

“Haaaah... Haaaah... Haaaah...”

The heavy, exasperated gasps of Dorothea’s breath drifted down onto the ground below like dust settling after an intense battle. Sweat poured down the songstress’ slim, curvy figure, her heart thumping right through her chest long after Dorothea’s dance had come to an end. Standing in the middle of Garreg Mach Monastery’s largest and most grandiose stage, Dorothea looked out towards the endless number of filled up seats within the tremendous amphitheater. Though the dazzling stage lights that shone onto Dorothea’s gaze were so bright they basically blinded her, Dorothea could still feel the expectant gazes of her audience piercing into her soul like arrows burrowing into her chest.

This was Dorothea’s least favorite aspect of performing, that awkward transition between when her act ended and the audience reacted, especially when it came to tonight’s play. It wasn’t just that Dorothea had poured her heart out singing and dancing the entirety of this several hour-long passionate and personal operetta, she’d actually written the entire show itself too. Tonight’s piece was more than just another hollow work of entertainment meant to bring empty enjoyment onto the masses, it was a chunk of Dorothea’s very soul, a message of actual importance being presented to the entire world. Whatever the people thought of her play, her singing and her acting would also serve a judgement of Dorothea herself. And each moment that the silence continued only made Dorothea’s fragile little heart thump with anxiety.

But then, just when Dorothea thought her play had been a failure, the thundering applause from the audience came pouring in. It started slow at first, nothing more than a bunch of disorganized clapping from impassioned individuals. Before long however, the clapping grew stronger and louder until every single soul in that theater that night was proudly giving Dorothea the standing ovation she deserved. Despite all of that self-conscious anxiety Dorothea might have felt, in the end she was a thoroughly talented individual. Her singing was masterful, her dancing gracious and the lyrics beat with an intense emotion that was genuinely heartfelt. It was a show so spectacular, even the toughest of hearts couldn’t help but be moved by Dorothea’s throbbing passion.

As all this blissfully, enthusiastic clapping filled the songstress’ ears, the overflowing wave of emotions Dorothea had tried so hard to keep in exploded forth unimpeded. Tears began to swell from Dorothea’s eyes, every ounce of her body pulsating in vibrant triumph. They liked it! They really liked it~! All of those sleepless nights working on her act and wondering whether it would actually have any effect were finally paying off. More importantly however, now that Dorothea had managed to fill her audience’s heart with joy, perhaps she would even be able to get them to resonate with her message!

Wasting not a single second of this opportunity, Dorothea stepped forward through her ecstasy and addressed her crowd.

“Thank you everyone, thank you!” Dorothea wiped away the tears from her eyes, trying her best to remain as graceful and beautiful as possible. “I am absolutely moved to hear you’ve all enjoyed the quaint little play I prepared. Nothing could make this songstress happier than your happiness and your support.”

“But tonight is not about me. As you may all know, our beautiful continent of Fodlan has been embroiled in a terrible war. A war that threatens to bring untold suffering and destruction to every single nation.” Dorothea continued, her speech growing more impassioned and serious as she kept

going. "Though I might be a wonderful dancer and singer, there is little I can do to stop such a terrible event from coming. I do not possess the prowess of crests, nor do I belong to any large or influential noble families. At the end of the day, I nothing more than a powerless little girl."

"That is why tonight, the real star is you, the people!" Dorothea exclaimed proudly, letting her powerful voice reach every single audience member. There was nothing Dorothea felt more passionate about than the sanctity of human life and the prevention of suffering. So if she could use her singing and dancing to influence people's hearts, then the least she could do is try. "If we all band together against this cruel, heinous conflict, we can change the course of Fodlan's future. Which is why I ask you, nay I beg you! Stand up to the war mongering! Fight against the ideologies! Let us join as one so we can finally-!"

"That is quite enough Dorothea."

But before Dorothea could finish her speech, the songstress was promptly cut off by the cold sharp voice of Rhea, the Church of Seiros' dignified Archbishop and leader. Instantly, Dorothea could feel a cold shiver run up her spine. Rhea's eyes bore into Dorothea like a set of daggers, her expression far from the usual kind, warm, motherly glow Rhea had been known for. It was a face that Dorothea had seen before, when Edelgard revealed herself to be a traitor. Dorothea found no sort of understanding or mercy inside those empty, green eyes, only pure unfiltered hatred. As much as Dorothea wished to continue giving her passionate address, to spread a message she truly believed with all her heart, Rhea's tall imposing stature made her genuinely fear for her life.

Towering above Dorothea with an expression of inhumane disdain, Rhea looked like a demon ready to pounce atop of her prey. Yet, the moment Rhea approached the front of the stage, her entire demeanor instantaneously shifted. The woman's smile grew warm, her face beaming with an aura of gentleness and compassion.

"Thank you for the wonderful play, Dorothea! You are such a gifted young girl and an inspiration to us all!" Rhea spoke firmly towards the crowd, all of that previous animosity she'd displayed seemingly evaporated in its entirety. "I would love nothing more than to agree with Dorothea's play and put all this horrible war business to an end. Unfortunately, that vicious snake Edelgard is a threat to all of our safety! If we allow her to continue to draw breath, she will make sure to destroy our way of life and everything we hold dear. As such, and it truly pains me to say it, the war will continue on as previously planned!"

Cheers erupted from the audience, even louder than the cheers that had echoed for Dorothea before. The songstress could barely believe what she was seeing. Just a couple of seconds ago, everyone was eagerly praising her operetta, listening to her pleas with open ears. But as soon as Rhea stepped forth and shoved that same nasty poison down their throats, they were even more eager to eat it up. It almost felt like none of them really cared about the war at all, about its gruesome consequences, about the harrowing loss of life.

And then came the comments.

"Yeah, her play was good. But honestly, the way she delivered her message is *soo* preachy."

"I don't even know why she's talking about the war. She's just a stupid dancer."

“If she cares that much about the war, why doesn’t she actually do something instead of just ordering us around.”

Dorothea heard them as clear as day, almost as if they were being whispered directly into her ear. Each one of their demeaning words struck Dorothea right in the heart, causing her muscles to pulsate in pain. She wanted to fight back against the hate, to scream out and let her voice be known. But with every negative comment that kept coming in, more and more of Dorothea’s soul was chipped until she was believing their slander herself.

“Personally, I feel like Dorothea has been falling off pretty bad lately. This has gotta be like, a publicity stunt right?”

“I mean, she is getting kinda old. It was only a matter of time that the quality went down.”

“Dorothea should just leave this to the professionals. The only thing a commoner like her is useful for is entertainment.”

Dorothea sunk onto her knees. N-No-! H-How could this be happening?!? She’d worked so hard to make sure everyone would enjoy her writing and performance! So why was everyone being so dismissive of her message?! It was the righteous proposition of unity and understanding, the human pursuit of a better life for all. Were people so dogmatically in-line with their own ideology that they wouldn’t even consider Dorothea’s words? O-Or... Could it be that Dorothea was really falling off...?

As Dorothea’s confidence kept on shrinking, the songstress felt as if she was also physically becoming smaller. The walls of the theater stretched upwards until the ceiling was nothing but an empty void. The people around her grew into giant shadows that loomed over her, laughing and hurling even more and more insults at the already ruined girl. Standing before her with a wicked smirk and ominous shadows covering her eyes, Rhea looked down upon Dorothea like a monstrous titan gazing upon a miserable little worm. Dorothea reached out for mercy, pleading everyone to stop and leave her alone. But there would be no mercy provided to Dorothea on this day.

“YOU ARE NOTHING!” Rhea’s words blasted down upon Dorothea like a fiery explosion, penetrating every single part of her soul.

Slowly lifting her heel over Dorothea, the proud Rhea began to slam her entire foot upon Dorothea’s fragile body. No one stopped the Archbishop as she prepared to crush Dorothea whole. Rather, they were actually cheering her on and further deriding Dorothea, excited to see the poor songstress reduced to nothing more than a splat. Closer and closer the shoe came towards Dorothea’s body until-

“GAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!”

Screaming at the top of her lungs, Dorothea shot up from her bed in a stiff panicked motion. Rapid, breathy pants escaped from her unsteady breath. Her heart beat so hard, it felt like it was going to burst from her chest. Dorothea’s gaze shifted frantically throughout the room, her mind still overflowing with fear and adrenaline. But there was no stage, no looming shadow people, no giant Rhea threatening to crush her whole. Dorothea was merely sitting atop her bed inside of her regular, old messy dorm room. All that pain she’d just experienced, it had been nothing more than a simple dream.

Dorothea gave a long, saddened sigh, letting out most of her anxiety and worries out at the same time. It had been more than a year since she'd given that fateful concert at Garreg Mach, yet almost every night she continued reliving that same haunting nightmare. Though it was nowhere near as terrifying as it had been in her actual nightmare, the event had left some lasting scars upon the poor girl's psyche. That was the moment where Dorothea had realized how powerless and unimportant she truly was. No matter how much of a skilled and famous songstress she might have been, in the end she was still a commoner. Just a simple cog in the machine, unable to bring forth any sort of meaningful change in this world she cared so much about it.

