

[Symphogear Ganguro TF]

It was a quiet night. A pleasant night. After all the troubles those seven had gone through, it was a well-deserved quiet. From dealing with the moon and the issues that arose from it to the alchemists that tried to destroy the world in each their own way. The seven Symphogear wielders had earned their time off.

So why was it that Kazanari Tsubasa was out and about, seemingly worried out of her mind? Well, there was quite a simple reason for that. A little bird had whispered into her ear, talking about a relic that was originally intended for her former partner in Zwei Wing. A relic that would've had much more compatibility with her, that might've saved her.

The cold night air rushed past her as she drove towards the location she had been sent. An abandoned warehouse near the sea. Where she would presumably find what she was searching for. It's not that she hadn't moved past the fact that her partner died for hers and Tachibana's sake. It was the fact that, if she didn't do this, then somebody was bound to use it for something malicious. She had reason to think that way as well, considering the follies that her many enemies had gotten up to over the years.

She soon came to a stop, dismounting her bike as she started rubbing her hands together to keep them warm. "This should be the place. The place where they're keeping the Relic meant for Kanade." Tsubasa muttered to herself as she adjusted her outfit slightly to make sure it fit on properly before she stepped inside. She didn't know what could be in there, but she didn't plan on being caught without her guard up. That's why she had brought her own Gear, just in case things went south.

The air within the warehouse was tense and stale. As if it had been closed off for literal centuries. It didn't make sense. Why would it feel like this? Unless...

"An enemy?" The blue-haired girl grasped ahold of her relic as she spun around to try and see if she could find the culprit behind not only the message she had received but the person behind the vibe this place gave off. It was uncomfortable, disgusting, and she wanted to fix it as soon as possible.

A sound echoed throughout the mostly empty building. The sound of clapping, drawing Tsubasa's attention towards it. She immediately laid her eyes upon a person that looked more than suspicious enough, given the robe that covered them from head to toe. Not to mention the many symbols that covered up her form. "Impressive, Tsubasa. You actually came, straight towards my trap. Didn't you learn anything over these last few years?"

The voice was... familiar? She didn't understand why, but there was a certain tomboyish intonation to it, that sounded so painfully similar to somebody from her past. Her mind wasn't playing along either, as it decided to block off her memories at this crucial moment... "Who are you? Reveal your identity, and surrender. I am here for the Relic, not to be a toy to some villain yet again." She firmly stated as she squeezed her relic harder.

"Some villain? What, is that really what you're going to say about a friend?"

Tsubasa's eyes widened as the hooded figure revealed herself, and that red mane could not be any less striking. She knew exactly what she was looking at, even if she had hoped it wouldn't be the case. The memories came flooding back as the figure approached, smiling in the same friendly manner she always had... "H-How..? How are you..."

The figure... was Amou Kanade. Her partner. The one that perished in her arms all that time ago...

"Gotcha." Kanade said as she grabbed ahold of the blue-haired girl's arms, squeezing them tight as energy started channeling through her hands. Seconds passed, and the heroine suddenly caught on fire, causing her to collapse in pain. Her ability to transform had been stripped thanks to the fact that the flames would consume the oxygen that she needed to breathe...

And yet, something about the flames felt off. For one, they didn't hurt... they were just abnormally warm. As if their only use was to burn things, without the damage usually associated with fire. Or at least, that's what she thought, but then she felt that heat resounding within her heart...

It was then that Kanade threw off her robe, revealing that she had gone through quite the makeover since her resurrection. Instead of the pale skin and the beautiful idol outfit that she once wore, she was instead dressed as a common street whore. From the loose red mini-shirt that barely covered up her bosom to the toothpick-thick mini-shorts that did nothing to cover up the crack between her asscheeks and the stockings that did nothing to hide her legs, yet everything to emphasize how thick they had gotten... Not to mention her completely tanned skin tone, with most of her exposed skin being covered in black tribal-like tattoos to make her look more than a little ridiculous...

"You know, Alchemists can do some really wicked things. Do you know how they made Noise into their very own weapons? Turns out, you can take dead humans and turn them into Alca-Noise just the same way." The redheaded dark-skinned girl grinned as her eyes briefly flashed, revealing that her irises had taken on the same square-like pattern that the Noise was known for. Which just made her look even creepier.

Tsubasa tried to get back up, gasping as she felt short of breath due to the flames stealing her oxygen... "You... You're not Kanade, she'd never do something like this..." She muttered in disbelief, using what little air she had left. Even as she felt the heat overwhelm her body. It was too much, way too much for an untransformed human to endure.

"Something like getting her friend back on her side, as her Idol partner?" Kanade replied as she pulled something out from her cleavage. A shard, much like the one her friend wore around her neck. "Because that's why I did all of this. I don't want to destroy the world or anything, why do you think I went through all this trouble to isolate you and you alone? I could've worked with the Alchemists that made me if that was my plan." The tomboyish

ganguro girl laughed as she clenched her empty fist. "Nah. I punched the living daylights out of them the second I got. Then I looted this thing and started putting two and two together..."

She sighed, as she stared down at her friend with disappointment in her eyes. "Then I find out you've left me behind, found a new partner and everything. Don't get me wrong that Maria girl is cute and all, but that still hurts, you know?" The Noise-eyed monster kneeled to look at her friend in the eye a little closer. "So, I'm going to make sure you can't go back to her. We're remaking Zwei Wing, right here, right now."

The blue-haired girl gasped, wanting to speak up but the flames prevented any words from leaving her mouth. Her eyes were starting to blur at that, making it a wonder that she was still staying conscious. The only thing she really could do was try to throw a punch directly at her former friend's face...

A punch that was caught with ease, as Kanade planted a kiss on the back of her hand. "Relax, Tsubasa. You'll grow to like being like me. Here." The redheaded girl didn't seem bothered by the way she lashed out, as she gently handed over the relic in her hand over to her friend...

"Hel Lävatein loki zizzl..."

The soft holy song reverberated throughout Tsubasa's head as she felt the Relic sinking into her palm. It was as if a million needles were being stabbed through her body, at the same time as the fire continued to eat away at her. The onslaught from two fronts wasn't a coincidence, as the warm sensations slithered into her body through the 'holes' that the needle-like sensations had poked in her skin.

As the Relic started synchronizing with her heart, she could feel her form trembling all over. The flames started to sink into her skin as it slowly got dyed to match the same color as her resurrected friend's. That very same tanned shade that made her look like a foreigner. All of her clothes burnt off, leaving her completely naked so that her new skin tone could properly settle, which just made it look that much more absurd.

But it wasn't just there to look absurd. There was a specific appeal to a look like this. She could feel every individual tattoo being proverbially scorched onto her body, making her look lewder and lewder, especially as some of them emphasized her hips and her breasts. None of them were as striking or as humiliating as the Zwei Wing tattoos that were added both across her entire back, as well as right above her ass and her pussy to make the twin wings look like pseudo-tramp stamps...

Once her body had finished synchronizing, then came her outfit. Normally, when she was synchronizing with a Gear, she'd be equipped in an outfit prepared for combat. But this Relic, the accursed burning Lävatein, was designed for something else. It was designed to destroy. And not in an overt manner, either. No, it would enhance one of her greatest qualities and use it to destroy society through it. Well, 'Destroy' was such a harsh word, but the basic concept would still apply.

In this case, her singing and her status as an idol. She could feel a set of see-through stockings slowly slide onto her thighs, making a light snap as the bands clung to her tender skin. A pair of pants that matched Kanade's, as well as a top in the same style quickly appeared on her torso, the only difference being the blue color over her friend's red... And finally, to cap off the simple yet killer outfit, she could feel a thong slowly riding up her ass, to really add emphasis to her feminine features. The ones that she had neglected all this time, as a sentinel of the state...

"You're looking like a fine piece of work now, Tsubasa. What do you say, wanna join me in Zwei Wing again?" Her wonderful friend asked once more, as she held out her hand for the grounded gangurofied girl. She really did want to be together with her again, if the longing expression on her face was anything to go by.

As much as she wanted to accept the offer, some part of Tsubasa still retained rationality. She was signing away her livelihood and her life as a human if she did so. "I... I can't, Kanade..." She muttered, a single tear running down her darkened cheek. Despite how her body had been corrupted, her mind was still keeping together.

Kanade merely smiled, as she whispered three words into the blue-haired girl's ear. "Burn her, Noise."

