

[Symphogear Doll TF]

There were very few things that could unnerve Tachibana Hibiki any longer. She had gone through so much over the last few years that there was nothing that could physically do that. Between dealing with a reincarnating Priestess from years past, a moon trying to fall down on the earth, several alchemists and a 'Goddess' hiding in the common language, somebody would really have to hit home before she'd show a reaction.

So imagine her surprise when two of her closest friends, Yukine Chris and Kazanari Tsubasa, disappeared while on a mission. The disappearance was enough to bind her to bed for a couple of days, but after accepting that they'd be okay, she was right back on her feet.

Just as her friends thought, they were both back before long. Unfortunately, the state they were both in was more than a little chilling. Neither of them were dressed in anything ordinary, and their movements were... stiff, to say the least.

"Tsubasa? Chris? That really is you, right? You're not just some sort of Noise trying to copy them, right?" Hibiki questioned the two girls that had appeared during one of her missions, the transformed girl feeling her heart pounding against her chest.

Her blue-haired friend stepped forward, the subtlest sound of porcelain being stressed echoing around her. "Of course it's me, Hibiki." She chimed, her voice way too gentle compared to how she normally spoke. Not only that, but the western-styled dress on her body that covered up most of her features was so out of character that it was like she had stepped into some sort of wild and impossible dream. "I'm so happy to see you."

"There were no Noise, Hibiki." Chris said with that very same kind of tone, which was especially ghastly coming out of her. Though her lips didn't part as she spoke, because her expression was practically frozen into a mild smile. "We just had to become pretty. That's all." She explained, stepping closer as the gentle click of her heels filled the air around her. "You should join us."

Hibiki could feel a shiver running down her spine as she looked at both of them. "Y-You know, I think I'll pass on that getting pretty part. Besides, since when did you two wear those kinds of dresses?" She remained on guard, watching the two girls carefully as they stepped closer.

"She doesn't want to be pretty, Tsubasa. What do we do?" The doll-like red-clad girl asked, her head turning without her body turning even a slight bit. Making her inhumanity even more apparent.

Tsubasa turned her head as well, her body remaining pointed towards her friend. "She says so, but that doesn't mean her heart agrees. We should give her the same treatment we got. Then she'll be pretty. Just like us." She said, nodding slightly without her expression changing.

"You're so smart, Tsubasa. You're right, that's exactly what we should do." The shorter of the two doll-like girls chimed as she turned her head back towards the girl ahead of her, hands kept in front of her waist so she'd appear less dangerous...

Hibiki could feel the sweat pouring down the side of her face. Even if she wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, it was hard for her to not notice that the two had been thoroughly... messed with, to say the least. So it fell to her to beat the stuffing out of them so they'd get back to normal. "I'm sorry about what I'm about to do, Tsubasa, Chris!"

"Why are you sorry, when you could be pretty?" Tsubasa asked as she suddenly appeared at the girl's side, a massive blade in her hand. Despite the fact that she was wearing a dress that covered up most of her body, the power of Ame-no-Habakiri was definitely still active!

The blonde girl quickly jumped out of the way of the slash and the wave that it sent out, gasping in shock. She had caught a brief glimpse of the joints on the girl's hand... Those were not only intricate but definitely not fleshy. So not only had they been messed with mentally, they had also somehow turned into a pair of porcelain dolls. Just her luck!

"Sit still, Hibiki. We just want to have a nice long talk with you. Maybe some tea and biscuits too, so you can feel what it means to be pretty." Chris chimed from a distance, her enormous armory growing from her back. Missiles upon missiles, with her trusty chainguns appearing at her sides. Ichaival was just as active and ready to rumble, despite the change in her physique.

Hibiki stomped into the ground below to kick up a defensive slab of concrete, the rockets and missiles smashing against it within a matter of seconds. She couldn't defend herself like this, but it was the only way for her to get a little bit of breathing room.

"Come on, you two! You're not dolls! You're my friends, snap out of it!" The blonde girl cried out, trying to shout over the explosive volume of the bombardment her makeshift shield was suffering from.

A bombardment it couldn't hold up against, especially as a slash of energy pierced straight through it. "Of course we're your friends, Hibiki. That's why we want to talk. Please let us talk. All we want to do is to see

you be the prettiest you can be.” Tsubasa chimed, having taken up a spot on the shattered ‘shield’ as that ever-present smile weighed down on the girl she stared at.

“Please just stand down, Hibiki. We don’t want to hurt you. It’d chip away at your beautiful skin. A good doll never gets hurt. Never gets dirtied.” Chris said as she joined her friend atop that slab of concrete, peering down at the girl with that very same smile on her face. It was chilling to see her friend be so cruel, yet so happy while doing it.

Hibiki panted a little as she looked up at the two. Even when they had been transformed into dolls that kept talking so creepily, they were still the best partners out of all her friends. It’d be tough trying to defeat them, especially since they both specialized in different ranges. If they were both focused on one range, she could single them out. So what could she do?

“Are you thinking hard, Hibiki?” Tsubasa asked as she raised her blade into the air, energy gathering at the tip. “If you stand down, this won’t hurt. You’ll be beautiful before you know it.” She said, trying to offer her a way out of this. While still converting her into one of them, of course.

Chris peered through the girl, sighing sweetly. “You know, maybe we’ll have to get you a prettier dress. Kirika’s color is green, but I think on a blonde like you, it’ll fit even better than a plain orange. Don’t you think so too, Tsubasa?”

While the two seemed to be a little distracted thanks to the red-clad doll’s daydreaming, Hibiki took the only chance she had. She dashed forward, leaping off the ground as she barreled straight towards the two...

And grabbed their hands, yanking them off their little pedestal as she smashed them both together. The momentum of her body combined with her natural strength made that an easy maneuver, letting her devote all of her spirit to one powerful scream. “OPEN YOUR EYES AND STOP BEING CREEPY!”

The porcelain doll girls’ bodies cracked from the impact. Not enough to shatter them fully, but enough to severely throw them off. On top of that, the way that their hands were being held by their friend’s was enough to make a little emotion return to their faces. Most notably the white-haired girl’s.

“You... You!” Chris cried out, her usual temper shining through the cracks. “We were so patient with you, trying to make you just sit down and have a cup of tea with us! BUT YOU JUST HAD TO GO AND RUIN OUR FACES, HIBIKI!”

Tsubasa's smile had faded, replaced with her usual resolute expression as she shrank her blade back to its usual size. "Tachibana. You know we can't forgive you for that. We're going to have to ruin your pretty face for what you did to us."

"LISTEN TO YOURSELVES!" Hibiki shouted, her hands still firmly grabbing theirs. "YOU'RE NOT DOLLS, AND YOU'RE NOT AT ALL MADE OF PORCELAIN OR WHATEVER! YOU'RE MY FRIENDS! OPEN YOUR EYES!" She knew she couldn't hurt them too much, so she went the next best route. She just hoped they'd listen to her.

Both of the girls slowly started blinking as her words rushed in through one ear and out the other. And their expressions shattered further, revealing their normal faces behind the creepy smiles that had almost been painted onto them. They were struggling, even as their free hands were busy trying to hit their friend one more time.

"COME BACK TO ME, TSUBASA, CHRIS!" The blonde screamed one more time as she let go of their hands and pulled them into the biggest and strongest hug she could possibly muster. She could feel their bodies physically cracking underneath the pressure of her strength, but it didn't matter! If she could free them from whatever was keeping them from understanding what she was trying to tell them, then it'd be alright!

The porcelain covering the two girls audibly shattered into such tiny pieces that it couldn't possibly be put back together, revealing it all to basically be one giant shell laying on top of their actual bodies. Of course, that wasn't the whole truth, but it was what mattered. The two were freed from their doll prisons, leaving two thoroughly exhausted girls behind. Two girls that were still wearing their strange dresses, just to rub what had happened in.

"Why the hell are you shouting so loudly, can't you let us breathe!?" Chris shouted almost as loudly as her friend, trying to pry herself out of the hug... Only for her cheeks to flush bright red. "W-Wait, why am I wearing this!?"

