

DRILL SHEPHERD

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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The ruins had appeared so suddenly that they couldn't not explore them. It wasn't as if they'd been unearthed, having existed beneath the ground the whole time. No, these ruins had just appeared beneath the soils of Ylisse one day, an entrance way appearing on the city outskirts. Chrom, leading the kingdom, had barred civilian entry of course, but it was only a matter of time before they had to enter.

That was why a small party was assembled, consisting of Chrom himself, his sister Lissa, and the tactician Robin. The three of them had fought many difficult battles in the past, overcoming even Grima itself, so there was no more competent of a team than this.

Fast forward to an hour into the expedition. Robin found his vision blurred as he lifted his head off the ground, head pounding as disorientation clouded his ability to process the circumstances. The space around him was dark, but the dim light of something running through the walls seemed to keep things from being pitch black.

The young man slowly rose to his feet, eyes squinting as he attempted to make heads or tails of what had happened. Neither Chrom nor Lissa seemed to be nearby, but looking up a large in the ceiling made his own origins apparent. **“So I fell through...?”** This realization provoked a recollection.

They'd traversed the first few floors of the ruins without any trouble. They were miraculous, and the technology within was of the likes the group of them had never seen before. A level that sent electricity through the walls and to little lights had been pulled by Lissa and then...

The ground had given out beneath them! That was right! Had the royal siblings landed elsewhere? If so they had to be nearby. Robin had landed in a long corridor that was still under the influence of the surging electricity. The pale blue glow was flowing in one direction, towards what looked to be a panel beside a pair of steel doors. If the others had good sense they'd follow the lights as well.

So after brushing himself off, Robin had made his way to the panel. It was electronic which, while obvious to someone from our world, certainly was a mystery to a man of fantasy origins like him. The best he could liken it to was a bright, moving portrait. He didn't really seem to understand it was the door controls.

Until he reached out and touched it, that was. A surge of electricity jumped from the panel and into his fingertips. It was painful and alarming, but the signals jumped right to his head and the knowledge of technology he'd never seen before seemed to surface aggressively. "**Just what is going on here? This isn't magic?**"

It was like a big, wide world had been opened for him. There was information flowing in that didn't make a lick of sense. Gigantic, steel monsters, imagery of troops being pushed to the brink at his request, a longing for... *marriage*? He shook his head and turned his attention back to the device. It required a code, and he just so happened to know it for some reason, and said door opened up.

Common sense would have suggested just walking through, but something at the back of his mind told him 'there's no going back after this'. Robin didn't quite appreciate the sentiment behind this internal warning, thinking he was expecting the door to just close.

He didn't think it meant '*there's no going back to being myself*'.

The young man was very quickly made aware of his mistake when he finally stepped through, however. It was like every molecule of his body was on fire, an effect he recognized as stepping into an electromagnetic field -- more knowledge that didn't quite belong with his usual tactical prowess. Turning around and leaving the room was the safest strategy, but with a whoosh the mechanical door closed behind him, and with no panel nearby he seemed to be trapped.

But the lights in the room came on. One at a time, electricity from the walls surged into iridescent bulbs above and cast the space alight. What he saw was both difficult to believe and something that stirred a feeling of nostalgia -- two very opposite sensations.

It was an airship hanger. In the center of the room was a huge, steel beast nestled in a boarding platform. He recognized it as his own airship despite never seen it before, a remnant of The Society from before he'd made his escape. The *what? When?*

Mesmerized by the sight before him, one could hardly blame Robin from not realizing just how deep this rabbit hole went, and the fact that the extent to which it was affecting him was now taking physical root as well. It was very quickly seen in his head of white hair, which was gradually darkening to raven black while getting longer at the sides and in the back. Before long it would fall *well* past his hood.

His clothing was beginning to feel vaguely uncomfortable too, but he just chalked it up to the strange burning sensation caused by the electromagnetic field. It was an effect of the field, but it wasn't just a harmless feeling. Not as his waistline was dipping beneath his cloak, the sides of Robin's stomach pinching inwards to give his torso a gentle slope. It wasn't so gentle as things rounded his hips however, not with how hip bones reverberated outward and tested the waistband of his pants. Thankfully they were loose fitting to begin with.

