

[Christmas Fluff]

The holiest night of the year had arrived. And now that the Light and the Darkness of Equilibre had been tamed and dispelled, it was in Natura Couleur's best interest to celebrate. Because otherwise, they'd just start getting more and more exhausted than they'd like to admit. But at the same time, each of them needed to prepare. Because otherwise they couldn't show the kind of appreciation that they had for one another.

"Hmmm... What do they like, what do they like..." Araya Akane, otherwise known as Natura Rouge, rubbed her cheeks as she walked through the streets of Equilibre. This was honestly a whole new experience for her. She had been with her mom back when she actively enjoyed Christmas, but that left her out to dry. Who was going to handle the food, who was going to handle the gifts, who was going to...

Akane blinked for a moment as she looked up at the streets surrounding her. Advertisement upon advertisement upon advertisement for all sorts of different gifts. Each of them way beyond her budget, not that she actually had a budget. She just wanted to try and get something that didn't cost too much. Not because she considered herself a cheapskate, but she wanted something that came from the heart.

Which was when she then turned her eyes down towards the shops that lined the streets, and a bright smile reached her ears. Yes, she knew exactly what to get the others. It'd mean she'd be close to being late, but... As long as she made it in time for all the songs they needed to sing, then it'd be alright.

Now, to try and get the material she needed. A couple of logs, and then a pocket knife. And a bunch of dough, so she could set it all up properly. It'd probably look like a real mess, but it'd show the kind of love that she now had for her friends.

And if there was one thing that she wanted to show, it was exactly that. She just hoped that they'd return that love, because otherwise she'd be the laughing stock of the group. But that in and of itself was a good thing, wasn't it? That way, they all had something to entertain themselves with!

Right, time to get to work!

"Lady Aoi, would you like my help? You know that I'm here to assist if you need me."

"I'm glad you're trying to help, Mami. But please. Just this time, let me be a bit selfish and trust in my own skills."

"If you say so. Ring the bell and I'll be there. And then I can clean up your mess for you."

"Oh, Mami..."

"You've grown, Lady Aoi. You would've had such an adverse reaction to my teasing back when you were still so lonely. I wish you the best of luck in your endeavor."

With that, the blue-haired lady's maid took her leave, which resulted in one young lady being all by her lonesome. Not that she needed help, even if she appreciated it at the moment. Right now, she needed to put all of her effort into presenting something that was truly her own.

Lady Eguchi Aoi. Otherwise known as Natura Bleu. Thanks to her efforts and her trust in her allies, she had been given this chance. The chance to show them that she could produce something that came straight from the heart. Something that embodied her will to see them all brighten and succeed. Because they were allies. They were teammates. They were-

chop

Aoi flinched and breathed a sigh of relief moments later. Okay, she had cut herself, but she hadn't managed to chop something off. The chopping sound came from the carrot she was busy cutting through. But if she just focused, she'd be able to get through this dinner prep, and then...

She smiled. No, she should remember to rely on others. "Mami! A hand, if you would? I've managed to cut myself!" She cried out, hoping that her maid could hear her even though she had disappeared just moments ago.

Just like that, the doors to the kitchen opened, and the maid brought a bunch of medical supplies with her. A bit too many. "How deep is your cut, Lady Aoi?" The short yet adoring maid asked, all while smiling a bit. This was the first time that she had called upon her for genuine help. So of course she'd go above and beyond to make sure that she was alright.

Aoi smiled as she just held out her finger. It was a tiny cut. But the fact that she could rely on her maid like this, to help her when she needed small pick-me-ups like this... She was blessed to have somebody like her in situations like these.

Once she was done with making all of this food, she'd have to tell her how much she loved her, and invite her along as well...

"Hrm. The hell do they like?"

The annoyed voice of one Kido Mana, alias Natura Vert, echoed out through her little nerdy cave as she started to rapidly tap through the search engines that she currently had active. She was running short on time regarding the gifts that she had to buy her teammates, and she didn't want to just give them giftcards. She had to personalize it, otherwise it wasn't worth a damn!

Mana's eyes darted across the various screens as she tried to find something that worked. Music for when Kiko wanted to work out? A scrapbook for Kohana to keep her mind focused on what was important? A... No, she really couldn't buy anything for Aoi, she already had everything. Same with Akane, though the problem there was less that she had everything, and more that she just didn't know what she could give her because she was so aloof and focused on keeping everyone happy that she never put herself first.

The exhausted green-haired gremlin collapsed in her chair as she scratched her head rapidly. What was she going to do? The clock was ticking, and she didn't have same day shipping for most of the items that would definitely work for them. That, and she didn't want to spend the entire damn budget because then she'd be wasting the money they'd use for food later! She had to think of...

Mana's eyes lit up as her mind scrolled through every single possible idea. And she came to the natural conclusion that she should've thought of in the first place. All that she had to do was put her smarts to work. And even if they weren't as great as she liked to say that they were, she definitely did know something she could use them for.

The green-haired girl tapped away at several keyboards as many different command prompts opened up, causing several files to rapidly be made and overwritten in rapid succession. If she was going to give them all a gift, it was going to be the best kind of gift. A gift filled with knowledge, a gift that made her out to be the best out of the five...

And a gift that would benefit all of them in the future. Hey, even if it was a time to celebrate, that didn't mean she couldn't make something that would benefit them during work. She did look out for her teammates and her friends, after all.

Now, to make sure that all of this worked, so she could see the bright lights on their faces once she unveiled it...

"Is... is she really going to enjoy this?"

A white-haired tan-skinned girl muttered to herself as she sat on a bench, watching the snowflakes quietly drift down from the air above. It hadn't quite started snowing yet, since these were far and few between. But as the hours stretched through the day and into the night, it wouldn't be long before the blanket of snow swept over the city and guaranteed that everyone would be swallowed if they stayed outside. So she had to make sure that she was confident in her gift. Otherwise she should probably return it.

What was her gift? Oh, it was something simple. A sweater. That was what she had gotten for her friend, Kiko. The same friend that she was still incredibly impressed by, because she had allowed her to stay friends with her. Even though she had done a lot of bad things to her, she allowed her to try and prove that there was more to her than all of that malicious junk. Honestly, she was thinking of skipping out on receiving gifts from everyone else just because of that kind gesture alone. That was more than enough for her.

But the thought still remained inside her mind. Was this enough for Kiko? Was she going to enjoy a sweater? Did it prove that she had good intentions? She really couldn't say for sure. She just had to hope. That was something that Kiko said to her too, now that she thought about it. She had no way of knowing when, if ever, Kiko had truly forgiven her. She just had to hope and keep working towards being a good person. eventually things would turn around...

