

MY DAILY SOLDIER LIFE AS A MONSTER GIRL

CHAPTER 8: NEIGH

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Do you need help?”

Corrin, butt naked and alone in her bathhouse, wasn't exactly sure what she was looking at. It was a girl, that much was obvious, but...? She had a single, gaping eye. One that was staring at her intently. It went without saying that the princess had never seen this child in her life before, but what was this? This strange sense of familiarity she felt as she looked upon her.

“Don't look at me like that! I'm not the Summoner you used to know!” The girl hissed, sending the princess' red eyes wide. Had the child just said she was the summoner? It sounded like a fantastical thing to claim, and yet with their eyes still locked? She somehow felt like it was an honest revelation, though one she couldn't understand as to why it had been offered.

If the one-eyed girl had kept quiet, Corrin knew she wouldn't have made that connection on her own. How had this happened to them? *Why?* Had she blurted that out to the princess because some part of her, deep down, had wanted to change back? It was a thought that spoke to the dragon woman's most fundamental sensibilities.

Which was exactly why the Backbeard had mentioned it in the first place.

Her encounter with the hero, as all of them had been, was planned. She was getting bored, however, and was looking for new ways to spice them up. That was why she had approached Corrin in the bathhouse of all places, and why she'd outed herself as the Summoner. She could remember her past life, just as all of those transformed could for the most part. But just like them, the Backbeard had no interest in returning to who she'd once been. She merely wanted to enact her mistress' plan and reap the rewards of doing so.

“If that’s true, if you need assistance...!” Corrin stood from her bath, baited entirely by the one-eyed girl’s lies, wholly intent on offering a hand to help. And? Offer that hand she did. The girl stood only a foot from her bath after all. The Backbeard extended her own fingers as if to accept that helping hand but stopped just short before peering up at the princess with her own eye again. This time, it was aglow.

“Huh? Where did the girl go?” The next she realized; she was standing alone in her bath. But it was late at night, and the water was cold? How long had she been out exactly? Why had she...? Unlike most of the others, the Backbeard had left Corrin with the memory of their encounter. She was observing from afar, and she simply wanted to see if doing so would create a more interesting situation.

The reality of it, however, was that it didn’t really change the flow of things very much. Perhaps she should have allowed the princess to retain her memory of eating the candy, because she didn’t seem to even notice its magic begin to seep into her body. Was it because of the dragon’s blood flowing through Corrin’s form? That might make some sense in the grand scheme of things. Perhaps the silver-haired woman was just more resilient to the pain, or her ability to sense its effects had been dulled somehow, thanks to that blood.

Referring to her as a ‘silver-haired woman’ may have become archaic verbiage though, looking at her locks now. It was evident that a brightly colored, golden blonde had lit up a number of its strands, and before long much of the woman’s hair was the very same color as she stepped out of the bath and onto the creaking, wooden boards of the bathing room floor.

“Was I dreaming that encounter?” The weight of her confusion seemingly outweighed the concept of paying attention to her own body, another sign that the Backbeard’s experiment hadn’t really changed the flow of events very much.

If anything it had just made the princess more oblivious, for even as her head of golden both lengthened, thickened, and spiraled into roughly 10

drills that fans out behind her, she took no notice of the change. Not even bangs, which were right above her eyes, stole notice while parting to reveal her forehead, the same fluffiness that had claimed her entire mane framing the sides of her face with a single, long strain hanging between the woman's eyes.

Strangely enough, the woman's ears, which already carried less than subtle points, suddenly became all the pointier. They were yanked backwards, cartilage pulled thin until they looked long and almost elvish by design, even though that wasn't the destiny that the candy she'd been fed had laid out for her.

A sudden weight sent Corrin on a forward tumble, fortunately catching herself before sailing into the ground, but taking her by surprise, nonetheless. "**What!?**" Her cry was shrill, and by the time she'd pulled her posture back up straight, she was left concerned by how much pressure was being put on her back muscles. "**Why does my torso feel so heavy...?**"

She had glanced down at her body, not noticing anything of note. But that was just the side effect of the candy at work. Anyone with a set of eyes that wasn't under the effects of potions nor hypnosis could readily see the cause of this muscle strain. And that cause? *It was the size of her naked breasts.*

Typically they held a more moderate size. At best? Corrin's natural cup size was around the lower end of a pair of C-cups. But over the time she'd fallen and picked herself up again? They'd grown into a pair of Ds, pushing DD to be sure. And even then? They had continued to flourish, fleshy orbs pushing the skin of her bosom thin as tits ballooned to impressive, almost nonsensical sizings.

They heaved and heaved, jiggling with a perky weight that retained their shape even without a brassiere to hold them in place. Her nipples, in kind, grew rose and plump, the size of a large coin each in circumference by the time they'd settled into a full size. But by the time they had, so too had the size of her breasts reached their peaks. Forget Ds, or Es, or Fs. You'd have to skip all of the way to the letter K to find a cup size that would fit those massive mammaries now.

It was fortunate for Corrin then that these gigantic tits had become accompanied by a newly found strength, one that rippled through her entire body heartily. This strength wasn't invisible, either. From the princess's abs to her arms, to even her legs, one could perceive her flesh hardening, clenching, and bulging to form the powerful muscles of a bodybuilder, extremely bulky in nature. Already, the wooden boards beneath her began to creak from the excess weight of her flesh.

In particular, her eight-pack of abs stood out. It all allowed her to support her K-cup breasts as if she'd lived with them her whole life. And memories mixed and skew? She was beginning to feel like that had actually been the case. It was reflected in her eyes which, while once red, now shone a rich gold. But there was more to her face that seemed *off*. She'd gained something of a baby face with how round her cheeks were. It was her lips that stole the show however, plump, and needy to match the weight of her breasts.

