

# MY DAILY SOLDIER LIFE AS A MONSTER GIRL

## FINAL CHAPTER: GOO MORNING

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**“Hmhmhm! You’ve done quite well, my pet.”**

Within the throne room of a ruined castle on Askr’s outskirts, all of the monster girls collected by the Backbeard thus far had gathered and were kneeling before the succubus sitting on the throne, the Backbeard in question receiving much-wanted headpats while standing beside her. Her name was Delva. Her full title? Delva the Succubus Witch; a monster that the Summoner had inadvertently brought into this world.

But, of course, the Backbeard was the Summoner. All of the women in this room other than the witch herself were former heroes of Askr, giving new life as what was soon to be her own, personal army. While this sounded diabolical however, Delva had no interest in invading Askr nor mingling with its enemies. She was merely creating a nation all her own – a nation of monsters.

She would leave Askr alone for now and turn those of other kingdoms into monsters to add to her community. Not all of them, only an exceedingly small fraction – simply to build her kingdom up from this point on. But there was a good chance that all of the other kingdoms would turn on her, and that was why she’d formed this army. Just in case.

Still, while her intentions weren’t as drastic as one might assume, stealing away citizens and turning them into obedient monster girls wasn’t something the chivalrous could surely ignore, and so it didn’t

take long for the first invader to arrive. The Hero King, Marth. He'd infiltrated the castle with ease only to be stopped by the centaur Shaia and bound, naked. Even now he was the room's centerpiece, stripped bare and kept within what seemed to be a giant, upside down, glass jar.

**“You’ve all experienced the effects of my special candies firsthand, and we’ll certainly use them to increase our ranks. But this is the perfect opportunity to show you my powers firsthand.”** The succubus, her hair long and white, stepped down from her throne. Her massive tits, bare, bounced with every clap of her foot against the cold, stone ground, until she stopped before the glass container. **“You called yourself the Hero King, did you?”**

Within containment, Marth had stepped back. This demon had an imposing aura, and if her words were to be believed? Everyone in this room had once been one of his dear allies. He didn't offer her a response. **“Oh, is that how it's going to be? Based on your title, I'm sure you're strong and proud. So perhaps a form that is weaker and humbler? Hm... Yes, I have the perfect one *in mind!*”**

At the climax of her declaration, she held clawed fingers to the glass. Instantaneously, a wave of black energy rippled forth, blasting not only the jar but the man inside of it. It completely eviscerated the glass but left the man in tact.

Marth immediately recognized this for what it was. *A chance to escape.* The moment he was no longer contained, he leaped towards the nearest door, leaving behind the succubus and her amassed army. But he could hear the witch's voice instructing those within. **“Let him run! He won't get extremely far. Not before...”** But he was out of earshot before he could hear the rest.

It didn't take long for him to realize that his mobility was declining, however. His nakedness certainly wasn't a hindrance – his survival came before his shame – but his legs just felt extremely heavy, like he was having difficulty lifting them. **“I know she did something to me, but...”** He just had to escape before it fully took affect. He had to let Askar know what was happening!

**“Good Naga, since when did my body feel so hefty?”** His run had devolved into almost a slow walk though, the burden of moving his body, much less supporting the weight of his clothing and armor, one he was evidently no longer cut out to carry. It was almost as if all of his muscles had suddenly called in sick despite how perfectly trained it was, and truthfully? That wasn't all that distant from the reality of the situation.

Since his outfit concealed so much of his body, it wasn't an easy distinction to make within an interior view. The truth of it all was that his muscles had been in the process of weakening, thus making his strength and resilience, well, *less so*. His clothes felt heavy because his body had become entirely soft, without a single strengthened muscle to carry him along.

This was merely a precursor, however, and practically drawn to a stop, a change that even the Hero King could notice settle in. After all, a feeling of inertia played up while his point of view began to *plummet*. “**How on-!?**” Robes appeared to swell all around him, but Marth knew that this wasn't actually the case. In fact, as gloves fell from his fingertips to the ground below, and excessively hefty pauldrons dropped at his sides without the proper body to cling to anymore, he was certain the opposite was true.

