

The one and only sound that filled Rhea's ears was that of the Slut Slot Machine, endlessly whirring and flashing in a buzz of technological wonder. Each one of its slots rotated at utterly incredible speeds, their fronts turning pure white in color, as if there wasn't a single symbol displayed on them. It was such an incredible spectacle, that Rhea found her eyes completely transfixed. Every last shred of her attention was spent on the machine, her awareness of the world around her fading away just so she could focus on the slots. Until finally, after what felt like an eternity of staring into the mysterious machines, one of the slots began its halting process.

Little by little, the speed of the furthestmost left slot steadily decreased. Though just a few seconds ago it appeared completely blank, the further it slowed, the more colors and shades began to manifest in its center. Abstract images and large blurs became clearer with every turn, until real, discernable objects started to display the slots middle. As the slot's turning shifted to a snail's pace, Rhea held her breath. She didn't know why she did it, nor what it meant. All she knew for certain is that her body was quaking with excitement, eagerly waiting until the slot finally displayed... A fully pregnant stomach.

It was a little hard to discern at first, considering the picture was fully clothed round bump. It didn't even show a pregnant woman in full, just the incredibly rotund belly. It could have easily been mistaken for some kind of bump or just a fat belly. Seeing the strange result of this slot, Rhea couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in confusion. It was the last reaction she'd give before the Slut Slot Machine's magical powers began to transform her.

Like a cannonball blasting in a fiery blaze, Rhea's stomach lurched forward of its own volition. A wave of nausea promptly washed over the archbishop whole, accompanied by this unbearable pressure which surged from within her midsection. Body moving instinctually, Rhea's hands tightly clutched onto her stomach, desperately hoping they could contain the aching that had sprung from within. But it was an entirely fruitless attempt. There was nothing that could contain the magical energies that were brewing within the deepest recesses of Rhea's tight womb.

With a defiant wobble, Rhea's belly slowly but surely stretched outwards in every single direction. Her belly took a firm, spherical shape as it grew, stretching the inner walls of her womb to their absolute limit. It protruded forth from her dress, greedily taking up bulging out of her figure in a greedy display. Within seconds, it had already become larger than a barrel of cargo! As Rhea's belly button forcefully popped outwards, her entire tummy had far outgrown the rest of her body.

But Rhea's body wasn't growing larger just for show. No, her womb was becoming more spacious in order to house new life. As the magic inside of Rhea's womb began to coagulate, the woman let out a pleased moan. Cute little babies began to form within the depths of her body. Umbilical cords grew out from these little fetuses, attaching themselves to Rhea so they could develop into healthy spawn. It wasn't just one either. Bump after bump, Rhea could only gasp in pleasure as she felt more children populate her womb. It caused her belly to swoon with bliss, excitedly accepting every new baby to the point she lost count how many there were inside her already.

By the time the last of Rhea's new children was created, the Archbishop was left like a complete whale of a woman. Her gravity-defying belly of fat pushed violently against her tight dress, creating a clearly spherical bulge in the woman's black and red clothing. There was not any angle one could look at Rhea from without noticing her incredibly pregnant stomach as her largest feature. Even her belly button refused to stay within its confines, pushing outwards while the rest of her belly sporadically bulged with

the copious number of kids held within. In both looks and function, Rhea's body had become the pinnacle of feminine fertility.

Looking down at her heavily impregnated form, Rhea's face was colored white with shock. However, as she placed her hand on the engorged belly, gently embracing the warmth of her progeny, those feelings of disgust slowly began to shift. The whole thing might have been sudden and surprising but... There was no way Rhea could hate her own children, right? The mere feeling of having them swimming around within her body was utterly ecstatic. The way their little hearts beat to her own filled her with motherly bliss. Placing another hand on her pregnant stomach, Rhea's expression quickly shifted from bewilderment to euphoric satisfaction. That's right! This couldn't have been an accident or anything of the sort. There was nothing Rhea loved more than being pregnant!

