

“Huh, that’s weird.”

It was the Hoshidan festival just after Corrin’s arrival to Hoshida, and the prince found himself in the middle of the celebration at the plaza along with his newfound Hoshidan family. However, the strangest part of it all was the fact that his sword, the Ganglari, had disintegrated into pieces and left a strange pair of glasses in its stead. Corrin ducked down and picked up the glasses. A gift from Garon, perhaps? Regardless, they looked like a fine set of glasses to wear, so accepting his father’s presumed gift, he unsuspectingly put the glasses on.

As Corrin placed the spectacles atop his nose, he felt a tiny prickle at his side. It was right by where the glasses ended, at the tip of the temples that rested on top of his ears. His hands slid towards his ear, trying to check the source of his pain. Fortunately, it was gone now, nothing more than a momentary ache. So without thinking much more about it, Corrin decided to ignore it.

“Oh, my! Corrin dear, what have you got there?” Mikoto’s voice cried towards Corrin.

Corrin looked over at his mother with a smile. “Ah! Look mother! The sword Garon gave me broke into these glasses.” Corrin explained cheerfully. “I think its some sort of gift? I can see so much more clearly now!”

“Yeah, that’s great- But can your new mystical glasses match to my amazing supernatural magical powers?”

Suddenly, a raspier, younger version of Mikoto’s voice rang out.

“Wh-What?!” Corrin stepped back confused. He looked at his mother, blinking rapidly in total surprise. One instant she was the same way he’d known her for these past few days, kind, caring and motherly. The next, she had transformed into an entirely different person.

The Mikoto that stood before him was much smaller and younger, looking almost as young as Sakura. Her kind, calm expression was gone, replaced by one burning with the fiery excitement of youth. Her left eye was covered with a white medicinal eyepatch, and instead of her golden crown, the right side of her head was adorned with a dark skeleton mask like those commonly worn by Dark Knights. In fact, her entire wardrobe had been replaced, from some simple white priestess robes, to an edgy black outfit, with a cape as long and dark as the night. Though her kind eyes and the sultry mole below her lips remained, they looked out of place in this younger, more energetic version of Mikoto.

“Heh.” Mikoto snickered haughtily. “Were so stunned by my extraordinary powers that you had to take a step back?”

Corrin could absolutely not believe what laid before his eyes. Was this some sort of trick? Some sort of illusion? His mother had completely changed in an instant! “M-M-Mother!” Corrin barely sputtered out. “W-What happened to you?!?”

Mikoto raised an eyebrow in confusion. “What are you talking about Corrin?”

Corrin’s eyes widened. How could she not see her blatantly obvious change? “You’re so different!” He added.

"What are you talking about Corrin?" Mikoto looked down at herself bewildered. "I look the same as always- OH! I get it now!" Her exposed eye sparkled with a glimmer. *"Yes! My inner power is glowing so bright, I am changing before your very eyes!"* Mikoto made a strange complicated hand gesture. *"Soon I will elevate myself to a new level of power!"*

Unable to process his mother's eccentric change, Corrin continued to step back in shock. He stumbled onto the statue behind him, his back cringing against the cold cement. What the hell was going on?!?

"B-Big B-B-Brother!" A yelp snapped Corrin back to reality. "A-Are you ok?"

Corrin turned towards the voice with relief. It was that of his sweet, shy sister Sakura. Maybe the two of them could figure out what was wrong with Mikoto, and how to fix her. However, as his vision focused on Sakura, her entire body was enveloped in a blur. Corrin blinked a few more times, refocusing his eyesight. But when his pupils finally readjusted, he was met with another terrible sight. His sister- His sweet adorable sister-! She'd- She'd transformed as well!

Overwhelmed by her body, the new Sakura fell down onto the ground. She looked at Corrin in a daze. "B-Brother...?" She muttered weakly, head straining with fuzziness. "What's... happening to me...?"

Eyes wide open in horror, Corrin couldn't do anything but stare at this new Sakura. His sister was now much older, even older than Hinoka herself. Her hair was long and silky, shinier and prettier than it had ever been, yet with the same cute pinkish tone. Instead of her quaint priestess outfit, Sakura now wore a long flowing pink dress, like that a beautiful princess would wear to a ball. But beneath that dress was an even more startling surprise, for now Sakura's previous modest bust had expanded into a gloriously massive double F-Cups, which clearly protruded from her chest. Were her bottom more visible at the moment, it would be easy to see that this two had expanded outwards into an hourglass shape. In less than a millisecond, Sakura had been completely transformed into a proper court lady.

And though her body was fully remodeled, a sliver of resistance remained in her mind. Sakura reached her hand out to Corrin. "Bro... ther..." She muttered heavily. "He... lppp..."

He could see the fear and despair in her mind, her brain being filled with strange thoughts that were not her own. He could feel the last shred of her personality fighting over control of a body that no longer resembled her previous one. And then... It was gone. The emotion in Sakura's pupils shifted to something entirely different. Her mannerisms changed, from shy and reserved, to proud and boisterous. Her expression turned from one of fright and insecurity, into one of confidence and pomp.

Sakura extended her hand proudly, her feet and back arching forward theatrically. "Oh dear brother, please help me~" She spoke with an air of smugness. "It seems this clumsy lady was shining with so much beauty she could not keep her step. Ohohohoho~!" She laughed haughtily, covering her mouth with her other hand.

"I'll help you!" Mikoto propped up excitedly. She ran up towards Sakura and forcefully helped the refined lady onto her feet.

