

The air of the Holy Tomb felt incredibly still... Cold... Dead... Fresh blood still coated many of the beautifully crafted marble tiles, pillars and statues laid crumbled after being barraged with projectiles, sacred tombs remained sacked and desecrated by the hands of evil aggressors. These were the scars of the battle that had unfolded within the tomb not a few days ago. Scars that would take a long, long time to heal...

Setting her gaze upon all this wanton destruction, the tiny green-haired Flayn couldn't help but sigh with despair. The clack of her heels echoed throughout the whole tomb as she waded through the many perturbed caskets. It was all just so horrible... The death, the anger... And now, the incoming war. Her professor had desperately tried to sort things out between Rhea, Edelgard and Dimitri but... It looked like all-out conflict was the only resolution... Just when she was starting to get used to her wonderful new life, it had all been thrown into disarray.

As Flayn continued marching through the tomb with her spirits low, the girl's eyes settled upon a specific tomb. The tomb of Cethleann. Its cover had been flung off, broken into billions of pieces, whilst its contents laid bare for anyone to see. Of course, the insides were empty save for some weapons and armor, objects Flayn had not seen for centuries. However, the troubled girl couldn't help but feel there was some part of her she'd truly left behind.

"Damn it!!!" Flayn cried out in anger as she fell onto her knees, clinging onto the edge of the tomb in desperation. "Oh Goddess... If only I had the strength I had back then..." Tears began to flow from her face, soft groans and whimpers escaping from her cute voice. "I want to show everyone that violence is not the only way! That life can be lived with freedom and fun! I-I wish... I wish I had the power to end the war!"

It had been nothing more than a throwaway line, an utterance of Flayn's inner most desires. And yet, as soon as those words had been delivered, the entire tomb began to light up with a strange greenish magic. Flayn was much too preoccupied crying to notice as the powers of her ancestors began to flow into her heart. The girl's body pulsed brightly with energy. Not an energy to destroy, but one that would create. Eventually, the room returned to normal and Flayn's tears began to dry. But for the cute little girl that wanted to save the world, life would never quite be the same again...

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"Hnnggg... Rrrmmmm..."

Thick breaths and gasps escaped Flayn's throat as she slowly made her way out of the Holy Tomb. The girl's body pulsed to a strange beat, her pulse becoming erratic whilst her face became flushed with warmth. Merely walking became a titanic task, forcing Flayn to cling to the marble walls of the monastery in a desperate attempt not to collapse onto the ground. It was just so strange... No more than a couple of minutes ago, Flayn had felt totally fine. But now it felt like there was some strange, power brewing within her, an uncontrollable force the likes she'd only experienced almost a thousand years ago.

Putting her best foot forward, the girl tried to keep it together as well as she could when...

“Flayn, is that you?”

All of a sudden, Flayn’s attention was taken by the thick, monotone voice of Dedue. For some reason, a discomforting sensation churned within Flayn’s stomach upon being called by that name, almost as if it didn’t belong to her. However, she didn’t spend too much time thinking about it. Instead turning towards Dedue, the girl could see the imposing pillar of a man quickly approaching her as her vision became blurred.

“There you are. I’ve been looking all over for you.” The man spoke in the same passionless, dutiful voice he often used.

“H-H-Hi D-Dedue...” Flayn cooed dizzily in response. Pushing her back against the wall and shooting him a warped smile, the cute green-haired lady attempted to hide any sort of ailments she could have had. An attempt that was wildly unsuccessful as the sloppy way in which her body move clearly indicated her grueling sickness. “How- W-What’s going on?”

“You were late for class, so the professor asked to go look for you.” The boy answered curtly. Gently approaching Flayn with concern, he tried to soften his face and his tone. “Are you feeling alright? You are looking a bit sick...”

“Pssshhhhhh I-I-I’m fineeee...” Flayn waved his concern away with a flick of her hand, though the heavy breathing and blanked out gaze left a lot to be questioned. “I was just... Doing some praying and- I’ll go to class now...”

