

Fate's Fiery Resolution

After the Fittoa Region was consumed by a mana calamity of unknown cause that ended up wiping out the fiefdom in its entirety alongside teleporting its citizenry to random destinations including hazardous locales. The Kingdom of Asura that governed the region sent no aid, instead using the opportunity to use one of their greatest political enemies as a scapegoat, subjecting the mayor to a one sided trial that ultimately led to his execution.

With Sauros Boreas Greyrat dead and the rest of his kin undoubtedly handed worse fates after the teleport incident, his enemies rested their hands for the moment, installing one of their own as the new Mayor despite there no longer being any thriving farmland or people to govern over besides the few refugees that were lucky enough to have been sent close by or to safe areas they could get help from. But far outside the notice of the rich and influential, a certain member of the Boreas family had survived the perilous ordeal thanks to a combination of her bullheaded will and a certain tutor of hers that had earned his place by her side a few years ago. Alongside a startling third member, Eris Boreas Greyrat would begin a continent spanning journey to return home and hopefully find the rest of her family unharmed. Constantly fighting off and through obstacles of the physical and psychological variety.

Through thick and thin however, the trio were there for each other, and by the time they crossed both land and sea, years had passed and the people they once knew were changed greatly by the calamity. But while Eris' tutor was relieved to have found those close to him had survived with only his mother and childhood friend left to find, the redhead herself was not so lucky, returning to a devastated home only to hear that her parents and grandfather's death. She didn't even care that her family name had been left in tatters, the news that the people she held dear to her was the coup de grace that left her shaking.

She had tried to mask it behind a brave face as usual, but when everyone had left the tent to give the girl some space, they weren't fooled. Everyone needed some time to themselves after a dreadful loss, even Eris herself. But through the pain and grief, she realized what needed to be done if she wanted to prevent this sort of thing from ever happening again. And throughout the year long travels with her tutor, that yearning for improvement and power only grew stronger. With no home to go back to and lecherous, corrupt politicians vying for her to become a simple trophy wife, Eris' eyes looked elsewhere after consulting with her bodyguard and trusted swordsmanship tutor; Ghislaine. To a place no noble would ever think to spend their lives at unless they felt a life of lax splendor wasn't for them, craving adventure and the thrills associated with it, much like Eris herself. With her mind made up, Eris would swear her butler to secrecy, telling him not to inform her tutor of where she was going before writing up a badly written note that, if taken at face value, sounded like it was written with a disappointed hand and not one of endearing love.

And on the night of her departure from the refugee camp, Eris would slink into her lover's tent, making her intentions clear as day dressed in revealing sleepwear. But when the usually perverted powerhouse who she knew kept his eyes trained on her when he thought she wasn't looking tried to use reason to stay her hand, all she needed were a few words and a simple phrase to turn him into a complete animal.

It didn't help that his mind was dulled by alcohol, clouding his better judgment as he succumbed to Eris' 'rousing' words specially taught to her by her mother when the time came for her to bed that special someone in her life. And for Eris, that someone was her tutor; Rudeus Greyrat, a seemingly ordinary kid 2 years her junior but way more capable than she was in everything besides physical combat, all while being just as perverted as the other, less capable and morally broken Greyrat family members that had a hand in Sauros' undeserved fate.

Unlike then however, his heart seemed to be in the right place. He knew where his boundaries lay and over the years they spent together even before the teleport incident, she had watched him grow, gaining a sense of maturity despite his ever present perverse nature to make him seem like a dullard. And while he might not have been aware of it, Eris had always felt the need to be competitive around Rudeus because of the sheer power gap between them, but after gaining that Demon Eye of his, even her mastery over the sword would matter little against him. It had left her frustrated and inferior. Which was also what had led to her decision to isolate herself from him once they had done the deed, trading each other's first time in that stuffy little tent that ends with Eris coming out on top, lasting much longer than she had expected against Rudeus' sheer ferocity in the sheets. But by the time he had drained himself of his stamina, the embarrassed and slightly guilty Eris would make her exit, cutting off her long flowing mane of fiery crimson before walking out that tent with no intention of returning anytime soon, not until she was strong enough to feel confident about her place beside Rudeus.