"Err... Thanks Mikoto." Sakura replied with annoyance. "Although I was hoping my dear Corrin would-"

"No problem Sakura!" Mikoto exclaimed proudly. "It is the job of powerful ones such as I to help those in need!"

Body still fully submerged in total shock, Corrin continued to hug the statue behind him with a horrified expression on his face. The way he'd seen his poor sister Sakura transform from her kind gentle self into this gross alien amalgamation truly terrified him to his core. What the hell was going on here?!?

"Ugh! Why are you two being so loud again?!" Takumi's voice then rang out from nearby.

A wave of relief washed over Corrin, the noise of a familiar voice calming his nerves. Desperate for some sort of recognition, he looked over at Takumi in hopes that he would prove to be a beacon of reason in this strange succession of madness. However, as Corrin's eyes laid atop the young man's body, the same familiar blur enveloped him whole. Corrin gasped sadly. No! It couldn't!

"You guys are like-! So annoying!" Takumi chirped in a bratty girly voice. "Why can't you just be quiet and behave for once?!"

But it was. Just like the other two, Takumi had been instantly transformed right before Corrin's very eyes. The most noticeable change was that of his gender. No longer was Takumi a boy, the two soft C-Cup buds hanging from his chest were a clear indication that he was now a she. A light layer of pretty makeup prettied her cute face. Her long ponytail had been divided into two cute light brown pigtails. The size of her body was noticeably smaller, making her shorter than Sakura had been before. Even his entire archer hunting outfit was replaced with a pristine prim dress, more apt on a lady of court than a soldier. But more than that, the entire core of her character had changed as well. Takumi's old cold demeanor toward Corrin remained, but behind those sour, angry eyes, Corrin could see a deep feeling of longing.

"Oh shut up Takumi," Mikoto responded dismissively. "You're just jealous because Corrin likes spending time with us and not you~"

Takumi's face erupted into a bright red blush. "I-I-I-I'm-m n-n-not!!" He stuttered. "Its not like I even *like* big brother Corrin, or whatever."

"Ehehe~" Mikoto lunged towards Corrin, taking the man's left arm into her grasp. "Hey, hey, Corrin! Let's go play some other place, away from this sourpuss Takumi."

Before Corrin could even respond, Takumi grasped Corrin's right arm tightly. "No fair!" She shouted. "You spend so much time with her- Why can't you spend some time with me?!"

Soon, the two girls began to pull Corrin in different directions. Though since their strengths were relatively the same, neither could cause Corrin to budge significantly in either direction.

"Now now, ladies!" Sakura propped elegantly from the background. "As women of the Hoshidan royal family, such scandalous behavior is absolutely unacceptable! You two should learn to act as refined and dignified as moi~ Ohohohoho~" Sakura giggled, placing her hand over her mouth as her large breasts bounced with each fit of laughter.

Unfortunately, Sakura's words of wisdom fell on deaf ears, as Mikoto and Takumi continued to battle over control of the trapped prince. Stuck between two loud and energetic girls, Corrin was completely unable to move from his position. But as his body was being pulled apart in different directions, a stray thought entered his mind. What if... What if he was the cause of this? Every time he'd looked at one of his family members, they'd transform into weird stereotypes. Ever since he put these glasses on- Corrin

gasped. That was it! This was the fault of these glasses he put on! Trying to reach towards his new set of eyewear, Corrin pulled back against Mikoto and Takumi, only to find himself completely unable to push them off. If only he could take these glasses off-

“Oh my! You two sure are energetic today~”

The serene voice of Azura caressed Corrin’s earlobes, making jump back in surprise. This time, instead of instinctively looking at Azura, he shoved his head downwards, not letting his eyes lay upon her body.

“Umm... Corrin? Are you alright?” Azura asked with a bit of worry.

Corrin bit his lips. “Y-Yeah, I’m fine...” He grunted, lying through his teeth. He tried really hard not to look at Azura. The gentle and mild Azura... He’d feel absolutely terrible if he were to transform her as well.

“You don’t seem alright.” Azura continued.

“N-No! I’m f-fine really, I swear.” He coughed out, staring deeply into the stone below.

“Oh come now, Corrin. We’re siblings now.” Azura spoke cheerfully. “If something is bothering you, you can always tell me.”

Without any warning, Azura ducked down into Corrin’s vision. Corrin’s eyes shot wide open in fear. Before he could even react and look away, it was already too late. The blur had enveloped Azura whole.

“Hey you little brats, stop it!” Azura shouted with an angry yelp. “Can’t you see he doesn’t like it?”

Standing up, Azura lunged towards Mikoto and Takumi, mercilessly pushing them away and freeing Corrin from his restraints.

“Come on Corrin, let’s get out of here.” She then took hold of Corrin’s hand tightly, forcibly dragging him away from the scene.

As Corrin walked along this new forceful Azura, he could fully grasp how great her change was. Her long flowing blue hairdo was now short and unkempt. Its same shining blue color didn’t luster as much as it did with its ruffles and messiness. Her body remained mostly the same, but her clothes were radically different. Instead of an graceful, sensual white and blue dress, she now wore nothing more than a white tank top and some blue shorts. She wasn’t even wearing a bra either! Corrin could easily see her breasts bounce up and down with every step. And her demeanor was completely different as well. Instead of reserved and calm, this new Azura seem confident and brash, with a boyish attitude to her womanly self.

