

FIRE EMBLEM DISENGAGE

COMMISSION STORY

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“That wasn’t as fruitful of a patrol as I would have *liked* it to be.”

The Divine Dragon of Elyos, Alear, was on the cusp of returning from what had been a relatively *standard* adventure. A short hike alongside the mountain that her alliance had temporarily stationed their camp besides as they marched to their next destination. Speaking much more broadly, their cause was a noble one. The Divine Dragon and her allies stood against the forces of the Fell Dragon, Sombron, and were perhaps the realm’s only hope as a result of her divinity.

It was a mysterious power that allowed them to fight back as effectively as they could. Many of these allies, including Alear herself, wielded Emblem Rings. Special accessories that housed the souls of gallant warriors from other realms, lending their powers to the righteous cause that the Divine Dragon took up. These rings were incredibly rare, but the advantage that they bestowed on the battlefield had been well worth hunting for them.

Because they didn’t know when Sombron’s forced would strike, it had more or less become routine for the fighters in the camp to go out on periodic patrols. Making sure the perimeter of their camp was essential, and scouting for any potential threats before they struck was the only way to potentially minimize any of the harm that would come to them *if* they were attacked in the first place.

But Alear had set out with a secondary objective too. Their food rations weren’t low *yet*, but another few nights and the possibility existed that they would need to hunt to feed all of their hungry mouths. It was better

to do it when there were no signs of enemies rather than scrambling to hunt *while* Sombron's monsters lurked in the shadows as well. **"I didn't come across a *single* animal. Actually, that in itself is kind of concerning, isn't it?"** They'd deemed this area to be relatively safe (which was why she'd ventured out in less armor than normal, losing her gloved gauntlets and the armored portion of her boots), but if the local wildlife wasn't thriving...

Was something at play that they hadn't realized yet?



"I should probably report the possibility to the others. Maybe we should increase the number of fighters on patrol at a time too..." Being the Divine Dragon placed *plenty* of responsibility on Alear. Not only was she the hope of everyone standing up against the Fell Dragon's great evil, but she was responsible for the tactics used on the battlefield and security measures while they traveled. It was a *lot* of responsibility for a girl who was technically only seventeen years old, but everyone in the army would agree that she

was surprisingly competent considering her age.

And so? With this realization plain, she had decided to go through with reporting her hunch. If it meant keeping everyone safe, then she was sure no one would dissent on the matter even if it meant a little less sleep for everyone. The sun was already setting, and darkness was rolling in from the mountain's other side. It wouldn't be long until nightfall now.

"Huh?" But despite this dwindling light, or perhaps *because* of it, something ended up catching the girl's eye. A violet glint from down a short hill outside of their camp's barrier. Had someone dropped something when they had pitched their tents? Being the good Samaritan that she was, she slide down the hill to retrieve it, eyeing a small cave entrance that she had only noticed when she finally reached the bottom.

Apparently, it had already been searched and didn't appear to be lived in, but it gave the girl a bad feeling somehow.

What *didn't* give her a bad feeling was the source of the violet glimmer that had led her down the hill in the first place. Barely sticking out from some leaves was an accessory. A *ring* with a violet gemstone. No, she'd seen this type of ring plenty of times in the past. **"This is an Emblem Ring? Just sitting out here...?"** It felt *odd*, but she supposed she had found them in stranger places over the past few months. **"I wonder who's soul is inscribed upon *this* ring?"** A hero as great as Marth?

There was only one way to know for sure, realistically. Alear slid off the ring that housed the Hero King Marth off of her finger and slipped it into her pocket before sliding this new ring over the same digit. But the moment she did? It activated. Which... wasn't right. **"Huh!?"** She'd gotten the hang of how the Emblem Rings worked now. She had to call out to the spirit within to get a reaction, but this purple ring began to glow no sooner than it had been slipped onto her finger.

Her common sense kicked in immediately, telling her that the ring might have been *dangerous* and to remove it before it was too late. But it was a fruitless endeavor. **"Ugh!?"** The ring not only wouldn't budge, but it felt like it was practically strangling the finger it had been slid upon. **"What's wrong with this ring!?"** A strange energy coursed through her body, forcing her to wince while simultaneously looking up the hill she came down. Unless someone was walking nearby, there was a slim to none chance that they would hear her crying out. She had no choice but to weather *whatever* was happening until it ended.

