

THREE WHOLE GRIMAS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Kingdom of Askr had known relative peace as of late.

No neighboring or foreign entities had attacked, and the heroes summoned by the Order of Heroes from other worlds were all finally given an opportunity to rest. Many took that time for the sake of recreation, or perhaps to strengthen the bonds between them. But on the other hand? There were those that, despite their alliance with Askr, schemed within the shadows with the intention of causing problems of their own.

It was something that most of them knew better than to do. There were entities that the Order had summoned that *had* done evil in the past in their home worlds, but if they misbehaved? Then they would simply be sent back. Or that was how it was *supposed* to be at least. “**This system has obvious flaws.**” The Fell Dragon, Grima, mused to herself as she finished lighting the candles within a cavern on Askr’s outskirts that she had chosen for herself.

She was an evil that had possessed the body of Robin and led her own world into ruin, but under the Order of Heroes’ control she was on a short leash. This moment of peace had given her a rare opportunity that she *wouldn’t* squander. She needed to lay the foundation for her future plans. She needed people that would work *under* her to help her accomplish them. And if she couldn’t find them? She’d *make* them.

Corrin was an interesting young woman. She was the princess not of one or two kingdoms, but *three* simultaneously, though of course she hailed from an entirely different world in the first place. “**...Hello? Grima?**”



Her sword was brandished as she stepped carefully into a candlelit cavern, wholly aware of the sort of woman that had sent her an invitation to meet her there with next to no context. The princess was no fool. She had been told the stories of what Grima had done in Lucina's world.

It was concerning, but not *alarming*. She had informed the Order about the invitation, and they had presented her with a *tool* in kind. A special stone that would undo Grima's summoning if activated. They didn't send any reinforcements because Grima's letter had asked her to come alone, and some of the higher ups in the Order had been looking for proof of Grima being up to no good in the first place.

If Corrin didn't return, then...

But Grima had planned for all of this. Once Corrin was in position, she stepped out from the shadowy corner she had been hiding in. “**No running, now. Though hm... Yes, no *running*.**” She smirked to herself as a wave of dark energy left her fingertips before Corrin could even react. The woman struck by the power immediately became woozy, giving Grima the chance to reach into her pocket and pull out the stone that was supposed to be Corrin's safety guarantee.

“**Give... that... back...**”

Grima didn't respond to Corrin's pleas and instead moved to the back of the cavern. The princess couldn't chase her, as much as she *wanted* to. She felt weak, tired, and somehow *filthy*. That was the best way that she could describe it. “**What did you do to me? Why are you doing this? The Order will find out...**” But she didn't receive a reply. Or maybe she *did*, but she just couldn't hear it with her head pounding.

It wasn't *just* her head pounding, either. Her heart had begun to beat so loudly that it felt like it was going to burst right out of her chest. It was vaguely painful and contributed to her inability to move properly as she fell to her knees. Where was Grima? Her vision was blurry, and even with the candles the cavern was still dim, so it was too difficult for her to say. But being fixated on her assaulter's whereabouts ended up being the perfect distraction from something much more dire.

The fact that more was being done to her body than mere *discomfort*. Dressed in armor as she was, it was difficult to really see much of

Corrin's body. Had she not been fully clothed? Then perhaps there would have been a *chance* that she would have noticed that the pigmentation of her skin had gradually been *darkening*. This was *already* odd, but in truth? The color that it was darkening towards made it all the stranger. It wasn't like her skin was tanning or turning brown – colors that were still typical of regular humans. No... it was all darkening towards an ashen *violet*.

The young princess shuddered as her body grew colder. “**Please...**” She had no idea if Grima was attempting to *kill* her, of if her intentions were something that were somehow far worse. Of course, her face and feet were the only windows through which she could have possibly seen the changed color of her skin, so she didn't have any other context clues just yet. Not even the red of her eyes beginning to *literally* glow, or how a softer violet replaced the silver of her hair, were easily recognizable to her without the proper tools.

