

FERDILICIOUS

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“For the last time, Ferdie. Could you leave me alone outside of class? I said I’m not interested in you.” For Dorothea it felt like this cycle was growing to be too constant. Ferdinand with all of his boisterous gusto would approach her and make small talk the commoner wasn’t interested in, largely because of how he’d be bred to look down upon the common folk such as herself. But the young man was anything if not stubborn much to her agitation, and she was growing tired of whacking him away verbally.

“I apologize Dorothea, but if you could just hear me out today I promise that I, Ferdinand von Aegir, will put your concerns at ease!” There was nothing new about this line either. He was constantly reassuring her that he didn’t wish to waste her time, and yet every attempt he made was clearly an actual waste of that. Dorothea had often thought that if he’d been a woman his persistence might have been adorable, but considering he was little more than a self-entitled nobleman there was nothing cute about it at all.

That was why she’d hatched a countermeasure for this occasion. If he yearned for the attention of the fairer sex so badly then she would simply make it so that he could command all of the attention he wished. It just wouldn’t be from her. **“Say, Ferdie? Hold that though. Could you take this for a moment?”** Reaching into the bag beside her, Dorothea pulled out a riding crop. She’d been helping with training the horses, but that wasn’t why she was carrying it. The woman had enchanted it with a spell that would come into effect the second a man held it, and said man took it from her grasp without paying things any mind at all. A big mistake.

“Of course! But isn’t this crop emitting a rather strange aura? It doesn’t feel quite correct. Or perhaps I do not... Where did you find this?” It was beginning to

work so quickly? That was reassuring. Actually, Dorothea could already see strands of pink beginning to copulate with the usual ginger in his hair, indicating the curse had already transferred. It was a simple technique, one to make the victim into a woman for a short period of time. Well, *'short'* was object. He'd first need to have one hundred sexual conquests with man to earn his manhood back, though he'd be granted to know how and desire to accomplish this.

It would just be more along the lines of whether or not he'd *want* to turn back after his 100th fuck.

The young man's head immediately began to swirl, crop dropped from his hand and landing on the grass beneath him. He'd chosen to approach Dorothea in Garreg Mach's courtyard so late at night and so there wasn't much of an audience, though this area was kept well lit in case any of the students took to outdoor studying at this time of year. Needless to say it was just the two of them.

Dorothea on the other hand chose not to answer Ferdinand's questions at all and merely closed the gap between them as she twirled one of his bangs around her index finger, satisfied smirk across her face. **"A lovely pink. If you ask me, it's a similar shade to Hilda's."**

"...What? What did you do to me, Dorothea!?" He took note of the pink strand within her grasp, its color only barely distinguishable in the barely lit space. But just as quickly as he'd caught sight with bright orange eyes, the vibrancy of his irises began to fade until they were no more colorful than a chestnut you might find upon a tree. Even as he awaited an answer from the mage, lashes fanned outward and bushy brows narrowed so that they were little more than lines above each eye, but his face was far from reaching effeminate perfection. **"Why are you ignorING ME!?"** Ferdie's voice cracked, settling into a new pitch as the lips he enunciated with found themselves inflated. They were not substantially thick, but the bore an enticing sheen that complimented his now-narrower cheek bones. **"Ah!? My voice!? I sound as if I'm--"**

"A woman?" Dorothea awaited the most opportune moment to interject and finally voice her plans, the tall woman leaning down and placing a thumb against one of the changing lad's lips to hush him a moment. Even the culprit herself could not deny: those were some extremely kissable lips. She allowed silence to linger for a moment as her gaze fixated on his hair. It was usually bright orange and vaguely curly, but once the bubblegum pink had swept through its mass any curls had likewise been straightened out. It fell down not only his back, but a great length of it had gone tumbling down the sides of his face. **"That's more or less the gist of it."**

Ferdinand himself couldn't help but notice that Dorothea's face seemed farther and farther out of his reach, and that she was making an extra effort to lean forward to stare into his eyes. This realization was accompanied by another: his Garreg Mach uniform was growing looser. Was his size diminishing? This was insane!

"You see, I've gotten tired of your unwanted advances Ferdie, so I was talking to Lysithea of the Golden Deer and she introduced me to a curse. Don't worry, it isn't permanent! But let's just say you'll be spending a little time as a woman!"

That would have been the time for an evil cackle were she to see her motivations as evil, but she saw this as a necessary process to teach a misbehaving boy the error of his ways. Well, it went a little farther than that, but she was going to give him a moment to process what he'd just been told.

