

# DRAGONS FOR SISTER

BIWEEKLY STORY #123

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hmm... I wonder if this would make a good gift?”**

In a musty Nohrian library a young girl with long, twirled, blonde hair sat on her knees with a pile of books in front of her. This girl, Elise, had come to this old library with good intentions. Her big sister was going to be coronated as the Queen of Valla soon! Corrin had done so much, and together with the people of Hoshido they had united to take back the secret history of their continent while bringing back Valla from the claws of darkness.

A *lot* of work had been put into getting the two nations of Nohr and Hoshido to where they were now. They had been at odds if not in complete war for what felt like decades. Only now, with the truth revealed and leaders changed did they manage to set aside their differences – because they hadn’t been as different as they had ultimately believed in the first place. In an effort to help bridge that divide even further, Elise had been doing some research about their kingdoms.

But in her pile of books she had found something more interesting. **“A spell to unlock the history of the dragons...”** It sounded a little *too* convenient considering how spare dragon-related lore tended to be, but Elise knew that her sister Corrin desperately wanted to learn more about her own past. So if she could decipher and cast the spell on these old pages? Perhaps that knowledge would be of use. She could pass it on as a coronation gift!

Worst case scenario? She cast the spell and nothing happened!

Or at least that was what she *assumed* would be the worst case scenario.



Standing, the Nohrian princess grabbed her wooden staff from off the nearby wall and stood before the old book, which was open to the appropriate page. Her eyesight was sharp enough that she could read it even from where she was standing despite the fact that only torches and candles lit the space. **“Okay, let’s see here... No additional ingredients are necessary, right? It was just the incantation...”**

Admittedly a spell like this might have been better handled by her older sister, Camilla. Her experience with magic was vaster, which was why Elise typically stuck to using more general tomes. It was just more convenient in a combat situation to wield tomes you were familiar with. But this spell in particular didn’t seem so difficult that the girl couldn’t handle it herself.

And so she read the incantation while channeling magic through her body.

**“I... don’t really feel any different? Or I don’t know anything I didn’t before... I don’t think? Maybe it’s slow acting?”** Elise corrected her initial assessment because she *did* feel different a little bit. Just not in the way she had expected to. Her skin felt all tingly. Was that just a side effect of it? It must have been, right? But when would this great dragon knowledge be bestowed upon her? Had she been scammed by an ancient tome?

In a way? No. But *yes*. She *was* going to receive ancient dragon knowledge but: 1) it wasn’t of the dragons of *this* world and 2) some *adjustments* had to be made before she could receive this knowledge. In fact there were already some readily apparent signs of this. Take the girl’s eyes, for example. Just moments ago they had been a reddish purple, and yet any trace of that red had melted away so that only an ocean blue remained.

But this color had appeared in a place *other* than the girl’s eyes around the same time as well. Her hair was layered in color, but the way she styled her twin tails made it so that you could see the dyed purple inside layer weaved midst her natural blonde hair color. But the purple that could be seen? It slowly took on the same blue as her hair, and from there the blue soon replaced the blonde as well – not only atop her head, but her eyebrows to boot.

At *first* she didn't notice this changed color, as striking as it was, but she was soon given a reason to realize. Her completely blue hair was thinning in volume and shortening slightly. The combination of these two changes made it so that the ties holding the tails fell right off. "**Wha—!?**" Which meant her twin tails unfurled while her bangs moved from being swept to the left to being swept to the right instead. "**Did something just happen to... MY HAIR!?**"

Why was it a little shorter? Why was it *blue*!? "**Wait, did the spell do this!? I guess it was the only thing that could but... Hmm, this is troublesome...**" Wasn't it a little *more* than troublesome? Deep down Elise thought this, but her reaction seemed somewhat *subdued* by comparison. "**Wait wasn't that weird? That didn't really... sound like me...**" In the grand scheme of things how she sounded wasn't as alarming as how she was *looking*.

The spell's power that had been seeping into the rest of her body and it had begun to alter her build and *shape*. But that couldn't really be properly molded without first doing one thing in particular, and it was something that was *extremely* obvious even to Elise. "**E-EH!?**" Being young still (*or at least she was supposed to be*) she was a pretty short girl – only around 4'10" in height. But out of nowhere there had been a shift away from that.