Kohana smiled as she slowly got up from her bench, taking a deep breath. Sure, this was the most important gift of the evening as far as she was concerned, but she still needed to get gifts for the others. Especially Akane, she had been a real big help with everything. She could... Oh, she'd probably like scarf, and... Yes, yes, that'd work! Everyone could get a scarf!

The young girl giggled as she skipped off, the snow gently drifting down as the day continued to pass on by...

"You really sure this is good?"

"You have any better idea?"

"No, that's why I'm asking you."

"I tried it with my girls. They hated it. But in the way that definitely said that they loved it and they were too proud to admit that they liked it. So trust me, your girl'll love it."

"...I don't think this thing fits you."

"It's fit me in the past. What, you about to accuse me of being big or something?"

"You're almost as big as me, you're definitely big!"

beat

Laughter echoed through an alley in Equilibre, as two strong and tall girls stared at one another. They weren't the best of friends, hell they weren't really friends at all, but they were acquainted through their shared friend.

The more sensible of the two was Sakurai Kiko, alias Natura Noir. She had been through quite a lot, and right now she just wanted to enjoy Christmas with the people that she had come to love. Even Kohana, who had made her life a living hell in the past and now proved that underneath all of that deception was a genuine nugget that she now wanted to keep steady and true.

The one trying to pawn off the tacky and ginormous sweater was merely named Musashi. A delinquent that had been a former thorn in Akane's side, but after a few talks once she was let free from Lumiere's light, and the two were now confidants. Which was why these two were currently talking about a subject that the oni-blooded delinquent barely knew anything about.

"Still, it's going to be great. And if she turns out to be rotten still, you're in perfect position to pound her. Not that I'd know anything about pounding." Musashi winked with a grin, all while revving the engine of her perfect bike, Arashi, which she had been using as a seat this entire time.

Kiko blinked as she just processed what Musashi was implying. "Wait, hold on, I'm not going to do that to her-" But it was too late, the delinquent had already taken off with a laugh before she finished, causing her to get swallowed by the exhaust and leaving her a coughing mess as a result...

The black-haired heroine grinned a little once all the smoke went away. That girl... She was really something. But at least she did try and help her out. Now, was this going to be a good gift for Kohana? No idea. She'd have to figure that out when it was time for them all to open up their presents.

Now to get home. The snow was starting to pour down harder than before, and she didn't plan on getting stuck in the snowstorm!

It was quiet at the Natura Couleur headquarters. Not because people weren't there, far from it. All five primary members were in their respective seats, each of them letting their eyes pour towards their respective friends. The silence was because nobody wanted to try and say anything. Somebody needed to pull the trigger.

Even though they had worked hard on becoming closer as friends and teammates, they were still awkward when the chips fell down. Which made sense, their teamwork was born from something that could best be described as one big and malicious illusion. But even then, they were still together. So...

Akane eventually just stood up and quietly clapped her hands together... Before spreading them out and letting her flames flow across the table. Burning nothing that wasn't meant to be burnt, and only letting the candles be lit. It was a very excessive way of giving them some light at the table, but hey, it worked. "So, anybody want to start with their presents, or do you mind if I go first?"

The peanut gallery each shook their head. Letting the redhead go first made a lot of sense. And then they could gauge how they should present their respective gifts, so nobody ended up overshadowing one another.

Akane smiled a bit as she brought a bit of light closer to a gift that stood in the very middle of the table. Surrounded by the many dishes that had not yet been revealed. And with a snap, not only did the gift wrap go up in flames, but a light was lit in the exact center of the gift...

Revealing a piece of bread that she had baked. It didn't look great, but it definitely looked edible. But that wasn't the part that stood out. The part that stood out were the tiny wooden figurines that surrounded it. They weren't much bigger than her thumb, but each of them featured just enough detail to depict every single member of the Natura Couleur. All seven members...

A slow clap followed from both Kiko and Kohana, while Mana couldn't help but chuckle a bit as she was left impressed by her fellow heroine's skills, and Aoi offered a bit of applause. Right before she went to reveal her gift to the lot.

Aoi let her hand brush through the air, and the juices underneath the silver domes that covered every dish suddenly splurged up ever so slightly, knocking them safely into a stack in the air before landing on the ground and leaving little in the way of stains or grime. And underneath were delectable dishes, each of them looking so succulent that you'd have extreme difficulty not wanting to dig in due to the way it made the human body salivate.

To cap things off, she showed her hands and showed a strained smile. So many band-aids, and she didn't even have her maid with her. Something that brought her a bit of sadness, but Mami had insisted that this was their Christmas party. She'd just get in the way.

Mana was this close to digging in. So were the others, but she'd be able to pull the food towards her before they got a bite. But no, she focused on her gift. "Everyone, I'd like you to look at your dials." She said, prompting all of them to look at their wristwatch-like dials and notice an onslaught of information being displayed on the tiny screen before it projected in front of them. "I took the liberty of collecting everything I could find about us and congregated it all into digestible data, so you can keep track of areas you're lacking in."

...Right before it all went away, and a cutesy and amateurish clipart-style animation of Vert posing with the others appeared on the screen, and Mana started to bury her face in her knees as she pulled her feet onto her chair. "And I also made this to show how cool I am..." Truth be told, she wanted to try and make something a lot more impressive. But she only had so much time. And despite her smarts, she had awful drawing skills. So this was the best that she could do.

A hearty, but genuine and appreciative laugh was shared amongst the group, with Mana wishing that she hadn't done any of this because she felt like she could die at any moment. The big presents were now out of the way, and it was time to give some of the smaller presents.

Both Kohana and Kiko turned to each other and held out their respective presents. Which seemed to be of the same size, despite the fact that the way the presents were packed being way different. Kohana's present had been hand-packed, resulting in it being compact, while Kiko had gotten a professional to pack a nice box.

As they each tore into their gift, they pulled out... The exact same two-person sized and incredibly tacky sweater, causing them both to blush... And then laugh, because they clearly knew each other better than they could've imagined. So much so that they got started on stuffing themselves into the pair. If they could fit into one, then they could fit into two, no problem!

Akane smiled as she watched them all enjoy themselves. Even Mana was having fun, even though she was currently curled up from how dumb she thought her gift had been. And Aoi was cutting the food for everyone, so they'd all have equal portions and so everyone could enjoy the food.

But that's when the doorbell rang. And it was Akane's turn to get up and head for the door. The party wasn't complete with just the five of them. Not after everything was said and done.

The door opened, and she saw two familiar faces. One that had come before them, and had helped them see the Light for what it was... And one who now kept balance between the Light and the Dark to ensure the City would remain in its own hands.