“Heh, this is just like old times, isn’t it Corrin?” Azura turned her heads towards Corrin, giving him a tomboyish smile. “Me getting you out of trouble like that. You know, as your childhood friend, you can always count on me to help you! No matter what kind of problems you need me to solve~”

Childhood friend? The two had barely met a few days ago! Corrin could barely believe what she was saying. Looking more closely into Azura’s face, he could see how much rougher it was now. There wasn’t a trace of makeup, she was completely natural. Her previous feminine beauty was still somewhere within her, but it was currently obscured by her masculine behavior.

“Where do you two think you’re going?”

Too distracted by Azura, Corrin crashed right into the person before him, who happened to be his other sister, Hinoka. Hinoka took the hit like a champ though, barely moving an inch as Corrin staggered backwards.

“The celebration is still going strong!” Hinoka continued with a smile. “You two should stay a bit longer.”

“No, its alright Hinoka.” Azura beamed back excitedly. “Corrin and I are tired of all this fancy stuffy business. We’re just gonna take a break and go do something fun.”

Corrin shook his head lightly, a bit dazed by his recent collision. Either due to momentary disorientation or just simple ineptitude, Corrin just couldn’t help himself. His eyes accidentally wandered onto Hinoka. The blur that surrounded Hinoka’s body was all that Corrin needed to see to understand, he’d really messed up once again.

“What, and you think you can just go ahead and take my Corrin away from me?” Hinoka said with a scowling grimace.

Just like all of his family members before, this Hinoka was completely different. Though her hairdo and body were relatively unchanged, things took a real wild turn in regards to her clothes. Instead of her usual Pegasus Knight outfit, she now bore a tight black leather jacket on top of her shoulders. Her skirt had been fully replaced by a pitch-black set of tight pants. A wooden kendo sword was held within her hand, in threatening manner warning others it would be unwise to get on her nerves. And beneath her jacket, there wasn’t even a shirt or a bra. The only thing covering her chest was a tight set of medical bandages, a feat which was not hard to accomplish considering Hinoka’s flatness. More importantly, her expression had morphed from one of serenity and integrity, to one of mischievousness and hate. Hinoka no longer resembled one of Hoshido’s honorable soldiers. Now she just looked like a common criminal.

“*Your* Corrin?” Azura shot back angrily. “Corrin is *my* childhood friend, and we can go do whatever we want!”

“Wrong girly.” Hinoka shot her down with a menacing tone. “Corrin is *my* property. I claimed him the moment I saw him. And if you think you can mess with my property.” Hinoka grasped her wooden kendo sword tightly. “Then you better be ready to face the consequences...”

“Oh yeah?” Azura shouted energetically. “Bring it on bitch!”

Fully pumped up and unafraid, Azura jumped towards Hinoka and slammed her to the ground. Hinoka was so surprised by the gesture she couldn’t help but gracelessly fall onto the stone floor below. Still, Hinoka’s menacing aura wasn’t just for show. Trapped between a rock and Azura, the downed girl began throwing punches violently, decking Azura in the face a few times. Azura took said punches with ease though. And further enraged by Hinoka’s retaliation, she began to throw down some punches of her own.

Meanwhile, the helpless Corrin stood a few feet before the quarrel, watching mouth agape as his two sisters beat the crap out of each other. This wasn’t just a meager catfight either, the two girls were seriously throwing down. Fierce punches, hair pulling, biting, kicking and more, Azura and Hinoka fought

like their lives depended on it. Corrin could even hear some crackling behind a few of the hits, seeing serious injuries that would require an actual medic form in real time.

He just couldn't take it any longer. All the fighting, all the transformations- It had all been because of him. Corrin had to get out of here! Taking advantage of Azura's and Hinoka's distraction, Corrin bolted way from the scene. His hands instantly flew towards his glasses, eager to get them off his face. Unfortunately, as he attempted pulling them off, instead of easily falling out of place, his glasses remained stuck to Corrin's head, sending acute pain through the entirety of Corrin's face. Corrin grunted. It felt as if the glasses had somehow merged into his very cranium. Corrin continued trying to pull the off, but again the only thing that came was pain.

Nevertheless, he refused to give up. The physical pain he felt was nothing compared to the awful chaos he'd planted among his precious new family. Increasing his force, Corrin gritted his teeth as he did his best to pry the glasses off no matter the cost. His head began to pulsate madly, the points where the glasses were stuck aching as if they were being pricked by sharp needles. Corrin staggered forward, head held and brain wracking in agony. The pain was so absolutely excruciating. Every fiber of his body cried miserably. Yet he couldn't help but continue trying. He had to get these glasses off! He had to get his family back!

"Brother? Are you feeling alright?"

In Corrin's careless wandering though, he'd accidentally bumped into his big brother, the high prince Ryoma. A pit formed in Corrin's stomach. Instead of looking up, he remained lurched over, with his sight lining directly towards Ryoma's feet. He really didn't want to turn Ryoma as well. But more than that, he felt absolutely awful at what he'd done to his Hoshidan family.

"Ryoma..." Corrin sniffed sadly. "I'm sorry!"

Ryoma raised an eyebrow in confusion. "What are you sorry about?"

"Everything!" Corrin replied sorrowfully. "Everything that happened-! Its all my fault!"

Corrin's regret and sadness afflicted Ryoma deeply. He could see the deep grief in the prince's manner. Ryoma couldn't let it be. Being the reliable, strong older brother, Ryoma placed his hands on Corrin's shoulders and lifted the other man's head up, a mistake he would soon pay for dearly. Corrin was too drowned in sadness to muster the force to stop him. As the two men came face to face, Corrin's eyes wavered onto Ryoma's body. As always, Ryoma's form instantly became blurred. Corrin sighed regretfully. He'd fail once more.

