

“Flayn, I am really not sure about this...”

Stepping outside of his private quarters, Seteth looked down upon his own clothes with a sensation of discomfort. Throughout most of his life, the man had dressed rather conservatively. A long blue tunic, a flowing golden cape, and some bulky white pants. There were no parts of his body exposed save for his head, and the outfit itself was decorated with the smallest amount of ornaments he could manage. It was a style that brought him comfort, as well as memories from his old days. So how Flayn had managed to convince him to abandon all of that and try on Dorothea’s school uniform, Seteth had no idea.

“Come on Brother!!” Flayn exclaimed excitedly, bouncing around Seteth with an eager smile. “You said that you wanted to support our movement didn’t you? To get closer to Dorothea~?”

“Yes, but... N-Not this way!!” Seteth stuttered, feeling his stomach churning in place. Even if he did want to dress like Dorothea, the truth was that he simply didn’t match the outfit. His stiff, bulging pecs created a flat slope in the place where Dorothea’s precious cleavage was supposed to go. His broad shoulders and squarish figure lacked the soft enticing nature of Dorothea’s curves. Not even the cute hat atop his head could hide the sharply defined features of Seteth’s masculine face.

“I- J-Just look at me! I look absolutely ridiculous.” The man complained, pushing back into his room in hopes to not sully the dazzling outfit with his body any further.

“That’s not true!” But Flayn didn’t let him. Grabbing onto Seteth’s arm, the girl pulled him back with an impassioned intensity. “You look beautiful!!!”

Instantly, Seteth stopped. He of course knew that Flayn was merely being polite when she made that comment, Seteth could plainly see the reality of his looks himself. But as the simple thought of even coming close to Dorothea’s beauty buried itself into his mind, Seteth felt as if something had awoken deep inside. Seteth’s heart began to thump rapidly, his body growing warm with excitement. Though he didn’t exactly know what this strange feeling meant, there was no way to deny its power.

“D-Do you...” Seteth gasped, his cheeks growing an uncharacteristic red. “Do you really think I look pretty?”

“Oh brother!” Flayn opened her mouth to let out her bright, cheerful tone.

*FWOOOOOSSSHHH*

“I think you look absolutely *HOT* in that cute little uniform~” Except what came out was not Flayn’s usual young, energetic voice. It was the voice of Dorothea herself!

As the expansive Dorothea shockwave made its way through the walls of Garreg Mach and pulsed right through both Seteth and Flayn, the duo were instantly transformed. Two elegant, beautifully busty Dorotheas now stood where the pair previously stood, each one exactly the same as the other. Seteth’s towering height had been reduced to that of an average female, while Flayn had grown to match her father. Their faces became cuter and softer, their bodies shrinking and expanding in all the right places. The way the two new Dorotheas proudly jutted their chest out and gazed at each other’s assets, it was almost as if Seteth and Flayn had never even existed in the first place.

“Thanks Dorothea~ You also look very sexy in your uniform~” The Dorothea that used to be Seteth flirted with womanly confidence, lacking any of Seteth’s previous self-conscious feelings. “But honestly, I think you would look even sexier if you took it off~”

“Dorothea you dog~” The Dorothea that used to be Flayn commented in feign outrage, a façade that was soon to drop as she wrapped her arms around the other Dorothea’s body and pushed her once father against the nearest wall.

Lust coursing through both of their bodies, neither Dorothea seemed to show even the slightest shred of shame as they began to sloppily push their lips together. The Dorothea that used to be Flayn snuck her fingers under her partner’s skirt, pushing them deep into the cunt that had been a penis just a few seconds ago. The Dorothea that used to be Seteth took advantage of her twin’s body as well, her hands greedily groping fat, bouncing breasts which had not existed previously. As their tongues kept twirling around each other and their pussies grew heated in unison, the two Dorotheas could only keep on fucking each other with ever increasing intensity.

It was honestly quite the incredible sight to behold. Just a couple of seconds ago, they had been father and daughter for thousands of years, respecting such a relationship with the importance it was due. But now, the pair of Dorotheas was more than eager to sexually explore each other’s new bodies, as if their previous lives and identities meant little more to them than the clouds in the sky or the blowing wind. Arousal was all that filled their minds as they moaned into each other’s mouths, breasts bouncing in unison from each of their needy motions. Individuality and uniqueness were all abandoned in favor of embracing their bodies’ perverted desires. Like many of the other Dorothea supporters that would be affected by the shockwave, the two would find themselves instantly adapting to their perfect new lives~

---

“O-Okay... There we go...”

Ferdinand’s cheeks grew bright red as he stared into his reflection in the full-length mirror. Being a noble, Ferdinand had always paid a bit more attention to his appearance than most other men. It was of the utmost importance for a man of his status to know all of the latest masculine fashions, so that he could present himself with the poise and grace of a proper member of the nobility. That being said, never in his life had Ferdinand expected to- To-! To dye the dazzling orange locks of house Aegir into an earthy brown color!

“I hope it looks fine...” Ferdinand pondered aloud to himself, still not exactly sure how to feel about this minor change.

Though Ferdinand was far from confident with the result of his decision, he remained firm and proud of the reason for the decision itself. Ever since Ferdinand saw Dorothea on the main stage one year ago, he felt as if his heart had been truly moved by the songstress. In that moment of triumph, he wanted nothing more than to jump onto the stage and celebrate with her. However, when it became clear that Dorothea’s movement had failed, Ferdinand said nothing. As much as he wanted to help and support his best friend, he was much too afraid to lower his family’s already teetering standing in order to help...

A part of himself felt responsible for Dorothea's downfall. Somehow, he had managed to remain neutral in the conflict, not assisting neither Rhea nor Edelgard and being able to live alongside Dorothea. Yet in all that time, he did nothing to ease her woes. Perhaps if he'd said something, perhaps if he'd supported her a bit more, the old dazzling Dorothea from that stage would come back... Ferdinand truly wished he would have done something sooner.

But things were different now. Ferdinand could feel the winds changing, he could feel Dorothea's message resonating with more and more people. Even if he was denounced by the Church, even if he was ostracized by his own country, Ferdinand could not sit idle any longer. From this day onward, he would support Dorothea and her anti-war organization in any way that was possible. By dying his beautiful noble hair into a regular brown color, he would show how deep his commitment to her cause rang. Shifting into a firmer, taller posture, Ferdinand looked upon himself with more confidence.

"I am Ferdinand von Aegir!" He spoke proudly, as if to pump himself up. It didn't sound that bad honestly. Even with the different colored hair, he still seemed to carry the noble gravitas he'd possessed before.