And even though they weren't originally part of the team, even though they had joined outside of the plan that had been made for those five, Akane just smiled and motioned for them to come in. All while smiling from ear to ear. "Merry Christmas, you two! Now come on in, we've been waiting for you both!"

Thus, the holy night was enjoyed by all in Equilibre. A holy night, and a victory well-celebrated by the heroes that had kept the city whole...

[Multiple TFs/Corruption]

To be a Magical Girl meant to fight to protect those that you loved, despite the threat of Corruption. This was something that Mai Shisuta was well aware of. She had done a lot to try and protect them despite the

circumstances that led her towards becoming an idol. But eventually, the corruption of the industry combined with the threats that she faced as a Magical Girl eventually got to her, causing her to melt down and turn into a digitized being. A virus that let her song spread through the internet, charming anybody that heard it and made it impossible for them to stop listening or fight back against her influence.

But getting to this point was something that Mai had almost forgotten all about. The process of falling into a demonic state like this, where she drifted through the net and sang to herself like it was the only comforting sound a demon like her could muster... It didn't just take her, did it now? Surely there were others that had been by her side and fallen just like her. But she'd have to think hard to try and remember what they were like. And this time, she'd have to make sure to save her records of those memories so they wouldn't try to wipe themselves away again.

Thus, the Virus that had once been a Magical Girl quietly started to think about the girls that once stood at her side. Letting those emotions pouring around inside her heart bring those memories back to life, all through her song. And simultaneously, exposing anybody that might be listening to the full brunt of all the corruptions that her friends had once been exposed to, as her heart pieced it all together one by one.

It all started with a young girl who had been left alone because her old friends were corrupted as well...

Irowa Yukino was an unfortunate individual. For many reasons. But the most important reason was how she had managed to lose all of her friends to corruption in the span of a few weeks. And to make matters worse, she was now in danger of falling prey to the same fate thanks to how she had awakened her own power as a Magical Girl.

To make matters worse, she was stuck with three brand new developments ever since she finished her first mission as a Magical Girl. The first was the cock between her thighs. The second was the voice inside her head trying to tell her to be more confident and act on her base series. And the third was a strange desire besides that voice. One that told her that she wasn't done with her treatment...

Irowa gasped as she suddenly shook her head. No, she wasn't about to give in and do something she'd regret. She hadn't come this far to end up like her friends had. She didn't want to end up like them. As much as she still held feelings towards them, she didn't want to... She didn't want to end up corrupted like they had.

And yet... The desire inside her heart told her that she could avoid it all. If she just finished her treatment. If she just pulled forth... T-The syringe that she had..? No, she hadn't kept any of that. She was sure that she hadn't. She hadn't taken a single item from that incursion. What was that voice inside her telling her?

She slowly stuffed her hand into her pocket, and there was indeed a syringe laying in there. And right as she grabbed it, her eyes lit up with a red shade as the more confident side of her started to take control.

By the time she regained control, she felt a shivering sensation pouring through her body. And she heard the syringe falling onto the ground. She had... She had injected the contents of that syringe into her. What would happen now?

Irowa didn't get to dwell on that thought for too long as she felt a moan slipping past her lips. The concentrated corruption she had just poured into her body was irrevocably changing her. Ripping and tearing at her dress as it turned into an excessively tight nurse's uniform, complete with matching rubber boots and gloves as her chest puffed out and struggled to be contained by her brand new cleavage pocket.

Her gentle black hair lengthened ever slightly as it covered up one of her eyes, all while the other turned a permanent shade of red as a nurse's cap appeared on her head. The Magical Girl had messed up and fallen for the Demon's long game. And now there was a brand new nurse on the block, one that could make sure the others took their medicine...

And those new friends of hers looked like they were ready for their routine checkup, ehehe...

Thankfully, even though she had transformed into a demon, she wasn't about to stop her friends from leaving their home because she wanted them to get their shot. No, she knew that if she just let them go, they'd find a way to be corrupted on their own terms

Which was what happened to Odette Radcliffe, one of her dear friends and a Magical Girl who had the power to seal things away. She had gone out to get some fresh air instead of getting worked up over the fact that her friend had gotten really pushy, looking to try and avoid getting roped into more trouble. She remembered how Irowa had nearly managed to corrupt her unintentionally in the past when they were fused together, this was just an instance where she was a lot more up front about her motives.

"Oh, young lady! Have you ever heard about your picturesque qualities?"

Odette blinked as she heard somebody speaking at her. The one that spoke had long blonde hair and wore a dress that could best be described as colorful vomit in terms of how everything was distributed. Still, she thought that she was pretty in some kind of way, prompting the girl to blush a bit. "N-No, I can't say I have." She muttered, idly reaching up to her hair to pinch some of the strands between her fingers...

"Well, don't worry. I'll help bring that quality out and then some!" The frenchwoman said as she suddenly and rather abruptly pulled out a rather large looking paintbrush, quickly splashing paint right onto Odette's body before she had a chance to react and do anything to fight back against this assault.

Odette trembled as the paint immediately sank into her, melting away her clothes and leaving her naked as the colors became part of her. It was... It was concentrated corruption. And she wasn't transformed, so she didn't have a chance to fight back against it. All that she could do was try to use her powers to seal the paintbru-

Before she had the chance to do anything with her powers, that paintbrush smashed right into her face, wiping away her expression and replacing it with nothing but those corruptive colors. She couldn't speak, she couldn't see. All that she could feel was the way that it wrapped around her.

More and more of that paint poured onto her as Odette was used as little more than a human canvas. And the resulting painting that came from all of this, the proverbial sculpture that arose once the girl had been smothered by all of these different sorts of colors that were all just concentrated corruption? It was nothing special. You couldn't even really call it abstract art. It was just a bunch of colors that were layered on top of one another with no sense of flow, not even letting them contrast one another.

The french woman, giggling as a single paint-brush tipped horn poked out from her forehead to reveal herself as a demon or at least a corrupted Magical Girl, laughed as she simply grabbed this paint-smothered girl and hoisted her over her shoulder. Sure, she had messed up and smothered another painting in her corruptive colors. But hey, she could just wash her at home and start anew.

Besides, she needed a girl with some life in her to make her creations pop. And her last one had just collapsed from too much corruption. This one was going to be her masterpiece, she was sure of it!

"Irowa? I don't think I need shots. I got my shots before we ended up getting turned into Magical Girls."

"It's fiiiiiiiine. You can't hurt from getting another shot. Besides, this one's not for any common disease. This one's to make sure you don't end up corrupted!"

Shinobu Satou, the most normal member of the group thanks to a healthy upbringing, very heavily contrasted the nurse that her friend Irowa had become. Naturally, the way that she had suddenly changed into a form that could be described as corrupted wasn't exactly something she enjoyed, but at least she hadn't tried anything sudden yet...