Immediately, an overwhelming series of sounds filled the poor girl's head, causing her to scream out now that the flames didn't consume the air around her. All thoughts were turning to dust. The resurrected wielder had completely neglected to mention that the Relic that she had forced Tsubasa to fuse to was the very same Relic that was used as a conduit for her resurrection as an Alca-Noise hybrid. Which meant that it had every function that normal Noise did.

The blue-haired ganguro girl fell limp seconds later, as most of her mind had been turned to ash from the noise flickering around inside of her mind. Then, a spark was lit inside of her mind. The flame from the accursed Relic. A lustful flame, as a moan left her lips... "Haaah... W-What did I say..? I can't...? Bullshit, of course! I want to be with you, Kanade!" She shouted, her passion for the redhead reignited by the Relic, which would serve as the sole thing that would drive her from this point onward.

"That's more like it! Welcome back, Tsubasa!" Kanade laughed as she pulled up her fellow Ganguro, kissing her across the cheek as a pair of matching wing tattoos appeared on their cheeks in the process. One blue wing for Tsubasa's left cheek, and one red wing for Kanade's right cheek. The final step that would forever bind the two, regardless of what would happen to them in the future...

The two girls embraced one another, as they started giggling. Their bodies caught fire, as the power of the Relic started running out of control, taking the warehouse with it. Nobody would realize they had been here, and nobody would be able to find them until they wanted

to be found. They didn't care, they had one another, and they were going to catch up on these long years without one another...

When the world would see them next, things would be quite different. They couldn't wait to make their grand debut...

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[Jōtaider Love/Bond-based Corruption]

The light shone down on the road on the edge of town. The road that got trampled on every day as the many students rushed their way to the town center, so they could make it to school. There was only a single girl that didn't follow this pattern, a girl that stared into the ground as she walked.

She was the young Fushimi Mikai. Currently feeling a bout of depression from several factors, most importantly her disillusioned look at the world. She couldn't understand why she didn't feel like she fit in, but she really didn't. She just wanted to go, try to escape and make things right... Maybe disappear even. Anything to feel like she actually fit...

As she continued to walk down the road, getting caught in her depressive thoughts like she normally would, she suddenly bumped into somebody. "W-" She muttered in disbelief as she collapsed onto her butt from the recoil, rubbing at the side of her thigh as she looked up at the person who had blocked her path.

Immediately, the young girl started blushing all over. The sandy blonde girl couldn't believe her eyes as she scanned the woman all over. A figure that impressive, dressed in an outfit that more properly fit that of some sort of... queen of evil? That's the takeaway she gathered from the black outfit plus the kingly cape. It was a little excessive, but ultimately it served to pull her out of her current recursive mindset, just from the way it struck.

"My oh my. What do we have here?" The older woman clad in black, gold and red smiled as she knelt down, feathers dropping onto the ground as her cape blew in the wind. "You seem like a potent young lady. One with so much power that's just waiting to be tapped into, the kind that could burst forth at any point. But you seem so lost, just the same. Perhaps you'd like to have a little talk? I may be able to help you with the issues that plague you. And in turn, you may be able to help me."

Mikai was... more than a little confused at what was going on, as she nodded slowly. The thought of somebody listening to her was enough to make her curious. She just didn't know how she'd be able to help such a strange woman in exchange. "Well... I... Don't feel like I belong in this world. I feel as if it's slipping from my fingers with every passing day if I ever try something new on my own..."

As the young girl started unloading her worries, her stress and the things that ailed her, she found herself being pulled into the older woman's arms, letting her rest against her rather

voluptuous bosom. It made her pause for a moment, only for the mysterious blonde woman to motion for her to continue. "Keep going. I was just trying to make you more comfortable. You seem very passionate about the topic of what ails you."

"Heh... Passionate..." The sandy blonde girl replied as she pushed against the breasts that supported her head. "I mean, I can call this passionate in some way, yeah... but it's more just... I want to feel like I belong. If I knew how or where I belonged, then maybe I could do something. Prove that I'm worth something, prove that being born was worth it. I just don't know if I really had that worth, or if I'll ever have that worth. but..."

The young girl continued to prattle on and on, only to be quietly silenced by the older woman that held her close. "You're not as bad as you think you may be, Mikai." She spoke as if she knew her from somewhere. "In fact, that passion for a place to belong is so powerful. If you stand by it and listen to it devotedly, then you can get anywhere in life. You just need to listen closely until it shows you the way." The strange woman's advice ran throughout the younger girl's head.

Did... Did Passion really make her stronger? Was she right? What reason did she have to believe that she wasn't? Did she have any reason to believe that she was? How did she even know her name? Had she met her before? Those questions rushed through the young girl's mind as she looked around with a mild panic on her face... before she took a deeper breath, trying to set everything straight.

"You're troubled, Mikai. You don't need to think so much about what comes ahead. Focus on what's in the present, and you'll grow. That's all you need to do." The older woman's soft words graced her ears, and immediately she started melting. It was as if everything that could possibly cause her trouble just... washed away.

And with it, so did parts of her moral core. Her passion was gradually igniting within her, as she felt her heart beating at an increased tempo... "W-What's... What's going on..?" She asked, not because she was frightened... but because of the power that rushed to her hands. It was bewildering, not frightening...

The woman smiled as she gently held the younger girl's hands. "That, my dear Mikai... Is your passion. The thing that will let you take the world by storm, let you claim your own place in life. You've felt so aimless, so lost. So why don't you just take a proper place instead of letting yourself be completely left behind?" She explained as she planted a kiss on the sandy blonde girl's cheek before she pulled back. That kiss would serve as a trigger, and in a few short moments...

Mikai's eyes flashed red as she felt her entire body getting caught in a proverbial storm. Everything was getting blurry, the feeling in her chest intensified while it felt as if her limbs were about to be torn off by the pull on her limbs...! Everything was going completely off rails... And yet, at the very same time, she never felt better. Her words were right. She could take her place in the world like this. As if she had never been left behind, or never felt out of place.

The sensations died down, and the only thing that proved that things had changed... was a glow in her eyes. A determined, passionate glow that wouldn't be put out by anything. She could feel the power rushing through her, now tamed by her fixated passion. She was absolutely ready. She just needed to point that passion in the right direction.

"How do you feel, Mikai?" The older woman asked, as she slowly trailed a hand along the side of her waist. "You've grown a splendid Malignant. Real passionate energy, the likes of which that I have never seen before..." She continued, prompting a slight head tilt from the young girl, who hadn't realized that she had been corrupted...

"I... Don't follow? What's a Malignant, exactly?" The sandy blonde asked, only to receive a slight boop on her nose, and a smile from the older woman. A smile that told her that everything would be alright.

The strange woman stepped away from the younger girl as her eyes started glowing. "Listen to me, Mikai. Focus on the feeling inside of you. That strength you've now achieved. I want you to focus on it and let it run wild, so you can see the power of passion when it's been nurtured to the point where nothing can stand against it. Come on, try it."

Mikai blinked, still not quite understanding the point of that spiel, but she still did as she was asked. She took a deep breath and focused on her passion. The passion of wanting to fit in...

The sound of glass shattering inside of her echoed throughout her head as she suddenly let out a scream, a wild rupture of dark energies releasing from her body as it covered her from head to toe. Draping her in a brand new outfit, a brand new form that could take advantage of her intensified passion...

Once the energies disappeared, the young girl who didn't have a single friend or anywhere to belong, now wore an outfit so striking that nobody would ignore her. A white bodysuit that covered up every part of her body, barring her head. The only thing that she needed to stand out, was the heart plastered on her torso that emphasized her chest. With this simple change in attire, nobody would dare look away from her... because they wouldn't be able to. Not when she was done with them.

"I... I..!" Mikai laughed a little... before she took off, not even waiting for the strange woman to explain anything else. She got way too excited, way too fast. How adorable.

With a brief smile, the strange woman disappeared into nothing. She had different things to attend to... like the other vectors of passion that dotted the city. They too needed her help. And they would fall, just like the young lonely girl had.

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It had barely been an hour since the young sandy blonde had been changed... and already, she had been running amock. Powerless to stop somebody with that much passion running wild, most of the people she ran into were changed into suited girls just like her. Their place in the world didn't matter any longer, as long as they had love in their hearts... as long as they could be with the people that they adored!

At the moment, Mikai was giggling as she skipped down the street. She had just converted somebody else by bonding with them, and she was in such a good mood as a result. The best mood she had ever been in, it was the best. But it could get even better, as she noticed somebody up ahead. A young girl that she had seen glimpses of ever since she started attending high school.