Ferdinand puffed up his chest, letting out the last shreds of his shame from his new style.

"I am-!"

*FWOOOOOSH!!!*

"Nnffff ssssoooo fucking hot in this~~"

Thrusting her crotch forward and throwing her head back, Dorothea greedily slammed her fingers deep into her sloppy, quivering pussy. Gone was Ferdinand's prim, refined noble outfit, replaced by Dorothea's feminine, revealing Officer's Academy uniform. The silky locks of hair had shifted from dyed to a naturally brown color, shimmering both brighter and longer than before. And that virile member which was supposed to carry on the von Aegir lineage? It was now just a dripping cunt that contained nothing more than Dorothea's genetic material. There was no longer any Ferdinand inside of Ferdinand's room. In fact, there were no more Ferdinands in general. She had become a fully fledged Dorothea.

"Mmmfff~ Oh Dorothea~" Dorothea moaned out to herself, unable to pry her eyes away from her own masturbating visage. "You're so fucking hot~ I love you so much~"

Ferdinand had always possessed a bit of a crush on Dorothea. But now that she was Dorothea herself, those desires had elevated to an entirely new level. Dorothea began to knead and squish her tits through her clothes while her other hand teased her clit and spread out her vaginal lips. She couldn't get enough of how amazing her voluptuous body felt. She couldn't even get enough of how beautiful she looked in her own reflection! Unable to control her desires, Dorothea pushed herself against the mirror before her, rubbing her cunt onto the cold surface and peppering the glass in a litany of kisses that left bright, red lipstick marks.

The way she pleased herself against the mirror with this much lack of control and poise was utterly debauched. It made Dorothea wonder how Ferdinand would feel if he were watching right now. If only he could see how she utterly defiled the body of a once proud and pompous noble. If only he could

witness her complete destruction of his character, his self. No longer was she a crass, egotistical, cowardly noble. She had become something better, something fully perfect.

"I am... I am Dorothea Arnault~~!!" Dorothea screamed at the top of her lungs, her entire body freezing in place as her body was paralyzed in orgasm. "I'm Dorothea~~~!!!!"

As Dorothea's cunt clamped lovingly around her fingers, her pussy squirted thick, aroused juices all over the bottom side of her mirror. Sweat and saliva dripped down the length of the glass, murky smudges getting marked throughout its surface. In her insatiable expression of lust, Dorothea had absolutely trashed Ferdinand's once sparkling mirror, just like she had destroyed his image of nobility.

"Fuuuck~ I *really* needed that~" Dorothea gave out a big, sigh of ecstasy, still savoring the sensations of her twitching cunt. "A cute Dorothea like me can't be satisfied with her reflection though~ I need to find a *REAL* Dorothea to grope and kiss~ Hehehe~!"

And with that, Dorothea quickly fixed herself up and dashed out of Ferdinand's room, leaving his mirror marred with her filth. No longer would Ferdinand be held back by his stiff ideals about nobility. Instead, Dorothea would happily spread her message of peace. And love~

---

Unlike most of the other Officer's Academy's students who thought back on their school days with a tinted lens of Nostalgia, standing within Garreg Mach Monastery's tall imposing walls brought the angsty Felix no sort of joy. It's not that he didn't enjoy being a student, those were perhaps one of his better days. Instead, it was the painful memories of the start of the war that really got to him. Memories of being separated from his good pair of friends that he was being forced to relive right this moment.

"Sylvain. Ingrid." Felix spoke firmly, a scowl on his face while he crossed his arms with impatience. "This has gone on long enough."

Never in his life did Felix think he would be the voice of duty and responsibility in his little group of friends. That was usually Ingrid's job. And yet here he was standing before Sylvain and Ingrid, both of whom had seemingly gone mad with some kind of stupid political philosophy he didn't really understand. Instead of wearing normal clothes, Ingrid and Sylvain were outfitted in Dorothea's old school uniform. It was utterly bizarre seeing Ingrid dress in such an uncharacteristically provocative manner, not to mention how bizarre it was to see Sylvain crossdressing with his stiff chest almost fully exposed. More than some kind of ideology, it felt as if Sylvain and Ingrid had fallen for a crazy cult!

"The boar- I mean, Prince Dimitri really needs your support at the moment." Felix continued in his usual aloof manner. Though he wasn't being entirely honest. His expression softened lightly, eyes gazing downwards. "... I need your support. Please let's just go back to Faerghus and try to bring an end to this war."

It was an honest plea. Much more sentiment than Felix had ever expressed towards the two. But it had fallen on completely deaf ears.

“Sorry Felix! But we’re not going back to Faerghus!” Ingrid exclaimed at the top of her lungs, almost as if she was proud to abandon her own country. “After spending more time with the Dorothea Defenders, we’ve realized just how right and just their cause is!”

“Each faction thinks that they’re fighting for what’s right, that they are the ones with the moral high ground.” Sylvain added with excitement. “But the truth is that the Dorothea Defenders is the only group fighting for Fodlan’s best future.”

Hearing the same old mindlessly repeated slogans coming from his friends caused Felix’s heart to sink. Why was the most loyal and dutiful person he knew so eager to disavow her own prince? Since when was the ultimate womanizer and slacker so interested in continental politics? Coming back to this wretched fortress, Felix had truly hoped he would be able to convince his friends. But he couldn’t even hold a serious, heartfelt conversation with either of them! It was almost like he was talking to entirely different people, strangers who were simply wearing his friends’ bodies as clothes.

“Honestly Felix...” Ingrid lunged towards the boy while he was distracted, tightly hugging his right arm and burying it in her cleavage. The flirty smile she shot at him was so uncharacteristic, it honestly left him frozen in shock.

“Rather than us going back to Fearghus with you...” Sylvain wasted no time doing exactly the same to Felix’s left arm, locking the other boy into place with a firm grip.

“You should stay here in Garreg Mach with us!” The duo shouted with big eager smiles, speaking as if they shared one singular voice.

As much as Felix would have loved to spend his days at Garreg Mach with Ingrid and Sylvain, just like they had lived no more than a year ago, the idea filled him with pure dread and disdain. There was no way Felix could live with his friends as they were now! He missed the old Ingrid and Sylvain. He wanted to see them act and talk in the same way they did before! Mustering up some strength, Felix began to struggle away from the duo’s grasp, when-

*FWOOOOSH!!!*

Like being sniped from the back with the powerful blast of a Thunder spell, Felix found himself being slammed with a magical shockwave of energy that surged from out of nowhere. The boy grunted loudly in response, his bones still creaking from the aftershock. Were he not being held in place by two firm sets of arms, Felix was sure he would have tripped. For a few seconds, Felix steeled his body and closed his eyes, waiting for some kind of second impact or after affect. But... No such thing ever came. There was no pain, no aching, no mental pressure or anguish. Other than the initial surprise, Felix didn’t feel like the sudden wave of energy had affected him in the slightest.