As the machine messed with Rhea's perception and reality itself, the Archbishop could feel her mind being inundated with a flurry of new memories. The reason why she'd become pregnant in the first place was her desire to extend her lineage and influence. It was important for the church to have plenty of priests and priestesses after all, so what was the problem if most of them were directly related to Rhea~? Ever since she'd made that decision, Rhea found herself in a constant state of pregnancy. It didn't matter who the father was, not even if some of her sons wished to plant their own seed inside their mother. As long as someone was sufficiently obedient and religious, Rhea would be more than happy to use their genetic material to further extend the goals of the church.

The acceptance of her situation brought along further changes to Rhea's body. Her breasts became fatter and larger, tearing a large whole right through her gown as they plopped on top of her thick belly. Damp spots began to form around her nipples, as copious amounts of fresh milk began to overflow from within her tits. It was only normal for a pregnant woman to produce this much milk after all. Even much of the rest of Rhea's body grew fatter and thicker, her ass especially receiving yet another substantial boost that made her plump and sexy. The continuous overflow of hormones had certainly been kind to Rhea's body.

Once the bulk of the changes had been done, the totally oblivious Rhea held her pregnant stomach with pride. She looked upon the first slot again. Whereas once she'd only felt confusion upon seeing it, now the mere sight of any pregnant belly was enough to make her enthusiastic.

"Heh~ Of course even this odd machine can recognize the wonders of bearing a stomach as fertile as mine!" Rhea huffed with an elated and smug tone, causing Edelgard to roll her eyes.

Rhea pulsated with so much excitement over her fertile body, that she almost missed it when the second slot began to slow down. Quickly switching gears and focusing back on the machine, Rhea looked down upon the slot with anticipation. It was a bit harder to inspect the machine now that her stomach protruded so far from her body, but Rhea was already used to dealing with such a thick tummy by this point. There was nothing that could take her attention away from this fun little device. With each passing second the middle slot continued to turn at an ever decreasing speed, until finally it stopped to show... A male symbol.

Except... Unlike how most male symbols, which were usually colored blue, this one was tinted a very girly and feminine pink. Just as Rhea began to ponder over the meaning of this latest result, a spritz of magic spurted from the machine and onto Rhea's face. The glittery expulsion shone in a bright pink color, smelling of soft roses and honey. Rhea took a deep breath of the scent, sighing happily as it began to

course through her system. It filled her mind with a sensation of softness and bliss that fogged her better senses. Little did she know this powerful scent carried much more than a pleasant, girly smell. Like a viral agent placed in the perfect environment, the transformative magic inside of Rhea prepared to spread to every single inch of her body.

Its first target were Rhea's breasts, which had grown exaggeratedly large over the course of the past few transformations. Each massive tit was the size of a melon, and they looked like they could easily explode out of her dress at any second. And then... They just disappeared. Without any sort of warning, both of Rhea's breasts began to retreat back into her bodies. All of that supple, rounded mass slowly deflated inwards. Their incredible rounded shape shrank in on itself little by little, until Rhea's breasts were little more than a pair of paper thin, A-cup tits. Luckily it seemed like her nipples hadn't grown any smaller, and they were still capable of producing copious amounts of milk. But even as the top of her dress adjusted to the new size of her chest, it was clear that Rhea had something big missing.

All of that mass didn't just go to waste though. Instead, while Rhea's bust slowly shrunk into a pathetic size, it was her ass which began to grow to an utterly incredible size. Rhea's ass had already been plenty big before, thanks to the alterations the Slut Slot Machine had made so far. But now its proportions were seriously growing out of hand. Each one of her buttocks grew far larger than her head, imitating the size of large pumpkins as they sprouted from her back without restraint. Their shape was also quite round and defined, giving them a thick but also beautiful appearance. The way her thighs thickened to support such a massive ass was absolutely astonishing, each one of her legs becoming as meaty as a pair of chicken legs. The rolls of fat and jiggling mass that decorated her shapely figure were like something out of a porn magazine. Even Rhea's asshole became larger, its rim plumping up into a delicious donut shape that bulged through her thick cheeks. Rather than the Archbishop of a church, Rhea looked like the Goddess of ass itself.