But an explosion of dark energy with her body as the source made it much more evident. “**Wh-What!?**” Corrin had felt much lighter after the explosion, and looking down? She found herself both naked *and* purple from head-to-toe. It was an eerie sight. One that was made all the more uncomfortable as her attention homed in on her *chest*. Her bosom was usually such a modest size, but she watched it inflate. One cup size, two cup sizes; until they were just shy of being *E-cups*. A similar phenomenon widened her hips, but her thighs and ass remained untouched for the time being.

“**So sexy... So strong... N-No!? That's...**” That wasn't what was important at the moment!? But what were these thoughts welling up from within her? *They reveled in the idea of being more powerful, so that she could easily quash anyone who opposed her and her Master under her palm!* “**This isn't... me...?**” Or so she *tried* to say, but it turned into a question. She wasn't sure. Corrin didn't actually *dislike* how she was feeling anymore.

Her crimson eyes glowed brighter the very second her ego began to embrace the corruption, but her face... She didn't have a reflective surface to tell as much, but it was gradually twisted to strongly resemble the face of the woman watching her from across the cavern, though her darkened complexion and untied hair made it difficult to see. No, her face was the spitting image of Grima – or the woman that Grima was possessing, and her voice fell in line as well.

What was likely *more* alarming about what was happening in the general vicinity of her head was what was occurring on the *sides* of her head, beneath the veil of her violet hair. Her ears crept out from the sides, pulling longer *and* thinner as their skin darkened to a darker

purple than anything else on her body (so far). A series of points were etched into the edges so that each 'ear', now about six inches long, was more reminiscent of a spiny fish's fin. And just above them? Black *horn* curved out and forward, out of her skull.

"Perhaps this isn't so bad~!" When Corrin next spoke, there was something of a melodious pitch to it. She had felt compelled to hum by her distorting nature, as the instincts of a *creature* stained her corrupting humanity further. Fins, not unlike those that had replaced her ears erupted from the outer edges of her forearms, while black gloves shrouded those arms and hands, and scales grew to hug her sides and breasts beneath golden jewelry.

At first it seemed unusual that, aside from golden chains that appeared to wrap around her hips, her lower body wasn't dressed at all. But that was aptly rectified as the purple skin across her legs began to darken to black. She was still on her knees, and so she was hardly disturbed as her thighs began to merge together. The surfacing black shimmered under the flickering light of the torches, indication that this skin had been covered by the scales of a fish as the fusion process worked its way down to her feet, which in turn became a finned tail.

But it wasn't content with just this. The monstrous woman shuffled in place as this new tail grew longer and longer, lifting her in the front to reveal that purple muscles were bulging out of the tail's front to make it easier for her to move across solid land, even if being in the water was preferable. **"So dry... Ugh."** Being on land made her feel flaky, which made her *violent*. By the time her tail had reached about *twelve* feet in length, she could only hope that her Master had prepared something for her.

While her resemblance to *Grima* was uncanny, the serpentine traits of a corrupted *Fell Mermaid* made the resemblance far less obvious as she 'stood' there, her red eyes glowing menacingly in the dark. **"Perfect. Different enough from the other two... It'll still be confusing though, so let us call you *The Siren*."** *The Siren* hummed a sinister song to herself as the Fell Dragon walked around her snake-like body, admiring her handiwork.

"Very well, Master. I am excited to start dismantling Askr at your



side.” The snake was just as corrupt as her creator, but considering Grima had put a piece of herself in the woman, that certainly made sense. No longer did she have any qualms about mercilessly crushing any goody two shoes that stood in her Master’s way. In fact, she knew how to expertly use this body of hers to drag wayward soldiers into the depths. **“But is there a pool of water nearby, Master? I’m feeling rather dry.”**

“Ah, yes. I prepared a pool deeper in. You can meet your sisters while we’re at it.”

Twenty-four hours earlier....



