

Shamir chuckled as she stared at the strange silky white glove on her right hand. A magical glove, huh? How quaint. Usually, Shamir wouldn't indulge these odd legends. But the strange man she was buying some weapons from said she could have it for free, so she reluctantly agreed to take it. He talked about something odd like regretting his decisions and not being able to handle its power. Utterly ridiculous. 'A gauntlet that allowed you to steal any attribute from anyone, physical or otherwise.' Heh. These Fodlanders sure had some cooky myths. Still, she had to admit the idea was entertaining. If this artifact could in fact perform such a feat, then Shamir had an indescribable amount of power at her hands. She could even put it to use in her mercenary work.

A smile crept upon Shamir's face. She was a bit bored, and she didn't have anything to do, so... It wouldn't hurt to at least try it out, right? Scanning through the people the monastery's bazaar, Shamir tried to find a suitable test target for the gauntlet. Her eyes hovered over the diligent and serious Edelgard, perusing some wares with her shadow Hubert behind. For as young as she was, Shamir did always find Edelgard's authority quite impressive. She wouldn't mind having a bit of it for herself.

Deciding on Edelgard, Shamir attempted to activate the glove. She didn't quite know how to do so, but she didn't need to. The moment the thought formed in her head, the glove responded. Her hand closed into a fist instinctively, and a white magical orb surrounded the glove. The change was instantaneous. Shamir's posture straightened, her eyes got sharper. She felt... Stronger, bolder. Like she could command anyone to do anything. But more than just being able, Shamir felt a deep desire to be in control. All of a sudden, being a meager soldier working for a church she didn't believe in didn't sound appealing. Instead, she wanted to rule all of those that surrounded her.

It... It had worked hadn't it? The glove had worked. These feelings were things that Shamir had never thought of before, but now they felt completely natural. And taking a peek over at Edelgard, Shamir could confirm that Edelgard too was acting different. The girl was laying in Hubert's arms, unsteady and confused. Her demeanor was mild, her aura not dominant. It had totally worked. Which meant that...

With Shamir's smile turning wicked, the sniper started to secretly drain the greatest attribute of all the students she could see in the market. Hubert's magic, Felix's swordsmanship, Sylvain's charm, Hilda's bust, and so much more. As the new aspiring ruler of the Church of Seiros, she had to be the greatest woman to have graced the earth after all~ Student after student, person after person, their most developed attribute was stolen, causing a great commotion in the market as people panicked over their personal transformations.

A panic large enough that even the Knights of Seiros were deployed to take care of things. And this group was led by none other than Shamir's partner, Catherine. The panicked students quickly gathered around her, praising her bravery and thanking her kindness. Shamir gagged at the sight. That Catherine... Always taking the glory for herself. Well, thanks to Shamir's new powers, she'd show that showoff who the stronger one really was...

With her magical glove tightly fit in her left hand and a condescending smirk on her face, Shamir watched over the monastery's unsuspecting faculty as they gathered together in the conference room. They looked so unaware, so carefree... Shamir would enjoy making them submit.

“Is that everyone?” She asked the newly pacified Catherine, who stood ashamedly in the corner. After taking her personality and strength, Catherine was little more than an empty shell of her former self. Shamir had experienced an exceedingly easy time forcing her to gather the rest of the faculty so Shamir could drain them as well.

“Alois, Gilbert and Seteth are out on a mission...” Catherine responded meekly.

“That’s fine.” Shamir waved it off. The ones gathered here were more than sufficient.

Taking a few step forward, Shamir stood confidently and unabashedly in front of the rest of the faculty. “Afternoon everyone. Glad you all could make it here.”

Silence fell upon the room as Shamir began to speak, her sudden aura of authority and charm making them unable to focus on anything but her.

“For a long time now, I’ve worked for the Church of Seiros as a knight, always doing the dirty work and grueling missions I was assigned without question.” Shamir began her speech, pacing around the room with a confident stride. “And for a long time, I content with that job. I did my work, got paid, and lived a good life. But now, I’ve finally realized I can be so much more. No longer do I wish to just be a soldier. I have the will and power to become a god!”

