

MILK CHOCOLATE YANDERE

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It had been a harrowing year for Pecorine.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Eriko from Twilight Caravan had suddenly taken a romantic interest in her, and while Pecorine herself hadn't really clued in on the romantic undertones present, she *had* noticed just how much the girl had been following her around. Making weird comments. Offering her weird things. Making unsettling comments. Of course, the members of Gourmet Edifice had noticed this too, but none of them had answers as to *why* this had happened.

But it was because both Pecorine and Eriko weren't *actually* the original versions of themselves, but were the product of two outsiders being taken from another world and transformed into the two in this one. As an unfortunate side effect, Eriko's yandere personality had been directed at the transformed Pecorine as opposed to Yuuki, who it typically *should* have been pointed at.

Regardless of the cause and whether or not it was properly perceived, it all came to a head around the following Valentine's Day. Frustrated that her attempts of wooing Pecorine had yet to produce any results, the yandere saw this as *the* perfect holiday to finally swing for a home run. She was willing to bring out all of the stops in order to produce what she envisioned would be the *ideal* gift to do that, even if it meant dabbling in a little *dark arts*. Well, she *always* dabbled in those.



“Huh? Is this chocolate free to eat?” On Valentine’s morning, the feline-featured Kyaru had emerged from her bedroom way later in the morning than the rest of her guildmates had. Everyone else was an early riser and had undoubtedly gone out on their business before the agreed Valentine’s Day lunch that they’d be having in the mid-afternoon – of which Kyaru herself was responsible for decorating the atelier for.

Upon heading into the kitchen to grab a *very* late breakfast before she got to work, she was immediately sidetracked by a piece of delicious looking milk chocolate sitting on the counter. Now, in Gourmet Edifice there was a rule: if you wanted to

share something you made? Leave it on the counter! And if you don’t want something you had made eaten by others? *Don’t* leave it on the counter.

So in the cat girl’s mind? That piece of chocolate was fair game! It probably wasn’t the best idea for a breakfast food, but she didn’t care! If Pecorine had made it, then she bet it would taste delicious! No sooner than she had launched the piece of sweets into her mouth and bitten down, though? She was proven wrong. **“Eugh!?! Is this dark chocolate!?! But it doesn’t look like it at all!”** Had it just been *coated* with milk chocolate? Had she been pranked?

No, was it more than just a prank? Chocolate was still chocolate, so Kyaru had swallowed it. But no sooner than it hit the pit of her stomach did she suddenly begin to feel *strange*. Like an unfamiliar energy was awash throughout her body. It felt *weird*, and she very much could tell that it wasn’t good. **“Eep!?”** Two questions stuck out prominently in her mind as a direct result of this. The first? Who had made this, and with what intention? Was it just a bad batch of chocolates that had some strange effects as a result? It was very much like the members of their guild to get wrapped up in something strange.

The second question was much more pressing, however. *What were the side effects?* Kyaru could tell that something was radiating throughout her body, but she couldn’t imagine *what* it might do. She’d had the unfortunate privilege of being transformed into things in the past,

including pudding. And in a way, this felt similar to how it felt to be under the influence of those transformation magics. “**Crud...**” That was more or less the extent of her feelings on this likelihood.

In fact, not only was this the type of enchantment that she had been subjected to, but it was already taking effect. Kyaru wasn’t exactly privy to noticing the first change though, because it wasn’t exactly in front of her. Nonetheless, at her rear all of the fur was being shed from her tail, leaving these tufts to scatter about the kitchen floor. What their loss revealed beneath was not regular skin, however.

Not by a long shot, really. What was exposed instead was skin of a purple color that almost resembled something between the vines of a plant and the long, slithering tail of a reptile. It extended longer and longer, gaining almost two extra feet in total – and simultaneously, a number of sharp and thorny spikes ejected themselves from the length of it all at a seemingly random spread.