Of course, even after the failure that was Garreg Mach, Dorothea kept trying to prevent the war in any way she could. The songstress performed her play all over Fodlan several times, editing and adjusting it in hopes that she would get the perfect formula for a life-changing play. Unfortunately, the result was always the same. When the operetta came to an end, the people would clap and then immediately forget everything Dorothea's songs stood for. Hell, Dorothea couldn't even finish her performance in Enbarr, as Edelgard's guards were prompt in putting an end to any kind of alternative information.

All that hard work... All of the blood, sweat, tears and soul she'd poured into bringing the people of Fodlan together... For what? As soon as the professor disappeared, the war started off as if Dorothea's efforts had meant absolutely nothing. And now here she was, supposedly the most famous songstress in all of Fodlan groveling inside her old Officer's Academy room with nothing important to do and nowhere else to go. If Dorothea walked off into the wild and disappeared forever tomorrow, the future of Fodlan would remain exactly the same. No one would even notice...

Dorothea made another annoyed grumbling sound, feeling the weight of real life beat down upon her as the panic of the dream petered out. The sun had barely come out and she was already making herself depressed. This wouldn't do! Dorothea still had to take care of her morning chores, so she had to keep as much of her spirits as she could manage. Wasting no more time whimpering in bed, Dorothea shook the covers off her body and rose onto her feet. The girl's room was messy, so messy even professor Manuela would be left aghast. But Dorothea simply didn't have the energy to keep up with the cleaning anymore.

Instead, Dorothea did her best to tip toe around the litany of empty alcohol bottles, bundles of dirty clothes and sheer amounts of trash that littered her room as best as possible. It was honestly quite impressive how little of the floor was visible at the moment. Dorothea was forced to hop onto a couple of awkwardly placed empty spots simply to get from her bed to her wardrobe. But Dorothea didn't really dwell on it very much. This was just how life was these days...

Opening the doors to the closet, Dorothea carefully pulled out her favorite outfit. It was a beautiful, long flowing red-velvety opera gown, a gift given to her by Manuela when she'd graduated. With its fancy black frills and ornate belt, it exuded an aura of elegance befit of a proper songstress. And the focus on her bust and womanly curves made it exuberantly clear that she was a fully-fledged, mature adult. As Dorothea looked at the reflection wearing the dress in the mirror, it almost felt like that Dorothea who had passionately given those concerts a year ago was completely gone.

Right before Dorothea closed up her wardrobe and went off to start her day, the girl's eyes caught a glimpse of her old Officer's Academy uniform neatly tucked away in the corner of her closet, still folded and unused for so many months. Dorothea stopped in her tracks for a few seconds. A wave of nostalgia

washed over her, remembering the wonderful times she spent with her friends and her professor. But soon enough those pleasant feelings were replaced with shame. Goddess, she had been such a naïve, innocent child. Thinking she could change the world and society for the better just by herself... Merely thinking about it filled her with embarrassment. No, Dorothea was better now. More mature, more realistic. It was a good thing that the old Dorothea was no longer here.

Slamming the doors of her closet with passion, Dorothea took a few moments to collect herself before straddling towards the door to her room like a cautious crab. Now that she was finally ready, it would not do for her to be late. Despite the character of gentle, kind warmth that Rhea put on, the Archbishop wasn't really known for being patient or understanding. Especially not with Dorothea, who she'd started treating with smug disdain ever since the songstress dared to go against the sacred word of the church so many months ago.

As Dorothea pushed open the door to her room, she was instantly blinded by the dazzling sun shining up in the clear, mountain sky. Her room had been so dark previously, the shift in brightness had caused Dorothea to reflexively flinch back and cover her eyes. There was once a time when the sun would fill Dorothea with the excitement and energy to go out and enjoy herself. These days however, Dorothea much preferred locking herself in her room with a good drink and a sad novel...

Slowly letting herself get adjusted to actually being outside, Dorothea peered over towards the Monastery's atrium. There were a very small number of people walking about, and not just because it was early in the morning. Most of her classmates had left to join their country as soon as the war had started. And since the whole continent was at war, no new students had joined for the new school year. As a result, the previously overflowing and lively Garreg Mach stood silent like some sort of ghost town. Even just in the tiniest of ways, the effects of the war were felt everywhere.

Dorothea sighed to herself. She could just imagine the halls of Garreg Mach overflowing with students and excitement just like in the old days. What she wouldn't give to see her precious school filled to the brim once again...

"Good morning Dorothea."

"G-Gaaah!!" Dorothea jolted upwards in utter surprise. As Dorothea straightened herself into a more formal and polite posture, she looked towards the origin of the voice.

Those sweet, melodic tones that rang out like a chorus seeped with an undertone of nefariousness belonged to none other than Archbishop Rhea, who'd come towards Dorothea's room herself in order to personally deliver Dorothea's daily instructions. Her loyal lapdog Seteth followed closely behind, though usually he did not even look upon Dorothea's face. Of course, Rhea didn't have to order Dorothea directly. But it seemed that the Archbishop received some kind of degenerate self-satisfaction from seeing Dorothea reduced to something so low.

"G-Good morning L-Lady Rhea!" Dorothea respectfully replied, trying her best to not further incur more of the Archbishop's wrath

"I do hope you've had a good night's rest." Rhea commented in a warm manner that somehow also sounded sarcastic. Dorothea had never told Rhea about her constant nightmares, and yet she couldn't

help but feel that the Archbishop was taunting her nonetheless. Not wanting to give any comment, Dorothea merely looked downwards in submission and thought no further.

“Regardless. It is time for your daily assignments.” Rhea continued, still oozing that same holy and refined attitude. “As you might be well aware already, we are having some staff shortages these days thanks to that horrible war. There is simply not enough manpower to keep Garreg Mach clean and tidy. That is why today you’ll be washing and scrubbing the courtyards. Do you understand?”

Dorothea’s fist clenched instinctively, a fiery sensation burning in her heart. Dorothea was the most famous opera singer in all of Fodlan! She was quite skilled both as a user of offensive dark magic and very as a proficient white magic healer. So why was she being treated like- Like she was just some unimportant maid?! The Dorothea from a year ago would have exploded at Rhea. Claimed that just because she was a commoner and she didn’t support Rhea’s war, that she didn’t deserve being given these sorts of punishments. Current Dorothea however...

“Y-Yes Lady Rhea...” Dorothea responded in a dutiful, yet also quite sorrowed voice, the flame of rebellion long quelled from her soul.

“Excellent!” Rhea happily clasped her hands together excitedly, her smile shining brightly with pure, genuine joy. “I must say, it is simply so wonderful to know that you’ve finally learned your place~”

The words stung deep into Dorothea’s core, but she didn’t make any visible reaction. Her mind was totally clear of any rebellious thoughts. She didn’t even feel any hatred or anger towards the woman who looked down on her with such intolerance. Instead, Dorothea merely bowed respectfully and excused herself, ready to do exactly as Rhea had asked her. After all, there was no need for any other response, as in the end Dorothea knew the result would be the same.

Head hanging low and gaze firmly planted onto the ground, Dorothea slowly made her way to the ground floor and started preparing for her daily chores. She fetched a mop, some soap and a bucket, filling the bucket to the brim with water and carrying it all the way to the first courtyard Rhea wanted her to clean all on her lonesome. Rhea and Setheth followed her closely behind, though they did not move a single finger in order to help her, leaving poor Dorothea to heave all the equipment entirely on her own. No, Rhea much preferred to whisper a myriad of mumbled words towards Seteth, loud enough that Dorothea could hear the whispering itself but not loud enough so that Dorothea understood what was being said. It seemed ridiculous that the grand Archbishop of the church would follow around some girl as she did cleaning merely to taunt her, but Rhea seemed to revel in it unabashedly. At least it only lasted about one hour each morning until she got bored enough and left Dorothea alone...

As Dorothea arrived at the courtyard and set all her cleaning utensils in place, the only thing she focused on was the floor and her mop. It wasn’t that Dorothea was eager to fulfill Rhea’s commands and perhaps get in her good graces, far from it. Rather, Dorothea just didn’t want to spend her brain power on anything else. When Dorothea focused on these mindless, backbreaking errands, it was like the world around her disappeared. She did not have to think about the litany of mistakes she’d made to this point. She did not have to notice the judgmental looks and pitiful stares that her fellow staff gave her, nor did she have to dwell on the thought that Rhea was gaining satisfaction over her suffering. The only thing curiosity or independent thought brought were pain, which is why she’d eagerly discard it throughout the long hours of her labor.