Her body was growing *significantly* taller very rapidly, sending her balance awry and prompting a number of difficulties with her clothing. Hands and feet grew as she did, and so before long her toes had torn right through the fronts of her thigh high boots, and their thigh high nature was compromised by legs lengthening until they only reached her knees. The skirt of Elise's dress was lifted higher and higher as shoulders grew farther away from her hips, and in the end not only was her underwear exposed, but broadened shoulders had torn the sleeves from her gown.

It was a good thing she wasn't wearing her armored chest piece.

"**I... I'm so much taller!**" She had to have been around 5'8" by the time the vertical growth had concluded, but Elise was equally stunned by the sound of her own voice. "**No... Am I older as well?**" She could tell that she sounded older, but the stiffer manner of speech that had seeped through earlier was now consistent as well. She was *absolutely* correct though.

Her face hadn't only matured but it had changed to better suit her new voice. This meant looking *nothing* like the princess she had once been, but in exchange for losing that visual identity she had become *incredibly*

beautiful. Her blue eyes were round and flawless, her nose arched delicately, and her lips full and glossy. The face was longer overall with more defined cheeks, painting the once average looking girl as a natural, drop-dead beauty that looked to be around the age of *forty*.

But while the woman's face showed off a great deal of maturity her body hadn't really caught up quite yet. **"Is there more to come?"** Her wonderings aloud were met with quick confirmation, for a somewhat *bloated* feeling began to work not her tummy but her *curves*. Hips were pushed *significantly* wider very quickly, snapping the waistband of her underwear so that they peeled off, revealing a bush of blue hair right above her crotch.

This significant enhancement to her gait had been *beyond* necessary, for the additional five inches had made room for both the swell of her cheeks *and* her thighs. Both regions thickened with glorious fat that was surprisingly perky for a woman of her physical age. Thighs usurped her waistline in thickness, skin pulled taut and rendered extremely plush. Even with two hands you probably wouldn't be able to wrap them completely even around one of those thighs. Nor would you be able to properly grip one of her jiggling ass cheeks, for they pushed out about six inches behind her into a perfect heart shape.

**"I suppose there *was*. This is certainly quite the change, but not especially unwelcome..."** It felt natural to have such a big caboose just as it felt natural that her chest was swelling to boot. Though the discomfort wrought from the scraps of her child-sized dress did *not* feel natural. In fact that neckline of the gown was afforded no choice but to tear downwards as her breasts erupted into undeniable F-cups, weighty with the maturity of a maternal figure. Something that she had become in soul just as much as she had in body.

**"Oh dear... Well I suppose I have a dragon's knowledge now, but I don't believe I intended it to happen in quite *this* manner..."** Tattered cloth strewn about the dusty library floor, the blue-haired woman cupped one of her own cheeks delicately with long and slender fingers. At her core she *was* Elise, but from her appearance to the way she was acting to even her memories,



the persona of *Lumera* was dominant. She could remember her life as Elise, but Lumera's own memories were mixed in.

And so she *did* understand the history of dragons. The issue was that they were the dragons of *another world*. “**Hmm... I suppose I need to find something to wear. According to those memories this library is part of an abandoned fort. There *should* be clothing in one of the abandoned rooms.**” Whether any of it was suitable to be worn still, much less *fit* her, were completely different concerns altogether. But she couldn't venture out naked; that would be *indecent*.

“**And then I should confide in someone about all this. What about this girl's older sister? Camilla, was it?**”

---



Standing in her own quarters, Camilla looked extraordinarily *befuddled*. But how could she *not* be? A tall, buxom, blue-haired woman had appeared before her not only claiming that she was a dragon like her little sister Corrin, but that she was *Elise*. As in this woman was Elise, yet she had been transformed into this entirely different woman with magic. “**I... am having a hard time believing that, sweetie. You don't look or sound a thing like her.**” Her skepticism was understandable, and Lumera could understand that.

“**Hm... You do have a point, but I assure you its true. Is there a way for me to prove it? Let me think for a moment.**” Could she tell Camilla something that only Elise would know? But then the sister could claim that Lumera had extorted that information *out* of Elise, even if the fact that she *was* Elise was true. “**I suppose this might work...**”

Camilla arched an eyebrow. Lumera took a step forward with her fingers glowing, and she touched the wyvern rider's forehead. A strange *warmth* was transmitted into her head and it gave her a strange clarity. “**Wait, Elise? It really is...?**” She didn't know *how* she knew it was Elise, but she did. The problem? Lumera hadn't been aware that the power that had changed her was transmittable, and she had just *accidentally* done just that. It had convinced Camilla of Lumera's identity by showing her a flash of her transformation, but...

