and Annette, and a familiar red line soon ran between them. Wasn’t this the same line that had run between the two Mercedes’?

What *was* this? She could feel *something* radiating from the circle below her cage, and it was flowing directly *into* her. With her voice temporarily stolen away she was incapable of yelling or voicing much in the way of protest about her situation, and instead could only rattle the bars in front of her to try and break free.

It was of no use of course, but while continuing to try and force her way out in this manner, Shamir ultimately noticed something that seemed a little *off*. She wasn’t one-hundred percent certain in the beginning, but it happened several times over a short period of time. She had to let go of the bars and reposition them a little lower, else it felt as if she was reaching too far up. Almost like...

“...!?” She couldn’t say it, but she certainly wanted to scream it the moment it clicked. Her body had been shrinking little by little – her

staggering 169cm feet endangered while the fit of her black leotard remained comfortable enough. In fact the smaller she grew, the *better* it fit. It had been something Shamir had assumed in the beginning, that the leotard had been fashioned for someone smaller than herself based on how her tits were popping out the top and her ass was muffining the hell out of the open, panty-like back. But the situation had been far too dire for her to prioritize such concerns.

Instead, while at first it felt like the latex might have snapped *anywhere* at *any* given moment, that tightness diminished along with her height. Before long she was a meager 151cm, and that loss of height had been accompanied by a change in her perceived age and, unfortunately, the heft of her body's curvature. No longer was her ass on the verge of jumping free of the bottoms for example, now fitting neatly in the open, black pantie segment of the back while hips had narrowed to something more respectable as well.

The same could be said just as easily about her bosom, yet while her ass had still retained enough notable mass to be appealing, her tits had taken a much greater L. Compacted into the front of her costume, the inner boob revealed by the titty window wasn't of any particular note. Instead, at best her chest was on the lower end of the B-cup spectrum. Tight and firm, and more befitting of a girl in her mid-to-late teens.

Which was the *exact* age range her facial features came to exemplify. Softer cheeks and a narrowed jaw had stripped Shamir of the last of her defining features, for it was clear looking at her body that she was looking less and less like herself and more like the teen who was across the bonfire from her. By the time her eyes had widened, and her brows had thinned, the girl was essentially a 1:1 replica of Annette, hair aside; not that it had occurred to Shamir at all.

Rather, she was distracted by a voice in the back of her head as her hair lengthened in the back, falling against her shoulders. It wasn't exactly coherent, and was stead more akin to a wild laughter. But every so often there was something akin to a rational thought.

I can't wait to turn my blade on them all with Mercie! Ahahaha!

Was she contemplating the senseless murder of her *fellow* Garreg Mach students? Wait, *fellow*? She had no reason to think of herself as a student in the academy! And yet she could now remember spending day after day learning from the professors there. It didn't make a lick of sense, and that inconsistency alone was driving her *mad*.

This madness only grew, but while it did there were still some minor alterations to be made to the girl's appearance. Orange swept through

the blue of her lengthened hair to start, but given a moment longer everything past her shoulders seemed to darken further until it was almost a dark, blood red. The purples of her eyes darkened to gray at around roughly the same time, and while a black teardrop marking slowly painted itself down her right eye, one final push culminated her transformation with a shift in her complexion.

The color of her skin became the one thing other than the costume and teardrop marking that she would come to share with the caged Mercedes nearby, for the same lifeless, bluish hue would plague her skin from top to bottom, dying nails black at the exact same time. But by this point? Shamir could hardly notice such a change. She didn't even think of herself *as* Shamir anymore. Her memories were all so different, and corrupted through to her very heart and soul she ultimately became incapable of attempting to consider the idea that maybe she had once been someone else.

“Heeheehee! AHAHAHA!” While Cyril’s transformation had culminated in a fit of arousal, for Shamir she found she could no longer successfully bottle up the manic fit of laughter she’d been repressing for the latter half of her transformation. She just felt so *good!* Free in the sense that she was free to do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. Of course, the things she wished to do leaned towards torture and murder, any thoughts that this might be wrong offset by the naivete that the original Annette’s personality did possess. **“This is the best! Honestly, it’s the best! I can’t wait to sink my claws into all of those that didn’t acknowledge me!”** Her twisted desires, evidently, were directed at those that the original Annette believed had passed over her for not being as talented as, or being plainer than, other girls her age.



She wasn't the original, but she was still the *real* **Annette** now.

“You feel good then? That’s good. Because I’ll need you two to go undercover in your school once you’ve rested. Speaking of…” The masked man could see it in Annette’s Kronyafied eyes. Fatigue was setting in, and it was only a matter of moments before she collapsed, dead asleep, on the cage floor.

On the other hand, the original Annette and Mercedes promptly stirred awake. They rose slowly without a sound, movements stiff as if they

were little more than puppets being controlled by the strings of another. **“Uuu... Grr... Uuu...”** At best, without their souls – or with their original souls drained of their essence – this was the full extent of the sound and movement they could plausibly muster.

“I suppose if we need to, we could kill you two off to make them think your replacements are dead if things go south?”