

# SPRING HAS SPRUNG

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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This time of year always brought positive tidings.

Everyone was always in high spirits in Askr during the month of December, for the yearly winter festival was held to commend a plethora of overlapping holidays that blessed the month. It was five weeks of hot cocoa, games, and fun social gatherings that all of the army's members could join in on in some capacity or another, and there were very few that took issue with its existence.

Not even Tharja, who might as well have been the resident wet blanket, could not find herself loathing such a time (*although she certainly would be hard-pressed to admit this fact*). There was a very simple, singular reason that this was the case though, and it was on full display as she walked down a snowy street with a man dressed in red. **“Robin... Do you truly need to wear that? You make us stick out like a sore thumb.”** The last thing she wanted was to be the center of attention.

**“Don't be such a spoilsport, Tharja! These are the traditional colors of the festival! Besides, I've seen some of *your* alternate outfits. I don't think you dislike the spotlight all that much.”** The white-haired young man replied with a wave of a hand buried in a thick, red glove.

Tharja groaned. Because festivals kept everyone busy, that meant that Robin wasn't with her wife as often. He'd gotten married and left her behind, and yet there she was still chasing after the shadow of romance she could not have. She knew it was a futile endeavor, and yet...

**“Just a moment, I need to fetch some things from inside.”** The two of them stopped before a small, wooden house. Robin’s lodgings, and those he shared with his beloved. And speaking of the devil? The woman in question, Lucina, passed him on the stairs, the two sharing a kiss before he ducked inside. But... why was she dressed in her spring attire? Was she in some sort of performance?

Lucina and Tharja shared brief pleasantries before she started off down the street, leaving the Plegian to stand alone – irate. **“He must not see anything of note in her, right? Perhaps he’s only acting like he loves her.”** This line of thought was going down a very questionable path, but she was a questionable person. **“I suppose there is one way to see. Perhaps he adores me instead.”**

And so a hex began to take form.



Robin had not intended on lingering within his home for very long. It wasn’t often he had time to spend with his *friend* Tharja, and he knew she would simply get far too agitated if he left her to wait too long. He simply needed to pick up a sack of presents he was hiding in his room, and he would be on his way. But Robin? He entered his bedroom only to never leave again. At least not as *himself*.

**“Ah, there it... is?”** The man had reached a gloved hand out towards the crimson sack in the room’s corner, but much to his surprise that glove slid right from his fingertips. Both gloves had in fact, leaving his hands entirely bare. Because one of them had been reaching forward, he could make out his fingertips, and they didn’t look... *right*.

Not only were his fingernails far longer than he was accustomed to, but the fingers themselves seemed smaller. No, they were shrinking before his very eyes? **“What on—!?”** Both hands retreated so that they were in front of his face, and turning them over before his eyes he could see the undersides. His palms had collapsed just as his fingers had, yet while

skin looked softer for a brief time, that softness hardened into thick callouses.

*Why did his hands now look so familiar?*

Because Robin wasn't shuffling around, the fact that his boots had become more vacant at around the exact same time went unnoticed initially. There was only one probable cause of this change though, and that probable cause turned out to be the correct one. For his tootsies had regressed in size similar to his hands, daintier feet two sizes too small for the confines of his festive footwear, with more calloused, yet rounder heels to boot.

Bizarre as it all was, the main kept his emotional state in check. **“This is unusual to say the least, but the cause? The purpose? I don't sense any magic in the air.”** He wouldn't have been much of a tactician if he couldn't keep a level head even during *this*. That said, speaking of the man's head? It was beginning to look less and less like the head of, well, *a man*.

While he sported a face that couldn't best be described as 'rugged' in any capacity, the masculinity that he *did* possess showed signs of deterioration as his complexion smoothed from head to toe. Nostrils flared for a brief moment as the nose itself collapsed in, rounding into a cute little button shape at the tip. The lips Robin spoke with looked – and felt – far more luscious too, with eyes growing wider above softer cheeks. Thinned brows included, there was something very familiar about his face as it then rested with its new, curved chin. Familiar, but...

It was certainly not *Robin's* face.

The tingling upon these features had not gone unnoticed, and his smaller hands rubbed at his face while walking over to a nearby mirror mounted on his dresser (*all while kicking off boots that were much too loose for him now*). While the mirror wasn't far, each step felt somehow more labored than the last, like he wasn't going as far as he *thought* he should be going. That wasn't all that surprising in the end, not as several inches peeled off his height which likewise left the fit of his festive outfit somewhat baggy.