Taking a sharp turn, Shamir looked at the group menacingly. “So from now on, I’ll be the one calling the shots here! You can all bow down to me!”

The entire group roared alive with gasp and whispers, none of them believing than the quiet and collected Shamir could do such a thing. None of them knew how to respond, except Rhea, who was not having any of it. Slamming her hands down on the table, the archbishop stood up with an angered expression and glared at Shamir. “Shamir!!!! What is the meaning of this preposterous blasphemy?!?!”

“Heh” Shamir chuckled. “You don’t scare me anymore Rhea.” Without any doubt, Shamir raised the magical gauntlet in her hand for all to see. “With this glove, I am practically invincible. And since you’ve so kindly volunteered yourself, why don’t we start with you~?”

Shamir clenched her gloved fist, making a magical bubble of bright light emit from her gauntlet. All of the faculty in the room gasped. In a few seconds, Rhea could start feeling strange changes all over her body. Her hips bubbled unnaturally, deflating in thickness and collapsing towards her body, while her waist expanded outwards flatly. Soon Rhea’s body shape was less like the perfect hourglass it usually bore, and more like a stiff fully unattractive square. Meanwhile, the opposite happened to Shamir. Hips busting out, waist thinning out, and a gentle delicateness coming over her frame, Shamir’s body bulged out from her clothes, going from lithe and compact to bombastically sexy.

The entire room fell into silence as the watched over the transformation, mouths agape and gazes stunned. Shamir lovingly rubbed her new tight curves with her hand. “Mmmm~ Now that’s more like it. See, Rhea? You’re no longer any match for me. I can take anything I want from anyone. In fact... To further make my point, I think I’ll give everyone a little taste~”

Clenching her gloved fist once more, Shamir called another magic ball of light. This time, the target was Manuela. The sultry professor quickly shot her hands upwards to cover her mouth, feeling some oddness surround her tongue. When the feeling subsided, she tried to talk.

“What’n de he’ll...?” As soon as she heard herself, Manuela brought her hands back to cover her mouth. Her speech pattern-! It had been taken!

Shamir giggled, emitting a seductively mature tone that she’d never talked with before. *“Oh yeah, Manueala~ This speech pattern is simply divine.”*

Next came Hanneman. After another magical orb, he could feel a fog come into his brain and scramble all of his thoughts. The storm was so severe that the old gentleman couldn’t help but collapse down onto his chair. “Brain... Feels... So... Drained...” He mustered weakly.

Meanwhile, Shamir happily rubbed her own temple as she felt her mind flowing with information. *“So much knowledge! ... You sure do know a lot about crests, don’t you, you old coot...”*

Another clenched fist meant another stolen asset, and now it was Jeralt’s turn. The muscular man gasped as he started feeling his commanding manhood shrinking into his body. He shoved his hands down into his pants in order to grab it, maybe hoping that he could somehow stop this crazy turn of events. But the thing quickly slipped from his hands and sunk below his skin, leaving him completely genderless at the crotch.

At the other side of the room, a bulge slowly but steadily started to grow around Shamir’s crotch. Right above her damp pussy, an exact copy of Jeralt’s dick formed, thick length, heavy balls and even golden pubes. Shamir patted the organ with excitement, and the member eagerly twitched with her touch. She would look forward to trying out the pleasure of male stimulation~

Finally, Shamir walked closer to her final target: Byleth. Shamir had always wanted to have a crest to wield Hero’s Relics, so she would finally take the strongest crest of them all. After Shamir clenched her fist one last time, Byleth began to shiver as her crest was forcibly removed from her body. It was like a piece of her soul was being taken from her, a chilling emptiness filling her core and freezing her whole. As for Shamir, she too was shaking. But instead of fear, from excitement. A powerful warmth filled her veins, her limbs trembling as if they were being filled with pure energy. This crest power... It was amazing! The power of the crests was truly not to be trifled with. Shamir felt like she could do anything in the world! In fact...

Diving towards Byleth, Shamir quickly pulled out the Sword of the Creator from its sheathe. Byleth reflexively tried to stop her, but the way Shamir moved with the swiftness of Brigid hunters made Byleth miss by miles. Shamir held the sword into the air confidently, the rest of the faculty in the room staring in fear. All of a sudden, the sword started to glow a bright red. She had done it. Shamir had successfully harvested the power of Byleth’s crest, and now she held the most powerful weapon in the world in her hands.