“Is this really mine? I've never seen a ship like this in my life, but I feel like I have the knowledge to fly it...” Even as he brought his fingers to his chin in thought, he did not notice how said fingers were looking both longer and more refined, nails long but brought to a perfect trim. Hands looked absolutely feminine, but there was a roughness to them too. They showed plenty of experience.

Obscured by his sleeves, the changes to his arms were pretty blatant as well. He'd actually become more muscular considering as a tactician he wasn't exactly lifting heavy objects, but arms had become slender despite their muscles. They closed in on shoulders that seemed to skim closer and closer to his neckline, one that missing an Adam's apple very clearly at that.

When he cleared his throat, any gruff quality to his voice was essentially gone, left with a mature but womanly hum. **“That's strange. Have I always sounded like this?”** No, he definitely sounded like a mature woman. As much as he wanted to approach the airship, he'd been firmly rooted in place as if his subconscious wanted whatever was happening to finish its business first.

He could feel a draft against his ankles, oddly enough, as despite the fact that his pants normally covered them they'd risen a little. It wasn't a problem with the pants so much as it was a problem with his legs: the bone had certainly extended to give him several additional inches of height. **“Is my body shifting to match these memories? If so, I**

suppose it isn't all that bad." Robin likely shouldn't have just been accepting such a thing, but he was being made to. His brain was being wired to accept this as an inevitability, that the form he was taking was one he was *meant* to take. It was jarring, but all he could do was shake his head of long, black hair as his physiology continued to deform.

A swelling in his chest brought one of his effeminate hands to press against the cloth of his cloak. His memories had already identified his destiny as that of a woman, but he still couldn't help but be surprised as the flesh bulged out with such vigor. It wasn't a fair chest size in the cards for him, but as orbs became copious and he could feel large, erect nipples even through two layers of clothing, it was clear that this would be a pair to rival, if not overcome Tharja's own.

Who was Tharja again? When had they met? Was she a cadet?

Breasts were given a squeeze, and since they were freshly grown they'd felt surprisingly sensitive, forcing Robin to let out a needy moan that echoed in the large, enclosed room. It was fortunate no one else seemed to be around to hear it, nor the moans that came after.

Because he'd buckled forward thanks to what could only be assumed to be a loss of his manhood. The dick that had grown erected from the stimulation of his surging breasts was receding with great haste, and the feeling of his balls being drawn into her pussy just to recede into the walls of this new hole was not something that could be described as pleasant. Yet, as her plumbing became more and more absolute it seemed to send vibrations of pleasure throughout her body, bringing her to rub swollen thighs together. When had they gotten so *big* and *taut*? They were so plentiful that it didn't take much for them to cause friction.

But Robin found it in herself to find her composure again, a stricter personality demanding her to. If anyone were to see this side of her... it would bring great shame.

Her physical features would inevitably reach a conclusion, and that conclusion's origins were first seen by the emergence of two fuzzy animal ears from atop her head. They weren't like a Taguel's at all -- then again, she couldn't remember what a Taguel was. Fur dyed black to match her long hair, they were typical of the Erune race. *Her* race. A narrower jaw line and plumper lips ultimately emerged, eyes fading to brown as the last of her old memories plummeted.

"Ilsa! Whoa! You're wearing something weird too!" A voice that was familiar but shouldn't have been echoed through the indoor hangar, and Robin -- no, her name was Ilsa -- immediately gave a serious

expression to a girl with long blonde hair, also dressed in clothes that didn't suit her. She always expected Beatrix to be in blue, but right now she was practically wearing a male warrior's gear. **"Eustace is in the hall back there but refuses to come out. Something about wearing a dress?"** Zeta was as nonchalant as ever, it seemed.

"I'm sure he'll sort it out. We should have a change of clothes on the ship." Ilsa didn't really understand what was happening herself. They'd been at their temporary base after the collapse of The Society, but suddenly the entire structure had been sent underground somewhere. An enemy trap, or...? **"We need to travel to the surface and scout the nearest town for information. Get changed and we'll head out ASAP."**

Why did she have a strange sense of deja vu?