

# GRIMA'S GUARDIAN

## BIWEEKLY STORY 11

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Once again she had been unable to stop it. Having already witnessed a future full of loss and tragedy, the princess had defied odds and gone back in time to prevent that same tragedy from ever happening again. The advent of Grima, the possession of their dearest friend, the rise of darkness itself... in the final hour they had been unable to prevent the inevitable. As much as they had called to Robin, as much as Lucina had called to the woman that was her own mother, they hadn't been able to shake her from Grima's clutches.

And so their army had been beaten and shackled, many held in distant facilities across the world as they awaited punishment for turning their blade on the great Fell Dragon. Grima had known of Lucina's efforts -- how could she not? She was Robin in the end. Everything Robin had been told Grima would ultimately learn. And Grima had learned from the mistake of allowing Lucina her freedom in another timeline...

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The sound of water dripping was the only noise in the darkness short from the faint breaths of its prisoner.

How many days had she been in this cave, cut off from the rest of the world? Lucina could only wonder such things. No light from above shone through any cracks and no one ever came to visit her. Food appeared on its own via magic along with a lit candle that only remained lit as long as she was eating. The closest clue she had to the whereabouts of the other Shepherds was that Severa was likely nearby. They'd been brought to this cavern maze together after all, only to be separated and sealed away.

Her prison was perfect. Falchion had been taken from her, and days of being starved and fatigued prior to first being thrown in had turned her weak. Lucina was loathed to admit it, but she was fed so infrequently that when meals appeared she was quick to consume them as if she were some sort of savage.

She laid on her back atop one of the more comfortable rocks as she always did that day, the sound of dripping water the only noise to grace her presence until she became aware of an odour. A scent. A *light*. Grima or one of her followers had finally decided to grace her with a meal.

Her visage little more than a shadow against the candlelight, these feeding sessions had become the only real indicator about her current living conditions. The cave was small and cramped, and naturally Lucina had been stripped of any clothing. She merely had a tattered robe, dirty as she was, clinging with desperation to a starved form. She'd been left wondering what the point of feeding her was when it seemed like Grima was more intent on leaving her on death's cusp.

But such thoughts were better off left for after she'd eaten. Day after day it was the same sad meal. Several scraps of cooked meat and an aluminum jug of water that was meant to last her until the next meal. But she ate it readily. Even if it was tasteless, even if the water had a strange taste, it was better than starving. She had little hope of ever escaping at the end of the day, but clinging onto that hope was better than abandoning it altogether.

**"So it seems you haven't died yet. Not that you've been given much of a choice."** The moment Lucina had set down the bones left from the final piece of meat, a voice echoed throughout her cavern. Yet there was no one around to speak. The voice was familiar. Robin... *Grima*.

**"You! What have you do--"**

**"Silence, my new pet."** Such a simple phrase brought the princess' tongue to a halt, much to her dismay. She raised dirty fingers to her lips, trying desperately to make sound come out, but she couldn't. **"Confused? Did you really think I was feeding you regular food and water my dear Lucina? Did it not strike you that it might be tainted?"** She had... back when she'd been first locked up here. But when it was either '*eat this or die of starvation*' she'd pushed that possibility to the back of her mind. **"How did it taste? All of those servings of rotted dragon corpse? It was hard to find them, but I hope it pays off in the end. Oh, and don't throw it up."**

She'd sure as hell wanted to. That was rotten dragon corpse? They could cook that? ...*had* it been cooked? It was only dimly lit when she ate, and out of sheer hunger maybe she'd...

Lucina's stomach churned as she stumbled up to her feet. She wanted to throw up so badly, but instead all that she managed to spew from her mouth was a light drool that she couldn't seem to turn off. She felt hungry again... *for more of that meat?*

How in the name of the gods? Fluid continued to spill from her lips, sliding down the front of her robe and seeping into their filth.

Her heart pounded and pounded. Faster, faster, so quickly that she clutched her chest as she was suddenly overcome by an intense pain around her heart. It beat and beat, her vision blurring dramatically as the bursting feeling reached a climax and then... *nothing*. A corpse known by the name 'Lucina' suddenly hit the ground.

