

MY DAILY SOLDIER LIFE AS A MONSTER GIRL

CHAPTER 2: COPY CULTURE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Night had settled down within Askr, and Prince Alfonse was wandering the castle grounds in casual wear. It was almost midnight, but something had been keeping him occupied. More specifically – his sister had yet to return from her trip into town. Her absence was strange, because whether she was scatterbrained or not, she was at least punctual when it came to returning to the castle for dinner.

In all likelihood, he assumed she had gotten caught up with aiding a citizen. But the worst case scenario kept creeping up in the back of his mind, that something had happened to her. No, he couldn't think like that. If such a thing had occurred, it would've happened in front of the villagers. There was no way it wouldn't have been reported to him and the castle guard.

But he also wasn't aware of the secret pathway that Sharena took home to know that there was a place where she couldn't be observed.

After speaking with one of the castle guards to reassure himself that there was no new news to speak of, he adjourned for courtyard. The night air was cool, but he wanted to clear his mind and always loved the view of the stars. What he had not expected, was to find someone else out there. **“Prince Alfonse? What is troubling you so late at night?”**

The voice belonged to a girl, one hidden within the darkness of the unlit courtyard. She sounded quite young – a daughter of one of the maids?

They *did* live on the grounds. Regardless, he had no reason to distrust a voice that young, even if he could not hear her. **“My sister Sharena has been missing, and I’m beginning to grow worried.”**

The girl chuckled. **“I know where she is. Would you like me to show you?”** It was an invitation that sounded too good to be true, but she was taking advantage of his worry and his good nature. She knew full well what his response would be. Because she *knew him*.

“You do!? Yes, take me to her immediately!” Admittedly, the Backbeard hiding within the darkness didn’t need to go to such lengths. She could have simply pounced on him from the darkness. But her personality had been distorted, she found it more amusing to play with her victims.

“I’m so glad, your highness!” Mustering the cutesiest voice she could manage, her single, red eye began to glow. Contacting the prince’s own gaze, he was hypnotized immediately. The last thing the prince could see before he momentarily blacked out was a one-eyed girl stepping out of the shadows and handing him a candy of some sort.

When Alfonse came to once more, he was standing in the exact same place he had been. Memories of speaking with someone lingered, but for some reason they felt more like a dream than anything. More curiously, the taste of fresh strawberries clung to the roof of his mouth. Had he eaten something? Dinner had been so long ago, and as he’d been worried about Sharena he hadn’t consumed all that much. So where did this flavor come from?

Not afforded much time to ponder this, shortly after his awareness returned, he was immediately punched in the gut. Not *literally*, but a burning pain flared up from within his tummy, and it felt as if a strange energy began to radiate outwards from that point. So strange, in fact, that it burned away the casual clothing he was wearing, leaving him both naked and confused. **“What in the heavens!? Where did my clothing go!?”**

Considering he was standing within the night’s chill of his own castle’s courtyard, Alfonse had plenty of reason to fear getting caught in his birthday suit. Cause aside, he had the right mind to lunge towards the nearest pillar to conceal himself. Except... *he couldn’t*. **“My feet!?”** Looking down past his junk, there didn’t appear to be anything *wrong* with them. They just felt too heavy to move, and any attempt made to lift them ended in futility.

“Did I actually eat something? Some kind of poison!?” Could poison remove your clothing though? That was an unlikely scenario at best, and impossible at worst. But if something had been consumed, why was it that he couldn’t recall? Was there a gap in his memory, or were these strange goings on simply making him paranoid?

Regardless of what the young prince *wanted* to think, the reality of his predicament was that it would defy his expectations if he did know, much less took note of what was now unfurling across his fleshy form. Such as, for example, how the corners of his ears were being stretched out and slightly backwards, drawn into deceptively elvish forms that concealed their truer nature.

In the meantime, the prince’s blue eyes had begun to glow dully midst the darkness. This supernatural light reflected their natural color, at least for a time, but the lights began to flicker, swapping back and forth between different colors that reflected the shades of his irises. Blue, red, purple. Blue, red, purple. Until they stopped changed, and that blue was entirely removed. On the other hand, but the red and purple remained, each color claiming a separate eye – red on the right, and purple on the left.

As of this discoloration phenomenon was becoming a trend, or at least the elimination of anything *blue* on his person, the tips of his hair began to shift in tone as well. He already had some blonde mixed among his ends considering his parents, but even that blonde was overwritten by a pastel *pink*, the color indulging its length all of the way down to his roots before a crawling feeling across his scalp accompanied a prompt and sudden growth of his mane. Locks quickly cascaded outwards, framing his forehead sloppily in the front, while dangling as far down as his rear end in the back – each strand incredibly soft to the touch, and with a bonus ahoge dangling down from his head’s dead center.

