

LOVE HACKS

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It wasn't unusual for Albedo to sort through the treasures obtained by the Great Tomb of Nazarick. As the Overseer of the Guardians she had a plethora of duties to keep her hands occupied, and sorting through valuable items was the kind of job any woman could get behind. This way she could sort out the best gifts to give her beloved Ainz-sama without fail!

Or so she'd *planned*, but the vampire and her love rival Shalltear had followed her on this excursion. Had she gotten wise to Albedo's plan? Or was she just trying to be a general nuisance? Either way, she'd banished the vampire to the other side of the underground warehouse the Tomb maintained to at least keep the girl out of her direct hair.

The most recently obtained treasures seemed to be standard fare. Gold pieces, elaborate jewelry, potions. While much of this was fine and dandy to increase Nazarick's assets, it was a shame they didn't often pillage weapons or artifacts that would make suitable weapons or traps for their forces. There were rare items out there just begging to be stolen by one of their contributors, but at the same time it didn't seem many of their contributors had the talent of the drive to seek them up.

When she was weighing a potential plan to inspire their forces to take bolder steps, a bright light suddenly shone from the vault's opposing side. Had Shalltear gotten her nose into something she shouldn't have? Considering the girl's nature that could only be assumed, but on the cusp of attempting to berate her through yelling Albedo was given reason to pause.

Her surroundings were beginning to fade. It was as if the light was turning the vault into tiny little squares that eventually floated away, leaving the space completely white. It did not remain that way long at least, new tiny squares coming in and changing the venue entirely. The overseer recognized it as a classroom -- humans often used these to teach their young.

But she'd never quite seen one like *this*. It didn't look as rustic as anything she'd ever seen before, like it belonged to a completely different world altogether. The room was significantly smaller than the vault, which begged the question: where was Shalltear in all of this? Was this room part of a larger structure? How did they return to their home base?

They *wouldn't*, but they didn't know this yet.

Albedo couldn't help but curse Shalltear's idiocy aloud, though despite yelling so loudly in a place lit up to indicate other people should have been present, no one came running to her position. "**Strange...**" If this had been the work of a teleportation magic then she was in trouble: she did not have a means of returning, and she could tell that something about this place was disrupting her use of magic. Even her wings felt weak. Far too...

THUMP!

A pair of somethings suddenly hit the tiled ground beneath her, the succubus' golden eyes immediately drawn behind her as a weight was seemingly lifted from her lower body at the same time. "**Ah... AHHHH!?**" The sound she made in that moment was far more dramatic than the cursing she'd fired off before. Because what was laying on the ground behind her were her own succubus wings, their ashen forms turning quite literally to ash before her very eyes.

Were that not a deafening pill to swallow, a pair of follow-up thuds accompanied two more droppings to the ground: the beautiful, alabaster horns she polished tirelessly every day so that Albedo could impress her Ainz-sama. They too had begun to disintegrate, the remnants of the growths almost looking like salt and pepper as they began to pile up where horns and wings had been.

What did this mean? Those were key traits tied to her nature as a succubus! If that wasn't convincing enough, her canine teeth stung for a moment, and bringing her teeth against their tips found them dulled down. A sudden pain struck the woman's head and forced her to wince, but when eyes fluttered open again the world wasn't quite as clear as it

should have been. Nor were her irises demonic gold as they'd once been, but a quite plain purple. Albedo's vision was not so bad that she needed glasses, it was more like it had become painfully average. Which was a nice way to say *human*.

She never wanted to be such an accursed thing. Weak and powerless, they were easily devoured by monsters much less killed by one another. They were little more than pests that occasionally plagued the Tomb of Nazarick, and a human could never be with her dear *Natsuki-chan*.

Wait. Her dearest *who*?

That name was wrong. Absolutely wrong. It sounded like the name of a human, which her dearest Natsuki-chan wasn't! Wait, no, that wasn't even her name! *Her...* was she a girl? She wasn't... *right*? Albedo bit her lower lip fiercely, frustration boiling up. Yelling would do no good, in fact despite her easy-to-anger persona something in the back of her head was arguing against it. Like she was becoming meeker...