Rather than notice or address this, the beast girl was teetering from side to side uncomfortably as she addressed a different concern. “**What’s going on!? Why is it so hard to hear!?**” Being a member of the beast race, she naturally had hearing that was superior to most others. But that ability to hear so efficiently was becoming muffled, and the girl herself was panicked by this fact. Eventually she rose her hands to check her ears, but by that juncture she was practically deaf.

Physically, there was a very obvious reason for that, but because it was something that had transpired atop her head, Kyaru had to rely on a physical means of identifying it. As her sense of sound had deafened, it had been because her feline ears had folded inwards so that the tufts were trapped inside the cones that ensued. From that point, the interiors of these ears had filled with a hard substance what was ultimately reflected externally as fur gave way for a white chitin – which in turn grew longer and curled backwards, before the length on the right broke suddenly. Regardless of the difference in length though, there was still only one thing these could be.

“**HORNS!?**” Kyaru shouted, but couldn’t even hear her own words while fingers gripped and tugged upon these new growths. She could feel them pulling on her skull as she frantically attempted to dislodge them. Fortunately? Her sense of hearing *did* return gradually, but only because new orifices were forged upon the sides of her head. Cartilage formed around these holes until they were a pair of regular ears, albeit ones with subtle points to denounce they weren’t quite human. “**Testing!? TESTI— Oh, I can hear again!**” She’d almost blown out her own eardrums there.

But why did she have horns!? One was longer than the other, and the shapes? At least based on how they felt, they were certainly reminiscent of a young woman who had spending a lot of time around the guild in recent months... That said, the horns and the emergence of new ears weren't the only things to have changed upon her head.

Kyaru's hair had been gradually shortening, and as it pulled into a smooth bob that reached the base of her neck in the front, a chocolate brown swept through locks that were once curly and a mix of black and white. That two-toned appeal it had possessed prior was completely erased, leaving only the murkier color to persist atop her head, within her brows, and above her loins.

Her eyes, too, changed. But while there was a change in color towards a bright purple, what stood out about them was how they light hit them. They almost seemed vacant, or at least hyperfixated on something that wasn't there. **"Ehehe... I want to hold Pecorine! I want her to hold me...! Hehehe... HUH!?"** What had she just uttered so obsessively just then? It had been downright creepy, and unsettlingly familiar. It was enough to, finally, get the 'cat' to spin around and look at her tail, because if her assumption was right, then...

"Oh no." She was turning into *Eriko*. That vine-like tail whipping about behind her was that girl's key feature, and it would also explain why thoughts of Pecorine had begun to occupy more and more of her mental space. Without a mirror, she couldn't even see that her face was beginning to gradually resemble the other girl's more and more, including her slightly more mature facial features.

Although, speaking of looking a little more mature... It seemed that ship had finally set sale, and was wreaking havoc on her body type and frame. She'd already grown several inches, bringing her dress to sit higher on her hips and lifting her skirt, but those hips had also stretched a little wider. This allowed fresh weight to coat her thighs, seeing them thicken – as did her rear end, becoming the perky bum of a girl that was a little older than Kyaru was meant to be, at the cost of much tighter panties.

On the other hand, her paltry chest was quick to engorge with just as much vigor, maybe even more. It ballooned, filling her dress' interior with such abundance that she had problems breathing for a spell. **"Ah... Ah... Pecorine would love these!"** The fuller this bust became, the more her voice changed to match Eriko's. As did her mannerisms. But the fact that her tits were so much bigger in a dress that couldn't accommodate them posed a critical problem of the 'could barely breathe' variety.

Fortunately, with a burst of the strange energy within, every scrap of clothing she had been adorned with was obliterated, leaving the teen standing completely naked in the kitchen area. Kyaru was left stunned by it all, but she did eventually find the words she wanted to say... *kind of*.

“WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO MEEEEEE!?! Of course, I would loove for Pecorine to see me like this, heheh...” There was no shortage of screaming to cry out of Kyaru’s mouth in the end, but the voice that she cried with was undoubtedly *not* her own. It was a voice that matched her body, one that undeniably belonged to Eriko from Twilight Caravan. Wasn’t it bad enough that she was constantly over hitting on the girl that Kyaru was interested in? Now she’d *become* her!?! At the very least her memories were intact, but she couldn’t stop peppering her speech with obsessive romantic comments that she didn’t intend to say!

