

# TWISTED COMPASSION

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“How many times have I warned Seteth that this was going to happen eventually?”** Handkerchief pressed to the left side of her neck, Edelgard von Hresvelg had quickly moved into her dorm room that chill autumn evening after a rather unsavory encounter.

For months now bats had been swarming the dorm room attics or at the very least the sole, broken window that led into them, and the emperor-to-be had assumed that it was a hazard for her peers. So many of the flying mammals had been gathering that it was inevitable that eventually someone would get bit. *She just hadn't expected to be the first victim.*

The girl was beyond frustrated. For all of the foes she'd defeated on the battlefield, nothing had spiked her anxiety quite like how that furry little bugger had latched onto her neck for dear life as she'd struggled to pull it free. Now she was both shaken up and exhausted, blood still leaking from the pair of bite marks as she did her best to dress the damage before her vanity mirror. **“Well, I suppose I'll be filing a formal complaint in the morning.”** There was no point in doing so now, not when most of the faculty were in their rooms for the evening.

Covering the bite marks with her handkerchief again, blood staining the light pink silk, she worried about infection. Should she schedule an appointment with the apothecary in the morning? Rabies were a potential problem, and that was without counting the plethora of other diseases it might have been carrying. So for now she just needed to dress it with bandages and get a good night's--

**“What on earth?”** Removing the cloth from the wound, Edelgard had been prepared to apply the bandages next and yet... there was no wound to dress. She dropped the handkerchief out of shock, bare fingers gingerly grazing the area that she was certain had recently been pierced by the fangs of a bat. There was nothing. No puncture wounds, no lingering pain or tenderness. It was like the damage had been completely reversed, or like the attack hadn't happened in the first place.

It made the girl paranoid. For a moment she wondered if she'd actually been attacked in the first place. Was she mis-remembering the past twenty minutes? Perhaps she was ill... No! It was so recent, there couldn't be any real doubt about what had happened! **“Ngh... I do not feel well...”** She felt dizzied, and with her eyes clenched shut a strange and unusual power seeped into her optics. Her sense of sight would be noticeably sharper once they opened once more, not to mention she'd be free to see perfectly clear midst the dark. Like some kind of nocturnal huntress.

And once those eyes were opened once more? They gleamed an intimidating **red**. Other than the color there wasn't really much different about the eyes themselves, yet they commanded attention and suggested authority even more-so than Edelgard's old, mauve eyes once had. Despite her prior confusion the princess felt more powerful as well. Even though her muscles showed no real gain in terms of strength, she felt twice as, if not triple as powerful as she typically did.

One could easily get drunk off such a strength, but it was not the strength of a human. A **vampire's** blood was now running through her veins, delivered by the bat that had attacked her previously. The woman's chest heaved as her body burned, physical adjustments to her endurance a necessary enhancement to guarantee a lengthy lifetime of survival. As the blood thickened, the more the girl's reflection seemed to wane. Before long she was practically translucent in the mirror, and of course Edelgard had taken notice.

**“How am I supposed to process what's going on here? My reflection... my eyes... my hair?”** For the first time since she was experimented on all of those years ago, her head of white hair had begun to show color. It wasn't a trend of specific strands lighting up with tone, but instead at a consistent pace the pale coloration of all of her hair had begun to darken. It skated into the territory of light brown before a potent drop of vibrancy reinvigorated a bright auburn that was more magnificent than even Edelgard's original native color. What's more, the biological straightness of the cut seemingly unraveled so that natural curls plagued it, the lengths that framed her face falling against her chest.

Fingers pressed up against the glass just as her reflection faded indefinitely, leaving the girl more than confused. Legends of vampires weren't told in Fodlan, she had no experience with any legend that might suggest one's disappearing reflection. But as she was left to stare at her fingers, she realized they weren't quite right themselves. Had her fingers always been so bony? She knew for certain she didn't keep nails that long because they would break in combat. But speaking of, by dragging those fingers against the glass she could tell those hard callouses she had developed through axe use had all but waned into nothingness.

**“I do not understand. Just where did my reflection go?”** Calling her current mental state ‘perplexed’ would have been an understatement, and based on the changing tone of her voice there was more at work here than she'd realized. Even her manner of speech, while consistently proper, was now beheld by a gentleness Edelgard hardly ever made time to convey. **“Actually, what am I doing here? This is a human establishment, is it not?”** For a moment the princess wondered why she'd asked herself that. She knew Garreg Mach like the back of her hand.

But *did she*? She almost felt like a tourist in that moment.

*A tourist disgusted by the human filth that were living here.*

Without her realizing the tips of her ears were drawing into points, a more telling revelation of the fact that Edelgard could no longer be considering of human nature. Were that not enough, canines sharpened within her mouth to the point that they nearly nipped the gums on the bottom of her mouth with lips sealed, but her jaw seemed to slowly adjust as well.

Her *face* had certainly been adjusting. Lips practically shone with vigor, swollen and shiny even without the aid of makeup. A more chiseled jawline really sold that she no longer resembled an Adrestian citizen, paired with those busy eyebrows and a very sharp chin. Yet the princess' change in heritage wasn't as alarming as her apparent change of age. Even then, as a vampire it was just the age she *appeared*. Short as she was, it would still be hard to make the case that she was a teenaged when her features and complexion suggested she was, instead, a young adult.

Fuzzy brows furrowed, she squirmed in her seat uncomfortably thanks to swelling sexual characteristics. Her pussy became more worn and brought about the most confusion while her seat slightly rose thanks to expunged ass cheek sizes. Pubes darkened to the same brown as that

upon her head, and thighs swelled a little bit to the point that her leggings took a much more uncomfortable fit. But there really wasn't too much of a pronounced change otherwise, and even a slight increase in her tit size didn't really cause any real clothing malfunction.

Well, at least until... **“And why am I wearing *this*?”** Until long nails did the work otherwise, a vampire's claws tearing her own outfit to smithereens. It was far too restrictive and the colors clashed with her hair. As a diplomat she needed to adorn herself in something more regal and defined. She was no student, no little girl; clothes that caught the eye would give her a leg up in discussions, particularly with men and even women that sought the pleasures of laying with another woman.

The vampire *finally* stood, allowing tattered cloth to fall from her naked body so that she could root through a nearby dresser in search of a change. Fortunately there was a selection of dresses, albeit small, and she managed to find a simple, black piece that suited her tastes. It was still a little small around the waist and chest, but with more of her cleavage on display she didn't doubt it would be a valuable asset.

Memories were no longer jumbled, but the trade off that those memories she'd once had were now forfeit. The name Edelgard von Hresvelg? Memories of Garreg Mach? How could she possibly know any of those things? That wasn't her true identity after all, and there was no way she could be something as disgusting as a human.

She was the diplomat of the Styria Council, something that did not exist in this world. Through what witchcraft had she, *Lenore*, been sent here? There were answers to be discovered, and so the petite woman threw open the doors of the dorm room and stepped into the cool night air, at which point a wounded bat fluttered down to her side. Lenore didn't know this, but it was the very same bat that had bitten Edelgard. The Adrestian princess had wounded it upon its removal, resulting in its current condition.

Lenore felt immediate sympathy. **“Oh, you poor thing. Let us get your wing all fixed up, shall we? But a splint...”** There didn't seem to be anything small enough here to properly work as one! But that was fine.

She'd turn this place upside down to save this poor, cute bat. Even if she had to *rip the bones out of a human* to make it.

**That was Lenore's twisted compassion.**