Unfortunately, if Dorothea *had* paid a little bit more attention to her surroundings in this particular moment, perhaps she'd realized a very interesting set of details. With the sun high in the sky and the morning well on its way, much of Garreg Mach's staff was starting to populate its insides. Most of them were wearing shiny metal armor of the Knights of Seiros or silken priestly garbs from the Church of Seiros. The others however, wore something much more curious... Beautiful fancy black caps adorned the tops of many heads. Though there were officially no more students, they wore a black, elegant girl's uniform of the Officer's Academy with thigh-high heeled boots, a short flowing skirt and an open vest with clear access to very bountiful cleavage. Many of them even put on long, silky brown wigs or dyed their hairs into a dazzling chocolate color. It was a gorgeous feminine outfit fit for the utmost of beauties. And it was also the same outfit Dorothea had used to attend school and give her powerful opera just one year ago...

Entirely focused on her own little word, Dorothea did not even register the start of this strange pattern. Just a couple of months ago, not a single person would have even thought about dressing like Dorothea's old self. But now, it seemed like half of the entire monastery was eagerly donning the songstress' proud outfit! It didn't matter if they were boy or girl, ex-student or staff, many of the inhabitants of Garreg Mach wore Dorothea's clothes like a badge of honor. This trend had gotten so out of hand, that even Rhea was starting to take a bit of concern, looking upon the Dorothea cosplayers with a tinge of worry and disgust. Thus far they had remained relatively quiet and unproblematic. But they did fill her with a sensation that something was acutely wrong...

After just about half an hour of hard mopping under the glimmering sun, Dorothea had barely managed to clean up a quarter of the entire courtyard. Sweat was starting to accumulate her pretty face, whilst her hair grew sticky and dry. It felt like she was getting overworked and overheated. Being a gracious songstress, she had not seen back breaking labor since she had been rescued from the slums of Enbarr. Still, Dorothea did not complain or even look up from the floor, in fear she'd catch a passive aggressive comment from Rhea or a demeaning look from some knight or priestess.

"Is that really her?"

"Oh my goddess, it totally is!!!"

"There she is!! The real Dorothea~~!!!"

It was only once the sing-song voices from a trio of young, excited girls that Dorothea was finally pulled away from the sheer emptiness of mind-breaking labor. Gently putting her damp mop aside, Dorothea wiped the sweat off her brow and turned her eyes towards the groups of girls that were rapidly approaching her. As a former star, Dorothea was quite used to meeting excited fans for autographs and short chats. What she had not been expecting however, was how similar the trio of Dorothea fans looked to herself!

Stepping back in absolute shock, Dorothea couldn't help but carefully observe the cute trio of ladies standing proudly before her. The Dorothea fan to the right was a bit taller than the rest, her voice higher and raspier. The one to the left was shorter and a bit plumper in nature. But the main Dorothea, the one that seemed to have the most drive and beauty- When Dorothea looked at her face, it was as if she was staring at herself in the mirror. On the one hand, Dorothea felt quite honored that a group of ladies this

cute would love her work so much, they would dress as her. On the other, Dorothea's stomach churned with a mixture of uncomfortable sensations at the sight of her younger self...

"Miss Dorothea!!!" The first Dorothea fan reached out and clasped Dorothea's hands, rubbing and shaking it with the most enthusiasm Dorothea had experienced in quite a long time. The girl's hands were so soft and tender, clearly untouched by the many months of labor Dorothea had undergone. "You can NOT believe how excited we are to finally meet you!"

"Yeah, yeah!!!" The taller Dorothea exclaimed in agreement. "Ever since we got to Garreg Mach, we've been looking EVERYWHERE for you!"

"Some of us even started to fear that you'd left Garreg Mach..." The shorter Dorothea continued sheepishly, though she too could barely contain her joy. "But we knew that our lady Dorothea would stick around here to the end~!"

Faces morphing into smiles and bodies bouncing about happily, the group of Dorotheas pushed as close to the real Dorothea as they could manage. They gently caressed her skin, slowly inching closer and closer to their idol in order to absorb all of Dorothea's wonderful energies. It was a very gratifying experience, though one that was also quite overwhelming.

"Girls, girls-!! I-I appreciate the enthusiasm b-but" Growing anxious with all of the intense attention, Dorothea gently pushed the trio away to get some personal space. As much as she enjoyed being praised and glorified like this, a very big pertinent question remained on the forefront of Dorothea's mind. "Why...?"

A short and abrupt silence ensued the moment those words left Dorothea's lips. It was merely a one word question, yet it came coated with a thick sheath of self-doubt and insecurity that was clearly palpable. Dorothea had not intended to word it in such a whiny and anxious tone. Still, it was clear to everyone who'd heard it that there were severe underlying issues wracking Dorothea's heart.

"I-I mean- T-There are tons of wonderful people like Lady Rhea o-or prince Dimitri." Dorothea quickly muttered an addendum, hoping to skip over her previously pathetic remark "I-I'm nothing more than a retired singer, no one of real importance. S-So I just wanted to know. W-Why are you dressing like me...?"

"Miss Dorothea, are you kidding me?!" The main Dorothea fan crossed her arms tightly, her cheerful expression shifting into an angered pout. "You are like, the most amazing person in the entirety of Fodlan! Of course, there's no one else we'd want to dress up as!!!"

"YEAH!!!" The two other Dorothea fans supported their companion's assertion with pride, crossing their own arms in unison as well.

"You might not realize this yet Miss Dorothea, but the truth is that you *are* one of the most important people in the entire continent!" Main Dorothea fan asserted with a proud, pompous puff of her chest.

"Your beauty is the stuff of legends! Not even the goddess could compare to someone like you~!" Heart burning with passion over Dorothea, the tall Dorothea fan couldn't help but break out in poetic theatrics. "Men desire you~ Women wish to be you~ Nay, your loveliness is so magnificent that every



person that gazes upon you both desires and wishes to be you at the same time, no matter who or what they were before~!"

"The voice that you use is like a song from the heavens~ The motions your body gives are like the rhythmic radiance of this natural earthly world~" The shorter Dorothea fan too exploded with passion, letting herself be carried away in a whirlwind of inspiration. "None that see you perform and hear your play can ever remain the same. For one single moment in time, their miserable existences are washed with so much glory that their lives are entirely transformed~!"

"Even now, that amazing operetta you gave one year ago is still being replayed all over Fodlan." The main Dorothea fan stepped towards Dorothea herself, placing her arm on Dorothea's shoulder to softly comfort her. "Of course, it's not as good as when you gave it. But everyone still loves it. There's no one in the entire continent that doesn't know the name of Dorothea. They don't just admire your beauty and your skill, they are in love with you and your message."

The soft words of her fans resonated through Dorothea's ears like the sweetest melodic tunes she had ever heard. For the first time in many months, Dorothea felt her heart flutter. Not with worry or with sadness, but with genuine, earnest excitement. "I-Is that... Is that all true...?" The ex-songstress muttered breathlessly, tightly claspng her chest with both hands.

"It most certainly is! We'd never lie to you Miss Dorothea!" The main Dorothea fan replied with an honest smile, her cute glimmering face bringing back all of Dorothea's pleasant feelings. "The longer this horrible war continues, the more people realize how right you were. This war is absolutely horrible, and it's our job as citizens to try and stop it!"

"That's why we started our own anti-war organization in your memory!" The taller Dorothea cheered proudly, eager to show their dedication. "We call ourselves the Dorothea Defenders!"

"Or Double Ds." The stouter Dorothea chimed in. "Like our cups~" Grabbing their bountiful bosoms in unison, the trio of Dorotheas began to lusciously grope themselves right there in the open. Their faces quickly shifted from simple excitement to downright perverted lust, the intense glares they shot directly at each other being blatantly promiscuous.

But Dorothea didn't even notice this strange behavior. The woman was so overwhelmed by the idea that her works might have had some effect, she had to take a moment to truly process the whole situation. "Wow- I-I don't know what to say." Dorothea spoke in an uncertain, but also quite hopeful tone. "T-This is what I've always wanted! To inspire people to become kinder and more understanding with each other. I just never thought it would actually happen!"

"What are you saying Miss Dorothea? You're a beautiful songstress and a wonderful performer. There's no way it wasn't going to happen!" The tallest Dorothea fan bounced brightly. Dorothea could see it in their expressions, their movements, their moods. This wasn't some silly prank to get her, or a test of her loyalties. These three girls truly believed in Dorothea with all of their hearts.

"It might have taken a while to take root, but the people of Fodlan have started to realize the grandness of our message." The main Dorothea fan's face lit up with determination. "In your absence, we've been working hard to spread your message and convert more and more people to our cause."

“Yeah, yeah!” Her smaller companion also cheered in a proud but more childish manner. “We even set up an anti-war station here at the monastery to attract some potential members!”

Away in the distance behind the group of Dorothea fans, Dorothea could clearly see the rough, handcrafted wooden station. It had a big sign with Dorothea’s name on it, and several other Dorothea fans dressed as Dorothea were in the front, speaking with passersby and handing out flyers. It was the most wondrous of sights that Dorothea could have imagined.

“How wonder-” That is, until Dorothea realized... The woman who’d put her down on the stage where she’d poured her heart out, the same woman who constantly inundated with mindless work and basked in Dorothea’s suffering, she was still standing just a few meters behind them, listening on to every single word of their conversation.

