

THE FROZEN BEAST

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The holiday season was not one that the young Marianne von Edmund *disliked*, but it was still a complicated time for her. A maiden that kept a distance from others by nature, it was during these days of celebration that her peers at Garreg Mach were always trying to get her to socialize. Whether it was attending a party, visiting friends, or even having lunch together – everyone was just *much* pushier.

Which, in turn, meant only that Marianne would close herself off more. She had almost become a second Bernadetta with how much time she spent in her room, and she only ventured out for class or to check on the horses in the stables, soon disappearing back into her cave again not long after. Some of her friends had naturally taken notice, most notably Hilda, but even the social fashionista was no match for Marianne’s insistence.

“I wish I could go, but they don’t understand...” Marianne kept others at a distance for what she considered to be a legitimate reason: for their own safety. She possessed the Crest of a man once thought to have become a monster. A cursed Crest that had led to a great deal of social abuse by others growing up. The girl herself couldn’t know if there was any validity to those rumors, that she might one day become a monster herself, but...

It was not a risk she was willing to take.

Sometimes she simply wondered if it would be better if she didn’t exist. If there was really nothing better out there for her, then why walk the earth any longer? At the same time, she was too weak to follow through on anything like that.



It was a thought that crossed her mind again that very evening, as she lounged about her room after visiting the stables as she had been. The room was a little chilly, but she had stripped down into a blue negligee over a set of undergarments nonetheless – because she would soon be retiring to bed. When Marianne had episodes of extreme depression such as these, it wouldn't be long before she crawled into bed even though it wasn't all that late. Still, it was dark enough, as winter tended to be.

“H-Huh?” While it had been so chilly in her room, a sudden burst of heat from within her very body provoked the seventeen-year-old to recoil while moving towards her bed. It was a feeling similar to when her Crest activated, and yet the heat was *much* more intense. **“What’s happening!? Is this my Crest!? Am I sick?”** Could fevers come on this suddenly and all-encompassing? It didn't seem like something that could or should, but why would the Crest within her blood be searing so?

It was so hot, in fact, that she felt obligated to strip off her negligee. She was sweating so fiercely, and she wanted the cold air to take some of the heat off. No sooner than she removed the negligee, though, did it become clear that it was for the best that she *had*. There was an uncanny tension within the straps of her brassiere and her panties that remained alike, bringing the maiden even *more* questions.

With her gaze slowly traversing downward to look at herself, though, it became a little more evident. Just because she could *see* what was happening didn't mean that she could *comprehend* it, though. **“Uhm... Am I dreaming? This is... It's not possible!”** Hot as she was, Marianne's cheeks burned redder still – with embarrassment.

How could she *not* be? What she saw was that the size of her bosom was greater than she recalled, flesh peeking up and over the hem of her bra's cups and only continuing to swell further. It made breathing increasingly difficult as they continued to grow, and Marianne herself could not resist bringing hands to her chest to try and support the growing weight that was gradually tilting her sense of balance forward. It didn't take long for her to realize, though, that those hands would be better off freeing her tits from the cups binding them.

At least if she wanted to breath for much longer. Short gasps of breath bled into a long inhale once she managed to unhook her bra from behind her. It had been clinging to her rack with so much tension in the straps that, once free, they basically popped off and slid down her arms, exposing each tit in all of its swelling glory. “**N-No way!**” Bouncing about with their newfound freedom, their weight alone was enough to make the woman think she would spill completely onto the ground. Each breast as big as her head, the warmth she felt provoked her to fondle them. And she probably *would* have, if not for a new combination of sensation and sound.

Both attributed to the snapping of her panties. “**Ah!?**” Marianne had been so fixated on her breasts that it had escaped her notice that something similar had been transpiring down south, with hips swinging wider and her ass swelling fuller. She’d felt the sensation of her undergarments gradually wedging themselves in between those growing cheeks, but so much had been going on with her chest that it had merely been a thought in the back of her mind.

With the band of her panties snapped, it was through the wedgie’s power that blue cloth hadn’t fallen entirely from her lower half... although the front *had* drooped down to expose her warm pussy to the cold room. Wedged between two thighs that were imbued with just as much vigor as her bubbling ass were, they met and rubbed against each other passively in the center.

“This is impossible! Why is my figure like... this!? I look like some sort of brothel worker!” There was no denying that her figure was almost excessively pronounced now. From her breasts to her ass, it was all almost gratuitously big – seeming even more so if you factored in the fact that her waistline had pinched inward. But more than that, Marianne had not realized something else. Something that she could not realize without a mirror.