Once the first rays of dawn broke over the rolling hills of Fittoa however, the energized Greyrat would soon find his rejuvenated form and swell mood soured by the tuft of red hair left abandoned on the floor of the room alongside Eris' aforementioned note, with the girl and her guardian nowhere in sight...

Needless to say, Rudeus was left shell shocked and hurt beyond imagination as traumatic memories from another life altogether return to bite him in the ass. With her butler adamantly refusing to give up his charge's location and his two party members gone, Rudeus was left to fend for himself.

But in his current condition, navigating the wide world in a leadless search for his mother alone was out of the question, let alone fending off threats and taking proper care of himself. Dejection, self loathing, hatred, despondency, these were just a few of the emotions currently stirring in the boy's mind. Even when people came by to urge him to eat and help out around the refugee camp, Rudeus saw no point, doing nothing besides lying in the darkness of his tent, isolating himself from the world and keeping himself busy in the turmoil of his mind, unable to get a shred of sleep from the stress of it all.

Eventually however, Rudeus knew he still had obligations to fulfill, but without a driving force behind it. The boy would begin to treat it as it was; an obligation with no other meaning behind it. All he knew was that somewhere out there in the world, Zenith Greyrat had yet to be found, and while Sylphie, his friend, had more or less been confirmed to be alive and well outside his reach, his mother was now his number one priority no matter how hollow that goal was to him. If anything it would serve as a good distraction away from what he had perceived to be a betrayal from Eris, who was at this point, already well on her way toward the Sword Sanctum, taking her next steps forward while Rudeus remained bitter and still. But after reading a letter that could be summed up as 'I don't think we're meant for each other so don't come looking for me', could one really blame him? Especially after all he had been through both in his current and old lives, it was easy to see how what he had thought to be a forgotten trauma make a resurgence and overwhelm him.

In any other timeline, Rudeus would soon make his way toward the city of Rosenberg after making a bane for himself as the capable adventurer; Quagmire, where he would meet a certain party that would offer him a brief respite away from the stresses of his continuing search for his mother, therefore leading him into the next critical step on his journey after meeting a certain elven lady who had her eyes set on finding him.

But in this tale set in a world that held many possibilities, the young teenager would never arrive at Rosenberg, much less earn the title of Quagmire. Because as far as anyone knew, the last they had seen of Rudeus Greyrat was when the solemn child had left the Fittoa refugee camp with only meager supplies, the clothes on his body and the staff he held tightly in his grip and a mile long look in his glassy eyes, framed by heavy bags that suggested he hadn't had much rest in a long time from the emotional baggage weighing him down, and emotions were a strong force whose capabilities and drawbacks weren't known of by many. From driving motivations to inhibiting one's will to push onward, it was a double edged sword; allowing one to accomplish the impossible or keeping their feet held firmly in place, not allowing them to carry on. But in Rudeus' case, they were strong enough to resonate with the greater will governing the flow of events of the world. Strong enough to get it to conform to his unconscious desire; to see Eris bounding around at his side once more as if nothing had changed. But with the sole heiress of the Boreas family gone and no one at his side to serve as a suitable surrogate body, then the boy's wish would have to be granted in an unorthodox fashion that would, in a way, fulfill it, freeing him from the anguish and unguided anger he felt boiling away inside him by taking it all away...

Not just the unwanted memories, his childhood, the connections he made, the knowledge of the Six-Faced World he had amassed, his goals. Even the personality inherited from his previous life. All of it would soon cease to be once the will of fate itself was done granting Rudeus Grayrat's wish.

The process was a slow one, but it would begin with the magician's knowledge and proficiency in casting spells that were elementary. Ordinarily minor and not capable of causing much harm, Rudeus' knowledge, both new and old, were critical in bolstering these spells to devastating effect. Take for example, the

Intermediate level spell Rock Cannon. While not being much different from that of the inferior Rock Bullet, the old world existence of the conical bullet had been enough for the reincarnate to turn an otherwise ordinary stone projectile into a volatile mass of tempered earth capable of leaving craters in the land and puncturing the battlements of a war tested castle with ease. And what was even more terrifying was Rudeus' ability to conjure multiple of these destructive projectiles at once thanks to his ability to cast spells without uttering a single word from the incantation. *Silent Spellcasting*; a rare talent that needed to be nurtured at a young age when the brain was most susceptible to absorbing and visualizing information, something most adults besides the most capable would be unable to do

