

KNOWING KINGDOMS

COMMISSION STORY

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For the first time in a long time, war *wasn't* a looming threat for the people of Nohr *nor* Hoshido.

That war had been fought, and rather than preserve the cycle of suffering that had burdened both kingdoms for so long? Hope had manifested from the darkness upon a continent that had been embroiled in tension, and that hope had come courtesy of the princess that tied them all together: *Corrin*. This era of peace was ushered in with the re-establishment of a long lost kingdom, Valla. A kingdom that was *now* led by Corrin herself.

But even though so much good had come out of the war, there were still kinks to work out. The kingdoms of Nohr and Hoshido had been at odds for so long that some of their citizens had been born and raised under circumstances where the opposing kingdom was treated as a looming threat. Trade and travel routes could now be opened much more freely, but the general populace were still hesitant to take them.

It was harder than the royals of both kingdoms had expected to get their people to trust that no harm would befall them. Which was why Princess Camilla of Nohr had devised a *plan*. It wasn't the most orthodox of plans, however. It involved brewing a special potion that she had read of in a book. One designed to help people 'understand one another'. With a drop of that, the princess surmised anyone could become more open to learning about the other kingdom.

She had just required a *healer* to help brew it.



“Its hard to say if it worked or not, but if I was to guess? ...Probably not.” Princess Sakura of Hoshido mused to herself as she hung her rod on a hook on the back of the Nohrian-style door she was utilizing. With Princess Elise occupied with other matters, Camilla had sent for the Hoshidan princess. She’d been happy to oblige the Nohrian princess with her work and had even been offered this spare room in the castle to stay at while she was helping.

But the project wasn’t shaping up to be a successful one. The two princesses had already conducted their first brewing and test session using the recipe that Camilla had found. Sakura had been a little apprehensive about the idea. Was it unethical to open the minds of their people by force? The girl supposed it didn’t really matter, namely because their first testing had led to zero results. **“Both Princess Camilla and I took it, but neither of us felt any different...”**

They would be making a new attempt the next day, but for now? Sakura had been excused. She was a little tired from spending the day before traveling to Nohr by carriage, and so she had elected to return to the room she had been lent to take a quick nap before she considered eating dinner. Regardless of whether or not it had worked, there was still an unfamiliar potion in her belly. Introducing unintended ingredients could have caused some issues!

She could only hope that she *wasn’t* having a negative reaction to them.

But she *was*. It probably would have made for a poor story if she *wasn’t*. Though, the earliest signs were very difficult for the young princess to notice, and *without* noticing them she couldn’t very well react to them, could she? This was because these changes focused primarily on the girl’s *face*, and they altered her appearance in ways that were actually quite *dramatic* for how little was actually done, ultimately.

Sakura’s eyes served as the foundation for her facial reconstruction and were the most pointed signs of what were to come. As a girl of Hoshidan descent, her eyes were naturally shaped like those of her people – much narrower and shaped more akin to an almond than the shorter, rounder eyes of people from Nohrian descent. But that was *exactly* what had changed. Her gaze shifted until they looked like those Nohrian counterparts.

“My face feels kind of... numb?” Maybe more like *tingly*? Like when your arm fell asleep, and it felt like tiny needles were stabbing into it for a moment. This sensation was actually masking the *true* of what was befalling her. The girl’s brown eyes underwent a change of vibrancy that inherited a pinkish purple hue in the meantime. Akin to receiving a facelift, her skin appeared to shift about to suit an altered facial design. One that was *longer*, but had bigger, firmer cheek bones and thick, pouty lips. With her nose elongated, there wasn’t a trace of the girl’s previous self *on* her face. But she also could have been mistaken as an *adult* woman if not for how tiny her body was.

Her tummy rumbled again, and the aftermath of that feeling provided a shift that *forced* Sakura to come to terms with the fact that her body was transforming. After all, it was pretty difficult to ignore— **“Wah!?”** – your body shooting *up* in height all of a sudden, especially when your clothing was designed to be worn by a *much* smaller body. **“So... tight...!?”** What else could she even *say*? It felt like her clothing was *crushing* her body, and she’d only even grown a few inches.

Relief eventually came, but only after the discomfort heightened to the point that it almost felt like the fabric of her kimono dress was going to *cut* into her skin. **“Ngh!?”** It wasn’t until the *unexpectedly* sweet sound of her cloth tearing as her body burst through it that she was finally able to breathe easier – and when it came to around her chest, breathe at *all*. Sakura’s height had shot up to the 5’3” mark already and *continued* to climb when she’d just been under the 5’ mark before.