As the cold sharp knife of reality dug back into Dorothea’s mind, the girl sprang forward in a manic manner. “No-no-no-no-! S-Stop!” Dorothea flung herself onto the Dorothea cosplayers, fear and dread coursing through her entire system. The girls were so genuine and earnest, she didn’t want them to go through the same things Dorothea herself had gone through already... “Y-You have to take it down before-!!!”

“MISS ARNAULT!!!” Unfortunately, it was too late. Before Dorothea could save her adoring fans, the voice of Rhea rang out like a dragon roaring down from the highest mountaintop.

Turning towards Rhea’s enraged shout, Dorothea could clearly see as the Archbishop herself angrily stomped towards the group. Her face was almost beet red, her expression tightened into a scowl that resonated with pure hatred. It looked like she was about ready to explode in sheer indignation, to a degree that Seteth even trailed behind her trying to calm her down.

“What is the meaning of this?!” Rhea barked angrily directly at Dorothea, not even acknowledging the group of fans that surrounded her. “I believe we had a long, thorough discussion about all this heretical material.”

“Y-Y-You’re very right l-lady Rhea!!! I-I’m so very sorry!!!” Just a few seconds ago, Dorothea had felt as if her cold, shattered soul was finally starting to break free from her constraints. But the moment Rhea shouted her down once more, all of her progress had been instantly reverted. Dorothea shrunk down in submission once again, her body bowing to Rhea without even the slightest of second thought. “These girls are just very idealistic and naïve, I-like I was-! Please, it’s not their fault. Do not harm them.”

“Honestly...” Rhea crossed her arms with severe frustration, though Dorothea’s total submission was in fact making her feel quite a lot better. “I really expected more from you Miss Arnault. As a woman of status, I believed you’d to be able to control some of that rabble that enjoyed your traitorous messages. Especially now that they’ve started to grow to a concerning amount. But I guess in the end a simple commoner like you can’t be expected to do much leading on their own.”

With each vicious, demeaning word that escaped Rhea’s mouth, the three Dorothea fans began to grow more and more visibly enraged. Their eyes glared into Rhea like violent hawks, their fists and teeth clenching with righteous anger. Rhea paid little mind to the twitching girls, not deeming them worthy enough to even acknowledge. Yet it was impossible to deny the sensations of passionate hatred building within them.

“This is why you’re not really fit to be a national celebrity. Just think of all those poor, simple plebians who you’ve infected with those terrible ideas of yours!” Rhea continued, making sure to thoroughly dig her message in. It wasn’t just that she really wanted to have Dorothea internalize these ideas, but she also gained a veritable amount of satisfaction putting the poor girl down. “No, you’re much better just staying here and serving the Church of Seiros! No more silly singing or moving that sinful body around. A worthless commoner like you is better just devoting the rest of her pathetic life to the Goddess!”

“Hey, that’s enough!!!” Unable to hold her tongue back any longer, the main Dorothea fan flung herself forward commandingly, stepping right between Dorothea and Rhea as some sort of shield for her idol. “You stop saying mean things about Miss Dorothea right this moment!”

Rhea was a bit shocked to think that a peasant could be brazen enough to not only raise her voice at the Archbishop, but also to defy her with such fearlessness. Rhea glared intently at the girl for a few seconds, but she didn’t flinch. She was quite the remarkable creature. Even a filthy traitor like Edelgard knew to respect Rhea, yet this fan didn’t seem to hold her in any regard.

“Hmmm...? And who might you be?” Rhea asked defiantly, two tall, confident figures facing off in a contest of intimidation.

“I am Dorothea’s number one fan!” The Dorothea fan responded proudly and loudly. “In fact, we’re *all* Dorothea’s number one fan!!!”

“YEAH!!!” The two other Dorotheas also stepped forward with confidence, standing beside their comrade like soldiers in arms.

However, things were far from done. All of a sudden, and without any kind of warning, more Dorothea fans started to gather around the trio. They sprouted from seemingly every direction, some dressed in nothing more than wigs or uniform while others wore the complete outfits. It was as if some kind of huge tide of Dorotheas had come rolling in. Fan after fan, the group of Dorothea fans formed around their songstress until they’d formed a huge, imposing wall of admirers between Dorothea and Rhea. This wasn’t just a group of dedicated Dorothea fans, it was an army of fanatical adorers ready to defend their idol at any cost.

“I don’t care who you think you are, but all of those horrible things you’ve said about Dorothea are untrue!” Dorothea’s main fan spoke with a loud resonating voice, which was backed by the threatening glares of her fellow Dorotheas. “Dorothea is an absolutely fantastic person. She is beautiful, kind and talented. The greatest gift in all of Fodlan’s entire history! If you think you can just treat her like this and destroy her wonderful dream of peace, then you have another thing coming!”

The way every single Dorothea Fan stood side by side, their faces determined and their backs set straight, Rhea could tell they were deathly serious. It was a little bit intimidating actually. Never did Rhea think that a flower that was snipped in the bud so early like Dorothea could amass such an incredible following so quickly. Nevertheless, Rhea remained stoically defiant. Despite this little fumble, she still possessed the upper hand. She had the support of two other nations, as well as a large, trained army. It didn’t matter that Dorothea’s support had grown, or that many of the faces Rhea saw belonged to previously devoted followers of Seiros. It didn’t even matter that one of the people in the crowd of Dorotheas was none other than-

“FLAYN!?!?” Rhea recoiled back from the wall of Dorothea fans for the first time, truly not having been able to conceive that one of her own would be among them.

“I’m sorry lady Rhea!” The cute little Flayn exclaimed in an apologetic, yet also forceful tone. Just like the Dorothea fans around her, Flayn was dressed head to toe in an exact replica of Dorothea’s Officer’s Academy uniform. Though her body was not as developed as Dorothea’s, with her hair dyed to match Dorothea’s solid brown, she looked as much as a Dorothea cosplayer as her companions did. “You still mean a lot to me, but Dorothea is right. This war is horrible and has to be stopped! We should all come together as a continent and join in peace!”

As Seteth received a sharp glare from the enraged Rhea, the man promptly bolted forward to show the support and indignation he was supposed to show. “F-Flayn! What are you doing?!” He shouted with a quivering voice that was trying to emulate surprise, though there was a hint of anxiety melded within. “Stop this foolishness right now!”

“But brother!!!” Flayn whined in her usual, pouty fashion. “Were you not the one who told me that this war was a dismal waste of human life, and that Lady Rhea’s way of managing it was quite stubborn and fla- Mmmmmffff!!!”

Before she could even finish the sentence, Seteth was quick to lung towards Flayn and forcefully cover her mouth with his hand. Sweat was pouring down his body, his back aching with the piercing, deathly gaze he was getting from Rhea. “Flayn please!” He scream-whispered at the struggling girl, trying his best to retain his composure in the stressful situation. “These are not matters you are supposed to discuss in public!”

Yet as much as Seteth would have liked to settle things down, Rhea had reached her breaking point. She was absolutely furious. The mere thought that Seteth and Flayn, her very own family, would sympathize with that traitorous wench was enough to send her into a frantic frenzy. There would be no more patience, no more mercy. The Dorotheas would bend to her will or Rhea would utterly trample them.

“What sort of insolence is this?!?” Rhea roared as loud as she could, showing an incredible amount of pressure despite being far outnumbered. “I am the Archbishop of the Church of Seiros, and I will not tolerate this kind of behavior. Remove that horrid recruitment station and disband your group immediately, or I will imprison every single one of you for life!!!”

Normally, most regular people would have backed down by now. The Dorotheas might have been passionate, but they were much smaller in numbers than Rhea’s army and they were entirely unprepared militarily. If they were to try and fight Rhea at this moment, they would not stand a chance. But the Dorothea fans were not regular people. As unwinnable as this challenge might have been, they were ready and willing to stand up for what they believed to the end, regardless of how much brutality and threat came their way.

“You don’t get to say what we do!!!” The main Dorothea fan rebutted Rhea’s challenge without fear. “We believe in Dorothea’s message of peace and loving for all! We will stand by it until the end of time! So if a tyrant like you wants to stop us, you will have to do it by force!!!”

By this point, the commotion in the courtyard had grown so large, even entirely unrelated parties had started to gather around. Random workers and ex-students gazed upon the scene with gasps. Many

knights of Seiros started to gather behind their Archbishop, wishing to defend Rhea upon these growing tensions. No side wished to back down, no compromises willing to be met. It seemed like a political riot was imminent, when-

“That’s enough!!!” In a surprising burst of energy, Dorothea screamed with a loud, boisterous voice. She did not seem fully recovered from her mental anguish, her face still mired with complex feelings. But what remained certain is that she had gained the determination to face this conflict head on. Pushing past the wall of Dorothea fans, she addressed Rhea herself. “I’m sorry lady Rhea. My fans have spoken out of line. We will terminate the organization and take down the station. Let us not escalate this further. And please, do not punish them, punish me. I am the one who’s responsible for this.”

