

Edelgoblin

It had been a grueling couple of days, but the Black Eagles had finally succeeded in their mission. Ordered by Rhea to take out a roaming group of bandits, the students had managed to track down the scoundrels and neutralize them without much trouble. With the battle definitively decided and any leftover bandits gathered up by the church, all that remained was to sift through the ill-gotten goods.

Wandering about the remains of the bandit camp, Edelgard kept her lavender eyes focused on the area around her in-case any enemies were lurking for the opportunity for a surprise retaliation. She was quite the sight to behold as she walked around the tents, commanding the attention of anyone she passed with her officer uniform baring the shades of black and red that marked her as the leader of the Black Eagles. Stomping her boots into the ground, she kept one hand balanced on the hilt of her axe while the other brushed through the lavender ribbons keeping her long, platinum blonde hair in check.

Edelgard's keen eyesight picked up a gathering of her fellow students around the bandit leader's tent. Making her way over, her ears picked up the jingle of loot as the students shuffled through the supply chests. Arriving to see Dorothea brandishing a hand mirror and Caspar testing out a pair of golden gauntlets, she let out a huff as she marched forward to intervene.

"Might I remind you all that these are stolen goods?" Edelgard asked, making everyone stop what they were doing. "It is our duty to return these possessions to their rightful owners. Not take what we please to fill our own pockets."

"I beg your pardon," Hubert said, getting her attention with a slight tap on the shoulder and a glance of the one eye that wasn't covered up by his black hair, "but in order to figure out the owners, we do need to properly identify each piece."

“Besides,” Linhardt said, barely stifling a yawn as he twirled about his ponytail of green hair and pawed through a collection of books, “it’ll be a pretty big hassle to find the owners of all of these. Let’s just take it back to the monastery and have the people come get their stuff themselves.”

With a huff, Edelgard stepped forward to snatch a book from out of Lindhart’s hands. “That is inexcusable. As representatives of the Adrestian Empire, it is our duty to uphold a sense of honor and dignity. Otherwise we’re no better than a group of monsters obsessed with grabbing any shiny object we can shove in our-”

Edelgard trailed off as she took a second glance at the tome. Her attention was drawn towards an unsettling, black and white eye on the front surrounded by indecipherable text. The more she stared at the strange book, the more she could feel a presence inside of it that sent a shiver through her very soul.

Just as Edelgard was about to press her fingers against the cover, the book opened by itself. The page the tome stopped on was covered in more strange runes, alongside a crudely drawn image of a strange creature. Above the picture of a stout, green beast with strange proportions, she could only make out a single word. Upon the word “Goblin” leaving her lips, a blast of energy sprung forth from the book to strike her chest.

Reeling back from the sudden attack, Edelgard was saved from hitting the ground by a fast thinking Hubert catching her in his arms. As her vision began to fade, she watched as her fellow comrades gathered around her to see if they could help her. She managed to set her vision on the cursed book laying on the ground moments before she lost consciousness.

The sound of weapons clanging in the distance awoke Edelgard from her slumber. Rolling out of bed with a splitting headache, she tried to piece together how she had gotten back to her room. Though her mind was hazy, she could summon up flashes of her team carrying her back to the monastery and multiple professors worrying about something concerning her body. She still couldn't figure out exactly what they were talking about, at least not until she managed to stand up and get a good look at herself in the mirror.

Edelgard was brought to full attention as she witnessed the sickly green color that clung to her cheeks. Taking a step back from the mirror, she saw that the same hue could be seen on any part of her body that wasn't covered up by her night gown. As she surveyed her sickly complexion, she noticed something twitch near her head. Upon seeing them in the mirror, she couldn't help herself from reaching out to pull at her pair of pointed ears. Assuring herself that the elongated ears were all to real, a gasp of surprise gave her a glimpse at the rows of fanged teeth lurking in her maw.

Calming herself down with a deep breath, Edelgard tried to think of how she had transformed. She was able to recall the book back at the bandit camp, but any further details were lost under the influence of the clang of weapons far off in the distance. Recognizing the sound was coming from the training area, her attention turned towards trying to regain her standard routine through a good sparring session.

Wasting little time, Edelgard tossed off her gown and began to dress herself in her officer's uniform. She hit a bit of a snag as she squeezed into her clothes, finding difficulty in getting the fabric to fit over certain areas. When she managed to get everything in place, she once more stepped in front of the mirror to check her appearance.