Albedo was feeling weak. The strength she carried as a succubus was being siphoned from her body at an alarming rate, so much that she needed to rest a hand on the nearby desk to keep her balance. "**I want to see... her...**" She'd meant to mention Ainz again, but her mind automatically defaulted to thoughts of a human girl. It was disgusting, but it was... *comforting*.

For how weak she felt she was beginning to certainly *look* the part as well. The woman's long locks of hair had always been a gorgeous, enchanting raven, but now there was something else to the coloring. Waves of glossy purple swept through from her scalp as if guided by wind, substantial loss found once it reached her tips and it was shortened to just above her rear instead of hanging past her thighs.

It better matched her new, purple eyes, which were increasingly taking on Asian curvature. Her more mature facial features were very rapidly becoming more youthful, so much that it would be easy to mistaken for for a teen with her round cheeks and eyes that sparkled in a way that betrayed her old temperament.

The woman's costume felt rather oversized due to the change that continued. Approximately five centimeters were shaved off her height, making her ensemble baggier at the straps that hung below her shoulders and allowed the dress to hang closer to her feet. "**Not my b-body!**" She yearned to complain, but instead all that came out was a stuttering whimper. Albedo wasn't even concerned by the dusted appendages that had crumbled on the ground beneath her now, she was

far too anxious about everything else. This uncertainty and panic was so intense, she felt like she would crumble under it's weight.

Her bosom, sadly, began to diminish and leave the cleavage of her cups rather lackluster. They certainly weren't tits meant for a succubus, yet they were still large enough to just barely prop the cloth up and keep her nipples hidden. Size wasn't questionable for a human girl -- using that as a bar, they were still quite substantial. A dull pain in her back suggested that their weight might have been a little too much for her mortal body, their D-cups still big for her frame.

Thighs better reflected her new age shortly after, the woman now better looking the part of an eighteen year old Japanese girl than the young adult succubus that had served as Overseer of... what was it again? *The literature club*? That was Monika's role, not hers. So why did she think she had *any* authority? The dress of her costume hung even lower thanks to some loss in the rear department. Her butt didn't really take significant shrinkage, but for the little it did lose it grew perkier thanks to her rejuvenated, youthful flesh.

“What was I...?” Albedo(?) felt exhausted. It seemed her body had done changing, but she couldn't figure out why it had been changing in the first place. Why were her clothes so big...? **“Did I design the costume to be a size too large?”** This was her Albedo costume, right? The convention was tomorrow, so they'd been trying them on. **“But where's...?”** All it took was a single glance at the door for the sensation of her costume pulling tightly against her body to be felt, its size better adjusted to her figure, though the quality was significantly lessened.

Natsuki-chan said she'd be right back, right? And in that time... **“Oh no...”** Right. She'd knocked the paper mache wings and horns off the desk, and they'd shattered on the ground below. She really *was* useless. The pain in the girl's back spurred up again, but she knelt down before the remains nonetheless.

“Yuri? What happened?” A girl's cute voice from behind brought Albedo Yuri to look over her shoulder, and when she did so she found a petite Japanese girl with pink hair, dressed in the complimentary Shalltear Bloodfallen costume to her Albedo one. Her anxieties calmed immediately. This was Natsuki, her girlfriend.

But that realization set off something in the back of her head. Albedo's awareness had receded so far, but she'd put two and two together. Shalltear had become Natsuki.

She was a teenage human girl that was dating a teenage human Shalltear!?

It didn't matter. Yuri shook the weird thought right out of her head, and the two were left locked in their newly born identities. "**I broke them...**" She allowed her girlfriend in to see, but Natsuki just took Yuri's hand and kissed her on the cheek.

"It's okay! We'll fix them together tonight!" Yeah, they would, wouldn't they? The two complimented each other rather well, they had what the other lacked. They were an unstoppable team, and a pair in love. Surely they would wed someday.

Locking in place the unknown misery of Albedo and Shalltear.