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Days? Hours? Minutes? How much time had passed since she'd died? These were the thoughts the princess had as her consciousness whirred for the first time since her presumed passing. Yet eyes, flickering open to be greeted by unnatural light, suggested she wasn't dead at all.

Her body felt ice cold. Even the light provided no warmth as she stirred with a groan, the woman's vision doing its best to refocus after being robbed of so much light for so long. Had she not died? Then had Grima's plan to kill her failed?

As she pushed herself upright with a great deal of difficulty there was something that immediately caught her attention. The wave of hair, soiled as it was, that moved past her eyes was not the rich blue she had inherited from her father. It was a pale white, void of any of its previous life. Cold hands reached out to grab a strand, but that was when she noticed the color of her skin wasn't quite the same either. It was as if there was no life left. Cold... so cold... there were signs that it had begun to lose its coloration as a pale blue replaced warm shades of life.

This was alarming. She moved her lips to say something, anything, and despite having words in mind all that came out was a forced "**Gnuugh**". She tried again, a similar but different sound coming out. She couldn't move her tongue properly, her entire form felt heavy and slovenly. And, despite her internal panic her heart rate didn't increase.

*It wasn't even beating.*

"**Nnngh!?**" She moaned again, this time provoking the voice of Grima to speak to her once more.

"**Oh, you've finally revived. About half a day, hm? That's twice as long as your friend. Maybe we should speed things along.**" What was she talking about? Revived? Her friend? Severa!? That was the only person she could think of. Despite the urgency of the realization, admittedly it took her mind a little longer than normal to get there. Everything felt too slow. Her motions, her thoughts, it was like she was walking against the wind.

Lucina groaned once more, this time in pain as her heart beat suddenly. It was a single beat, but with it she felt extraordinary power well up inside of her. Was this what Grima had meant by '*speed things along*'? A dull pain rang out across her entire

body, keeping the princess pinned to the ground ever as drool continued to spill down her chin. She almost felt like she was melting and yet there was no heat. Slowly she held her fingers towards the source of the cave's light, a glowing orb near its peak that was likely composed of magic. Whatever was happening Grima wanted to make sure full well she could see it happening.

And *'it'* happened all at once.

Perfectly normal fingers pointed towards the light, yet a mass of bone suddenly erupted from within her fingers and hands, a horrific sight as oversized claws were produced from nothing as her bone structure was permanently altered. They didn't resemble the bones of a human at all, instead their reptilian design gave the impression of a monster. They ran up the full length of Lucina's arm, forming a canopy over the remaining flesh that grew colder and took on an eerie shade of dark green below.

But that was just the most visible of a number of bone growths that had occurred simultaneously. Her feet and legs had morphed in a similar fashion, green and bony and overflowing with unnatural strength. Bones gripped her thighs, they gripped her legs, they tore through her robe and left her naked body exposed. Some clamped into her nipples, obscuring them from the light, and others formed a set of horns upon erupting from beneath her ghostly white hair.

Regardless of where these bones sprouted from it was like there was no blood in her entire body. The color of any skin that remained had become greenish blue, though aside from her new white assets the shape of her womanly form had remained the same.

**"GNNGH!"** This time her groan was more like an uncomfortable roar. The scent of rotting flesh became alarmingly apparent, more-so because there was only one potential source in the room: *herself*. Lucina was *undead* and beneath her inability to speak she was entirely aware of the fact.

A tugging sensation at her tailbone took front and center as she finally managed to rise to clawed feet, her entire body feeling far more powerful than it ever had despite how slowly she was moving. A tail of pure bone began to snake out, twitching without purpose nor speed at her rear as, one step after another, she grew closer to the bucket of water. She needed to see her reflection.

Even as a pair of green, worn wings erupted from her back, she had to see herself.

Lucina fell to her knees before the bucket with another groan, gripping the aluminum with both claws before casting her eyes into the reflection. What reflected back was her own face though... it was green. Drool still dripped from her mouth, her eyes vacant as could be. Lips were curled up into something resembling bliss, an expression she couldn't seem to dismiss as much as she tried.

