

SHOUNEN HEROINES

CH2: THE CODE



"GETSUGA TENSHOU!" A beam of black light, contradictory as that description was, cut through the door of a run down building with ease, forging a path for a ginger haired young man to enter in lieu of a lock that had attempted to bar his way. Blade of black hoisted over his shoulder, Ichigo Kurosaki swayed some of the dust that had risen from his forced entry to clear his immediate field of vision. This looked to be a church of some kind? Maybe not the place for a substitute Shinigami like him to wander into, but desperate times called for desperate measures -- and he sure was desperate.

Having awoken in a land he didn't recognize, without a single way to get a hold of anyone from whence he came nor a route to reach it, he really had to put his investigative chops to the test. That said, he'd come to in a narrow alleyway with crumbling walls all around him, the only way forward being this door. Was it intentional? The fact that this might be a trap certainly crossed his mind. **"Anyone home?"** The scent of stale air more or less answered his question for him though. **"Guess that'd be too easy huh?"**

Looking around he wanted to guess this was the bottom floor? The room was wide open with pews and the like, but there was no door at the back of the room like one might expect. Was the attached upper floor actually on street level on the other side of the building? Because the path behind him was completely enclosed.

Now that he was looking around though... was this actually a church? It had all of the makings of one, but what was being revered at the front of the podium was not something Ichigo had ever seen to correlate with a religion before. Blade still across his shoulder, floorboards creaked beneath his weight as he wandered over to give it another look. It was just a symbol etched onto a stone tablet, almost looking like a V with a pair of wings outstretched from its center.

Maybe it was a cult? That wasn't really that far-fetched, right? Not that anyone had been there in a very long time considering how stagnant the air was and how much dust was on everything from the benches to the floor. "Well, guess I can't really dawdle around here.", he murmured to himself as his mind pulled him towards the stairs that would take him up.

Although his body didn't seem to properly *respond*. He just couldn't seem to pull his eyes away from the symbol for some reason, and the longer he stared the more it seemed like the symbol was getting... redder? Until it reached a point that it was literally glowing at Ichigo, and he was suddenly plagued by a sudden headache as the very same marking began to glow on his forehead, parting his bangs as an unusual power suddenly shone through.

"What the hell!?" Ichigo was finally awarded the ability to move once the pain surfaced, and as dizziness accompanied it he brought one hand to stabilize his head and another to keep his balance so that he wouldn't fall over from the endeavor. **"Was that thing just glowing? What kind of place is this?"** He would have liked to think his mind was playing tricks on him and just carry on with his trip out the door, but his entire vision had been obscured by a red, grainy texture that seemed to coincide with the brain pain.

Ichigo suddenly collapsed to his knees, pupils dilated as an abundance of foreign information suddenly bled into his mind in the form of memories. Grassy hills. A church. A desire to be loved. The realization of that desire. The pain and suffering that followed in the wake of that realization. None of these memories were his, but they were crammed into his head like an extra pair of pajamas being crammed into an already full bag. As these recollections forced their way in, the coloration of his eyes grew more vivid, a gold not typical of the human eye glowing in its place.

As quickly as these memories came, however, the opportunity to dwell upon their realization was short-lived before a more physical pain captured his attention. **"Th-The hell!? GAH!"** It felt like a knife was being cut into the left side of his chest blade-side down, carving out his flesh. In a panic he had no choice but to yank down his Shinigami robes, shrugging them from his shoulders and allowing them to fall down his arms to largely reveal his upper body so that he might get a better look.

There was definitely a marking being drawn below his chest, but despite the pain's intensity and the fact that the young man's vision was still burned red he couldn't see nor even feel any blood. Instead it was like watching a scar being drawn across his body, and while his view of it was upside down it was beginning to look a lot like... **"That mark."** Craning his neck behind him, Ichigo looked at the marking on the stone slab again. The one on his chest was a shoe-in for not only that one but the glowing emblem he hadn't noticed in the center of his forehead.

His attention returned to the scarring just as the shape had finished completion. The pain seemed to subtly wane once complete, but nothing was done about the perceived swelling the boy noticed just above it. From his point of view it was only

natural that this kind of pain would come with some kind of swelling, but after a moment of thought he began to wonder. The swelling was rather rounded in design, and didn't seem to be directly related to the scars. In fact, was it happening to the right side of his chest as well?

