

NOHR PROBLEM

COMMISSION STORY

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It was kind of exciting. Princess Sakura had never been to a sleepover before! But here she was in the Nohrian castle, on invitation from the young Princess Elise to enjoy an evening together. The war had ended several months ago and the kingdoms had been rebuilding under their new alliance so trips like these were now permissible.

A friendship between princesses of once-warring kingdoms? It was *also* now permissible, and the two young girls had found they had plenty in common. Music was the biggest, even though they played instruments unique to their own kingdom's cultures, but this sleepover was meant to help them grow even closer!

In fact there had been rumor of a potential *engagement* between the two if all went well and if that was their shared desire. It would have been good for Hoshido and Nohr alike to structure bonds outside of their shared familial bonds with Corrin and Azura.

The only problem with this very fun and very exciting sleepover? *Sakura had gotten lost*. It was already late at night and the two girls were clad in their night gowns (*a pale pink garb from Sakura, with a translucent black dress for Elise*), but Sakura had excused herself to use the powder room. Despite Elise's offer to accompany her she'd turned it down, claiming to be familiar with the route in question but...

Yeah, she was lost.

In her defense the hallways at night were dark and difficult to navigate. Torchlight only did so much to help with differentiating samey stone walls, and before long the young princess found herself before a door

she'd thought was Elise's. It was of a similar, unique design that was indicative of the fact it belonged to Nohrian royalty and there was a ribbon tied to the latch which made her think it was a girl's room. Both were correct assumptions, but upon stepping inside she quickly realized it was the wrong room.

It looked almost like a dungeon but why were the torches lit? A bedroom made for someone that was more captive than resident, and this resonated with something her elder sister Corrin had told her once. That King Garon had treated her poorly and didn't let her live at the castle. On the rare chance she'd been allowed to stay there she'd been isolated to a single, uninviting room. So then, was this that room? If so it was more tragic than she could have ever assumed. How cruel of a man had Garon been?

BAM!

“EEK!?” Sakura screamed from surprise as the heavy oak door she'd entered through suddenly slammed shut behind her, the sound of a locking mechanism all but sealing her fate. “Oh no! Am I trapped in here?” King Garon was dead, but it seemed his machinations still haunted this building in a sense. He had foreseen his inevitable demise and laid potential traps for those that might come later.

The red-haired girl was immediately put on edge, and it was really Elise's fault entirely. Her blonde friend had thought it would be amusing to tell ghost stories as soon as the sun had set, so of course Sakura was now terrified! And it was warranted, for while not a ghost exactly it was the work of a spirit. A spirit that passed right through the girl's body.

It wasn't a real spirit, although it was vengeful. The insurance Garon had left behind had been a curse, one meant to reshape Nohr in the case that it was led astray from his vision. But the curse required vessels, and one had wandered right into the room the curse spirit had been housed in. One wasn't enough however, and once it had touched Sakura it flew through the hall in search of a second.

This left the Hoshidan girl alone once more, body wracked with chills. All of the hairs on her body stood on end. **“Wh-Wh-What was that!?”** Arms huddled to her body, it was a momentary reprieve from the thought that *‘wait, she was locked in here!’*. Yet before she could revisit that little problem she found herself... *distracted*. She felt smothered. Stifled. Like something was covered that absolutely shouldn't have been.

Eventually her head tilted down so she could look at the culprit. It wasn't her night gown, but the *slippers* that *covered her feet*. Why did

these suddenly feel like an excessively placed accessory? It was customary to wear footwear and the castle floor was cold. But she felt like... ‘*Why would I wear these? I’ve never covered my feet. I prefer to leave them bare!*’. The voice that called at the back of her head was *incredibly* familiar and yet it somehow seemed off. It was too sinister. Corrupted? Either way her body obliged to its preferences and kicked the slippers off, footwear sailing into the darkness before cold stone greeted her tootsies. “**Eep!**” It really was cold! *Why* had she done that?

The cold against her feet was somewhat numbing, and led to the girl not quite realizing that the designs of her feet were contorting. Toes lengthened, heels became more pronounced, and before long they seemed a little large for the legs they were attached to. Large, but familiar.

Shivering intensifying, all of a sudden Sakura could see her breath where she couldn’t prior. “**D-Did it get colder?**” For the temperature to drop so quickly seemed unlikely, but it was actually just her. Physiology was rapidly changing and what she was becoming wasn’t quite a human. Well, she still would be, but she’d also be half *dragon*. Her rounded ears were drawn into a pair of sharp points that weren’t excessively long but were certainly a little longer, while a dark crimson began to glow within her eyes from the awakening dragon’s blood.