“I feel like I’m forgetting something important…” To an observer, Corrin’s voice would have sounded much different. The tone was deeper and more serious, a better match for the frame she now wore. But it wasn’t something an observer could dwell on, not once they caught sight of her *legs*. **“I suppose it must be nothing.”**

For what she hadn’t noticed, not that she could see her lower body with such enormous cans in her way, was a pale blonde fuzz spreading across her legs and hips, framing the flesh of her bare tummy otherwise. This was undoubtedly fur, and before long it had wrapped around both legs in their entirety. Her feet, on the other hand, told a different store.

The woman’s toes crunched inward and hardened, just as her feet did overall. Quickly, the color of skin darkened to a rich gray that sported a sheen skin normally wouldn’t possess, but that’s because by the time they’d properly hardened they were no longer covered by skin, not after heels flattened and the bottoms of these feet flattened. Gently curved keratin now constructed the basis of her horse hooves, and any semblance of human design left in them was completely absent.

Corrin’s ankles soon swelled until they were almost ball-shaped, protruding out against blonde-colored fur while the bones in her two legs broadened, making them appear even thicker than they had with all of her new muscle. They looked equine by design rather quickly, and in one extraordinarily lurch backwards, Corrin’s ass *erupted*.

“Whoa!” It didn’t retain the shape of a human ass at all. Instead, covered by the same blonde fur that the rest of her lower body had been coated in, it shot backwards as if it were an extension of her body. The woman’s stomach churned as a deep hunger best her – but not where hunger should have been felt. Rather, it was located in the depths of this growth.

Larger and larger her ‘ass’ grew, so big and hefty that she was on the verge of falling backwards when something caught her. Two somethings, actually, the clacked against the wood behind her. She could lift and let drop these somethings, the same clacking to be heard. They were an

additional two legs, each as thick and strong as the last. **“Why did I rear so suddenly? That isn’t very befitting of a knight.”** Corrin could still recognize, deep down, that she shouldn’t have possessed the back end of a horse though. It was just that this new personality, and these new memories, had more control over her.

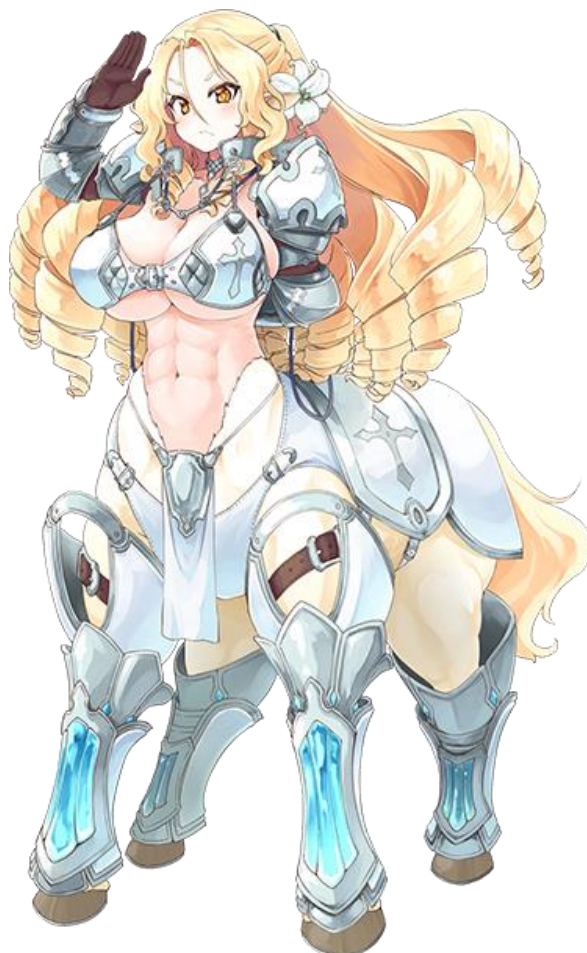
Not only was her puckered asshole bare and equine in design, but the pussy between her front legs had been pushed back as well. It now sat beneath the asshole and was big and floppy, typical of a horse or similar species. And, to protect these holes, a long tail of ropey, blonde hair ended up dangling down in front of both orifices.

As if things couldn’t get any worse, the *Centaur* woman than fell. Her body was big and bulky – definitely sexy to the opinions of many, but relatively standard to a monster girl of her species. With all the muscles and mass, however, her weight had grown too much for the floor, and all four of her legs collapsed into the wood with a girlish squeak from the maiden’s lips and a hefty jiggle from her huge breasts.

The weighty centaur, *Shaia*, struggled to lift the hooves of hers that had fallen through the floorboards. **“For a knight of my renown to end up bamboozled by something as simple as floor design!”** This wasn’t the first time her body had caused an issue like this that she could now recall. The price of being such a muscular centaur subspecies was that she was weightier than most.

Of course, her bare and impressively bountiful bosom contributed to that weight as well.

But sweat dripped down her rock hard abs as most of her energy was focused on pulling her free. And eventually? She succeeded. **“Yes! I am free from your grasp, you wooded demons!”** Hooves clacked against fresh wood, and she kept her legs distributed enough so that her weight



wasn't so focused on key points, preventing her from falling through once more.

Triumphantly, she swept golden curls over her shoulder. **“Now where did she... Ah! There you are!”** The Backbeard had reappeared as she someone had expected. She was the one that had rendered her form altered, she could recall as much. But Shaia? She was thankful for it. Never had she felt so confident nor beautiful. She could even discern the Backbeard's intent and kneeled with her front two legs. **“As you're about to ask, I will lend my weapon to your army. We must preserve our way of life, even in this world.”**