A black-haired girl that stood in her way, with both of her arms outstretched. "Stop! You can't go past me!" The girl, Watanabe Yumeko, seemed so defiant, despite her weak-looking frame in comparison to the 'monster' that she was staring down. Such a brave act...

But it wasn't worth it, as the bodysuited girl put her hands on her cheeks, smiling from ear to ear. "I don't want to go past you, Yumeko. I want you to come with me instead. It'll be great, just the two of us, together. With nothing to worry about, not even a role to fill in the world. Doesn't it sound nice?" Her words were like syrup, her eyes flashing red as they turned into hearts.

Before Yumeko had a chance to respond, she felt something piercing her chest, puncturing its way through her heart. Looking downward, she could see a chain striking into her chest, quite literally binding the two girls together on a physical level. And the emotional level was not far behind, as every pulse from the suited girl's heart caused her heart to beat in tandem. She gasped as her cheeks flushed red and she slowly grew limp in the other girl's hands...

"That's it, Yumeko. Just relax. We're friends now. We'll be friends forever and ever. Free from the world that wouldn't bring us together. Free from responsibilities that would stop us. It's wonderful..." Mikai giggled, her words dripping with love as the pulses from her literal bond started spreading a white substance across on the entirety of the bonded girl's body, making her outfit match the passionate sandy blonde's.

The formerly brave girl giggled as she wrapped her arm around her new friend, kissing her on the cheek as the two of them started walking down the street. "Friends forever... But we've got so many more friends to make now, don't we?" The converted girl chimed as her eyes turned into hearts, signifying her fall to the bodysuited girl's powers...

With this power to make bonds made manifest, Mikai was set for life. She wouldn't feel out of place any longer... Especially not with her new friends by her side!

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[Womb Tattoo-based Brainwashing]

The sun shone in through the tiny window, illuminating a young woman's room. Today was her very special day, and she was getting dressed for the occasion. It wasn't every day that you got married, after all. Much less to a man that you loved from the bottom of your heart.

"Ah, Richard..." The bride-to-be, Natasha, smiled to herself. She was so happy, she just couldn't help herself. She twirled back and forth in front of her body-sized mirror, giggling as she imagined the two of them walking down the aisle, sighing to herself as her heart practically throbbed out of her chest, that's how hard it was beating.

But not everyone was pleased with how things were going. Not at all. She knew one person that wouldn't be. Her friend of many years, and an enthusiast in the darker aspects of life. Cordelia. She always looked at her with those strangely hopeful eyes, longing for her touch and her presence. She humored her for so long, but she started getting a little overly touchy as the years went on. Eventually, she couldn't take it any longer. She had to stop it. So she told her to get lost and never show up ever again, lest she ends up with more than a verbal rejection.

Natasha pulled on the sides of her wedding dress, admiring how nicely it clung to her tall frame. Standing at an impressive six feet and two inches, she was almost amazonian in her beauty. With her slightly tanned skin tone, her hip-length black hair and her bountiful F Cup breasts, she was one to admire if you were just looking at beauty. She thought for a brief moment about her former friend, wondering if that was why she longed after her so much... only to shake her head to try and rid her mind of the awful woman. "No longer, I refuse to give her my headspace." The bride-to-be was firm in her declaration...

"Oh? You refuse to give who your headspace, dear Natasha?"

The bride whipped around to see the woman she thought she had banished. The lavender-haired woman that looked at her with such a longing stare, as if those days where they had been friends never ended. "Cordelia. I thought I made myself clear when you overstepped your boundaries. I do not want you anywhere near here, ever again. Do not make me call for Richard, he will surely deal with you more than I ever could." Her tone was grave, and her words dripped with barely concealed anger. What a frightening woman, when faced with something she disliked.

Cordelia merely laughed in response as she stepped closer, not phased by the threats. "My oh my, you're still this upset? Come now, Natasha. Do you not remember the fun times we've had over the years? The times where you submitted to my love and curled up on my lap like a lost little puppy? Do you remember that? Or perhaps I have to remind you of the times you tried to gain my support, so you didn't feel like you were alone in the world?" This was one of the reasons why the bride had grown to hate her so. She knew exactly how to twist the knife and make her feel guilty over her past actions...

Natasha clicked her tongue and turned away from the wicked woman. "Leave me, Cordelia. I told you once, I needn't tell you again." The brunette firmly said as she started brushing through her hair, making sure it would be as clean as it could be. Only for the intruding

woman to grab her by the wrists and pull her into a close hug. "L-Let me go, you awful witch!"

"You really don't know when to shut your mouth, dear. You know you can't possibly fight back against me. And you think you can keep me away from you, by using that bastard as protection? You're a bigger fool than I ever thought you could be." The lavender-haired, purple-clad woman's voice turned grave and chilling as she leaned close to that pretty face, the face she wanted to sully and claim as her own for all eternity... And she had just the way to do so, too. "Very well. Let me show you what I can do, now that you decide to call me a mere 'witch'."

Before the bride had a chance to fight back, she was tossed onto the bed near the back of the room, leaving her hair in an awful condition while her dress was starting to look rather unkempt. "You..!" She cried out as she tried to climb off the bed and throw a punch at her former friend, forgoing any sense of kindness or class. There were times where a girl like her needed to stand up for herself, and this was clearly one of those times.

Or so she thought before she found her arms and her legs bound to each corner of the bed. All thanks to a couple of chains that magically manifested thanks to the powers that Cordelia kept at her disposal. "Really, you should've thought about challenging a witch. I wanted to keep this nice and simple, where I wouldn't need to use any of my powers. But you've forced my hand, dear Natasha. And I crave you, more than anything." The hex-slinging witch laughed as she climbed onto the bed, slowly tugging up her dress to reveal the bride's nethers...

"S-Stop! Unhand me! Release me! He won't like this, he'll make sure you're thrown in jail or hanged, or worse!" Natasha tried to cry out, but she was quickly interrupted thanks to a moan that slipped straight out of her plump and red lips. A moan that was followed by a series of pleasure-filled sounds, all caused by the witch playing around with her panty-covered pussy, teasing her in such a wonderful fashion.

The witch laughed as she channeled a little bit of her power into her fingertips, pushing them up against her former friend's covered clit to send a massive shock through her system. The bride was quick to squirm and shiver all over as she was forced to endure an incredibly potent orgasm, right then and there. All thanks to a little spell filled with enough arousing energy to incapacitate an army.

Natasha could barely keep herself conscious at that point. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, her panties had been soaked to the point where the liquids were seeping into the mattress below, and she could feel her muscles aching all over. She was at her former friend's complete mercy... "Please... Cordelia... D-Don't do this..."

"Ohoho. Now you ask for mercy? When I've got you pinned and squirming from my touch? You never do learn, Natasha. Very well. " She paused as she lifted her fingers, giggling maniacally. "I'll just make you want it until the desire burns you from the inside out. You won't want anything but me by the time this bad boy is done with you!"

As Cordelia made her intentions clear, she slapped her palm right above her friend's crotch, pressing it down to the point where she could feel her womb bulging up against her skin. She grinned for a brief moment as her energies seeped into the bride's flesh, straight into her most precious organ. The one she should've offered to her beloved Richard. The one that would eventually belong to her, thanks to the curse that manifested straight above her pussy, in the shape of a horned heart with thorns wrapped around it embedded on her skin.

The bride started squirming back and forth, panting deeply and rapidly as she tried to get ahold of herself. The binds made it hard to do anything but just lay there, taking in all the energy that was being forced into her womb... permanently marking it with the witch's power. Seconds after the mark had been made, that delicate organ started to throb with a primal need. A need to be filled... and in turn, it made Natasha's soul feel the need to submit. Submit to the woman she had tried to reject.

"H-Haaah... W-What's this... feeling...?" She gasped in confusion, her womb visible against her crotch as it kept audibly throbbing, sending corruptive pulses throughout her body. It was hard to think straight with that much pleasure running through her. And she couldn't stop it either, only the witch could do anything like that.

Cordelia laughed as she started running a finger along the side of the bride's slickened thigh, licking her lips in anticipation. "Don't fret, Natasha. You'll learn what it means to submit soon enough. You won't even think of that awful man any longer. You'll be mine. Mine alone. A servant of the dark, a witch's familiar, anything I might want you to be and then some. Just give in. Tell me that you crave me. Then all of this torture will be over."