When the blurriness cleared, Ryoma's body was fully changed, not only in appearance but also in gender. Two gigantic breasts jutted out of Ryoma's chest, even larger than the ones Sakura just grew. Her clothing did no favors in hiding it either. Though the general theme of Ryoma's armor remained the same, the way it was organized was entirely different. Her cleavage was not just completely exposed, it was actively being emphasized. Any more show of skin and her breasts would be bare. The midsection was relatively unchanged, but her legs were completely uncovered, her plump thighs exposed for any to see. Instead of functional battle shoes, a set of beautiful red heels and tight tights covered Ryoma's legs. And his hair, previously spiky, untamed and aggressive, was now fully combed, silky and tidy, his head

adorned with a crown helmet that was less menacingly sharp and more regally pretty. Ryoma's appearance of a stern calm prince was transformed into that of a sweet loving big sister.

"My goodness!" Ryoma cried out in a motherly voice. "What's happened to me?" His hands wavered onto his chest, gripping his new set of large melons. Ryoma cooed at the sensation. They were so soft and squishy...

Tears began to form on Corrin's eyes. "Big brother..." He sniffled. "I'm so sorry...!"

Hearing Corrin's words Ryoma understood what had happened to him. He turned to face his brother, looking to calm him down and figure things out. However, the moment he laid his eyes upon Corrin, a strange affliction came over Ryoma. His feminine body began to tremble, his new organ gushing at the sight of such a marvelous man. Foreign thoughts began to invade Ryoma's mind. Thought about hugging and pampering her dear little brother, thoughts about being a sweet loving big sister. A pure lustful carnal desire for Corrin was planted within Ryoma's mind. *She just wanted to make her darling Corrin happy by giving him lots of hugs and kisses~*

Ryoma shook his head wildly. He could feel himself fading, his personality being rewritten to one much different than his own. So being a honorable trained samurai and a responsible big brother, in his last moments of consciousness, Ryoma sought to bring Corrin some comfort. "I-It's o-o-ok, C-Corrin..." Ryoma muttered weakly. "I-Its n-not... Your fault..."

Finally, Ryoma's pupil twitched. The last vestige of his personality was completely erased.

"Its your big sister's fault for not looking over you every single moment~~~~" Spreading her arms open, Ryoma lunged forward, wrapping Corrin in a tight loving embrace. Corrin grunted, his face being buried in the canyon between Ryoma's chest. "But don't worry anymore! Your big sister won't let you out of her sight from now on~"

As Corrin tried to struggle free from Ryoma's tight grasp, he thought about how surprisingly familiar this situation felt. Such a show of affection was strangely similar to that he had received from a certain sister while in Nohr... Feeling squeezed and uncomfortable, Corrin tried to slip away from his confines. Unfortunately for him, Ryoma's grip was far too strong for the prince to break, thus Corrin could do nothing but remain within Ryoma's tight embrace.

"Ah, so this is where you've been, my precious brother~"

Though Corrin could not turn around, the mature regal voice of Sakura rang from behind him.

"If all you wanted was a large bosom to caress, then I could have easily helped you~"

*POMF!*

Suddenly, Corrin felt himself being pushed further into Ryoma's cleavage as his other big sister pushed herself against his back, joining the two's embrace. Sakura's heaving breasts rested atop Corrin's shoulders, squishing bouncily against Ryoma's own massive mammaries.

"How wonderful for you to join us, sister Sakura!" Ryoma spoke brightly. "Our dear Corrin is feeling a bit under the weather, so we have to do our best to cheer him up~!"

“Ohohoho!” Sakura scoffed at the remark. “That will be no problem at all. With how voluptuous and beautiful our bodies are, there’s no way he can remain upset!”

“Mhmm~!” Ryoma nodded happily. “Just look at how he’s squirming with such joy!”

Corrin was indeed squirming from within Sakura’s and Ryoma’s hug, though not from joy, like Ryoma thought, but from discomfort, as the monstrous mountains of titflesh were crushing his respiratory system. It was quite the precarious situation, but at least it couldn’t get any-

“Corrin! Here you are!”

The shrilled childish voice of Mikoto pierced Corrin’s ears. Without being able to object, Corrin felt how his left arm was gripped and pulled firmly by the girl.

“I’m bored with this stupid celebration. Let’s go play! Let’s go play!” She pleaded energetically.

“No fair!”

Suddenly, Takumi’s wild jealous scream shattered Corrin’s opposite eardrum.

“Why are you always spending time with everyone but me?” Takumi shouted angrily, pulling at Corrin’s right arm with the same strength as Mikoto. “Stop being a deadbeat brother and give your sweet adorable sister some attention!!!”

“Wait, Corrin where are you going?!?” A shout could be heard from the back, clearly coming from the tomboyish Azura. “We’re still not done fighting over who gets to spend time with you!”

“Yeah, you best keep being a good little brother!” Hinoka added. “Don’t think I won’t beat you up too.”

Eyes opening wide, Azura quickly turned and grabbed Hinoka by the jacket collar. “What did you say?” She asked with anger. “If you touch a hair on his head, I will totally destroy you.”

“Heh” Hinoka sneered at Azura. “Bitch, you can’t even hurt a fly.”

As Azura grunted loudly, it was very apparent that another fight was about to break out.

Corrin gasped for air, the physical and mental constriction of the situation leaving him breathless. How the hell was he supposed to get out of this one?!?

“Lady Ryoma!”