“B-But Miss Dorothea.” The main Dorothea piped up in shock. “We don’t want to disband! W-We’re willing to go against this terrible monster, even if it means we’re-”

“Absolutely not!” Dorothea interrupted her fan sternly. “I will not have anyone else suffer thanks to my ideals. We will continue to work for peace without any further conflict.”

The Dorotheas wanted to complain and argue, but none of them could find it in themselves to go against Dorothea’s words. They were entranced by her suddenly commanding nature, which shone just like her performance on stage so many months ago. Plus, the fact that Dorothea would be so willing to sacrifice herself for her fans, made the entire group hesitant to disregard her wishes. In a matter of seconds, the mobilized and fiery group of girls had been totally extinguished.

An act which Rhea considered to be a total victory. “Very well Dorothea.” Taking a long gasp, Rhea slowly regained her composure. The group of fans was explosive, but if Dorothea could keep them under control like that it did give her some peace of mind. “Expect to be doing several extra shifts for the next few months.”

With that, Rhea turned her back towards the set of fans, and marched away with her knights. Seteth stayed beside Flayn for some time, but even he too joined behind Rhea as he usually did. It was such an abrupt and unexpected end to the confrontation, that many of the Dorothea fans could scarcely believe it was over.

Dorothea merely turned back towards her mop and began to resume her long, arduous work on the courtyard. Many of her fans gathered around her, hoping to praise and talk to their hero. But Dorothea had spent all of her social energy at this point, and basically ignored them as she worked. What was supposed to be the glorious defiance of Rhea and the start of a great revolution, quickly died out before it could get started. Dorothea’s main fan had no idea how to react. This was Dorothea’s wish, her desire to bring Foldan together in peace. Why had she refused to grasp it for so long?

While the crowds of unrelated people dispersed and the monastery returned to a relative peace, Dorothea’s main fan would not forget this encounter anytime soon. In fact, she relished in it. For a long time, she’d wondered why it was that Dorothea had never given another performance, why her activism had died down. But now, all of the puzzle pieces had fallen into place. The only thing that was left to do was to rearrange them.

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“Goddess! Hehehe~ Where are you girls taking me?”

Heels clacking rapidly over the many firm stone bricks of Garreg Mach's passageways, the usually reserved and depressed Dorothea currently found herself chuckling like a little girl as she was dragged along by the trio of fans she'd just met earlier in the day. Her face was alight with a brilliant smile, her worries as faint and errant as her tired breath. Hanging out with these avid fans was an absolute blast! Dorothea did not remember the last time she'd had this much fun in the last year. Not only did they actually appreciate her, but they shared the same hobbies, interests, ideas and even desires! For a brief moment, Dorothea felt like time had not advanced a single second and she was back at Garreg Mach during her student years. What Dorothea wouldn't have given to make such a moment last forever...

"Come on Miss Dorothea! Hurry up!" The main Dorothea fan egged her on, snapping Dorothea out of her temporary daydream with some energetic yanking and pulling.

"Yeah, yeah!" The two other Dorothea fans pulled on her too, as cheery as they could possibly be. "You're going to love it!"

Dorothea smiled and nodded, picking up the pace in order to keep up with her fans. In her mind, she began to wonder what kind of surprise the girls had prepared for her. Perhaps a surprise play where they could all sing and dance? Or maybe a fancy little dinner, for them to talk all night about boys and clothes! So entranced was Dorothea to spend the evening with her adoring fans that she didn't even question her surroundings as they pulled her into a secluded corner of Garreg Mach she had not gone into often, a place on the far end of the complex where even the loudest of screams could scarcely be heard.

Stopping before the doors of an old, secluded chapel, the trio of fans finally stepped aside and allowed their idol to step in first. A sense of pride filled Dorothea, enough to blind her of the thoroughly run down and seemingly abandoned building. Grabbing onto both of the door handles, Dorothea pushed forth into the room with the signature grace and confidence of a proper national star, ready to indulge in the adoration of her dedicated fans. That is... Until she actually looked at the insides of this dusty, compact chapel.

The chapel itself wasn't anything fancy, consisting of a room that could hold perhaps 20 people max, with half complete statues and a dusty altar at the other end of the chamber. Around the edges of the room, a great number of Dorothea fans stood solemnly, all dressed up in their cute Dorothea uniform to look almost exactly like her. But none of these things were what really caught Dorothea's attention. No, the most concerning thing out of all had to be the fact that Rhea, *THE* Archbishop of the incredibly important and powerful Church of Seiros, was currently bound to a chair in the middle of the room, with her mouth gagged and her eyebrows locked in a deathly scowl.

Instantly, all of that elation that had been building up inside Dorothea throughout the afternoon deflated into dread and concern. From the moment she'd met them, Dorothea could tell that her group of fans was quite fervent in their beliefs, but to think that they would actually kidnap the Archbishop herself- It was insane! Like a diligent little disciple, Dorothea sharply knelt before the tied-up Rhea and began to undo her restraints.

"Oh Goddess-! W-What have you girls done?!" Dorothea gasped aloud with shock, her heart palpitating at the kind of wrath her fans had incurred. As Dorothea removed the gag from Rhea's mouth, the Archbishop quickly let all of her pure hatred be shown clearly.

“Infidels! Apostates! Scum of the earth!!!” The woman screamed at the top of her lungs, her ire dripping in every word. “I should have you all burned at the stake for this! At least Dorothea here has some kind of common sense still in her! Now, get me out of these ropes so I can administer some divine punishment!”

“I’m so sorry Lady Rhea!” Dorothea’s breath was unsteady, her fingers stuttering and tripping on themselves due to sheer nervousness. The last thing that Dorothea wanted was to receive even greater punishment from a furious Rhea. Yet even now, after her fans had gone so far, she also wished for them for them to be safe and pardoned. All that Dorothea could have hoped at the moment was that Rhea could be merciful enough to spare their lives... “I-I knew they were passionate, but I never expected-”

“Miss Dorothea, please stop!”

All of a sudden, the voice of Dorothea’s main fan echoed loudly throughout the chapel. And for the first time since they had met, it was not singing praise upon Dorothea, but reprimanding her instead. Dorothea slowly turned around to face her fan, her efforts brought to a total halt by her fan’s intimidating attitude. Staring up at the girl from her knees, Dorothea felt as if her fan towered over her like some godly monolith. She was a woman of grace and determination, beauty and confidence. Paradoxically, it made her want to be more like her fan...

“I thought this is what you wanted! To finally bring that horrible war to an end and let an era of peace reign over Fodlan!” The fan spoke in a heated, impassioned tone that left those who heard it mesmerized. “So why do you keep squandering our opportunity to fulfil our dreams?! That horrible woman is the only thing keeping us from achieving our beautiful world!”

“No- No! T-That’s wrong!! Y-You can’t just get rid of people like that!” Dorothea muttered back, though she lacked the confidence and poise that her own fan exuded. “P-Plus, even if there was no Rhea- The people of Fodlan still support the war! I don’t have the power to change their hearts or minds...”

“But Miss Dorothea...” The Dorothea fan’s eyes softened, her mouth shifting into a warm, caring smile. Slowly, the fan walked towards Dorothea, pressing her hand upon the songstress’ shoulder like an angel reaching down to save her. “You do. You have the power to change *anyone* you want.”

The gesture soothed Dorothea’s troubled soul, but it did little to alleviate her mind. Dorothea looked up to her fan with a puzzled expression, waiting for some sort of explanation.

“Remember when the war started? When you decided you wished the conflict to end peacefully, so you started to research how to create ‘The perfect song’? One that would be able to move the hearts of anyone who heard it.” The words reignited Dorothea’s mind, bringing back memories of the troubling days before her life would forever change. They were all true but... How did her fan know?! She’d never talked about this with anyone!

“After failing to get any movement started, you thought that you’d failed. But the truth is that... You were right Miss Dorothea! You *did* create the ‘perfect song’~!” Dorothea’s fan exclaimed with excitement, leaving Dorothea herself thoroughly confused. “We don’t really understand how it works yet. If it’s some sort of magic, or biological process, or perhaps even fate. But somehow, the overwhelming amounts of love, skill and passion you poured into those songs is able to modify the very human soul.”

“The time to transform depends on how much the person agrees with the message. And it is accelerated the more times someone is exposed to those wonderful sound waves. Regardless, the result is the same.” The Dorothea fan looked up into the ceiling wistfully, as if recalling the past fondly. “I can still picture it like it was yesterday~ Sitting in front of that first performance of yours in Garreg Mach~ I was already opposed to the conflict to begin with, but when I heard your voice, everything changed~ Back then, I wasn’t even a woman. I was a big, burly knight who simply followed orders without thinking. But now look at me!”

The Dorothea fan spread her arms wide open, pushing her butt out and her bust forward in order to expose her feminine figure. There was no trace of any masculine qualities present on her body. Her face was flawless and womanly. Her long, curled brown hair complementing her tight, girl’s uniform. She was a carbon copy of Dorothea herself. And yet she claimed to have been a male?!