The images of her beloved started flashing through the bride's fragmenting mind, but as relieved as they made her, she soon realized... she couldn't remember his face. The more she tried to concentrate, the more the pulses from her crotch tattoo started to blow those images away, replacing them with the witch in similar poses. "N-No... Please! Don't make me forget him!" The desperate bride screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks once more. She never wanted any of this, she just wanted to live happily ever after.

"Forget who? You never knew any man, silly Natasha. You've only known me." Immediately, the witch took advantage of her unstable mind, leaning in to place a kiss on her cheek. "You've always been by my side. You've never left it, not even for a second. Don't you remember?" Images of the fabricated memories that the witch were referring to quickly flooded the bride's mind, slowly but surely eliminating any trace of the man she once had loved.

"R-Remember... I..." Natasha gasped, as her expression turned into pure confusion... "I... I remember... Y..." She paused, her words kept back by the remaining will inside of her pure soul. A last desperate struggle by a good-hearted woman...

Cordelia clicked her tongue, and merely pushed her finger against the center of the heart-shaped mark above her pussy. "Remember, Natasha. Remember your mistress and

your lover. Remember me." She repeated the mantra over and over, pushing her tip into the mark with every repetition as they slowly turned into a slurry of commands that broke down the soul's defenses...

The bride was left speechless for a few more moments before she spoke up again. "I... I remember you, Mistress. I remember how much I've waited for you to accept my love... I... I can't believe you deemed me worthy of your brand..." The words slipped off her lips as her spirit gave in, her eyes turning a deep shade of purple like the clothes that the witch wore...

"There we are. You remember. State it clearly, let your love for me be engraved upon your soul to the point where you cannot forget it ever again." The command ran through the bride's head as the chains on her ankles and her wrists disappeared, letting her sit up in bed with her beloved...

Natasha cleared her throat as she sat up, closing her eyes to reflect on 'her love' before opening them again, the thorned hearts visible in her irises. "I love you, Mistress Cordelia. I've always loved you. I'm glad you want to take me as your eternal bride. I hope to please you forever, until the day we both leave this world." She smiled from the bottom of her tainted heart, as her crotch throbbed once more.

As she confirmed her adoration for her former friend turned mistress, the energies that swirled within her surged outward. Her white dress tore apart, turning into nothing more than a simple yet delicate black latex leotard with a small hole cut out to emphasize her cursed tattoo. A little touch of jet-black eyeshadow around her eyes, a thick pair of blackened and plump lips, as well as a lovesick look in those very eyes completed her brief but devoted change. It only took another second for her to collapse onto her beloved's lap, staring up at the witch with a smile. "I love you, Cordelia."

Satisfied with how she had taken the bride from the man she loved and made her wholly devoted to her through nothing more than a single curse that overpowered her soul with pleasure, Cordelia pulled her new lover up, before planting a kiss straight on those wonderful lips of hers. She was going to make sure she would never escape her, ever again. Perhaps, she'd even show her off to her former lover, rub her victory over him in... All of that, however, was for later. All that mattered now, was the fact that they were together.

"I love you, Natasha. You and I will be together until the very end."

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[Magical Girl Doll TF+Corruption]

Screams echoed throughout the streets as panic had been whipped up. One moment everything had been just fine and dandy, the next, most people scurried and sprinted away from the center of the city that they all loved as a home. Why was that, exactly?

Simple. It was due to a strange-looking girl appearing out of what felt like literal thin air, practically blinking into existence... only to then shoot out a stream, a proverbial tornado of wires that cut through people. The ones that didn't directly injure instead attached to them as they were drained of their energy right then and there, causing a pile of bodies, whether harmed through injuries or lifeless from the draining, to gather at her feet.

"Oh bother. They're all afraid. Perhaps it's time to leave and make sure that they'll lower their guard. Then they'll make for an even better meal. Oh, I just can't wait to have a bigger meal. It'll really make the rest of my time worth it." The white-haired girl, dressed from top to bottom in a strangely poofy and overly extra dress, hummed a little to herself as she stepped over the bodies...

Right before she took a dark-looking sphere to the side of the face, sending her sliding across the bodies. The impact wasn't grave enough to disable her for a longer period of time as it turned out, evident by what happened as she stood up back up, brushing away the debris that had loosened from her doll-like skin. "Hm? What was that?" She asked, feeling utterly nonplussed by the assault.

"That was me, Blanc! Damnit, can't you see straight!? Did you fall so hard that you don't even understand how pain and defeat are supposed to work!?" Another voice called out, and a brief burst of darkness erupted behind her, swallowing the light around it. "You were supposed to be my friend, my partner! And here you are, trying to kill and injure people!" The agitated girl that appeared from the darkness shouted straight at the strange-dressed doll, fury dripping from every single word that left her lips...

The doll-like girl turned around to face her assailant, twisting her head 180 degrees before her body did. "Ah. Noir. What's the matter? I'm just doing what I'm supposed to. You know, making sure people don't get hurt from monsters." The 'girl' known as Blanc shrugged her shoulders slightly in the process, letting out an elaborate sigh. "Honestly, you really shouldn't be stopping me. This is just going to end in your loss like it has so many times before."

The black-haired girl known as Noir, or more accurately the Magical Girl Natura Noir, grit her teeth. "It's not because you beat me! It's because you kept running away, taking our friends with you and turning them into marionettes like yourself! The last time I saw them all was when we faced that original puppeteer when we weren't able to save you! But that doesn't give you the right to turn them all into monsters like you! You're better than that! Can't you see!?"

Blanc blinked briefly as she rubbed at her chin, only to giggle a little as the light in her eyes started to glow. "Really, Noir? You're lecturing me? You're the one who let me down. You should feel ashamed." Her voice quickly turned devious and demeaning as a set of strings started to extend from her fingertips. "You should also just let me feed on your energy! If you don't want to be turned into a doll-like the rest of us, then you should fight for your life and break us into irreparable pieces!" She laughed like a proper maniac as she dived straight at the girl she once called a friend, with a slasher-villain-like smile on her face.

Noir gritted her teeth as she thought about the predicament. She wasn't wrong. At the critical moment when they fought the original monster, she had missed her finisher. She could've saved her friend... but here she was. A failure. A girl that couldn't even save a single friend. Little by little, she was forced to watch her entire team dissolve as they were pulled away, no doubt to be converted into other monsters. Otherwise, she would've seen them alongside the white-haired doll...

"So what if I let you down!? You're letting me down by continuing this! Just stay there and let me finish you off, then we don't have to do anything like this ever again!" The black-themed Natura shouted as she crossed her arms, with a wispy black orb forming near her wrists. It sparked with energy beyond compare, to the point where it nearly ate up all the light around it by the time she fired off... Fruitlessly so, as the doll merely weaved around it, dodging it like a pro...

The former Natura Blanc grinned with all of her sharp teeth on full display. "Perhaps I should leave you for dead instead of taking you in. I'm sure the good doctor won't mind the lack of another experiment to play around with since he's already so busy with the others. You should've seen them, Noir. Screaming. Twisting. Praying for their god." The malicious and corrupted doll chimed as her entire hand retracted, turning into a blade as she jumped forward with the intent to strike.

Briefly left disoriented and angry by the comments that dug under her skin in such an underhanded manner, the black-clad magical girl couldn't properly defend herself. She tried to throw up a darkness-fueled barrier, but the blade on her former friend's hand was too thick and powerful to impede with such a lousy maneuver. She was blown back by the strike, tumbling along the pavement as her outfit started to grow tattered. "D-Damnit... You have to be in there somewhere..." She muttered as she scrambled back onto her feet...

Not realizing that the white-themed doll had gotten up close while she wasn't looking. "There's nobody in here anymore, Noir. Just your good old friend on the outside, with cruelty and a need to spread on the inside. Nifty, isn't it?" The girl stated in such a cheerful and ultimately distracting manner before her lights suddenly flashed white, blinding the heroine in the process.

"G-God damnit..!" Noir screamed as she backed away, rubbing violently at her eyes to try and get rid of the effect it had on her poor eyes. She wanted to get away as soon as possible, so she wouldn't fall victim to anything the doll would do besides that. Of course, this would be a lot easier if she could still see. Which she couldn't.

She couldn't see to the point where it was easier for Blanc to just stand there and watch her flail around than to aggress on her further with proper intent. It was all so easy, all thanks to the aggressive nature of the black-clad darkness-wielding girl among them.