And yet, when she bolted out of the kitchen naked with the intention of arriving in her own room to try and find some clothes that would fit this body before anyone got home, she found herself in a different place. **“Huh? Why did I go into Pecorine’s room? Because I love her so much, of course!”** It hadn’t so much as crossed her mind to wander in there, and yet that was where the Eriko-fied Kyaru had ended up, standing in the center of the room’s open space. And she couldn’t get her body to leave!?! She could still *move*, but no matter how hard she desired to do so, she just wouldn’t turn around. Obviously the yandere-like things she kept blurting out *must* have kept her pinned.



“That’s weird... Why can’t I...? Urp!?! That feeling is back again! Oh, Pecorine~!” The feeling that had transformed her into Eriko in the first place. Yet in this case? It was no longer interested in altering her body. Her body’s composition? Well, that was a different topic altogether.

All she could tell was that it was growing harder to move, almost like her body was stiffening. Well, that, and wasn’t her body kind of, sort of moving on it’s own? She was pretty sure she wasn’t coordinating it to do

this. This being placing her hands together in front of her bare bosom and leaning forward with one foot in the air cutely. “**Umm... What is... Ngh!?**”

She'd had plenty of cause to ask what was happening this time, even if there wasn't any reason to answer, but before she could get the full question out, the sensation of something erupting from the back of her throat both forced her to choke *and* sealed her lips shut. Her tongue was overwhelmed with the taste of milk chocolate, at least before the sensation of what was and wasn't her tongue within her mouth faded, the interior hardening into solid sweets.

This was something that was occurring throughout her entire body. The blood her heart was pumping thickened into the selfsame sweetness, firming up and even see her heart itself still into nothing as it became just as edible as everything else. Bone, blood, flesh; it all bled together until her internal state was nothing but edible chocolate, body frozen in its current position as a direct result.

Despite her heart no longer beating and her brain succumbing to this trend as well, though, Kyaru's consciousness did not fade. As eyes turned brown and glazed over just as the skin and hair surrounding them did, she could still see through them. She could still perceive and feel, but internally she was screaming. ...Sort of. The part of her that mirrored Eriko's yandere personality embraced this, like ulterior motives had been placed inside of her along with the initial transformation into her in the first place.

Regardless of how she felt though, there was no way to prevent what was happening by this point in time. The chocolate color and texture had bled perfectly from her body's core and into her skin, filling any inappropriate orifices while preserving the shapes of their entry points. Her loins, the space between the cheeks of her ass, and even her cleavage filled and formed. Of course, chocolate nipples on the ends of those breasts came to resemble rosebuds more than anything.

Until she was fully chocolate, and the room turned eerily still and silent.

“**Uh...? Did Eriko-chan...?**” Some time later, Pecorine returned to her room to find what had become of Kyaru. A milk chocolate Eriko statue, life sized, which on its own was plenty strange. But the fact that it was completely naked? With everything just hanging out? Even the oblivious Pecorine couldn't help but think this was a little too far. This was all much to Kyaru's mixed horror and anticipation, because she was very much still conscious.

Horror because she was a *CHOCOLATE STATUE* and didn't want to be *EATEN*, and joy because the part of her that replicated Eriko's personality *wanted* to be eaten. So, *so* badly. Either way, she had no means of moving, much less communicating these things to Pecorine, who seemed to be examining her chocolate form carefully. **“Regardless of how it *looks*, chocolate is still chocolate, right?”**

Erikyaru could feel Pecorine's features wrap around her fully formed horn and break it off, but there was no pain involved. Only an overwhelming anticipation as chocolate eyes watched her crush bring that chocolate horn to her mouth and shove it promptly between her lips. Chewing a moment and swallowing. In that moment? Kyaru's personality lost out.

YES! EAT ME, PECORINE! EAT ME WHOLE!