

NEW YEAR NEW ALT

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Why does everyone get alternative versions but me? I’m pretty much the perfect candidate to have a seasonal alt, right!? After all there are SO MANY ANNAS!” The commander of the Order of Heroes couldn’t help but cry out after receiving the list of units that would be receiving New Years variants this year. A different weapon, a different costume, it was always a prestigious affair. There didn’t seem to be much rhyme or reason towards who was chosen either, but there was one thing that always stuck out to Anna: she was *never* chosen. Was it because she was the commander? Was she not popular enough? That left her with only one choice really.

If she wasn’t selected for an alt, she’d have to make her own alt.

A few days later a hero from Tellius was summoned to the commander’s tent on the eve of the New Year, the reasons behind his summon questionable at best when most were out celebrating with friends and family, no immediate conflict with other nations nor realms projected for the next little while. **“Commander Anna? Hello? I’ve arrived.”** Lanterns lit the otherwise dim space, the sound of the festivities outside removing what Ike would have expected to be a natural silence otherwise. Had she stepped out for a drink? Perhaps to use the bathroom? The letter he’d received had specified this time and place and had utilized Anna’s seal so he had no reason to doubt it’s authenticity.

He approached the desk the commander made us of, eventually taking note of something resting atop the visitor’s chair on his side. It was a card of some sort, done up in decorative green and red with Ike’s own name etched on the front. Was this some sort of game? He wouldn’t have put it past Anna to arrange something so frivolous, but he truly hoped that wasn’t the case so that he could return to the

other Greil Mercenaries that had been summoned to aid Askr. With a sigh his fingers slid across the card's surface and plucked it off the chair, immediately flipping it open to read the contents.

CONGRATULATIONS IKE! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE ONE OF THE NEW YEAR'S UNITS! THERE'S JUST A LITTLE TWIST! WELL, YOU'LL SEE! JUST GET COMFORTABLE FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, 'KAY?

That was an odd note if he'd ever read one before. He knew about the tradition of seasonal units, but didn't really care if he was chosen or not. What he found most baffling was the mention of a 'little twist'. But his confusion was more or less addressed when a curse began to swirl from the card's base and inject itself into his body. **"What!?"** His shock was understandable. There weren't a lot of members of the army that were capable of wielding curses, and to his knowledge this wasn't how seasonal units were conceived.

In the meantime however, the curse was quick to get itself to work. Amber imbued itself in the tips of Ike's hair, washing away blues and reaching his roots only after a few moments. The red was fiery and contrasted his blue eyes significantly, but it didn't take much longer for the irises to conform into crimson as well.

Ike, in the meantime, sputtered, hand resting against the back of the chair as he was suddenly overcome by a weakness he could not identify. It wasn't unusual to face feelings such as these on the battlefield, not when the enemy could use abilities to weaken one strength or agility, but somehow this felt different. He just felt fundamentally, *permanently*, weaker physically. There were likewise physical indicators to support that this was indeed the truth, the arms and legs he'd spent tireless years with the Greil Mercenaries soon robbed of the abundant muscle mass one could only earn from a lifetime of training.

It was almost like his body was deflating. Wrists became pencil-thin, the bulk above them settling into soft skin that wasn't without muscle entirely but likewise not being particularly pronounced either. The sleeves of his jacket hung loose around his arms by the time they were done, but it was his gloves that slid off entirely. It was at this point that he finally noticed each arm was weird, because he had no choice but to examine his hand and the length attached to it. Fingers were small and smooth, nails delicately trimmed. They were a far cry from the rough and dirty pair he worked with on a daily basis, though they still sported a wear to suggest they were used to wielding a weapon.

As his trousers plummeted to the ground thanks to narrowing legs, the mercenary was panicked but likewise remained eerily calm. For as bizarre as this all was, there was also a feeling in the back of his mind that told him it would be okay. That he should remain calm and just wait for things to culminate before he overreacted. It wouldn't be until after he'd completely changed that he would realize what this voice sounded like, but it was most certainly Anna herself.

Hair, long and red, cascaded down Ike's back for but a moment before a mysterious power seemed to take hold and guide it to the side, top throttled as if it was being held by a hand. It remained in place without a manner of fastening it for a second, but golden light eventually saw the appearance of an accessory that held it in place. It was a hair tie of gold and silver, a tinsel-like appearance providing a festive take. It was an accessory that would surely look better on a woman, but at the same time there was beginning to be difficulty in ascertaining Ike's intended gender.