Because it would involve looking at her face.

Nonetheless, it *had* happened. Change had affected those features to gift her thickened lips, raised cheekbones, and a much slenderer chin. Toss in an affliction that saw her eyes narrow (until they would be comparable to Japanese in our world), and she hardly looked like a seventeen-year-old Fodlan native. No. She looked like a woman pushing *thirty*, one that had come from a faraway land.

The panties that had been stuck in her ass crack finally gave way, but only because a subtle shift had soon the tightness of her crevasse loosen for but a second. The case? Marianne’s height had shifted, adding four inches to her overall stature. There was no denying that she had become

an adult woman, but to what ends? **“I-I don’t like this! Should I get help? Who could even help me? Would they *want to*?”** Would they even believe her? Marianne had ascended past wondering what was causing the problem and was instead more fixated on finding a solution.

At least until *it* happened.

“...!?” While her entire body had been burning this whole time, something happened that had utterly reversed that feeling. For all at once, her body had gone *ice cold*. It certainly wasn’t something that had transpired without any complications to speak of, either. Such a dramatic shock was enough to cause what felt like damage to her heart, and it began to pump only once every twenty seconds or so.

It almost felt like her body had just entirely *shut down*, yet as cold as she was, the new stiffness of her body kept her upright. However she couldn’t find any thoughts nor words, not at *that* moment. Which allotted plenty of time for the process that was bending her form to do further, lasting damage.

Or, perhaps, in this case it was correcting her biology to adapt to the ice cold temperature her body had been plagued by.

Marianne’s room itself had begun to freeze over, and outside? The weather had turned into a ferocious blizzard. All in response to what was happening to her, because unwillingly she was *causing* them. For a woman with such powers, perhaps it was then fitting that her flesh began to reflect such a talent. The pinkish hue of her skin deteriorated until it was a bluish white; an eerie color that certainly didn’t belong on any proper *humans*.

As if not to be outdone, a change of color found her hair as well. While retaining its blue, it shifted away from a pastel offering to something a little *icier*. As icy as the snowflakes that formed under her breath, spurned by air that left her mouth at sub-zero temperatures. Even her eyes glossed over with the color, and yet in the process they left an almost *supernatural* impression. Like they were not the eyes of a mortal, but something that had transcended mortality – or perhaps had never known it? Black soon stained her sclera as well, making them even *eerier*.

“***Haaa...***” Marianne’s mental faculties slowly returned to her, and a noise croaked from plump but frost-coated lips as she tested her ability to speak once more. For as cold as she felt, what radiated from within was comparable to the warmth one felt when *aroused*. That was none too surprising if one knew of the sort of transformation she was

undergoing, and that carnal lusts comparable to those of a succubus had been instilled within her psyche.

Icicles formed beneath her snatch, small and easily dismissible, while the icy blue from her hair swept into pubes that were just as caught up by frost in the end. “**Cold... So cold...**” The woman could remember what warmth felt like, and she *desired* it. Intertwining her flesh with a warm man or woman, draining them of all that kept them alive, and perhaps corrupting them into her kin; such desires grew prevalent rapidly.

Born from ice of a darker blue, more frozen stalagmites erupted from Marianne’s flesh. They found dominance around her ankles and wrists, but the bulk of them coated the right side of her head, obscuring hair and a right eye that appeared dimmer than the left – no doubt because of how much colder the icicles were than even her body. “**I’m... I need... heat...**”

N-No! That’s not true! If I leave like this, I might seek a classmate, and then...!? But... How good would that... feel?

Even internally, where her subconscious had attempted to resist the corruption that made her perpetually in *need* of a partner, did her will eventually wane. New instincts as a **Tsurara-Onna** dwarfed her morality as a human, and her will would undoubtedly fuse entirely with that of her new nature once she courted her first partner. And yet even a *monster* born from the Crest of Gloucester as she was understood the need for clothes.

With a snap of chilled fingers, the ice-layered room filled with swirling snow by the woman’s own power. The howling winds eventually stilled, allowing



the snow within to flutter gently to the floor, and yet when the woman became visible once more, she was clad in a white and blue kimono that left her ample cleavage, and juicy thighs on full display. With an ensemble of this nature it would be child's play to allure a victim.

But despite her corrupted nature, Marianne's old memories remained intact. There was no clearer tell of this than when she identified her first target aloud. **"Hilda... Yes... I suppose I could make her *like me*. And then we can spread it to the other girls."** Only her left eye narrowed, for the right was now covered by a navy blue eyepatch to hide its distortion.

Garreg Mach was in for a *very* chilly holiday season.