“Is there a reason you wanted to check out this cave in particular, Grima?” The Divine Dragon of Somniel, Alear, was perhaps a little too innocent for her own good. While out on an expedition with Byleth and Grima, the latter had requested that the three of them make a sudden investigative stop at a cavern on the outskirts of the kingdom since they were in the area. Byleth had agreed to wait outside to stand guard, leaving only the Divine Dragon and the Fell Dragon inside alone.

Grima hummed joyfully to herself as she checked out the far wall, the space illuminated only by an orb of light magic that floated above them. **“Yes... This place will do nicely. The connection to my realm is much stronger.”** She clearly wasn’t answering Alear’s question, which had the girl drew closer to see what the Fell Dragon was fussing over. But Grima suddenly stood. **“We’ve always been wholly incompatible, young Divine Dragon. Let’s fix that.”**

She grabbed Alear’s nearest wrist once she was near and pumped a healthy dose of corrupted dark magic into the teenager’s body before pushing her away. **“H-Huh?”** The girl stumbled back, confused and weak. She didn’t even have time to process what had happened. Everything felt *wrong*, like there was something inside of her that *shouldn’t* have been there. It was strangling the aspects of herself that were ‘pure’ and ‘divine’, making her feel *filthy*.

“What...?” That simple question left her lips more akin to a beast-like growl as she attempted to compose herself, but the earliest effects of

Grima's influence merely sapped her of too much strength to provide any meaningful amount of struggle. Perhaps it was because this was Grima's first attempt at doing this, but she watched what was happening to the Divine Dragon with a bemused expression. Particularly as *both* of the young lady's eyes began to glow red.

“How curious. You're growing older I see, though only slightly.” That definitely wasn't something that the victim would have been able to notice herself. But her round cheeks *were* thinning to peel away her baby face. Her lips seemed to thin, and her now red eyes narrowed, so... **“Hm. Actually. Maybe I put a little *too much* of myself into that spell. Haha.”** Grima's amusement came courtesy of her newest realization.

Alear didn't just look older in her face. She looked *identical* to the one who had cursed her in the first place. **“*What in the hells do you mean by that!?*”** While still overly fatigued and overly stimulated, the victim still managed to growl back in a voice that took even *her* by surprise. Not only was her voice unfamiliar (it sounded like Grima's) but she sounded so *angry*. She *felt* angry. She felt like she needed to take it *out* on someone. But not only did she feel too weak, but she couldn't find it in herself to attack the woman in front of her even if she'd wanted to.

The armored cups of the young woman's armor felt a tad tight as her bosom swelled from perky C-cups to even perkier *D-cups*, though they remained compressed for the time being. In a similar fashion? Her blue skirt strained because her thighs and ass fattened a touch, ultimately pushing her hips out a little wider as well. **“Yes, the proportions seem to be about right. And your hair...?”** Grima just nodded along, taking mental notes of everything that she observed.

Regardless of how *awful* Alear felt, it became difficult to deny that she felt strangely *good* as well. A smirk played upon her thickened lips as she looked up at her bangs after Grima mentioned her hair. She could only watch as the split red and blues evened to become a consistent silver that not only spread to the tips of her incredibly long mane, but also pulled it much, *much* shorter. It only reached a few inches past her shoulders before long.

“...Hoh? I wondered when the monster essence would begin to apply itself.”

“*Monster essence, M-M-M-Master!?*” She'd tried so hard *not* to refer to Grima that way when she'd noticed it was about to leave her mouth, but she was wholly incapable of fighting it in the end. Grima only laughed at her attempt and offered no answers, instead only

watching how the ‘Divine Dragon’s’ ears were lengthening into points beneath silver hair that was lifted and, while seemingly being pulled into twin tails... soon hardened into a pair of *feathery* wings jutting out from the back of her head. Not big enough to fly with by any stretch of the imagination, but that didn’t mean she *wouldn’t* be flying.