“I’ve changed. Evolved. Improved.” This Dorothea ‘fan’ asserted in a proud manner. It seemed she did not care for her previous identity, her previous life. “I’m not just a ‘hardcore Dorothea fan’. I am you. I am Dorothea~”

“N-No-! T-That can’t be true!” Dorothea shook her head in wild denial. There was- There was no way that Dorothea could have done that right?!? Transform people’s own bodies with her song alone, i-it seemed ludicrous!

“Oh, but it is.” With a wicked smile displayed on her face, the Dorothea ‘fan’ slowly lifted her hands up to the air like a conductor addressing their orchestra. And as her fingers reached the apex of her motion, every single other Dorothea fan in the room began to lovingly hum Dorothea’s operetta in unison.

Immediately, the effects of Dorothea’s own song became quite clear to the songstress. A thin, breathless moan escaped through her lips, her vaginal walls quivering with a sensation of hot longing, as if she desperately wished to join their chorus. Despite being incredibly familiar with the ins and outs of her voice, being pelted with this beautiful ensemble that sounded exactly as she did was an entirely foreign experience. It wasn’t just that her song had been crafted to be thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant to hear. No, it almost felt as if the notes were digging deep into her body and her mind, taking a hold of her very identity and twisting it to its will. The entire crowd of Dorothea ‘fans’ sang out with such incredible power, even the stubborn and indomitable Rhea couldn’t help but shiver in her seat and shift her legs uncomfortably.

“You can feel it, can’t you~? The pure essence of your soul pouring into your body~” Grabbing the underside of Dorothea’s arms, the main Dorothea ‘fan’ lifted her idol up to her feet, letting their gazes meet eye to eye.

All this time, Dorothea had just wanted to believe these so-called ‘fans’ were nothing more than admirers, just girls who were passionate and committed to their cause. But as she stared at her beautiful, womanly ‘fan’s’ face, there was no way she could deny the truth. The thick, luscious lips coated in a dazzling red lipstick, the long flowing brown hair that curled into thick waves. This wasn’t just an imitation of Dorothea’s looks. This was physical, biological. The person standing before Dorothea was Dorothea, an impassioned, idealized version of her younger self.

“Don’t fight it anymore. Embrace who you are.” Dorothea’s words were like sweet honey to the original Dorothea’s ears, making her mind fuzzy and her heart throb. Unable to move a single inch of her body,



Dorothea simply let her other self turn her around until she was facing the restrained Rhea once more. "She cannot control you any longer. Let us finally bring the peace that Fodlan deserves~"

"D-D-Do not listen to that w-witch's venomous words D-D-Dorothea!" Rhea snapped aloud. For the first time since the two had met, Dorothea could actually sense a palpable feeling of fear within Rhea, the acknowledgment that she no longer held the upper hand. "Forcibly transforming people?! Turning them all into a simple commoner like you?!? It's wrong!! I-Immoral!!!"

And Dorothea knew it. She understood it perfectly well, how terrible and unethical it would be for her to give in to the crowd of Dorotheas. Still, Dorothea could not ignore the way her magical song resonated within her heart with a joyful sensation. Dorothea gazed around the room, looking how each of the other Dorotheas stood firmly, intoning each note of her music with absolute perfection. Their bodies were immaculate, their voices ringing in her mind like the most addicting of vices. Dorothea was so entranced by their looks and devotion, she did not wish to let them down. But thinking about all that Rhea had said and what sort of future this would create... Dorothea simply didn't know what she would-

*Plomp!*

But before Dorothea could even make up her own mind, her body had already made the decision for her. Lunging forth towards Rhea, Dorothea gently sat atop of the Archbishop's plump thighs, each of her legs comfortably wrapping around Rhea's torso to lock the other woman in place. Dorothea had no real clue why she had done this. It was more of a guttural reaction than any kind of conscious choice. Yet, Dorothea found that she could not get up and away from the Archbishop. Not because she was in some sort of hypnotic or frozen state, but rather, she simply had no will or desire to do so.

It was honestly incredible how much the duo's relationship had changed in such little time. Here was the woman who'd stopped Dorothea from chasing her dream, who'd tormented, demeaned and kept her down for so long, currently shivering and begging for Dorothea to help. Dorothea would have found it humorous, if she did not feel for Rhea too. The truth was that Dorothea understood how Rhea felt at the moment. To be trapped by an overwhelming pressure, being powerless to stop it. Despite all that Rhea had done for her, Dorothea did not hold any ill will towards the Archbishop. Deep in her heart, she knew she had to do it. Dorothea had to help Rhea.

"For Fodlan, for Fodlan. The country that I love~"

That is to say, she would help Rhea... By joining the song of her fellow clones and committing to their ideals.

"Deliver onto us the strength of the Goddess above."

Lifting her face and raising her voice, Dorothea happily chanted that magical piece which changed her life forever. It was a song that she knew by heart, one that carried the very essence of her being. But now that the lyrics were accompanied by the sweet A-Capella of her fellow clones, it felt as the power of the song's musical composition had become thrice as strong. Not only was the tune of her music pleasantly resonating within Dorothea's ears, the sound itself had become imbedded to her soul.

With every note that surged from her mouth, Dorothea's figure shifted and twisted unnaturally, as if it was adjusting to an outside force. Her breasts grew plumper and firmer, regaining the jovial bounce of a young lady's bust. Her skin became shinier and healthier, like that of a pretty actress ready to shine on

stage. For so many months, Dorothea had willfully ignored taking care of her body, too consumed by her own thoughts and failures to keep herself in the prime condition she had always been. Yet, in no more than a few seconds, all of those woes were seemingly cleared away, leaving her just as she was when she'd given her original performance of her play.

The raw amount of magical energy coursing through the room was so thick, even someone as powerful as the Archbishop was deeply aware of the sort of danger she was in. Summoning every last bit of her strength, Rhea spasmed her body as madly and wildly as she could. Her torso wriggled back and forth like a writhing worm, her mouth gargling and growling in a feeble attempt to drown out the other sounds. Rhea's desperation reached to such a point, she actually tried to return to her regular draconic form and risk exposing her secret just so she could crush this little group of dissenters. But she couldn't. Somehow, the Dorotheas' performance had neutered Rhea's abilities to such a dramatic extent, she couldn't even push Dorothea off her lap. As wise and powerful as Rhea might have been, there was nothing she could do to overpower the deep, heartfelt ringing of Dorothea's song.

Once Rhea's soul had been ensnared by the effects of Dorothea's music, the rest of her body soon followed suit. Rhea's long, silky, straight hair twisted in on itself to become wilder and wavy. The dazzling, pastel green tone of her hair, a color which was deeply tied with her Nabatean heritage, was washed away by a cascade of brown as if it was nothing more than some cheap hair dye. That immaculate and beautiful face of maturity which she was known for softened and regressed into a more youthful and girlish expression, slowly erasing all of the prominent physical features of holiness and motherly nurture that made her look like the holy Archbishop of the Church of Seiros that she was.

Even Rhea's very own mind wasn't safe from this blatant erasure of her character. As much as Rhea struggled within her constraints, she had no way to fight against the slurry of foreign memories and thoughts that snuck deep into her subconsciousness. Instead of remembering the face of her mother warmly, Rhea recalled herself of admiring the grandiose Manuela while she was still a girl from the slums of Enbarr. Rather than spreading the word of Seiros and preaching some boring religion, Rhea had the desire to perform on a big stage and spread joy onto all of her audience. Bit after bit, everything that made Rhea herself, that made her a unique individual, was consistently chipped and chipped away without any sort of mercy or regard.

An act which Dorothea watched unfold with a bright, wide smile, so invested in her song she barely remembered to draw breath. Seeing Rhea's face slowly shifting into the visage of Dorothea's reflection only caused Dorothea's loins to flow with more arousal. The sound of Rhea's gasps and grunts shifting in pitch until they matched her own was like music to Dorothea's ears. How many months had she spent under Rhea's boot? How many nights of horror and depressive emotions had she been forced to relive? Now that Dorothea was getting to observe Rhea in such a defenseless and subjugated state, she had to admit, it was the best thing Dorothea had experienced in a while.

And yet, despite having accomplished her goal of creating a group for peace, as well as having conquered the one person who had been holding her down for all this time, Dorothea was still not singing as magnificently and graciously as she had been on the night of her debut. It wasn't that Dorothea felt inhibitions about her methods, or that she was insecure about the group's plans. More than anything, Dorothea wasn't sure if she was ready to be the leader of this already efficient Dorothea group.

All of these Dorotheas had gathered together because of her. They looked up to Dorothea not just as a true inspiration, an example to follow. But the truth was that Dorothea was quite the flawed person, especially after all that had happened with Rhea. She didn't want to take the reigns and end up disappointing her peers. She didn't want to show how insecure and scared she could be. Instead of being the head of this organization, Dorothea would have much preferred to be a regular member. Just another grunt in the crowd, willing to work with the other Dorotheas in order to achieve a common goal. Dorothea was quite tired of hierarchies anyways. In her eyes, all the people, all the Dorotheas, held the same amount of importance and power.