“Is this going to keep going!?” The princess tried to pull whatever scraps she could from her body while her height continued to shoot upwards. It wasn’t just a matter of evolving *vertically*, and she swelled *horizontally* in different parts of her body too. Her *hips* were the most noticeable, forcing her knees to buckle inwards as they almost *doubled* their original gait. Her shoulders weren’t far behind, and the combination of the two meant that the base of her tummy had to widen to flow more seamlessly into her hips. Nonetheless, her waistline remained strikingly narrow by the time she stopped growing at around 5’7”.

Sakura was rather embarrassed now that her body was effectively naked, even though it had been necessary for the sake of her health. **“Why am I so tall!? So... big... A-And my voice!?”** Now that she had been afforded a momentary breather, she could hear it in her voice. It was much, *much* deeper. Almost familiar. It was a voice that *definitely* belonged to an older woman, one in her twenties. **“How is this possible!? W-Well... It would have to be the potion, right?”** What else could it even have been?

There was a slight tug on the princess' head that guided lengthened, manicured fingers up to touch hairs that *should* have just reached to her shoulders at *maximum*. "**Oh...**" But it didn't. What she pulled over her shoulder had been cascading down her back, waving into a softer, fluffier, and curlier textures that were dyed a pastel purple. Her original hair color had been lost, and by the time it finished growing? Well, she had an idea of *whose* hair this was. It wasn't supposed to be on *her* head, though.

And if that was the case, if she was changing to look *like* that person, then... "**Ugh!?**" All of the muscles upon the woman's body suddenly *tensed*, causing Sakura to seize up for a brief moment. They *did* relax moments later, but it was a slow process was littered with visual change. The muscles hardened and swelled *as* they relaxed, rippling her skin around her stomach, while her arms and legs thickened with an abundance of physical strength. She looked like a woman that spent a lot of time working out.

This strength was *needed*. If she hadn't developed it first, then she probably would have *fallen* in the moments that followed as her body's overall weight distribution suffered. Key areas became *much* heavier in a very imbalanced way. They were certainly areas that you would *expect* to be heavier on an adult woman's body *but...* maybe not to the extent that they did. "**Wh-Why am I not surprised?**"

Not surprised by the sight and sensation of her typically small bosom surging forth. She'd already realized *who* she was becoming, and that woman had perhaps the most abundant figure that Sakura had ever seen on another woman. True to form, her tits jiggled until both tits were bigger than her own head. She couldn't help herself from giving one a little grab, but it felt so sensitive that she blushed and stopped herself.

Sakura couldn't even see *past* them. Not that she *had* to see past them to understand that it wasn't *just* her bosom that had swelled. She could *feel* the cheeks of her ass burgeoning as she became more bottom heavy, her ass stretching the skin of her rump until even the slightest of steps would see one side rise, fall, and then jiggle gratuitously. Her bodacious booty bled into thickening thighs that made use of her widened hips, but even swelling to *four* times their original size didn't completely fill the gap between them.

As was the case with the real deal.

“Wh-Wh-What am I supposed to do about this!?” It was fairly *jarring* to see the princess of Nohr, *Camilla*, dressed in the undersized clothes of and acting just like the youngest princess of Hoshido instead. This was because, of course, she *was* Sakura deep down. Her body had transformed to mirror Camilla’s spitting image, but nothing about her memories or personality had shifted to match the older woman that she had become.

Shy and as easily embarrassed as she was, the woman was far more concerned about her clothing – or relative lack thereof – than anything else. This bigger body was *heavy*, with her boobs and butt the heaviest parts *of* it. And even though they weren’t *technically* hers? **“I-I need to cover up before anything else!”** She felt *way* too self-conscious for them to be exposed as they were. She didn’t have any clothes that would fit this body, though. Ultimately, she ended up wrapping herself in a blanket from the bed.



“Did the potion do this?” The woman felt like she didn’t even *need* to ask. It was the only plausible explanation, right? If it was a potion of understanding, had it somehow deemed it necessary that the Hoshidan princess better understand the Nohrian one? But if that was the case, then... **“W-Wait... Does that mean that Princess Camilla transformed into me!?”**

Unlike Sakura, Camilla had *not* returned to her quarters after their experiment with the potion had presumably failed. Of all places? She had returned to the *library* in the castle instead. It made sense. Something had *clearly* gone wrong with the concoction if neither the woman nor the girl had felt any changes after sipping it, so she had to research possible issues in order to piece together a solution for the next set of tests.

“Hm... Nothing in this tome, either. It’s strange, though. We definitely followed the recipe to the ‘T’. I even brought in an experienced healer to enchant it.” Had Sakura’s incantation been wrong? No, she went over it with the girl several times prior, and even then, she wouldn’t want to lay the blame on the Hoshidan princess’ feet.

It would be counterintuitive to what they were attempting to accomplish in the first place.



