

# GET IN THE ROBOT

MARCH 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Finding Alfonse on patrol certainly wasn't an unusual event to witness. He placed a great deal of responsibility upon himself, not only as the prince of Askr, but also as a member of the Order of Heroes. It was important that he and Sharena were proactive, they both felt, because their role in the Order also meant they could leave a good impression on the others as well.

And if the entire Order felt inspired? Well, that was all for the better considering the new threat they were facing. On that subject, however? **“I wonder where Reginn got to? I haven't seen her these past couple of days.”** This thought was one he wondered aloud, because in the usual place he'd found the machine she was always riding. One of the princesses of Niðavellir, she had been an invaluable ally in the battles thus far.

The four-legged mechanical beast, fashioned in bronze and gold, was inactive as it always was without Reginn piloting it. The prince had been meaning to ask the foreign princess about its functionality in more detail, but alas the opportunity had arisen recently. Still, seeing it without a guardian in the makeshift hangar Askr forces had prepared for it, he thought that perhaps he might take a closer look.

Hands on the front of the machine, he leaned into its open maw to have a look at the paneling, unaware that the contact was enough for a silent function within the machine to whir to life. It was running a sensor to see if the one leaning in was its pilot, and upon confirming that it wasn't? Adjustments needed to be made.

Perhaps Alfonse should have heeded Reginn's warning not to touch it without permission?

**“Ow!?”** While examining the tiny control panel buried in its base with his butt in the air, the young man slapped the back of his neck after feeling something bite it. He assumed it to be an insect of some sort, but the truth of the matter was much farther from the truth than he ever could have imagined. It had been a tiny dart fired from the mech's upper interior, filled with a fluid meant to correct one specific irregularity in this situation.

It wasted no time taking effect, and the young prince pulled his head out of what counted as the machine's cockpit because his skin had begun to crawl uncomfortably. **“Was that really a bug!?”** He supposed maybe he come down with something prior and was only now just feeling the effects, but at the same time... the timing was far too suspicious.

The nearby pathway and the rudimentary hangar both dimly lit, one could hardly blame Alfonse for not noticing – with extra credibility lent to him because it began atop his head – but the serum he'd been injected with? It had already begun to bear fruit.

Strands of his hair looked unusually loose here and there, an optical illusion bolstered by the fact that this hair, in fact, was growing shaggier. With inconsistency, strands sprung longer here and there, the disheveled appearance of his mane a side effect of this; at least until the shorter strands around them caught up. Although even once they'd all evened out, there was still something chaotic about his hairstyle. Much of it fell to his shoulders, but bunches were loose on the top, some even resembling a pair of antennae.

His bangs bushier, the general feel of this hair fluffier, it was subjected to a rudimentary dye job not long after – although, in place of a dye it was *all* natural. No blue ended up extinguished, but a **much lighter tint** ultimately settled into place at the cost of the blonde tips he had inherited from his mother. A mysterious force, too, guided the hair in the back into a ponytail bound by a thin wrap. The cool, night air played with these strands, and they certainly all felt unusual.

But Alfonse was feeling far too woozy to do anything about this feeling.

**“I need to sit down...”** His body was swaying from side to side, weakness settling into his muscles as he did so. But there was no chair nearby, and he'd end up adjusting to this weakness one way or another. The cause of it in the first place was something he *should* have recognized but didn't.

*Seeing as it was because his body was getting smaller.* The initial weakness had come about because of the condition his muscles were in, and there had been a legitimate loss of strength in the works. Those muscles had convulsed in a way that was very subtle, the convulsions themselves bringing their bulk to settle closer against his bones. This essentially meant that his swollen arms, toned belly, and strong legs had all collapsed inward, looking much weaker than they had before.

But this was only the mountain's peak, at least when it came to loss of size. Not long after Alfonse's muscles had thinned did his body begin to seemingly fall in place. His point of view tumbled, but he threw out his hands to the sides to stop himself from actually falling over, thinking it a dizziness from whatever ailment had plagued him. "**Woah!?**" Just as the prince's body had shrunk, so had his voice. It was much higher now, and if he were in the right mind then he likely would have noticed just who it was he sounded like.

### *A certain princess.*

Remarkably, despite his loss of stature, the boy's clothes were not disheveled. Rather, they had been shrinking along with him, remolding their shapes entirely in a way that made all of his changes all the more obvious. His top had fused with his pants as they'd tightened, with black dye whipping through the legs and the top, vertical grooves flowing downwards as the military better resembled something rubbery – all while the area around his crotch became bronze and firm, while revealing the bulge of his dick underneath.