"Heh. You don't have to struggle any longer, Noir. You'll be like me and the rest in a moment. Here, let me show you just how we'll get you to turn out like one of us." The

monstrous doll screamed as she heard those words, choosing to futilely struggle free to absolutely no avail. Her fate was sealed, and it was only a matter of time...

She could remember the one heroine that had tried to stand up to her before they properly got to fight against her. One of the other magical girls that roamed the land, who was on loan to train them... and yet, she had fallen to Blanc's upgraded powers, just like that. It barely took a few minutes with her light and her strings, and the poor teacher had been practically been turned into a buffet for those kinds of people. She could remember each step vividly, but she didn't want to recant them. For fear that she might be consumed by her fears leaving her at an even worse state of mind.

The former Natura Blanc chuckled once more, before the delicate wires that she had drained common humans of their life energy, started shooting out through the holes, impacting Noir on her precious before every single thread started to drain her. Slowly but surely. To the point where a thin layer of wood started to spread from the impact points, as her magical defenses started to falter. She should've been able to keep herself going, protect herself... and here she was.

Her mind started to shout from the inside, pleading with the black-clad Noir to try and stand back up, to try and fight back... only for an overwhelming static-filled noise to blot out each complaint that the soon-to-be obedient doll might try to hear. She didn't need to listen to any of it at all. Not any longer. All she needed to listen to, were the emotions that had been shoved in her from the point where she had been created. Not that she knew when or what creation even was, her mind already growing heavier and more cumbersome from the way her body actively tried to stop her from using it...

"Just relax, Noir. It'll be fine. We'll all be here for you. You'll need to have plenty of food when you're done changing anyway. Doesn't a bunch of humans sound like a nice meal? Just a little slurp of life energy, and you'll be all nice and plumped up, ready to pass judgment on them. Something like that sounds nice, doesn't it?" Even though the white-haired girl had been turned into a doll, and despite the many monstrous things that she did, she still seemed so overly chummy and friendly. As if there was absolutely nothing wrong with what she was doing. It was as if she had always been that way...

Not that Noir could properly focus on what she was saying, with the life and goodness being drained from her body by the second. She could feel everything growing stiffer, making it hard to even twitch or squirm. It was kind of impressive how little of anything she could do, but she didn't have the soundness of mind to acknowledge it. She could only gasp and feel her body turning further and further to demented and corrupted wood, every limb twisting and turning as her digits turned into balls that could twist in such inhumane ways.

Eventually, one by one, each of her limbs stopped responding. Not only because they had been fully turned into wood and thus wasn't properly animated, but because their will had been completely separated from the heart that beat inside of the magical girl's chest. A heart that felt more and more distant as the seconds ticked by. What was she going to do, if she ever broke free? Was she going to... going to...

She couldn't even dwell on a possibility before she felt her heart, the very muscle that brought her life, was drained of every speck of morality. Every single inch of goodness that tried to hide away within her chest, suckled up by her former friend. Her fellow doll. Her friend. Her ally. Her...

Dolls like her weren't allowed to think or dwell on the ramifications of what they did. Dolls were born to obey. Dolls were to listen to their orders and carry them out swiftly. The light in the darkly colored doll's eyes faded as she fell completely limp, only for her body to rattle back to life seconds later. "Give... Orders..." The emotionally lacking puppet muttered, each of her limbs audibly noisy as she was getting used to moving around like a puppet.

"Oh, Noir. You're at that stage. Oh well, you'll grow and join the rest of us later. Once you've got all the life energy you could ever want. Say, just to speed things along, why don't we go on a human-hunting spree? You can have every single meal, as long as you do your best to make sure they're all dealt with. Doesn't that sound great?" Blanc chimed as she flashed her teeth, taking her friend's hand to try and prompt a response from her.

It took a few seconds, but Noir nodded. "Affirmative. Hunting spree confirmed. Lead the way." Her voice lacked all the former aggression, only focused on the mission at this point. She'd no doubt be angry at the white-haired girl again later down the line... but for now, this would do.

Thus, the two corrupted magical girls left. With the people, they were protecting being chosen as their next meal...

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[Fate/Grand Order OCs - Parasite Queen TF, Futanari + Cum Inflation (Stomach/Balls)]

Humanity had it rough. Not only were they subjected to the whims of the mythological figures that ended up causing them trouble here and there, but occasionally they were forced into two different nearly identical situations at the same time.

In the complex known as Corinth, several Masters had been employed to deal with a more... erotic set of singularities. Each with their theme, each with their issues. But that was what the Masters had been tasked with dealing with when they were on duty. Right this second, the lot of them weren't on duty.

One of the people that the Corinth staff had employed to deal with the menaces throughout time, the Demi-Servant Moloch, was anything but ready to go for another round. She was far too busy playing around with a little strange creature, one that could probably cause its very own problems in the present.

The bronzed goddess chuckled as she prodded at the trembling black creature on her bed. "Come on, do something cool. I didn't just grab you outta nowhere just for you to cower

before me." The bull-like woman scoffed in annoyance as she kept poking at it with a tiny stick, using just a bit of her power to make the prodding that much more effective. Only for the creature to finally let out a scared shriek... as it jumped up towards one of the vents, smashing through the metal and climbing its way out of its captor's room, just so it could stay safe instead of potentially getting torn apart right then and there...

"Hm. Stupid thing, guess I'll just have to find somebody else to play with. Maybe Cordy wants to worship her goddess a little more, that sounds nice..." The servant-human fusion muttered as she climbed out of bed, unaware of the chaos she had subtly unleashed.

The little black crawler tapped its way through the vents, scurrying along to ensure that it wasn't caught. Once it was certain that nobody was following it, and that nobody would try to alert its presence to anybody else that might be seen as predatory, it calmed down and looked for an exit. Somewhere for it to go, where it could find a host to bond with. Unbeknownst to the bronzed bull, the creature was a parasite from an alternative reality, where they had developed to the point where they could evolve beyond human capabilities, should it find an appropriate host to bond with.

And as luck would have it, a perfect little host was visible through one of the grates that the little shambler paced against. Laying straight below the grate was a redheaded young girl with some rather silly looking markings, who seemed to be sleeping peacefully. A grave mistake as it would soon turn out, as the small creature smashed its way through the grate to make it peel apart enough for it to descend towards its target.

The hatted redhead, Sakaki Aimi, continued to snore away like any other silly girl. She didn't realize she was in super-duper danger, she was just happy to sleep the night away. She had helped a good amount during the last singularity, so it was only right for her to relax and rest the night away. right?

Before she had much of a chance to notice that anything was wrong, she felt that her breathing was just a little bit off. As she opened her eyes to figure out what was wrong, that's when things got really strange. She could feel her ears being penetrated from both sides, as the tendrils that grew from the black creature reached real deep. It wanted to harvest every little thought that she had, just so it could properly understand what was going on.

"Mmmph!" Aimi screamed as loudly as she could, but when you've got a big old parasite on your face, it's a little hard to get anything substantial done, like being able to speak fairly. To make matters worse, as her brain was being toyed with and speared from both sides, she not only felt a wonderful heat growing down below, setting her mood aflame... but there was a strange scent, something that started melting her resistance down into puny embers. Something that nobody would be able to blame her for resisting.

The creature started to shift in shape just a little further as the redheaded girl's mind started to grow foggier. It didn't need to look like some sort of proper parasite at this point, prompting a pair of filter-like tubing to spring forth near its back as it wrapped fully around its victim's head. Minutes later, and the changes had completed, leaving the redheaded victim looking

rather silly as the parasite now looked like a common duty gas mask, though particularly shinier to make it stand out that much more.

Once the transformation finished, it started picking up the slack. Its host needed to be completely in sync with it. This meant that the tendrils that were playing around with her mind needed to push deeper, audibly penetrating the sides of her brain to make it squelch, releasing any thoughts that might be unnecessary. Thoughts like if what was happening was hot or not, thoughts like her worries about her current situation and her family, and most importantly, thoughts about her role in all of this. None of that mattered.

The way the two tendrils drilled away at the young girl's head, removing thoughts by the truckload was aided in part by the gas that flowed into her nostrils, fogging up her mind completely. Her eyes grew dim and her eyelids fell heavy, though not nearly heavy enough to make her feel drowsy. It was just enough to make her look less awake than ever, and thus make her equally reliant on other aspects of life. Like the mask that kept her going. The mask that knew what she had to be. The mask that knew exactly what a girl like her should be doing.