But perhaps the most radical change that came upon Rhea's form had to be the one occurring between her legs. Rhea's pussy quivered madly, vaginal lips sputtering an endless spray of arousal. It almost felt like her entire organ was slowly turning itself out, her physiology melding and shifting in ways never seen before. Labia melding together like clay, the entirety of Rhea's pussy sealed itself close. The union was thorough and pervading, leaving not a trace of the woman's original organ. In its stead, a cute, saggy little spherical sack formed, no larger than a pouch of coins though just as stout. And to top it off, a pair of nut sized lumps dropped into the depths of the sack, weighing it down with their ripe, fresh contents.

Meanwhile, Rhea's clit began to lengthen forth, its shape becoming more cylindrical and lumpier. Though the whole member didn't reach more than a couple of inches, it was clear that it was becoming much more than a clit. Its tip caved inwards, forming into a widened mushroom cap. A little slit opened at its peak, while scraggly, sensitive skin quickly grew to wrap around the pink appendage whole. In just matter of seconds, Rhea's entire womanhood had been eliminated, replaced with what could only be described as a tiny cock and a cute pair of balls. Rhea was a woman no more, she'd turned into a fully-fledged femboy.

Yet throughout all of these changes, Rhea's enlarged and thoroughly pregnant stomach remained just as large, magnificent and pregnant as it had been before. Rhea's children pulsed with heat within her enormous belly, completely uncaring in her shift in gender. Her birthing canal slowly shifted, pushing its exit towards her now plump and much thicker backside. The hole pushed between her womb and anus nuzzled itself beside her new prostate, making sure that she'd be blessed with orgasmic pleasure every

time she got impregnated and every time that she birthed. Though she might have had one less hole than before, Rhea's fertility had not diminished in the slightest.

With the entirety of Rhea's body transformed, all that remained was for the machine's magic to readjust her mind. The first thing to be fixed was her gender identity of course. Now, as far as Rhea remembered, he'd always been a boy. Sure, he was a pretty boy, much womanlier and more feminine than many women he'd met, but most decidedly male. Rhea took pride in that. It had all started back when he was little, trying to emulate his mother's graciousness and beauty. But now, he simply loved being a boy that was also sexier and more fertile than your average woman.

As for his ability to get pregnant, even Rhea himself didn't know how or why that was possible. He often talked about how he was blessed by the goddess herself, or how his Nabatean blood granted hermaphroditic abilities in order to preserve his race. But honestly, it was a complete mystery. All that Rhea knew was that one day, after having way too much anal sex with one of the sexy priests, his belly had grown to incredible proportions. From that day, it was Rhea's goal to lead the church as a symbol of fertility and holiness.

Shifting his head left and right, Rhea remembered the slot he'd used just a few seconds ago. His eyes focused on pink male symbol, eliciting a smug smirk from the femboy.

"Heh... How did this thing know I'm a boy!?" He spoke in a voice that was almost indiscernible as the one from before. Were it not for the little dick and balls between his legs, no one would be able to tell he was male. "Usually people think I'm a girl. Especially with the pregnant belly!"

Rhea swished his large belly left and right as if to accentuate his statement, thoroughly enjoying the hefty pull of its weight as he shifted it about. The massive amounts of inertia it exerted on his forms with even the slightest of motions was nothing less than delectable. He placed one hand underneath his heavy tummy, letting its jiggling mass slip between the gaps of his fingers with a slight pudge. And with the other, he made sure to gently caress the bulging sides of his tummy, as if he was directly comforting the many children he bore inside. Even with his new boyish physique, it was blatantly apparent that Rhea still carried his pregnancy with boastful pride.

"Alright, only one more slot to go~" Rhea spoke in a confident tone. He faced the machine with total assurance, entirely unaware of just how much it had already messed up with his life. "Let's see what else this can pull!"

By the time Rhea made her comment, the machine was already well in its way to producing the final result. The rightmost slot turned round and round with an ever-slowng speed, its almost ear-piercing whirr slowly hushing until it was barely audible. As each individual picture displayed on the slot became visible to the human eye, Rhea focused the entirety of her attention on its motions. A myriad of endless illustrations graced the center of the slot, every one of them bearing an endless world of possibilities for Rhea's fate. Image after image rolled, spending more and more time on the machine's display, until finally the slot reached its stop, and the lucky icon that got to be selected was none other than... A picture of Edelgard's face with plenty of hearts around it.