Her uniform was a mangled mess of wrinkles from the arduous task of putting it on. Even with her perseverance, she couldn't help noticing the way the clothing showed off an unsightly bit of pudg around her mid-section. The added weight had also made her bosom stand out a little more, with her bra straining against the extra heft with each turn of her torso. Despite the extra chub she was carrying from what she presumed was her long stay in bed, that didn't explain why the cuff of her pant legs dragged along the floor or why her sleeves nearly swallowed up her hands. These errant thoughts were dismissed by another ring of weapons bashing together in the distance; the sound pressing her to put on her boots and head out the door.

As Edelgard made her way to the sparring area, she couldn't help noticing the reactions she got from the other students and staff members. She had no doubt that they were gawking at the various irregularities of her form. Rather than be embarrassed or humiliated by her modifications, she stood up straight and tried to remind them of who she was. Keeping a stern look of regality upon her face as she walked, she eventually made her way to the sparring area and was relieved to see none other than the Black Eagles adhering to their typical training regimen.

"Good morning," Edelgard said, waving her hand in responses to her class's awestruck faces. Her march towards them to check on their progress was put on hold as Hubert grasped her shoulder.

"Are you really sure you should be out here right now?" Hubert asked.

Edelgard gently removed Hubert's hand from her shoulder and approached a rack of training weapons. "While I appreciate your concerns, I'm feeling fine. What I need right now is to get back into shape. I must be prepared for whatever duty is called upon for the Black Eagles

to perform.” Taking up a training axe from the rack, she pointed it towards a young man with orange hair. “Ferdinand, spar with me.”

“I have to agree with Hubert,” Ferdinand replied. “It might not be wise to strain yourself after-“

Ferdinand scrambled as Edelgard tossed him a training lance.

“That was an order,” she said, staring him down as she walked to the fighting area. “Now come. Don’t tell me you’ve been slacking with your own training in my absence.”

Seeing the fighting spirit in Edelgard’s eyes, Ferdinand replied with his own look of determination as he stepped forward to meet her challenge. With both fighters standing a few feet from one another they waited for the moment to begin. Upon hearing Petra ring a bell, they lunged at each other with the desire to come out on top.

Adrenaline did wonders in shaking off Edelgard’s lingering lethargy. Though Ferdinand’s attacks were fierce, she managed to block each of his blows and get a few hits in herself. This inevitably led a bruised and beaten Ferdinand to be forced into a defensive position in an attempt to catch his breath. Seeing a wide opening in his posture, Edelgard lunged forward to land the final hit and claim victory.

Edelgard’s charge was stopped as a blinding light shined before her eyes. Peering through the brightness, she watched as her own crest appeared before her. Though parts of it looked the same, she couldn’t help feeling that something felt off. The very moment she recognized the monstrous face in the crest that matched the one she had seen on that fateful day; she was sent tumbling to the ground.

Slowly picking herself back up, Edelgard had to pause as she heard something begin to tear. Daring to take another step forward tore a hole down the center of her top to leave her

cleavage exposed to the rest of her class. Another rip in her uniform allowed her pudgy tummy to peek out, revealing that her green skin had become slightly darker over the course of fight. Her fangs began to chatter as she felt a hole form around her backside to show off her underwear wrapped around her thicker buttocks. Rising back up, she felt the remains of her uniform either tear further apart or swallow up more of her body. It was upon noticing that she stood a head shorter than before the fight started did she realized that she had shrunk down.

Dropping her weapon, Edelgard held up her hands to watch as sharp nails pierced through the fingertips of her gloves. “What’s happening to me?” she asked, spit flying past her fanged teeth to further besmirch her outfit.

Standing nude in Manuela’s office, Edelgard was once more forced to look upon her own body. Begrudgingly shuffling over to the full length mirror, she winced at the sensation of her pudgy, green gut swinging against her thighs. Coming to a halt before her reflection, she carefully reached out her hands to stop her engorged bosom from jiggling without scratching them with her elongated, lavender colored nails. Trying to do the same with the chub around her mid-section made her wince at the sensation of the bristly, purple-colored follicles of belly hair that slid across her palm. Despite this added padding around her body, she was remarkably still at roughly the same weight.

