

# (HOT) SPRINGING UP

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**“Well this sucks!”**

**“I know, but we can’t really do anything about it, right?”**

Feeling defeated, the two younger sisters of Silva, Camieux and Cucouroux, could do little other than sulk around their family home. Their big sister had been invited on a hot springs trip with her girlfriend Tweyen, but despite asking they hadn’t been allowed to go along with them. Something about there not being enough rooms free at the resort, or something? It wasn’t like they didn’t *understand*, but that also didn’t mean that they had to be okay with it either.

They weren’t, evidently, because they were still kicking about the house rather than doing the things they enjoyed doing. The older of the two, Cucouroux, was a gunsmith for example. You might not think it with her cute appearance and blonde twintails, but she had learned a lot from her parents and had become quite the popular one for commissions. When she wasn’t skyfaring with the Grandcypher crew, she always came home to help out.

On the other hand, the adopted Draph sister Camieux wasn’t all that experienced. She was only thirteen, but at least she still helped with gathering the ores the workshop needed to be successful. Ores that they were actually short on, and yet the duo were so fixated on wanting to go on a relaxing vacation of their own.

**“Well, we could *wish* to be at the hot springs!”** This idea was ultimately pitched by the youngest of the two sisters, which made sense seeing as it was so unproductive. Only a child could believe that making

a wish like that might *somehow* be granted, all things considered. There was just no way that making a wish like that could send them away on a vacation. They would be better off just saving the money themselves and asking the Grandcypher's captain for leave. That was what Cucouroux had thought, and yet?

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**“EEEEEEH?”** The next thing the middle sibling realized, she was not lounging around her familiar living room in an outfit of her own choice. She was standing in a steam-ridden room with wet tiles and a wooden bench nearby. Uncannily, it resembled the inside of what she assumed a hot springs changing room would resemble. That said, Cucouroux was more concerned about the fact that she was *naked*, and without thinking much of its owner, grabbed a purple towel that had been sitting on the bench to tie around her naked body. **“How did I end up here!?”**

It was a good question, really. She had just been about to tell Camieux how silly it would be to rely on a wish, only for her to promptly end up in a hot springs changing room? That was *impossible*, wasn't it? Had she actually suffered a shock and passed out, and this was all a dream? That would really make much more sense...

Yet as she was unaware, Cucouroux wasn't even in the Skydom anymore, but a different world altogether. Camieux's wish had been heard, but by something akin to a monkey's paw. The sisters had been sent to some hot springs, but they were fulfilling the reservations and plans of another pair, from another world. They just had to grow into those roles.

And Cucouroux most certainly *did* find herself growing into it quite literally. **“Um...? What's going on here?”** Several things caught the teen's attention all at once. One of which was the feeling of her towel slipping after she had tied it so tightly around here, while the other? The feeling that the room around here was *shrinking*. The bench, one of the few things she clearly see through the steam, was at a point where she had to crane her neck downwards to properly see it now. **“Am I getting taller?”**

As hard as it was for her to believe, it would certainly make some sense of things. Such as why the towel had lifted up to her thighs as it became even more endangered of sliding right off of her. It also explained why the room looked smaller, but Cucouroux struggled to understand *why* this was happening, much less *how*. Not that it mattered for long, as her memories were quick to adjust. **“Have I always been this height?”** She had, hadn’t she? Of course not, but one only knew what the mind reassured them of.

That said, when it came into growing into the role she was being assigned, it most certainly was not limited to her height alone. She had sprouted up to roughly 5’8”, and her body had been left looking lankier in the wake of a limbs and torso that had been stretched. It was clear that she needed to grow in *other* areas as well, and this quickly began with the sensation of her hips popping out of place before resettling above five inches past where they had settled before.

**“Oh!?”** Rather than feel painful though, it had felt pleasurable to Cucouroux based on the coo of surprise that escaped her lips as it happened. With the sides of the towel pushed out around these hips, space there soon grew even more limited as the areas around it swelled with bloat. Well, part of it was something that occurred throughout her entire body.

