

DRACOWEEN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a few months now since Prince Alfonse and Princess Veronica had mysteriously disappeared during a summer treasure hunt. It wasn't all *that* long in the grand scheme of things, but it was enough time for most of the people to move on enough to go back to their daily life. The disappearances had affected some people more than others, such as Askr's youngest princess, Sharena.

But the truth of the matter was that the two missing people weren't *technically* missing. They had taken different forms and identities, and one of them even remembered the lives they had possessed before – at least in the case of the swimsuit-clad Loki. She could remember being Veronica, but cared little for returning to that life. Instead she was smitten with the relic that had transformed her in the first place.

She had spent the past few months analyzing it, studying it, and wondering if it might be possible to adjust it so that she could wear something other than a swimsuit. Yet while she *could* strip naked, any attempts to wear different clothes would see those clothes transformed into the swimsuit again. It was inconvenient, but she was so attractive that it wasn't really a bad thing in the end, was it?

“I see... So it's ready for another round, is it?” Analyzing the properties and workings of the relic had been no easy feat, but blessed with a keen intellect and a desire to learn, Loki had managed to piece together the conditions under which it worked. It required energy that could only be accumulated with time, and so it would take months between uses. But it appeared enough time had passed. And so?

She simply required a pair of individuals to test it on.



Ylisse's Princess Lucina had come to attend Askr's Harvest Festival along with her father, Chrom. There was something about this time of year that appealed to her sensibilities, for the falling leaves and overabundant presence of pumpkin-based delicacies were both trends that she enjoyed. As she walked among the streets with her father, she savored the biting autumn chill and the hustle and bustle of the crowds.

Yet as the day wore on, the setting sun cast its orange glow and people began to disperse. **“One moment, Lucina. There's something I'd like to fetch for you.”** Their trip

ultimately took them to the house that Chrom had been staying at, and after promising his daughter a gift he stepped into his home, leaving the teenaged girl alone outside.

“Hm... Father is taking a while. I wonder what it was he wanted to give me?” Eventually she opted to lean against the wall beside the door. The day had been a pleasant one, reminding her of when she was small. While *that* version of her father had long passed away, at least she had *this* Chrom in the future. **“I wish it could be more like when I was a child, though.”**

It was completely natural to yearn for simpler times now and again, so Lucina's words weren't at all *unusual*. Yet they had been picked up by an energy being radiated from the relic in Loki's hands nearby. Feeding on her desires and being a device that twisted people into heroes that otherwise could have been summoned, it ultimately settled on an outcome that granted this desire of hers.

Ultimately, it wasn't even subtle – not even in the beginning. Because Lucina *immediately* took notice of something being very *wrong* about her surroundings... or was it with herself? **“Uh... Wait a moment, is father's house bigger than I recall?”** As the young woman was standing at the foot of the stairs, she had a better idea than most as to what the size of the house should have entailed. There were only a few steps that led up to the door, and she was tall enough naturally that her head measured up to the door's base.

Or at least it *should* have, and yet looking now it was as if her head only came up to the highest step. And then the second step. Were the stairs – nay, was the entire building – actually getting bigger, swelling to a size that might better accommodate a giant? No, as the princess quickly realized, that wasn't the case. Because there was a *feeling* that proved the contrary. The feeling of her clothes bunching up and growing baggier. Her tunic was quick to become a dress dangling to her knees, whereas fingerless gloves fell from her fingers and her thigh high boots reached up to her hips.

“Am I... Did I become smaller!?” The disbelief in the woman's voice certainly wasn't unfounded when you considered the cause of it. Because while she was practically swimming in her clothes like a child dressed up in something from their parents' wardrobe, well... That wasn't exactly all *that* off the mark, either. Because one look at Lucina's face demonstrated something that just the loss of height could alone.

She appeared much more *youthful*.

Woefully, Lucina's height loss had come at the expense of her age as well. She was notably younger in terms of build and expression, with her eyes bigger and cheeks rounder. While not one to sport much in the way of a figure in the first place, in fact, much of what she *had* possessed had melted away. Her chest might as well have been *entirely* flat by this juncture, while legs and bum were all as definition-free as you might expect from a girl around the age of *ten*.

But she *wasn't* ten. In fact according to her biological clock? She had actually grown much, *much* older. Like her lifespan had diverged from that of a regular mortal's. And to those ends her body began to exhibit an inhuman trait, at least as far as her ears were concerned. They poked out from the sides of the girl's head, notably longer and pointier than they had been before. Arguably *not* the ears of a human.