“I-I see...” For once in Dedue’s life, the man felt utterly speechless. Not because he didn’t want to say anything, but because he couldn’t think of anything to say. “In any case, allow me to carry you. Going back to class is fine, but I’m sure a short trip to the infirmary wouldn’t hurt anyone.”

Before Flayn could even try to argue with the big hunky man, the girl yelped as her body was pulled into the air. Many complaints surged within her fish-loving head, but none of them left her lips, for a sense of relief and relaxation soon overcame her. Getting carried like this was kind of nice. There was no need to exert herself, no need to hide who she really was. Nuzzled calmly within Dedue’s arms, Flayn felt like... She could really be herself~

Neither student noticed a thing as a mystical, greenish mist rapidly wrapped around them both. A cough turned high-pitched giggle escaped from Dedue’s throat. Without any sort of warning, his usually expressionless face broke into an eager smile. There was just something infectious simply about the air that surrounded him, an energy of excitement and enthusiasm so powerful Dedue couldn’t help but go along with it. As Dedue continued to mindlessly walk through the monastery, the man was completely helpless to stop the magical shifting that would come to his body.

It all started with his arms, which tingled lightly as he carried Flayn. They weren’t growing weary in the slightest, nor were they waning in strength. Instead, the man’s limbs seemed to be shrinking with each passing second. His arms became slimmer, fingers turning dainty and slender. All that powerful muscle he’d built up remained, but they’d been packed in a smaller, more feminine package. This same exact process repeated down through his legs, as each of the limbs grew shorter and shorter. But all that he’d lost in length he quickly made up for in width. Dedue’s ass began to bulge out with bubbling mass, his

legs became thick and plump. As muscle slowly shifted in deliciously soft fat, Dedue's height was slowly but surely sapped away from his body until he was as short and stout as the cute little Flayn herself.

Even Dedue's torso would not be spared. As his bones crackled and pressure rose within him, the man's midsection quickly adjusted to the rest of his body. His waist grew much thinner and curvier, his tummy becoming softer and slimmer, though the stiff six pack on his belly remained. His shoulders began to shrink in on themselves until they were round, slim and very compact, giving his body a much more feminine appearance. On his chest, the man's formerly flat pecs began to sag and bloat, taking on a rounded, heaving form. They did not grow very big at all, and they barely bulged out from his universe. But their shape was unmistakable. Dedue's chest had transformed into a pair of cute B-Cup breasts.

Strangely enough, Dedue's clothes did not grow loose in the slightest throughout the whole ordeal. Though the man's arms shrunk into thin, slender sticks, his sleeves quickly wrapped around them. Though his pants became many sizes too big for his waist, in a matter of seconds they would completely rearrange around his new form. What was left at the end was a tiny version of Dedue's bulky, masculine uniform now wrapped around his slender, cute new figure, making him look less like an imposing titan and more like an adorable little cosplayer.

As the whole transformation began to settle down, the changes finally traveled up towards Dedue's head. His stiff squarish chin receded and grew rounder, his entire skull crackling as it became smaller and smaller. His coarse lips became plump and soft whilst his nose shrank and his sharp features were slowly ebbed away. With a powerful burst of fluff, the man's short greyish hair exploded into a magnificent bright green mane of silky locks that styled themselves into two long symmetrical swirls. Dedue let out a feminine groan, his vocal cords shifting into a bright, adorable voice. Eye growing larger and pupils taking a glimmering emerald hue, Dedue's face had magically shifted to match that of the girl she was currently carrying.

By this point, Dedue was painfully aware there was something terribly off going on with him. Not only could he feel the change in his posture as his very proportions shifted, he could see his much smaller arms, feel the long locks of hair around his neck. And yet, strangest of all, there wasn't an inkling of concern within Dedue's mind. He *knew* something was wrong, but a magical sensation of warmth prevented him from freaking out. The whole thing felt... Almost natural. As if this was the way things were meant to be.