Aimi let out a briefly muffled moan, only for something to push into her throat as she parted her lips. Something wide, thick and bulging. It was impossible to close her jaw after that, as it jammed itself further down now that it had been given an inch. She couldn't bite it over due to the way it was slithering around inside of her, and she definitely couldn't remove her mask. Not that she wanted to do either of those things, she felt more than happy to have it play with her like this.

Her sleepy eyes widened all of a sudden as a big bulge traveled down the serpentine rod, a spray of something icky splurting forth from the tip that was practically buried inside of her stomach. That little dosage was enough to act as a catalyst, as the young lady would soon find out. She could feel her stomach rumbling, her vision clearing up... and the room feeling warmer than ever. Maybe things were starting to turn up. Maybe she wasn't going to die a horrible death or end up transformed or anything. That's what the redhead hoped for just a moment...

She began squirming all over as the substance in her stomach started to multiply, all thanks to another burst pouring forth from the tip of the snake-like limb. The more that poured into her, the more it sunk into the inside of her body. This, in turn, caused the outside parts of her body to take on that very same latex-like sheen, as her eyes started growing more and more awake. If the young Master didn't know any better, she would've thought that this was some sort of latex-oriented transformation... but with how her mind was still hemorrhaging memories and thoughts being smothered out by the gas that she was forced to inhale, it didn't matter.

The process that the parasite took to properly and fully merge with its host was a simple one. Firstly, it had to fill up her stomach with enough reproductive fluid that she'd have plenty to spare once her transformation was complete. After all, with the lack of proper female genitalia down below, her stomach needed to work overtime. Next, it needed to spread

further across her. Turn her entire body into one giant organ. One living and breathing piece of a further whole.

Aimi's skin tone started to shift to the same black shade as the parasite on her face, her breathing intensifying as the slithery member in her throat started to fuse with the walls of her breathing tunnel. Her hair turned from a tender crimson into the same jet black shade as her 'mask', with every single strand growing thicker until it looked as if her head was covered in elongated and wriggly tentacles, ready to make a mess of anybody that came near.

But that was just the start. The black spread further and further down, making her body look smoother and shinier than ever as she felt her stomach bloating outward, the substance within her belly now being accompanied by a bunch of small orbs that were dropping out of the tip of the rod in her throat. She couldn't understand it exactly, still being too filled up by wonderful gas to think straight, but her stomach was essentially acting as an incubating womb, and the stuff that had been dropped into her belly was the parasite's eggs.

It wasn't just going to be her stomach that would be full of those things either, as the rod between her thighs, her shame, and her pride, started to throb audibly as it poked out from behind her belly. It was a strange sight to start, but it only got stranger as it grew and grew. From an impressive 7 inches, it practically doubled in length and then some while gaining triple the width. She was equipped with a jet black male specimen and the nuts that would most certainly ensure that anything that it got used on would be thoroughly impregnated. Whether from the strange liquid substance rushing and sloshing around in her sack or the many eggs that were quickly causing it to bulge out against the mattress below, making it even heavier than it honestly should be.

As the rest of her form finished taking on a latex-like color, completing her transformation into some sort of monstrous parasite woman... A shock ran through her entire body, the black turning into a wonderful shade of bronze as a certain goddess started to fill her mind. Just the tiniest bit of drool ran down the cute girl's chin as the energies that were left behind by Moloch after her time with the parasite began to fill her. That much divine energy wasn't good for anybody, much less a young girl that had just been completely fused with a foreign entity.

Aimi's breathing grew rapid as her body started to grow. Her bronzed body bulging outward in all of the right ways. Her muscles grew defined, her height finally wasn't pitiful as she almost blew past 7 feet in size, her belly filled up even further to the point where she looked comically pregnant with all the eggs and reproductive liquid that sloshed around inside of it, and the tip of her cock looked just a little flared, making her look like some sort of alien bull ready to breed on command...

The former redhead licked her lips, her mind squarely focused on the cow that had inadvertently caused her transformation. "Moloch..." She muttered, drool pouring down her face in excessive quantities before she started giggling. She had so much to do, and she wanted to start with the goddess that she had started feuding with. That friendly fight would quickly erupt into something much more.

Her hands drifted down to her massive member as she began to stroke it, running her palms from the tip to the base of the shaft in rapid succession, only for a measly parasite egg to get squirted out with every pump. The parasite-woman grit her teeth in frustration, as the final part of her transformation, finished.

Gone was the gas-mask like construct on her face. It had sunk inward to reveal a pristine and womanly replica of the bovine woman's face, making her look just as divine. Which would come in handy, now that she knew exactly what she needed to do. She needed to reproduce en masse, to make sure that her species would survive. And what better image for a Queen of Parasites to take than an actual goddess'?

Aimi laughed as she let go of her semi-limp rod, climbing out of bed and shambling towards the door that would lead out and into the hallways of the Corinth complex. She had her mind set on the Demi-Servant, but once she was done with her, she would move onto every single other person in the complex. She needed many breeders for her young. Both the ones that needed cum in her stomach... and the ones that needed a hole, courtesy of her improvised ovipositor-ish cock. But for now, her mind was squarely focused on the bronzed bull, the one she would tame so thoroughly...

Moloch was going to have the time of her life with this bull-like Parasite Queen...

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[Symphogear Relic-Drone Twinning TF]

"Ehe... W...What are you showing us, exactly?"

Three girls had gathered in a rather cramped room. The sandy-blond Tachibana Hibiki. The pink-haired Maria Cadenzavna Eve, and the short and smart Elfnein. The topic that was floating through all three girls' minds was quite the grave one.

Elfnein cleared her throat as she pointed towards the screen on her desk. "When the two of you transformed and synchronized with your Gear after we applied the Fool's Stone to it, something... bad started to crop up. We're still trying to find out what exactly it is, but..." The young girl paused as she quietly bowed. "I have to ask you both to take it easy for the next few days. If this turns any worse, we're not going to be able to fix you up. I'm sorry." The apologies already started flowing out of her lips, like they usually do.

Not that it stopped Maria from placing her hand on the short scientist's head, ruffling her hair ever slightly. "Please. Elfnein. Tell us what's wrong from the start. Even if you're not able to explain it thoroughly, I just want to make sure we know what we're dealing with. That's something you can do, right?" The supportive and elder sisterly girl smiled, her encouragement causing the blonde girl to compose herself again...

"Hibiki. You remember when Gungnir forcibly tried to fuse with you, which is how we acquired the Fool's Stone in the first place, yes?" That question elicited a quick nod from the sandy blonde. "Well, whatever's happening is replicating that phenomenon. As said, we're not exactly sure what it's trying to do, but it's as if the two of you are turning into living gears. Please, as I told you, go home and relax. We can handle everything. At least, I think we can handle everything, but..."

Hibiki lightly patted her short friend on the back. "Don't worry about it! Tsubasa and Chris'll handle it, they always do! I don't like it, but I'll listen to somebody that knows their stuff. And you definitely do, Elfnein!" The cheerful girl chimed as she smiled, before turning towards the taller Candidate. "So, Maria? What do you want to do until they figure out how to fix it?"

The pink-haired young woman blinked a little. "You're just going ahead with this, huh." The older girl said aloud, prompting an even more earnest grin from her junior. "Well, I was planning on helping Elfnein with her research, to make sure that we'll be able to decipher the Doctor's old notes. But, since we're currently stuck with this condition... A little trip to town might be in order? Perhaps a little bit karaoke will do."

"Ehe, you're so responsible, Maria. No wonder Kirika and Shirabe look up to you so much." The sandy-blonde giggled as she firmly grasped her palm before nearly dragging her out of the tiny room. "Alright! We'll see you later, Elfnein! Please call us when you know more!" She called out before the door shut behind her, leaving the younger girl with her research...

As if fate wanted to play a joke on the two Candidates, the blonde's computer suddenly started to flash red with several warning signs. "E-Eh? What..." The young girl gasped in surprise as she turned back towards it, only to freeze in fear at the massive letters displayed on it.

"CONDITION CRITICAL - GUNGNIR REFORMATION IMMINENT"

Sweat dripped down Elfnein's brow. She knew she had to call out to her friends, stop them somehow... But, would she make it? Could she even find a way to stop it? She didn't know, but she had to do something! "Maria! Hibiki!" The little girl shouted as she ran straight out the door...

Only to find that they had seemingly already departed. "Oh, shoot... I have to find them, before... before!" She panted with panic flowing through her mind, dashing down the halls as fast as possible. For a girl as short as her, that wasn't exactly an easy task...