Camilla's body *immediately* began to tingle. She took a step back, the black dress she was wearing in place of her armor fluttering with that step. "**Wait, something is... wrong...**" It wasn't like she felt *sick* or anything. But it was an uncanny feeling. Almost like she was *wearing the wrong skin* or something of that nature. Had she always been so tall? Why was she so *big*? The elder princess was clearly disoriented, to the point that she didn't seem to hear Lumera calling out to her with concern.

The physical effects from the interaction began immediately. Camilla was renowned for her beauty particularly as far as her bombastic figure was concerned. She always showed it off even with her armor, but in this case it was preferable that she was wearing such a conservative dress. Because if she'd been wearing her armored pieces with their cleavage cutouts it would have been easy enough to perceive her nipples in just a moment. That was because her tits were *shrinking*. Not a little bit and certainly not slowly, they compressed against her chest until they were mere mosquito bites with hardly any volume left to her nipples as well.

She stumbled. It might have been a *loss* of it, but there had still been a change in her body's weight distribution. The princess faired no better farther down for her ass and thighs compressed in kind, which rendered her exceptionally wide hips looking rather *bizarre* by comparison, at least for a moment. Before long those hips were nudged closer together, but when all was said and done she looked quite lanky.

"**What is... Heehee! ...happening to me!?**" Camilla was clearly distraught by what was happening, and that wasn't at *all* helped once her height began to plummet. A childish giggle had escaped her lips midst her remarks, and mentally? She was beginning to *forget* things. Military tactics, politics, magic; these concepts all began to feel so foreign. And the worst part was that she realized she didn't seem to *care* all that much that she was forgetting.

It didn't take all that long for the woman – no, the *girl* – to be practically buried in her dress. Height had shed off of her in excess and she had dipped down to 4'10" all the way from 5'8", a complete swap with Elise in terms of height. But she looked a *lot* more childish than Elise had in the face. Her features were smaller than ever before, and despite the shock of her changes she couldn't get rid of the playful smirk upon thinned lips. Her eyes were bigger and brighter, reds mixing with their old colors to give a pinkish-red hue.

She blinked through childish eyes, fidgeting with arms stuck in the dress. The girl had a lot of pent-up energy all of a sudden and gave a little twirl before giggling. "**I'm so tiny! I bet I could fit into all**

**sorts of places now!**” It was good that she was looking on the bright side of things, but was that *really* a silver lining worth celebrating!?

Ears poked out from behind purple locks, their shapes gradually drawn into long, sharp points. But not even her hair came away unscathed, for beautiful purples became awash with a gradient of green. Lighter near her roots and more of an olive-green by the tips, natural curls were straightened away and bangs were parted in the center. This still was much more unkempt and wilder, and that included the ahoge that stuck up from where her hair parted.

**“Um... Was your weird touchy thing supposed to do this!?”** While her body was *technically* much older than it had been, that didn’t change that comparatively the girl that had once been Camilla didn’t seem to be any older than twelve or thirteen – and that still might have been a little generous. *Nowi* fidgeted in the oversized remains of the dress that Camilla had been wearing. It was a good thing she had yet to change into her armor that day, else the poor dragon girl might have been completely weighed down by what remained.

Lumera was looking off to the side awkwardly. **“N-No, I don’t believe that was the intention. Something must be wrong...”** Would it only happen once, or was she in danger of turning anyone she touched into a dragon-adjacent woman? Was it even the touch itself or the magic she had used? It was a concerning situation. In this case though, one of the two parties involved didn’t seem to be *that* concerned.

Nowi was childishly running around the room, her dress dragging against the floor behind her like she didn’t have a care in the world. She didn’t *really*, though. Her mind was just as childish as her body was, a far cry from the mature beauty that she had just been a few moments before. **“Oh well, I kinda like it like this! Wanna go roll down a hill!?”** Roll down a hill? That was an odd thing to suggest.



**“Erm...”** So what was *Lumera* going to do about *this*?