In fact, the moment that ahoge sprouted, there was a dramatic shift in Alfonse’s personality. It was like, all of a sudden, he stopped caring about much of anything. He’d taken note of the hair for example, but he couldn’t help but admire its soft pastel color than find any reason to panic. Even as a sense of inertia claimed him, and his natural height began to plummet, he could only smile almost mischievously.

Deep down? *Something* was building. He wanted to release it, but he was fighting it for he did not understand why he was compelled to do it. Once his height bottomed out at five feet tall, though, a little piece of it seeped out. **“Kya!?”** Chirping like a maiden, the beginning of a *giggle* sounded. Nothing was funny nor amusing, but he *really* wanted to laugh.

Still fighting this compulsion, additional work ran across his frame. He was stripped of the muscle he'd tirelessly worked so he could fight upon the battlefield; days, weeks, months, and years spent training erased over the matter of a few seconds, leaving arms and legs scrawny, and his bare belly lithe. While that tummy did end up earning some definition in the end, it was only because an invisible force had pinched his waistline and shoved it inward against itself.

Although this did have the unusual side effect of likewise forcing his hips to expand in width. "**Whee!?**" Again, an amused and maiden-like sound echoed from his lips – lips that, even closed, appeared far plumper than they ever had. Not only that, but his eyes were wider, his lashes were longer, and his nose was quite notably smaller. If not for his dick and lack of breasts, he could easily be mistaken for a young woman as he was.

Though... if he were counting his chickens on that one, he'd best stop.

The cheeks of his derriere had begun to peek out behind him, their definition enhanced almost like putty being molded in real time. Weight was applied to this ass of his, pale flesh jiggling as it became far more sizable, and eventually? Any excess made its way down to his thighs, where their girth denied the existence of the notable thigh gap that had formed when his thighs had parted.

"**Ngh! Uncomfy!**" The issue? As he couldn't move his feet still, he could not part his legs. This meant that the excess weight that brought his thighs to a much plumper shape was now bearing down on his dick from both sides, crushing it painfully between a pair of shapely, feminine legs. At least, until, it began to wriggle out of nowhere, and that discomfort disappeared entirely in exchange for a weird, hollow feeling between *her* thighs. Complete with a cute, little bush of pubic hair! But she wasn't shocked at all! It felt right of course! Was she not a girl?

...She wasn't? That's a silly thing to say!

After all, one couldn't really deny the breasts that sprouted upon her chest. Nipples firm and rosy red, their blooming paved the way for a swelling beneath, seeing tender flesh flourish with plump renown that jiggled as if it were dancing while reaching for a sizing not too different from the size of her head. At worst, they could be counted among a very abundant D-cup sizing, destined to jiggle at every juncture.

Another giggle was withheld as her torso swayed from side to side, and with it these breasts bounced among the chilly night air. It was almost so cold that she wanted to shield herself, or at least get dressed, and

fortunately a solution for both wants arose. The reason for her lower immobility was made apparent, for the next she looked down she was standing in a chest. No... that was wrong! The chest itself was a *part of her*, as were the pink tentacles that lashed out from within. In fact, the entire chest was laced with these tentacles, but at the base...? She had no feet. The chest, rife with intimidating fangs, *was* her lower half, which made moving around a little difficult.

“Hup!” As if she’d done it a million times, she allowed herself to fall into the chest, the lid closing before the contained shook around violently for a few moments. When it opened once more though, she popped back out. Now? Clad in a pink and blue bikini, with a white and blue striped, translucent, long-sleeved top draped over her torso. This was much warmer! Though... wasn’t she forgetting something?



“Kyahaha!” The girl could no longer stifle the mischievous giggle that had been building up within her from the very moment her transformation had begun, and she through her back backwards against the toothy maw of the chest that was an extension of her body. **“Actually, this is kind of boring! I wanna give someone some scares!”** *Mimi*, being a Mimic, it was within her nature to want to surprise others. Lulling others into thinking she was just a treasure chest, only to jump out

and smother them with her warm body? It was the best!

A large part of her had a feeling she had wanted to go somewhere really desperately, but she couldn’t remember where or why. Rather... wouldn’t it be fun to pretend to be a chest here? This was outside a castle! Someone would surely try to open her up, and then... *BOO!* Going with this idea instead, the bikini-clad mimic finally curled up within her own chest, the top closing to hide even its fangs. **“Kyahaha...!”** She was cracking up already, just thinking about the look on the face of the poor sap she’d eventually freak out.

It was too bad that a Backbeard girl would stumble upon her first and take her back to their base of operations before she could!