“Oh... Of course I didn't become smaller. That would be impossible, wouldn't it?” With a voice that was both smaller and cuter just as Lucina herself was, something in her mind had the girl reason away her prior concerns. Something as magical as shrinking wasn't all that possible, perhaps, and besides? She had memories of being this small for a long time now. *You adjusted to it when you grew at such an exponentially slow speed when compared to mortals.*

The mental adjustments to her changing reality were just a small part of what was transpiring mentally, mind you. Lucina's personality was changing, her pride as a princess dwindling along with any semblance of maturity while simpler thoughts and feelings began to root themselves

within. She was growing naturally restless, and the idea of standing outside by her lonesome was making her a touch anxious.

All the while, the remaining necessary changes had begun to spice up the princess' facial features. Or perhaps it would be better to say that it was making them cuter? Already rounded because she was the physical age of a child by this juncture, her jawline smoothed out further while eyes became even bigger and wider than normal in the process.

She looked *much* more feminine as a result, but the change in her eyes also highlighted something else: a change in their color. Blinking, speckles of an emerald green casually twinkled midst the sea of blue that was so typical of their color. Given a bit more time they overcame the origin color of her irises altogether...

Before moving onto her *hair*. While perhaps a single shade lighter, a similar green appeared in the depths of her roots. Slowly but surely it crept down the full lengths of her locks, painting them fully in their color all while Lucina's hairstyle became a touch thicker, with her bangs fluffier than ever.

With her body so petite and her face and hair so different, it would be nigh impossible to identify her as Lucina by this juncture. That said, mentally she didn't even *see* herself that way. She stood there, briefly stunned by a groggy head, while the material of her clothing began to thin and slither so that it became a red, tattered dress overtop a pair of diagonally striped shorts. Her hair was tied into a ponytail by a red bow, while red horns propped up just above her forehead. Toss in a forked tail and, well, that was a costume wasn't it?

“Hm~? What was I doing again?” Rocking back and forth on her heels, it was clear that the dragon child did not understand why she was standing in front of this house in a costume. Maybe that wasn't exactly true? She understood the costume. It was a Harvest Festival staple! Once the sun set, all of the kids would dress up and go door to door collecting candy, and being so young spirited she *loved* candy! So much that the thought made her stretch, manifesting a pair of big, blue dragon wings in the process.

Tiki tugged at her cut up dress and the pumpkins on her wrists, before finally adjusting the fake horns atop her head. They were secretly stuck on a hairband that was hidden beneath her green hair! Ninian had helped so much with setting up her costume, so... **“Actually where**



is Ninian? I thought she was gonna be my chaperone!” Since they were both dragons by nature, the two of them got along well despite coming from different worlds.

Was she just supposed to wait there for her? Maybe she was just supposed to wait there...?



The Hero King, Marth, was admittedly not too far from where Lucina had been about to transform at the time. He had been walking down the adjacent street after helping at the local orphanage, being the good guy that he was. Events like the Harvest Festival invited plenty of opportunities for joy when it came to the kids, and he couldn't help but reach out to help brighten their days at the time.

That said, all of that time spent with the children reminded him of a certain *other* child he knew. Even if she was much, much older than him. Tiki was certainly an enigma. A kind and bright soul despite seeming so young. But she was also capable and warm. If he had any qualms about her presence, it was the fact that her extended lifetime meant he would pass away long before she would. He might not even live long enough to see her *mature*.

“If only I could stay with Tiki longer. I loathe the idea that she spend her life alone.” Stirred by this line of thought as he often was, the man made this comment aloud. One that fed into the active relic's abilities at the same time Lucina's desires had fed it – intrinsically linking the pair of them in their new destinies.

Marth was not subjected to a change as obvious as Lucina's right out of the gate for better or for worse. There wasn't and wouldn't be as substantial of a height loss in store for him in the first place, for his desires did not make mention of his own childhood. Rather it was one born out of concern for another's childhood and the time she would be left to spend alone.

At first there was uncertainty as to how the encroaching changes might address this, mind you. After all, the pigmentation of the man's hair color changing wasn't at all suggestive as to how Tiki wouldn't have to spend the rest of her long life alone. Yet nonetheless? Its natural blue lightened towards a very light bluish green. From the tips right down to the roots (as well as any hair that couldn't be seen), it was *all* dyed in this color that was uncharacteristic of his bloodline.

But more than that? The length and style of these locks changed as well, with hair growing at a hastened rate. There was very little time between the growth beginning and ending, and when it concluded this newly colored mane fell all of the way down to his rear end. While it *should* have been distracting with its weight and length though, the Hero King himself didn't even bat an eyelash. Something was preventing him from noticing.

“Hm... Where was I off to again?” Still wandering about, his intended destination had seemingly been wiped from his memory. Was he just wandering aimlessly? Blinking, his own eyelashes interacted with each other differently – for they had grown longer. Fluttering like butterflies, they drew attention to something else. Marth's face always *had* been vaguely androgynous, but wasn't it leaning a little too hard into the feminine all of a sudden?