The added heft clinging to her curves had come from the foot of height she had lost over the course of the past month. It was just one of many features her body had accrued to make her look more like the beast she had seen in the book. Daring to take another step towards the mirror, she opened up mouth to gaze upon her rows of sharp teeth. Closing her lips before a line of drool

could escape, she moved on to pinching at her pair of pointed ears in the hopes that they would disappear on their own. The act allowed her to further examine the splotches of purple that had begun to gradually take over her hair's platinum sheen. Sliding her hand along the more prominent, pointed tip of her nose, she pondered how much more her body was going to change.

"I beg your pardon, but are you finished getting dressed in there?" Hanneman called out.

"Give me just a minute!" she shouted back, spraying spit across the mirror before making a mad dash towards her clothes.

Though Edelgard's intentions were to get dressed as fast as possible, her body once more got in the way. She managed to get her pants past her stubbier legs easily enough, but she hit her first hurdle in the form of the extra chub around her backside. Clenching the very edge of waist, she managed to ever so slowly pull the fabric over her thickened thighs. It was only by the extra room made by her short stature did she managed to barely pull the material over a strange lump that had begun to grow right above her butt.

With her lower half covered up, Edelgard turned her attention towards trying to contain her bosom and belly. Pushing herself into the restraining fabric, she managed to squeeze into the unflattering outfit. The material left most of her pudge on display, with only lingering droplets of spilt drool to cover up the unsightly outlines of her nipples. Forcing herself to look away from her less than flattering reflection in the mirror, she called out to Hanneman, "I'm ready!"

Stepping into the room, the usually well-composed, grey haired professor found it hard not to show off his sheer surprise as he got a look at Edelgard's figure. Trying to retain a sense of professionalism, he fixed his moustache and adjusted his glasses as he took a seat across from Edelgard. "I managed to catch up with Manuela on the way here," he said as he organized his

papers. “She handed me the results of your medical examination and I was able to compare them with your earlier results from my crest analyzer.”

“Were you able to find anything about my condition?” Edelgard asked, slowing her speech to avoid releasing spit from her morphed teeth.

Hanneman pulled out a sheet of paper and held up a recreation of the very same crest Edelgard had seen in that accursed book. “I’ve poured over countless studies about crests, but I’ve never seen anything like this before. It’s absolutely astounding how greatly it has changed your body like this. It’s almost like it’s trying to shape you into being its perfect host.”

Edelgard grinded her teeth. “This is all very fascinating, but have you come up with a way to reverse my condition?”

“I’m afraid not,” he replied. “For now, all I’ve determined is that your condition can be exacerbated by high levels of stress or adrenaline. You saw so yourself back at the sparring match. Until we can find a proper cure, I would advise taking it easy and avoiding any strenuous activity.”

“I can’t do that!” Edelgard shouted, accidentally trickling drool out the sides of her mouth. “I’m already gaining extra weight as it is. If I don’t do something, I’ll be in no condition to fight alongside my comrades on the battlefield.”

“I’m afraid that’s all we can do right now,” Hanneman replied as he stood up from his seat. Walking over to the door, he opened it up and gestured for Edelgard to leave. “Think of this as a chance to take a well-deserved break. I’m sure your fellow classmates would understand.”

Gritting her teeth, Edelgard begrudgingly got up and headed for the exit. “Let me know if you find anything else,” she said before stomping her way out of the office and out onto the school grounds.

Though very few students were out at this late hour, the few that lingered in the dim moonlight were more than enough to absolutely humiliate Edelgard. Her pointed ears served the purpose of picking up the various comments made about her appearance. One too many words said about her chubby belly and short stature proved more than enough to make her change her route and make her way to the training field.

Finding the sparring area empty, Edelgard wasted little time grabbing a polearm from the weapon rack. Taking a deep breath, she began to go through her standard combat exercises. She struggled to swing the weapon with her unorthodox figure, but she managed to nearly finish the routine. The small smile she developed as her blood began to flow and she considered giving a whack to one of the training dummies faltered upon seeing the corrupted crest glow before her eyes once more.