Locks of silver soon mixed themselves with her pinkish red. Ever spot touched by this new coloring not only lengthened but took on a greater volume, and once amassed into clumps it all looked *incredibly fluffy*. But compared to the straight bob that typically rested at her shoulders? It rained down her back in messy, soft, unbound curls that fell as far as her bottom and would only grow longer as she grew taller.

And she was growing taller.

It was probably for the best to better accommodate the increased size of her feet, but as the dragon’s blood become more pronounced it grew clear that it needed a larger vessel. Arms and legs alike saw growth, and while her sleeveless gown had no issues with arms lengthening, it was her increasing height that began to cause problems with her outfit.

Shoulders were farther away from her hips, which meant the dress that was only held up by her shoulders was pulled up with her lengthened torso. She was wearing pink panties fortunately, but now they were completely out in the open. “**H-Hey! What’s going on!?**”

She bent down immediately, hands with grown fingers and gingerly cut nails waving in front of her crotch instinctively, but the distance she reached and bent threw Sakura off. “**Wait, when did I...?**” Because it

was so dark her perception hadn't really changed enough for her to take immediate notice, but with her clothes as they were she had no choice but to acknowledge it now. She *was* taller, probably a good four to five inches.

'The height I should be. Why would it be any different? I took note of my height every birthday as I rotted alone in that tower'. Sakura winced as that voice bubbled up again, this time more overlain with her own thoughts and memories. The voice was enticing. Power dripped from it, and power soon found its way into her body proper. Arms and legs rippled as muscle was built from scratch, her healer's frame replaced with that of a warrior maiden all while a pulling sensation clawed at her body.

Hips popped wide, seeing the straps of her panties clench and fray before they were snapped entirely by her bottom filling out with an adult woman's weight. Charming as it was firm, spread cheeks settled with elasticity in between widened hips and were as strong as they looked bubbled. The very same could be said of expanded thighs. What sealed her newly found maturity was the emergence of her breasts, which bubbled up with haste to meet the consistency demands of her lower body. B-cup, C-cup, and then finally a modest D-cup; her dress was made very tight and held up past her toned navel.

But Sakura? She could hardly react to what was happening to her body. The glow in her widened, crimson eyes had intensified and beads of sweat were rolling down her body as anxiety built. **"This isn't who I am...! Who am I again? I'm... But...! Corrin? But sister never had thoughts as dark as these! Hoshido... is the enemy? Nohr is... also the enemy? WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE THESE!?"**

She clawed at the sides of her head, fingers intermediately transforming into their dragon counterparts and then turning back again as the high emotional stakes clashed with the energy of a Dragonstone in the corner of the room. Her night gown began to melt into a goop that slid across her body, darkening as it slid around her crotch and beneath her breasts, holding them up with ample cleavage before hardening. It all reshaped into a pitch black armor that fit her like a leotard, leaving thighs and tits largely bare as was typical of Nohrian women's armor. Greaves and gauntlets fit her limbs, and while the insides of her thighs remained exposed a thin layer of black cloth kept the outsides covered.

"These thoughts aren't mine... they aren't..." *Princess Corrin* collapsed to her knees, hands buried in her face. What was happening?

A short ways away, Princess Elise was desperately looking for her Hoshidan friend. It had been a good twenty minutes since Sakura had gone to the bathroom and she knew just how much of a maze the castle was, but Sakura hadn't been in the bathroom. So where was she?

No sooner than she wondered this did a strange feeling wash over her. An overwhelming cold that chilled her to the bone. The curse spirit had found her wandering and had sought to make the young princess the second vessel of Garon's machinations. In the very same moment chills had struck her, an idea regarding Sakura's whereabouts struck her as if it were a guaranteed fact.

'She's in her room of course.'

“What? Her room? Princess Sakura doesn't even live here...”
Elise knew this, but she began to wander in the direction of the room in question as if she was being guided by a mysterious force. Elise meeting the new and improved Corrin was a preordained inevitability, but much like Corrin she required a makeover for the plan to succeed. And that makeover? It was made all the easier, for Elise's mind had been chilled.

Her movements had slowed, her ability to think critically dulled. It was like her mind had been blanketed with a darkness. It was necessary to prevent the two girls from meeting before their individual, unique transformations were done and Elise was more or less an empty husk being guided towards her destination. And when she eventually regained her sense of self? She would hardly be the same person anymore.