A hero hadn't been summoned. Alear couldn't even imagine what kind of hero would *come* from a ring like the one she was wearing now that its energy was violating every aspect of her being. She was still desperately attempting to remove it to no avail, and was staring at it rather intently. She couldn't see her own reflection in the jewel, which was a little bit unfortunate. Had she been able to? She might have seen her eyes – both red and blue alike – paling to a glowing gold as black pupils narrowed into serpentine slits.

But she might have also seen herself *smiling* in an unsettling way.

That smile was wiped from her face when she took notice of the finger the ring was bound to, however. **"What?"** At first there had been a *band* of light purple around the ring on her skin. She had initially mistaken it as bruising, but the ticking seconds revealed that this couldn't have possibly been the case. Because the band *expanded*, painting her entire finger and eventually moving into her palm and connected fingers. The nails on the ends of which inches longer, at least *four* inches so, and they found themselves painted crimson. **"What in the world?"**

A cool feeling washed over any skin that lit up in this new color, which was how she knew how to raise her other hand to note that the exact same phenomenon had begun to plague that other hand and travel up her arms. **“Thisssss issss—!? This is so strange!”** She’d hissed out her sentence at first, but Alear cut herself off and corrected it. Not at all realizing that the tip of her tongue had bent inwards to create a fork shape. Not only that, but it was a little longer and thinner.

And it occasionally flickered out from between a pair of sharp *fangs* that had been formed from her original canine teeth.

The skin of her arms cooled as the purple spread up it, but the girl ended up more focused on the strange, cool tingling across her legs instead. With her thighs always kept bare, all Alear needed to do was lean a little forward to see past her breasts to see her thighs... and the strand, crusty darkness that appeared to be forming on the front. **“That’s not dirt. What... issss that?”** The hissing occurred again, but she had other things to worry about now.

The girl reached down with a purple hand to touch this ‘skin’. It was slightly raised and glossy, and seemed to be layered on the fronts of her thighs to tilt downwards diagonally towards the other leg on either side. She struggled to touch it for a moment because she forgot about how long her nails were and accidentally poked it with them, but managed to adjust the angle so that the underside of her fingers finally rubbed against a black that was firm yet *smooth*. Maybe a little *too* firm, almost like each segment was a pool of *muscle*.

This was more or less the case, but Alear was simultaneously missing what was occurring on the sides and backs of her thighs, much less that this was spreading *down* them. The skin on her hips and the cheeks of her ass *clearly* darkened to a similar color as the fronts of her thighs, and that traveled down her legs as well. But it wasn’t as hard and was much smoother, reflecting the light of the setting sun in a way that demonstrated it was a *dark purple* rather than the black on the front. It glistened because her skin had grown into hundreds of itty bity *scales* weaving together, ultimately sealing in the crack of her ass.

But doing next to nothing to prevent her rump from swelling out several sizes as her hips parted wide at the same time.

“Hey!? Whoa!?” That parting of her hips caused the girl to wobble – or at least that was *part* of the problem. She’d attempted to take a step just seconds after, but her legs felt still. No, it was more than that? It was like her thighs were stuck... together...? **“SSSSSS!?”** Rather than exclaim with surprise when she leaned forward to look again, her thin, forked tongue flickered out from between lips that appeared to have *far*

more volume to them than they had before. Well, they were also dark purple, for the color was seeping into her face's design now.

What had shocked her was the sight of, well, what it had *felt* like. Her thighs had begun bonding to each other, leaving a purpling pussy exposed in a V shape between her hips thanks to her panties ripping down the center to accommodate this merger. “**SSSSSTOP!**” Or so she hissed again, largely because she was becoming unsteady thanks to the merging of her legs continuing downwards. It wasn't long at all before her legs felt like gelatin and she fell *forward*.

But just as it seemed like she might land with her face planted in the ground? She stopped falling. No, it was more like Alear *caught herself*? Just not with her hands or even any conventional method of doing so. As her legs gave out and touched the ground, the muscles on the underside kicked in and gave her traction, allowing her to support herself. “**It'sssss like the tail of a...?**” *Snake*? She almost didn't want to say it aloud.