"Oh shit! Tits!" He might not have come to this conclusion so quickly if not for the memories that were mixing with his own, but as the muscles that defined his torso melted and fed into the swollen bodies he couldn't help but remember the proper owner of those memories was a *woman*. Not only were these mounds beginning to crown more definitively, but with his torso fully exposed Ichigo could easily see how his mass was dwindling. His stomach curved inward from the sides, although the muscles in his tummy did retain some notable definition even as the area higher north became squishier and squishier.

Nipples stood at full attention, strawberry pink and engorged in comparison to their former selves as they sat upon a pair of fairly sized but perky tits in the meanwhile, like the topping on a cake. It took all of Ichigo's willpower not to grope himself in that moment, considering how they were tender and ached with longing thanks to their realization. **"What the hell...!"**, he practically gasped as he did run a hand against his stomach, noting how flat and smooth it was, **"Am I really getting turned into a chick!?"**

Not just any chick. Her name had come to his mind, but it was like a locked memory he could not readily access. There was something else, though. A title, a designation, *a code*. C.C. No one that thought of themselves as a human would refer to themselves that way. **"But I'm not a human..."** Dwelling on C.C.'s memories too deeply, he accidentally referred to her with personal pronouns. That one slip up was enough to make it a constant, and proved that her identity had begun to intermingle with his own.

Slender fingers did their best to pull his Shinigami uniform back up to his shoulders, but because his torso was about half the width it had been before as his shoulders had become less broad, and arms had become soft and thin, cloth wouldn't rest upon his body without naturally falling down. This building... could there be a change of clothes here? Deeming the chance of someone walking in on him as next to impossible, he instead rose clumsily to his feet and stepped out of his uniform altogether.

As the dim light that filtered through the stained glass windows of the room toughed his bare thighs they grew more pronounced. Malleability was applied to the strong muscles he'd built up through experience, melting portions of them into rounded swell that gave a natural sheen to the healthy skin that covered them.

Almost like a groundhog afraid of its shadow his dick then did retreat, quickly burying itself between those thighs and disappearing all together before widening hips created a substantial, noticeable gap between *her* legs complete with a tuft of bright green fur. Ichigo couldn't help but gasp at the sensation of her sexual biology

being rewritten, and tingling in her behind only provoked her fingers to arrive just in time to feel it balloon outward, curvature picture-perfect to match its firm and inviting mounds. **"I can't believe this is happening...! But if this is the way things are to be..."** A strange and unnerving acceptance crept in after another outburst of shock, her voice beginning to take on a feminine hum that was rather unique even by a Japanese woman's standards. That wasn't to say her new form was Japanese though -- as those golden eyes rounded and lips saw themselves practically doubled in size to accompany soft but angular cheek bones, it wasn't outside the realm of possibility that she was actually European.

"Is Lelouch here...?" She spoke again, this time uttering a name Ichigo did not recall from her own memory but from C.C.'s own. While at first the witch's memories had been soft and barely accessible, now the opposite was becoming true and she was beginning to have difficulties recalling 'Ichigo's' memories. In fact, they almost felt *foreign*.

As bare feet walked across the dusty flooring, the size of her footprint grew smaller and smaller with every step as the stairs grew nearer. Green hairs began to tumble over her shoulders and down her back, the inverted orange likewise corrupted in its entirety as stairs creaked one by one under her wait. For but a moment she wondered if she was heavier than normal, but as any excess muscle was shaved from her person to leave her body as she recalled, the eternal sixteen year old passed on the concern as an idle misunderstanding.

After all, why would she be held in this place naked if not for her body? It seemed any recollection of stripping herself, of any action she'd taken as Ichigo, had been reset in her mind. Her memories only began with a realization that she'd seemingly been taken hostage and kept in what looked to be a church revering Geass itself.

It was uncomfortable, but she would just have to navigate this tomb until she could find something to wear... and then inevitably escape to join up with some allies. The red to her gaze eventually faded, signaling the damage had completely been done.

"I have a contract to see through after all."