

# FONDNESS FAIL

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Can this thing really grant wishes? And if so, what should I wish for?”**

Carrying a small trinket in her right hand, Noelle Silva was musing to herself aloud as she headed back to her room after what she considered to be a rather fruitful shopping endeavor. She had efficiently picked up all of the weekly supplies the Black Bulls would need, but on the way home she'd had what she considered to be a very faithful encounter.

It hadn't been with someone she knew, but instead with an elderly woman selling charms on the streetside. The woman herself seemed innocent enough, but as far as Noelle could tell she appeared to have some sort of strange power. Not only did she know about Noelle's family, but she was able to tell that the girl had her deceased mother and a certain boy in her thoughts.

*Really, though? The woman had just used some generic 'psychic' mumbo jumbo to dupe her.*

The woman sold her a tiny, crystal charm that looked like a monkey's hand. A literal monkey's paw, but the meaning of that escaped the young magic wielder's knowledge. The woman had also told her that it could grant two wishes, and has insisted '*perhaps you should wish for something related to your current woes?*'. Which were, of course, her desire to meet her mother, as well as her desire to get closer to Asta.

**“Well how does it work, then? I wish I could be closer to Asta? I wish I could see my mom again?”** She'd simply been wondering

aloud, and yet... the crystal charm's hand promptly closed just as she went into her bedroom.

Not that she had time to worry about it at that moment. She needed to get ready for training!

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Around the same time, the boy whom which Noelle desired to grow closer to had been off taking a nap in his own quarters. He'd spent the full day training and doing so had entirely wiped him out – so much so that he'd fully expected to sleep right through until the morning. And yet something awoke him with a start, forcing him to throw off his blankets and jump out of bed. ***“What’s going on!?”***

It was *strange*. Something left him feeling panicked, and yet he couldn't place a finger on just *what* it was that left him feeling that way. He just knew that something was wrong, and it wasn't the fact that he was shirtless. What? Some guys just liked to sleep without clothes on!

Resting on the nightstand table beside his bed though, a certain object did shed some light on the fact that things were amiss. After all, his very unique Grimoire had been overwritten with a bright light that had left a pristine, silver book in its place. One might consider to be much more befitting of a *young noble*. Something Asta most certainly was *not*.

**“Was it really nothing? Something still feels kinda off somehow.”** He was still more or less in a half-asleep state still, scratching at his tummy as he tried to process what foul phenomenon had stirred her from his nap. But his disorientated state was doing some favors to that very force, not that he was really aware of it. Asta didn't even notice that the tummy he was scratching felt a little softer to the touch with every scratch and rub, and not for no good reason.

It wasn't something isolated to his stomach either, for an overwhelming softness had begun to settle in across the teenaged boy's entire body beyond his notice, and it was something taking place on two separate levels. The first was mostly superficial, afflicting his skin with a tender touch that that stole away not only its rougher texture but also the

endless blemishes that decorated it. His skin on the whole might have become just a little lighter in color at the same time.

But the second? It provided probably cause for that softness, stripping the boy of one of his most important tools as a Magic Knight: *his muscles*. That wasn't to say that they were erased completely, but most of the progress he had made to the ends of his greatest goal faded into obscurity, leaving arms and legs thin, and his tummy ever so squishy. It was something that could just be felt in general, so much so that Asta felt momentarily winded.

**“YAAAAAWN! Maybe I'm more tired than I thought. I should go back to bed, then? At least if it's nothin'.”** The thought seemed reasonable, but something pulled him away from the idea. *If I go back to sleep, I'll miss Noelle's training session!* **“Huh!?! Since when do I care about Noelle's training? She'll do fine I'm sure.”** The impulse that had come with that thought felt a little strong though. He'd never carried a feeling like it before at *all*.

In the meantime though, more of the young man's body had begun to change. And in a way that made him appear less and less like a, well, *like a young man*. With eyes already on his softened belly, the arc of its sides increased with thanks paid to a waistline that looked almost like it was pushed inwards. As a result, his hips popped wider in a way that made him wobble in place.

Oblivious as he was though, Asta just chalked it up to losing his balance.

Although, the hands he used to maintain that balance showed just as many changes in characteristics as the feet he wobbled on did. Each digit grew daintier and sported lengthened nails that sported a shiny gloss, and while his tootsies were similar it was more the overall arching of his feet that had changed. The callouses he had there didn't leave, but they did rearrange against narrowed heels in a way that implied they were accustomed to wearing different footwear altogether.

**“Hm? Once again, I feel like I'm at a loss here...”** Whether Asta realized it or not, he was now speaking in a way that felt more proper. Closer to how Noelle linguistically spoke, really. It was evident enough that despite the changes transpiring, something was interfering with his ability to really process them. Else he would have noted a tingling in his facial features that provided to ultimately erase the very fabric of his own identity. Because the fallout of this feeling was a reconstructed face that looked less like his own.