With such a weapon, no threat could pose any real harm unless they got too close, but even then, silent spellcasting allowed him to fire off point blank offensive magic without panic. But in this instance as he faces down a lone Terminate Boar wandering the countryside, the magician would soon find himself in a dilemma of sorts upon attempting to send a Stone Cannon its way, clicking his tongue in frustration as the projectile emerges from the ground dull and misshapen, refusing to take on its signature drill like shape before launching prematurely but with enough force to shatter its rightmost tusk, way off the mark when his original target was its spinal cord...but a D rank monster like the Terminate Boar would not be downed with an attack like that, especially for a specimen of its size towering way above the heads of any ordinary man. All Rudeus had done was alert the creature to his presence and provide a target for it to vent its anger on as it rears its head, letting loose a furious war cry before charging. Giving the struggling magician little time to conjure a Quagmire that does little to halt the beast's advance, malfunctioning in a way similar to how his Earth Cannon had as it forms far slower than usual, allowing the Boar to completely bypass it altogether. Originally seeing the creature as nothing more than an obstacle in his way, the danger it presented would soon be made clear as it continues its charge, unfettered and unrelenting.

Left with little choice but to resort to spamming his broken magic if he hoped to live, Rudeus stands his ground before firing off as many Stone Cannon's as possible, gritting his teeth as most of them fly off in random directions while the few that hit their marks do little, accompanying the monsters roar with sickening crunches of broken bone and battered flesh that only serves to spur the Boar onward, leaving less than a few centimeters between it and Rudeus who falls over onto his knees as his vision wavers and strength begins to leave his body. Symptoms of mana exhaustion that stuns Rudeus for a split moment, cutting his hail of stone projectiles short with his mind no longer able to bear the brunt of his reckless use of magic...which was highly unusual considering he could spend hours firing off a sustained burst of such low tier magic without breaking a sweat...except now he was left empty after only a few minutes launching half assed Stone Cannons, feeling much like he felt all those years ago when casting his first successful batch of Water Balls in his childhood.

Luck however, was something that remained steadfast by Rudeus' side as he crumples to the floor alongside the Terminate Boar as it's front hooves give out beneath it, flipping over before coming to a crashing stop a few inches before the vulnerable human in a bloody heap as its last breath escapes a broken maw. Death from

a painful combination of a shattered skull and internal bleeding. And in its delirium alongside another unintentional hit from a wayward Stone Cannon, a rogue shard of bone impaling a large chunk of its own brain was enough to deal the finishing blow.

But Rudeus wasn't awake any longer to bask in his victory as he succumbed to the strain, falling asleep before the hulking mass of his defeated foe with the Aqua Heartia staff still held firmly in his grip, his weapon and a memento that only served to remind him of the enchanting girl that had left his side, glimmering a sullen blue as the rays of the sun rise to its peak over a warm afternoon sky, painting the fallen figures of man and beast in bright orange while bringing extra emphasis to something strange beginning to happen to Rudeus' body starting with his sweat slick skin as a subtle ripple runs throughout its length, erasing growing hair follicles while softening coarse skin, painting over its dark beige hue for a fairer shade of pink while muscle begins to harden and extrude against the softened hide, adding some much need mass as the limp boy's body begins to enlarge and grow, expanding in every direction as supplies flesh and toned muscle begins to appear and fill in spots where they weren't present before.

By the time the preliminary changes were done, Rudeus still looked more or less the same save for a marked increase in muscle and height, no longer looking like the 13 year old runt he was before with his baggy magician's robe looking substantially more filled in and tight across his lankier limbs and bulked up torso. Despite the fact that he was supposed to be male however, one couldn't help but notice a subtle feminine allure to the boy's form; from the slow ups and downs of curvy arms to the mesmerizing wave of his legs connected to widening hips that were beginning to show beneath his robes, it was as if he was growing into the form of a bodacious lady instead of a rugged young man...