That he was *shrinking*.

But not even in a conventional way. It wasn't consistent – his proportions weren't at all being retained. Instead, the reality was best seen in his face, as those features were shifting as well. Cheeks growing rounder, eyes growing wider, but still retaining enough of his identity to make it clear that he was Marth, it was clear enough that he was actually getting younger, regressing into the form of a young boy of around eleven or twelve. Even as a man he'd been beautiful though, so at that age he looked rather androgynous.

*DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...*

Marth had stumbled off a little to the side after kicking off his boots and pants (*for they no longer fit in any sense of the word*), and now he was only a few feet from a constant drip of water that fell from the castle ceiling above. He was covered only by the upper layer of his tunic, which hung far past his knees considering his current height was about 4'4”.

Incidentally, turning him into a child hadn't been wholly necessary. The form that Delva had in mind for him was one that could take on any age, but starting him off in their child form? It would simply make finding him easier once his transformation was complete. “**I've become a little kid!?**” Tiny hands barely hanging out of sleeves which would have been deemed short only a few moments before, Marth was not ignorant to the fact that not only did he sound the part in pitch, but in verbiage as well.

Try as he might, he couldn't remember anything he'd learned in his teens with his body now around the age of ten or eleven. Complicated

educational concepts and his skills with the blade, and even his general, mature demeanor? They had all been lost, leaving him mentally the same age as he appeared.

Yet, the androgyny in the boy's appearance? It was quickly sorted out. His frame was already soft and thin, but a series of occurrence pushed it into the downright feminine. Of course, his facial features quickly looked more girlish, with puffier lips and bigger eyes with longer lashes, but just as noticeable upon his head was his blue hair. Locks grew at an astounding speed, falling far down his back to roughly where his but was, while bangs framed his face and dangled in between his eyes. "**Pfft, so much hair!**" It was a lot for the kid to deal with, and so he tried to both blow it away and swipe it to the sides with tiny fingers.

But evidently, his hair was the least of his worries. "**Ah!?**" Voice jumped several octaves higher, and the child squirmed as his tiny manhood ceased to exist, leaving Marth biologically *female*. "**W-Wait!? I'm a girl!?**" Honestly, it wasn't the surprising. Her memories were a little messy, but she could remember the fates of all of the others that had been captured. That Succubus Witch was doing the same thing to her!

To those ends, a maiden's weight supplemented various parts of her body to give her an even greater feminine appeal. Thighs ultimately ended up grazing against each other not only because fat had made them a little thicker, but because her butt had become rounder as well, pushing hips out just a little so her legs buckled inwards naturally. Otherwise, her waistline also dipped in, and her chest? While it had been completely flat, budding breasts took shape beneath her clothes. They merely bulged a little though, not enough to really catch anyone's attention.

*DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...*

The sound of the water dripping nearby grew louder, but because the child had stumbled nearer. "**I need to stop this before it—Ah! I mean, I need—Ah!? Marth needs to—c-cold!?**" She eventually found herself standing right beneath the drip, and each plop startled her – but not enough to move. The water was chilly and surprising, but she couldn't really explain it. It felt nice? "**Marth was gonna...?**"

As the droplets of water continued to fall upon her head, she found her thoughts continuing to jumble up. Without even realizing she'd begun to refer to herself in the third person, and the way she processed her surroundings was becoming much more instinctual, not relying so much on coherent thought. For some reason, those instincts were telling her that she just *really* needed the water.

As the dripping droplets rolled over her head however, something strange was beginning to happen to her hair. It had begun to clump together, its color different as blue shifted to a standard green. Was there some kind of chemical in the drip that could change hair color? No, Marth's transformation was simply entering the next and final stage.

The peak of her head was completely green now, and all of the hair that had clumped together almost looked *slimy*. Even if you were to take a microscope out, you wouldn't be able to see a single strand of hair, like it had all fused into a single existence. This hair, of course, became heavier – and so it drooped and the green slim slid downward. More and more of her hair ended up transformed as a result, with the hair in the pack parted into two thick, slimy 'tails' while bangs suffered a similar fate.