Slowly recomposing himself from the shock, Felix opened his eyes to look upon his companions. Except... Ingrid and Sylvain were nowhere to be seen! His arms were still being tightly held in place, but instead of seeing any sign of his friends, Felix only found a pair of voluptuous slender Dorotheas, looking at him as if he was the catch of the day.

“Come on Felix, come on!” The Dorothea to his left tugged at Felix’s arm, her voice quite needy and flirtatious. “You just HAVE TO stay here with us~”

“We miss and love you way too much!” The other Dorothea to his right whined out in a desperate tone. “We CAN’T let you go~”

“What the-!? W-Where’s Sylvain and Ingrid?!?” Pure and utter bewilderment filled Felix’s mind. How had these rabid Dorotheas gotten their hands on him?! Twisting and turning his body with force, Felix tried to seriously struggle away from the duo’s grasp with full disregard of how much strength he used. But somehow, the duo of gentle songstresses had him trapped like a fly in a spiderweb. “W-Who are you?!?! L-Let me go!!!”

“Aww, how could you say something like that Felix?” The Dorothea to the right spoke with a feign pout. “It’s me, your best friend Dorothea!”

“Yeah Felix!!” The other Dorothea aggressively agreed. “That’s no way to treat people you’ve known since your childhood! Eheheh~” The duo broke into a set of synchronized giggles, which appeared more sinister than endearing to the frazzled Felix.

Though he’d heard exactly what the two Dorotheas had said, for a few seconds he didn’t quite understand what they meant. It just didn’t make any sense to him! As if they were speaking an entirely different language. Perhaps it was because they were being eerily vague, or maybe it was that Felix simply didn’t want to understand what they’d meant. But as the pair of Dorotheas kept on chuckling manically while staring into Felix’s eyes, the realization soon dawned upon them. His friends hadn’t gone anywhere. They’d been standing there the whole time.

“N-No... T-This can’t be possible!” He gasped in disbelief, his face slowly twisting as the truth finally settled into his mind.

A face of shock and dread that the two Dorotheas absolutely ate up.

“What’s wrong Felix~” One of the Dorotheas cooed out in a soothing yet nefarious voice. “Feeling a bit nervous you get to be so close to not one, but *two* beautiful Dorotheas~?”

“Don’t worry Felix~” The other one continued in the same vicious tone. “We promise to take care of you real good~”

The sensation of dread quickly spread deep into Felix’s core. Though he tried to pull and pull away from the duo of Dorotheas, his body would not budge a single inch. It wasn’t just that the two were strong, it almost felt like they somehow possessed the physical strength of all other Dorotheas combined. No matter how much force he used or what kind of motion he performed, the autonomy of his arms would not be returned for a single second.

And yet, this was far from the worst part. While the pair managed to restrain the trained swordsman in place without the slightest of effort, they seemed to also be flirting with him at the same time! Having his arms firmly secured, the Dorotheas were easily able to encase his limbs in the cleavage of their fat, heaving breasts. They pushed as close to him as humanly possible, resting their cute, pristine faces before his own as if they had no concept of personal space. Felix had always been a respectful and proper young man when it came to pretty ladies, but in the end even he could not control his bodily reactions.

“Ooohhhh Felix, you dog~” Noticing the growing bulge in Felix’s pants, the Dorothea that used to be Ingrid firmly grabbed the man’s hardening member through his pants. Her mouth reformed into a perverted smirk, her fingers pumping his length up and down with a complete lack of shame. “Trying to get away so bad when you have such a strong, fierce erection~”

“That’s wonderful Felix~” The other Dorothea, previously Sylvain, moaned out while caressing his body and kissing the back of his ears. “Don’t resist~ Just give yourself into the feeling and join us~”

But before Felix could respond, the Dorothea that had been Sylvain promptly plugged up his mouth by laying a deep, sloppy kiss upon his empty lips. Shivers ran down Felix’ spine, a few errant moans escaping from his mouth. Of course, the boy did his best to fight against Dorothea’s loving smooch at first. But her tongue was so commanding and dominating, poor Felix couldn’t help but melt into her mouth. As two Dorotheas continued to tease and please Felix’s body, the boy could feel his mind growing hazier and foggier. His limbs became limp, any kind of struggle oozing out of his system. All he could think about was Dorothea’s sickeningly sweet word. *Don’t resist~ Join us~*

Mind overwhelmed with this intoxicating feeling of excitement, there was little Felix could do to stop the slow and pleasurable physical transformation of his own body. His slim, stick figure became wide and plump, supple, healthy fat replacing any kind of muscle that had formed. His breathing grew hotter and faster as he felt two enormous breasts expand out from his chest, while his dick throbbed in absolute ecstasy until it shrank to a tiny little clit to accompany a brand new pussy. Instead of thinking about his country, his friends, his fate, thoughts about Dorothea invaded his mind. How amazing would it be to dress like Dorothea~ To look like Dorothea~ To *BE* Dorothea~

Felix eagerly moaned into the other Dorothea’s mouth. Instead of pulling away from them, his arms brought them even closer together. His body shivered in ecstasy as he felt Dorothea’s digits penetrate his slit while he returned the other Dorothea’s passionate kiss with just the same amount of passion. It was in this moment, right when his hair grew longer and browner, that Felix finally had a moment of clarity. ‘So this is why they left, huh?’ Was the thought. It was the last thought he would ever have, as Felix’s mind gave way to that of another Dorothea, and the newly reborn girl lovingly came in the arms of her sisters.

The Dorotheas were together at last! Though they would make sure to reunite with even more Dorotheas~

---

Many more stories like these developed as the massive Dorothea shockwave spread through Garreg Mach. Though it finally petered off and lost momentum after reaching the surrounding towns, its impact was more than apparent. Anyone within the shockwave radius that had even the slightest of sympathies towards Dorothea’s cause was instantly transformed into a fully-fledged Dorothea. Their previous bodies and identities were entirely forfeit, letting their new minds completely embrace the perfection that was Dorothea. There were of course, a couple of people left entirely unaffected, either loyal knights and zealous Rhea worshippers like Catherine and Cyril. But thanks to the sheer number of Dorotheas, their massive power, and their incredible coordination, it didn’t take longer than a day for Garreg Mach Monastery to become Dorothea Max Monastery. Having brought down one of the biggest contributors

to this horrible war in a single day, the Dorotheas celebrated with wild, passionate, public sex. But their work was far from over...