Tsubasa blinked a couple of times as she looked down at her delicate european-style blue dress. "Ah. This. I remember now." The blue-haired girl muttered, smiling slightly. "I saw Yukine wearing a dress like this, and she lured me in with a false sense of security. I couldn't help myself, since she was just so cute."

"YOU'RE NOT MAKING THIS ANY BETTER, SENPAI!" The short white-haired girl cried out in frustration, trying to pull herself away from the girl that still hugged them so tightly. "LET GO OF ME, HIBIKI! I NEED TO TEAR THIS THING OFF!"

The words didn't reach the desperate girl, who was still just hugging the two as tightly as she could. All while a couple of tears ran down her cheeks. "Thank goodness, you're both alright! I didn't think it'd work, but I guess... I guess my Armed Gear really pulled through and brought you back!" Hibiki laughed a little, despite the droplets rolling down her face.

"...Idiot, of course it worked." Chris muttered as the sight of the sobbing girl was enough to calm her down. "Sorry for making you worry. I don't remember what happened, but... One moment I was killin' Noise, the next I wanted to be a pretty doll..."

Tsubasa nodded. "Similar experience here. After Yukine caught me off guard, I was left with a heart that wanted to be nothing more than a pretty doll. Not a Sentinel. Just something to look at and admire." She explained, slowly running a hand through the blonde girl's hair. "You did well, Tachibana. My endless apologies for worrying yo-"

Before the blue-haired girl was able to finish her apology, she noticed that the blonde had managed to pass out. No doubt due to the stress that the two put on her by disappearing and then reappearing in such a villainous way. And all the two could do was laugh, never disappointed by the young gal.

Hibiki had earned this nap. And she was going to enjoy it, snoring peacefully in her friends' arms...

[Kancolle Corruption]

"You're atrocious! As long as you're stationed at this base, no, at this fleet! YOU WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO SING AGAIN!"

Those were the last words that Naka heard from her Admiral. They hurt more than any other insult or lecture she had ever gotten, specifically because of her position. It was the Fleet Admiral herself, Otomo Tsubaki. If it had been any other Admiral, the Sendai-class Cruiser would just be a bit miffed. But to hear it come out of somebody that she should've been inspired by...

"Damn her and damn her and damn her!" The upset brunette cried out into the skies above, standing on the dock while the moon hung overhead. "Why does she get to tell me that my singing's so bad!? She didn't even listen to me! She just played a bad recording, a fluke!" She whined, feeling like there was utter

injustice in what had happened to her. Why shouldn't she feel that way, considering the way that the Fleet Admiral had previously treated her subordinates..?

Naka grit her teeth as she jumped onto the surface of the water. Even if she didn't have her equipment, which had been confiscated because it contained way too auditory amplifiers to be considered safe in her hands after her latest lecture, she could still go out to sea! And if she had to go out to sea and sing, that's where she'd go!

The waves that she made as she dashed across the water below were reckless, wild and temperamental. Just like the girl who made them. She couldn't control her emotions, she had never ever thought about controlling them. She was an Idol! They were supposed to let it all pour on stage! They were supposed to drag in everyone with their voice, make them understand how they felt!

And yet...

She came to a stop, after having gone several kilometers away from the base in a matter of minutes. She couldn't even see it on the horizon. "Good riddance..." The Carrier muttered, slowly feeling the stress she had put upon her legs. By going this fast, without equipment to regulate it, she was on the verge of breaking down. She could still go back, but what was the point? The Admiral hated her, and everyone else...

"Why won't they just listen to my song..?" Naka muttered as she slowly sat down upon the surface of the water. She kept herself from sinking further in thanks to parts of her built-in equipment still functioning at full capacity, but she'd sink if she wanted to. And then she'd join everyone else that had fallen during their war with the Abyssals...

At first, everyone loved her. Especially the young Destroyers. They went all out for their next sortie when they heard her song. But little by little, the girls that came to listen to her dwindled in number. Everyone said it was because of her songs being terrible, but she heard what they were whispering behind their backs...

They thought that her songs, which gave everyone morale, made them go way beyond what they ever should've done. Safe missions turned into reckless routs, where all the Abyssals were successfully eliminated, though at the expense of another soul. That was their hypothesis, and it seemed to affect everyone that came to see her sing.

Even the Destroyers, her young fans that wanted nothing but to see her smile and shine bright thanks to how she poured her heart out, eventually stopped coming. They were still kids after all. If the older and

more experienced ships told them to stop coming by and listening to her song, they couldn't argue against it. They just had to follow orders.

"I hate it... I hate it..!" Naka sniffled, tears running down her cheeks. The worst part of it all was... She couldn't blame them for thinking the way that they did. It was the pragmatic way of approaching all of this. But she still hated it! Pragmatism had no place in an Idol's heart!

As she continued hovering there on the surface of the sea, she heard a few bubbles rise to the surface. And a sweet song, slowly grazing her ears. A song that sounded just like... hers..?

"This is your song, Naka." A distorted, yet familiar voice spoke out. It took on the same kind of filter that the communications with the Abyssals had. The few times they had listened to her song, they.. seemed to disappear. Only opening a line of communications that put nothing out but static, and then shutting off when the music went away.

Why could she hear them this time..? "...What do you want? Why are you playing my song?" She asked, slowly climbing onto her feet as she peered down at the abyss below her. Trying, desperately, to see who might be wanting to grab her attention.

"Because we like your song." The honest answer was a surprise. As were the lights that started shining in the deep darkness beneath her. "We were touched by the love you held for your comrades. And since they refuse to listen to you..." The Abyss itself spoke, as the eyes grew brighter.

Naka could feel her heart aching as she listened to it speak. "S-So you want to capture me, is that it? Turn me into one of you!? I won't let that happen! I'll sing until they hear! Even if it'll make my body tear itself apart! Don't underestimate the power of an Idol's heart!" She threatened, her expression burning with the will to carry on...

"We want you to join us. Of your own free will." The Abyss spoke once more, as the eyes slowly gathered together, all of them forming haphazard hearts. "We want our Idol to bring us the victory that we seek."

The brown-haired Cruiser couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her enemies, the Abyssals that had dragged so many of her friends down to the depths of the sea, only to turn them into nothing more than ghastly mockeries of themselves by the time they returned to the surface... They liked her..?

“W-Why should I believe you!? Y-You’re all monsters, you just want me to give in and join you so you can change me without any remorse! Go away!” Naka screamed, her heart refusing to accept this...

A hand touch her ankle. Then another. Then several more hands, all of them a pale white, slowly dragged themselves out from underneath the surface, covering her legs with their digits. They weren’t forceful. They just wanted to touch the girl that had inspired them all.

“Your song. It brought us hope. Let us bring you hope.” The voice of the Abyss grew wider. Grew louder. It was less like a single entity, more like a legion, all of them asking for her to join them. All of them expressing their belief in her...

...They were the fans that she had always wanted to sing to. Maybe those that had sunk were among them as well. And who was she to deny them the chance to hear her again? Especially since, compared to the terrible Admiral and everyone that turned her into a Pariah... She could feel the sincerity in their voices.

She took a deep breath, before closing her eyes and letting a little tune slip out from her lips. “If you want me to be yours, then all you have to do... Is sing along with me! Sing along with your idol, the Idol of the Abyss, Naka!” The smile on her face was bigger than it had been in weeks, maybe even months. She finally felt like she had somewhere she belonged.

Little by little, thousands of voices started singing along with her. They weren’t the best, nor were they the most coherent. But they sang. With the girl that had touched their hearts. Especially as she started to sink beneath the surface, the hands letting go of her and letting her descend out of her own free will...

Naka could feel the influence of the Abyss washing over her. The essence flowing into her. She was sinking. And she wouldn’t come back up until she had become a part of it. An ethereal soul, out to destroy everything above the surface.

But since she hated everyone up there, it didn’t matter! She spread out her arms, sinking her heart out as the darkness of the ocean sank into her, filling her and corrupting her. Or would it be better to call it fixing her, considering how little the people above the surface cared about her?

Her warm orange clothes turned black and white, reflecting the depths that she was descending into. Her skin grew pale, to let her stand out against the darkness of the Abyss. Her hair turned black, contrasting her skintone and showing just how her heart had been twisted...

