

# SLITHERING DARK

BIWEEKLY STORY #77

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The war had been won, and Fodlan had been liberated from both the grip of Rhea's church and the schemes of Those Who Slither in the Dark.

It was something that should have been celebrated, and yet for the emperor of the Adrestian Empire, Edelgard von Hresvelg, she was left just as distraught as before the war had begun. She could hardly be blamed for this, not considering the circumstances. After all, her beloved Byleth had been bedridden in a coma for several days now.

Doctors didn't understand *why*. After the affliction that had granted Byleth with green hair had subsided with Rhea's death, Byleth had appeared to be in better health than ever. But after the battle with Those Who Slither, things had degraded dramatically. Which was tragic for the pair, who had sworn to live out the rest of their lives together.

Losing Byleth was not a loss that Edelgard could stomach. If anything she had expected to die first considering the tampering her body had enduring. Her fiancée was her rock, her pillar, and without her? The emperor didn't know if she had the stomach to face the future that she had idealized any longer.

But there *was* still hope. While trapped in a coma, apparently the woman's condition hadn't worsened at all since falling into it in the first place. There was a window where she could save her, and that was when Edelgard had found *it*. A tome that had been stored within the base of Those Who Slither in the Dark. There was a procedure inscribed within to undone any physical damage to a subject by drawing all of the power from within the book itself.



It was sketchy, but it was something that Edelgard was willing to try at this point. She hadn't anticipated at all that it might be a trap placed by one of Those Who Slither – a last resort in the case that she was to fall in the pursuit of their great cause. And it was a trap that the emperor was about to readily step into for the sake of her beloved.

For this reason, she had cleared out the Adrestian medical facility that was taking care of Byleth that night. She drew the magic circle on the floor between herself and her resting lover and placed the text within the circle's center. **"I certainly hope this works. I don't know what options I have left to me if not."** As dictated by the instructions, both the magic circle and the book began to glow

with crimson light. The tome's instructions had dictated that the energy would be transferred to the intended target, and while there *was* a transfer of energy?

*It certainly didn't go where it was supposed to.*

Instead of jumping to Byleth, whom she had wished to heal, a spark of red jumped from the floating book and into Edelgard, who recoiled from both the jolt of magic and the sudden sensation of all of her clothes and armor eviscerating, leaving the woman to be complete nude within the room. **"What!?"** The surprise of it aside, Edelgard was a woman who did not enjoy looking at her own body. It was so scarred from all of the experimentation she had suffered at the hands of Those Who Slither in the Dark.

She was forced to face it nonetheless, and in doing so? Her pale purple eyes went wide with shock – portraying equal parts surprise and an almost undeniable giddiness that felt out of place. **"How can this be?"** There was cause for that hint of delight though, and fingers traced the skin of her breast as if to make sure that what she was seeing wasn't a trick of her eyes. It wasn't. Her skin was becoming utterly, undeniably smooth; her scars were receding to leave her without a scratch upon her body.

**"Wait, did the spell fail? I didn't wish to heal *myself!*"** It made sense that she might assume this, considering her flesh was now utterly free of blemish – and unknown to her, color appeared to be returning to

her whitened hair. But the spell wasn't healing her, and the color of the hair in question more or less *proved* as much. Because rather than the brown that Edelgard had been born with, it was a vibrant orange that likewise stimulated her hair to grow and curl until it was very, very wavy. It cascaded and fanned out down her back, and bangs curled to the sides so that her forehead was fully exposed.

Edelgard, on the other hand, did not immediately pay the situation with her hair any notice. She had already been staring down at her chest with interest after all of her scarring subsided, but they were kept glued there once her breasts themselves then began to feel unusually *warm*. “**What is...?**” She felt like her eyes were deceiving her again, for her bare breasts? They appeared to be *fuller*.

Her bust had never been excessive, but it was well sized for her shorter stature. The emperor herself had never really had any issues with it, but there was always that underlying curiosity of ‘what if I looked different?’. To those ends she couldn't help but reach fingers up to paw at her chest as it swelled, quickly filling her palms, and parting those fingers with their mass alone. The weight became so great that she passively leaned forward – at least until the muscles in her back adjust to accommodate their weight.

