

GIRL OF TWO DRAGONS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Years of suffering had led to that moment.

The Fell Dragon, Grima, had plunged the kingdom of Ylisse and the rest of the world into darkness so long ago now that there was an entire generation that had grown up surrounded by loss and inevitable despair. Princess Lucina was one of the oldest members of this generation and had seen how things had worsened over the course of her short life. Now eighteen, something the girl had been forced to grapple with was that things would *never* get better.

“Once I step through this portal, everything will begin...” And so? Lucina and a number of other children her age that had lost their families to Grima had decided on a plan. They had encountered the Divine Dragon, Tiki, and that ethereal manakete woman had helped guide them to a potential solution. If they couldn’t save the present, then why not save the past? **“It’s odd, though... Did the Divine Dragon not say she’d see me off? Perhaps she’s fast asleep again...”**

‘Divine Dragon’ or not, Tiki was a very sleepy woman. She had been asleep when Lucina had first found her, and she was almost *always* napping whenever she had visited in the days leading up to this one. She only hoped that Tiki would at least be awake to help guide the others. While Lucina had passed on all she knew about using the gate to them, Tiki needed to aid them with the final steps.

Hopefully, nothing went wrong during the process...

Despite her reservations considering Tiki's absence, Lucina ended up passing through the gate that was intended to return her to the past, shortly before Grima took control and back when her father and mother were both alive, but also barely out of their teens themselves. According to what Tiki had originally told her, upon passing through the gate in those old ruins, she would re-emerge in the very same ruins just a short nineteen years prior.



“Hm? Wait... isn’t this *also* strange?” The process of being flung into the past, while safe, hadn’t been without any notable side effects. Although the princess hadn’t lost consciousness at any time, it still felt like she had just been woken up from a *very* long nap. She supposed that it wasn’t unlikely that there would be *side effects* that the Divine Dragon couldn’t have warned her about. And if she was just a little tired? It wasn’t *really* a big deal.

And yet, it wasn’t the fatigue that she’d believed was *strange* at the time. She had very much passed through the other side of the gate, her position in the world not changing despite the time itself changing. But could these really be called ‘ruins’? Everything that had been toppled and worn down now... *wasn’t*. The walls of what had clearly been a temple weren’t only restored, but they practically looked brand new.

There was really only *one* explanation she could think of. **“Did... I truly only go back nineteen years?”** Structural decay was an inevitability when buildings weren’t maintained. Old buildings would eventually erode and crumble, but the process still took a *very* long time. In nineteen years, it was definitely possible for ruins to worsen, but *this*? It was hard for Lucina to believe that ruins this pristine could have become as destroyed as they had been in her present.

The princess stopped to look back at the gate, which was in better shape *itself*. The arch was no longer damaged, but the issue was that there was no *light*. It wasn’t active anymore, meaning she couldn’t return to the time she’d come from. Tiki had warned her that this was the case, and it had been an acceptable cost if things had gone as planned. She had already gotten the inkling that things *hadn’t* gone as planned, though. **“What do I do now? I suppose I should find someone to confirm my suspicions...”**

And her best bet would have been *Tiki*, right? Even if she'd gone back further in time than planned, manaketes lived for *thousands* of years. She couldn't imagine having going *that* far back in time. But if Tiki was around, then she might have an idea of how she could get to the correct time. At least that had been her *hope*. But it was one that had been met with disappointment.

Lucina had found the cave that Tiki usually slept in, and there were *signs* that someone had been living there. But there *also* wasn't a dragon woman sleeping inside. **"I wonder if she's out? I suppose I should wait a bit and see..."** In the time that *she* knew, the nearest village was a fairly long walk. It was early afternoon, so she probably wouldn't make it there by nightfall. Realistically, she didn't really even have another choice until morning came, even if it meant sleeping in Tiki's cave.

But *Lucina* wouldn't sleep a wink in that cavern. For reasons that weren't quite clear to her, even though they had already begun.

She hadn't even pieced together that she was *thousands* of years in the past.

The young princess paced around the cave, looking for the best place to get comfortable in the meantime. There were beds. *Two* of them? But the Tiki she knew had *definitely* lived alone. Either way, she wasn't about to sit down on a stranger's bed. It would make for an awkward meeting when Tiki returned – *if* it was still Tiki that occupied the cave *whenever* this was. **"I wonder how long I'll have to wait..."** Eventually, she settled with leaning against one of the cavern's walls.

By this point, though? There were *oddities* that Lucina had yet to notice. Not with her surroundings, but with her *own* body. The fact that she didn't notice could at least be excused at first, because it wasn't exactly happening within her field of vision. It was the young lady's hair that seemed... *different*. Was she under the influence of magic, or was it something more like a *curse*? Either way, whatever was happening was *strange*.