A sharp, yet momentary shot of pain rushed through her. This was to be expected. The Abyssal equipment needed to bond with her. And while it would take away her legs, at least while it was equipped... It would let her reach everyone. Whether above or below.

Naka's smile widened bit by bit, as she sank further into the Abyss. She had so many things to sing to everyone...

"This is where she fell? You're meaning to tell me that she managed to sink without anybody hitting her? What the hell happened to her?"

A small fleet of girls had set out the week after, the Idol's disappearance finally hitting the base. None of them were really thrilled to be there, but the Destroyers wanted to know where she went. Even if she was a dangerous girl...

"Well..." Yamato, one of the ships that the Admiral had assigned as a secretary, slowly spoke up. "Lady Tsubaki, to put it bluntly, dismantled her dreams in front of her. I wanted to comfort her after the fact, but..."

Her cohort and fellow Secretary, Musashi, put her hand on her friend's shoulder. "The Admiral's word is law. Even if we think differently." She muttered, knowing that they should've intervened."

"That's real great and all, but you both could've stopped her from going over the line! This is why the Admiral's reputation has been sinking, because she can't keep herself in check!" The last of the three girls, Nagato, chewed her two allies out.

She shouted at them, but she really didn't need to. They understood that they had screwed up. They were far too intimate with the concept. It wasn't the first time they had seen her ruin somebody like this.

"Ahaha! There they are, there they are!" Their moping and their arguing was cut off rather rudely as a shrill voice shot through the air. A voice that they were all familiar with... One that was the topic of their current argument.

The three shipgirls looked towards the source of the voice, only to lay their eyes upon the Abyssalized Naka, who laughed from the depths of her corroded soul. "That bitch would send you all out here, to listen to my song? Finally, she shows a bit of respect for me!" She laughed as her expression turned destructive and vile, her abyssal lower half opening its mouth to reveal an array of amplifiers, each of them turning on in unison.

"I'll repay her by turning you all into my loyal fans!" She screamed through her sound system, stunning all three girls as her song began. A powerful, soul-shattering song that would wrap them around her finger.

They each tried to cover their ears. They each tried to resist. But one by one, their hands fell to the sides of their hips. The song sank into their bodies, forcing them to sink while the song played through their bodies.

All of them turned black and white, monochromatized as they became a part of the Abyssal Forces, their eyes glowing bright blue as they turned upon their Masters, all for the sake of their Idol. The Idol of the Abyss.

Naka's song resounded across the ocean. Anybody that heard it would sink, touched by the feelings within. She finally had her stage, and she finally had her fans.

And now, she would have her revenge...

[OC Moral Degeneration]

It was another great day to be out and about. That's what dear Albert Grimwald thought at least, as he held the hand of one of his dearest friends, Emilia. The two were close childhood friends, and nothing would separate them. Ever. Ever ever!

That's what they thought at the moment at least, though fate would conspire to throw a wrench into their plan. A wrench in the shape of a portly gentleman, who was walking straight towards them with quite the quick pace. So quickly that he didn't even notice them, causing him to bump into the two.

"Huh?" Albert blinked as he noticed that he had ended up on his butt. "Eh? Hey! Why'd you do that?" He asked the larger man, getting onto his feet and helping his dear friend Emilia up just the same. He wasn't mad, he was just weirded out.

The portly gentleman snorted almost like a pig as he looked down at the two. "Hmph, you were the ones in my way. If anything, a snot-nosed kid like you should've noticed that I had a meeting to get to." He scoffed, his breath so terrible that it looked like outright smoke.

"Snot-nosed? Emilia, is snot dripping from my nose? I thought I blew it when we left." The boy ignored his insult, more concerned about the literal nature of his statement.

Emilia wasn't one to take an insult to her dear friend lying down. "You're a bad man, you know? You should be ashamed of what you did, knocking Albert down!" She stomped into the ground, her adorable little shoe clacking against the pavement.

"I don't give a damn, girl. I've got much more important things to do." He said as he grit his teeth. He shouldn't be entertaining these two idiots, nor should he be sticking around. If he stuck around for too long, his deal with the stock market was going to fall through.

Unfortunately, as he tried to move past them, the young girl just got in his way again. "You're not leaving until you say sorry!" She cried out, not moving an inch except to intercept him. Just because he had been such a colossal meanie!

"Scram, you little brat!" The older man cried out as he smashed his fist straight into her stomach, regardless of the consequences. All while he let a big puff of his smoky breath straight into her face, letting it sink into her alongside his fist...

The blow made Emilia scream out in pain, letting the smoke sink straight into her lungs in the process. It hurt. It hurt a lot, and she couldn't keep herself standing as he pulled the fist back.

"HEY! DON'T HURT MY EMILIA!" Albert screamed up at the man, kicking his shin. If there was one thing that was going to make the gentle-hearted boy angry, it was hurting the people he loved. "MY SISTER'S GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY! REALLY!"

The portly bastard scoffed as he started walking past them. He had already wasted far too much time on the two of them, there was no point in staying around and beating up another kid just because he had tried

to hurt him. Besides, whenever he dealt out his punishment to those that dared to fuck with him, he always left a nice surprise behind for their friends.

“Emilia! Emilia! Are you okay? Please, tell me where it hurts! I’ll get you to the doctor’s, I’ll call my sis so she can get the cops on him! Please, just talk to me!” The obviously panicked boy shouted to his dearest friend, shaking her back and forth to make sure that she was alright...

Only for her to cough a little, her breath having taken on the same sickly black shade as the man’s. “Y-yeah, I’m fine, Albert. Just a little winded. Don’t worry about me.” She coughed more, the sensation of pain still ringing through her...

“A-Are you absolutely sure? You got punched pretty badly, I don’t want you to stay hurt.” He nervously asked. This wasn’t like Emilia. She was always one to accept his help real fast, especially when it concerned an injury. And that breath was kinda weird too...

His dear friend pushed him away as he got too close. “I’m. Fine.” She firmly said as she got up, rubbing her belly a little. “I ain’t even got a scratch on me, see?” She chimed, though a bit rougher than usual, as she pulled up her shirt.

Not only wasn’t there a bruise where she had been punched, her belly was actually... A bit flabby. Which was definitely weird, considering the kind of exercise she usually did with the boy. “No pain, no gain, or somethin’. That’s how it goes, right?” She laughed, almost sounding a little too pleased with how this panned out.

“If... If you say so.” Albert muttered, wondering why her belly had started bloating out. And why her gentle nature was quickly turning into a rougher one. “W-Well, do you still wanna go see a movie? I think we can make it, if we hurry a little!” He chimed, trying to cheer himself up by shoving his happiness to the forefront.

Emilia rubbed her chin, which was starting to push out a little. “Does it have any hot chicks with tits the size of their heads that I can whack one off to, or is it more of your kiddy shit?” She asked, her hand drifting downward into her shorts...

“H-Hot chicks? E-Emilia, you’re kind of scaring me now.” The young boy was definitely weirded out by how his dearest friend was acting. This was so unlike her that he couldn’t even recognize her. And that was before he noticed the way that she had started filling out her outfit.

Every breath that left his friend's mouth caused her to change a little more, her own smoke sinking into her to progress her transformation. Whether it was by making her arms thicker or her body bigger, or by growing her thighs out to make them sturdier and ready to use the thing that was slowly poking out between them.

But none of her growths were as extreme as the one for her torso. Her belly, specifically where she had been punched, was now growing so wide and so big that it was starting to sag over her pants. It was looking just as big as the man's, and almost as blinding. She wouldn't be able to see anybody if she looked down, much less a certain thing that was pushing against the fabric of her panties.

Emilia's body was just as portly as the man's had been, with the keen exception that she had a bit of actual appeal to her. Her tits were resting on top of her wide tummy, almost as big as her head after the extra weight had been added. And her ass, to match her wide hips, was struggling to stay contained within her pants. In fact, her entire outfit was screaming, trying to slip off and rip free...

"Albert, Albert, Albert." The not-so-young-looking gal said, patting the boy on the head. "How many times do I hafta tell ya? I don't watch that kiddy shit no more. Not when I have other things that concern me." She slapped him slightly, not hard enough to make a mark, but enough to make it clear that she wasn't about to take his silly shit seriously. "So, how about we go see something that's real entertaining. Something to whack your meat off. I know you've got a big thing in there, I've wanted to compare mine for a long time.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Or at least, what properly set off the boy to her changes. He quickly squatted down so he could see underneath her sagging tummy, and gulped as he noticed the bulge that was threatening to snap her panties in two. A thick, and absolutely smelly shaft. "Emilia, you... When did you..." He couldn't believe his eyes. He just couldn't.