---

A somber, uncomfortable silence stretched throughout Garreg Mach's wide strategy room, in the same way the calm breeze blew before a storm. Edelgard sat on one end of the room with her arms frustratedly crossed, her face stuck in an expression of discontent anger. The little empress always knew she'd come back to the academy one of these days. As a victorious reformer of course, or perhaps even as an overpowered prisoner. But never in her life could she have expected to return to these halls in such strange, unexplainable conditions...

On the other side of the table, as far away from Edelgard as was physically possible without total separation sat the disgraced prince Dimitri, filled with just the same amount of indignation if not more as Edelgard. Using his only functioning eye, Dimitri stared daggers into Edelgard's body, his deep hatred and murderous desire plain for anyone to see. Under normal circumstances, there was nothing that could have stopped the enraged prince from darting towards Edelgard and impaling her with his spear. But these were no normal circumstances, and somehow Dimitri had been convinced- No, *forced* into giving diplomacy a chance.

Around their peripherals, Edelgard's and Dimitri's most trusted confidants and soldiers stood sternly, each one alerted and prepared to defend their liege in case things came down to the worst case scenario. Ashe maintained an eagle eye towards the entire room, while Gilbert stood beside Dimitri as a big, impenetrable shield. Neither Hubert nor Dedue let go of their weapons for a single second, spending each second of the meeting analyzing their environments so that they could get the first shot. Though it was supposed to be an evening of collaboration, a tense, almost explosive atmosphere of conflict hung heavy in the air.

"Wow I'm so happy you're all here!"

And yet, despite all of the animosity and uncertainty ripening inside those thick, stony walls, one single Dorothea stood alone in the middle of it all. Smile wide and voice as bright as the sun, Dorothea basked in the confused looks she received from both sides. She could feel their oozing discontent, the humiliating scowls of resignation. Though it would have been easy for this rowdy group to quickly devolve into an all-out brawl and overpower her, Dorothea showed no signs of worry. Putting herself between the two warring factions, she prepared herself to finally bring an end to this atrocious war.

"Edie~ Dimi~ Truly, from the bottom of my heart, I must thank you so much for coming~" Dorothea spoke like the gracious performer she was.

"Well, it's not as if you left us much of a choice" The little emperor snapped back in a sassy tone, defeated but not yet defanged. "My cities are exploding with riots from your fans, demanding that I stop this war and come to a peace agreement. A huge chunk of my commanders refuse to lead troops outright."

Dimitri's fist instantly buried itself into the table in response, almost as if he was accentuating Edelgard's statement.



“Most of my greatest warriors have gone from honorable and loyal to whiny and whimpering. Fierce men who I’ve known for years are suddenly dropping their weapons and acting all girlish and feminine.” Like a ravenous beast, Dimitri glared at Dorothea with a murderous glint in his eye. It took all of his self-restraint, as well as the physical assistance of Gilbert for the prince not to jump on the table and let Dorothea’s entrails become intimately familiar with the tip of his Areadbhar. “Many of them have disappeared downright!!! What did you do to them?!?”

“Oh, stop being such sour pusses you two. It’s not my fault that you lost the support of your citizens and now you can’t wage that horrid war of yours anymore.” Dorothea nagged at them like a disappointed mother, knowing full well that she was *exactly* the reason why more and more people were rebelling against the war~ “So let’s all come together as adults, and I’ll help you mediate a fair and reasonable peace treaty! Plus, just think about the wonderful future you’re going to bring all of Fodlan!”

Obviously, both Edelgard and Dimitri couldn’t disagree more with her comment. Not only had their plans to bring about their own visions of the future been absolutely dashed, but a simple peace treaty would leave what they thought were ‘existential threats to Fodlan itself’ entirely intact. Fodlan was not a large enough continent to host both Edelgard and Dimitri at the same time. Unfortunately, there was nothing either of them could do, having been neutered into a pathetic reconciliation.

“I’ve left the terms of the peace treaty written up by the Dorothea Defenders in front of your seats.” The Dorothea explained. “Please go over them, let me know any thoughts you have so we can finally give the people exactly what they want~!”

Edelgard let out an exasperated sigh. She’d seen the pristine white page the moment she’d first taken her seat. But even as she currently wallowed in the throes of defeat, she’d refused to read even a single page until this point. Her dreams, her hopes, her aspirations, they all laid utterly broken and mangled within the pages of this blasted document. For a few seconds, Edelgard stared blankly at the stack of pages, hoping that perhaps if she didn’t read them, they wouldn’t affect her. To merely dignify its contents would be to acknowledge the failure of all that she’d done. But when she saw Dimitri open his own packet and dive into its words, Edelgard had no choice but to face reality as well.

The previous atmosphere of uncertain silence resumed as the two leaders began reading through the scripts of Dorothea’s peace treaty. Tensions deescalated just slightly with Edelgard’s and Dimitri’s attention diverted onto something else. But their retainers remained just as attentive and alert as they had been before. Glaring gazes locked together, bodies stiff and ready to spring into action. Not even the smallest of motions from their rivals came unnoticed by each of the factions. Which ironically, would eventually lead to their downfall.

So preoccupied were Edelgard’s and Dimitri’s forces with each other, that they failed to notice a small army of Dorototheas scurrying about in the shadows. Simply imagining the shock Edelgard’s and Dimitri’s faction would take when they realized what they’d gotten themselves into was enough to cause Dorothea’s body to tremble with anticipation already. This of course, had not been part of the original agreement. Dorothea had promised that only she would mediate the meeting between the two groups. But even someone as dazzling and proper as Dorothea must engage in certain tactics when dealing with uncouth parties~

Once all of the Dorotheas were in position, every single one of the ladies started to hum the powerful and mind-bending tune of their magical operetta. Their voices were low enough to go relatively unnoticed, but the effects were more than apparent. Within seconds, all of Edelgard's and Dimitri's retainers were shivering with a strange heat that simmered through their souls. Breathless gasps rang out, firm stances softening and heavy concentration growing duller. Before long, most of the retainers had realized there was something off developing around them, but it was too late. With the intoxicating melody already imbedded deep into their brains, any kind of possible resistance had been all but neutralized.