Mind filled with genuine bewilderment, Rhea couldn't help but step back with a puzzled expression. Edelgard? That old princess of the Adrestrian empire? Out of anything that Rhea could have gotten, Edelgard's face with a couple of hearts most certainly had to be one of the strangest. For starters, the

Adrestrian princess certainly did not hold much of a place in Rhea's hearts. The two of them hadn't interacted much other than some official functions. And from what little they had interacted, Rhea felt as if he couldn't trust her. There was this air of disdain and hatred within Edelgard's heart, not to mention how Rhea felt like the princess didn't properly respect Rhea as a religious authority. If anything, more than love Edelgard, Rhea slightly disliked her...

In an attempt to understand why the machine had chosen to display this, Rhea turned back towards Edelgard, who was still standing behind him. Except... When Rhea laid his eyes on the princess, there was something different... Rhea's pulse began to quicken, his heart thumping right through his chest. For some reason, Edelgard's face looked incredibly radiant and attractive. She had this aura of maturity and grace, while keeping some youthful enthusiasm and brilliance. The way her brilliant violet eyes shone in the light, mountain sun was astonishing, while the sight of Edelgard's long, flowing white locks left Rhea breathless.

It wasn't just Edelgard's face that captivated Rhea either. Looking down upon Edelgard's form, Rhea could only feel his attraction growing hotter and brighter. Edelgard's breasts were massive and bountiful. The way they bulged against her princess garbs was incredible, her thick nipples pressing against the edge of her cleavage window as if they were ready to rip it apart at any second. Edelgard's mature body was also blessed with a pudgy motherly tummy, which while not as big and rounded as Rhea's was nonetheless a joy to grope and squeeze. Almost as much as Edelgard's perfect legs and fat ass, which wobbled heavily with every one of her breaths.

But perhaps hottest of all was most certainly the massive cock that protruded forth from Edelgard's crotch. Even through the long flowing hem of her white princess dress, the bulge of Edelgard's hefty cock was plainly visible for anyone to see. Its sizeable girth and womb-breaking length caused Rhea's pathetic boy-clit to quiver with desire. As a heavily pregnant boy, Rhea had taken plenty of cock in his day. But Edelgard's monstrous meat pole outmatched them all. It made the Archbishop wonder how it would feel to have such a destructive force inside him. What kind of thick batter would those massive bull balls be able to produce? How many babies would Edelgard put inside Rhea if she was to ejaculate directly into his womb? The mere thought was enough to cause his donut-sized buttole to start twitching with anticipation already. Though Rhea had never really given Edelgard much thought before, it felt as if he had been completely entranced now.

Noticing Rhea's luscious gazes, Edelgard turned to face Rhea directly. However, instead of any sort of antagonistic or even slightly negative reaction, Edelgard's expression shifted into one of warm love and desire. Without saying a word, Edelgard began to walk towards Rhea. She snuck directly behind the Archbishop, commandingly invading his personal space as she pressed against his back.

"What's wrong darling~?" Edelgard in a totally sincere and loving tone. Her arms slid around Rhea's slender waist, hands tenderly rubbing Rhea's pregnant stomach whilst her bulging crotch nuzzled against Rhea's fat ass.

Inside Rhea's mind, the boy was ready to jump in the air from the absolute shock. However, the actual reaction he gave was much much different.

“Ah~ Nothing my love~” Rhea responded in a voice that was just as tender and loving as Edelgard’s. He pushed his ass further against Edelgard’s crotch, as glimmering as he looked at Edelgard’s shining face. “I just got this picture of you on the machine, and it made me think about you~”

A slight tinge of panic began spreading through Rhea’s mind. Finding the plump and well-endowed princess attractive was one thing, but why was he also acting so intimate and personal with her now?!? It wasn’t that he hated it or anything. Quite the opposite in fact, Rhea’s body was actively heating up with excitement at the warm sensation of Edelgard’s touch. Rhea just loved the way Edelgard’s hands squeezed tightly onto his assets, fingers digging into his tummy fat whilst her hardening cock budged into Rhea’s asshole. It was as if Edelgard was claiming Rhea’s body for her own, a dominating expression to show how much she loved him. Though Rhea was quite the top himself, he very much enjoyed someone who could match his energy as much as Edelgard.