"I've had it since I was born, you femmy idiot. It was why we met, wasn't it? You took pity 'cause I had that thing, and you just mooched off me because I started getting the good stuff. Well, maybe I should just get rid of you then, since you're sapping all my cash." Emilia scoffed. Her personality, her very self, had been corrupted by the black smoke as well as the punch to her now-mega-fat tummy...

Even her memories had taken a turn for the worse! He had to do something to stop her. He had to get back his friend. But how? What could he do to get all of that smoke out of her? "E-Emilia, please, this isn't like you. You were a good girl! You were my best friend! You never had a cock, you weren't... Well, at least not before I started making dinner..." He muttered, realizing that she would've probably gotten this fat regardless.

"You're speaking nonsense again, Albert!" She cried out as she took a deep breath, before practically spitting the smoke onto him. "If you're gonna keep acting like you don't remember shit, then I think I've got something much better for you to do!"

He quickly coughed as he was forced to inhale the smoke. Unlike her, he hadn't been given a punch that would let it easily sink into his lungs. Instead, he was basically left in a disoriented state, looking up at her as her enormous presence bore down on him.

"For such a snot-nosed brat who's been leeching off my cash, I have to admit. You really are cute, with that big bush of pink hair, and that real femmy bod. If I didn't know better, I could confuse you for one of the cute kids that keep offering their bodies to me..." She licked her lips, grunting a little just like the man that had ruined her. "Yeah. I know what to use you for now. But first..."

While she seemed to be aware of her smoke's power now, she didn't understand it fully. That didn't stop her from using it to give herself some clothes that actually seemed fashionable. A pinstripe suit, designed to keep her belly emphasized thanks to the semi-stretchy fabric, and her thick ass kept snugly squeezed into her pants. If one were to dig out her bulge, they'd find it kept barely pinned down by an erotic g-string, the kind that only special clients got to experience. And lastly, but definitely not leastly, she got quite the sick looking hat, one that she could spin around if she ever so pleased. All of it born thanks to her smoke sinking into her and making her wishes and wants real. Well, the man's wishes, but those were hers now as well.

Albert looked up at her, gasping, his head throbbing from the smoke inside. "E-Emilia, please. You're... You're..." His mind was rebelling against the effects of the smoke. He should be resisting this. He should be finding her current body repulsive because of how it perverted the girl he knew so much...

But his own erection, tenting against his cute skirt, was hard to ignore. All he could do was look up at his fatter friend, as she slowly pushed his head up against her suited belly.

"I'm exactly what I am, Albert. And yer gonna give me all the love and affection you've always done. Otherwise, I'm gonna make sure to drain all yer cash before that sister of yers finds you in a glory hole. The same place she'll end up if she dares try to scamper after me." Her cruelty was asserted, her original self basically gone at this point. "You know what you can do to make me happy, don'tcha, Albert?"

With his head still fogged up by the smoke, he nodded. He unbuttoned her suit ever slightly, planting a kiss on the belly button that had pushed its way out during her transformation... Before sinking onto his knees, and pulling his head close to the alluring and dominant bulge of his dearest and greediest friend.

Emilia snorted like a pig as she laid down the law of their new relationship, putting the snot-nosed brat in his place. In the back of her mind, this all did feel wrong... But with him between her legs, where he could make her feel real good? Yeah, this was where a boy like him belonged.

This was what the man would've done. What she should've done, so long ago.

[Natura Couleur/OC Twinning]

"Blanc. Can you hear what I hear?"

The city of Equilibré. A city where Light and Darkness constantly feud, trying to take control of one another. A city protected by the ones that want to see the good in people bloom, and a city where those that want to pervert the living roam inside the alleyways and the darker corners.

Equilibré's defenders, the Natura Couleur, serve the Light. Consisting of five young ladies who'd do anything to keep their home safe, they fight with whatever they have at their disposal against those that would dare hurt their friends and family. And on this day, a brand new threat had arrived.

"The music? Yeah, I hear it. Do you know what it is? It's kinda catchy!" The excitable Natura Blanc giggled as she swayed her brown hips back and forth to the sound of the tune, almost a little too cheerfully.

Her partner, Natura Bleu, slightly nudged her with the butt of her blade. "Focus, Blanc. We don't know if that music is dangerous or not. I need you to be ready to heal anybody that's been injured, or keep anybody that seems antagonistic locked down. I'm counting on you."

"You've got it, Bleu!" The white-suited Heroine giggled as she jumped down from the rooftop they were both using as a vantage point, wanting to go straight into the fray. Besides, holding back was just going to leave them open to an attack!

Her blue-suited partner shook her head as she jumped down after her, blade ready to skewer anybody that'd dare stand in her way. And save those that were in danger, of course. That was much more important than striking down villainy.

As the two girls walked into town square, where the music was centralized, they noticed that a lot of the people walking around were a bit... Absentminded, to say the least. A couple of them were straight up sleepwalking, to the point where they were bumping into trees and not realizing they had a bruise or that there was still something in their way.

"That's definitely dangerous." Bleu muttered as she slid a finger along the blade of her sword, causing it to glow blue for a moment. "Blanc, stay alert. I don't want to lose you when things go out of control."

Her white-suited partner nodded, before tapping one of those sleeping pedestrians on the shoulder. "Yoooo? Are you in there?" She chimed, snapping her fingers in front of their face to make sure that they heard her.

But they didn't. They just walked on past, ignorant of what was happening around them. As if their mind had been enraptured, grabbed by the music that was ringing through their ears...

"Hmmm, that's not good. I don't think I can heal them if their minds are grabbed, that requires a lot of concentration. Can you spot the baddie, Bleu?" Blanc asked, slowly pushing her hands together to form a barrier around them using her powers. Just so they could hear themselves think.

Bleu shook her head. "The music's bouncing around. Jumping off the ones it's wrapped around. I can't find the source." She muttered. "Unless... Blanc, can you handle a wide-area heal?"

"You just give me the signal, and I'll do what I can!" The healing Heroine giggled as she pressed her hands together, focusing the power of the barrier around her. That same protective effect could be bent and used as she pleased.

Her blue-clad friend smiled as she swung her sword through the air, causing it to segment and launch further into the sky above, circling rapidly until it formed a raincloud. "OCEAN BLEU!"

With a cry from her voice, the power within her segmented blade activated. A powerful rain suddenly poured down on everyone... Or so it seemed. The way that everyone started to stagger made it all too obvious, the rain wasn't actually water. It was tiny sharp slivers of metal, cast off from her blade as it turned its deadly killing power into nothing more than a rain of knives. But if she kept this up...

TWANG

Both of the heroines heard the sound of a string snapping. Whoever was playing the music just had their instrument clipped. "Blanc, now!" Bleu cried out as she dashed out towards the sound of the clipped string.

"I've got it! BLANC BLESSING!" Blanc shouted to the heavens, releasing the power she had stored within her hands as it washed through the air, turning the very same knife-like raindrops into healing droplets, washing over everyone still temporarily controlled by the music...

With the citizens healed, it was time to stop the one that had started it all. But as soon as the blue-clad heroine found the source of the music... There didn't seem to be anybody there. Just a single string, laying on the ground below.

"They've already escaped. What a tricky villain." Bleu muttered as she snapped her fingers, the downpour coming to an end as the segments of her blade returned. "Now, where might you be..."

She closed her eyes, listening to the waves in the air. The ones made by sound itself. Even if they were not water, they were close enough for her to attune herself to, and...

With the sound of a blade slashing through the air, she made her move. She jumped to the side, swinging her blade to make the segments spin around her in a defensive manner. "You can't approach me, villain. I know how to deal with your kind." Her words were resolute, and her determination was firm.