*Muscles.* Being a gunsmith, the girl had always been somewhat toned with muscle thanks to having to work with the forge and carry around heavy weapons, but as muscles tightened across her frame now, it was clear that her natural strength was greatly transcending what had been possible for her before. Her arms swelled, her stomach developed a tight eight pack, and her legs?

They grew just as potent in terms of muscularity, but once her hips had widened, they grew thicker still with something else: fatty tissue. Her thighs swelled with this weight, which in turn disguised just how strong her legs were in the process, while the skin around them was pulled as taut as it possibly could be. Both thighs pressed up against one another between her legs, and they weren’t even alone in their growth.

The back of the purple towel pushed up around her rear, as Cucouroux’s ass followed the example set by her thighs. Once average cheeks for a teenaged girl, they soon reached maturity in the form of a pleasant, juicy peach shape that would swell with tantalizing vigor whenever she walked. Indeed, this was not the ass of a teen, but one of an attractive young woman.

Which, looking at her face, was exactly what she had become. There was an undeniable maturity that had settled into her facial features, from the

delectable swell of her lips to the overall arching of her cheeks. That face was longer now, without a single iota of baby face remaining from her youth. Even so, it gave off the impression of a woman in her late twenties – particularly when paired with narrowed eyes that now sported a violet hue.

This purple was actually more common than first gleamed though. The same shade as in her eyes quickly wove itself into Cucouroux’s hair. Hair that lengthened down her back and took on natural waves, while bangs, now thicker and longer, were brushed to the left so that they covered her left eye. **“Hmm... Why is my head so foggy? Too much time in the steam?”** She was beyond far gone by this point, and couldn’t really remember how she had ended up in this changing room, much less her old identity.

Even so, there was still *one* area that had yet to fill in, and with the rest of her transformation more or less complete, it wasted little time in making an explosive entrance. Figuratively, of course. Because her breasts, small as they had been before, promptly erupted with jiggling fat that finally knocked her towel off of her completely, revealing fat G-cup tits that were still jiggling from their growth, down to her abs, and even down to her equally fat ass and thighs. Thighs that had a patch of purple fuzz sitting between them above her pussy.

**“Mmm... Why was I so perplexed about coming to the hot springs? I came upon the invitation of the Hoshidan princess, after all.”** Not only that, but it was a rather vivid memory that shoved away the many doubts she had been suffering from throughout a transformation that she could no longer recall even enduring. It was as if something had gotten her terribly anxious for no good reason, and she was now finding her calm again as reason swatted away the doubts.

Princess *Camilla* of Nohr was not one to often doubt herself. Whether her was a matter or her mind *or* her body, she was always dripping with a great confidence. In fact, when she finally fetched her fallen towel from the damp floor of the changing room, she didn’t even reclad her naked form with it, and instead draped it back on the bench where Cucouroux had originally found it.

Why should she hide her beautiful body? From



her glowing abs to her perky breasts, none would find looking at her flesh undesirable. Quite the contrary in fact, based on what she had heard from suitors in the past. But there was one particular, potential suitor that she had yet to get any kind of response from. **“Hmhmhm! And when will miss princess be arriving? I’m excited to see her reaction.”**

Hinoka’s reaction to her naked body, that was.

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**“U-Um...? Did my wish really work? I can’t believe it!”** While Cucouroux had reacted to being spirited away with concerned caution, the adopted Draph sibling had what was likely the polar opposite reaction. She had wished with all of her heart that they could visit some hot springs! And now? She was standing beside the water; water with steam wafting off of it. Honest to goodness hot springs!

On the other hand? She was naked, and so the thirteen year old scooted over to the first towel she could find. One with a crimson band that she wrapped around herself, despite it dragging across the floor since she was too short. It was still better than wearing *nothing*, and she was often lectured by her parents that it was important to cover up. Especially because she was a Draph, she had developed rather... *early*.

**“But where’s my sister? I wished for the both of us to come here...”** Young and naïve as she was, Camieux was reveling in the success of her wish rather than questioning how in the world it might have been possible. Her sister was actually nearby, in the adjoined changing room, yet by the time she had the sense to go back there, neither of them would have been in the forms they had arrived in.

