

Out in the vast, endless reaches of this unending multiverse, there exists a strange, mystical machine of unimaginable power. The machine itself seems innocuous at first sight. Three, spinning white slots serve as its main feature. At the top, the letters 'SPIN' flashed off and on constantly, accompanying the litany of enticing colored bulbs that adorn the sides of the machine. Then there's the large level at its side, with a big red ball point that was the word 'PULL' inscribed on it. To the average viewer, it looks like nothing more than a common slot machine one would find at any casino. But the truth is that this innocent looking machine actually holds the power to alter reality itself.

Whenever some unsuspecting sapient creature ends up being unfortunate enough to pull on the lever and activate the slot machine, their entire world is twisted by the machine's whims. One by one, the machine's slots will stop spinning, causing the whole of reality to change depending on what it lands on. From physical and mental transformations, to altering the laws of physics themselves, the machine's power holds no bounds. Each one of the slots is personalized for the person who pulled them as well, leaving no possibility for repeated transformations.

The solution, then, would be to simply not pull the lever or use this machine in any sort of way. However, whoever crosses the machine always- ALWAYS pulls... This is perhaps, the most insidious part about the machine. They it so effortlessly melds into whichever world it appears in. The machine does not need electricity or any sort of power to function. Regardless of the technological level of the world it invades, nobody will question or doubt its existence. Even its very transformative effects are retroactive, making anyone completely unable to see its results. The only real way to avoid this machine's wrath is to never encounter it in the first place. This is the power of the Slut Slot Machine.

Whether the machine has any will of its own is impossible to tell. People always seem to unconsciously flock towards it. Their minds are twisted ever so slightly, filled with a deep desire to pull on the machine's lever. But whether this is another property of the machine's power or something intentional is not known. The transformations themselves do follow a particular pattern. They're mostly inclined towards a perverse nature, and never end up leaving any one transformee harmed or unhappy. More than a destroyer of worlds, it seems the machine is a sewer of lewd chaos.

Thus, as the whims of fate are often known to intertwine, the powerful and mysterious Slut Slot Machine somehow found itself within the confines of Garreg Mach's officer academy. How such a machine ended up in Garreg Mach, nobody knows. One moment it wasn't there, and the next it was. The machine wasn't particularly hidden or out of the way either. The big contraption rested right outside of the doors to the three classrooms as if it was the most normal thing in the world. It just sat there, lights blinking, slots spinning, waiting for the moment when someone- anyone- crossed its path...

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Edelgard gave a loud sigh of dejection as closed the door to her room. The sun was barely peeking out of the horizon, darkness still enshrouding most of the academy. Were it not for the torches lit up by the early-rising staff, it would have been impossible to see anything. There was absolutely no doubt in Edelgard's mind that she was leaving for class early. Too early. She would probably be in the classroom long before the professor even woke up. But sleep continued to avoid her and she couldn't stand to sit idly in that room, so the princess headed out towards the classroom anyways.

The morning climate up here in the mountains was always quite tough. A cold chill caused Edelgard to shiver as she walked down the stairs and out of the dormitory, hold herself tightly in a pointless attempt to remain warmth. However, much more than the warmth, it was Edelgard's own thoughts that really troubled her. After being forcefully woken up by yet another nightmare, her brain kept her up all night with thoughts about her plans for all-out war, her dealings with TWSITD, her dream of changing Fodlan. It was all so much to bear, especially for Edelgard who mostly did it alone. Yes, Hubert was quite the helpful assistant, but he didn't provide any of the emotional help Edelgard so desperately needed.

It was important to note that Edelgard had no intention of backing off her plans at this point. She'd gone too far, sacrificed too much. This was her responsibility to fix, not just for her but for the better future of humanity. Still, that didn't mean it was quite a weight to bear. Sometimes, a little part of Edelgard wondered... What if it didn't have to be her? What if she could just forget about this whole revolution, and design herself to a simple happy life... These thoughts were nothing more than childish dreams. Edelgard was going to change Fodlan, one way or another.

Arriving at the classroom, Edelgard reached towards the door to the Black Eagles class when suddenly a bright glimmer took her attention. Closer to the center of the hallways, behind one of the big pillars, there was a strange contraption Edelgard had never laid eyes on before. Its sides flashed with yellow and red colors, its surface coated in a very dazzling pallet. The thing was so different from anything Edelgard had ever seen, she literally had no point of reference to compare it to.

Interest piqued, the white-haired princess slowly approached the contraption. There was no sort of fear or wariness in her steps, only pure, genuine curiosity. The spinning wheels and flashing lights were energetic, whilst the vibrant colors made it quite interesting. It just seemed like a fun machine in general! Something that would definitely take Edelgard's mind off all of the woes that were afflicting her.

Looking at the top, she saw the word "SPIN" displayed proudly. Further down along the machine, her eyes were caught by the lever with the big red ball tip that read "PULL". It didn't take a scientist to figure out how to operate this thing. Without thinking much about it, Edelgard reached towards the lever and gripped the ball tip. For a few seconds she stopped. Should she really be touching this strange machine? She had no idea where it had come from, no idea what it did. For all she knew, this was a brand-new accursed contraption from TWSITD designed to deal with her. But little by little, all of those thoughts were slowly drowned away. For some reason, Edelgard felt completely compelled to pull on the lever. Like she couldn't control herself.

Struggling against her rational mind, Edelgard finally pulled the lever down with a fierce motion. The machine began to jingle with a robotic tune, the handle staying down as the first slot started to slow down further and further, until...