Diminished muscle aside, facial features had slid through stages of being androgynous and were now beginning to lean with abundance towards femininity. Ike's cheekbones were typically broad and sharp, but no longer. They'd rounded, collapsed, and overall the design of his jaw was much more narrow. Which was all the better to draw attention to the fact that his red eyes were wider and easier to emote with, as well as the fact that his lips had sprung up to bear a natural pout with their thick and curve design.

"There's no way. I can't be becoming ANNA?" It wasn't that his voice had boomed upon saying Anna's name, it was just that his voice had jumped several octaves as it settled into a womanly norm that resembled that of everyone's favorite, meddlesome commander. Or was she a merchant? The Anna he'd known in Tellius had been the latter after all.

His point of view fell closer to the floor as legs wobbled, slender fingers still gripping the nearby chair to keep himself stabilized despite everything that was happening. Be calm, the voice said in the back of his mind. It's almost done, it said. You're almost perfect, it said. But he certainly didn't feel 'perfect' by any stretch of the imagination. Rather, as his insides began to twist and turn and it felt like he'd been punched in the gut. **"GAH!"** A sharp cry of pain spewed outward with Anna's voice as his free hand hugged his stomach and eventually gripped his crotch through boxers that clung against accentuated hips for dear life. He could feel his dick throbbing, diminishing, throbbing, diminishing, all accompanied by pain until there was nothing left to even throb anymore. All hooked up to her new internal organs, *she* was left completely a woman.

Of course, there was but a single place remaining to distinguish herself as a woman. Anna wasn't a particularly extravagant woman when it came to her figure, and without her pants on one could readily see that Ike's ass had become a little juicy, her thighs increasingly tender. But as a hand gripped her chest through her coat, it was tits that the ensemble was appropriately missing. She could feel them throb as if coordinated with the beating of her heart, and with every thumb her nipples protruded farther and dug into her jacket more uncomfortably. **"Breasts? I'm growing breasts!? And I have a... oh gods. I really *am* becoming Anna."**

It was but a B-cup that took full shape, their presence only known due to how Ike's jacket curved around them slightly. For all intents and purposes he was the spitting image of Anna, although clad in 60% of Ike's costume. But even that wasn't destined, not if she was to be a New Year's unit. Her hairpiece had already teased

the type of costume she was set to adorn, and so it was time for the curse to complete the ensemble now that the body had been properly molded.

Drawn by magic, the trousers that rested at Ike's ankles found themselves navigating upwards once more. She'd thought herself cold without any leg wear, but warmth returned as the hem of the pants fused with the hem of her jacket, turning both garments into a single piece whose colors seemed to be barreling towards a similar color, or abundance of colors if that's what you considered white to be. In all fairness it was more like a bright, shiny silver, particularly as material softened and the jacket opened then folded sideways to better match the appearance of a folded kimono.

Across the bottom, which flowed around her and showed off the curves of her ass, silver was swayed by golds as the Askr emblem founded itself embedded across the kimono's skirt. The very base of the kimono turned a royal navy that Ike might have worn before, but in this case it merely matched the interior of the new crimson overcoat that found itself tied to her shoulders, a fluffy neckline keeping her nice and cozy.

She was winded a moment as a golden glow around her stomach brought with it an unexpected tightness, an obi of red and gold constricting her to hold the kimono in place. **"This is really pretty though... I bet I can resell it..."** Ike tugged at the kimono. Her identity wasn't going anywhere, but at the same time the mannerisms of an Anna were being imprinted upon her. She tapped the toes of one of her boots on the ground, and in the process they became a pair of sandals that likewise revealed the heavy white socks that concealed her toes beneath.

These clothes were all so heavy! Anna wasn't sure if she liked the-- no, she was Ike! Not Anna! Even though she knew she was Ike, it seemed she couldn't help but have Anna's identity take priority every so often. She couldn't believe Commander Anna had done this to her! What was she going to do with a second Anna around? It wasn't like they could open a business in Askr, a market of sorts that sold additional items to further bolster the revenue of the army, and maybe for their own personal gain?

A sly smile crossed Ikeanna's lips, cheeks blushing like a bride as she spun on her heel and started towards the tent's exit. Actually, she had a million get-rich schemes now that she thought about it! She had to tell Commander Anna about it immediately! Was there a better way to celebrate New Year's? First she gets an alt, then she gets rich!

"Time to increase the variety of official Anna merchandise we sell!"