

LETHAL LONGING

MAY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"...? **This doesn't appear to be the search point?**" The voice of Tsubaki Yayoi carried throughout a seemingly endless void of white, crumbled structures seen off in the background. There was a surreal pressure to this locale, a foreign presence pressing down on her that not even Izayoi seemed capable of repressing. As a member of the NOL (and a staunch Ragna the Bloodedge critic) she'd gone to investigate the last point Ragna the Bloodedge had been seen at. There had been rumors that he was plotting something, and far be it for Tsubaki to let a lead like that go unanswered.

The best she could recall was a glowing space and the sensation of having her soul ripped from her body, and then she'd stirred to consciousness in the void she now occupied. Tsubaki was a straight shooter, a woman of duty that took her job very seriously. It was something that made her easy to manipulate via the higher ups, and the reason she'd developed such an intense grudge towards the lawless Ragna the Bloodedge.

The tear she'd come in from didn't seem to be present on this side. Was it an attack from an enemy of some sort? Had Ragna the Bloodedge come here as well? He had, of course, but it would be a stretch to use that name with him anymore. Or to even refer to him with masculine pronouns.

"**I suppose my next step would to be finding someone I can collect information from.**" There weren't a lot of places she could seemingly do that. Ruins of buildings in the distance looked to be her best bet, but considering this place didn't seem to have a sky she wasn't sure if the realm was even inhabited. But of course she had no choice but to search for herself. If she lingered too long without action surely she'd die of thirst or hunger. She was only a human after all.

She walked and walked from that point on, her destination seeming no closer despite the distance she felt like she'd traveled. Was this realm endless? Could it be a trick of the mind? Perhaps like a desert, the buildings she saw off in the distance were nothing more than an illusion?

In a moment of peculiarity, blue eyes flickered amber before returning to their natural shade in response to a strange presence. An enemy? She reached for the short sword she usually carried at her side, but as Tsubaki pulled it free she couldn't help but notice the unsheathing was taking much longer than usual -- and the weight of the blade far heavier. By the time it had been completely drawn a gigantic blade (*greater in length than her height*) fell to the ground. **"What the!?"** This was naturally shocking, seeing as it didn't resemble her usual weapon at all and pushed the envelope for what Tsubaki perceived could be wielded. She'd seen some pretty crazy weaponry in her time, but nothing of this shape and size. How exactly had it replaced her short sword without her realizing?

Concerned, she shot a glance to her shield next. Generally in the shape of a book with an eye attached, she was shocked to find it, too, floating beside her in a most peculiar form. An orb... *with teeth*... half black, half white, tiny wings, and a strange marking upon its head. **"AH!?"** Where did her shield go?

"AH YOURSELF!? WHERE'D RAM GO? SHE WAS NEVER A GOODIE TWO SHOES LIKE YOU!" Watching the creature's mouth open and close was surreal, but not as surreal as hearing words come out of its body, one that was twice the size of a basketball.

"You can talk!?"

"Of course I can talk! I've got a mouth, don't I? Name's Lucifero, and if we've got a link then I guess that means we're gonna be partners now." This conversation was more than a little head scratch worthy. Just what did he(?) mean by that? A link? And it didn't explain where her Izayoi had gone either. **"You look a little confused. Guessin' you won't be in a few minutes. It usually happens like this. Symbiosis isn't immediate."**

Tsubaki knew that term. Symbiosis was a mutual relationship between two living things. Generally they would benefit and thrive off of one another. It was a strange word to use for a potential relationship with someone you'd just met, let alone a weird floating tooth orb. She took this moment to calm her nerves and throw up her emotional shield once more. She'd been taken off guard by the absurdity of it all, but she wouldn't show weakness any longer. **"What do you mean by that? I didn't agree to any relationship with you. I don't even understand what you are."**

But Lucifero had been right about one thing. Symbiosis was gradual. It wasn't an immediate change, but a sweeping reformation that took no prisoners. At least it was that way there in the Backyard. Like how the tips of Tsubaki's gorgeous red hair

had begun to dye themselves white, or the strange moistness the inside of her cape began to carry. **“Well that’s the thing, doll. It ain’t about agreeing or not. At least not out here. If *she’s* decided to make you her puppet then that’s that. I don’t think bein’ a Valentine is all that bad though? You get to be hella strong.”**

Tsubaki had more questions of course, but something the demonic ball said had resonated with her. A singular word that, for some reason, felt uncannily familiar. It imbued her with a sense of strength, and a desire to succumb to whatever came next. ‘*Valentine*’. Just what did that mean? Perhaps she should have fixated on the mention of a woman behind it all, but she just couldn’t shake that name from her head.

Sweeping changes had begun, though short of strands of white snaking through her hair they didn’t seem to be happening to her body just yet. Instead it was her outfit. Much of it eviscerated into nothingness. Boots, pants, cream colored cloth pulled itself free of her body and floated a few centimeters into the air before fading into nothingness. Common sense would have suggested that, once stripped of her boots, Tsubaki’s eye level might have changed, but unbeknownst to her she hadn’t fallen. She was merely floating there, several inches off the ground with bare feet dangling idly and bare short of a pair of uniquely designed foot wraps that rested just beneath her toes.

Legs were left bare in their entirety, bringing unwanted attention to the paleness of her skin and the desirability of a pair of thighs that usually had their true form obscured by pants that were so baggy it could only be seen as intentional. But not left remained of those pants. All that was left was a pair of shorts. Their beige colour hadn’t changed, yet they hung loosely off her thighs without a button nor zipper in sight. Underwear? While Tsubaki had been a fan of the elaborately lacy kind, the sensation of having her pussy rub up bare against her shorts became a sudden one.