No... That wasn’t the problem... That wasn’t the *ONLY* problem... How Rhea seemed to know what type of lover Edelgard was, he could not discern. Nor did he really understand why he enjoyed it so much. It felt like his brain was slowly filling up with foreign thoughts and information with each passing second, slowly altering his very perception of reality. No- The thing that really bothered Rhea was that the two almost knew nothing of each other! He could count the number of times they interacted with both hands! Hell, they barely even seemed to tolerate each other, let alone be able to get into a proper relationship!

Their first meeting was a perfect example of this, Rhea could remember clearly. The Archbishop had taken some time to visit the Adrestrian Emperor at the capital, for some sort of diplomatic rabble. As soon as he presented himself to the court, every single one of the Emperor’s ministers and nobles would bow submissively, a clear recognition of Rhea’s authority and superiority. All but Edelgard, who glared at Rhea with this expression of defiance and sternness.

The act of pure insubordination infuriated Rhea. But... It was also kind of enchanting... Behind those cold calculated eyes, Rhea could feel the warmth and helplessness of a cute critter desperate for love. Her plump body was rounded and large, but strangely stiff as if it had never been blessed with the loving touch of another. From a mere glance at the way Edelgard’s thick body bulged from her pristine white princess dress, Rhea could tell this was a woman who deserved affection. Of course, the fact that her enormous cock was bulging through her dress did help in Rhea’s perception of her. With her curiosity piqued, Rhea was compelled to ignore the emperor and head straight towards Edelgard, inviting her to a private get-together in Garreg Mach so that the two could strengthen their political alliance.

Except... That didn’t actually happen-! Rhea never invited Edelgard to anything! N-Nor did she find the princess cute or attractive! That first moment of disrespect had been the one to forever seal Rhea’s opinion of her. Which is why the two didn’t meet until- Until-!! Until just a couple of months after their first meeting, right as soon as Edelgard had accepted Rhea’s invitation. The mature princess had been a bit doubtful of Rhea’s intentions at first. She seemed to act in a very reserved and timid manner, consistently rebuking Rhea’s flirtatious advances. But the more time she spent with Rhea, the more time the two talked, had tea parties, and enjoyed the pleasant afternoon mountain breeze of the monastery, the more Edelgard began to open up. She showed Rhea her softer side, letting open the thoughts and desires she’d never been able to tell anyone else.

It all culminated in a night of passionate, rough sex that would go on and on until the two passed out from exhaustion. The moment Edelgard used that thick cock of hers to penetrate Rhea's asshole, he knew that this was the person he wanted to stay with forever. Edelgard's potent instrument was the perfect size to stretch Rhea's wide, quivering butthole. Its massive cockhead could effortlessly smash against Rhea's womb and his prostate at the same time. Not to mention Edelgard's incredibly virile cum, which could impregnate Rhea's already fertile womb at more than twice the rate as normal men.

All of it was bullshit. Rhea could clearly tell these memories were not his own, as much as the feelings that they awakened inside him were real. With each and every second, Rhea could feel his own past being rewritten, all that he thought was real twisted in order to fit this new fantasy. A little part of Rhea's mind knew he should be outraged. But he wasn't. As Rhea's relationship continued to change, so did his happiness. He actually did enjoy this version of Edelgard, he liked having a partner that would both understand and arouse him. Edelgard herself didn't seem that bothered with it either, considering the way she rubbed herself against Rhea. So then, what would the point of resisting even be?

With a new sensation of ecstasy rousing from within Rhea, the archbishop embraced every one of the changes made to his reality with open arms. Overtaken by love and desire for Edelgard, much of Rhea's religious zealotry became relaxed. His endless pursuit for his mother and the past shifted to an obsession for Edelgard's affection. The genetic material of every single one of Rhea's children shifted to Edelgard's, as she became the sole user of Rhea's tight boy pussy. Little by little, everything that had made up the old Rhea was disappearing, and in its ashes a new person was born.

