

SMITTEN BLADE

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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Tsubasa Kazanari wore a stern expression as the submarine neared her given destination. As their reports indicated, Chris had been abducted by remnants of the Bavarian Illuminati and hadn't been seen for days now. Naturally everyone at S.O.N.G. had been left in a panic, but they'd dedicated themselves to identifying the location they'd taken their friend to. It was an undersea base it seemed, well away from the prying eyes of the UN, but because of accessibility sending a smaller team was necessary.

So Tsubasa had chosen to go alone against the advice of the others. Kirika and Shirabe were waiting on the surface as support, but leaving their base unguarded while Hibiki and Maria were investigating another base wouldn't have been a wise call. Saving Chris was a priority and had to be done as quickly and efficiently as possible; that had been her logic.

Logic that had lead her astray, as the closer the submarine grew to the base, the drowsier and drowsier she felt...

The sensation of fingers sliding across silk eventually stirred her awake. Eyes heavy, she shakily brought herself upright as she managed to open them. Tsubasa's senses were immediately assaulted by a plethora of pink. Pink walls, a pink carpet, pink sheets; sheets that she was tucked into at that. As the comforter cascaded down her torso she came to realize that she was completely naked. **"WHAT!?"** Her hair was not only down but disheveled, cascading across her lacking breasts as her face grew bright crimson.

She frantically attempted to recall the last event she remembered. It was the submarine, right? She'd been sleepy and then... she'd woken up here. A trap. It must have been an enemy trap. Which meant this was a room in the undersea base? An absence of windows in the room lent credence to that theory.

The young woman threw her legs over the bedside, head in search of her belongs perhaps located atop one of the several dressers in the room. Tsubasa couldn't see them, but she also couldn't find her Gear either. Without the pendant she wouldn't be able to transform, but her enemy knew enough about Symphogears to take it away to be sure.

There was something in the place of her transformation pendant however. A bright pink gem not hanging from her neck but fastened to her flesh. "**What is this?**" A simple touch of her finger suddenly brought the gem to light, and an unusual warmth began to spread throughout the woman from the point of contact. "**WHAT!?**" It wasn't unlike the sensation of her Symphogear activating, yet it felt as if it had been tainted. No armor took shape, and instead her body was instead subjected to a mixed bag of pleasure and corruption that left her quivering in place, bringing Tsubasa's knees down onto the pink, shag carpet beneath her.

It was faint, but almost like lights flickering on, a pair of hearts appeared in the center of either pupil, a bright pink to contrast the gray of her irises. The moment they appeared Tsubasa's vision suddenly grew pink, as if a pair of tinted lenses had been placed of either eye. Accompanying this pink tint was an uncanny awareness of her own heartbeat. Its rise and fall, every throb, resonated with the Gear user almost spiritually; her body felt almost floaty in response.

Mind you this wasn't the first time her mind had felt like it was being played with. Ever since engaging with Millaarc at the tragedy that was her concert, her mind had felt like it was in jumbles; but this and that were separate. Tsubasa prided herself as a blade meant to strike down injustice -- it was her ideal, the perfect form she saw for herself and yet this mentality was twisted under her rose-colored gaze.

A paragon of justice *was* her ideal... *partner?* A giggle, floaty as she felt, bubbled up uncharacteristically from the back of her throat. It was peculiar in its femininity, Tsubasa priding herself as a serious warrior and expressed herself outwardly as such. She never had time to think about romance, or to express any girlish whimsy, and yet she could not help her thoughts nor mannerisms drifting off course.

Arousal. Her loins twitched as her mind drifted, the pink hearts in her eyes tainting silver irises with a more vibrant shade of rose as the impulses became more intense. The woman might have been more prone to acting out right out of the gate had her mind been left alone at first, but as her mind felt like it was being lifted away on a pillow, she could only stand there in a trance as stoked want brought drool to begin to pool in the corner of her mouth, cheeks growing rosy all the while.

A person that committed good deeds... what wasn't attractive about that? Then again didn't she know a lot of people that fell under this category? Maria, Hibiki, pretty much anyone in S.O.N.G. Her memories flipped through each potential candidate, thoughts of their deeds and their bodies stirring her heart even more.

Tsubasa's dedication to justice had made her the perfect subject for this experiment. The Illuminati sought to dispose of the Gear users by corrupting them and turning them on the world. Chris had already been cast into the role of a Kraken, not that Tsubasa had knowledge of this, but she'd eventually learn. After all, her own position had already been decided. It wasn't as drastic of a physical change as becoming an underwater tentacle monster, but the severity didn't matter as long as they could be thoroughly corrupted.

No, they planned on making Tsubasa a Houri. A corrupt angel of another realm that had an unyielding kink for the good-hearted and an insatiable hunger for their sexual energy. It was because of this appetite that the woman had begun to undress those she was friends with in her mind, and why her body's physical form saw the grip of new aesthetic clench down upon it.