Suddenly, a soldier called out to the group, taking away everyone’s attention. Corrin sighed a breath of relief, thankful for not being the center of attention, if only for a single moment.

Ryoma looked at the soldier with a serious face, which looked out of place on her sexy womanly body. “Speak.” she addressed the soldier formally.

“It seems the barrier of magic is failing sir!” The soldier explained. “The Nohrian army is marching into Hoshido!”

“Mikoto!” Ryoma turned her angry stare toward Mikoto. “You’re supposed to maintain the dulling barrier!”

Mikoto shrugged, clinging onto Corrin's hand tightly. "I'm sorry, I can't help myself! Corrin's sexy manly shakras are messing up with my magical powers! I just can't concentrate!"

Ryoma grumbled. "Very well. There is nothing to be done then. Soldier, prepare our transports. We shall meet the Nohrians at the border!"

Corrin gulped. This was not going to be an easy day, was it?

As the sound of stomping and marching filled the Plains of Hoshido, the decaying King Garon sat within his carriage, a creepy malignant smile painted across his decaying face. He looked through the window with a twisted sense of pride. The fields were burning, the soldiers were gathering, and the bells of war were ringing loudly. His plan was going exactly as he'd wanted. Before long, he- no, *they* would be the most powerful man in the entire world!

The carriage soon reached a stop, halting right before the enemy lines. Garon took hold of his axe, the mighty Bolverk, and proudly paraded out onto the field. He could hear the gasps of surprise and fear coming from Hoshidan soldiers on the other side of the line as he stepped out of his carriage. His mere presence could instill fear in the most courageous men. And with good reason too. With an axe as big as his enormously tall and broad body, only a fool would be daft enough to not realize this man's tremendous power.

Garon continued to march forward boldly, the eerie smile of his face showing no sign of fear or worry. It was as if he was entirely unafraid of harm, like he truly believed that nothing in this earth could bring any harm to him. He continued to walk until he was but a few feet in front of the Hoshidan line. Before him, he could see a conglomeration of girls gathering around a singular person, no doubt those Hoshidan wenches drooling over that pathetic Corrin. Lifting his hand up proudly, Garon hoisted his axe up into the air, before slamming it down into the fertile ground below him.

The earth cracked, skies thundering and wind stilling. His strike was so strong, it was like the whole world was bending to his will, the elements themselves bowing down to his prescence. King Garon cleared his throat, opening his mouth to address those abhorrent Hoshidans.

"Ahem! Alright, listen here you Hoshidan ladies!" Garon spoke in a feminine voice. "As the Nohrian Pres, I demand you return our beautiful Corrin! Oh, and also give me control of Hoshido!"

In the blink of an eye, the enormous terrifying slab of a man that had been Garon was gone, now entirely replaced by a young girl who looked to be no older than 20. This girl possessed long flowing white hair, which combined into a tidy ponytail. Her skin was unnaturally white, though much healthier looking than Garon's previous greyish tone. Instead of beautiful armor and a long flowing robe, this Garon now wore a grey kempt female suit shirt, with a fancy black tie that clung between her large bosom, and a cute grey plaid skirt with white socks and pretty black pumps. Though she still possessed an air of authority, this Garon looked more appropriate as a student council president than as the tyrannical leader of a harsh continent. It seemed like unintentionally or not, Corrin had laid his eyes upon Garon as well.

The group of Hoshidan ladies dispersed, intimidated at Garon's aura. All but Ryoma, who continued to hug Corrin tightly.

"Never!" Ryoma embracing Corrin even more firmly. "We'll never hand our darling Corrin over!"

"Grrr..." Garon grumbled, a bit jealous from the exchange. "Fine! Forget about Hoshido, just give us our Corrin back!"

"Absolutely not!" Ryoma instantly shot back. "We'd rather you ransack our villages and destroy our country than let you get your grubby hands on our dearest Corrin!"

A bead of sweat dripped down Corrin's brow. "R-Ryoma! Surely, that's too much!"

"Oh my sweet Corrin~" Ryoma nuzzled Corrin softly. "That's not enough..."

Feeling energized by her love for Corrin, Ryoma let go and stepped forward proudly. With a fierce expression on her face, she unsheathed her sword, making her cleavage bounce up and down freely. "Very well, Nohrian dog! If it's a fight that you want, then that is what you will get!"

Garon blushed fiercely. "Gods! What kind of dress code do you princesses have over there?!"

"Big sister! Wait!" Corrin reached out to Ryoma. After already transforming his entire family into lustful ladies, the last thing he wanted was to add stress and destruction upon them by making them enter a full-on war. "Let me talk with them. These people have been my family for a long time. I'm sure if I talk with them, I can convince them to stop."

Ryoma stared at Corrin thoughtfully, unsure of how to respond. She reluctantly sheathed her sword. "Alright." Ryoma said with a sigh. "If that is what you want Corrin, then I will let you go over there."

Suddenly, Azura propped out from the background. "Wait, you can't let him go out there alone!"

"Peace Azura." Ryoma responded calmly. "This is his decision to make. But rest assured, if they even dare to lay one finger on him, then we will make sure retribution comes."

Azura held her tongue and crossed her arms, clearly unhappy but unable to disagree. A breath of relief came over Corrin. If he couldn't save his Hoshidan family from this horrible fate, at least he could prevent further pain to come to them.