"How's an injection going to stop me from getting corrupted?" Shinobu asked, all while gently rolling up her sleeve to expose her shoulder. While she wanted to put up a front of being cautious, she had to admit that she did trust the girl at least a little. Even when she was like this. Because at least that other version of herself wasn't in control. She hadn't tried to jam that needle of hers into anywhere it shouldn't go...

Irowa chuckled a bit as she took aim at the perfect spot for the anti-corruption injection. "You'll see. It's done wonders for me, though I have to admit that it's been making me a bit giddy. I hope that's fine, it's not like I'm as horny as I once was!" She chimed, pulling back on the handle part of her syringe as it started growing ever slightly...

"I'm not sure if you being slightly less horny is a good thing if you're still horny, Irowa." Shinobu sighed as she shook her head. At least she had the decency to be honest with herself. Considering how often Irowa had tried to bottle things up, this was a nice breath of fresh air... But wasn't that kind of suspicious at the same ti-

A shock rushed through her body as she felt something piercing straight into her heart. No, not just her heart. Her soul. And by the time she realized that it was Irowa's syringe that was stuffed into her, and that the nurse girl wasn't just all sorts of excited because she had managed to fight off corruption but rather had embraced it, she was too late to change anything.

"Here's your shot, Shinobuuuuu. It'll make you completely incorruptible, because dolls can't be corrupted! Ehehehehe!" Irowa giggled as she really pushed down on the handle to push as much of that corruption in the syringe into her friend's soul. Causing her body to stiffen out with every passing moment, the color of her skin rapidly growing pale thanks to the sheer intensity of it all.

Shinobu couldn't do anything as she felt the life leaving her body. Or well, not the life. She could very much still feel that she was alive. But she couldn't move. She could only look straight ahead at the nurse that had filled her with this essence, as her eyes slowly but surely turned just as inanimate as the rest of her.

By the time the syringe disappeared, Shinobu's body fell to the ground as it had turned completely lifeless. Sure, there was still a faint magic signature inside her, but she was like a puppet without the strings. Which certainly explained all of the nice doll joints that had popped up across her body. Leaving her ripe for the nurse to pick up...

And hug. Irowa letting out a delightful squeal as she hugged and snuggled away at the doll version of one of her best friends. While she couldn't manage to get the others to sign up for their shot, at least she'd have one to play with. One that would neeeever be corrupted. Because this doll form would be her corrupted self!

The only thing she needed to do before she'd go snuggle it in bed, was test it out with the 'syringe' growing between her thighs, ehehehe...

"Shisuta-senpai! Come to chase perfection between your gigs, or is there something else you need me for?"

Last but not least, there was the final part of this makeshift team that had fallen apart thanks to the machinations of the corruption rushing around every corner. The tanned and muscled pursuer of perfection, who balanced her beauty and her strength in equal amounts. Kanpeki Sonzai. Unlike her other friends who had fallen due to Irowa intentionally or unintentionally leading them to their respective descents, she had the pleasure of being visited by Mai, the one who was busy putting all of this back together in the present.

At this point, Mai had already launched a succesful career as an idol. Something that had led to her gradual descent into demonhood. So much so that she could start letting her song sink into anybody that listened to it. Especially if she had a conduit to transfer her songs or her emotions through. Something like those headphones that Kanpeki always wore when she worked out.

"Just wanted to give you smething that might make it more fun to exercise, Kanpei." Mai smiled with a slight hint of seduction on her expression, carefully brushing her hands up against the Mindhack headphones that she used. An item that already had a devious effect on the user's mind, but when it happened to play one of Mai's tracks, even if that track was being played back using a bit of Mai's new demonic powers... It was a whole new experience.

Kanpeki laughed from the depths of her heart. "Well, I won't turn down a gift from you, Shisuta-senpai!" While they hadn't quite bonded on the same level as the others, the newest of the misfortunate Magical Girls wasn't about to turn down a gift like this. Especially as she started hearing that wonderful song...

And just as she was about to reach for one of her iron bars and pump some of that tough iron to make her muscles scream out in delight, she was the one to scream out instead. As Mai's wonderful song poured through her head and immediately wrapped around her brain.

Anybody that heard the idol's song would be charmed in an instant. That was part of why she had earned the title of the Demon Idol. The other was the fact that she was simply close to being completely corrupted. And it wasn't hard to see just how effective that demonic power was.

The muscled girl cried out as she fell onto her knees, Mai's wonderful song bouncing around inside her head more and more as her body trembled in pleasure. All while her eyes gravitated towards the idol herself, a trail of drool running down her chin as she grew needy...

"Down." Mai said with a smile, and the command poured through her song. Immediately, the girl that was much bigger and so much stronger physically dropped to the ground, her head pinned against the ground as she eagerly looked up at the idol. Just like a puppy waiting for orders from its owner.

Mai giggled as she saw Kanpeki like this. She knew that it'd be easy to claim her friends if she really wanted to. But to see her fall this quickly? It only served to increase the weight of her ego. And remind her exactly how far she had come. If she could take control of her with nothing but her song, then there was nothing that'd stop her from going even further than that. And then making everyone fall to it just the same. She just needed to cook up the right song, and then everyone... Mmph, yes, everyone would be obsessed with her. She'd be less of a person, more of a virus worming her way into their lives and making them complete and utter simps...

For now, she had to put her first proper simp to good use. And she did so by taking a seat and giving a single command. "Eat."

Kanpeki listened. And she obeyed, putting her strong tongue to good use...

Mai laughed a little in the present. Riiiiight, that's why she hadn't remembered most of their corruptions. Because they hadn't been corrupted by her! They had been corrupted by that silly nurse that Irowa ended up as! Well, it's a good thing that she was just as easy as everyone else to tame and make hers, because otherwise she might've ended up a little miffed.

"Irowaaaaaa!" Mai cried out as she suddenly materialized in the real world, giggling as she brushed her hand up against her flowing electrical idol locks. "How's one of my favorite simps? And the other simps?"

She didn't get a really decipherable answer from the nurse that she had entranced not long after she grabbed Kanpeki. Because she had thoroughly hollowed out her head using her song. Nor did she get an answer from Kanpeki, who was currently on the floor wearing a collar like the bitch that she was... Nor from Odette, who was still missing her features after she had been repossessed from her artist, and of course Shinobu couldn't say a thing either because she was still a doll, who was practically glued to Irowa's crotch thanks to their intimate bond...

But did this silence matter? No, of course it didn't. Mai was just happy to have them all here. And as long as she had all of her friends here, who had all fallen and become her simps in one way or another, destined to always obsess over her song and her existence... Well, had anything really changed since they were all still together? Mai didn't think so, considering how loving they all were when under her song.