She was a *monster*. The groans she released were anguished, but Grima's laughter merely drowned them out.

**"You're still yourself in there aren't you? Even though I'm making you my pet, I thought it might be fun to have you retain your sense of self even as your heart and soul are reborn as a dragon zombie. You'll follow my every order as a good undead would, but most of all... Hmhm. Dragon zombies have a peculiar large appetite you know, Lucina? Both physical *and* sexual."**

As if on cue Lucina felt it. An intense arousal. She could no longer feel heat, but a deep need was inspired within her.

Bone had wrapped around her pussy as a shield, as if shame was something that could be felt by a zombie, but as the girl's arousal grew her pussy lips began to drool not unlike those of her mouth. They dripped and dripped, need ever evident as her own boney tail began to tease the orifice, eventually slipping all the way in and provoking a sound like both a groan and a moan from the zombie's lips.

But Lucina was still in there crying out.

*Why is this happening to me?  
How can I live as a zombie?  
Gods, stop touching yourself there!  
It's getting harder to resist...*

The stimulation stirred the final set of physical changes. While Lucina's biology had been permanently damaged, reduced to that of a draconian undead, her body did not exude the sexual energy that served dragon zombies so well in the wild.

Bones digging into her tiny breasts began to pull and creak as they were pressed against, the mass of each tit suddenly undergoing significant gain. Dragon zombies were known for their incredible soft and supple forms, it was how they enticed men and women into laying with them. In general her body became heftier, green skin taking a soft sheen as it gained enough mass to make her look seductive without making Lucina pudgy, but it mostly focused in her breasts and ass.

The zombie's form lurched forward as added weight to her bosom took her center of balance away. Tits were pinched by the bones around them, though the discomfort was only temporary as her dulled physical senses took away the ill feelings. The drool from her mouth had nowhere else to go and began to slid down her ample tits, each approximately the size of her head by the time inflation had completed.

Her ass fared no better as thighs rounded with the same suppleness. Cheeks inflated, her tail bouncing against them a moment as it started to accommodate for their new girth. A clawed hand reached around to touch them out of curiosity, nails very

slowly digging into the fat of her ass and leaving a momentary impression once removed.

Juices only continued to pour from Lucina's pussy as her tail worked its magic.  
"Nggh... Gnuuuuh!"

*It's getting harder to think rationally.  
Gods! All I can think about is sex!  
Being pleased... I'm dripping so much...  
Maybe it would be better to just give in...  
No! I cannot! For my father! For Ylisse!*

The brand of the Exalt in her dead eye flickered away at that moment, signaling the beginning of the end of her personality.

*I need to get out of here!  
I need to change back!  
I need to... to...  
Need? Need...*

The zombie's dragon wings behind her spread wide as she shambled over to the nearest wall, her juiced trickling against the stone beneath her. She raised a hand in the air and, with a single punch, blew away a large portion of the rock wall that had contained her.

*Escape. Move. Need.*

Her rational thought had devolved into pure instinct motivated by a desire to fuck. She had to escape this place to do that, and so her tail served as the only thing keeping her cold body satisfied.

Eventually she came to another cavern, thick ass wiggling with sultry sway as she wandered into its depths. She could smell it. The scent of another's sex. It called to her, she wanted it. Man, woman, it didn't matter. She just wanted it inside her cold, wet pussy.

Many eyes focused on her. One large, ten or more tiny ones from the corner of the cavern. It was another monster. Her large cyclops eye and sharp teeth caught Lucina's attention, but nothing more than the red twintails atop its head stirred a strange emotion in her. Nostalgia? Joy? Feelings... they were trivial. She didn't think based on feelings any longer.

*Severa...  
Fuck.*

Claws pinned the [Gazer](#) against the wall, the toothy smile across the other monster girl's face not fading as it reached a hand to remove the tail from Lucina's pussy so it could insert itself.

When the dragon zombie was done with this lesser beast she would return to her master's side. Maybe master would let her keep the Gazer?

That was the only shred of hope she had left.