"It's okay miss Dorothea." It was in this moment of doubt, that Dorothea felt her clone's hand gently land on the back of her shoulder. Dorothea slowly turned back to look at her twin, who seemed to bear a warm knowing expression, as if she had predicted exactly what it was that Dorothea was thinking. "I know exactly why you're worried, and I just wanted to tell you: You don't have to be our leader if you don't want to. You can just be one of us. Another Dorothea. Nothing more, nothing less~"

The words that surged out of the other Dorothea's mouth were almost like a magic spell for Dorothea's mind. Instantly, the last semblances of dread and worry inside Dorothea's mind were whisked away as if they never existed at all. Was her clone saying the truth? Could she really forget all of her responsibilities, all of her previous pain, and just join their group as another Dorothea?!?! For the first time in many years, Dorothea's voice grew loud and confident. Like spear piercing into the heavens, Dorothea stood up from Rhea's lap and slammed her fingers into her own needy loins.

"I-I- I can feel it!!!" Dorothea screamed in ecstasy, eagerly masturbating her pussy through her clothes without the slightest semblance of shame. "I feel just like I did a year ago- So happy~! So excited~!!! I'm-I'm~!!!"

As Dorothea devolved into a luscious frenzy, the clothes around her body began to warp in strange ways. The long hem of her outfit merged with her skirt and shrank upwards, taking on a deep black color until it returned reached to her thighs. Her delicate, slim heels bulged upwards into magnificent heeled, knee-length boots, while the thigh disappeared to expose her plump, bare thighs. The frills and twirls of her dress were replaced with a thin, buttoned black and gold top that had the largest and most beautiful cleavage window that could be seen. And to top the whole thing off, a cute black cap comfortably nestled itself atop of Dorothea's scalp. By the end of the outfit transformation, there was no sign of Dorothea's old, fancy burgundy dress. Instead, she was dressed exactly like the other Dorothea clones in the room, wearing her old Officer's Academy uniform. Except, she wasn't *just* dressed in her old uniform-

"I'M A DOROTHEA~~!!!" The realization sent shivers through Dorothea's spine. It didn't make any sense if she really thought about it. She was already Dorothea before. But now, it felt different. "I'M JUST A DOROTHEA~~ I'M JUST A DORTHEA~~~!!!"

She wasn't *the* Dorothea, but *a* Dorothea. A member of the collective, lost in the crowd. Her thoughts were those of her clones. Her desires exactly the same as those of her peers. Any kind of previous life experience that might have remained in her brain was suppressed, making her the same as any other Dorothea standing around in the room. She wasn't going to lead the group. She was part of the group.

“That’s right Dorothea~” The other Dorothea snuck up behind her, lusciously wrapping her hands around the awakened Dorothea. Both of them were identical in every single way. From the clothes, to the bodies to the thoughts, there was not a single thing that could differentiate them. It would be impossible to tell which one was the original, and which one had been a man at some point. But honestly, it was a distinction that no longer mattered to either of them.

“Welcome to where you belong~”

Eyes closing and lips meshing together, the pair of Dorothea joined in the sloppiest, most passionate make out session either of them had ever experienced. Low gasps of bliss escaped from their throats, saliva dripping down their perfectly plump lips. It was a show of affection so intense, that all of the Dorotheas around them soon stopped their humming and started cheering for the lovely couple instead. Like a flock of animals desperate to be fed, the group crowded around the Dorothea duo, indulging in the shared bliss of having converted a new member. It was a time for happiness! A time for celebration! This wasn’t just any old guy turning into Dorothea, it was the absorption of the original Dorothea herself!

Like a growing fire spreading through the fibers of their hearts, all of the other Dorotheas could do nothing but fall prey to their own explosive desires. Every Dorothea lunged towards their closest clone without the slightest of second thought, following in their predecessors’ footsteps by lusciously groping each other’s curvy bodies and letting their tongues twist together. It didn’t matter who either of them had been before or how long they had spent together. The only thing that stopped two Dorotheas from loving each other was distance. They all shared the same desires, the same beautiful bodies, the same perverted thoughts. As long as they held any Dorothea in their arms, they were more than satisfied.

The sensational song that had once filled the walls of this tiny little chapel was soon replaced with loud, feminine moans as the Dorotheas grew more and more intimate with each other’s bodies. Though they all enjoyed wearing their school uniform, they also *really* liked taking it off. Blouses were popped wide open in order to let Dorothea’s fat, jiggling breasts surge free from their restraints. Panties were pulled down as far as possible and skirts were lifted belly high so that every Dorothea could access their partner’s gushing mound with ease. The only thing that remained on during sex was their cute black caps, which bounced about as their hot bodies squished together.

Still standing before the tied up Rhea in the middle of the room, the original Dorothea screamed in ecstasy while her clone slammed her fingers deep into Dorothea’s cunt. The way she pushed her crotch into her partner’s fingers was utterly depraved. Rhea could scarcely believe that all of the Dorotheas had broken into an all-out orgy right in front of her! In all honesty, it was probably a good thing. With all the Dorotheas distracted, Rhea could probably try to cut herself from her bounds and escape. But at the same time... It felt really frustrating to watch! For some reason she couldn’t quite decipher, Rhea felt quite irritated that she was being ignored by all the *pretty* Dorotheas!

“A-Ahem!!!” Rhea cleared her throat loudly, an action that came out entirely involuntarily. Now that she’d let herself be known however, the woman committed to giving the Dorotheas a piece of her mind. “You girls do realize I’m still here, right? If you think you can just ignore someone as powerful as me, then-”

“Oh, we realize alright.” The main Dorothea spoke aloud, eager to interrupt Rhea’s defiant noise.

“We just don’t care~” Her partner gasped with bliss, still feeling Dorothea’s fingers twirling deep inside her.

“We’ve already transformed the person we wanted~” Another Dorothea added in between giggles.

“It doesn’t matter to us whether you transform or stay there or whatever~” One last one snickered dismissively, before pushing her lips against her partner’s mouth.

Waves after waves of rage surged through Rhea’s body. “How dare you all!?!?” She angrily bounced up from her chair, exuding much more force and energy than she had when she was being transformed. “I am Rhea, *the* Archbishop of the Church of Seiros! I am the most important person in the entirety of Fodlan, much more important than-”

“Goddess, please shut up! You’re just jealous you don’t get to join our Dorothea orgy.” The voice of a Dorothea beside her rang out, though this one didn’t even deign to look at Rhea’s face, instead deciding to immerse herself into another Dorothea’s cleavage.

“Hahaha, that’s incredible!” The Dorothea that was getting motorboated giggled aloud. “Are you seriously jealous that you can’t join our orgy~?”

A sudden sensation of shame and embarrassment filled Rhea, causing her heart to shiver in her chest. “W-W-What!? N-N-No!!!” The woman barked back, though her words rang quite unconvincing.

In truth, Rhea had not yet considered the possibility that she was jealous. But now that the thought had entered her mind, it festered and grew, pervading every one of her mental functions. T-There was no way Rhea could be jealous of Dorothea, right?! She most certainly didn’t want to touch Dorothea’s *big, fat jiggling breasts* nor did she wish to experience *fondling Dorothea’s plump, shapely rear*. And she most certainly had no interest in getting close to Dorothea’s *immaculate face and getting to suck on her delicious lips*~

“I’m d-definitely not-” Rhea gasped. Her cheeks grew a flushed bright red, and her cunt began to ooze with a desperate desire to be rubbed. “N-N-Not jealous or anything...”

“Look at how red her face is!!!” One Dorothea pointed out to the rest, barely able to contain her laughter. “She is soooo jealous of us!!!”

Instantly, the rest of the Dorotheas began to chuckle and laugh at the Archbishop, all while they continued to indulge their perverted desires. They made sure to throw snide, deriding comments at Rhea as they fondled and kissed each other.

“No- No- No-!!!” Rhea blasted out in a panic. As the most important figure within the largest church of Fodlan, Rhea was quite adept at handling heckling. At least, she should have been. Unfortunately, for some reason, the opinion of her peers really mattered to Rhea at the moment. She didn’t want them to make fun of her, she didn’t want the Dorotheas to think any less of her. “I’m not jealous- I’m not jealous I swear!!!”

“Well, you should be.” The main Dorothea standing in the middle of the room spoke in a firm, commanding tone. She spread open the original Dorothea’s pussy wide, letting Rhea get a glimpse of Dorothea’s beautiful, damp sex. “There is nothing better than being part of a Dorothea orgy~”

As much as Rhea wanted to convince herself and the other Dorotheas that she was not jealous, the moment she laid her eyes upon Dorothea's bare body, the Archbishop could not get her gaze to stray a single inch away. Rhea's nipples became fully erect, her chair already pooling with juices from her oozing cunt. For some reason, the sight of Dorothea's semi-nude body was mesmerizing. The more Rhea watched the Dorotheas indulge in their intercourse, the more she felt as if she was losing herself.

"Honestly, you don't even deserve to be part of a Dorothea orgy." The original Dorothea glared at Rhea with a wicked smile, thrusting her crotch forth in order to give Rhea a perfect view of her pussy being ravaged.