She just hoped that she'd make it in time. She'd hate it if she was ultimately able to help them, but she just hadn't done so. That'd ruin her.

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"So, how do you actually manage to take care of Kirika and Shirabe, Maria? Aren't they a handful? I mean, I know they spend most of their time with Chris nowadays, but..." Hibiki

tried to make casual conversation with the older Candidate, her mind drifting back to the words that their blonde friend had told them. She bit her lip ever slightly, feeling the frustration welling up inside of her...

Maria merely smiled in a serene fashion. "They're a handful, alright. Always getting into trouble. When we were enemies, the two of us, they'd always come home with the wrong ingredients for our dinners. It was a little discouraging, but at the same time, they're children. They don't know any better." She sighed, reminiscing on past events in a nostalgic fashion... "...You were suffering from the piece of Gungnir embedded in you during that time, isn't that right?"

The sandy-blonde blinked as she pulled down her shirt slightly, pushing her fingers up against the point where her scar had previously been. "Mhm. It was growing wildly from this spot, right here. All thanks to the way I synchronized with it. It's actually pretty crazy that the scab left behind by it ended up being useful, isn't it?"

"Hardly. It's about what I'd expect from you and everything you've been doing at this point, Hibiki." The older girl's words were dripping with pride as she pulled out the shard of her own relic, her smile widening in the process as she remembered the happy times. "If not for you, I wouldn't be here. If you hadn't taken my piece of Gungnir away from me, I wouldn't be carrying on my sister's legacy using her relic. You've done so much for all three of us, I know you've got so much more in store. You just wait and see."

Hibiki blinked, only to blush slightly. "A-Aha... Y-Yeah, your piece. T-Totally." Immediately, her happy behavior melted thanks to awkward memories. "You're... You're not angry over that time you tried to use Gungnir again, are you? W-When I called it... 'My Gungnir'..." Her voice trailed off as she slowly looked back at her older friend's face...

The serene smile on the older girl's face was all she needed to see. "Of course not. We were both going through a lot. I don't blame you. Besides." She explained, brushing her younger comrade's worries aside as she looked back at her relic. "If I had stuck with Gungnir, I wouldn't have been reunited with Serena in spirit. So, again, thank you, Hibiki." She reiterated as she held out her hand.

A hand that the sandy-blonde took with her own bright smile reaching from ear to ear. "You're welcome, Maria! I'm glad to have helped, it's what I'm good at!" The young girl beamed, even as the relic around her neck started to glow.

Wait, hold on, what?

Both girls felt their eyes darting towards the red shard around Hibiki's neck, a chill running down their spines. They felt their world practically unraveling in that one moment before they even had a chance to do anything. They only had a second to think critically about what was about to transpire. Then the relic shattered into many tiny pieces, with several of them impacting both of their bodies.

"W-What's going on!?" The sandy-blond looked utterly confused, especially as the shards from her relic started to sink into her skin. She felt a painful shiver throb its way through her, causing her to collapse onto her knees to try and keep herself stable. It didn't help that her mind was filling with some sort of static, blocking out most thoughts...

Maria wasn't in any better condition, though she was managing to keep standing despite the pain. "This... This noise... I know this noise..." She muttered in disbelief, her eyes widening as the shards that sunk into her body turned the same yellow as her friend's activated relic. She knew that it could only mean one thing... Whatever they had done, it had managed to accelerate the progress of their hidden sickness.

Almost immediately after both girls were forced to experience enough pain to permanently paralyze a grown man, the two of them noticed a set of crystals sprouting from their skin. While it managed to rattle both of them to the core due to the fact that they were likely going to turn into living relics... it wasn't nearly as cumbersome and as fearful for the pink-haired girl as it was for Hibiki.

Her life flashed before her eyes as the crystalline growths continued up her form, her breathing growing weak as her mind hit that pivotal moment. The moment when she had been purged of all traces of Gungnir, the moment where she should've died from her synchronization. Just like she was about to, right here and now. "A-Aha... S-So this is what I get... I really am cursed..." Almost instinctively, that accursed phrase left her lips as her skin turned pure yellow, like her relic.

Maria reached out to her friend, but it was too late. And she was next, evident by the yellow shade that her hand took on. "This..." She muttered, closing her eyes as she contemplated struggling further. There wouldn't be a point. If anything, this would let her atone for her crimes. Even if she had been working to prevent the world from going under, she had still committed more than enough evil. This would be her penance. That was her last independent thought as her face was covered in the same crystalline substance, leaving her just as much of a yellow statue as her formerly spunky friend.

The two statues stood there motionlessly for a few minutes. Fully reconstructed replica of the relic Gungnir in a humanoid shape. It was actually astounding to see the full effects of a Gear synchronizing with a malignant growth as well as their own souls and sounds. Not that the latter two mattered as much, now that they were just living tools.

But even living tools could change. The process was intended to restore the relic to its original state. And the original owner, the one who had ultimately kicked off everything, was a certain redheaded girl. Thus, it was no shock that both of the statues started growing out their hair, their hair-like crystals taking on a wilder shape as it tried to replicate their original wielder's hairstyle.

Little by little, the two statues were sculpted perfectly. From their faces to their arms, their torsos and even their legs. Every little detail was cut into until the individuality of the two girls

had been ruined and utterly erased. All that was left behind was a pair of identical yellow crystals, both of them depicting the fallen Candidate. Amou Kanade.

"Maria! Hibiki!" The sound of Elfnein's voice graced the two statues' ears as their blonde friend arrived, far too late to do anything. She was faced with the fact that she had been too late. The worst possible result. "N-No... Hibiki, Maria..." The young child stared at the statues as tears welled up in her eyes...

The two statues did not respond to their original names, as their expressionless Kanade-like faces merely stared in her direction. They recognized that she was important, but they did not understand why.

"Who are Maria and Hibiki? We are Gungnir. Who are you?" The two identical crystalline girls asked in unison, their voices echoing as they stated their new name and purpose, identical spears appearing in their hands as they kneeled before the blonde. "Are you our master?" They continued, almost as if they were creatures that needed to serve.

Elfnein wiped her tears away as she looked at the two girls, a bit of her heart still being wrung for all its worth. She knew that the two of them were the girls that she loved and adored, but... now? They were little more than drones, awaiting orders. Drones that took on a fallen friend of Hibiki's but...

"I..." She paused. Perhaps... she could use them for something. "I am your master... And..." The words didn't want to leave her mouth, as she looked at the two near-generic replicas of Kanade. They weren't her friends any longer. It was right to use them as tools, wasn't it? If it meant that the world could be safe...

The two statues listened carefully, as their master gave them their orders. Orders that they would've been against if they were still human. But they weren't anymore. They were just an extension of the relic they used. "...Understood." The two yellow crystalline girls nodded as they bowed formally. "We shall reconstruct our allies, to protect them. To ensure that they will never be endangered."

This was the conclusion that Elfnein reached. If she couldn't stop them from being active... the least she could do, was to ensure that they'd be safe. At any cost. Even if it meant that they wouldn't be human any longer. Besides, she couldn't admit it out loud, but she was curious as to how the 'reconstruction process' would unfold. It was her natural instinct as an alchemist to pursue knowledge. Making it reoccur in the other Candidates surely couldn't hurt, right?

Elfnein's expression darkened just a little as she watched the two identical Gungnirs depart. With the knowledge she'd gain from their escapades, maybe she could learn how to take another body. So that the girl whose body she inhabited could live again. She was wandering down a terrible path, but it would all be worth it.

All to see Carol congratulate her. To see her smile once again...

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[Elegantification + Maid TF]

"Why do I have to do this again..."

A young turquoise haired girl stood in front of a full-sized mirror, admiring her reflection. She liked the sight of her orange armor, the way it cupped her body in all the right ways. Which just made her pout stand out that much more as she looked at the dress laying on the nearby table.

Wynne Merick was her name. After being thrown to the proverbial curb thanks to her father basically abandoning her and her mother, she eventually rekindled a connection thanks to her prowess on the battlefield. However, they were from two different worlds entirely. She had no understanding of nobility and the world it inhabited. And yet, here she was, standing in the middle of a fancy room that her sister had loaned her, just so that she had time to prepare for a party...

She took a deep sigh. "Bless Vic's heart, but I'm not fit for any o' this stuff..." Her country accent slipped as she stripped clean down into her underwear before she reached for the dress that she had been loaned. The garment was a frilly affair, guaranteed to make all of her generous hidden beauty stand out. Not that she wanted to stand out, but since her father had begged her to join the party... Well, she couldn't refuse, not with her kind heart. Even if she knew that she shouldn't, she still accepted the invitation...