Because hair didn't just *change color* nor *style* without the involvement of dye, scissors, and a brush. But that was exactly what was unfolding in real time, with the tips of Lucina's dark blue hair finding a tinge of *yellow* altering the trajectory of their colors in real time. And if you added yellow to blue? It would turn *green* ten times out of ten. It became more obvious as the seconds wore on, as it consistently worked its way from her tips to her roots.

But at the same time? By the time it reached those roots, some *irregularities* began to surface. The shade of green was... slightly different depending on the side of her head it was on? On the right side it was a vaguely cooler shade, while the left had a warmer one to contrast; a difference that wasn't even particularly obvious if you weren't looking closely. What *did* make it obvious though was the *length* and *style*.

Lucina's hair reached the center of her back normally. Not too short to be masculine, but not so long that she couldn't hide it when she planned on playing the role of Marth. And yet... the length changed in wildly different directions depending on the side of her head. The cooler green of the right actually grew a little longer until it reached her butt, but the left *shortened* significantly until it only reached an inch past her shoulders. Even the *bangs* differed; swept towards the center on the shorter side and pushed towards her ears on the longer side.

“Still nothing... How long have I been standing here?” It had only been a couple of minutes, but considering everything going on she was feeling a little more impatient than normal. There weren't any food stores nearby, were there? As she looked around, even the *colors* of her eye were altered. Both turned green, and the brand was erased from the left one, but the left eye also took a darker green than the pale green of the right. The princess *still* didn't notice that something was awry.

Color changes were certainly unusual, but probably not as unusual as the changes to come. A small taste of what was to come could be seen peeking out from *behind* her changed hair, which they were normally too round and short to do. The issue, then, was that clearly neither of these descriptors *fit* anymore. It was true. The cartilage of her ears stretched and sharpened at the tips, ultimately extending about three inches into a pair that didn't really fit on a *human*.

But her excuses finally ran out. Things began to change that Lucina could no longer understandably *ignore* – beginning with her *chest* of all places. **“Hm?”** She was uncertain of *what* she had been feeling initially. There was an odd *imbalance* in her chest. And it wasn't until she finally looked down that it hit her. **“Wh-What!?”** The fit of her tunic was *lopsided*? And once again, it depended on the side of her body you were looking at.

Lucina herself initially concluded that her *right* breast was *growing*. The cloth of her tunic on the side was tightening around a tit that was clearly ballooning visually, and she could feel it becoming restricted by the tight fit of the tunic top. Her nipple engorged in kind, and the makeshift brassiere she was wearing struggled to contain the *G-cup* breast that had grown. She made the mistake of assuming her left breast

had remained the same size, and it was understandable with how much space it took up.

But what *actually* happened under the hood was that her left tit had *shrunk. Flattened* until there was nothing of note there at all. Like a *child*.

“I... erm... What in the world is causing this? Did stepping through the gate cause some sort of problem?” What kind of interference would lead to her chest becoming so *lopsided* though? The issue was that she was distracted by her chest, and because of that she didn’t notice that a similar ‘problem’ had developed beneath her waist. It was like someone had grabbed onto her hips and pushed them all right – her right hip widened, but her left one crunched in.

The division between her body’s sides only worsened from there. Her left butt cheek and thigh? They were slowly drained of their mass until they were flat and thin, and in a way that made it seem like the weight of left was being *transferred* to the right. The opposite ass cheek grew larger as the other deflated, becoming one half of a perfect heart shape that was complimented by a thigh that stretched her pant leg to the point that it tore on the side.

“This is so... so...?” Why was it so hard to *think*? Was her head *groggy*? No, it was throbbing. It was like she was thinking a mile a minute, or like multiple thoughts were happening simultaneously. She held her head in her right hand and finally stumbled away from the wall she had been leaning against; just in time for a pressure that had been building beneath her shoulder blades to finally culminate in something akin to an *explosion*.

An explosion of *bone* and *scales*. **“Ah!?”** Lucina’s body was pulled backwards, and while her mind was a mess, she couldn’t exactly ignore nerves reforming around the bones that developed into a *pair of wings* with sharp talons in their tips. They were decorated with yellowish green scales, but they suffered from the same problem that the rest of her body had at this point. The wing on the right had a length of almost *six feet*, while the wing on the left was only *two* feet at most.

“What’s wrong...? What’s wrong...?” The princess *hadn’t* said the same thing twice. It was like two voices – one high like a child’s, and one deep like a mature woman’s – had spoken at the same time. But *neither* of these voices were her own. She must have caught what was happening... *perhaps*. But there was some clarity in the cloud of her mind now. Like there were less ‘voices’ thinking simultaneously. Or like one had *quieted*, perhaps. The one that had grown quieter being her *original* train of thought.