Within Dedue's loins, the man's thick, fat Duscur cock throbbed with energetic excitement. He began to imagine how amazing it would be to live life as Flayn. No more boring servitude, no more stupid loyalty or annoying training. Dedue could finally sit down and enjoy the simple pleasures of life like having fun with friends and eating fish! In fact, the entire world would be better if they were all just Flayns! There would be no more wars, no more conflicts, only happiness and youthful cheer exchanged between all~! Dedue's breathing began to quicken, his body shuddering spastically as if it was out of control. Finally, the most glorious realization dawned upon him. There was no need for him to be Dedue any longer. From now on, *she'd* take the mantle of *Cethleann*.

"Hngggghhh~~"

With the new Cethleann having arrived at her immaculate vision, the girl's fat penis began to unload its thick cream down her pants. And with each of its sticky, steamy spurts, the member seemed to shrink

back into her body while her balls grew smaller and smaller. From a mighty Duscur sausage, down to the size of measly pea, Flayn's cock receded until it was nothing more than a featureless pink nub at the edge of her crotch. Her balls too disappeared, sucked up into her body and leaving no more than a flat plane of skin where they'd once proudly hung. In their stead, a brand-new livelier organ appeared. It bloomed forth like a flower, its pink-brownish labia spreading forth to celebrate the open of this feminine new slit. Hole oozing with happiness and lust, Cethleann's body had now completely finalized its transformation.

"D-Dedue? I-Is something wrong?"

Shifting from withing Cethleann's grasp, the sickened girl finally got a feeling that there might have been something wrong with her benefactor. With her sickness having subsided a bit, Flayn slowly opened her weary eyes to check upon the man of Duscur. However, she would soon be in for the surprise of her life.

"Wuuuaaaahhhh!" Flayn scrambled maniacally around in her twin's arms, almost managing to slip out and fall to the floor. Her eyes shot open with wonder, her mouth hanging open agape. "D-Dedue? Is that you?"

"Hehe, that's not my name anymore silly!" The dark-skinned girl responded with an energetic giggle. "I'm the Supreme Chef Diddie-Pie! Or you may also call me by my true name, *Cethleann*."

"Wow..." Flayn didn't know if she should react with concern, surprise, joy or confusion. "You look like a delicious Choco-Desert version of myself. That's amazing! B-But why- H-How did this happen?"

"Oh Cethleann... My amazing form is all thanks to you~" Diddie-Pie cooed in a smooth, luscious voice. Slowly pulling Flayn closer and closer, the dark skinned girl gazed down upon her twin with a look of love. "Just look deep inside you. Not only have your old powers returned, you've become stronger than you've ever dreamed of~"

Without saying another word, the dark-skinned Cethleann lovingly pressed her lips against Flayn's, letting her tongue investigate the depths of her twin's mouth. Flayn's first reaction was that of resistance, her arms trying to struggle away from Cethleann's embrace. And yet, the more she felt her double's soft, warm lips, the more addicting the sensation of kissing became. As Flayn's eyes gently fluttered close and her body began to pulsate with arousal, any sort of complaint she had in her mind instantly died out. Her arms wrapped around Cethleann's neck, her tongue eagerly caressing Cethleann's own. Within her mind, a godly realization surged. Her powers, her desires, her goals, they all became instantly clear. This wasn't some sort of curse or mistake. This was the exact same blessing she'd been praying for.

"Muaaahhh~"

As the two girl's mouths separated with a breathy moan, Flayn's attitude seemed to have totally changed. The girl clung to her twin closely, passionately staring at her very image as if she was completely in love. Being so close to another Cethleann gave her a sense of fulfillment that was hard to contain. Her mere warmth caused Flayn's body to pulsate with bliss. Now she understood that this was no simple clone. She was more of an extension of her true self. They were both Flayn. Equally as powerful, equally as beautiful, equally as good.