But her enemy did not care, as she slowly stood up after she missed her mark. "Bravo, beautiful girl." The villain, a woman clad in a black top with orange pants and sashes reaching from her shoulders down to her hips, giggled as she slightly adjusted her mask. Her darker skin and her black hair was enough to make her stand out, but combine that with the gaudy outfit and the suspicious mask on her face, and it was strange that the hero hadn't noticed her already.

"You must consider yourself quite something, using the rain itself to try and root me out. Such a shame that you'll have to fall here, at the hands of my song." The woman said, spinning a pair of daggers between her fingers. The tips were sharp, and the ends looked like the ends of music notes.

Bleu narrowed her eyes as her sword fully reformed, pointing that very same blade directly at her enemy. "Your name, Villain. Before I imprison you in our holding cells, I need a name." She wasn't going to play any

games. As soon as she got it, she was going to pin her down and show her what happened to those that would threaten her city.

“Serenader. That is my name, and that is my being.” She chimed, adjusting her mask ever slightly. “I suppose I should serenade you with my song, just like all of these innocent people.” She giggled, licking the side of her dagger ever slightly to produce quite a harmonic sound.

The Heroine dashed forward with a direct slash, trying to aim through her. Even if she was an enemy with tricky maneuvers, a strike to her vitals would put her out of commission. Blanc could take care of the rest after that.

Serenader dodged, like the slick assassin that she was. “Oh dear, trying to harm me before I’ve serenaded you. That’s not good at all.” She mused, as she pushed her daggers together...

Only for them to turn into a harp, all strings fully intact. “But since you’re such a cutie, I’ll still allow you to hear my song. Listen closely, and you’ll be enthralled.” She chimed, as she carefully stroked her fingers along the strings...

Her song started pulsing from her Serenading Harp, causing the sound to ripple through the air. The people that had been enthralled moments ago were pulled back in, each of them looking towards the girl that had dared attack their proverbial pied piper.

Bleu didn’t want to listen. She spun her sword, throwing the segments off once more as they started orbiting her, turning into a barrier of water. “Ocean Bleu - Barrier.” She coldly declared, cracking her knuckles as she looked around her. If she had to fight against civilians, then she’d... she’d...

Her train of thought halted as she noticed that there wasn’t just one, not just two... Every single one of the citizens had turned into a copy of Serenader. Was this the true power of her song? That’d explain why they all acted like they weren’t home upstairs, and how she blended in. “You..!” The Heroine cried out, whipping around towards the main Serenader...

Only to find her mysteriously gone, and the song still billowing out through the air. “Damnit!” The Heroine shouted as she turned her attention towards the approaching crowd, fists ready. She was going to beat the possessive Assassin out of them, at all costs!

The horde of identical Assassins descended on her, each of them melodically giggling. Each launched back by another powerful punch from Bleu, the force of a Tsunami behind every strike.

“BEATEN BLEU!” Her fighting spirit was set aflame, just like when she fought side by side with her red-clad partner. This was a special exception. She’d knock them all down, and then-

A dagger grazed by her cheek, causing her to lose her concentration. Using her fist-based technique required her to lower her barrier to keep the output at maximum. The Assassins had figured out the trick, and utilized her own techniques against her...

She had to keep up the defense. At least until Blanc could get to her. Then... Then...

...Why was the melody playing inside her barrier?

“Ehehehe...” A cheery, yet foreboding tone echoed behind her, as she noticed that another barrier had been erected inside her own. A barrier that was white tinted, yet had a little hint of orange in it. A barrier that could only be made by one girl.

Bleu whipped around, and stared straight at the face of her dear friend, Blanc... Right before it got consumed by the face of the Serenader, mask and all. “Sorry, Bleu. I’m a part of the Serenade now.” She chimed, as if her identity was still alive in there somehow, though subjugated by the new one.

“Snap out of it, Blanc! KOHANA!” The trapped heroine shouted, her worry bubbling to the surface as she tried to smash her fist into the barrier. She needed to break through! To get to the girl that she had promised to protect with her life!

Only, as she struck it to the best of her ability... It made the melody resound inside her head. It made it grow even more powerful. Erasing her inner thoughts. Erasing what she held dear.

Memories of her own self. Memories of those that she loved. Memories of those that she hated. Memories of Rouge and Blanc, her teammates that had stood by her for months, were all swept away by the Serenade, as she slowly lost control of herself.

Her white and blue armor was eaten away by the melody. It coated her in the same colors as the Serenader. Orange pants. Darker skin. A black top, and the sashes that connected them. The only thing that remained on her was her head and her hair, as a mask slowly appeared in her hands.

She could stop this. She could toss it away. Deny the Assassin her chance to get back on top.

But what would the point be, if she tried to ruin her mask?

Serenader smiled as she slipped her mask on, the blade falling to the ground as the powers that enabled it suppressed themselves. Leaving behind yet another Serenader with a harp of her own, and a will to spread her serenade throughout the city.

With two heroes having been turned into this mysterious Assassin, it wouldn't be long before the other three fell to the same fate.

[Jōtaider/OC Morals Swap]

While Mikai Fushimi hadn't exactly been aware of what went on in the world for very long, she had started to assume things based on what she had been through. The fact that she currently found herself facing down a woman who was ranting about justice while she was standing in front of some boy? Yeah, uh, that was definitely something she never thought about.

"You! Walk away from the boy, so I may balance his inner compass! He should be in perfect balance instead of edging towards evil! If you do not get out of my way, I'll have to correct you as well!" The woman, whose sense of self was flaring up visibly around her and giving her some sort of aura, shouted as she pointed towards both the heroine and the boy behind her.

Mikai looked at the boy behind her. "What's she talking about?" The sandy-blond, who hadn't even transformed yet, tilted her head just a little bit. It was really confusing, she had to admit as much. Not that she had an easy time understanding anything, but...

"How the hell should I know?" The boy, Ken Sasaki, threw his hands into the air. "I just got her what she asked for over the phone, and now she's treating me like I'm the next hot thing! And then you show up!"

To say that he wasn't having a great day would be an understatement. First he got hounded by one weirdo, and then another popped out of nowhere ready to fight.

The sandy-blond girl giggled, not affected by his rough way of talking. "I'm Mikai Fushimi. How's that for starters?" She chimed, turning around to face the woman. "And what about you? Aren't you going to give me a name before you try and bully me?"

"It's Ken, Ken Sasaki. Now, I gotta get outta here before..." The boy started to sneak away, only to feel the pressure that the woman exerted wash over him despite the distance between them.

She laughed, running a hand through her long hair. "Fool! You stand before Nemesis, the one who tips the scales of Justice!" The woman, whose formal attire would've made her look like somebody much more composed, sounded almost raving mad as she got into a stance. All while the energies compressed upon her, turning into a set of White and Black armor that would keep her ready for whatever the girl could throw at her.

"Nemesis, huh?" Mikai grinned as she held out her fist, her body covering in flames as the outline of armor appeared on top of her. "Then I'll tell you my other name as well, since you're raving so hard about justice!" She shouted, clenching tight as she pulled her arm back...

And the armor, in the shape of a lion, materialized on top of her. The eyeholes glowed bright green as she punched into the palm of her other hand. "I'm Jōtaider Mimoto! Ready to throw you down and show you that you're doing something you'll regret!" She shouted with glee, running straight at the armored woman in front of her.

"Great. Just great. Now I have two stupid girls on my ass." Ken muttered as he watched the two. He really should get away from them and just... Escape. But at the same time, after the girl had introduced herself to him... He felt compelled to wait and watch. Even though they had literally just met, it'd be rude to just disappear like that...

Mikai's fist met Nemesis', the power between the two sparking through the air. "You're a tough one, huh? I can't even feel your armor cracking when I put everything I've got into a punch!" She shouted, jumping back before the woman had a chance to follow up from the clash.

"You cannot break Justice itself, Mimoto!" The woman in white and black cried out, her exposed head allowing her to grin from ear to ear. Not out of smugness, but rather excitement. "You can only tip it! And as the gods bear witness to my mission, only I may tip the scales that control it!"

The lion-armored heroine cracked a grin underneath her helmet as she let her fist get coated in a layer of flames, all of them roaring to go... Only for the flames to transfer down to her foot. "Really now?" She had a sick idea, and it was totally going to work. All she had to do was wait for the one in the armor to attack, and then..!