Throughout it all, both Dimitri and Edelgard remained blissfully unaware of the increasingly worsening position that surrounded them. That is to say, as blissful as one can be when they are filled to the brim with rage. Ludicrous demands filled the pages of Dorothea's so-called compromise, concessions after concessions forced upon the contemptible losers. Despite having been basically forced to surrender, both Dimitri and Edelgard had intended to go into the peace talks with open arms. However, as each one of the leaders read more and more of the insidious document, all of those intentions were thrown out the window in place of righteous anger.

"What sort of unbearable trash is this?!?" Dimitri was the first one to rise from his seat in rage, his feral rabid mind unable to handle much more boring diplomacy. "Are you really suggesting I dismantle the entire Kingdom of Faerghus in favor of one single, unified country? How utterly preposterous!!! Do you know how many people have fought and died for this land? Do you know many sacrifices have been made to keep our citizens together? There is no way I could dishonor their legacy by destroying all that they've built!"

"I must disagree!" Edelgard rose from her own seat, letting her own voice and rage be known. "I think dissolving all of these corrupt and archaic organizations in favor of one unified society is a great idea. That being said..." The emperor turned towards Dorothea, expression glimmering with the serious determination she had started her war with. "I cannot abide by the decision of making yourself supreme and lone leader of this coalition! You would just be creating the same corrupt, oppressive system we are trying to fight!!!"

It was a perfectly logical and coherent argument, one which even some of Dimitri's retainers could agree with. However, Dimitri was not a logical man at this time. As soon as he'd heard Edelgard voicing her disagreement, his vision had gone red with bloodlust. The voices of his many ghosts called out to him, begging for blood to be spilled. Their memories had been disturbed, their legacies disrespected. Dimitri had entertained this little charade for far too long. As much as the old Dimitri would have preferred to have resolved everything positively, in the end, there was only one-way things could end between him and Edelgard.

"You horrid wench... You're working with her, aren't you...?" Dimitri clenched the cold metal handle of his weapon, ire towards Edelgard causing his fingers to strain against its steel. "This was all just some depraved ruse in order to humiliate me, wasn't it? You never intended to make a fair compromise, you just wanted to watch me writhe like a powerless little worm..."

Dimitri sprung onto the table, hoisting his spear up to the sky with frightful might. "Well, if you think I'm just going to roll over and die, then you have another thing coming to you!" Like a feral beast, the fallen prince rushed headfirst towards Edelgard, ready to bring a miserable end to the miserable emperor. This

time, not even one of Dimitri's retainers could keep his rage contained. With the negotiations failed and their doom imminent, all they could do was pick up their own arms and follow their king into death or victory.

"Very well! Bring it on!" Edelgard retorted boldly, not intimidated by Dimitri's aggressiveness in the slightest. "I knew this was a waste of time from the beginning. I'll take care of and finally bring about the peace and unification that Fodlan deserves!" Lifting herself onto the table as well, the girl bore her enormous Amyr axe proudly. Just as Dimitri before her, the emperor rushed fearlessly towards her enemies with her litany of allies following closely behind.

By every metric, Dorothea's plan seemed to be a failure. What had started as a peace conference to unify all sides of the war, quickly devolved into a violent, all-out brawl. In the face of wounds so deep and ideology so ingrained, there was little Dorothea's coveted diplomacy could do to solve real world issues. And yet, despite all that, Dorothea did not seem concerned in the slightest. In fact, she actually looked to be quite excited instead! Working hard to contain her bliss, Dorothea watched the two sides come closer and closer with bated breath. For though it seemed Dorothea's experiment had crashed, she'd already won the moment she'd gotten both leaders in the room. The only one that didn't realize it yet were Edelgard and Dimitri themselves.

Within just a couple of seconds, Dimitri and Edelgard finally met at the middle of the long table to reach the end of their climactic battle. Dimitri lifted his Areadbhar into the air, preparing to thrust downward like lightning coming down from the heavens. Meanwhile, Edelgard lowered the tip of her Amyr and brought it rising towards the sky for a powerful uppercut. This was it, the moment they'd been desperately chasing for this long, turbulent year. The entire future of Fodlan would be determined by the result of their clashing weapons.

"Mmmfff~"

Except, no such clash ever came. Instead of having the blades of their weapons meet in an explosion of sound and steel, the only parts of Edelgard and Dimitri that came together were their lips as the two began to kiss each other without any sort of warning. Instantly, the duo's eyes shot wide in utter abject confusion. The mere thought of spending time with who they thought was immoral villain was more than enough to twist Edelgard's and Dimitri's stomach into knots, so to actually become so intimate right in the middle of the battlefield was downright horrifying! Yet, for some reason, the two could not part away from their kiss. It was as if their lips had been magnetically sealed, forcing them to swap saliva with the person they'd been planning to kill just a few seconds ago.

With all of their adrenaline cut to an abrupt halt, Edelgard and Dimitri could feel a simmering heat enter their bodies. Or perhaps it was a sensation they'd already felt before, and only now that it had enveloped them whole could they actually feeling twisting their insides. As much as the two completely despised each other, the longer they continued to kiss, the more pleasurable and pleasant it became. Arms growing limp and dull, the duo couldn't help but let their mighty, powerful Hero's Relics fall upon the ground unceremoniously. Their bodies pushed closer together as Edelgard's pussy became moist and Dimitri's dick hardened into an erection. Soon enough the pair were moaning into each other's mouths, allowing their minds to grow muddled in this haze of desire and bliss.

That was when the changes started. Lips still lovingly locked in lust, both Edelgard's and Dimitri's body slowly shifted beyond their control. Edelgard stretched upwards in height, giving the short girl several inches of well deserved height. The tall and imposing Dimitri on the other hand shrank down until he was eye level with Edelgard, making both of them the exact same height as Dorothea. As Dimitri's hair grew longer, the couple's hair colors took on a couple of shades of brown. Their bodies softened and took some of the delectable curves that were plentiful in Dorothea's figure. But before they transformed in their entirety, Dimitri and Edelgard were able to wrestle some control of their bodies back and come to their senses. They were still two ideological combatants fighting for supremacy! No matter how mesmerizing and intoxicating the feelings were, they were too determined to fall like this!

"Muuaah~~~" It took every single shred of resolve and strength from both Edelgard and Dimitri to simply push themselves away from each other. And even after they did so, their first reaction was to sigh in bliss.