Alear found herself involuntarily *hissing* with irate confusion as a burst of dark energy exploded outward from her body, stripping away her old attire and replacing it with simple, purple cloth and tassels that hugged her body as if she were a dancer. Her larger breasts felt freer, but she could tell that beneath the flap hanging over her taint, she wasn’t really wearing anything else. She began to understand Grima’s words now that she was exposed.

Particularly as she observed her own legs and feet. The skin from just above her knees to the tips of her toes darkened to black as that regular skin became keratinized scutes instead. Her big and little toes on either foot soon merged with the toes beside them as normal toenails extended into thick, sharp talons upon what eventually thinned into a pair of mighty bird talons. And she didn’t pay *any* mind to the long, purple tail with blinking, crimson eyes that erupted from just above her ass.

“**Hoh... I like this...**” The changing woman was clearly much too far gone by the time she felt her arms begin to stiffen. On some level, she already understood the nature of *what* she was becoming, and so it certainly wasn’t surprising to her at all to see purple feathers begun to sprout from her arms. The shapes of those arms cracked, and her hands in particular became quite deformed as fingers shortened, lengthened, and fused into the ends of a bird’s wings just as the five-foot-long flight feathers stiffened across her new wingspan.

“Hm. Well, you look *and* sound like me aside from those feathers, but I suppose I can’t call *you* Grima as well. How about *The Talon*? A fitting title for a woman who is part bird.” Grima



admired her handiwork. That child had become a copy of herself whose body had been fused with that of a *Fell Harpy*. Her mind must have been a little simpler than Grima's own, but she *definitely* understood what she had just said to her as she used the clawed tips of her wings to adjust the golden horned headpiece that now rested atop her head.

The Talon smirked. **"Understood, Master. I will use my claws in your service. Just say the word."** She didn't question her new existence even though she could *vaguely* recall being Alear. None of that mattered to her when she felt so strong. She desired to *flex* that strength in Grima's name, so that as a *Fell Harpy* she could instill terror in the hearts of the pure. She walked closer to Grima, her talons clacking against the floor. **"What would like me to do first, Master?"**

"Scream for me, would you?"



"What's going on!?" Byleth rushed into the cavern depths after hearing a woman's scream. She'd assumed it had been *Grima's* voice, but she became all the more confused when she found the Fell Dragon with a woman that *looked* like her behind her. No, that was no ordinary woman. It was a beast wearing her face. **"What happened to Alear? Did she run further in? Is she okay!?"** It was only natural that she would worry about the youngest member.

She'd had a hunch that this was some kind of trap, but Grima's laughter in response to her questions all but confirmed it. **"Dear Byleth, Alear is fine. She's standing right behind me! But don't worry, you'll understand in a moment."**

Byleth wasn't even given an opportunity to *react* before Grima raised her hand and fired a blast of empowered dark magic at the woman. Her fate would be similar to Alear's, yet different.

There was *another* beast she had in mind.

"Whath dith you— Gack!?" Seized by a similar weakness, Byleth had *attempted* to bark back at the attack the Fell Dragon had just unleashed upon her. But Grima, less chattier this time now that she had watched one of her victims change firsthand, had made some tweaks. She'd altered the flow of energy to bring the *more monstrous* aspects of the

transformation out first, wondering if it might make for more entertaining sight. Byleth found it difficult to talk because her mouth felt full, and using her tongue to probe the source revealed it indirectly.

Because the problem *was* her tongue. It no longer fit within her mouth and was forced to press up against its roof as it continued to elongate. The woman's expression was a confused one as she raised both her hands to try and investigate her mouth. Unfortunately, she was a little too late on that front – because the length of pink was *forced* out of her lips, spilling down past her chin to reveal that its thinner tip was *forked*. And it just kind of *dangled* there for a spell. “**Whath!?**”

Byleth didn't really know *how* to react. How could she, especially when her body felt filthier and filthier with each passing moment? Her lower body in particular felt surprisingly *cool*, but she was too distracted by her tongue to look down and notice that the fronts of her thighs and legs had been darkening to a pinkish purple, while around their sides and back? A dark purple was painted not by darkening skin, but by the emergence of *reptilian scales* across her flesh.