With a quick downward swipe, she slashed the desk in front of her clean in half. *“NOW WHO WILL DEFY ME?!?!”* She shouted boldly.

Everyone in the room kept their silence. They finally understood Shamir’s new power, and they would not dare challenge her. Even the adversarial Rhea, who normally wouldn’t bow down to anyone, was shaking in fear. Shamir had become unopposable. All in the room bent their knee to Shamir, all but the fearless Catherine in the corner off the room, who had grown exhausted of Shamir’s constant disrespect. Shamir humiliating and berating Catherine was one thing, but having her do that to the godly

Lady Rhea? Now *that* Catherine found unacceptable. Godlike powers or no, Catherine had bowed to protect Lady Rhea from any harm, even if it meant she had to put her life on the line.

Acting fast, Catherine dashed towards Shamir and lunged at her glove, thinking that a surprise attack would let her gain the upper hand. But Shamir knew exactly what was coming. Thanks to her new stellar intellect and her amazing archer reflexes, she quickly stepped away and avoided Catherine, letting the swordmaster unceremoniously crash unto the ground.

*"Is that it?" Shamir cackled cruelly. "I expected more from you Catherine... But that's more than fine darling. I'm more than happy to make an example of you~"*

Before Catherine could utter a single word, Shamir's glove sparkled brightly as another drain commenced. Suddenly, Catherine felt truly afraid. Why had she done that???? She was nothing against the god of a woman Shamir had become. She didn't want to die!!! And then, she lost all semblance of importance. She was weak and feeble. How could anyone respect her?

A sinister smile appeared on Shamir's face, knowing that she had succeeded. *"Undress."* She commanded authoritatively.

And though usually Catherine would deny such an outrageous request, now that her courage and self-respect had been stolen, she simply obeyed Shamir without question. In less than a second, Catherine's clothes were off her body and the girl was trembling with terror on the cold stone floor. Shamir felt her dick slowly bulge with life at the sight. Seeing the once proud and bold Catherine shivering at her feet felt right.

*"Turn around. Ass up."*

Again, Catherine did as commanded, presenting her glistening pussy to Shamir. Her clit twitched against the cold mountain air. Though she wouldn't like to admit it, for some reason having Shamir humiliating her like this really turned her on.

With an eager lick of her lips, Shamir tore through her tights, letting her massive erect cock burst into the open. She promptly got on her knees, pressing her cock against Catherine's vaginal folds, and started recklessly fucking Catherine's pussy. Catherine grunted as the enormous monster entered her womanhood. She wasn't prepared for it, but Shamir didn't seem to care. She fucked Catherine's cunt on and on like it was nothing more than an object for her to use, which somehow further aroused Catherine.

*"Aaaahhh~ Cath..." Shamir moaned out. "Your pussy is going wild... Is this turning you on?"*

But Catherine couldn't respond to the question. Her eyes were solely focused on Lady Rhea, who was staring at her with horrified eyes. She was being so shameful, so debauched... Lady Rhea was judging her from a few feet away... So why did it feel so good~?

*"Go on then, bitch! Say it!" Shamir started to pull on Catherine's hair as she pounded her pussy. "Tell everyone how much you love getting fucked in front of everyone!"*

*"I love it mistress Shamir!!!" Catherine yelled in ecstasy. "I love getting fucked in front of everyone like a whore!!!~::~"*

With that, Shamir's cock trembled in orgasm as it began to ejaculate line after line of virile sperm into Catherine's vagina. Catherine too was rocked by climax, her whole body trembling with shame and pleasure. Eyes rolled back, a dazed expression, and pussy squirting endlessly, Catherine quickly passed out on the ground from the overwhelming feelings attacking her mind, with the last words she muttered before losing consciousness being 'I'm sorry...'

Once Catherine was out for the count, Shamir pulled from her cunt and stood up. She held her thick semi-erect dick in her hand proudly, and looked over the rest of the faculty with sharp eyes.

"So, who else wants to try defying me?"