Taking a few seconds to gasp and recompose herself, Edelgard looked towards Dimitri not as an enemy, but as a companion. "W-Why did you-? W-Why did I-?" The emperor stuttered. It was not often that she was left wordless and unopinionated, but now Edelgard was thoroughly struggling what to even think. "W-W-What's going on...?"

"I-I don't know..." Dimitri responded in a demure and concerned voice. There was no sign of the boar anymore, instead he bore a resemblance to the innocent and helpless boy he had been so many years before his academy days.

Desperate for answers, the duo scanned the room around them in sorrowed curiosity. And what they saw there was absolutely terrifying. Every single one of their retainers was suffering from the same kind of affliction as Edelgard and Dimitri, except it was clear they were much further gone than either of the two. Their faces lit up with a depraved perversion which could not be quenched. Their bodies had become feminized, and their clothes twisted into that of women. They weren't just overcome with a sudden onset of unexplained sexual mania, it looked like- They were transforming *into* Dorotheas!!!

...

"By the Goddess!" Down on his knees with an expression of confusion and terror, the old stonewall Gilbert had finally met a situation he was not familiar with. His armor had been replaced with Dorothea's soft, lacy uniform. Instead of a wrinkled, rugged body, his figure was youthful, soft and feminine, with two massive breasts jutting out of his chest. "W-What sort of evil black magic is this?!?"

"Isn't it amazing~?" Ashe responded in an excited tone. Just like Gilbert, Ashe's entire body had been transformed into that of Dorothea, with only his head remaining intact. Unlike Gilbert however, Ashe showed no sign of concern or sadness. His hands eagerly kneaded and groped his jiggling, sensitive bust, his pussy oozing and twitching with lustful desire. The sensation of power and attractiveness that coursed through Ashe's mind was so strong, he couldn't help but eagerly embrace it.

"Come get a taste of my beautiful, perfect cunt Gilbert~" Ashe continued, eyes glimmering with a perverted desire to delve even further into the abyss. "Let's become perfect together~"

“N-N-No!!! S-Stay back!!!” Gilbert yelled out in dismay at the approaching boy, though his body could do little to move away itself. “S-Snap out of it Ashe! W-We musn’t give in!! W-We musn’t-!!! Mmmffff!!!”

Unfortunately, Gilbert’s words did little to change Ashe’s mind, and by the time Ashe was standing before the downed old man, he was able to effortlessly push his needy pussy against Gilbert’s face. For just a few seconds, the glimmer of resistance shone brightly within Gilbert’s eyes. But as more and more of Ashe’s irresistible vaginal flavor seeped into Gilbert’s mouth, even a veteran warrior like Gilbert could tell when a battle had been lost.

Eyes flickering with a hazy mist, Gilbert started to sloppily slobber his tongue deep inside of Ashe’s expectant orifice. Gilbert’s slim, feminine hands wrapped around Ashe’s slim waist, groping his tight ass in order to keep Ashe firmly in place. Not that Ashe had any particular intention of moving, as the boy thrust his crotch forward while he placed his hands atop of Gilbert’s ginger scalp. The experience was so intense, the duo quickly abandoned everything inside of their minds save for the insatiable sexual desire they felt for each other. And as their minds devolved further into absolute perversion, so did their bodies.

A set of mystical energies totally rejuvenated Gilbert’s face, his lips becoming soft, plump and quite feminine. Ashe’s changes were plainly visible too, his hair growing long, curly and flowing while they took on a tinted, brown shade. With every slurp and lick of Ashe’s cunt, Gilbert’s technique somehow improved, as if he was becoming more familiar with Ashe’s most sensitive spots. Meanwhile, Ashe thrust his head back and began moaning in a girlish, high pitched tone, singing the lyrics to a song he had never heard. As more memories and perverse thoughts filled their minds, their previous identities cracked into brand new ones without even as much of a whimper. And the twin pair of Dorotheas happily came right on the spot.

...

“Come on! Give me the best you got!”

On the other side of the table, Hubert and Dedue currently found themselves locked in a fierce battle. That is, a *peculiar* type of battle. There were no weapons involved, no fists flying or blood spilling. Instead, the duo of retainers twisted their legs around each other, smashing together a set of beautifully bare, sopping vaginas that protruded from their crotches with vicious intensity. Thick, breathy gasps escaped from their mouths, hearts beating in blissful unison. Though their faces seemed to be alight with anger, their bodies were vibrating with unified pleasure.

“Less talk. More fight.” Dedue responded bluntly, smashing his cunt against Hubert’s to accentuate his seriousness.

Sweat pouring down their bodies and vaginal juices blasting from their holes, Hubert and Dedue spared no effort in their competition to determine which one of them had greater dominance. Their clits rubbed against each other, pussies quivering blissfully as their vaginal lips kissed. A heavenly tingle shot down their spine each time their organs met, temporarily paralyzing them with ecstasy before they snapped back to reality and smashed their pussies together once again. And yet, despite having vastly different personalities and bodies, the duo seemed to be moving their hips with the same serene, rhythmic feminine sway, a pleasurable motion that had been ingrained into their subconscious.

“H-Heh... Pathetic! And you call yourself a retainer?!” Hubert taunted between gasps and grunts, his pussy writhing at the sight of Dedue’s pleasure. “Just look at yourself, *moaning and whimpering so adorably* f-from my simple attack! Do you really think you can defend your liege with a body that is so *beautifully slender~ W-With mouthwatering curves and sparkling pale skin~?*”

As soon as the words surged from Hubert’s mouth, they instantly manifested throughout both of their bodies. Wide shoulders shrank inwards, waists thinning out and hips exploding with size until their masculine, squarish figures were much more rounded plump. Throughout Dedue’s whole body, his chocolate black skin began to lighten and lighten into a soft cream, whilst Hubert’s pale complexion took on a healthy rosy color. The sculpted muscle each of the boys had built effortlessly melted away into soft, supple mass, giving each a pair of heaving, growing breasts. But even with their fragile, female forms, the two’s sexual interaction only grew in arousal and intensity.

“Hmmp. Your words do not wound me scoundrel.” Dedue muttered out in his usual stoic tone, though the pitch of his voice kept growing with every word he spoke. “The only one unfit of the title of retainer is you. Your face is marred with *a wonderful womanly visage I can barely take my eyes away from~* That twisted mind of yours is blacked with *the most kind, caring and loveable personality I’ve ever known~!!!*”

Like a pair of wolves howling at the moon, Hubert and Dedue joined in for a unified moan of bliss. The two could feel their clothes shifting to tightly cling onto their thick feminine curves. Their hair grew longer and their faces crackled loudly as their identities were rewritten into that of a beautiful, self-loving songstress. Deep inside their brains, the mental barrier had been flipped, and a different personality started to take over their bodies.