"JUSTICE KICK!" Nemesis screamed as she leapt into the air, kicking straight forward. It wasn't very spectacular, in fact it seemed to just be a regular kick. But if it was as powerful as she said it was, then..!

Mikai dashed forward, the flames in her leg burning to the point where they turned blue as she leapt to meet that kick. "KING'S FLAME!" She screamed the name of her attack out loud as their soles met, causing their energies to spark through the air...

Ken wisely ducked behind a wall, watching the lightshow pan out with a glint in his eye. "Why the hell are they so damned powerful..." He muttered, hiding the fact that he was genuinely impressed by the display.

By the time that the flames and the other energies died down, both armored girls fell to the ground with their backs to one another. Both of them standing straight, feeling the efforts of their fight flow through them...

Only for the two to gasp out, their armors breaking apart to reveal their bodies underneath. Bodies that were bruised and scraped... But that wasn't the reason why their armors broke. No, there was a much more important reason...

"Why... WHY DID YOU TIP THEM!?" Nemesis screamed, bright pearly white energies wrapping around her in a matter of seconds. Since she had acted villainous, her ability was activating on her. If she hadn't clashed with the foot like that, she would've been just fine.

Mikai grinned a little as she got covered in a coal-black coating of energy, slowly running her hand along the back of her head. "I wanted to prove that I could tip them too. Though, I guess this was kinda what I should've expected, huh?" She giggled...

Only for the sounds of both of them to be swallowed, courtesy of the Scale-tipping energies that had consumed them. The very same energies that the armored woman would've used to correct villains that actually tried to hurt people, were now being used to change her as well as the heroine that stood in her way.

The first of the two to be released was Nemesis herself. The white energies sunk into her form, revealing her body. Or rather, revealing the enormous habit that she wore. She was dressed like a nun, one that couldn't hurt a fly. Because her belief in god would keep her from being harmed by those that would want to bring harm to her.

"Ah... The divine will..." The former raving loon of a woman sighed sweetly, her hands resting against her chest as she felt the warmth of belief wash over her. She had been purified, rid of any negative thought that might make her act out against anybody that wanted to hurt or insult her...

Mikai, on the other hand, wasn't so lucky. The black substance sunk into her, revealing a girl that barely wore anything. Only a set of panties and a bra, both of which were shaped more like bats that only conveniently managed to cover the important bits, were left on her body.

It wasn't just that either. Her sandy-blond hair had turned pitch black to contrast her now crimson skin, and a pair of devilishly long horns were poking out of her head, making her look like the demon she now was inside. After all, tipping that much raw justice onto its head turned it all into pure unadulterated evil, the kind of evil that only a demon could possess...

"Ahahaha! Damn, I didn't know it could feel this good to be evil!" The corrupted girl giggled as she grabbed the straps of her 'outfit', tugging on them a little before letting them snap back against her skin, feeling the pain surge through her and bring her nothing but delightful pleasure...

Nemesis glared at her demonic cohort, pulling a rosary out of her sleeve. "Unholy one, repent for your sin. You do not belong in this world, nor the next!" She cried out, pushing it towards the red-skinned girl...

Only for Mikai to push past it and grab her by the hips, slipping a kiss onto those holy lips of hers. "Oh, I belong right here with you, gal. You turned me into this, didn'tcha? Don't you have responsibilities?" The overly friendly nature of the girl had turned into something a bit more... Direct. Especially as she squeezed her fingers straight into those wonderful hips, enjoying everything she could feel.

Ken narrowed his eyes as he watched the two play with one another. Well, mostly the demon with the nun and not the other way around, but it was the thought that counted. "Great. Just fantastic. They waste all of their energy, and now they start having sex. They're just like Mom, always doing whatever she wants without thinking about anybody else..." He muttered, watching them closely...

While doing his absolute best to avoid the boner in his pants. Oh yeah. He was still a young man, he couldn't stop himself from getting aroused at the sight of two girls getting it on. Even if one was like twice the age of the other, and if that very same older woman was getting absolutely toyed with by the younger one.

Unfortunately for the young man, his adoration towards them, whether it was the sexual kind that had bloomed from watching them make out or the proper kind that bloomed when he watched them go at one another like a pair of enemies... It spelt disaster for him.

That very same Mom that he complained about was a Goddess. Just like Nemesis. And she didn't want him going around playing with girls until he was of the proper mindset. So she put a curse on him, and...

Both the Nun and Mikai let out a loud moan as they felt their bodies convulsing, their spirits being twisted by the curse that seeped into their very being. Something so foreign that they had no choice but to break their little embrace, both of them left panting like wild animals...

It wasn't hard to see what happened to them, thanks to the curse. Oh yes, he liked the two of them going at one another. So the curse gave them something to make that so much easier. Something that was only outlined on the older Nun's dress, while awfully obvious thanks to the massive bulge that had just grown in the demon's bat-shaped panties...

"Mmmph... Y'know, I think I've had enough of holy flesh for a little while. Those lips of yours were damn tasty though, I'll have another bite later." The demonized Heroine giggled as she squeezed into what laid below, turning her head directly towards the boy in hiding.

Nemesis nodded and slowly licked her fingertips, panting as her hand grazed the outline in her dress. "I will... Restrain my hate towards you. If only for a few minutes, vile demon. I have much, much more important matters to tend to. Ones that concern everyone in this world we're living in..." She panted, as her eyes locked onto the very same target as the one the demon was locked onto...

Ken could feel the dread rushing through his body. He should probably run. And yet, as he turned to try and do so, he smacked straight into the belly of the beast, Mikai looking at him with a grin on her face. Even if he tried to run after that, the Nun approached him from behind, ensuring that he was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

...The pleasure-filled screams that echoed far and wide would be the talk of the town for the next little while...

[Jōtaider Yukionna TF]

“Mikai Fushimi. You have something that we want.”

A chilling pair of women, whose very existence caused the world around them to carefully and gradually freeze, giggled as they stood in the way of a sandy-blond girl. A girl that didn't exactly understand who they were or what they wanted.

“Sure? What do you want?” The girl, the aforementioned Mikai, scratched the back of her head as she looked at the pale-skinned twins. They kinda reminded her of the hall monitor at her school, who was also a frigid woman. “Does this involve Yuuki-senpai? Or something else?”

The two Yukionna looked at one another before giggling a little further. “Well, it seems like you know something. You know why we're here. Even if you don't know the full extent.” The shorter-haired of the two ice women explained, drawing a fan from the elongated sleeve of her kimono.

“You had a feud with our goddaughter. We cannot allow this transgression to stand. Therefore, we have to teach you a lesson. We can't let one of our kind just get trampled on, you must understand.” The longer-haired of the two chimed, adjusting her low-cut kimono ever slightly. “Just stand still and feel the cold claim you...”

Mikai blinked a couple more times. They knew she had fought Yuuki-senpai... But did they know she did it because the girl was horrendously out of it? Whatever was the case, she couldn't let them just freeze her. She had things to do! Like slack off and play video games with her friends!

“Sorry, I can't let you do that!” The sandy-haired girl clenched her fist allowing it to catch fire. “Henshin!” She cried out, the flames spreading across her figure until it manifested in the form of a lion-themed armor. Her heroic guise, Jōtaider Mimoto. “You're going to have to beat Mimoto before I'll let you freeze me!”

The Yukionna twins licked their lips as they stomped in unison, their powers intensifying as they froze everything in a 20 meter radius. More than enough to leave the surrounding area as part of their turf. “You

poor thing. Hiding away within such false warmth. We'll free you from it, and teach you what she should've." The short-haired woman said, taking step after step towards the armored heroine.

"Using the flame to ward away our frozen passion. How utterly adorable." The long-haired woman chimed as she skated across the ice until she ended up behind the heroine, sighing as she stretched and let her breasts bounce against the fabric of her kimono. "But even the brightest flame can be frozen in its perfection..."

Mimoto kept her guard up as she watched the two approach. These women were proper Monsters, their ability to freeze at the peak. If she slipped up even once, it'd all be over. She wouldn't get a second chance to defeat them... Well, there wasn't even any guarantee that she'd defeat them in the first place, but she had to try!

The heroine let her flames ignite, trying to melt the ice below... Only to notice that as soon as it turned back into liquid, it froze once more. Her feet dangerously close to being frozen as well due to the lack of space between her boots and the ice.

