
Joining the brass (Falinks TF)

You're walking around in a small clearing. When you see a Falinks walking around.

Only this Falinks is missing a trooper. They only have 4 troopers. 5 If you count the leader with them.

You're having a bad day. So you decide to mess with them.

You approach them. Their leader the brass greeting you. Or at least you think it's greeting you.

"Heh, you aren't a real Falinks. You're not even complete. I should just call you FAILinks! Hahahahaha." You mock them.

They ignore you at first.

But as you continue to mock them. They start to get angry.

Or at least the brass is starting to get angry. The troopers just look at you with a concerned look. As if they know what's going to happen.

The brass charges at you.

Striking you to the ground with one of their shields.

You barely even saw it coming.

Strangely it barely even hurts. So you get up pretty quickly.

"Hahah, is that the best you can do?" You mock them again.

It's then that you feel something strange happening to you.

You feel yourself shrinking down. Your legs, arms, body. Everything is shrinking.

A red horn grows from your forehead. Hair turning into a red crest behind it. A golden-yellow shell forms on your head. Making it look like you're wearing a helmet.

Your pupils turn white. Sclera turning a light blue.

Entire face turning black. Making it look like your eyes are glowing.

Hands cracking as they turn into an entirely different shape.

They turn circular, growing golden-yellow in colour with a white circle in the middle. A red spike grows in the middle of it.
Making them look like shields.

Lastly your feet grow into featureless stumps. They turn the same black as your body and face.

Your entire body has shrunk so much that it looks like you're just a head with limbs.

You can only look at yourself in shock.

The changes happened so quickly that you've barely had any time to react to it.

Looks like you've turned into the missing trooper of the Falinks.

You see the other troopers are already in a line with the Brass in the front.

The Brass orders you to join the line and march forwards.

Despite your feelings about what just happened.

You feel your body moving on its own. Being compelled to follow the brass's orders.

You try to resist, but the compulsion is too strong.

Guess you have to get used to being part of a Falinks.

Maybe you shouldn't have made fun of them...