That sheer devotion led her to celebrate with yet another song, her simps crying out in delight as she infected them all more and more. It wouldn't be long before the whole world was hers...

[Petrification]

"Thank You For Coming Here Today Terezi. I Needed Somebody To Help Me Pick Out A Gift For Roses 'Birthday' Even If It Does Not Align With Our Sweeps."

"H3H3 NO PROBL3M K4N4Y4 1V3 GOT TH4T STUFF 4LL F1GUR3D OUT!!"

Two Trolls were standing together in an otherwise completely ordinary home. It had been quite some time since they both managed to escape Sburp thanks to their Human allies, and the fact that they were now walking around in a peaceful society that wasn't quite compatible with their natural values offered different sorts of challenges from when they were still trying to fight for survival. But that wasn't on their mind at the moment, there was something much more important at hand.

It concerned the more dignified Troll's human companion and lover, Rose Lalonde. As she previously stated, her birthday was fast approaching. And while she had a vague idea of the kind of events that took place on one of these days, she did not have any good ideas as to what she might gift her gothic lover. At least what she might be able to gift to properly satisfy her.

"Excellent. I'm Very Pleased With Having You As A Lifelong And Trusty Friend Terezi. Would You Be So Kind As To Explain What I Need To Acquire To Satisfy Rose? Or Can You Give Me Any Clues That Might Point Me In The Proper Direction?" The dignified Troll, Kanaya Maryam, paced back and forth a bit as she spoke. While she wasn't in a hurry, she also wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible. The less time she spent away from her lover and her wonderful body, the better.

The louder and more rambunctious girl, Terezi Pyrope, just laughed in response to the clear desperation and haste present on her friend's face. "CH1LL K4N4Y4 YOU LOOK L1K3 YOU'LL SP1ING OUT OF YOUR GOOD SK1N 1F YOU DON'T R3L4X JUST L34V3 1T TO M3 1 GOT 4 R34L GOOD PL4N!!" Terezi chimed as she rubbed her hands together, all while stuffing her hand into her pocket and pulling out something deceptively tiny. Something the size of a little marble...

Kanaya raised her eyebrow. "Darling I Am Not Sure What You Have In Your Hand But Please Do Not Litter. If Rose Finds Out We Have Caused Any Sort Of Trouble She Will Make Sure We Pay For It." She was speaking entirely from experience. She had gone a bit over the line when the two made love and Kanaya sank her fangs into her neck at an inopportune moment. Just imagining the punishment she went through was enough to make her body shake.

Terezi just shook her head and laughed. Kanaya had always been a bit of a stick in the mud, but it seemed like she had ended up completely pussywhipped thanks to Rose's particular personality. Then again, if she ever got a taste of the kind of dominance that Kanaya could whip out, she'd be impressed if Rose didn't end up changing her tune.

For now, she just tossed the marble onto the ground. And after it made contact, it exploded and released the contents. A fully working Alchemiter, though with a few new additions it seemed. Most importantly it didn't need to use a Cruxite dowel, just a couple of commands that they could easily reproduce if they could remember the punch codes directly from memory.

"T4D4!! WH4T DO YOU TH1NK?? 1 P1CK3D TH1S B4D BOY UP B3FOR3 3V3RYTH1NG W3NT TO H3LL 4LW4YS W4NT3D TO US3 1T 4G41N!!" Terezi grinned as she rubbed her hands together to the point where she was actively making dust pop free from her hands. She was way too excited for this. Especially since there was no way that they had anything they could properly alchemize, considering the current state of the world.

Kanaya scratched the back of her head as she looked at the oversized device. "It Certainly Is As Impressive As It Was Back When We Were Inside Sburb. However I Fail To See How It Might Be Useful For The Sake Of A Gift To Give To Rose And Make Her Give Me The Passion She Banned Me From Last Week." The truth came out. This was why she was so desperate...

Terezi laughed. No wonder she was like this. "4LR1GHT 4LR1GHT HOW 4BOUT G1V1NG YOURS3LF 4S 4 G1FT??" The Troll grinned from ear to ear. It was a fool proof plan. How could anybody turn down a gift from their lover that was literally the lover themselves? Of course it had to come with a couple extra bits and bobs otherwise it wouldn't be worth a damn. That counted for friend gifts too, because a certain sunglasses-wearing nerd with a sword had decided to just give her a free coupon for a personally cooked meal and then he burned the whole house down...

Kanaya blinked for a few seconds as she heard that, letting her slender fingers caress her cheek. "Are You Sure That Could Work? Will She Not Think That I Am Inadequate As A Gift Considering Our Current Relationship And Our Status As Near-Wife and Wife?" She had to ask the obvious question, because it just didn't strike her as reasonable. But if she could gift herself to her dear Rose, then she would do it without hesitating. She just had to find a good ribbon so she could tie herself up and then lay in her bed until she discovered her...

"DUH YOUD B3 TH3 B3ST G1FT FOR H3R SH3 LOV3S YOU LOTS WHY WOULDN'T 1T B3 4 GR34T G1FT??" Terezi waved away her concerned as she tapped the alchemiter, grinning a bit more. "B3S1D3S W3R3 GONN4 M4K3 YOU B3TT3R W1TH TH1S TH1NG F1RST!!"

The dignified Troll took another good look at the alchemiter. Yes, if what Terezi was talking about, this would probably be useful for her pursuit of a good gift for her lover. Now it was just a matter of picking the right kind of item to fuse with. Because if she didn't present herself in the best manner possible, she wouldn't be able to... well, she wouldn't get the sex that she wanted, if she had to be completely honest. That was what she craved at the end of the day, and there was no other way to achieve it than to court her properly.

"So How Would You Imagine I Could Present Myself To Her? I Want To Make Sure Everything Is The Best It Could Possibly Be." Kanaya said as she approached the alchemiter. It had been a long time since she properly used one of these, so she'd have to really dig into her inventory if she wanted to... Well, that inventory was kind of useless at this point because it didn't come on punch cards any longer, which made it rather impossible for her to insert anything that would be registered. Even though she could tell they didn't need the dowels any longer, they still needed to combine themselves with something appropriate.

Terezi rubbed her hands together a bit more as she walked over to the big display panel near the back of the machine, slamming them right down on the screen as the colors lit up her face. "W3 JUST P1CK ON3

DUNNO 1F TH3R3S 4 GOOD R34SON TO TH1NK H4RD B3YOND TH4T." She said as she rapidly tapped through the various options on the screen. Good thing she had stored it away before they left Sburb, because there were a lot of items still stored inside the database that they could pick from. They didn't have to worry about grabbing any cards or codes or anything, they could just click the nice pictures and they'd be done.