Her nipples had already grown erect thanks to the arousal that only grew more and more intense the deeper down the rabbit hole of memory Tsubasa went, but the fact that they were becoming increasingly fuller was not a natural side effect. Whether it was a blessing or a curse she'd always had a very lacking rack, an A-cup set that was lean and aerodynamic but wouldn't go about turning any heads were she to court someone.

Of course until now she'd never cared about anything like that.

Yet her nipples became more pronounced, their dark color taking on an almost cherry red as their circumference practically doubled atop the tip of each breast, ushering in a bounce atypical of the weight she was familiar with. Nips were hoisted higher and towards the ceiling as the mounds beneath them became fuller, their shape rounder and weight bouncier as even the slightest inhale and exhale of breath saw a slight quiver through her left breast. It wasn't that they were becoming exceptionally large, and in fact that ceased their growth the moment they rounded out around a C-cup, but compared to the pair Tsubasa once possessed they were utterly substantial.

Her hips, too, began to expand as her pussy began to ache with need. Lips of a virgin became a brighter peach as they thickened between the Gear user's legs, liquid dripping slightly down an inner thigh that throbbed with abundance, the tone from years of training melting away into a softness that would now permeate throughout each leg in their place. Muscle was unnecessary for a body that took what it wanted with magic as opposed to raw strength.

And to begin with Tsubasa couldn't even remember why she needed to be so strong in the first place. She felt like she needed to find someone - a husband or wife - that

was rich with good intentions and a lover that could be both gentle or rough depending on her preference. In this relationship she'd like to be protected, there would be no reason to flaunt a strength she didn't have. As long as she could repay her partner with her tight embrace, she would readily play the part of a maiden in distress.

But it felt so *wrong*. This wasn't like her, and the illusion was broken a moment thanks to this realization. Pink eyes blinked, Tsubasa shaking her head to catch not hair of blue, but hair of pink dancing from side to side in a shorter style than she was accustomed to. Free of the spell she took a step towards what looked like a door in the room's corner, mind screaming for a method of escape before things got worse. Yet each step felt shorter than the first, and looking down she could see why.

Legs were stubbier than she was used to. Thicker with feminine fat, weaker without muscle, she could only imagine she'd lost more than a few inches. She could see a pink nail polish spread atop the nails of her toes, and a dark tan begin to originate in the center of her foot, spreading with each step. She leaned forward and extended a hand towards her foot to try and get a better look, only to find her cheeks battered by pink pigtails and that her fingers too had grown knobbier, that same darker tone of skin running up both arms. The weight of her breasts was very pronounced as they hung forward, pulling her closer to the ground than she would have liked.

"This is impossible..." Her remarks sounded less shocked than she'd intended, a chirping sweetness coming across through her voice like the sweet, needy song of a bird... or a *nymph*. Saliva that had pooled in the corner of her mouth dripped down onto her breast from the sudden movement of her lips. The dark tan crept up her legs, and fingers touched her inner thigh to feel the dampness of her own juices, But she didn't stop. Her hand crept upward, trying to process the changes... when she stopped, fingers just short of her pussy. This hole... needed to be filled with 'justice'. A burning 'justice' was all she would accept, all she could accept.

Lips, which had grown plumper just moments before, turned up into a smirk as the heart-shaped brooch above her bosom throbbed once more. 'Forget yourself, you're a Houri now', it beckoned, and with Tsubasa fully in its control what remained of the Symbogear wielder faded into obscurity with a new identity.

As the tan met across a soft stomach, completing the absence of pale skin she'd possessed since birth, it almost felt like she'd been born again. She could vaguely recall her past life, but not really anything about herself. It was more the people. People that tirelessly worked to protect everyone, righteous deeds worthy of her love.

The juices dribbling from her nethers immediately soiled a pair of lacy pink panties that seemed to adorn themselves from the void, a translucent bedside top cupping her boobs and leaving her panties and navel exposed to the room's air. Ribbons held her hair in place, all together giving her tanned form a much more effeminate aesthetic than she was used to.

"Calm down, Tsu-chan!" A sickly sweet voice chimed from Tsubasa's lips. She was referring to herself in third person? She'd taken notice of her own arousal, and wanted to chill herself out. **"After all, we aren't just enough to satisfy ourselves! We need to find someone else that can!"** Her tone was bubbly and peppy, completely abnormal compared to the strong woman she'd once been. **"That's why all the nice people behind the wall brought us here, right? They're going to help fill us up!"** The Houri's gaze turned to a particular wall. She could sense their sexual energy from here. They were watching her... it was honestly a little excited!

"Hey! I can sense Chris-chan's energy too! Can I play with her a little? ❤️"

A transparent heart appeared above her head. She could remember Chris and her deeds. She was a monster now, right? That didn't matter! She just wanted to be full!