“Mmmh~ Thanks for that Cethleann~” The original gasped with an ecstatic moan. “It feels nice to be back.”

“Yes, and now that we have these new powers, we can spread our bliss and stop this stupid war~” Diddie-Pie added happily, her voice shaking from all the excitement.

Both girls began to giggle in unison. Their loins began to dampen with anticipation, their hearts beating with bliss. Cethleann was ready to spread joy throughout Garreg Mach monastery, starting with the wonderful class she was from~

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Byleth lazed back behind his desk with a bored expression, patiently staring at the mounted clock on the wall while waiting for class to reach its end. Around him, all of the students of the Blue Lions class were currently taking their proficiency tests. Some were concentrating on it seriously like Ingrid, others were barely paying attention like Sylvain. Dimitri stood almost motionless with this crazy look on his face, but Byleth didn't really want to bother him about it. Yes, the only two students that were missing from the classroom were Flayn and Dedue, who showed no sign of their whereabouts in the slightest.

“Dedue is awfully late...” Byleth silently spoke to himself.

Then almost as if on cue, the doors to the Blue Lions busted wide open with a loud slam.

“Here we are everyone~!” The angelic twin voice of Flayn rang throughout the classroom in unison.

Everyone's gaze quickly shifted towards the entrance of the room, students and teachers equally perplexed over what they were seeing. For some reason, there were two almost identical Flayns standing beneath the doorway, one of them totally normal and the other one with mocha-dark skin. The sight was so bizarre, it placed every single person into a state of paralyzed bewilderment. Not even the professor knew how to react.

Unfortunately, this lack of action would only lead to their downfall, as both Flayns took their chance and bolted towards their classmates. The dark-skinned Cethleann ran towards the right and quickly wrapped her arms around an unsuspecting Felix. Even though he was so skilled with the sword, Flayn had always felt that Felix was a bit of a sourpuss. She was so eager to show him that life could be so much more fun!

Lips forcefully pushing against Felix's mouth, the chocolate Flayn began smooching Felix without any sort of warning. Of course, Felix's first reaction was to struggle away from his restraints. However, as he received more and more of Cethleann's affections, his body and attitude quickly began to change. Hair exploding into a big puffy cloud of green, Felix shivered while he shrank further and further. His face became cute and his body turned slenderer and more feminine. Every ounce of masculinity was slowly drained, petite breasts growing from his chest and dick slowly shrinking back into his body. By the time the two had finally separated from their kiss, there was no more Felix. Instead, the person looking back at the dark-skinned Cethleann was another Flayn with an ecstatic smile.

Meanwhile, on the left side of the room the other Flayn was currently embracing Annette, whose loud feminine moans were echoing throughout the room as her very mind was being rewired in real time.

Face shifting and hair changing into a dazzling greenish hue, Annette's body slowly became more and more like that of Cethleann. Though the physical changes were minimal, the mental changes were severe. Images of beautiful Flayns surrounding her filled the girl's mind. The realization of the amazement of Flayn intoxicated every fiber of Annette's being. As Annette's voice shifted in tone to that of Flayn's her entire body reverberated with utter bliss. She was Flayn, and she was happy to be Flayn.

"Thanks Cethleann~" The new Flayn jumped up onto the table with a beautiful and sang with a beautifully angelic voice that sounded like it'd come from an angel. "I'd always been afraid of singing before~ But now that I'm as confident and beautiful as you, I can sing to my hearts content~!!!"

It did not take long for these four Flayns to quickly jump towards even more of their classmates, hugging them and kissing them in order to forcefully transform them into more beautiful forms. Left and right students cried out in a mixture of pleasure and fear, their bodies instantly rearranging into a cuter, smaller, energetic form. Male, female, it didn't matter. In the end, every one of them ascended into a perfected state of being.

"Hey, get off me!!!"

Of course, there were those that resisted.

"Haaaahhh!" Yelling out loudly, Dimitri angrily flung one of the Flayn's across the room. "You're working with her, aren't you?!? You're planning on betraying us as well!!!"