"I See Well If That Is The Case Then We Should Hurry And Pick Something Please Try And Pick Something That Fits Roses Tastes So We Can Appropriately Give Her The Gift She Might Desire." Kanaya said as she stepped onto the alchemiter. All while a single shiver and shock started to pour up her spine. Why did she feel this way? That wasn't very nice, nor was it very comforting. She just hoped that it would all be some form of nervous sensation or twitch going through her, instead of something that might be too ominous for her to pick up on.

Terezi laughed a bit more as she scrolled through the options. Something for Rose, eh? She had a lot of weird tastes. Lots that didn't taste too good. Believe her, she's tried. Books taste like sweat, and the statue she had laying around tasted like old wine and depression. She needed something that tasted like that, and... Actually, hold on, didn't she just see...

"H3Y K4N4Y4, WH4T 4BOUT B31NG 4 SH1TTY W1Z4RD??" She could spot a copy of that exact same statue inside the alchemiter's spare databanks. Not that she knew why the statue was in there, it just was, but hey it kinda fit the tastes that she had identified with the gothic girl, so it was worth suggesting.

"Please Do Not Call Them Shitty She Will Make Sure That I Watch Another Five Days Worth Of Wizard Movies If She Finds Out I Do Not Appreciate Them In The Same Fashion." Kanaya was willing to let that secret slip considering they were in safe quarters. She had disabled any possible surveillance before they met inside this room, and made sure that any possible magic had been dispelled. If Rose found out about any of this, not only would the surprise be completely and utterly ruined, but now she'd have an even greater reason to deny her sex.

Terezi laughed and just slammed her fist right down on that picture of a grumpy old wizard statue, causing the alchemiter to start powering on and start shining in all sorts of colors. "SO 1 DONT R34LLY KNOW HOW TH1S WORKS BUT L3TS TRY TOG3TH3R K4Y?" She had to be a bit honest. Not because she was worried about Kanaya, but because it helped to be up front about things. Besides, maybe the new panic running through her would make the result even more magical. Or it'd make it extra shitty. Then they could mock Rose's tastes more. Heh.

Kanaya watched the colors around her start. Strange, this wasn't how an alchemiter usually worked. But then again, this one had been upgraded, so it was to be expected that it would work a bit differently. As

long as she just stood there, then she'd probably be fine. Then she could probably try out a couple of different gift ideas, as long as everything here went down properly.

The lights from the alchemiter started to flash brighter and brighter as Kanaya was getting blinded with every flash. It was getting really hard to see. Just like it was getting really hard to move. She wanted to move her hands, but it was like they were pinned to her sides. Every attempt to move her arms just made a strange sensation pulse through her. Like she never had been able to move her arms. Because that wasn't something that girls like her did. Statues didn't move...

She blinked a few times. Hold on, what was that last part? Statues? She wasn't a statue, she was very sure that she was a statue. No, that didn't seem right, there was no way that she could be a statue. She had always been a statue, it wouldn't make sense to suddenly be a statue. The more she tried to argue with herself about her current state, the less she was able to identify herself as anything but a statue. Not that she had ever been anything else. She had been a statue since the moment she was carved out of rock.

Her body was naturally changing to go with the changes that were happening to her mind. While the first part of her change had been something as simple as her arms getting stuck and petrified to her sides, the rest of her body was quick to follow as all of that incredibly high quality stone spread from her fingertips across her skin...

The longer the light of the alchemiter shone on her, the quicker the process of being turned into a statue progressed. From her hands being permanently snapped close to her thighs, to her shoulders growing stiffer than they did after being forced through an intensive exercise routine, to her stomach ending up permanently flat and smooth thanks to the new rocky texture, to her expression freezing in place permanently as her thighs and her legs were kept as close together as possible. All of these changes were so swift that her mind, which was still trying to argue between always being a statue and always having been a statue, hadn't even taken notice of them.

But there were a few more changes that needed to kick in. Because the statue still realized that it was a gift. And gift statues should always be impressive. Especially if they were meant for somebody. So little by little the finer details of the sculpted statue started to expand and grow more defined. Mostly the more intimate areas. Because nobody was going to try and look at her fingers or her toes. No, they wanted to look at her hips and her tits and everything else.

Kanaya didn't move, but her body certainly kept adjusting. Going from a modest sized bosom to one that could knock people out with a single hit. And it wasn't just because of the fact that her knockers were now rockers. Her hips were equally impressive in that regard, the average head now being smaller than either of them. She was big and impressive, and it would be very hard to pull one's eyes off her once they started.

The last piece that would complete the adjustments that happened to her form and made her the perfect gift for somebody that was into statues, was her expression shifting ever slightly. From a dull and almost detached look that made her look way more professional than she probably would like, to a bright and almost mindless smile. Then again, she was a statue. Statues didn't have minds. They just had cute bodies that everyone wanted to gawk at for one reason or another.

"H3H3H3 W3 D1D 1T K4N4Y4!!" Terezi let out a jubilant cry in delight as she climbed onto the alchemiter to pat her buddy on the side. Mostly to see if she'd react. "YOUULL B3 TH3 B3ST G1FT!! BUT L1K3 COM3 ON W3 GOTTA TRY MOR3 G1FT 1D34S!!" She said, slapping the statue a couple more times once it didn't react. Strange, was she supposed to not react? As far as she understood it shouldn't be possible for the alchemiter to turn people completely inanimate. The one time she tried it on Karkat, he just ended up screaming at her until he managed to turn back naturally. So as long as she just slapped it a couple of times, she should return to normal.

Unfortunately for Terezi, she had made a rather fatal error. The moment she stepped onto the alchemiter, it noticed that there was a designated material on the platform. So naturally it started to turn on again, the colors idly starting to shine as Terezi started moving around on the plate.

Since she was far too busy trying to figure out how she could make Kanaya turn back, she hardly noticed the fact the lights were shining onto her. Nor did she really realize that she wasn't bumping her hands up against Kanaya after a while, and that they had snapped to her side. Only once she nearly topped over from trying to move her arms did she realize that something was wrong, causing her to look down and notice the stone that had started to spread across her hands. Okay, that was way too bad for her liking.

"K4N4Y4 W4K3 UP!!" Terezi shouted, only for her body to experience a sudden bout of paralysis. She couldn't move a thing. Not her eyes, not her hands, not her feet, nothing. She was forced to stare straight at her fellow statue. Statue. Statue? No, definitely not a statue. Weird, she was pretty sure that she hadn't been a statue, yet it was incredibly hard to... hard to...

The more that Terezi tried to fight back against her mind being petrified until it was a proper statue's mind, her eyes finally noticed what they were looking straight at. The other statue's nice tits! They were tits perfect for a gift! She kinda wanted some too, since she had been talking all about a gift lately. Was she the gift? She wasn't really sure, but it probably sounded right. So she needed to make sure that she was properly fit to be a gift!