**“Lucina!?”** Calm as he had been thus far, not even Robin could emit a cry of shock after catching sight of that reflection. It was his wife's face that was wide-eyed, looking back at him from within the glass. He couldn't even make the claim that it was only his face that resembled her, not with his current height. The mystery of why his shrunken hands looked so familiar had found its answer as well – these were hands he held quite frequently after all.

For some reason, he still didn't panic in the end. Not even hair lengthening and spilling past his shoulders brought him as much grief as it likely should have. Rather, something else built within. Perhaps it was a side effect of the transformation, or perhaps it was a kink of some sort he had just discovered, but the entire process brought his body to burn with lust.

In terms of how he would traditionally deal with that lust, on the other hand, the most important of assets was taken from him not long after. "**Oh!?**" Accompanied by a gasp that sounded far too girlish, a single hand reached down to grasp the front of *her* pants, spurned forth by a rather pleasant suction feeling within her loins. Not content with just pawing at her clothes, especially with the top hanging down past her pelvis even more with her smaller stature, she allowed pants and boxers to fall to her ankles so that she could snake a hand up below to touch, well, her *pussy*.

The woman shuddered as familiar fingers entered a familiar snatch, navigating its insides none too difficult considering all of Robin's previous experience. As she waddled over to her bed and collapsed against it though, the area around those burning loins escalated their transformations. Her hips, almost immediately, swung wider so that her gait pulled several inches wider than longer.

A gait that proved necessary, for thighs and ass alike soon inflated like thirsty sponges absorbing moisture for the first time in eons. Lucina was not a woman known for her curvaceous body, but she was not one without a semblance of femininity either. Skin stretched taught around thighs that were bolstered by meat and muscle alike, while her rear end erupted into a cute and perky little bubble that bounced up and down against the bed as she rocked hips against her finger.

**"No... What am I...? It feels so good, and yet...!"** Robin snapped free of her stupor before she climaxed, and messy fingers soon found themselves removed and wiped upon her bedsheets as she laid exhausted. Beneath her cloak, her chest grew puffier and rounded out into a pair of B-cup breasts with cherry-sized nipples that twinged with need, but she resisted. No sooner than a dark blue washed through all of the hair upon her body – and not to mention her eyes (*the new brand in one notwithstanding*) – she found herself suffocating under the grip of her own clothing. "**Urp!?**"

Robin was still laying upon her bed, and so despite the discomfort she was able to crane her neck down to look at her torso. Her crimson cloak could be seen practically strangling all of her flesh and bone, bearing down on her in a way that saw the fit of the cloth tighten while the sides

of her torso were pulled into an arch. But something soon went awash with the color and even material of her clothes, and before long a once festive ensemble had been replaced by... Well, okay. So this ensemble was still *festive*, it just wasn't festive for this particular season.

An open-chested leotard done up with blue sides and black cups revealed the entirety of her newfound cleavage to her while hugging the deepened crack of her ass, detached white sleeves, frilled by design, dangling about her shoulders. Frills of equal measure found the base of the leotard, and upon lifting a slender leg into the air she discovered white tights around them. A rabbit hood sat cutely atop her head, above a blue scarf around her neck, and upon the ground? Where she had dropped her once red mittens and black boots, there were now thin, white gloves and golden heels.



**“Wait! This is *my* spring festival costume! ...Mine? No, it's *mine*!”** In a panic, Robin threw herself back up into a sitting position atop her bed. For some reason her mouth wasn't saying what she wanted to say, and even then? The *way* she was speaking was more akin to that of her wife than her own. **“I am *Lucina*. I am *Lucina*! No! I am *Lucina*!”** It seemed that despite her best attempts, she was incapable of referring to herself by her old name.

But why had she transformed into Lucina in the first place, much less in her spring costume? Without her notice, Tharja had cast a hex upon Robin meant to turn him into the one his heart truly desired – in hopes that he would be turned into a copy of Tharja herself, furthering the belief that they were fated. But Robin not only loved Lucina, but had *just* seen her dressed this way. And so the end result was obvious.

**“*Tch.*”** It was an outcome that Tharja clearly wasn't happy with, what with how she was now standing in the doorway to Robin's room, fingers so tense that they almost looked like they might take a chunk out of the frame. **“I guess I lose, after all.”**

On sight, Robin understood at least the *cause* of her transformation. Tharja had done this using a hex, had she? Well then, there was only

one course of action now. **“You did this to me? Change me back, Cynthia!”**

That declaration hung in the air for a brief moment, the pair of women standing stunned by it all. Why had ‘Lucina’ blurted out the wrong name just then? While the new Lucina herself mulled it over a moment longer, Tharja realized something sooner than that. Something with terrible implications for her *own* identity.

**“Oh no.”**