Breasts big and full, sagging in only the slightest sense due to their mass alone, Edelgard soon began to act rather out of character. She'd cupped her tits initially out of surprise, but the warmth had grown more intense, and a tingling grew that was arousing. She twerked nipples that were practically gold pieces in size, mounted upon a pair of tits that dwarfed her head in size *each*. “**Oh, this feels so good... I feel so *sexy*, so *powerful*...!**” Never in her life had she equated those two things.

Orange hair fell backwards, for she tilted her head back as her arousal grew. But that arousal wasn't the *only* thing growing, her legs, arms, and spine saw to that. Gradually she was growing taller, climbing to 5'6" where she would inevitably cease. It was a process that saw her body's weight redistribute, but any inadvertent overly thinness was subtly overwhelmed by a newfound softness. One born from the woman's chiseled muscles melting, leaving her physically weaker than any axe wielder should have been.

*Yet did she know how to wield an axe? Such a crude weapon! Would magic not be more efficient?*

Even though her flesh became a little puffier on the whole, her stomach was still trim, and her waistline? It pinched in to give her the beginnings of an hourglass figure, what with how big her tits were – and as a result

the breasts she was still kneading with lengthened, now callous-free fingers appeared even larger.

**“Oh... Such pleasure, and I haven’t even reached down below!”**

She moaned with a notably sultrier voice, one hand eventually venturing downwards while tracing the curves of her belly and ass. It didn’t find her pussy though because a warmth in her rear changed its course. *To masturbate would be a waste anyways. I’d rather be serviced.* The fact that the emperor herself had hardly found issue with what was happening meant that it was *working*.

The hand that reached behind her on a lengthened arm rubbed her rump briefly, but ultimately took a hearty handful with lengthened nails digging into pale flesh. She pulled it around and slapped it in rotating intervals, while all the while the mass of her cheeks engorged themselves to deepen the canyon between them.

They bulged with such vigor that her hips had no choice but to widen in tandem, and as such a perfect hourglass figure was completed. Flourish was even injected into the woman’s thighs, which bloated into a perfect and appealing roundness, with skin pulled so tight around them that they reflected the torchlight of the medical room in a very appetizing way. Of course the beads of sweat dripping down every facet of her body certainly helped.

Mentally, Edelgard had become a mess. Her memories remained, but her attitude and desires weren’t lining up with them. She wasn’t one to fondle herself in a public space like this, much less with *that woman* laying unconscious on the bed. Though biting her lower lip thanks to stimulation, she offered the motionless Byleth a scowl before she finally removed her hands from herself.

Thing had begun to click in some capacity. **“Yes, that’s right. I’m not Edelgard von Hresvelg. Not any longer.”** Her purple eyes swirled with green as fingers rose to stroke her own cheek. Just as soon as this occurred, any trace of her old self was eliminated from that face as features aged into their forties – complete with thick, succulent lips and narrowed eyes. If she was in her thirties, then how had her body remained so perky?

*Magic.*

**“My, what a spot of good luck. So it was the emperor herself who made use of my tome, was it?”** There was no reluctance on the part of *Cornelia* to stroke her body while standing, one hand massaging her mighty tits while the other teased her pussy. To have her essence overcome the flesh and soul of another? It had been unpredictably



*arousing*, and all she wanted to do at the time was *fuck*. She wouldn't, though.

She had become an anomaly of an existence, in a sense. Cornelia's personality and appearance had been imprinted upon her, but in terms of memory? There was only knowledge about the tome, and the goals she had set for herself. Otherwise, Edelgard von Hresvelg still served as her base. She was somehow both women at once, yet Cornelia was the dominant presence between the two. **“To think I'd be given such a splendid form! And to what ends? She wished to save the Ashen Demon, did she?”**

Cornelia clearly did not care about her naked state enough to find clothes as she sauntered over to the unconscious Byleth on the bed. Rather, she reveled in her exposure – no doubt one of the original Cornelia's unusual tastes. She allowed her bare ass to rest down on the bed beside the woman's pillow, boney fingers reaching down to caress the blue-haired professor's face.



**“Now what should I do? Troublesome as it is, I still desire to save this woman. But I suppose that doesn't mean I cannot recreate her in my image.”** While this made it sound as if she was planning on turning Byleth into another Cornelia as her tome floated into her hands, that wasn't *exactly* the case. After spouting a new incantation, the magic circle and tome alike both began to glow after siphoning some sort of essence from Cornelia's flesh.