The tips of her hair, while droopy, became bulbous as well. The green was lighted at the ends, almost yellow in color. From the two behind her, to the two framing her face, to the two atop her head (*one dangling to the right, with one poking up like an ahoge*), Marth's hair appeared to be little more than a series of slimy tendrils that were now dripping their own fluids, along with the dripping water, down across the rest of her clothes and body.

**“Marth needs water!”** That was what her instincts were telling her. The drip wasn't enough, so she scooted her bare feet over just a bit to dip them into the big puddle that had formed from the dripping *before* she got underneath it. Almost immediately those feet began to sink downwards. Toes and heels all lost their form, as a pastel blue spread through them. Their translucency revealed no bones or muscles beneath them, and before long? Her feet were little more than a pair of slime puddles that had completely absorbed the puddle's water.

Things began to move faster now. Her skin was being dyed the same translucent, pastel blue all over in various splotches. Her body felt wobblier and wobblier, and something deep down told her that she had to really concentrate to maintain her form. Everything that was dyed was robbed of its apparent humanity, whether it was a beauty mark, a nipple, or even her genitals – it all smoothed out, presenting her with a flawless slime body that could be reshaped into any form.

With the bulk of Marth's body now blue, what remained of her clothes and body began to sink inwards, her body absorbing them all. **“Oh! Marth was hungry, that's good!”** Giving in to her monster girl instincts entirely, she no longer worried about the fact that she was changing. She just wanted to be wet, and to be fed. And despite the fact that she didn't have a stomach that one could see (*although her form still retained a bellybutton and tiny breasts*), she felt satiated as the

cloth and steel that sunk into her was rapidly absorbed. She could eat anything! It would simply be absorbed and turned into nutrients!

Only the girl's face retained its fleshy coloring now, but the blue finally seeped into her chin and cheeks. Her teeth dissolved, now completely unnecessary, but keeping a mouth maintained was part of the trick of maintaining this human-like shape. Nostrils and ears both closed, her new form not one that needed to smell or hear through conventionally accepted means, but in the case of the former her nose still maintained its shape.

One dramatic change remained, and the girl's blue eyes swirled with a green not unlike that in her hair as eyeballs too took on a consistency more like gelatin than anything. They bulged briefly before settling, and the blue of her forehead, translucent as everything else, revealed that there was no brain to speak of inside her head.

Not that it mattered for a *Slime*.



This slime, *Suu*, continued to wander with the confusion plain in her gelatinous eyes as soon as the dripping from above came to an unfortunately untimely end. She couldn't remember why she was here, or why she'd been running – *could slimes run?* Scared and seeking reassurance, instead of fleeing from the first voice she heard, the child-like existence began to move towards it.

Upon turning the first corner, she ran face first into the ample thighs of a big woman. A woman with white hair and very curvy frame, not to mention the horns, wings, and tail! A succubus? How did she know all of this? But *Suu* knew that the woman wasn't dangerous. Something instinctually told her that this was the case, and that the woman might in fact be a *nurturing* existence.

**“Oh, there you are my dear!”** As if to drive that point home, *Delva* spoke with a very maternal tone and began to pat the slime on her squishy head. *Suu* blushed; or made the equivalent face for a slime, at any rate. **“You ran off before you could meet the other monster girls. Don't you want to make friends?”**

Somewhere, deep down, Suu wasn't sure about this. She was acting like a child, but on some level, she knew her own actions were just that: an act. Suu was much more intelligent than she pretended to be. But she also couldn't remember anything, so she had to take Delva's words at face value. "**Suu isn't sure? Can Suu really make friends!?**" Still, she was excited by the prospect of being surrounded by fun and friendly faces as a child might.

Delva simply laughed. "**Of course, as many as you'd like! In fact, I think you'll enjoy the company of a certain wyvern. She used to be your biggest fan!**" But of course, the underlying context of this claim would go over Suu's head. She couldn't remember being Marth, much less recognize that the wyvern had once been Lucina.

Since Suu was here though, it meant Askr would likely send more parties to investigate the castle. That was a problem. "**Let's go meet them quickly and then start packing. I think it's time we move, my dear slime!**"

And hopefully they could be left alone for now.