“Wait a second? What’s happening? What am I wearing!? I’m... floating...?” Even as she looked down and cried out, she could do nothing to prevent a breeze sweeping across her bare stomach as jacket received the same treatment as her pants. As if taken by the wind itself it scattered to dust, leaving an under layer that was merely a beige strap against her larger-than expected breasts, skin pooling out around the strap as it struggled to contain her size. Gloves had eviscerated with the rest of it, leaving perfectly manicured fingers naked. By this point the white from the tips of her hair was quickly approaching Tsubaki’s scalp, white locks giving a likely unwanted resemblance to the Ragna the Bloodedge she was attempting to capture. It seemed the length had shortened as well.

“Told ya. Symbiosis. You’re changing into a form that works better for us mutually. So... Ram, likely.”

“Ramlethal? What...?” As outlandish as Lucifero’s claims were, she was starting to feel like they were correct and she could acknowledge them as her reality. The orb

hadn't used the full designation of *'Ramlethal'* after all, that was something that had come to mind all on its own.

The surprise of it all had her fall backwards, bare back colliding with her cape before her body stopped just short of the ground. It was at this point she felt just how unnatural her cape was. She'd thought it had felt a little humid, but now she understood why. The cape itself was slimy. Saliva? Was it *alive*? Fundamentally she *knew* it was, and that was the worst part. Where were these memories coming from!? She righted herself as she did her best to cope.

"Yeah, Ramlethal. She was a Valentine that was designed to help bring ruin to the world, but she kinda got all jumbled. Well, there's another me that did the same too. I guess Mother decided to just make a new one with the old one gone, and you just happened to wander in here at the wrong time. That's definitely her weird ass outfit you're wearin', toothy cape and all." Lucifero's long-winded explanation was received up until the point the white finally seeped into Tsubaki's roots and, in turn, her mind. The amber that had flickered into her eyes earlier returned, though this time more prominently featured and not liable to dance away as the mental and physical reformations began to set in.

"Ngh... No... I must help serve... justice..." That was Tsubaki's role in the NOL. She was one that dealt justice, and justice was what she clung so strongly to even if said justice would bring about ruin. Izayoi had been a tool to those ends, but once the eyeball on her hat had become one with her new pale, bunny-eared like top all traces of its power had been revoked.

What good is justice really? Justice is a human concept. It does not apply.

"It doesn't apply..." Life in her eyes had faded, and voice followed next. She repeated a phrase that had echoed in the corner of her mind, abating any attempts at mental resistance on the merit of her intense desire to see her duty through. But this contradiction created anxiety, anxiety that led her to begin grinding her teeth together. It was painful for but a moment, but eventually the shape of each tooth changed so that they were harder and, much like a shark, increasingly sharper. **"Justice isn't... important."**

Bare fingers twitched as they felt the presence of another power bellowing out from inside of her. All of her abilities before had stemmed from the Izayoi, this was the first time she'd ever felt things well up within. The fact that she was floating became second nature, a phenomenon she could control by whim. As the power grew stronger, the nature of her body altered as well in response. Such strength needed a container to match, and Tsubaki's human form wouldn't do. She needed to possess the body of a Valentine.

It was blotchy at first. A spot here and there across her body, but in places her skin begun to darken. Much more than a normal tan, rich mocha became the norm as it wiped her form free of white despite the original Valentine having a complexion not

unlike Tsubaki's own. But Ramlethal was different. She'd been heavily modified, and in response her body had taken this darker coloring.

As the tan spread across her thighs and butt, the shorts she'd unwillingly adorned earlier began to feel a little less loose. The length of each leg had grown a little longer to start, but muscle rippled through her and found softness in a fatty encasing that gave her a bubbling rump and a pair of luscious legs. Not that sex appeal was of any concern to her now. She'd felt an abundance of shame at how she'd been dressed, but with the rewiring of her mind she couldn't even care less. This dress was more breathable, and how the people she was going to kill looked at her wasn't important.

She'd kill the unjust? No, she'd kill who she was asked to. Was that really justice?

Who cares.

The tan covering her breasts now, their abundance began to subside in slight. Tsubaki had a fairly gratuitous rack that was barely contained by the strap around her chest, but it was becoming a little more accommodating as their size diminished and they tucked neatly within directly above her brand new set of abs. Muscles in her arms likewise strengthened as brown became more prominent, and the shape of her face narrowed as the mocha became the predominant shade of skin across her body. Little white remained, and even then it was all gone by the time her fingers had taken on a dirty, rougher cutting job than they had before, feet filthy and bare from apparent bathing negligence.

Her identity now wasn't a point of confusion. Ramlethal Valentine. She'd been created to defeat the woman wearing her face and take her place. A covert operation meant to sew seeds of doubt in the hearts of human. That didn't sound too bad to her.

"So, how ya feeling now?" Lucifero gawked at the woman before him. **"Yup! Just like Ram you've got her legs-- OW."** The foot attached to one of those legs quickly stomped what passed for his face into the dirt below, toothy smile ever present on the new Ramlethal's face.

"That's not important. Where is mother."

"Ah, so you're--"

"Shut up."

"You just asked me a questio--"

"I said *shut up*." *STOMP, STOMP, STOMP.* But at least Lucifero could enjoy the view.