The lopsided woman wobbled in place, which wasn't really surprising at all considering her appearance. One half was maturer than the other, even though her height and face were still the same. It was hard to believe that it could get any *weirder*... until it did. "**Woah!?**" What she *felt* was the impossible phenomenon of falling both left and right at the exact same time. *She* couldn't make sense of it at all. Or perhaps it would have been better to say that *they* couldn't.

Plural or not, what happened made *far* more sense to an outside pair of eyes. Her body had *pulled apart*, splitting from the top of her head all the way down to her pelvis. But it also wasn't like she was just cut into two even halves; that would have been *very* bloody. No, both halves instead regained their balance before they fell completely. The remaining halves of their bodies were duplicated until *two* women were standing in the cave. One with a big, jiggling bosom, and one whose figure was more childish.

And there wasn't a pause between this separation and their immediate changes in *height*. It was like the separated bodies were desperate to conform to the ages that their bodies otherwise suggested. The more mature one grew upward, struggling against the size of Lucina's old outfit that had been perfectly replicated on both bodies. The base of the shirt lifted to show off her toned tummy as she grew up to 5'8". While the opposing 'Lucina's' height dropped immensely, down to 3'6" so that she was practically drowning in her old costume.

Neither of them could *remember* putting those clothes on. They couldn't remember *anything* about Lucina or her life. They just stood there in shock as the final wave of adjustments were made. The younger girl's face softened, her cheeks rounded, her lips thinned, and her eyes rounded – all in the service of making her look like a *very young* child. But she also didn't look a *bit* like Lucina, cute as she was.

Since that body's face appeared much younger, it probably wasn't surprising that the taller woman's face *aged*. A resemblance to the younger 'Lucina' remained present, but as her lips swelled, eyes narrowed, and cheekbones rose? It didn't seem like she was just an older version of that girl. They shared a resemblance, but it was more like the resemblance shared between family. By the time her physical age had clearly been adjusted to be in her *late thirties*, they looked more like a *mother* and *daughter*.

The final stage was an instantaneous one. Lucina's old clothes burdened the woman and girl in different ways, but that burden was lifted. The older woman was soon dressed in a regal, golden dress with a window cut down the center of the dress to show off her inner boobs right down

to below her navel. It had a long, ruffled skirt of frills that fanned out to the sides, with a long, pink bow tied on the back. Her *Dragonstone* was affixed to a brooch on her chest, one of many accessories like ribbon wrapped around her wrists and ankles, golden anklets, a golden headband and headpiece. And yet, her feet were *bare*. It was *beautiful*, nonetheless.

The girl, on the other hand, was dressed into something much *comfier*. A short, sleeveless, light green tunic overtop a pleated, blue skirt. Her small feet were dressed up homemade, purple shoes, and a light purple scarf hung from her neck. A golden tiara with a red gemstone centerpiece was also pressed against green hair that was now pulled into a short ponytail with a purple ribbon.

“Do you understand, Tiki? You need to consider your duties as the Voice of the Divine Dragon when you inevitably awaken.” To the ignorant, this looked like what could be considered a normal discussion between a mother, *Naga*, and her daughter, *Tiki*. Their conversation had begun as if they were continuing one that had already been in motion, the two evidently ignorant to what had both befallen them.



Despite both parties stemming from Lucina's existence, the two saw



themselves as unique individuals. Well, unique aside from their family bond. A mother and daughter couldn't be the *same person*, especially with such a large gap in age between them. **“Mm... Okay! But are we done? I'm bored...”** The child was so young that she clearly wasn't taking their conversation seriously, though the mother still smiled gently.

“It's fine, dear. Go off and play. When you've had your fill, I'll be waiting here for you. We can share a bed again tonight!” Dealing with a child could be troublesome at times, but it was still a

challenge Naga would gladly manage for the time being. Because the day was fast approaching that a long slumber might be the best possible fate for her darling daughter. Not only for her own safety, but for the good of all the people in the world.

“Yay!”

“Mm?” Tiki slowly rubbed at her eyes as she rolled over in the small cave that she used as her home. **“Ah... That dream again...”** It was a dream that the Divine Dragon had now and again. A dream from well over 1000 years ago where she had once been, of all things, a descendant of her dearest Mar-Mar’s. But at one point? That dream always meshed into a reality where she had been herself, as a child. The *adult* woman pushed herself up and looked around at the room she was sleeping in.

Well, it was a *tent*. How long had she been helping the Shepherds directly now? It was hard for her to say. But it felt like it was the least she could do, largely because something always stuck out to her about that girl she had ‘been’. She had so desperately wanted to save the future. **“That’s a wish I can earnestly embody too. After all, I have no appetite for the Fell Dragon have his way with this world.”** And really, as Naga’s daughter?

It was the least she could do.