The degradation of Camieux’s youthful, Draph form had *already* begun. There were signs in her facial structure that the youth she cherished was waning, with chubby cheeks thinning and lips growing rosier. But when it came to her lineage as a Draph, there was something much more shocking occurring. Her horns were disappearing little by little, almost like the tips were being ground into a fair sand and the phenomenon moved downward. Before long, they were gone entirely. Yet in their place?

Patches of red appeared in the hair around where these horns had once been. It was likely fairly easy to assume that this was blood, seeing as she was now hornless, but there were no wounds or anything from the loss of those growths. Instead, the red was just a natural change to the color of her silver locks. One that quickly whipped through her mane's entirety, but also appeared to change its style and cut as well. Locks that were once wavy and the length of her back's center became straight and cut at her chin, while a lick of red curled up on her head's top.

**“I really want to go in the water, but where is... um... C-C... Cam... illa?”** Camilla? Who was that? Wasn't that the person she had come here with? No, she had wanted to come here with someone, but wasn't the nature of their relationship different? The girl's head begun to spin, the transformation evidently wreaking just as much havoc on her memories as it had the company she was trying to recall.

The changes trooped on nonetheless, though. The naturally short limbs of a Draph were very quickly lost – in the sense that they were growing longer and longer, seeing her height rapidly shoot her up until she was 5'4" or so. It was a *very* dramatic change that wasn't exactly limited to her limbs, else it would have appeared very, very strange. It fortunately stretched her torso higher, and saw to it that both her hands and feet flourished in size until they better suited the look and feel of a human woman.

Not a girl, but an adult *woman*.

**“I'm... Hm.”** By this juncture, Camieux's voice was deeper, and the way she was speaking felt both more mature and calmer than it had been before. Side effects of the new personality that was overwriting her own, clearly. She didn't even really note that she had grown, much less that she had grown so tall that a towel that had once been dragging across the floor now clung to her thighs.

Much like Camilla, the muscles in Camieux's body did tighten – just not to the same extremes as what had befallen the purple-haired princess. Her body just, overall, became nicely toned. If anything it was her tummy and legs that grew the firmest, like she was accustomed to often riding a mount of some sort. As was also the case with Camilla, softer tissue bloated parts of her body to make her appear fuller figured, but... It was so much more tragically lacking.

Her thighs only took on the slightest of softness, and her butt? It bloated so it was more pronounced for her new height, but it didn't really grow beyond that. Even her breasts didn't grow all that much, only a single

cup size. Although to be fair? Being a Draph before, even if she had only been thirteen she'd already had quite the sizable bust.

All that remained of her old self, really, had been her eyes. And even then, a dark crimson saw her irises dyed, and their shapes pinched in at the sides so that they were narrowed. Indicative of the fact she had transitioned into an entirely different race altogether.

**“...Erm? Did I come out to the hot spring without my guest? That was rather rude of me.”**

Realization hit the towel-clad Princess *Hinoka* of Hoshido like a speeding Pegasus that Princess Camilla, whom she had invited for just this occasion, was still waiting for her back in the changing room. These were the royal hot springs, and naturally you could only come here on invitation. Of course, it was no big deal to invite the princess of another kingdom along, but it was extremely disrespectful of her to leave another princess all her lonesome.



Had Hinoka invited Camilla for any particular reason? Loathed as she was to admit it, despite being enemies for a spell she had come to *fancy* the stronger princess. In a romantic *and* a physical sense, yet she was far too bashful to admit it. She was also utterly ignorant to the fact that Camilla had already caught on, and had begun treating their interactions as a game to see how far she could push before Hinoka finally acted upon her obvious desires. **“I suppose I should go fetch her...”**

Before heading into the changing room, she fashioned a smaller towel around her hair. Hinoka's hair did not fair well in humid places like these, and she didn't want Camilla to make fun of her. Although she'd get to do so in the end anyways, because the moment she pushed aside the cloth that separated the springs and the changing room, she was greeted with the buff, purple-haired goddess in her birthday suit. **“P-Princess Camilla, what are you—!?”**

**“Heehee. Do you like what you see, Princess Hinoka?”**