"We told you. Hiding away within false warmth will do you no good. Accept the warmth in the cold, and you will be reborn. Reborn as one of us. Like the goddaughter you dared attack." The short-haired Yukionna said as she swept her fan through the air, ice gathering where she had swung it. Several icy projectiles formed, each shot directly at the heroine once she swung that fan once more.

The long-haired Yukionna, pleased with her sister's offensive, gently waved her hand through the air, only for ice to gather at her fingertips in the form of a delicate blade. A blade that she grabbed firmly before stepping towards the lion-themed heroine, a subtle smile on her lips.

"From the front and the back..!" Mimoto cried out as she let the flames around her roar harder. So what if she'd get trapped from the ice below? She needed to defend herself! "KING'S ERUPTION!" She roared, flames coalescing in her palm about to explode and melt the impending attacks...

Only for one of those projectiles to preempt the explosion, slamming into her shoulder and freezing the joint over completely. The flames faded from the rest of her limb, the cold shutting off the warmth in her arm. The other projectiles made their mark as well, leaving both of her arms disabled and chilled, while her legs were completely frozen over locking her in place.

The next blow came from the icy blade, stabbing straight through her heart. Or at least, it felt that way. But there was no wound. Her heart hadn't left her body for the second time. All that happened was that

unfathomable cold making her freeze all over, her teeth clacking against one another as she tried to keep herself composed...

“Your false warmth, the flames of your passion, have been frozen solid. Just like the rest of you will be, once we’re done.” The long-haired Yukionna whispered into the heroine’s ear, sinking the blade deeper into her back as it caused more and more of the girl to freeze over.

The short-haired Yukionna hid her smile with her fan as she stepped closer. “And with your heart taken by the cold, you’ll understand what we want from you. You’ll understand what it means to be claimed by an endless, never ending chill. And within that, you’ll find our love...”

“L-Love? W-What’s so loving about freezing me?!” Mimoto cried out, her armor cracking thanks to the structural damage suffered by the freezing. That very same cracking bringing her way too much pain, due to the direct relationship between her armor and her body.

The two women giggled in unison at her protest. Wrapping their arms around her freezing body slowly planting kiss after kiss on her neck as the chill reached further and further...

Until they both kissed her on the cheeks, shattering her armor fully as the ice had taken her completely. Leaving one terribly cold looking, almost frostbitten Mikai unprotected as she laid within their arms.

“S-Stooooop... I-It’s way too cold...” The sandy-blond girl muttered, her body feeling like it was about to shatter at any moment. Her heart wasn’t beating, and by all accounts she should be considered legally dead from how cold she had gotten. And yet here she was, resting against the two women that had thoroughly trounced her...

They wouldn’t stop. They couldn’t stop. Once they had picked a target, they didn’t ever stop. Instead, they gently grabbed her shirt and slowly pulled it off her body. Then her skirt. Then her socks and her shoes, leaving her in little more than her underwear, really showing off the icy tint that her skin had taken on.

“Let the cold in, Mikai. Let it become one with you. Then we can all be friends. Then you can earn forgiveness for what you did to our goddaughter.” The short-haired Yukionna said, planting several kisses as she slowly knelt down, her affectionate chill pouring into the younger girl.

The long-haired Yukionna followed suit, kissing the most important spots. All while removing her underwear, to leave the girl thoroughly and utterly naked. And with her body left this bare, there was no way that she could stop them from going further.

Every kiss that landed on the girl's body was enough to send a shock through her mind. Freezing her thoughts, one by one. Her love for her friends, her love for the world she was rediscovering, her love of justice and fighting the good fight... All of that became little more than frozen mist, the thoughts disappearing from her mind one by one.

In their place, the affection from the kisses started filling her with more and more beliefs that were appropriate for the cold ones. The adoration of the cold. The elegance of ice. The superiority of those that could control it... And how all of those things embodied themselves within her. Even if they hadn't yet taken form, with the way that they were going at it...

"Let it sink in. Let it forever freeze itself within you. Then, and only then, can you be the kind of girl that our Yuuki would love. Even if neither of you would ever admit it." The long-haired Yukionna whispered into her ear, gently licking away at her body. Adding more of that affection to her form. Adding more of that love, changing her irrevocably, like she was chipping away at a sculpture with an ice pick...

Mikai started moaning. Her mind couldn't keep up with the erasure of her own thoughts and the replacements that started flooding in. Especially as those very same replacements froze themselves into place, preventing them from ever leaving her mind. She'd always understand the superiority of ice. The wonder of ice. The beauty of ice... And the beauty of her own body...

She could look down at herself, see that frozen shade that it had taken on, and slowly pant and drool. This was the kind of body that only a Yukionna could have. The kind of body that she... That she loved, above all else. Especially as her eyes started glowing the same color as her body's new tone...

"The look in your eyes, Mikai... You've grown accustomed to the cold." The short-haired Yukionna smiled as she slowly let go of the girl, her sister doing the same as they both stood side by side now. "We have a present for you. For the newest lady of the cold."

Her assailants gathered their hands together, pressing their bodies against one another as the cold swirled around them... Only for that same cold to gather into the form of a kimono, just like the one that they wore. "For you, our newest sister... We grant you the attire of a lady of the cold. Wear it with pride, like you wear the cold on your body."

Mikai nodded, a proud grin forming on her cold body as she slipped the kimono onto her body. It was short, yet elegant. Showing off her legs, the very same that quietly got covered in a set of delicate socks thanks to the magical cold within her, as well as her bosom. In fact, it showed off much more than just her cleavage, as her breasts were not yet big enough to fill out excessively low cut...

But that would change. The newly dressed Yukionna, whose hair straightened out as it turned an icy blue, slowly ran her hands along the form of her breasts. Little by little, those petite orbs grew. Filled out with maturity. Until they were big enough that anybody's hand would be inadequate. Nobody could hold the entirety of her breast in one hand... The perfect amount for a seductive lady of the cold.

"Ufufu..." The laugh that left the former heroine's lips was dangerous. It was the laugh of one whose heart, one's very morals, had been frozen over. "Thank you, my darlings." She chimed, as she stepped ever closer to the two. The smile on her face was anything but appreciative, especially as she grabbed both of their chins. "As a reward for showing me the way... For making me into the perfect lover for your little goddaughter... I'll have to show you where you both belong."

The twins nodded. They knew that this was coming. Freezing over a powerful and determined heart like hers always led to a dangerously cold girl being born. And the price they paid for it would leave them unable to do something like this ever again.

Mikai laughed as both of those elegant Yukionna fell onto their knees. They knew what they had to do. Especially as they gathered between her thighs, leaving kisses upon kisses on her delicate body. A show of affection and loyalty towards their new Princess.

The Heroine had been frozen over. In her place, a Princess of the Cold had been born. A Princess whose laugh echoed through the city. Her reign was about to begin...

[OC/Jōtaider Fluff]

Izanami Ishikawa. A woman who hailed from a world where magic and technology had advanced in tandem to the point where she could travel between worlds. A woman that had drained countless worlds of their own magic to empower her, leading her to becoming such a grand threat that she'd no doubt be unstoppable.

A woman who had been soundly defeated by a goody two shoes by the name of Hikari, who she now shared a body with. The utter humiliation at being so decidedly trounced was one thing, the fact she didn't have a body of her own was just the cherry on top. But like any good villainess, she had a plan.

It seemed like somebody else wanted to travel between worlds. The rips in time and space that appeared all over the place was evidence of that. And while she didn't have a body of her own any longer, she understood the fundamentals of travelling through worlds. As long as her soul made it safely through, the world that received her would make a body for her when she arrived. So all she had to do was jump through one of those holes...

One day, while her host was busy cleaning up some trashy minions that had tried to mind control her friends again, Izanami went for it. She detached her soul from Hikari's body, a risky move considering how quickly souls could burn out if they didn't have a body to anchor them down, and jumped into the nearest hole.

The grin on the villainess' face grew as she was sucked into the hole. It didn't much matter where she ended up, as long as she got a body of her own. If she was lucky, she'd have a chance to drain the world she arrived in of magic as well, leaving her to get her powers back and then some!