Still within Edelgard's grasp, Rhea suddenly twitched wildly. The boy blinked a couple of times, as if he was taking in his surroundings. Somehow, he felt as if he was forgetting something. Something perhaps important...? However, the moment he laid his eyes upon Edelgard once more, any other thoughts were quickly discarded. His smile widened, cock throbbing as he reached towards Edelgard's face and cussed it gently.

"Heh~ You know what~?" Edelgard spoke in a very confident and firm voice, yet also one that carried a soft motherly undertone. "I'm also always thinking about you~"

"Oooohhh, what a needy girl~" Rhea teased her, knowing full well he felt the exact same way. The boy bit his lip playfully, eyes glimmering with the shine of desire. "I guess I'll just have to take responsibility for my actions then~"

Wasting not a single second, Rhea quickly lifted up his dress and dropped his panties in order to give Edelgard free access to his thick, pulsating, donut shaped butthole. The princess herself was more than happy to take up his offer, freeing her already hardened cock from her own gown and commandingly pressing it against Rhea's asshole. The way their bodies moved was completely instinctual and passionate, like a couple of love birds caught up in the middle of an intimate mating dance ritual. They didn't need to exchange words or directions. By this point their connection ran so deep, they could tell exactly what the other wanted with a simple glance.

Hips violently thrusting into Rhea's ass, Edelgard slammed the entirety of her cock inside of Rhea's hungry butthole. The Archbishop shuddered in bliss. His enormous stomach wobbled from the force, shivers of arousal running down his spine as he felt Edelgard's precious children wobble inside him. Rhea's ass was so accustomed to the shape of Edelgard's girthy member, that the penis could slide

through his insides without any trouble. And yet, it was still large and hard enough that it could make Rhea's inner walls quake from each and every one of its thrusts.

Rhea could experience its absolute ruthlessness firsthand as Edelgard began to pound his asshole with a set of rugged motions. With her hands firmly placed on Rhea's torso to hold him in place, she would smash her cock into the depths of Rhea's ass over and over again. The tip of her cock crushed the entrance of Rhea's womb, its bulbous head pushing into Rhea's throbbing prostate as if it was trying to shatter it into pieces. It was such a violent and commanding demonstration it left the poor Archbishop breathless. Even his tiny, 2-inch cock was forced into an erection from the sheer amount of lust that overflowed from Rhea's system.

Though Rhea was perhaps the most powerful person in all of Fodlan, his body belonged purely to Edelgard. Rhea's fat asscheeks clapped to the motions of Edelgard's thrusts, embracing the princess' crotch with a loving warmth. His nipples streamed squirts of clear, steamy milk from the copious amounts of stimulation, while his big belly continued to wobble up and down from the intense pounding. Even Rhea's ass treated Edelgard's cock with the royal respect it deserved, its inner walls vehemently sucking and tightening around her girth as if to service her every inch. Rhea's entire body had been reshaped by Edelgard's cock into a dick-pleasuring machine.

This feeling of abject lust was very mutual for Edelgard as well. The princess loved the way Rhea's ass desperately clung to her dick like it was trying to milk every single ounce of seed from her system. She made sure to thrust into Rhea's ass extra hard, so he could bask in the sensation of his big, wobbly belly moving so wildly. It was the first time Edelgard had ever experienced love and pleasure to this extent. The connection she held to Rhea was the most intimate relationship she'd ever experienced, and she wanted to make the lover who'd given her so much bliss just as much in return.

"That's right Edie, baby~" Rhea gasped lusciously, his heart beating to the beat of Edelgard's thrusts. "Keep tearing my asshole apart with that big girl-dick of yours~"

"Hnggghhh~ L-Lord Rhea~" A guttural groan escaped from Edelgard's lips, eyes crossed and cock throbbing madly. "I-I-!! I love you so much~~~"

"Me too Edie~" Rhea groaned back, embracing all of Edelgard's love. "You're the best thing that has ever happened to me~"

Their pace quickened, pure, unfiltered lust slowly creeping into every single ounce of their systems until it overtook their brains whole. Just a little while ago, these two hated each other's guts. They could scarcely stand in the same room, their views so diametrically opposed they were forced into conflict. But now, they couldn't even bear to stay apart. Their bodies had grown addicted to each other, hearts beating with a love more powerful than any sort of ideology. All it took to alter the course of their very destinies was a couple of minutes, and now the two were far from anything they could have ever imagined. Though from the way they desperately clung to each other, perhaps that wasn't such a bad thing after all...