"Yeah! You're not pretty enough!" Another Dorothea spouted out in a demeaning tone.

"That's not true!" Rhea shot back with a voice of sorrow, flinging herself forward as far as her bounds would let her. The way she whimpered and shook within her restraints, it was almost like she was trying desperately to appeal to this crowd of judgmental Dorotheas. "I am totally pretty!" She wallowed in distress.

But as the words escaped from her lips, Rhea found her body changing even further. Inch after inch, Rhea shrank into her chair, losing much of her imposing height until she was just as tall as any other Dorothea. Her breasts plumped into a heavier, fatter shape, while her ass actually lost some of its developed mass, for as much as enjoyable as a good fat, butt might have been, it could never compare to Dorothea's actual proportions. Yet, despite the fact that every trace of Rhea's original form was being slowly deleted, the Archbishop herself didn't even seem to register it. As her eyes lost their brilliant green splendor in favor of a subtler, darker green, all that Rhea could think about was Dorothea's sexy figure.

"Well, you're definitely not as fashionable as us." Yet another Dorothea taunted her, egging the Archbishop further and further.

"A-A-As if!!!" Rhea responded in a voice that sounded exactly like that of any other Dorothea, her body and face matching that of her peers in every single way. "I'm just as fashionable as you girls!!!"

In that moment, all of Rhea's clothes began to shift and shudder rapidly, as if they were following her command. The long, flowing hem of Rhea's dress shot all the way back up her legs until it was just a tight, mini skirt. Her long ornate cape and shoulder pads simply disappeared, allowing for the top of her dress to reform into a simple, wide necked blouse. Instead of white and blue, the fabric of Rhea's outfit was tinted into a deep black with gold highlights, while her simple white pumps transformed into elegant, heeled boots. Not even Rhea's angelic, ornate golden crown survived, turning from gold into silky black threads as it became nothing more than a simple, cheap black cap.

By the end of the transformation, Rhea's outfit looked exactly like that of the other Dorotheas. In fact, Rhea looked just like Dorothea in every single way! Her clothes were those of Dorothea, her face was that of Dorothea, her body and her voice both belonged to the dancer she'd spent so much time deriding and bullying. At the moment, there would be no real way to tell Rhea apart from any of the other Dorotheas in the room.

"Fine. You might be pretty and fashionable." The main Dorothea stood proudly before the other girl. Her smirk was commanding. She knew exactly what she was doing, and she had little problem leading the

unsuspecting Archbishop to her final doom. “But the most important thing is missing. You’re not Dorothea.”

Rhea’s breath stopped for a second. Dorothea was right. Rhea *wasn’t* Dorothea. It was a totally factual and accurate statement, one that should have incited no sort of reaction inside of Rhea. But it did. Instead of tepidly agreeing with Dorothea’s assertion, Rhea felt her heart churning with rage. So what if she wasn’t currently a Dorothea?! DoroRhea could totally be a Dorothea! In fact, she would make for the perfect Dorothea! The ideal Dorothea!!!

“I’m.... I’m.....”

Teeth grinding together and body shivering wildly, Rhea grunted as loud as she could while her head began to churn with a flurry of conflicting thoughts and emotions. As DoroRhea’s desire grew, she could feel more and more of her original self slipping away. Except, it wasn’t *just* slipping away. In fact, DoroRhea was *actively* rejecting her previous identity. Dorothea’s body shivered in bliss as she kept embracing her new identity. Her original thoughts, her previous desires, her very past itself, it was all thrown away with little regard. Dorothea didn’t want to be a horrible, old pope bitch! She was a cute songstress! She was an advocate for peace! She was-!!!

“I’M DOROTHEA!!!!”

Jumping up from her seat, the brand new Dorothea instantly snapped through all of her restraints as she snapped to her feet. It felt as if she had been awakened from a horrible nightmare, liberated from some sort of corrupted prison. Dorothea didn’t even want to acknowledge who she might have been. The mere thought was too uncomfortable to consider. Dorothea’s real life had started right this moment. Nothing that came before this mattered. This was the point where she’d acquired real life.

“I’M DOROTHEA” The Dorothea that used to be Rhea screamed in ecstasy, tears forming in her eyes from the assertion. “I’M DOROTHEA~~~ I’M DOROTHEA~~~~~”

Without wasting a single second of her new body, the reborn Dorothea eagerly flung herself at the duo of Dorothea twins currently having sex before her. The more commanding Dorothea was forcefully shoved away and into a group of other Dorotheas who were able to catch her in the last second. Meanwhile, the original Dorothea found herself getting pushed against the floor, with new Dorothea’s large, plump body trapping her in place. New Dorothea’s pulsating pussy rocked with arousal, sexual desire infecting every part of her being. With all the teasing she’d received, her lust had reached a critical point. And she was finally ready to release it~

Overwhelmed by the sensation of an utterly animalistic and primal lust, the new Dorothea could think of nothing other than slamming her pussy against that of the original Dorothea as if her life depended it. Their sexes met in a passionate sloppy squeeze, hot, sticky juices spouting everywhere from the sheer amounts of shared ecstasy. Like an angelic choir from the heavens, their voices cried out in unison, singing the exact same song of bliss as they wallowed in each other’s warmth. Imbued in each of the motions was a purposefulness and desire of two people who had known each other for their entire lives. The way their legs propelled their crotches, the manner in which their bodies pushed together, it was clear that the only thing either of them wanted for their cunts to join together as one.

Though once they had been bitter rivals, any kind of animosity between the two was all but extinguished now. Previous histories and old grievances were turned into nothing more than flecks of dust in the wind. Whatever futures or goals they had in mind before were replaced in their entireties by a complete obsession with the perfection of Dorothea. From this point onwards, the only thing that mattered was who they'd become. Their values, their desires, their self, they had all merged into the same thing. In both body and mind, they had become Dorotheas. And they *loved* Dorotheas~

"I'M CUMMING~!!!" Screaming out in bliss at the exact same time, the duo of Dorotheas let their voices converge as if they had originated from one single person.

Their heads flung back in wild ecstasy, their crotches slamming into each other again and again until they had squeezed every last ounce of pleasure from the incredible orgasm they'd so desperately desired. From their heads to their toes, their quivering pussies and melting minds, there was not a single inch of each Dorothea that was not currently submerged in unimaginable pleasure. Not only had the pleading need of their organs been quelled, not only had they gotten to experience the heavenly pleasure of sexual intercourse with another beautiful Dorothea, but their new Dorothea minds had perfectly linked with their slutty Dorothea bodies in every single way, making them *the* perfect Dorothea twin duo, a pair of girls that were so intrinsically linked to being Dorotheas, they could no longer be separated.

It was an orgasm of titanic proportions, perhaps the most pleasurable sensation any *living being* had felt. Except, instead of slowly deescalating and weakening as time went on, the pair's climax only seemed to be growing stronger. The reason for this was simple. As the last of Rhea's Nabatean blood was expelled from the new Dorothea's body, it combined with the emotional and sexual frustration the original Dorothea had built up for many months in order to create the most powerful Dorothea energy bomb they could ever dream of.

The group of Dorotheas looked on at the duo in awe, stopping everything else so that they could witness the momentous event. Though they could not see the energy building up between them, they could certainly feel the raw Dorothea essence slowly growing stronger and larger. It caused their bodies to shiver and their pussies to throb. Many of them couldn't hold themselves back and began to masturbate desperately, not to the pair of scissoring Dorotheas but to the sheer amount of Dorothea energy they were generating. As more Dorotheas contributed their own essence by pleasuring themselves, the energy only grew stronger and stronger until-

**FWOOOOOSH!!!**

Releasing out an explosion of energy like the most powerful Meteor spell ever cast, all of the accumulated Dorothea essence finally exploded outwards in the form of a pervasive shockwave. The two Dorotheas remained relatively unharmed, screaming out in ecstasy as they felt their seemingly eternal climax finally subside. The other Dorotheas however, had flown too close to the sun. Being at such short proximity to the origin, each one of them was blown off their feet and flung back into the air, their bodies unceremoniously crashing against the rickety walls of the chapel with enough force, it almost felt like the whole building was going to come crumbling down.

The downed Dorotheas were far from upset from this turn of events however, for as soon as they regained their footing and senses, they quickly realized something... They had all become perfect



Dorotheas themselves! Previously, the Dorothea transformation was not an entirely accurate process. Most Dorotheas remained a little bit different, sometimes too tall or too short, sometimes too fat or too skinny. Only a very select group of Dorotheas could even dream of achieving the perfect Dorothea body. But after releasing all of that pent up essence, the duo of Dorotheas had unlocked the key! Now every Dorothea could be perfect! Now they were all exactly the same! The mere revelation was enough to make several Dorotheas cum on the spot, and those who did not quickly rushed towards the nearest Dorothea in order to share this blissful information.

As for the shockwave itself, the aftershock of Dorothea essence continued to slowly spread out through Garreg Mach, carrying on its transformative energies towards unsuspecting victims...