Edelgard stumbled as her body’s mass was relocated. The clothing she had worked so hard to put on was torn to sunders by the emergence of the added fat around her chest and belly. The extra padding around her rear wasn’t nearly enough to prevent her pants from falling off as she plummeted down to a mere four feet in height. Struggling to remain standing by holding onto the comparatively enormous polearm, she was horrified to see the lump on her lower back develop into a fleshy, green tail baring strands of purple fur similar to the ones lining her stomach. So busy staring in disbelief at her degrading condition, she was left completely ignorant to someone else entering the sparring area.

“You shouldn’t be here.”

On reaction Edelgard swung about the polearm to defend herself. Straining the miniscule muscles in her short arms only led to the weapon uselessly drag across the ground. Trying her best to use her small body to pull up the polearm, she was stopped by Hubert as he easily took the weapon from her fingers.

“Give that back!” Edelgard shouted, drool running down her chin to besmirk the remnants of her outfit.

“Edelgard, this isn’t like you,” he replied, putting the weapon back on the rack. “Hanneman told me about your condition.”

Edelgard let out a huff, trying to keep up a dignified expression even as she attempted to cover up her body. “I thought he was a professional. What right does he have to share my private information?”

“Because he knew you would do something like this,” he answered, taking off his jacket to cover up Edelgard’s torso. “I know you don’t want to hear it, but he’s right. Until we can figure out some way to change you back, you have no place on the battlefield. You’ll be more of a liability.”

“But I-“

“That’s enough,” Hubert stated. “Now head to your room and rest. It’s for your own good.”

As much as Edelgard wanted to refuse, she knew her second in command was right. That didn’t stop tears from welling around her eyes as she took her leave. Waddling her way across the grounds, seeing what few onlookers she passed gawk at her body, helped to sink in how truly helpless she had become. Shoving her way into her room, she slammed the door behind her just

before her tears began to flow. Flopping herself onto her bed and burying her unsightly nose into the pillow, she continued to cry until the peace of sleep took her.

Though the sun had been up for hours, Edelgard was still nestled in the safety of her blankets. As much as she had scorned Bernadette for keeping to herself in her room so much, she was well aware that she had fallen into the same bad habits. She had long ago shunned her typical morning duties, having been unable to perform them to even a fraction of the degree of satisfaction that she used to. What few attempts she had made to try and sneak out to train had led to her making a fool of herself in the sparring area as she was further affected by her accursed crest. One too many looks in the mirror and gossip picked up by her malformed ears led to her self-imposed isolation. After all, she felt it was only right for a monster like herself to be locked up in a cage.

A knock at her door made Edelgard peek her pointed ears out from beneath the covers. It was an event that happened multiple times throughout the day, where one of the staff would be kind enough to leave food outside of her door to keep her nourished. Though the drool seeping out from between her fangs worked alongside her hunger pangs to try to get her out faster, she purposefully waited until she was sure no one was at her door. No longer hearing someone outside, she begrudgingly leapt off her mattress and onto the floor.

Shuffling her way over to her dresser, she couldn't stop herself from glancing over at the mirror in the corner. Her eyes were first drawn to her prominent nose, a crooked green protrusion that partially distracted her from her pair of bushy, lavender colored eyebrows, and the yellow

sclera of her eyes. Noticing the drool continuing to pour out the sides of her mouth, she raised up her arm to clean her face and winced at the sensation of the bristly hairs lining her limbs.

Before she could become too disgusted with herself, she waddled her way over to her dresser to find something to cover her up for the few seconds she would be visible outside of the door. Pushing her stubby legs to their limits, she leapt up to pull open the top drawer of her dresser. Falling back down with a garment in hand, she tried her best to get dressed.

The mere three feet of height that made up her body should have been easily adorned by the red t-shirt she had managed to grasp with her long, purple colored nails. She managed to get the garment past her long nose but hit a snag as she attempted to pull it past her melon-sized breasts. Managing to get the shirt to fit just over her dingy green colored nipples, she gritted her teeth as she came upon her belly. Pushing and pulling as hard as she could, she jiggled about her pudgy gut in an attempt to cover it up. Just as the hem of the shirt brushed against the very tip of the collection of hairs surrounding her belly button, the garment was ripped apart.

Left to watch the remnants of her shirt fall to the ground, Edelgard once more glanced over at her reflection. Even if her shirt had managed to survive past her gut, she knew it was near impossible to do anything about her lower half. The presence of her pudgy rear and her long tail ending in a clump of lavender fur made sure that she would be forced to reveal her goblin body to anyone that saw her.