With his mind set on peace, Corrin began to walk towards the Nohrian side. This time, he walked with his eyes closed and one hand set atop each one of his of lenses, so that he wouldn't accidentally look at anyone and unwittingly transform them. Such a solution was plainly obvious in hindsight. If the only way he could transform people was to look at them through the glasses and he couldn't remove them, then not looking at anything through the lenses was the one thing he could do. It was only during his momentary set of panic that Corrin could not reach this easy of a result. Although it was considerably harder to walk, as Corrin tripped and skittered around the round hills of Hoshido, now he would no longer transform any more of his family members into deformed caricatures!

Corrin continued to step forward with determination, thrilled to have found a solution to his dilemma. But as he continued to walk in the darkness, he was suddenly stopped when he collided with an odd object.

“Ah Corrin!” He could hear the new feminized Garon scream happily, as she hugged him closely. “I’ve missed you so so much! I’m so super sorry I sent you in that reconnaissance mission! I promise to take care of everything for you from now on, k~?”

“Ummm... Thanks?” Corrin felt at a loss for words. He’d never heard Garon express such affection towards him. It was kind of eerie in a way. Whether she was still possessed by a demonic destruction-hungry dragon still remained unknown, but her newfound love for Corrin was more than abundantly clear. “Look, errr Father? I just wanted to talk with you to see if- URK!”

Before Corrin could get to peace talks though, he was quickly snatched into a hug by a taller more powerful creature.

“Oooohhhh my darling Corrin~ How I’ve missed you~~~” Camilla’s soft sisterly voice melted into his ears as she embraced Corrin with all her might. “How have you been? Did those ugly awful Hoshidans do anything to you? Ohhh , I’ll make sure they never even lay an eye on you ever again~”

“BLURRRKKK! B-B-B-Big s-s-sist-ter!!” Corrin struggled within Camilla’s grasp, a grip so iron tight it felt as if she was crushing his bones. “I-I’m f-f-fine! P-Please l-let gooo!”

“Oh Corrin I’m so glad to hear that!” Camilla cried ecstatically. “Are you happy to see me again? Because I’m very happy to see you!”

“Y-Ye-eah... I’m... H-Happy...” Corrin barely exhaled. “P-Please... Let g-go...”

“You say that, but you haven’t even opened your eyes to see me!” Camilla shot back. “Oh my sweet brother, won’t you please let your big sister gaze upon those beautiful ruby eyes of yours?”

“Can’t-! Open-!” Was all that Corrin could muster out, his lungs quickly running out of oxygen.

“Gods, don’t say such a thing!” Camilla squeezed Corrin with even more force. “Could it be that those horrible Hoshidans brainwashed you and now you don’t want to see your pretty sister’s face any longer?!?!” She asked with worry.

No further words could escaped Corrin’s mouth. All of his organs were being crushed to their furthest extreme. Corrin’s body was being squeezed with such power, blood could no longer flow through his veins, nor could air pass freely through his respiratory system. Corrin felt his control slipping away, his mind entering a deep self-defense induced daze. He tried his hardest to keep his eyes shut, knowing that his eyesight would cause further chaos. But Corrin was only human, and eventually his eyelids gave out. Corrin’s pupils quickly moved towards his sister Camilla, and in less than a second her entire body was enveloped in a blur.

“What the-?” Feeling strange sensations afflicted her body, Camilla finally dropped Corrin, letting him breathe a breath of relief.

Camilla staggered backwards. In the blink of an eye, her wardrobe had shifted entirely. Instead of her lustful revealing outfit, Camilla now wore a bulky black hoodie with a hood that covered the top of her head, a set of loose black sweatpants and a pair of bright purple and white sneakers that contrasted with the rest of her outfit. Behind her hoodie, her soft beautiful hair was now frizzly and unkempt. And instead of makeup, her face was solely adorned with eyebags and tiredness. Though Camilla’s body

remained mostly the same, instead of looking like a sexual vixen, she looked like some kind of socially awkward loser.

“W-W-W-What h-h-happ-p-penned to me?” Camilla looked at herself with utter terror.

No longer did she feel proud, confident and strong. Now the only thing she felt was fear. Fear of talking with people, fear of being ridiculed, fear of utter failure. Dressing provocatively and using her assets didn’t sound appetizing anymore. She felt much too self-conscious about what other people may think. Instead, she wished to remain locked inside of her room reading books, escaping to a much more wonderful world of fantasy where absolutely nothing could happen to her. With fantasy, she could live her wildest experiences and not have to interact with any living person, which was one of the scariest things to Camilla. The only person she really wanted to interact with was Corrin, so if she could just lock themselves in a room together~

Camilla shook her head wildly. She knew these strange thoughts and feelings weren’t right, but she was having a hard time differentiating her real wishes to those that were suddenly being artificially implanted in her mind. She looked over to Corrin with a pleading look, hoping that he would help her. When suddenly, a barrage of images flowed into her mind. They were memories, memories of how she’d acted with Corrin before. She had been so brazen! So shameless! It was- It was-! It was totally embarrassing!!! A bright red blush covered Camilla’s face, as she quickly looked away from Corrin. She really wanted to fight this thing that was affecting her, she really did. But in the end, her primal reaction of fear won out, and Camilla’s old personality was fully eliminated.

The new shy shut-in Camilla stood in the middle of the battlefield trembling with fear. She was standing right there in the open, completely exposed for Corrin to see. She couldn’t handle it! Her body surging with anxiety, Camilla quickly ran away and hid behind her little sister, Elise.