It was absurd. Of course it was absurd! Admittedly even as a studied noble he'd never once heard of a curse such as this! **"Surely there's a way to cancel this!? Can we not settle our differences amicably!?"** Dorothea could only chuckle. He'd gotten smaller still, and his panicked voice sounded like one of those girls he'd so inappropriately made advances on. Of course he'd never been quite as bad as Sylvain, but maybe he'd be next on the list.

"I wasn't finished." This admission provoked a stifled gasp from Ferdinand, whose Garreg Mach uniform hung from his shoulders like an ill-fitted sack. Before his attacker could even continue, pants fell to the ground below, exposing legs that had become free of hair with a gait that pointed knees inward. He hadn't merely been shrinking everywhere -- the breadth of his hips had widened which had forced his posture to change, the meat of his thighs blessed with supple fat that was somehow soft but firm at the same time. He had not noticed, but his chiseled behind born of riding a horse, while retaining its vigor, had become inflated and fuller, muscle veiled by rounded cheeks that were just waiting to be grasped. **"You're going to have to fuck. One hundred times."**

This was enough to make the man's girlish cheeks flush a pink that Dorothea found delightful. **"Are you insane!? One hundred times!? Even if I could find a woman to fuck me that many times, isn't that far too many!? It could take months, years!"** Dorothea merely smirked and tapped his pretty cheek.

"With a woman? Oh, no! It's going to be with men! It won't count if its with another woman! And it might not take that long! After all, don't you love dick? Won't you do anything to feel your womb scraped by a hard penis!?" She knew that this was all that was needed to trigger the mental onslaught. There was no intention to rob Ferdie of his memory nor sense of self, but she intended on imposing this reality while playing up his spoiled, noble mindset. **"You're a noblewoman who always gets what she wants, right? You're selfish. You think the world revolves around you."**

The man's undergarments fell to his feet, creating a pile with his uniform pants as Dorothea's declarations seemed to make him freeze up a moment. There was no way he'd think like that! He was Ferdinand von Aegir! A man of impeccable taste and virtue that would not be led astray! **"Wh-What!? That isn't true! I've never been attracted to men! Men with their sweaty... smelly... cocks..."** Try as he might though, his sentence trailed off the moment he began to describe the organ that he claimed he did not want penetrating his body. He could practically feel a

huge dick being rolled around in his hand, stroked and eventually deposited in his mouth. **"I would never want one of those inside me! Thick and hard... Veiny... thrusting in and out..."** And then it happened. An ecstatic moan escaped her thick lips, her dick having fled town along with any rejection of the idea that she wanted to be fucked like a man, a tuft of pastel pink hair forming over top of a slit that was healthy but very clearly had seen a great deal of use. The emptiness Ferdie felt within her pelvis bore space for a new womb, though the curse itself would not allow it to function.

Dorothea wasn't so cruel as to turn Ferdinand into a woman and then allow him to get pregnant. It would have practically been bound to have happen if he mated one hundred times.

The pink-haired woman's cheeks were pink once more, but this time it was born from arousal. **"A big, juicy cock... I want to wrap my lips around one... and then my legs..."** She made an O-shape with her lips for a moment mockingly, but began to fumble with the top of her uniform. Jacket cast to the ground, she pulled her undershirt over her head so that the pink mass of long hair spilled out in ever direction and gave her a disheveled appearance. A needy appearance. She now stood completely nude, and so Dorothea could admire the small but perky breasts the newly-made maiden sported. They were a little below average she supposed, but Ferdie now undoubtedly held the knowledge to make them work regardless.

She was a proper beauty. Skin like porcelain, hair soft and well-maintained, a radiant face with supple lips. Muscle in all the right places, and yet her body was as soft as a young maiden. It was a shame her expression did not match the elegance she exuded. It was contorted by her arousal, cheeks stained red and mouth agape with want. Dorothea wondered if maybe she'd gone a little too far. **"Earth to Ferdie?"**

At the very least it seemed to earn the woman's attention. **"Oh, right. You were there... The commoner woman with the huge honkers... Refer to me as Medb."** Ferdie was unabashed about her nudity, spreading arms wide to peacock before the taller woman as if she was attempting to establish herself as the superior beauty. Dorothea couldn't help but roll her eyes. She supposed it would make sense that a nobleman would become a horny noblewoman of such arrogance. And what was with that name? **"Never you mind what I'm doing."** Even though she was quite apparently stroking herself. **"Could you remind me of which room Sylvain occupied? I have some..."** Ferdie licked her lips.

"Business to attend to."