

# FALCHION FINDS

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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***“RISETTE! RISETTE! RISETTE!”***

The chanting of Rise Fujikawa’s, *Risette*’s fans could be heard even as the idol left the stage after saying her farewells. It was another concert gone all according to plan without a hitch. The energy was great, her encore done, but it was finally time to head home after meeting with her producers.

She returned to her changing room first, skin aglow with the sweat she’d worked up while performing. But when she checked her dressing room table there was a small package and a note upon it that hadn’t been there before. If it was unsafe it wouldn’t be there at all: everything that came backstage got screened. It must have been one of the gifts from the fans that arrived late - *poor things*.

There was a little time before her meeting however so Rise figured: *Why not!?* It wasn’t a super big package or anything, so opening it just took a quick rip. It was so small because the only thing inside was a 3DS game. “**Fire Emblem: Awakening?**” She read the title aloud, before looking at the note that had come with it.

*Risette! There’s a character in this game that sounds just like you! Isn’t that surprising!?* Please give it a try, I’d be honored!

That was kind of interesting. Rise didn’t do much voice over work and it was a game she’d never heard of before. Unfortunately she didn’t have her 3DS with her to play -- it was at home. Fortunately, the game in her

free had seemed to have ideas of its own and it suddenly emit a blue light. That was the last time she'd ever see that changing room.

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**“Where...?”** The idol was left stunned, her gaze focused on an open farmer's field while the cool wind tickled exposed arms, thighs, and tummy that were provided an extra chill thanks to how sweaty she was. She'd been holding that note and game, and when she looked up from the letter this was what she saw. And when Rise looked back down? Both the note and game weren't even in her hands anymore.

Was this the result of her performer's high? Well, no, it was an adrenaline high not an acid trip. Had she been slipped some drugs though? That also seemed unlikely since she'd only been drinking water across her entire set.

Her brown eyes blinked. She couldn't believe what she was looking at, really. It reminded her of the fields outside of Inaba, except looking around there weren't any roads, lights, or telephone poles. It didn't really look like rural Japan either. The plant life, the mountains. It was just... *different*.

**“How did I get here?”** There was no point in thinking this was fake. It felt 100% real, and it didn't give her the same vibes as inside the TV world either. Plus if that's where she was there was no doubt in her mind Teddie would have popped up in some capacity. Yet the strangest thing was that while she'd never seen this scenery before it spoke to a part of her that saw it as nostalgic. How could something she'd never seen before even entice nostalgia?

She went to take a step towards what looked like a rustic village in the distance when a dull pain promptly plagued her head and forced a disgruntled sound from the teen. One eye was forced closed while the other remained open, and when the closed one re-opened it was colored as blue as the endless sky above - something that spread into her second eye.

Rise's entire body, for some reason, had begun to feel stiff. She always trained to keep herself limber on stage but this felt... *different*. An idol had to be fit, but not so fit that they were robbed of their girlish charm. Goosebumps had already begun to spread across her skin from the cooling sweat, but around the girl's stomach something more began to protrude against these bumps. Her tummy was tightening, areas of her gut sinking in while areas that were supported by the slightest bit of muscle tensed up and bulged. It gave her a deepening navel, her six-pack framing her as someone that committed to a rigorous routine of crunches.

Because she could feel her stomach squirming her fingers had naturally reached down to touch it. It wasn't unusual to have strange spasms particularly with the diet she was forced into, yet as painted nails traced crevices created by an astoundingly enhanced muscle mass she couldn't help but gasp, said muscles quivering beneath her touch. **"I haven't even been going to the gym as much as I'm supposed to lately..."** Good thing her producer wasn't around to hear *that*.

As she stroked her gut though, Rise was forced to notice something else. It felt like her sense of touch on her fingertips was growing a little less detailed. It didn't disappear entirely, not by a long shot, but it felt as if something was obscuring it. The sensation was enough to finally withdraw her hand to best examine it, and she couldn't help but squeak out an unpleasant noise in response. **"Ew!"**

The tips of her fingers were all *hard!* They were definitely callouses, signs of wear that hardened skin and made it gross. Wielding tools or weapons often was the best way to provoke them, but there were treatments back home to ease their effects. Rise's hands though? They looked like they'd never been treated in their lives. Skin was firm and thick, the beautiful painted nails she'd meticulously maintained worn and dirty.