"... Is someone there... ?"

Unfortunately for the pair of lovers, their latest session would be interrupted as a loud, masculine voice of an unknown person echoed into the courtyard. Not in the sense that they were actually going to stop



having sex, far from it. Edelgard and Rhea were so horny for each other, they wouldn't be able to stay apart until they'd climaxed several times. Rather, in order to stay hidden from any potential prying eyes, Edelgard and Rhea plunged into the nearest set of bushes they could find. It was a little hard to hide properly, considering how enormous Rhea's belly and Edelgard's mature body were. But the alternative of Edelgard pulling out of Rhea's boy-womb without cumming several times was near unthinkable.

Stepping into the courtyard, the source of the voice soon became visible. It was none other than Byleth, the newest professor at Garreg Mach academy. Byleth was a quiet man with a reserved personality. He'd only been a professor for a few months, but he took his job very seriously, which is why he'd arrived so early to the classrooms. Eyes glaring into the courtyard, he scanned the environment in search of whatever could have caused that noise, a strange breathy and groaning sound like that of some sort of spirit. Alas, it was still too dark to discern anything, otherwise surely he would have caught wind of the bush on the other side of the field that was conspicuously rustling.

"Well, did you find it...?" The voice of Sothis rang out, though only for Byleth's ears. The little green-haired spirit floated up in the air around the professor, like an ever-pervading guardian angel who would not let him be.

"..." Was all that Byleth could muster as a response, a frustrated pout that only gave Sothis more ammunition.

"Heh~ What'd I tell you?!" The girl mockingly teased Byleth, her grin as wide as it could be. "There's no way there's anyone here this early! You're just being paranoid!"

Byleth let out a sigh of disappointment. Perhaps the little spirit was right. Maybe he was being a bit uptight about things, but... There was this strange gut feeling inside him telling him something was wrong. An instinctual sensation that led him right here, as if trying to warn him of some unforeseeable danger. He could have sworn it was going on around here, but maybe he was wrong...

"Oh hey!! Look at this!" Byleth's thoughts were interrupted as his attention was snatched by Sothis' loud, boisterous yelling.

Turning towards the girl, he could see her pointing towards some sort of machine he'd never seen before. The machine was hard to explain, with several blinking lights and a row of three displays with different symbols. Byleth had no idea what this was, or what it did. But he did have something for certain. He didn't like it in the slightest. All of those feelings of disgust and concern exploded twofold whenever he even looked at it.

"Isn't this cool?!?" On the complete opposite end was Sothis, who looked at the machine with wonder filled eyes. There was no sort of prudence or tact in her demeanor. Simply looking at something foreign was enough to make her excited. "It's like, some sort of alien machine or something! I've never seen anything like it before!"

For a few moments, the two stood side by side, completely quietly. There was this awkward pause, as if they both knew exactly where this was going but neither wanted to say anything.

"... What if we use it...?" Sothis suggested, her curiosity getting the better of her.

“...” Byleth instantly glared at the girl, expressing how much he thought it was a bad idea with little more than a gaze. He didn't trust the machine, and that was enough reason not to interact with it in any way.

“Oh come on! I wanna know what it does!” Sothis whined like a child unable to get their parent to buy them stuff. “Plus, if anything goes wrong we can just rewind it with my time powers, right?”

Before Byleth could even shoot her suggestion down, it seemed the little spirit's mind was already made. Lunging towards the machine, Sothis placed her hand on the handle and rapidly pulled it down. Initially, she expected very little would happen. Sothis was mostly immaterial, there were not a lot of things she could interact with. However, as strange as it might seem, the handle of the machine actively responded to her touch, flipping down and causing all three of its slots to start rolling endlessly.

With a look of horror and wonder respectively, Byleth and Sothis gazed at the machine at the same time. Not only had they unknowingly activated one of the most powerful and chaotic artifacts in the universe, but due to Sothis' and Byleth's interconnected nature, the two's transformative fates were also fully linked. As for what such fates would be, only the whirring machine would be able to know...