But with his genetic makeup slowly altering itself and his memories being tampered with as synapses gently fire off inside Rudeus' brain, what could've been assumed to be a trick of the light would soon become reality as the Greyrat's broad eyes begin to slant upward while lashes gain a sharpened edge to them, granting his sleeping face a refined edge that only increases as his brow morphs to become thicker at its front and thinner at the back. All while the physical changes were happening however, his mind would not be spared from continued assimilation as memories of his previous life begin to fade, easing the strain he felt as its associating traumas leave entirely. But alongside the pain, so too did crucial knowledge necessary for his spells to work leak away into nothingness as evidenced from his earlier inability to cast his signature offensive spell when the memory of how bullets work weren't there to supplement that power, producing a distorted model instead that lacked the destructive capabilities of the original.

By the time the scene of that fateful night had left him altogether, Rudeus mental image was left conflicted and afraid, fighting through a hazy fog while forgetting chunks of memory could do that to a person, but because the Rudeus of today was basically a continuation of the Japanese man who had died trying to save someone on that rainy night, it was as if he'd lost a huge part of himself, reduced to a childlike state

representative of the 13 year old body he inhabited without the spunk and intelligence of his old self to hold it all together.

In the empty darkness however, something warm would begin to creep inside of Rudeus' barren mind, filling in the void his memories had left behind to offer a fresh perspective that calms his mind, allowing himself to view the slideshow reel of a life that was not yet his, an infectious life that would love for him to believe in it wholeheartedly as wispy hands slowly let go of the memories of one Rudeus Greyrat in exchange for that of Eris Boreas Greyrat herself with his surrender made evident in the way his soiled tuft of chestnut brown hair begins to lengthen and unfurl into long silken locks that dye themselves a fiery crimson at the roots, pouring down and around his immobile form as the slowed changes begin to move in different directions, no longer expanding outward but working on what was already there; rearranging bones, birthing new organs and downgrading an impressive mana pool.

In just a few more minutes, the sleeping form of Rudeus would soon be forever lost to time as a burgeoning mass begins to bubble forth atop his chest alongside his proud member shrinking away into a flaccid rod atop a slowly ripening slit between toned legs. But something within his mind was adamant about retaining its original identity. It could feel what was being taken from it and it didn't like it one bit. But the more it lost to the otherworldly force, the more its resistance began to wane, forgetting the very reasoning behind why it didn't want to give up in the first place.

Instead of wandering his household and diving into the laundry, scenes of being raised in a crib within a lavish mansion interior were fresh at hand. And where he once remembered attempting to learn and cast his first spell, an ambitious drive to learn swordsmanship and pursue the life of an adventurer held her attention. Where there was no need to study, she now remembered being forced to sit through plenty of tutors attempting to get her to remember confusing subjects like math and a multitude of languages. And if it wasn't studies, then it was boring stuff like being taught how to act all prim and proper as expected of a noble lady...she was a lady wasn't she? Of course she was...because if not, then all those things her mother told her about looking for the right man to be her husband and the various other pig headed nobles looking to take her hand in marriage wouldn't have fit right in her mind, rather making more sense over something like a love for women that a strange figment of her mind told her about. True, she did have a rather large fondness for Beast women like the rest of the Boreas family, but she wouldn't say she had a preference for them over men if and when the time came for her to make choices regarding her marital life.

'Strange, since when did I even start thinking about stuff like that...'

With her out of place urges for other women firmly tossed to the side, the girl resumes her trip down memory lane, zooming on by monotonous years at home until coming across a strange individual claiming to be her latest tutor; herself.

'That's not me stupid...how the hell am I supposed to teach myself?'

Making that correction, the film resumes, documenting her first encounter with this Rudeus boy and his daring first encounter with her. She had assumed him to be nothing more than a pathetic wimp too young to be filling the pants he claimed to wear, but after a perilous night involving a kidnapping and her first dangerous encounter with armed thugs who didn't have the tact and sensibility to withhold violence upon children, she knew this boy was something more from the calmness and maturity with which he conducted himself with, it was like watching an adult masquerade as a kid. Although he certainly wasn't mature enough when Ghislaine had ultimately arrived to rescue the two.

'Hab! The way he went all pale when Ghislaine chopped that man's head clean off was...wait...why am I-ugh-feeling all weird?'