It didn't take long for the petrifying effects of the alchemiter to reach the more important areas on Terezi's body, and instead of petrifying them first and then expanding, the two effects happened simultaneously. As if somebody layered on an extra layer of stone to make sure that she looked thick enough to be a gift. Especially those tits of hers, because she had way smaller tits than the other statue did.

By the time that the petrifying effects had reached her feet, the two looked damn near identical at that point. The only difference between the two, and you'd be hard pressed to notice that difference, was the style of their hair and their horns. Both of those were not really things you'd pay attention to because their knockers and their other assets were way too hard to pass up. Leaving them as two wonderfully petrified gifts standing on top of the alchemiter, waiting for somebody to grab them.

And should Rose actually manage to find them, the alchemiter would add yet another gift to the collection...

[Prince Girl TF]

"There's gotta be something here. It can't all have just crumbled into waste while I was asleep!"

The determined voice of a young girl echoed out through a ruined library, as she pushed aside any piece of rubble that was keeping her from looking at the various books that were still resting on their shelves.

Her name as Vessa. She was a young girl with soft and short red hair, dressed in a black jacket with a white star-adorned shirt and a blue set of shorts which were complimented by her long blue scarf, and she seemed like an ordinary girl at first glance. But she was a bit more than ordinary, which was why she had been stuffed into a long coma. Only after awakening and reconnecting with one of her dearest friends did she discover just how the world had changed, and one of the biggest changes was to the castle she once spent a lot of time in.

The Lostways' Castle. It was supposed to watch over the world that it belonged to, the Lostways. But something happened in the time between Vessa being stuck in her coma. It had practically crumbled, leaving very little of its former pomp and prestige behind. But that didn't mean it was completely worthless. A good amount of the secrets kept within its halls were still accessible, especially the wealth of knowledge on the shelves within the library.

Unfortunately a lot of those books were also on the verge of crumbling, so if you weren't careful when you handled one, you'd end up causing them to turn to dust. Something that Vessa had unfortunately already caused as she dusted off her hands after she pushed a big boulder out of the way. Despite all of the powers she had at her disposal, the ones that fed off her scarf... She really just needed to be careful right now. Which was why she put in this much physical labor and did her very best to avoid making more books crumple.

What was the actual reason for her being here, though? She didn't really need to learn much about the world, at least not at the moment. Besides, the snow gently pouring in through the holes in the walls and in the ceiling made it clear that it was hardly the time for her to be out and about. So why would she risk herself during such a cold season..?

There was a very simple reason why a young girl would go this far. And it had to do with the one girl that she had met upon waking back up. The girl that had been there to make sure that she woke up. Esselia. While this world had passed her by while she slept, Esselia had not. She was still as kind as the day she last saw her. She was still as cute as back then. And most importantly, she wanted to let her know how much she cared about her, to pay her back for all the love and care that she had already given her.

That was why Vessa was doing all of this, even during the winter season. She wanted to leave her with a memory that neither of them would be able to forget. A memory that they could cherish until the very end. And if there was one thing that stood the test of time inside this castle, it was memories.

"Come on, come on..." Vessa muttered as she poured her eyes across the many different books that were on display. She had to find one that fit what she wanted. Something that didn't just tell a lot of old knowledge. The old world was the old world. She wanted something that was more... Well, fantastical. Something like an old story book. Something like...

The young girl's eyes lit up as she noticed a book with a pristine white spine. A book that looked like it was immaculate condition. It didn't have a single scratch covering it, it didn't have a bruise or anything. It didn't seem like it had aged in the time between it was put on the shelf and this current moment in time. Maybe this would do? What exactly was the name, even? The spine was way too white for her to read it...

Vessa carefully plucked the book from the shelf, flinching as the books next to it collapsed into dust. But since it remained completely intact, she was able to breathe a sigh of relief and pull it out, looking at the front cover with a curious gaze in her eyes.

"The Winter Prince" was the name of the book, and it depicted a princely figure and his beloved caressing him, even as he barely reacted. It was like there was an unspoken kind of love between the two, even as his expression refused to change. How would they manage to communicate their love... If there was any love at all?

Vessa let that question ponder through her mind as she opened the book and started to read.

Once upon a time, there lived a lonely Prince. Nobody dared approach his palace, because of all the cold that surrounded it. Blizzards, snow, and general chills poured down every minute of every day. Thus, the Prince became known as the Winter Prince, because no matter how sunny it was, no matter how dark it got, it always snowed and it always raged with cold winds around his palace.

He was fine with that. He had always been alone, so being alone because people were afraid to visit him didn't change that. He accepted that it was how things had to be. Accepting it, and just carrying on living as the cold continued to pour down around his palace.

That was, until a girl knocked on the doors to his palace. A girl who braved through the cold to try and reach him. A girl that by all accounts should've fallen and been swallowed by all the snow. A girl that proved herself to be braver than any man...

"Hello, Mister Prince! Aren't you lonely?" The girl asked when they laid their eyes on one another.

"What is lonely?" The Winter Prince asked back, because he did not understand what that meant. His frozen heart could not comprehend something like that, because his frozen heart had never experienced warmth.

"Lonely is when you're all by yourself. Don't you want friends?" The girl asked once again, smiling despite the fact that she was freezing beyond compare. She was putting herself at great risk by being there. And yet still she wanted to know why the boy isolated himself like that.

"Friends..? What are friends?" Yet again, the Winter Prince showed how simple concepts had slipped him by. A boy like him, who lived all on his own in his nearly frozen palace, could not understand the concept of having friends. He had never had such things. Were they what made him less lonely? Was being less lonely a bad thing?

She didn't say a thing to that, but instead she took the Winter Prince's hand and cupped it with both of hers. And for the very first time in his life, the Winter Prince started to feel a sense of warmth inside his heart.

"What is this feeling inside of me?" The Winter Prince asked, his worldview being shaken just from a little girl holding his hand. He did not understand, but he did not think what was happening was a bad thing. He was just confused, even if he was intrigued...

"It's friendship!" The girl would tell him as she let go of his hand. "You won't be lonely anymore. But I have to go! Please wait for me, okay?" Just as quickly as she had showed up at his door, she disappeared. Where did she go? He did not know, because he was unaware of the world around him.

But he did what she had asked. Because they were friends. And as far as he could tell, friends were supposed to honor friends' wishes. And so he waited. Waited and waited, watching the sun and the moon dance across the sky as days turned into weeks which then turned into months and then finally a whole year.