*And more like Noelle's*. At the very same time though, it was difficult to say that he was identical to Noelle. Plump, red lips and round, purple

eyes adorned with fluttering lashes did resemble her quite strongly, but the cut of her chin and the angles of her cheeks were much sharper – so at best it kind of gave off the impression that Asta, instead, resembled a sibling of Noelle’s.

This was reflected just as plainly in his hair, which had begun to snake out behind him and fall down his back. It took on a softer quality both to the eyes and to the touch, but what stood out most was the color. Asta’s hair had already been a white gray by nature, but it practically sparkled as it lengthened with a much more radiant silver. Again, this was a feature shared with Noelle.

Still stupidly oblivious, more than anything the boy was hung up on his thoughts. **“Weird. I can’t get Noelle out of my head. Her siblings, either. Well, they’re my kids, right? I gave birth to— Wait, is that right? I can’t give birth to kids, so how could I have any?”** No, no! That made absolutely no sense considering he was a g— **“EEP!?”**

A soft but undeniably girlish squeak erupted from *her* lips in tandem with both hands sliding between her thighs. It felt as if something had just been *sucked in*, but in the end she was only really stroking her pussy. **“What was I saying? Of course I could give birth, I’m a woman after all.”** She’d stopped rubbing her groin, but while pulling hands free she could have sworn her hands had nearly been crushed by thighs that were thicker than when they’d slid between her legs in the first place.

Which was a belief that was, of course, *correct*. With her sex irreversibly changed, the remained sexual features were filling out her frame. Her thighs had grown thick and spongy, meeting in the middle while forcing the girth of her hips wider in conjunction with a buttocks that was growing plumper all the same. These two areas bloating stretched the shorts and boxers he’d worn to bed around them.

While additionally, further up, there were no clothes to constrain what was blossoming without delay. Asta’s nipples, after stiffening, had shown signs of growing denser. Areola stretched unlike any man’s while nipples themselves became every so slightly rosier in color. These effeminate nips only served to exist as toppers to the desserts that rose beneath though, two prim and proper breasts that jiggled with delight while shaping firmly. They were perky as could be, untainted by age yet not particularly outstanding in size either. At best they were on the lower side of the C-cup spectrum.

Still, something didn’t add up here. Asta was being ‘gifted’ all of these new memories. Of having kids, of being wed, of growing at least

relatively old. Except that, as she was... **“I’m only a teenager? No, that doesn’t feel right...”** She couldn’t be the same age, if not younger than, her children! Fortunately this wasn’t a complication that lingered for terribly long, not before the magic transforming her sought to correct it.

And so the girl sprung upwards like a weed, gaining several inches of height while her body filled out in a manner appropriate for the additional lengthiness she was bestowed with at the very end of it all. Her thighs and ass looked thinner for a time with her body growing for example, but given another moment new weight found them again so that they jiggled back to life with reckless abandon. Her breasts, in time, fared similarly – yet while they ended up a little larger, there was some subtle sagging to them.

Not that this was too surprising, all things considered. It could be seen just as clearly in the woman’s face that age had weaved its way into her facial features. Crow’s feet ate at the corners of her eyes, lips thickened by didn’t have as much luster, and there was just a general droopiness to her appeal. But she wasn’t unattractive. Instead, she was still just as beautiful as she’d been in her teens, just slanted with a more mature taste.

**“I need to hurry up and get ready! My dear Noelle would be heartbroken if I didn’t show up to watch her train!”** With minor changes made to the room she inhabited to make it more hospitable for a noblewoman such as herself, *Acier Silva* quickly tumbled over to her white dresser to fetch something nice to wear during her visit to her dearest daughter Noelle. While everything else had changed from her body to environment, she was still standing shirtless in a pair of boys’ pants after all. Well, they looked more like shorts given her current frame now.

While the original Acier had died at 32 years of age, this one was reflective of a timeline where she had lived past Noelle’s birth and would soon be 50. That didn’t make her any less beautiful though, and aside from slight signs of aging she could easily be mistaken for a woman in her thirties.

From what she could remember, Acier was a doting mother that loved nothing as much as she loved her





children. She often visited them at their differing squads to check up on them, and this week she was here to visit Noelle! It was so nice of them to put her up in a spare room while she was visiting, too! But Noelle? Her mother doted far too much and could be a little overwhelming, much to her dismay.

Still, it was certainly a different reality from the one where her mother had died at such a young age. Not that anyone could remember that actually happening any longer. In the end though, Noelle had gotten exactly what she had wanted. Not only was her mother alive, but she was closer to Asta than she'd ever been.

*Because Asta was now her mother, of course!*