“Oh Camilla!” Elise chirped energetically. “There’s no need to be so shy! Its only our bro-”

Elise’s sentence promptly cut off, as her entire body was engulfed in a blur. Corrin mentally kicked himself mentally. He’d been so focused on the transformed Camilla, his eyes had accidentally drifted onto Elise when Camilla ran and hid behind her. Now Elise was quickly undergoing the same transformation that had affected so many of Corrin’s siblings already.

When the blur cleared, the spritely adorable Elise was gone. And in her stead was a much more perverse and corrupted figure. Elise’s age and height shot up immensely, growing taller and older than Camilla herself. Her skin contracted a deeply tanned tone which covered her entire body, and whether this skin tone was natural or manually skin was anyone’s guess. Her assets ballooned out of control, breasts growing into gigantic G-Cup breasts and ass expanding into huge beachballs. But more strikingly was the way in which her attitude morphed. Instead of wearing her cute dress, now Elise bore nothing more than a tiny hot pink tube top and a small pink miniskirt, with no panties or bra in sight. Her face was covered with an abundance of overly accentuating white makeup, and her signature cinnamon bun pigtails started as usual by the top, but then dissolved into a mass of uncontrolled hair filled with purple dye at the ends. Currently, there was no foreseeable difference between the common streetwalker and Elise.

*“It’s only our hunky sexy brother, Corrin~”* Elise spoke in a sexual tone.

Eyes filled with lust, Elise slowly strutted towards Corrin, expertly swaying her assets left and right with professional proficiency. She clung onto Corrin closely, her breasts pressing onto his body as she stared down at him with desire.

*"Oh my sweet brother, have you missed me~?"* Elise asked Corrin, her face but a few inches away from his own.

"Umm-! Ahh-! Uhhhh-!" Corrin stammered, his face bright red and his heart beating rapidly. This was the closest thing he'd have to an intimate experience with a woman, so his mind was ablaze with panic and confusion. Not to mention this was supposed to be his sweet sister Elise.

"Gods!" Garon cried angrily, averting her gaze from Elise's shameful display. "Elise, how many times do I have to tell you to stop acting like a slut!"

Elise stepped back, rolling her eyes at the comment. "Ugh, here we go again..."

"Yes, here we go again!" Garon repeated. "I have to keep reprimanding you because you don't listen! You need to stop doing this!"

"Hmph!" Elise sneered at Garon. "Mom, why can't you just let me act how I want to act?"

"Elise, I'm trying to run a country not a brothel." Garon responded bluntly. "As a princess of this land, I would hope you dressed and acted more appropriately."

"You're just jealous I'm much more confident than you~" Elise struck out a pose, revealing her organs to a very wide array of people.

"W-W-What?!?" Garon asked, her blush increasing in intensity.

"Yeah, don't think I don't know. There's a reason why you've had so many marriages." Elise explained. "You're always awkward with getting to the sexy bits and so you never want to give men what they really want. *I'm what men want~*"

"S-S-Shut up!" Garon shot back awkwardly.

Corrin took a breath of relief. With Elise and Garon preoccupied, he could finally escape this awkward situation. Maybe if he spoke with Xander, the two could get things sorted out, and he wouldn't have to deal with any more chaos occurring. Corrin began to cautiously step back, increasing his speed while making sure he remained undetected. He continued to walk and walk backwards, seemingly free of any more obstacles, when-

*POMF!*

He accidentally bumped into something. Corrin felt a hand land upon his shoulder.

"Brother! Its good to have you back"

Corrin's head instinctively turned towards the voice. It had been that of his younger Nohrian brother, Leo. But as his eyes laid upon Leo's body and Corrin had realized what he'd done, it was too late. Leo's form had already changed before his very eyes.

Though this new Leo did not look much younger than she did before, she was very much shorter than her previous self. And despite not being too different, her new armor had been refitted accordingly, to accommodate for not only for her height, but also for the new magnanimous size of her assets. On Leo's chest hung two enormous G-Cup breasts, as large as those on Elise, which were plainly visible thanks to a boob-window in her armor. And her ass was quite thick and fat, with its back end fully open and covered by nothing but a single strip of silk, like most of the armor worn by mounted units. However, unlike with Elise and Ryoma's armor, it didn't feel like Leo was showing off. Her attitude was very calm and collected. And though her eyes clearly shone with happiness at seeing his brother again, Leo bore no explicit emotion on her sleeve.

"Because you are a good fighter." Leo added curtly. "That is all..."

Leo's attitude towards Corrin was so different that it baffled the prince. Whereas all of the people Corrin had transformed instantly started lusty over him, it looked like Leo had no such feelings, or was doing an amazing job at hiding them. With no brazen actions coming from this brand new shortstack Leo, a wave of guilt washed upon Corrin.

"Leo... I'm so sorry." Corrin apologized, placing his hands on Leo's shoulder.

A bright blush came upon Leo's cheek. "I-Its ok big brother." Leo spoke softly, but with a bit of care in his voice. "No matter which side you choose, I will always lo- er, respect you..."

Corrin's spirit sunk. Of course he'd infatuated Leo as well! Though this one was much less apparent than all the others, considering it had happened every single time, he was foolish to think that Leo had not been mentally affected in this manner. An exhausted sigh escaped Corrin's lips. Once more, he'd failed horribly. Despite all his attempts to make things better, the only thing he'd done was make things worse. Now both of his families had been completely transformed into ladies lusty after him, changing the essence of their selves. At this point, war wouldn't even be that bad of an option... There was nothing else Corrin could do now. Filled with dread, Corrin marched back to the Hoshidan side with his head held down in shame.