Once more brought to the edge of tears by her sorry state, she gave up obscuring her monstrous visage and made her way towards the door. Placing her ear up against the wood, she waited until she was sure that no one was around. Moving as fast as her stout body would allow, she flung open the door and quickly dragged the serving tray inside. Slamming the door shut before anyone could see her, she quickly grasped at a roll and shoved it in her mouth.

As the goblin woman fiercely gobbled down the bread, her free hand reached out to blindly grasp at the hunk of roasted meat on the platter. Her ravenous eating stopped as she felt her fingers brush up against something strange. Turning her head back towards the platter, she saw that alongside the food was a book attached with a letter. Swallowing the rest of the roll, she picked up the tome and read the note.

“Edelgard,

I know how difficult things have been for you lately. Your classmates and I have seen how much you’ve struggled to make the most of your situation. While it pains me to see you give up like this, I can’t deny that you can no longer fight on the front lines. That being said, I hope this book will give you a new perspective on a different way to help your comrades on the battlefield.”

Though no name was attached to the letter, Edelgard took an educated guess that it came from a certain professor. Putting the letter aside, she opened up the book and began to skim through the pages. As she began to read through, a strike of inspiration started to overcome the depressive state she had been stuck in for so long. Daring to bare her fangs in a wide smile, she paid little attention to the drool that leaked onto her bosom as she dove into her studies.

With both their bodies and pride beaten into submission, Claude and Dimitri trudged their way into the monastery’s mess hall. Scratches and bruises were scattered across Claude’s tanned face, making it hard for him to keep up his usually sunny demeanor. Similar scuffs could be

found throughout Dimitri's blonde hair and once regal uniform, but the biggest hit to him had been his pride at being so thoroughly defeated. Though they came from different houses, they both found comfort in sitting across from one another to share a simple meal of bread and try to recover from their devastating loss. Their slow chewing was put on hold as they heard a set of small footsteps shuffling their way towards them. Looking down the hall, both of them let out a groan as they watched the victor of their fake battle make her way towards the table.

The attention Edelgard garnered as she made her way through the hall was a mix of people remarking about her appearance and others retelling how the Black Eagles had effortlessly claimed victory. The unsightly bulge of her belly and breasts as they pressed up against the fabric of her black leather armor did little to take away from her prideful stride. While she tried to keep her elation for her victory subdued, the constant waving of her tail against her plump derriere that flung about her red cape let everyone know how much she enjoyed being claimed the victor. Her victory lap around the mess hall came to an end as she perched her stout body onto a chair at the head of the table Claude and Dimitri were sitting at. Grasping one of the rolls with her sharp claws, she sunk her fangs into the bread before shooting them a toothy grin.

"I hope my comrades didn't knock you around too hard," Edelgard said, uncaring of the drool that slipped from her lips to besmirk the medal hanging around her neck.

Dimitri let out a huff. "Well perhaps you could have reined them in better if you were on the front lines."

"Sorry, but direct conflict isn't my body's strong suit," she replied, giving a slap to her gut to let it jiggle within the confines of her suit. "Besides, playing the role of tactician seemed to be the winning move."

“I’ll say,” Claude replied, willing to show off a friendly smile that made Edelgard’s ears twitch with joy. “Those were some pretty advanced tactics. Mind telling us where you learned them?”

“From a friend,” Edelgard replied, shooting the pair another grin before diving into the rest of the rolls like the rabid beast she had become. “If you’d like, I’d be willing to share them with you.”

Demetri hesitated for a moment, but inevitably let out a sigh. “Fine. As long as it will help me in battle.”

“Mind if I listen in?” Claude asked.

“I’d be more than happy to oblige,” Edelgard replied.

Throughout the rest of the evening Edelgard spent her time feeding her tiny body between giving an impromptu lecture about her strategies. The lesson was occasionally interrupted to allow her to receive praise from the students and faculty for her victory. As the night went on and the compliments kept piling up, Edelgard found herself feeling like she was once more in a position of respect. Despite having been reduced into a grungy green goblin, she could still see herself becoming the ideal leader the Adrestian Empire was going to need. Well, as long as they provided an adequately sized throne.