A spark then shot into the unconscious Byleth with more than enough energy to remove both her clothes and the sheets that had covered her in the bed. At the sight of freshly exposed flesh, the conscious woman could not help but lick

her lips. Perhaps, when she awakened, some fun could be had. “**Now let us see how things come along, hm?**” She had high hopes for the woman upon the bed, and to those ends she would ‘cure’ her. Those hopes didn’t need to be for her as a *human*, however.

Cornelia raised an eyebrow as the spell began to work its magic. Observing the tips of Byleth’s blue hair, it was simple enough to see that the color had begun to drain from them until they were a ghostly white. A *familiar* ghostly white, as it was the very same color Edelgard’s hair had possessed before Cornelia’s essence had taken hold. Lo and behold, the white inevitably traveled through the entire length of the mercenary’s mane, straightening out any kinks in the process. This was just as true of her eyebrows, and of the bush above her pussy.

The full length of Byleth’s body had taken up the entire bed at first, and that had been clear enough with her sheets and clothes obliterated so that she was simply laying naked atop a mattress. But that didn’t *remain* to be so, and with her head consistently mounted on her pillow, the lengths of her arms, legs, and torso gradually pulled up towards it until she seemed to be a shorter 5’2” – which, again, was the very same height as her girlfriend, Edelgard.

Everything else that ensued from this point forward was more or less what you might have expected considering the implications thus far. The breadth of Byleth’s overabundant figure diminished some to fall in line with the form being enforced upon her. That meant that the mass of her tits regressed several sizes, albeit in exchange for a much more natural perkiness, and the lift of her pelvis flattened some as the ass beneath deflated and her hips narrowed some.

But that didn’t make her less attractive, it just meant that her figure was a little different. At her shorter height the lessened figure still appeared to be quite large. And her body? It remained tight and toned, perhaps only subtly less so as muscle mass came to resemble the emperor’s in the end. Surprisingly the scarring Edelgard had been wary of did not reappear on Byleth’s skin, but that was intentional. Cornelia did not want her *pet* to appear anything other than flawless.

With a plethora of changes that plagued her face, the process seemed to be near completion if not *already* complete. Cheeks both rounded in bone structure and thinned ever so slightly in terms of weight, while her nose rounded, and her lips diminished about half an inch in protrusion. The shapes of her big eyes shrunk and narrowed, though it was difficult to see with her eyes closed.

But this *wasn’t* the end, else Byleth would awaken in a state similar to herself. She would project Edelgard’s personality with Byleth’s

memories, which would naturally put the two of them at odds. And so Cornelia had included a little something extra into her transformation. Just a little droplet of dark energy meant to feed upon Edelgard's greatest weaknesses, one that would twist her very being until she was no longer human. And this had already begun to manifest.

Beneath closed eyelids, the Byleth's blues had changed to burn bright crimson. Within her mouth? Her canine teeth had sharpened into fangs so dangerous that they could readily carve through human flesh. A purple miasma began to spew from the woman's body, and lights of red crimson lit up across her body's right side.

From this orbs, that appeared to erupt from her flesh itself, soon gave birth to tendrils of black that weaved and hardened. They conformed to the woman's figure but were left intentionally incomplete, tendrils weaving around her like vines. In a combat scenario they would wrap her body entirely, but while black scales decorated the outskirts of her face, they could sense that their master was not in a situation of impending harm.

The eyes of the woman on the bed flickered open for the first time in days, although they were not the eyes that belonged to the woman she had once been. Instead, Cornelia smirked and giggled as she maintained eye contact with the crimson irises of the monster she had created from the fragment of her old self. From head to toe Byleth now appeared identical to who Cornelia had once been, *Edelgard von Hresvelg*.



And yet she was *corrupted*. She was little more than a beast with limited free will, a creature in the form of a human that would listen obediently to Cornelia's every beck and call. The creature's crimson eyes followed Cornelia's every move, the mercenary within lost within instincts and loyalty that hadn't existed prior.

Rather than get off the bed, however, Cornelia slowly crawled upon the beast's body, straddling her hips with glee. **"I think you know what I want, beast."**