Well, that was partially because her own voice had taken her off guard. It was deeper and more sensual, making her sound more mature by default. One look at her purple face revealed that this was ultimately *by design*, though. Filled lips aside, her golden eyes had narrowed and her cheekbones had risen. The *woman's* age appeared nothing like a teenager any longer, and more like a woman around *thirty* or so. “**Ngh...**”

The woman's mind felt foggy, and while she propped herself up with her continuously snake-like lower body? Her torso still began to sway around and around as the clothing that remained upon her body crumbled away into dust that the evening breeze stole away. What transpired simultaneously was an eerie darkening of her already long hair. The blues and reds evened out, becoming a dark purple not unlike her scales at the top, while reaching a consistent dark crimson near a base that hung past her enlarged ass. This hair's length didn't grow, but it did thin a little.

Her sway ended up becoming a little more *forward leaning* all of a sudden, and another confused groan was mustered at the same time. Alear's breasts, bare and supple, were the cause of this posture change. Once B-cups at best, they were jiggling and growing almost like a pair of water balloons – though instead of being filled with *water*, they were filled with fat that only served to pull her purple skin tautly around them. Even her nipples increased in size, soon rivaling her eyes in their dark purple glory... upon a hefty bosom that was now bigger than her head *per tit*.

She seemed to eventually adjust just as folds of skin suddenly *exploded* out from the back of her head and neck. Just as scaled as her lower half, it was the hood of a *cobra*; one decorated with purples and reds. Her purple ears grew out into points that almost matched the width of this hood too. As Alear began to come to, there was a pointedly different sense of priorities flowing through her mind. Her body was cold, yet aroused. As innocent as she had been before, nothing would have made her happier in that moment than a good *fucking*.

Or *killing*.

“*SSSSS...*” But she had to wait. The *creature*’s transformation had not yet finished, despite been in its final stage. It was merely a matter of *growth*, as the dark tail that had been functioning as her legs grew longer and thicker, stretching out almost *twenty* feet behind her and thinning towards its point. This tail was as strong as it was long, able to easily strangle a human if she desired. Or milk a dick dry if she was gentle.

Then came the adornment of jewelry. Red gemstones around her neck, loins, wrists, and even a tiara floating past her forehead.

The issue with waiting until the ring’s power had faded to go seek help was that, well... As she was now, Alear no longer *desired* help. The last thing she wanted to do was approach the camp unprepared, because she knew full well that she would be slain on sight based on appearances alone. And they would be well within their right, because she was oh so clearly a *monster*.

Her dark purple, lower body slithered against the cool floor of the mountain, her huge tits jiggling about as she did so. The *Apophis*’ head was filled with corrupt thoughts that would have made good use of her sexy, snake-like body. “*Sssss...*” She hissed. She would gladly kill any mortals that stood in her way, and those that she found *enticing*? She would use her strong, serpentine body to milk them dry. Any men would be killed, and women? They could be corrupted into lamia, additional monsters for her master’s army.



Alear raised a purple hand, gazing on the ring on one of her longer fingers that no longer glowed with energy. **“But Pharaoh SSSSSombron would not wish for me to act without backup. I am but a sssssingular monster!”** Her use of the word ‘pharaoh’ complimented her Egyptian appearance, now that such a place existed in Elyos. But perhaps in another land, seeing as an Apophis was not a monster that existed in this realm in the first place.

Feeling rather *spicy*, she groped at one of her own huge tits soon after. **“But what ssssshall I do in the meantime? I sssssuppose I could lure a woman down from the camp?”** She bared the fangs through which her transformative venom could be passed on to unsuspecting victims, eyeing the small cave nearby. The means of laying a trap came to her. All she would have to do is hide in that cave and listen for movement atop the hill, and before long? She could use her own body as bait. Well, her *voice*, anyways. Since she could speak in the language of mortals, it would be easy enough to claim to be a woman in need. A poor, unfortunate soul who hurt herself within the cave.

And if another woman came to check on her? Then bang! Instant underling!