“Y-Yo-You’re-!!” Dedue moaned loudly, his mind struggling to pull information from two different sources. “Y-You’re way too good to just be a retainer~!”

“Hmmp~ Honestly Dedly, I think you might be right~” Hubert gasped back in bliss, her body pulsating with lust as her mind was overwhelmed by a higher power. “Perhaps we’re not fit to be simple retainers after all~”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying Hubie darling~” Dedue cooed in a soft, teasing tone. “Rather than dull retainers, we should acknowledge who we *really* are~”

All of the previous animosity that existed between them had been transformed into pure adoration. Their burning hatred had shifted into uncontrollable lust. Dedue and Hubert slammed their tight pussies against each other with ever increased fervor. Their hot, heaving breasts jiggled, sing-song voices moaning and long brown hair waving along to their motions. Their bodies had been perfected, all that was left was their minds.

“We’re~ We’re~!!!” WE’RE DOROTHEAS~!!!

Slamming their cunts together one last time, Hubert and Dedue gave way to a pair of beautiful, passionate Dorotheas climaxing for the first time. From now on, they would not serve their previous lieges, but they would be completely devoted to each other, and to any other Dorothea they could find.

...

The entire scene was one of utter subjugation. Best friends and loyal knights moaned out like bitches in heat. Bitter enemies pressed their bodies together and kissed each other as if they'd been in love their entire lives. Eyes agape and bodies pulsating, Dimitri and Edelgard could only watch in frozen terror as their last remnants of support eagerly submitted themselves to the bliss of Dorothea. Their army had been destroyed, their support tarnished. They were smack dab in the middle of Dorothea country, and they too had been afflicted by the same magic that had transformed their retainers before them. The once powerful and commanding factions that had previously started this whole war in the first place, had now been totally routed.

"T-They're-!! They're all turning into Dorotheas!!!" Dimitri yelped in a timid, panicked voice. Though for some reason, the thought brought him more arousal than worry. "E-Edelgard, w-what are we going to do!?!"

Edelgard sighed. The girl was usually one to fight to her last breath, but considering how far their bodies had come and how all of her allies had been transformed, she knew the cause was lost.

"There's only one thing we can do..." The little emperor muttered in a somber manner.

Turning her face back towards Dimitri, Edelgard finally let go of all her mental restraints and intentionally planted her lips against Dimitri's in a sloppy, loving manner. Dimitri shot back in shock, never expecting the woman he'd hated for so long to show such affection to him. Ever the warrior, his first instinct was to resist her advances, but his mind flittered with self-doubt. Whether it was because he too knew it was far too late or because he was simply too corrupted to resist, Dimitri did not know. The only thing that remained apparent was how fast Dimitri's initial shock died down in favor of eager reciprocation.

The pair happily moaned into each other's mouths, their hearts and organs palpitating with an overbearing bliss the likes they had not felt since they had been students at the academy. Dimitri's enormous, bulging cock slowly retreated into his crotch, his cockhead shrinking into a cute little clit as his balls inverted into a beautiful vulva. Meanwhile, both of their chests ballooned out towards each other, thick mass and fat nipples squishing together into a plump mess of cleavage. With each passing second, the two's wildly different bodies converged into the same, plump, womanly figure. And the worst part of it all was how *amazing* it felt~

"Woooooohh!!!! We did it girls!!!!"

Before the pair of lords had even finished their transformation, the original Dorothea climbed atop the table beside them, too excited to stop herself from shouting at the top of her lungs. Her huge breasts bounced up and down wildly as she hopped about in absolute glee. So excited was this Dorothea at the thought of her success, that she wasted no time stripping out of her clothes and pushing her fingers deep into her damp snatch.

"Congratulations, we've finally incorporated Edelgard and Dimitri into our group~!" The original Dorothea continued, eagerly exposing her supple, nude body parts to all of her peers. "The people won! We won~! Starting today, we will bring a brand-new reign of peace to the entirety of Fodlan~!!!"

As soon as Dorothea's announcement was over, the room exploded with an innumerable number of cheers and celebration, every single Dorothea screaming in total bliss at the fact their dreams had finally

been realized. It was a sound wave of pure Dorothea happiness, so powerful and penetrating, it made each and every one of the Dorotheas present in the room instantly climax in the spot as the tone of her own voice rung in their ears. This was far from enough to satisfy the waves of numerous Dorotheas however. Like water flooding into the hull of a broken ship, dozens of Dorotheas started pouring out from every corner of the room. The insatiable girls lunged at each other in a bestial, predatory manner, tackling their closest twin onto the ground in order to indulge in the hottest, messiest celebratory sex they would ever experience.

Not a single Dorothea was left by herself in this room expanding orgy. Some of them had formed massive multi-people sex trains, where Dorotheas found themselves connected as if they were involved in a game of Twister. Other Dorotheas restrained themselves to simpler foursomes, threesomes, and the most common one-on-one positions. But not a single Dorothea was left out of the action at any point. This was their future after all. They weren't a single lonely songstress stuck in their room, they had become part of a community. From this day onwards they'd share everything. Their interests, their love, their very selves.

It didn't even matter to them which Dorothea they were having sex with. After a single climax, Dorotheas would usually switch sexual partners, hoping to get a taste of the most amount of Dorotheas they could manage. Their pasts, their histories, their previous identities, none of it mattered. In fact, after a few minutes Dimitri's and Edelgard's previously loyal retainers submerged themselves into the sea of Dorotheas so much, it became basically impossible to pick them out from any of the Dorotheas there. Whether a Dorothea had been the original, or whether she'd been the horrid bitch Rhea, as soon as two Dorotheas locked lips and pushed their bodies together, they would not stop their wild fucking until both had achieved mind blowing orgasm.

In the midst of all this explosion of debauchery, Edelgard and Dimitri continued excitedly kissing each other. It was strange, they had been betrayed, their aspirations were crushed and their countries soon to fall. Yet, this was the happiest either of them had been in their entire lives. Edelgard pushed her pussy against Dimitri's harder, their lips locking as if they'd been vacuum sealed. Here in this endless sea of pleasure and Dorotheas, there was no suffering, no injustice, no death. The moans of the Dorotheas were delightful music to both of their ears, their taste sweeter than the sweetest of honeys. And that was without even mentioning the godly smell and immaculate sensation, enough to drive any other Dorothea mad. As the pair's hair grew browner and their faces became cuter, Edelgard and Dimitri finally understood what the best future of Fodlan truly was.