The girl moved almost like a zombie, her curly blonde hair loose and bobbing with every lurch of her body forward. As it bounced, however, the length of it all seemed to straight and more remarkably brighten as the blonde and purple strands mixed together into a consistent, bright, ocean blue. Were she conscious of anything happening whatsoever then Elise probably would have realized where she'd seen that color right away: it was the same color as Princess Azura, another of her adopted siblings.

Limbs stretched as she rounded the corner towards the room that Sakura had been trapped within, making each motion seem all the more disturbing as at moments the inconsistency of the growth created scenes where one leg might have been longer than the other, or where limbs completely matched her shorter, childlike torso.

Elise's black nightgown was hoisted up to reveal her bare lower half much like Sakura's had once her torso began to match the limbs in terms of increased length, but unlike Sakura her panties did not meet

the same integrity check and were clearly already oozing with black, a phenomenon that quickly took her gown as well and saw its length slip much farther down.

Muscles bulged, but more predominantly in her legs while thighs found their girths bolstered by a combination of strength and fat. Based on how they tenderly bulged with fat but the muscle beneath could still be seen, they were very evidently the type of legs wielded by a talented *dancer*. Ass bulged too, weight found fitted with a black thong that solidified from the ooze her older, children's panties had transmuted into prior.

As the rest of the ooze hardened, its color largely turned to a very **dark blue** as a dancer's dress fashioned with a more Nohrian stylistic flare took shape from it. A headband accessorized blue hair that remained so long that it risked dragging against the ground below, and some of the ooze splurged up to cover her mouth and veil how her lips grew plump and nose grew large, all while eyes sparkled an almost supernatural gold. In fact, as the facial splash thinned and blued it became evident that a half-veil had been its intended design, adding to Elise's exotic dancer look.

She walked upon shoes that were now heels, her posture now one exuding evidence as the cloud over her mind began to wane. The young woman found herself standing before a familiar door as the weight upon her chest built, breasts of the B-cup persuasion rising up against the inside of the dress and allowing the faintest framing of cleavage to show outside of a purple, floral brooch that covered the space between her tits.

“Wait... where am I? How did I get here?” Elise's golden eyes blinked, head rocking from side to side as she tried to comprehend her circumstances. Had she not just been looking for someone important? She'd checked by the bathrooms, and then what? Uncertain, she raised long and delicate fingers to the door. Somehow she felt as if this was where she was meant to be, so was what she was looking for on the other side of the door?

But memories of what this door was suddenly struck her. **“No! Father always told me not to go in here! This is... where Corrin has to stay?”** Corrin? Oh! That was who she was looking for wasn't it? A wall of memories and feelings smacked her like an axe. *‘Today is the day we reshape the world in King Garon's vision. Corrin and myself, together.’* But that sounded both wrong and unsettling. Made all the stranger by the fact she couldn't figure out where memories of Garon telling her not to use this room had come from? It seemed like the kind of thing King Garon might have told Elise.

But she was *not* Elise. She had no memories of *being* Elise.

She was **Princess Azura**, a woman captured from another kingdom, whom had been thoroughly corrupted by Garon's ambitions much like Corrin had. Oh, how the two of them had struggled so much in the beginning. So hesitant to accept his corruption, his despair. So adamantly opposed to his mission. But now King Garon was dead, and the only two that could see his plans to fruition were Azura and Corrin. The rest of his children had chosen peace over war? It was because they were weak.

“Wake up, Corrin. We need to go.” It didn't take much for the Azura plagued by *Garonblight* to open the door, locking mechanism and all. Inside the torches were snuffed, but she could make out the visage of the woman she was looking for in the center of the room, kneeling over a purple Dragonstone as red eyes glowed against the darkness. **“Today is the day we reclaim Nohr from the traitors, and then take Hoshido as our own as well.”**

Corrin rose, her body clearly half-transformed into a dragon with fangs showing among clenched teeth. She did not make any noises typical of a human at first, and instead provided a low, rumbling growl as if she were some sort of beast. That was by Garon's design as well. Corrupt Corrin so that her dragon blood was feral, yet allowing her the reason to communicate. She could still talk, but she was more like a monster than a person.

“K... ill...” She stepped into the light of the hall, drool spilling from her lips as her immense tail swung behind her. Yet, upon seeing Azura, her *handler*, she allowed her transformation to become undone and fall into the dancer's arm. Azura rubbed her head. Like a sibling? No, like an owner, a lover, both. Corrin's anger and bloodlust felt quelled in Azura's arms. It was the only place she could be at peace.

“That's right, my dear Corrin. It's time to kill.”