The dress flew onto her body as she tossed it into the air, expertly maneuvering her arms through the sleeves. Thanks to the inside being more than roomy, and her prior training trying to quickly equip her armor in an emergency, putting it on wasn't a difficult task. it was more getting used to it that was the difficult part.

"How does sis even deal with this much cloth? Can she even run like this?" Wynne muttered as she tried to take a few steps forward, only to nearly trip as she made an errant step, throwing her balance off in the process. "W-Whoa! Okay, careful, careful, remember your training..." She took deep breaths, and slowly regained her center.

A knock resounded from the door, as a maid peeked her way in through the crack. "Lady Merick? The guests are all here. You should finish up, lest you upset someone." Her tone was quiet and meek, yet at the same time, it had a sense of supportiveness to it. As if she understood what the country-raised girl was going through.

The turquoise haired girl shivered just a little as she remembered that everyone was going to see her being like this. She had to hurry, get everything over with, and then head right back to the room to get changed. She didn't want to make it last any longer than it had to. "I'll be right there, don't worry!" She answered, as the maid graciously let her be...

"Okay. Okay. Just, one step at a time..." Wynne nodded to herself as she gradually moved her way towards the door, carefully reaching out to open it and walk out. While there was more than enough space to move her legs under that massive layered skirt... she still couldn't see where she was putting her feet. Which just made it that much harder to figure out where she should walk without risking another trip.

As she walked down the hall, the noise from the main rooms started to reach her ears. Ah. There they all were. She should hurr-

In her haste, the turquoise-haired girl nearly tripped once more. This time, however, somebody managed to catch her before she hit the floor. A young man dressed in a fine, gold-trimmed suit. Dashing fellow, but not her type. He looked like the type that could exploit her if she wasn't careful. "Ah. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to trip..." She muttered, trying to mask her accent as she tried to get away from the noble that held her...

"Hold on now, my dear. You're Wynne Merick, the hero that everyone's been talking about lately, aren't you?" The young man asked as he lightly put one of his fingers underneath her chin, lifting it slightly. "Mhm. Yes, that's the look of a girl that is utterly uncomfortable in her current situation. Not an uncommon look, if I have to be honest."

That casual way he picked up on her current issues was... curious, to say the least. "I... Am Wynne, yes, but how did you know I wasn't feeling good about any of this?" She dropped any pretenses of being a noble. He already knew who she was, so why was there a point in hiding it?

He merely smiled in response. "A girl that wanted to be here would've picked a dress that wouldn't obstruct her feet as much. You look like you've just been given a role to fill, more than having attended this part out of your own free will. Am I wrong?" He explained as he lifted her hand to his lips, planting a soft kiss on the back of it. "Goodness, despite your prowess in combat, you're completely untouched. Fascinating. Utterly inspiring..."

Wynne felt a little more than creeped out at the way he coveted her, but at the same time it was nice to hear somebody praise her over the fact that she was a good fighter, rather than her 'qualities as a noble'. "You really do know a lot, huh... Well, why were you here? Why weren't ya in the main room like everyone else? Were you waiting for somebody?"

"I was waiting for you, Wynne. Or rather, I was waiting for the woman you could be. I told you that you didn't want to be here, correct? Then, it stands to tell that you need to understand what it means to be noble. I can help you with that, and then some." The strange suited young man smiled from ear to ear. Okay. Now he was getting creepy. Maybe it was time to leave.

The turquoise-haired girl tried to pull her hand back as she started speaking. "I'm sorry, I... I think I have to go. I don't think my father would want me to be any later than I already am." The excuse was weak, and she knew it. So weak that she couldn't pry her hand away from the young man's grip...

His smile twitched for a second. "Oh, you misunderstand me, Wynne. I didn't say you had a choice in the manner." The golden trims on his body suddenly began to brighten, as a shock of magic energy coursed through the would-be-noble. A pulse of energy that would truly awaken the hidden nobility she had in the depths of her blood.

Immediately, she was forced to back up, feeling a sense of dizziness overwhelm her. She could barely see straight, she couldn't tell up from down, and she felt... weaker? Were her muscles deteriorating? What was going on!? "What... What did you do!?" She was about to scream, only for the young man to cover up her mouth as he pulled her closer, using his free arm to hold her in a hug.

"I told you everything you needed to know. You'll understand in a few moments, my darling." His tone, previously creepy, now held a certain... sensual tone to it. As if he burned for her. He longed for her. How long had he had his eyes on her? She didn't know, and it wasn't something she should be focusing on.

Instead, Wynne's attention was entirely drawn towards her body. She could feel her frame growing weaker, the experience in her body leaving her bit by bit. She didn't need such things as combat, farmwork, and general peasant-related skills filling up precious brain space. No, a proper noblewoman needed to understand what etiquette was about. They needed to know the politics that were involved in the many squabbles that she'd find herself in. She needed to understand the appeal of the dress that she wore, and how showing little is equally as enticing as showing too much.

Her expression narrowed as she felt her entire persona changing. By a few elements, but enough that it'd be obvious. Her kind nature would stay, untainted by the magic that coursed through her. But it would find a new outlet. She was not going to be a cruel woman who threw her people to the wayside as her father had. No, she would make sure that each one was equally cherished, as long as they proved that they deserved her love. Whether it was through physical or emotional support, it'd all prove their worth in her court.

As the inside changes came to a close, the outside was reaching completion just the same. Her nails grew longer as they were coated in a layer of polish that matched her hair. The length of her hair grew until it reached down to her hips, making her look like a strange princess from a foreign land with how much there was to play with. Finally, her body, having lost most of the muscle that made her stand out before... grew just a little more voluptuous in the right areas. Just enough that she'd have a small cleavage window near her chest, signifying that she was a proper adult. Not just that, she was a proper noblewoman... and that was exactly what the young man had wanted.

"Well well. How do you feel now, Wynne? Do you now understand what it's like to be a noblewoman? Do you now understand that I'm the one for you?" He chimed with that sensual tone still dripping from his words, only to be surprised as she cupped his cheeks with a subtle smile on her face...

Wynne lightly rubbed the tips of her nails up against his skin, sighing sweetly. "I know it all now, my dear. But you... You've not proven yourself. You've been rather rude, in fact. Changing me like this before even asking for my permission. How dare you." The stern tone that left the formerly wholeheartedly kind girl's lips was a stark contrast. But it didn't give him anywhere as much whiplash as the energy that just shocked through his entire body.

The strange magic-inclined young man was forced to take in the exact same kind of spell that he had used on her. Only, it was repurposed to make him serve quite a specific purpose. He immediately felt his body shrinking, until he was at eye-level with his mistress' bosom.

Wait. Mistress?

His cheeks flushed red as his breathing grew steadily warmer, his limbs growing slimmer as the clothes on his body loosened. He didn't need those any longer, as they collapsed off his girlier frame. He looked into those wonderful breasts, wanting to bury himself in her pillowy wonderland... But he knew that she'd scold him if he did so. A proper maid would ask for permission first, and they'd only get the chance to be rewarded if they had done a good job.

The former young man's mind was quickly tearing itself apart as it tried to figure out what was wrong and what was right. He was... She was... A maid, belonging to Wynne. Her mistress. The mistress that she loved from the bottom of her heart. The mistress that had taken her in when she was aimless, looking for a way in life. She wasn't a noblewoman, she was just a mere peasant...

"M-Mistress, I... I..." She paused as she felt the vestiges of her own magic leaving her, all of it flowing back into the woman who had her hands on her cheeks. At the very same time, the former young man's frame feminized further. Her hips pushed out, a petite pair of B-cup breasts blossomed from her bosom, and her hair, formerly short and black, sprouted down to her shoulders. She was the model of a cute maid. All she was lacking was a uniform...

The turquoise-haired noblewoman grabbed her new maid by her chin as she pulled her into a kiss. A kiss that sent another shock through the new maid, making the changes to her body permanent thanks to the magic at her mistress' command. A kiss that lasted for far too long.

As the two drew from one another, a thin string of saliva connected their tender red lips. The string that would connect the Mistress and her Maid forever. They didn't need to say anything else, they knew what they had to do. There was something much more important than the Mistress's father's party.

Thus, the two of them departed for Wynne's room. For the night that they would never forget...