“**Huh!?**” A bought of shock from the generally emotionless professor somehow managed to jolt the muscles in her mouth into yanking that tongue back inside, where it was now accommodated aside from flickering out here and there. She couldn't really celebrate when the stimulating shock had come courtesy of her knees buckling. No, that wasn't even really *what* was happening. The fabric of her tights was tearing on the inside as those legs *thickened* and *merged*, with their pinker fronts bulging with muscle in front of bones that distorted and curved.

As her boots were shredded by merging feet, a thought finally occurred to her. “**Ssssssnake!?**” Between the tongue and the tail, that was *definitely* what it seemed like she was becoming. Her S sounds were held longer thanks to her tongue flickering out from between two new fangs as she spoke, but that was hardly as concerning as the sensation of her muscular lower body lifting her up as her now serpentine bottom half slithered out across the cave floor behind her until the tail along must have been *fifteen feet* long and tipped with a feathery tuft at the end.

Grima continued to observe with amusement as Byleth's eyes began to glow red and her expression flickered between shock and a twisted acceptance. The monster essence drew ears longer, but other than that? It seemed like her transition into a Lamia had been complete once bright purple spikes erupted painfully from the back of her tail. So, as it turned out, it *was* possible to alter the order of how the changes unfolded? Which meant that *now*...

There they were. Strands of silver began to surface amidst the mane of shoulder length, messy blue that the mercenary's hair was typically colored. It jumped from hair to hair, soon lengthening it to the center of her back while straightening out the messy waves in the process. It framed her face, making her glowing red eyes stand out all the more. Although they *did* receive a little help from those eyes narrowing as part of the woman's face becoming more angular as a whole... until it was finally a perfect match for Grima's own.

"Sssssssso good!" She sounded identical to Grima now as well, although her hissing made it infinitely easier to differentiate between the two. She'd been put off by her snake-like features before, but now? As the corruption overwrote her morality and values, she began to get an idea of how *strong* she was. And how good it would feel to choke the life out of any humans she wished! Eventually, a burst of dark energy erupted to strip away what remained of her old attire, but not before her tits *grew* until they were slightly larger than Grima's.

Apparently, the fact that Byleth was already busty led to that slight inconsistency. Grima noted it.

Any 'naughty bits' were soon fond covered up, but barely. Purple stick-on cups were fastened to the monster's tits, while the eyes that represented Grima were worn as jewelry around her neck and shoulders with one eye on a new horned tiara that likewise pulled her silver hair into twin tails. Long, purple cloth was wrapped around her shoulders elegantly, and a flap of violate was draped across her pelvis, hiding the slit that had been pushed up onto the front of her snake half.

The new 'Grima's' forked tongue flickered in and out from between her lips as her red eyes glowed eerily within the cavern's dim lighting. **"I await your ordersssss, Massssster."** The *Fell Lamia* eyed the harpy behind her master. While their faces were similar and their values just as corrupt, she couldn't help but feel something of a *rivalry* with her. And she wondered if that feeling was mutual.

"We'll be setting this cavern up as part of my plan, but for now? I suppose we need



something to call you by. How about *The Serpent*?” It was a suggestion that *The Serpent* bowed at, taking it as law. She was The Serpent now, one of the Fell Dragon’s loyal underlings that shared in her corruption. She didn’t care to learn Grima’s exact plans nor motives, all that mattered to her was that she would be allowed to crush and feed on humans with her snake-like body.

“Step 2 involves luring someone from the Order here. Let me draft a letter while you two get settled.”

It didn’t *have* to be Corrin that had come, but Corrin had felt like the most likely candidate to approach the Order. Her actual goal had been the stone that could be utilized to cast her out of the world, and now that she had it in her possession? Grima’s plans could proceed. Now that she couldn’t as easily be unsummoned, she could use the Three Beasts she had created to kidnap even more heroes from the capitol and increase her manpower, and then?

Eventually the kingdom would be *hers*.