Possessing such incredible strength and being in such a paranoid state, Dimitri was able to fight the many off the Flayns off with his bare hands. Unfortunately, the number of soon grew to such an extent that even the mighty prince of Faerghus had to eventually succumb. Flayn after Flayn began to pounce on top of him. They all felt genuine sympathy for the man. Having such a tortured mind, being unable to properly taste delicious food... It wasn't fair. The kind prince deserved better.

"G-Get away from me! Ehehe- I-I said get off-! Teeheehee~ You g-girls are m-much too heavy and warm~! Hehehe! You're all making me feel funny~!"

With so many Cethleanns piled on top of him, an instant explosion of warmth began to fill his body and mind. Anger was transformed into joy. Pain completely shifted into pleasure. As his body shed its masculine features and began to shrink in size, Dimitri could feel the love of his fellow Cethleann's flowing inside him. There was no need for him to cling to the terrible memories of the past like he'd done for so many years. The future was bright, happy and full of adorable Flayns like herself! Truly being Flayn was the best sort of pleasure there could have been!

Once every single one of the students from the Blue Lions class had been converted, the Flayns quickly began to undress and caress each other in a fantastically eager orgy. It was a scene of passion, a moment of pure lust. Not a single Cethleann held anything back. They all loved each other equally, and they were more than happy to express this love physically.

A Flayn with huge G-Cup breasts held two other Flayns close to her chest, letting them greedily suckle on her nipples while she furiously masturbated their pussies. This Flayn's nature was very sweet and caring. Her hands gently patted their fluffy hairs as they sucked, her touch as soft and loving as that of a mother they'd missed for so long. Teeth gently nibbling on her soft skin, tongues sweetly caressing and

slurping her pert, hardened nipples, this Flayn happily moaned as she felt them enjoy the taste of her deliciously plump, heavy tits.

“Go on, Cethleanns~ Don’t worry about a thing~” Flayn cooed softly into both of the masturbating Flayns’ ears, giving them the love they so desperately craved. “I promise to take good care of you both~”

Standing by his desk at the front of the room, Byleth watched it all unfold with an utterly perplexed expression. All of his students had been transformed into different little versions of Flayn, each one of them extremely ecstatic and horny for each other. Every single one of their identities had been thoroughly erased, the only thing that remained was Flayn, and Byleth felt totally powerless to do anything about it.

“Hey professor!”

Suddenly, the original Flayn appeared before Byleth, standing on top of his desk and trampling over his documents as if they were of no importance.

“I must thank you for sending Dedue my way!” The girl continued with a peppy voice. “You have always been so kind and caring to me ever since you arrived! I think it’s time for me to give you my sincerest thanks.”

As Flayn’s arms wrapped around Byleth’s body and her lips pressed against his mouth, the professor showed no signs of resistance. Perhaps it was because he was so horrified it froze him solid, or perhaps it was because he’d already given up after seeing what the Flayns could do. Regardless, the result was the same. His height began to decrease, his limbs becoming shorter and shorter with every second. His hair grew long and puffy, two round breasts surging on his increasingly petite form. Penis slowly receding into a tight virginal cunt, Byleth’s expression grew brighter and joyful as his face became cuter and rounder. In no more than a few minutes, the only thing that remained from the original Byleth was his clothes and the ability to wield the Sword of the Creator.

“Of course Cethleann! It’s no problem at all!!” The new Flayn exclaimed with a bright, earnest smile. “For you, I’d happily do anything~~”

And so, flinging the clothes off his body, the new Cethleann jumped atop the desk along with his twin and the two began to hungrily smash their pussies together with need. Papers flew off the table left and right as their bodies wrestled violently, their thick juices spilling all over its fine wooden top. As soon as their needs were satiated, they’d go out and convert the rest of the monastery, and then the rest of the world. But for now, they were more than happy to simply enjoy each other’s company.