"Just wait for my return, Hikari! Next time we meet, you'll be the one kept captive in my body!" She taunted her host one last time before disappearing through the hole, which closed up as soon as she had been sucked all the way inside. Preventing anybody from following her.

Hikari just blinked a couple of times as she noticed that her unwanted passenger had disappeared from her headspace. "Where'd she... Ah well, she'll be back before dinner." The happy-go-lucky girl chimed before continuing on with her duty. She had a couple of people to save. Akemi especially, she had gone and gotten herself corrupted again!

Little did either of the two paired girls know at the time, but their next meeting would be more of a relief than anything...

"Yes... Yes! YES!"

As soon as Izanami touched down on this new world's ground, she could feel her body. She could feel! She could breathe! She could smell and she could taste! All of her senses had returned to her! No longer would she be bound by that no-good Hikari, she could finally set out and empower herself once more!

But, that body came at a price. As soon as she took a deep breath, she noticed how frail she really was. She couldn't even feel her powers properly manifesting. "Hmph, the cost of traversing worlds is still as grave as ever, even with this new method." She muttered, brushing a hand through her hair as she looked towards the horizon, smirking as she saw a technological haven straight up ahead. "No matter, I'll just drain whatever I can find from this place, and then move on. I won't be stopped this time. There's nobody as disgustingly strong as Hikari in this world anyway!"

Little by little, the would-be-powerful villainess made her way towards the city. She had to get accustomed to the lack of strength within her body... And the fact that she had gotten used to the way that Hikari's body felt. Her legs, her arms and everything else honestly felt alien after being inside her for so long. "Curse that blasted girl, ruining me in more ways than she ever could've imagined."

As she started reaching the outskirts of the city, 'Mimoto' as a sign conveniently told her, she scoffed. There was magic in the air, but she couldn't tap into it. She'd have to find a point where everything was spouting out, just so she could actually get the necessary energy.

Unfortunately for her, she wouldn't be making it much further. Her legs were starting to give way... And there were presences heading towards her. Ones that didn't have a lot of magic, just enough for her to detect them. "Great. Fantastic. I have to exert myself to deal with trash..."

As the presences got closer, the white-haired villainess started grimacing. They were easily identifiable as girls, because of the skin tight suits that they all wore. But the thing that made her question where the hell she ended up were the domes atop their heads, blocking out everything about them. "Drones, of a sort. Whoever made you had no sense of style in regards to minion creation!" She shouted, not willing to be humiliated by a bunch of literal pawns!

The pawn-like girls looked amongst themselves, each of them unarmed but seemingly ready to fight. Especially as they stepped closer. They saw a target that looked like it could make a good minion, and they were going to convert it. Of course, none of them had a proper identity attached to them, as they had lost their Master some time ago. They were just aimlessly seeking to convert...

"Stay back! You stand before the great Izanami Ishikawa! If you know what's best for you, you'd run away, before you'd face complete and utter annihilation!" Izanami announced her presence, her voice booming as she poured her power into her voice. She wasn't about to let those... creatures, get the best of her.

Unfortunately, they didn't care for her boasts. All they cared about was converting others. So they kept approaching, regardless of the threat that the villainess posed. Shambling. Converging upon a single point, ready to cover her in the same gooey substance that had claimed them.

"Did you not hear me?! I said you'd face annihilation!" The villainess declared as she gathered her magic, spreading it into her arms as she prepared to unleash a flurry upon those simpletons...

Only for nothing to happen. If anything, trying to channel her powers just left her even weaker, her body trembling as she struggled to stay on her feet. "W-What!? Where's my magic!? WHERE IS IT?!" The usually composed villainess screamed as she tried to make her powers manifest themselves, but all she got were a couple of warm hands.

The trip across worlds, as well as detaching herself from the anchor that was Hikari, had so thoroughly drained her that she was practically left powerless. This was something that she knew could happen, but she had ignored it in her infinite wisdom.

With her powers out of her reach, and with the faceless minions approaching her with nothing but pure intent to convert her in their movements... She couldn't do anything except hide herself behind her arms. She didn't know what to do. She couldn't call for help, she was still too proud to do that. All she could do was hope for her powers to return..!

"KING'S FLAME!"

A powerful shout echoed out around her, and when she opened her eyes again and pulled her arms down, she saw flickering embers fly past her face. The minions were gone, each of them knocked to the ground and returned to normal thanks to the timely arrival of a lion-themed individual. One whose armor shone brightly as the light from above reflected off it.

"Phew, just in time!" The one underneath the armor spoke as her body started releasing all the steam that her attack had built up. "Sorry about being late, I didn't think there were still Pawns around the city! I thought I had cleaned them up with Hiro last week!" The voice was... a chummy one. Not unlike the girl that Izanami had escaped captivity from.

The white-haired woman blinked a couple of times, unsure what to say. Unsure what she should react with. She... She had just been saved. But she was a villain, she... She couldn't just be saved like that! "Y-You..."

You! What do you think you're doing!?" She cried out, her cheeks flushing red with several potent emotions.

"Saving somebody that needed help?" The armored girl replied, the flames that kept her armor powered dying down as it faded into embers like the effect of her last attack. Revealing a short, yet cute girl underneath the armor. "You were just about to be attacked by Pawns, so I thought you needed a hand." She chimed, not understanding that she was trampling all over the woman's pride.

Izanami grit her teeth as she grabbed a hold of the short girl's shoulders. "I DID NOT NEED HELP! I WAS MERELY WAITING FOR MY POWERS TO RETURN TO ME, I WOULD'VE DESTROYED THEM IN AN INSTANT!" She shouted very violently, shaking the sandy-blonde back and forth as she grew more and more flustered.

"Aaaahhhh... Whoops. Sorry!" The girl ignored the heated emotions within the shout as she giggled. "I'm Mikai Fushimi. Who're you, pretty lady?" She introduced herself, reaching out with her hand.

The white-haired woman looked at her happy face, then down at the hand, then back at her face and back down again. The anger inside her died down, replaced with utter embarrassment. Not only had she been saved by somebody, it just HAD to be somebody as painfully good natured as Hikari that did the deed. At least she didn't end up inside her this time.

"...Izanami Ishikawa. I am a villain of the highest order." She introduced herself, refusing to take her hand as she lifted her own off the girl's shoulders. Hopefully that would turn her away.

Mikai smiled. "Villain? You don't look villainous." She chimed, reaching for the older woman's hand and tightly grasping it. "Besides, you said your powers were gone, right? How can you be a big bad person if you don't have powers?"

A lot of those words were innocently insensitive. Especially the ones that accused her of not being a villain. "If I had my powers, I would be domesticating you right now." She scowled. Yet, her cheeks were flushing further and further red as the young girl ignored her worst qualities. Why did this always happen!?

"Well, why don't we work on getting those back?" The infectiously friendly girl chimed. "You can stay at my house while we work on getting them back! My mom makes really good food, and there's plenty of room for you too! We can even sleep in bu-" She paused, zoning out for a second... "What? Chimera, I just wanna help, don't start teasing me!"

Izanami narrowed her eyes. It seemed like the girl already had a passenger, just like she had been one inside Hikari's head. Still, if this meant that she could get a chance to regain her power and remain protected... Being the girl's friend seemed like an obvious path to take. "Very well. Until I regain my powers, I will stay with you. But you would do well to call me 'Mistress', since you'll be assisting me!"

"Okay, Mistress!" Mikai said without hesitation, practically yanking the white-haired woman along as she broke off into a sprint. "Come on, it's almost dinner time! Mom's making chicken tonight!" She laughed, happy to have made a new friend.

Her new 'friend' wasn't too pleased with this arrangement. Especially as she was forced to run, causing her to collapse thanks to the exertion upon her legs. "S-Stop, I command you!" She cried out...

Only for the girl to notice and nod, sweeping her arms underneath the fallen 'villainess' and lifting her into a bridal-style carry unintentionally. "Sorry, didn't think you were hurt! I'll get you home safely, Mistress!"

With that, and one blush that absolutely swallowed Izanami's face, the two were bound together for the next little while. As friends... Or 'Mistress and Minion', according to the white-haired woman.

...Right about now, she would've actually preferred being in Hikari's head.