And yet she hadn't been back. What had happened to her? Was she safe? And why did he care, exactly? His heart was shivering from the cold for the first time in his life. Not the cold around him, but the cold of loneliness. If he stayed here, he would not know when she would return. So the only thing he could do to warm his heart...

Was to leave his palace and venture into the cold of the rest of the world. As far as he knew, the world was cold just like his. Not because of the snow or the blizzards. No, it was cold because nobody wanted him around. Nobody liked him. Nobody wanted anything to do with him because of his reputation. That was the conclusion that he had come to after having the feeling of loneliness slowly eat away at his frozen heart.

But even then, he needed to see that girl again. So without regards to what people might think of him, he jumped from the balcony of his palace and slowly drifted down like a snowflake towards the village close to his palace. The village that had shunned him for what had happened around his palace. And just like the first snow on the first winter day, he descended...

Just as he anticipated, nobody wanted to look towards him. Nobody wanted to take note of him. Not a single soul wanted to acknowledge his presence. Nobody wanted to tell him where the girl was...

But he could tell where she was. His heart was aching every moment he spent away from her. So by following his heart, he found a lonely house on top of a small hill in the outskirts of the village. A lonesome house, just like his very own Palace. And when he looked inside...

There she was. Weaving together something long and delicate. Something that taken so long that she forgot to come and visit him. But once their eyes locked again, as she idly looked out of the window and let her soft red eyes meet the frozen look on his face.

She smiled. And she let him in so she could present a gift to him. A long fur boa that he could wrap around himself. "It'll keep you warm, so you'll make more friends!" She said, as she hugged him. All while quietly letting her tears apologize on her behalf. Knowing that she had messed up, knowing that she had done something she shouldn't have.

He forgave her. And from that day onward, the cold of loneliness melted away. So did the rest of his frozen heart, as he walked among the people around the village that realized what fools they had been. They were just as frozen as he, all because of these circumstances that none of them could control.

Now, the Winter Prince could mingle with the people he was supposed to be with. And it was all thanks to the girl that had melted his heart for the very first time...

Vessa was violently sobbing as she got to the last page. She was... Well to call her weak to stories like this would be an understatement. She didn't anticipate that it would turn out to be such a heartwarming story either. Yes, this was definitely the story that she needed to tell Esselia. Because just like the girl in the story, there were a lot of things that Esselia had taught her that stuck with her, even when she was isolated from her. She had to tell her everything!

Just as she was about to close the book, the words on those pages started to slowly but surely fall off as they turned into snowflakes that drifted around the young redheaded girl. She was more than a little confused, especially as her own tears started to turn to ice. Had she picked a cursed book, or was there something more to this book..?

"I gotta find Esselia, I gotta tell her about this story! You're not going to do bad things to me!" Vessa shouted as her scarf swirled around her, and she tried to activate her powers to keep her safe from those words.

But the snowflakes started to sink into her body. Slowly but surely sending the cold from the story through her. All while making it harder and harder to think. Her love for her friend was strong, her friendship was strong, but it was not strong enough to stop the cold.

Only as it started to sink into her heart did she realize something important. Only then did she look at her hands and notice that it hadn't done anything too terrible to her. No, the book that she had read did not try to corrupt her. Nor did it want to see her corrupted.

It loved to be read. But what it loved more was to have its tale told more directly. And it latched onto the care that she had for her friend, it latched onto that sense of loneliness that came from being away from her. And it used it to slowly but surely transform Vessa.

That transformation progressed even faster once a burst of snow poured out from the book, and the book itself disappeared. No longer would the Winter Prince be embodied by that story. No, it had a new story that needed to be told, and Vessa would be the source of it.

Her hair turned white as the snow sank in, and her casual outfit gradually extended outward until it reached all the way down to her wrists and her ankles, with a set of delicate gloves and boots forming in the place of her original wrappings and her shoes. But she couldn't just look like a commoner. She couldn't just look like she was meant to sit in the background and be a kind girl. No, she needed to look the part of a Winter Prince.

Vessa's skin turned gently pale as the cold continued pouring over her, and the texture of her clothes grew very delicate like her gloves. Gone was the simple kind of cloth, now she wore the highest quality silk that money could buy. Silk that was in the shape of a prince's uniform, complete with golden trims as the entire fabric turned a tender shade of white to go with the rest of her cold aesthetic.

The last two pieces to complete her transformation into the Winter Prince came as a pair. The first was to make her just as cold as the Prince himself, causing her heart to freeze over as an aura of pure cold poured out from her body. And the second was to counteract that cold, despite the contradiction, by turning her scarf into something emblematic of the Winter Prince.

It stretched and widened until it grew big and furred, leaving Vessa with a beautiful white fur boa that reached all the way down to her feet. It was just as long as it was in the story, but since she hadn't grown despite her aesthetic matching that of the Winter Prince, it was a little too big for her. Not to worry, as long as she could carry herself like a prince, then its size wouldn't be an issue.

The white-haired young girl took a deep breath as she opened her eyes. She was... Vessa... But she was also the Winter Prince. She knew those two identities didn't quite mesh, but for the time being, until her story had been told, she would be both. And to make her story come true, she had to find the girl that had been so important to her.

Vessa closed her eyes, and the Winter Prince transformed just like she did in the story. Turning into a snowflake, drifting across the winds as they brought her higher and higher.

All so she could see Esselia again...

"Oh, Vessa. Where did you go?"

Esselia, the girl that Vessa cherished beyond everything in the world, looked out of the window as her gaze fell upon the old Lostways Castle. A place near and dear to her memories. A place that she should leave behind if she wanted to recover. But at the same time, she knew that if she tried to bury all of that... She wouldn't really get anywhere. She wanted to move past what had gone wrong, but... It was hard to leave memories behind, even if they led to tragedy.

She sighed as she continued staring. And watching every little snowflake drift down. Christmas was right around the corner. And Vessa had told her that she'd find a gift to cheer her up and make sure that they both could enjoy this important day. Just like they had back when the castle still stood tall. She definitely trusted her to do so, she just wondered where she was.

That is, right up until the window suddenly burst open and forced the girl to yelp and back away in shock. Was it one of her Mother's minions trying to capture her again? She wouldn't be surprised, her Mother would never give her a chance to breathe...

Fortunately for Esselia, the culprit was one that wanted nothing but the best for her. As a single snowflake drifted in through the windows, and burst into gentle white light as it spread out and transformed back into Vessa, the Winter Prince. The sight of which filled Esselia with nothing but relief.

Vessa smiled in turn, as she gently lifted up her friend's chin. And then she planted a cute little kiss on her lips, and hugged her the best she could. Because not only had Esselia's worries been washed away...

The Winter Prince had quelled her loneliness, and returned to the friend that she held so dear.