Twitching sensation that had plagued her stomach as it had become muscular was now felt prominently across her limbs, muscles spasming as they became taught and strong. In her arms she could readily see it in her upper arms where the sleeves of her idol costume did not cover, cloth restricting around them as they bulged to the point of ill-fitting. And her legs? Her toned thighs had new prominence. No longer were they strong just from her rigorous dancing routine - there was evidence she was used to running around on variable terrain. While her feet were hidden they, too, acquired thick and questionably intense callouses which drew reference to her hands, with toe nails dirtied and frayed.

When all was said and done though? Her figure hadn't changed enough to really warrant any wardrobe malfunction. Still light in the chest area and with a pronounced but still only slightly above average hip size, her idol attire remained perfectly fit for the most part. Perhaps her leggings were a little tighter around her fitter legs, but at the end of the day Rise was looking like a more muscular, blue-eyed rendition of herself. Although bumps and lines of white began to raise from her flesh in various places, looking like scars from various wounds across her arms, legs, and stomach.

**"When did I...?"** Of course Rise noticed one on her stomach, she could practically feel the remnants of the large cut dice themselves across her

navel in a diagonal slice. Her calloused fingertips felt the raised skin, and the moment she did she was struck with a memory of the pain that had caused it.

On the battlefield... the blade of a bandit's ax had just narrowly cut her. She'd been rushed to the infirmary tent and was asked to remain on standby for a few months in the nearby town since the enemy wasn't active. The teen winced. *When...* had that happened? Risetete knew she didn't have any formal training with any kind of weapon, but she could vividly recall swinging a sword with a technique she was all too familiar with.

She also wasn't... an idol... No? She wasn't a soldier! That was totally what she'd meant!

Although the last remaining physical changes would see that reality a little closer. Her natural beauty waned a little in her face, features remaining pretty but still seeming slightly more plain than her dolled-up look as makeup was washed away and her facial features began to look more European than Asian. Those blue eyes of hers were bigger and more expressive, and like a wave crashing against the shore a dark blue swept through hair that was already being teased by the breeze, ribbons holding it all in place seemingly dissipating as it all hung back behind her unkempt.

Rise fumbled a little and let out a squeal as a natural response to the feeling of her skirt yanking on the underside of her crotch could be felt, but she thankfully caught herself on the hilt of her trusty Falchion which was tip first in the soil beside her once she almost fell. *My trusty what?* The thought crossed the maiden's mind for a moment as it fell deeper into a new identity, but she was just happy to have something to steady herself with.

Leaning forward to see just what had happened with her skirt in the first place found that it wasn't much of a skirt anymore. It had wrapped around the front and the back to meet and bind around undergarments that no longer felt as thin as they once had, the bright pinks and white of the skirt itself darkened to a dark blue with vertical grooves that stretched all the way... down to her boots? She'd caught the tail end of her leggings and the shorts her skirt had become fusing into a single skintight garment.

Had her boots always been so elaborate? Before she could blink they'd stretched up past her knees, the sound of leather straining abundant while a royal blue permeated through the material they were composed of.

The cloth of *Risina's* upper wear fared no better. Already had the high-hanging hem that once left her entire stomach bare slid down to hang past her pants, a navy complimentary to her lower attire darkening the coloration while golden trim became abundant. The puffy sleeves of her idol costume, once constricting against her swollen muscles, quickly sat more comfortably and and blade into fingerless blue gloves with woolen cuffs that matched those on the tops of her boots sitting dramatically around tiny wrists.

Before Ricina could tell the weight had grown, the ascot that had been a pair of the schoolgirl appeal of her idol costume had blown behind her into a fully blown cape that wrapped around her neck. Blue with a red underside, it ruffled wildly in the wind to serve as a contrast to the armor piece that had appeared on her left shoulder.

**“I was... Today is?”** The woman gripped the blade of the unique sword beside her before dislodging it from the soil and holding it out before her. Her calloused fingers no longer looked bizarre or gross as she might have seen them earlier, instead seen as a necessary state from all of the battles she'd fought alongside her father and the Shepherds. Her mind felt fuzzy, an infectious tune caught in her head that was one of Risetete's hit songs. This song was essentially Rise's last plight to retain herself, but someone calling her name smacked this plight away, the melody eventually lost forever.

**“LUCINA! I'VE COME TO PICK YOU UP!”**

A man with short blue hair, bearing the exact same blade as hers, was on the nearby hill waving. The name he spoke was not 'Rise', and yet the girl immediately reacted to it as if it was the name she'd been referred to with since she was born. Though that was unsurprising. As far as she now knew, *it was*. That man was Chrom, her father. One of the many people she'd come to the past to save. Somehow that sounded wrong, but she couldn't place a finger on why.

It was fine. She'd forget by the time she called **“FATHER!”** anyways.