For a momentary lapse between her memories and that of the boy she was subverting alongside the ongoing transformation of Rudeus' physical shell, a queasy sensation builds in Eris' belly, making her feel as if she was going to puke as it begins to roil and amass in her gut and loins, then her throat, until suddenly dissipating as fast as it had appeared, leaving behind a pleasant warmth and her mind wondering just what that strange feeling was, remaining completely oblivious to her newly formed sexual organs nestled nicely beneath a throbbing navel lined with pecs and supple flesh, connected through a moist, tight tunnel leading down to a tight opening whose folds suggested recent use as it sputters momentarily upon registering that memory, leaking a small trail of precum down her slick inner thighs that pool into the grass beneath a slowly inflating derriere as the silence of the afternoon hillside breaks momentarily upon a girlish sigh escaping soft, radiant pink lips where cracked and dehydrated ones once laid unmoving on a face that bore no resemblance to the haggard young Fittoan boy that had collapsed a few minutes ago, moving ever so slightly to the side to give some breathing space to an impressive pair of tits that were already more than halfway through ballooning into B's that showed no signs of stopping as Rudeus' old clothes begin to tent. Given enough time, they would soon grow to rival those of the mother whose genes had obviously come into play when it came to how well endowed her daughter would be when she came of age.

But with no time to waste however, the memory train continues its journey, speeding down the proceeding years after Rudeus had officially been taken on as her tutor with her own permission being granted for him to do so. While he did try to get her to learn the usual boring stuff like math, she instead looked forward to the times where she got to learn how to cast a variety of magic spells, focusing on fire magic alongside Ghislaine, who surprisingly knew little on the subject matter. And as a surprise to her, Rudeus, unlike his predecessors, was there alongside her to participate in Ghislaine's swordsmanship lessons at the behest of her father who didn't want her sword skills to go ignored.

'His father! Rudeus' father...I swear...what the hell is wrong with my mind today?'

With her body's muscle ripening upon memorizing her many years of dedicated training and actual combat experience. Eris continues to speed through her life while correcting minor errors here and there like the time she remembered swinging the staff she had gotten for Rudeus' 10th birthday in place of her practice sword and the strangely arousing scenes of a stranger creeping in on her while she slept, a stranger she now knew to be Rudeus as he snuck into her room or one of her many other secret napping spots to grope at her vulnerable body. Associating those displaced memories with rare nightly explorations of her own growing body once she began to grow conscious of the bond she held between herself and Rudeus, remembering that disgust for that perverted boor giving way to budding interest and then eventually burning love. All because of that terrible incident that ended up robbing her of her family.

From Ruijerd to the other people they had met along the way alongside the events of the journey. All of it would begin to shift and realign themselves to show a vastly different viewpoint as the perception of these events shifts from Rudeus to the proper placement of Eris herself, no longer experiencing his memories but rather, watching it all happen from the sidelines, unaware of his own thoughts while the new, yet familiar stirring of envy and wonder begins to fill her heart. She had always wondered how Rudeus had become the capable individual she now knew him to be, slowly starting to feel inferior just by being by his side. Everything she did, he did better. And the one thing she held the upper hand in was instantly overshadowed once he acquired that Demon Eye of his, easily overpowering her with it, and no matter how much he tried to dissuade her by saying it was only because he had them, a loss was still a loss. And that was enough to frustrate her to no end.



So assured of her loss she was, that by the time her signature fringe had grown to crown her face, Rudeus' Demon Eyes are lost forever, returned to their normal state as green irises dilate and shift into fiery orange orbs tinted a deep scarlet in time for a rosy blush to paint her soft cheeks as her tingling brain flashes forward past the pain and humiliation of her swift defeat at the hands of Orsted the Dragon God, the overwhelming sadness upon hearing of her family's death and the subsequent pleasure of losing her virginity to herself...wait, that didn't seem quite right.

CLICK

'Mnnf! Thats-obh...much better~ Rudeus...I'm so sorry...'