"So, you're leaving already." Xander's commanding voice boomed from behind Corrin. The crown prince slowly rode towards the princeling, sitting atop his horse with an assertive attitude.

This time, Corrin was so overcome with grief that he couldn't bear to turn around and face him. "I'm sorry Xander..." Corrin muttered. "I've messed up..."

"And are you going just give up?" Xander asked.

"What?" Corrin raised his eyebrow, unsure about the question as a whole.

"Hear me, little prince. I know not what sort of mistake you've made that has brought this much anguish upon you." Xander explained. "But everyone makes mistakes, both large and small. I know I've made my fair share of mistakes. We cannot change what we have done, but we can change the future. That is why you must move forward. You must embrace your mistake, and make sure that you work towards something better."

Corrin's eyes lit up with life. "Embrace... My mistakes?" He asked, his head lifting slightly.

“Yes! Embrace your mistakes!” Xander repeated confidently. “The only way one can change their fate is to embrace their mistakes and to strive for a better future.”

Corrin looked over at his transformed Nohrian family: A slutty Elise fighting with a prudish controlling Garon, a shy Camilla standing next to an emotionless Leo, neither saying a single word. Then his eyes shifted over to his Hoshidan family. Mikoto was annoying a peeved Takumi, Azura and Hinoka were embroiled in another contest, while Sakura tried to keep a semblance of control and Ryoma waited patiently for Corrin’s return. They all looked kind of... Happy, in a strange twisted way. Their old worries and thoughts washed away, it felt as if they were all content with their current lives. No memory of their previous existences remained, to them, this was the way things had always been. And so they lived their lives without inhibition. Maybe... Maybe this wasn’t such a bad thing... If everyone was completely in love with Corrin, then he could make it so that the two countries wouldn’t go to war. He could unite these two warring nations and families into one.

A surge of determination coursed through Corrin. “You know what... I think you’re right brother.” Corrin spoke with an air of clarity. “Its too late to take things back. So there’s really only one thing left to do.”

Finally removing the shackles of precaution and regret, Corrin confidently turned around to face his brother. For the first time, he looked at someone with the desire to change them, instead of doing so accidentally. In less than a second, Xander’s entire body was enveloped in a blur. And just as fast, his entire body had been transformed.

Now instead of possessing a powerful squarish build, the new Xander possessed the body of a buxom woman. Just like Leo and Ryoma before, her armor wasn’t much to different from its normal design. The principal and most glaring change was the tremendously huge opening on her chest, a perfect window for Xander’s enormous bouncing cleavage. Similarly, the rest of her outfit was skimmed down to fit her body, with her plump backside being fully exposed as was somehow common for Nohrian cavaliers. His facial features were much softer and kinder, while his hair was longer and silkier. And with his eyes losing their fierce look in favor of a sweeter softer one, it looked like Corrin had once more obtained a sweet loving Nohrian big sister.

“W-What happened to me?!?” Xander asked with panic, her horse moving along with her sudden movements. Her hands moved onto her plentiful bosom, where she could feel the very real sensation of breasts on her chest. Corrin had said something about mistakes... Could this be his doing? Xander looked up to Corrin. “Brother! Is this your-”

“Shhhh~” Corrin calmed the panicking Xander down. “Its ok, big *sister*. You don’t have to fight it.”

The instant Xander laid eyes upon Corrin, something sprung up within her soul. Her heart started beating faster, feminine organ flowing with arousal. Strange thoughts began to surge in her mind. Thoughts about how cute her little Corrin was, how she wanted to love and pamper him, how she wanted to keep him all for herself. Xander understood these feelings weren’t real, she knew that she should be fighting against them. But every passing second she stared at the beautiful Corrin, they only grew stronger.

“B-B-Brother!” Xander cried, her heart beating ever faster. “H-H-Help...”

"It's alright Xander." Corrin spoke peacefully, having thrown all of his worries away. He spread his arms open, inviting her for a hug. "Just give in."

Xander bit her lower lip. Her entire body was shaking with need. She really wanted to embrace Corrin! She wanted to hug him, squeeze him, hold him, and even do some more naughty things if possible~ B- But she couldn't! Because-! Because... Soon, all of Xander's previous memories started to fade away. She started to forget why it was that she couldn't give her adorable Corrin a big loving hug. After all, she loved him more than anything in the world~~~

A crazed expression came upon Xander's face! "Oh Corrin!" She shouted blissfully. Like all the others, Xander had fallen completely under Corrin's spell. Xander instantly jumped off her horse and into Corrin's arms, squeezing him delightfully between her massive chest.

"Oh sweet brother, I've missed you so much~~" Xander cooed happily.

"Me too sister..." Corrin reciprocated. Though he was once again enveloped in between two large orbs of flesh, this time Corrin showed no discomfort. It was just as Xander had said. He needed to embrace his mistakes. Corrin happily nuzzled Xander's boobs. "Say Xander... Could we not go to war with the Hoshidans? Maybe even make a peace treaty as well?"

"Oh, of course darling!" Xander cried happily. "For you, I'll do absolutely anything! If we have to force mother to agree to such a deal, I will happily force her myself! Aren't I just so much better than any of those Hoshidans sisters of yours?"

A soft smile came upon Corrin's lips. "Thanks big sister." He responded happily, returning Xander's hug tightly.

Lots of things might have gone wrong today, lots of mistakes were definitely made. But at least Corrin could do something to help out his siblings, so that's really all he could ask for. Soon, the rest of his new female siblings began to surround them, each one eager to receive his affection. Maybe things weren't going to be so bad from now on...