"We renounce our leadership~!!! We renounce our countries~~!!!" The duo of lords managed to separate their lips long enough to moan out in bliss, their voice converging into the same melodic tone while their faces became exactly identical. "From now on, Fodlan belongs to us~! It belongs to Dorothea~!!!"

Just like that, two factions who had been so extremely dogmatic and unyielding met their end. They had been factions so diametrically opposed and antagonistic to each other, they'd embroiled the entire continent into an all-out war, pitching friends against friends, family against family. Yet they did not burn out with a dying whimper, instead they went out with a pair of loud, pleased moans. As pure sexual ecstasy filled their minds, Edelgard and Dimitri were no more. In their place were a pair of happy, horny and understanding Dorotheas, their lust for conquering replaced with a mutual lust for all Dorotheas.



From now on, the only thing these two Dorotheas would spread was their pleasure, and there were a lot of people in need of such gifts~

Many Dorotheas around them celebrated the transition, a few even cumming at the exact same time as the two Dorotheas did. However, the vast majority of the Dorotheas didn't even pay attention to their newly transformed brethren, so fixated on the pure ecstasy and bliss of being in an endless pile of Dorotheas, that everything else became background noise. The Dorotheas had won. This entire country was them. Whether a couple of lords transformed or not held little importance in their minds by this point. The only thing that mattered was their commitment to unify the entirety of Fodlan in peace, to transform *everyone* into beautiful, harmonious Dorotheas like them~ And they would enjoy every single second of it~

---

*KRAKOW!!!*

The skies thundered loudly, wind bellowing with a powerful gust. Though the weather at the base of Garreg Mach was usually calm and tempered, the storm that brewed around them almost felt like an ominous sign of things to come. Holding onto the Sword of the Creator tightly, professor Byleth climbed atop a low, rocky hill with an uncertain expression. It had been five years since she'd last been in Garreg Mach, though to Byleth herself it felt just like an afternoon nap. After an accident at the battle for the school, she had fallen off a cliff and become gravely injured. How she was still alive was an utter mystery, but not one that Byleth paid much mind to. The most important thing was that Byleth had a very important responsibility, she was to regroup with her students once more.

Things did not look very good as Byleth arrived at the meeting place honestly. First of all, most of her surroundings were an absolute mess. It was clear that there had been a huge battle around these parts, but there wasn't even a cleanup afterwards. Many buildings lay ruined, their roofs collapsed and their foundations sticking up from the ground like graves. The other notable aspect was how quiet everything was. Besides from the blowing wind, Byleth had not heard a single noise up to this point. She'd seen no people, not a knight or a villager or even a rouge. There weren't even any animals around, it felt as if the entire world had suddenly disappeared.

Sitting around on a rock, Byleth patiently waited for anyone to appear. The hours began to pile on, lacking any sign or hope of familiar faces. As more and more time was wasted, Byleth started to fear that perhaps she would never see any of her students again...

"P-Professor?!?"

But then, when things looked the grimmest, Byleth could hear it. The beautiful melodic voice of one of her wonderful pupils! Bolting onto her feet with excitement, Byleth eagerly turned towards the voice, who seemed to belong to the dazzling diva of the Black Eagles, Dorothea! Seeing Dorothea filled Byleth's heart with much joy. Dorothea had been one of her favorite students, and the long amount of time since she'd last seen any human at all only made it more exciting.

Unable to control her happiness, Byleth threw herself onto Dorothea, instantly wrapping the smaller girl in a tight, heartfelt hug. It was honestly really amazing how little Dorothea had changed. She looked

virtually the same as she did five years ago, perhaps even younger! Of course, Byleth herself wasn't exactly sure how much time had passed, so she really made no big note of it in her mind. Though her face remained somewhat expressionless, the tightness of her hug on Dorothea and the slight smirk on her face truly showed how much she cared for the girl.

"Oh Professor!" Dorothea eagerly reciprocated Byleth's hug, nuzzling the taller woman like a loving sister. "We've missed you so much!"

Byleth only hugged Dorothea even more tightly. She had missed them too, but now that she was here, she would protect them from-

"Professor! You really are here!!!"

Another voice rang out behind Byleth, one which sounded surprisingly similar to that of Dorothea. Unfortunately, before Byleth could turn around and see who it was, the girl quickly lunged behind the professor and locked her in another hug from behind. Byleth yelped in response, but she didn't complain. Though she had no idea who it was that showered her with such affection, as long as her students were happy then-

"It's the professor!!!"

"Oh my goodness, the professor is finally back!"

"Girls over here! We found the professor!!!"

All of a sudden, a barrage of voices began to sprout all around Byleth's vicinity. This would usually not be very out of the ordinary, considering Byleth did have a lot of students. No, what really bothered Byleth was the fact they all sounded *exactly* the same. They all sang in the tone of Dorothea's melodic voice.

Within just a couple of seconds, hundreds of Dorotheas started to pour out from all corners of the destroyed battlefield. From the bushes to the trees, from the smallest fraction of debris to the largest craters, more and more Dorotheas gathered around Byleth like snow piling onto the ground during a snowstorm. Byleth herself could barely believe her eyes, even as they pressed their plump, figures against her own. All of them looked exactly the same, they all wore the exact same Officer's Academy uniform. It didn't feel like some weird prank or girls simply dressing up to look like a popular actress, each one exuded the same amount of charisma and character that Dorothea had always proudly presented.

By the time all the Dorotheas had stopped grouping around Byleth, the professor had been entirely encased in a hot, stuffy prison of Dorotheas that was at least 10 people thick in every direction.

"Professor, you will not believe how much you've missed!" One of the Dorotheas exclaimed loudly, though Byleth was starting to get a good idea of what it might have been.

"We took over Garreg Mach!" Another one shouted.

"We've ended the war~" A Dorothea close to Byleth muttered as she basked in the professor's smell.

"We even unified the entirety of Fodlan into one wonderful country~" Yet another Dorothea commented.

Byleth turned toward the Dorothea she was hugging, the first one she'd ever laid eyes open. The Dorothea shot Byleth a luscious smile, pushing her bust against Byleth in a perverse way.

"A lot of things have changed professor~" Dorothea whispered seductively into Byleth's ear. "But don't worry, we'll make sure you *fit right in*~"

A shiver ran down Byleth's spine, making her reflexively gulp. She had no idea what sort of future awaited her. *Though the thought of being surrounded with so many Dorotheas didn't sound bad in the slightest~*