His chin had narrowed and had pulled closer to his eyes. His lips, meanwhile, looked fuller than they ever had. Yet also *pinkier*, perhaps in part because his skin tone had lightened just a touch. With a button nose contributing not only to enhanced femininity but the impression that he wasn't looking quite... like Marth. Rather, like a different *woman* altogether. This was further highlighted once the blue in his eyes gave way for an abnormal crimson.

By this juncture his transformation was in full swing. From an observer's point of view it was becoming a little easier to grasp just *how* his wish was being granted. A human could not think to live the long life of a manakete, yet... *another* manakete could. That was why the ears hidden behind his hair were drawn into very subtle points, and it explained the supernatural color of his eyes as well.

As Marth continued to walk forward his stride was ultimately compromised in slight, too. It certainly wasn't as substantial as had been the case with Lucina, but his height did lessen a touch. Just a pair of inches that hardly brought about any havoc when it came to the fit of his clothing. That said, this didn't mean that there would be *nothing* to fret about when it came to his clothes.

“Has my armor always been this heavy?” With his Adam’s apple shaved away, it almost seemed like that was the cause of a sudden rise in his voice’s pitch. Furthermore that voice was much softer to boot. But while fleeting, for he would forget them once the discomfort was addressed, his concerns *were* rooted in something substantial.

Not only was all of his swordsman’s muscles disappearing, leaving his slightly shorter body to be void of any definition of strength, but fat became more abundant in places where it *shouldn’t* have been as well. His armor felt heavier because he was weaker, yet at the same time the discomfort caused by his outfit could be chalked up to a number of other *growing* factors.

Among them was his *chest*. Beginning with nipples that swelled to the size of gold coins preliminarily, a more abundant pudge than what now padded his arms began to accumulate *beneath* those nipples. Slowly but surely this weight built, pushing nipples forward while bonafide breasts grew like fruit upon a tree. And in the end? A C-cup bounty was concealed by the armor plate in front of his chest, their masses pressed close to his chest due to a lack of space.

Similar trends saw to it that his lower half bloated with the same vigor. Hips were forced wide not independent of what was happening, but because they were given no choice by the swelling around them. His ass cheeks, flatter without their muscle mass, surged forth once more but with fatty tissue this time, until they were a perky peach shape. While surrounding thighs? They burgeoned similarly, almost completely compromising the fit of his pants.

Shorter, delicate fingers now rested on his hip in a body language that was not at all typical for Marth, but those fingers clenched into a fist suddenly as discomfort radiated from *her* groin. **“Oh my!”** What had that feeling been? Like a strange tug around her loins? It was enough to make her practically involuntarily dance upon her smaller feet. **“What could that have been?”**

At the very least the burden of her clothing was ultimately lifted, for steel melted and merged with the cloth of the woman’s outfit proper. Colors lightened and materials flowed, soon reshaping it into a layered dress of varied blues with gold trim. Her crown had become a golden hat with sweets nestled in the top, bound to a hairband that sported white ribbons flowing down the sides. With a translucent hagaromo slowing around her arms and shoulders, she was the picture of delicate beauty. Yet for some reason she wore *nothing* on her feet.

“Am I forgetting something important? It feels like it’s on the tip of my tongue, yet…” *Ninian* wasn’t exactly wrong in her

assessment, for there was a small part of her that could actually recall that she was meant to be the Hero King. Yet her new persona was so dominant that this understanding was akin to a quiet voice whispering in the back of her head with so little force that she couldn't quite make sense of what it was saying. And so, in the end? She dismissed it entirely.

Instead, different memories came rushing back. Memories that explained why she was out during the Harvest Festival, and why she was dressed up in such a fanciful raiment. It was a costume! She had promised Tiki, a manakete from another world, that she would accompany her trick or treating. Her fellow dragon was young and impressionable, and as they were both familiar with the fact that they would outlive any mortals they befriended...

Well, Ninian could promise her companionship so that she would *always* have someone. **“I need to hurry, she must be waiting at Chrom’s house!”** And so she shuffled off to their meeting place. It was a convenient location between their two homes, and Chrom himself had no qualms with them using it. Yet when Ninian got there? Not only did she find Tiki, but also Chrom carrying a wrapped present.



“Erm... Have you two seen Lucina?”

Where had she gone?

The swimsuit-clad Loki lingered nearby, observing the results of her experiment from an alleyway. **“I see. Just like what happened to Thorr and I. Interesting! But it seems the relic will need a little more time to recharge... just in time for the holidays.”**