Camilla had been leaning back in a chair before one of the many tables set up in the large library. It was bad etiquette, but no one was using the space but her. She was forced to stand all of a sudden when her stomach let loose a hasty gargle, though. **“I suppose I haven’t eaten today.”** She couldn’t eat immediately before or immediately after consuming the potion to avoid clashing ingredients, after all. It would probably be safe to eat *now* though, right?

The princess wasn’t able to fixate on her any semblance of hunger for long, because she felt *empty* all of a sudden in *different* ways. It prompted the beautiful woman to look down, and when she caught sight of what was awry her gaze immediately widened with surprise. **“What in the world!?”** She was

staring down into the *cups* of her armored top. She shouldn’t have been able to see the insides of the black and gold steel, though. It had been sized so that her huge tits filled them perfectly.

Well, that was more or less the problem. Her tits had *shrunk*, and they were *continuing* to shrink under her own watchful eyes. Eyes that were losing their vibrancy and fading to a light brown instead. Her *breasts* were clearly the bigger issue. They must have *halved* in size, and it didn’t take long at all for them to be reduced to a pair of *A-cup* mounds instead. **“Why!?”** Camilla certainly valued her bust. As a woman she was often looked down upon, but she saw her good looks as a way to manipulate men when her strength wasn’t enough.

Her ass was part of that appeal, of course. And she’d noticed it. The weight of her tits wasn’t *all* that was missing. Her armored panties felt like they were going to slip at a moment’s notice – courtesy of not only her ass and thighs melting away, but her hips being forced into narrower shapes without all of that weight to support. This *had* to be because of the potion, and yet— **“Uwah!?”**

Camilla had been just as offput by the sound of her own voice as she had been the *cause* of her cry. It sounded too soft and girlish, like she was *younger*. But it was likewise rather *familiar* in ways that made her think

back to the potion she'd consumed. It was difficult not to place the blame on the concoction, but she still didn't really understand *why* or *how* it had reacted in such a way. She had bigger things to worry about in the moment, anyways.

Or, technically, *smaller* things. The entire reason the woman had cried out was because her body had begun to *drop*. Her stature was plummeting, and along with it? Her body was *softening*. All of the muscle on her bones was evaporating, leaving her significantly weaker while dropping her *just* below the 5' mark. Not only did this mean that she was *way* too small for the armor Camilla had been wearing, but she was too *weak* to support herself. With the boots practically reaching up to her pelvis by the time she'd finished shrinking, it was probably inevitable that— "**Ouch!?**"

She'd fall over.

The princess had landed on her side with a clank. Fortunately, this gave her the opportunity to wriggle her shortened legs and smaller feet out of her armored boots, while doing the same with her hands within her gloves. The *chest piece* was a much bigger issue, but she eventually figured out a functional technique. She pulled her head and arms inside and began to push up against the underside of the armor so that her body would slide out of the bottom.

"**Let me out, please~!**" Trying to sound *that* sultry when she looked *and* sounded so much younger was basically a fool's errand as she realized the second it hit her ear. Furthermore, while pushing herself out, her head conformed to what the rest of her body was already suggestive of. Her long, purple hair had shortened into a straight, pink bob, while brown eyes developed the wider, almost shapes of a Hoshidan youth. Thinned lips, a smaller nose, and fuller cheeks all made it clear that she was younger. Likely around *thirteen* or *fourteen*.

It took her almost *two* minutes to completely free herself from armor that had once fit a taller, curvier body perfectly.

"**Well now, this is an interesting outcome. I suppose the potion's effect were *delayed*? But even then, this isn't what I was expecting...**" The words were spoken from Princess *Sakura*'s lips, with Princess Sakura's voice. But her demeanor was still very much that of the more mature, intelligent Camilla. Free from the armor, she no longer needed to worry about struggling against a weight her new body could hardly even comprehend, but she promptly tore up some of the cloth from her old outfit to tie around her more *sensitive* areas. "**I suppose I'll need to figure out something else for clothing...**"

She didn't want Princess Sakura to blow a gasket if she saw her own body walking around naked. Her best plan of action was likely *to* seek the Hoshidan princess out in the first place to get some clothing from her. **"If I became *her*, then I expect the opposite must be true as well."** The girl could only assume how difficult it would have been to grow while wearing clothes that matched a smaller body. The opposite phenomenon had been riddled with issues of its own.



The princess started towards the library's exit, struggling a little with how short the gait of her steps was. She wasn't quite *panicked*, but she certainly hoped there would be a way to revert her to normal. Perhaps a second dose of the potion would accomplish just that? **"One thing's for certain and that this potion isn't something we'll be able to use..."** At least not for the purpose they'd intended it for.

Rather, it was probably for the best that they burn the tome after they figure out a means of reversing what had been done. The two would have to keep things a secret, which meant not telling *anyone* that they had swapped places in the interim. But could they do that? **"I suppose I should start working on my best Sakura impression!"**

But could *Sakura* handle pretending to be *Camilla*?