With that last bit of Rudeus Greyrat's memory whisked away with but a single blink, the former young man's

viewpoint of roughly having his way with the red headed lady in bed alongside the warmth and pleasure associated with the act instantly flips onto its head, no longer the one doing the thrusting but the one being thrust into as salacious, innocent moans become her own alongside the piercing pain of having her hymen broken before the sinful pleasures of sex came after, bracing her dainty hands against the sheets as the large, girthy rod of her drunken lover penetrates the dripping wet folds between her legs, sending her pert breasts bouncing with each thrust as his hands busy themselves with her body, tracing the tightness of her navel as it bulges with his pecker deep inside her, tickling her ears as he brushes aside her hair for loving kisses. It was unlike anything she had ever hoped for, and as bad as she felt for essentially forcing Rudeus into it...she couldn't deny that the boy had the skills and dexterity of a grown man. Knowing her pleasure spots better than she did while caressing her body like a brutal machine, using her until his energy reserves emptied out, leaving her panting in exhaustion, her nubile young body dripping in a mix of her and Rudeus' sweat and juices, her mind racing with embarrassment and excitement. Embarrassed by what she had done alongside having behaved so indecently before another and excited at what this meant for the future moving forward; She had in essence given herself to Rudeus, so once he grew up, they could start taking things seriously. Maybe even start a family together. And since he did say he'd make her a part of his family so she'd never be alone, it'd be like making him take responsibility for his actions!

But before she could wholly commit to that plan, she first had to improve herself before she was worthy enough to stand beside Rudeus. If she couldn't match up to someone of Orsted's level for more than a few seconds, then how could she be confident enough to call herself Rudy's wife when they next had to face down a foe of similar or even greater strength? If Rudy could claw his way back from death and instantly set his mind toward improvising strategies to counter such an overwhelming adversary, then the girl she was now was an ill-fitting match for him. She had to be stronger, strong enough to defend him instead of the other way around.

And so with her mind renewed and her steaming vessel freshly conformed to her needs and wants, Eris Greyrat's identical body double rises from her slumber to the setting of the sun, yawning as her long flowing mane reduces itself into its current tomboyish cut alongside Rudeus' now suffocating clothes morphing into Eris' usual fatigues as the panties he had whispered away from the tent springs to life from the pockets as they leap out and onto the grass before clambering up petite feet, and up along muscular calves and plump thighs before wrapping themselves comfortably around broad hips and a damp pussy sputtering with a bit of her former self's still warm cum leaking out from between the freshly used lips, rendered useless thanks to her new set of female reproductive organs.

By the time the cloak Rudy had bought for her back in the Demon Continent materializes over her head, all traces of the disheartened 13 year old had been wiped from existence. From his very being to the clothes and gear that adorned it, all of it had been replaced by Eris Greyrat herself, yawning as she rises to her feet before slotting the immense falchion melded together from a transformed Aqua Heartia back into its sheath atop her heart shaped behind. For all her training and combat experience, her figure remained striking and

voluptuous, complemented by pronounced curves and a knock out face with unique red hair, it all came together to make Eris a lady many men could only dream of having by their side. A fact she was more than aware of as a smile creeps across her verdant face, reminiscing briefly on the event's of last night, unaware that in actuality, weeks had already passed since they did the deed. And that the man she loved...no, the man she once was, had become the very object of his obsessions; now thinking and acting very much like the true Eris well on her way towards the Sword Sanctum with Ghislaine in tow.

“Which makes Rudy a lucky guy to have me around! I hope his search for my-”

CLICK

“his mother goes well...weird, did I get something wrong back there? Aghh this is too confusing...gotta pick up the trail again...”

Muttering under her breath before giving the setting sun one last look, the newborn Eris sets off in the opposite direction where Rudeus was traveling, away from Rosenberg and unknowingly following the original in her footsteps. Leaving behind the massive corpse of the Terminate Boar and a quaint little box that holds the one relic of a forgotten goddess...

“Just you wait for me Rudy! Once i’m strong enough, I’ll be right there with you!”



With the thorn in his side that was Rudeus Greyrat officially out of the picture, a certain meddlesome coward would remain in his unreachable lair, confident in his assured existence while gleefully watching the resulting events of there now being two more or less genetic copies of Eris Greyrat wondering the world. The look of shock on the original's face was something to look forward to whenever her new double made it to the Sword Sanctum, as would their response when they finally realized their lover was no more, none the wiser to how close he actually was to the both of them. Something fresh to spice up the experience...at least, until that man's curse kicks in.

But until then, Hitogami would be sure to enjoy watching the fate of the one prophesied to bring his end play out in this spectacular fashion, none the wiser to the life he had lost in exchange for the one that held him down...

THE END