But then again, without that bulge he would have appeared almost unusually androgynous. The collapse of muscle and height left his frame looking fair, and it was becoming all the fairer with each passing second. One needn't look any farther than his waistline to realize, for with his clothes now skin tight you could easily make out how it was dipping inward, giving him an arching tummy while paired with how his hips likewise fanned outwards with apparent delight.

He held a hand to his forehead, cursing his luck that there was no seat nearby. "**Why do I feel so...?**" Alfonse could hardly find a word for *how* he felt. But his ignorance surpassed what was logical at this point, and it could only be explained by the influence of the nanomachines he'd been injected with rustling around in his brain. It was through them that even his clothing had changed, becoming a familiar costume he'd usually seen worn by a Niðavellir pilot. Even as his hands held his head, those hands had become smaller and better manicured, though fingers were wrapped in a thick, rubber glove.

Alfonse's face, on the other hand? Its curvature had softened, with rounder cheeks and brighter eyes that reflected a shimmering gold color. Even though he had gotten smaller, there was something about his face that made him look a little older too? Perhaps it was the thinner arch of his brows, or the pleasant swell of his lips, but he better resembled a young woman than anything.

A subtle itchiness soon plagued his nipples, although he did not reach down to scratch. Was the puffiness of these nips the cause, or were they a side effect? Either way, they pressed up against the bodysuit's underside without protruding out the other side, and the chest segment of his new costume grew more and more cramped thanks to the flesh beneath them swelling.

Into *breasts*, of course. Their weight surged, sizing not huge, but large enough upon his shrunken frame that they weren't unimpressive either. Not that you could really tell with his costume, for they held these new packages tightly to his body. One's best glimpse at Alfonse's new rack was seen through the bodysuit's low neckline, where the tippy top of his cleavage could be made out.

Though, speaking of *packages*...

The one upon his crotch, pinned uncomfortably against his pelvis by the skin tight clothes, finally found some relief. The prince's snake wriggled back towards its source, losing all of its length and thickness before it slid into, and became part of, a new hole. With an unintended moan of pleasure escaping Alfonse's lips, it was the moment the princess became a *princess*.

Her wooziness was dwindling now, and with it came confusion. Why was she out at the hanger? What time was it? Had she walked here? Who *was* she? Looking down at herself, she realized she hardly recognized herself, even as the nanomachines conjured a white cape with a purple throw around her shoulders. With her cleavage in the way she couldn't really see her lower body without leaning forward, not that she'd see much more than her legs and a smooth pelvis.

But a little weight was being applied to her lower half, finalizing the reality of her situation. *Reg*fonse could feel the latex riding up her butt crack with full thanks to her ass bloating. It doubled in size, cheeks undeniable in weight and firmness as they found a more comfortable fit while the excess saw her thighs become plump and round as well. The end result was a wide load, considering her thighs, ass, and hips. They certainly dwarfed her chest, at any rate.



And with her physical transformation complete, new memories were forced upon without her permission, drowning out the old ones. No longer could she recall being raised alongside Sharena – rather, she'd developed something of a crush on Askr's princess. She just felt so detached from Askr as a place, and that was, of course...

Because she had been born in Niðavellir.

**“Ah? Didn't prince Alfonse say he would be coming by around this time?”**

*Reginn*, standing next to her machine, looked up and down the dimly lit paths that framed the Order of Heroes' base. For a brief moment she had been confused about why she was out so late, but clarity eventually came. Feeding off of Alfonse's desire to see the machine's mechanics, a lie had been fed to the new princess that he would be coming around for a demonstration, and that she was waiting for him to *give* that demonstration.

But she idled around for about thirty minutes, the prince never showing. **“Huh... I guess he's a no show. That's a little disappointing.”** *Reginn* spared a glance back to her mech, before pulling herself up and into it. Legs slid into their proper places, and after unengaging the safety in the control panel near her waist, she slid her arms up into their control slots as well. **“Might as well go for a spin, eh partner!?”** It was the perfect time to make sure everything was still working as it should! Problems would arise if they were attacked, and her suit didn't work.

And the suit itself? It was happy that its pilot was now correct. Once the original *Reginn* found this one, well...

*It'd be complicated, but at least there was a backup pilot in a worst case?*