

THREE HEROES RISE

COMMISSION STORY

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A Hero Rises.

It was a simple name for a simple event that was run yearly in *Fire Emblem: Heroes*. The concept was straightforward enough: it was essentially a voting gauntlet with the game's entire pool of characters in the running. The players were then tasked with voting for their favorite ones, and the ultimate winner would later be distributed to all of the players for free. It was an event that fueled engagement on social media and inspired the voters to flip through the mobile game's robust catalogue of heroes, so it could be argued that it was a touch of marketing genius for very little revenue loss.

And it was that time of year again already. The polls were open, and all of the new characters from the year before were eligible this time around. This included all of the characters from Book VIII thus far, like the members of the Healing Hands, a family of healers from Yggdrasil that had been turned into assassins by their father, now known as the *Quieting Hands*. They all had very unique designs and, to many, had become fan favorites. The odds that at least *one* of them won wasn't all that unlikely.

Though a certain nekomata was paying attention to the notes far more closely than most. Mostly because she had some very *specific* results she was looking for.

"Hmm... Who should I vote for this year?" Joseph stood among the many, many players that intended on voting in this year's A Hero Rises event. The problem was that he hadn't quite figured out *who* to

vote for just yet. Was there anyone in the pool of newly added heroes that stood out to him? The cast of the Healing Hands *were* enticing, but he hadn't necessarily made up his mind about whether or not he wanted to vote for an original character just yet. Still, he had the voting page open on his phone and was scrolling it carefully.

He traditionally didn't feel like he had a very good shot at getting a character that he actually wanted *regardless*. When it was up to the *entire* player base to pick, it was inevitable that his own preferences may not align with the rest. Still, all he could do was vote, and— “**Hey!?**” The man's finger suddenly slipped, and he'd clicked on a character. *Your vote has been submitted!* That was what the screen said, but he hadn't caught a glimpse of *who* he'd voted for. Joseph's hand hadn't *actually* slipped, though...

An invisible force had guided it there.

It had wanted him to click on... *whatever option he'd clicked*. “**I mean, I guess it isn't a huge deal... but my vote...**” Realistically, there wasn't a world where his vote alone would determine which hero won, but there was still that sense that he'd just been denied an opportunity that had been his alone by a perceived mishap. He was quickly led to believe that it *hadn't* been some kind of mistake, though. Because as he tapped at his phone in an attempt to try and salvage his vote?

Joseph noticed his fingers looked *weird*. He dropped his phone with surprise. “**H-Huh?**” He was typically an olive-skinned individual, skin darker than your standard Caucasian man, but therein lied the inconsistency. The skin of his fingers was *lighter* than the rest of his skin, and that phenomenon spread down into his palms and up his arms as well. “**What!?**” When it came to his hands alone, his eyes widened at the sight of them appearing even *stranger* than simple as pale as any old white man. His fingers thinned and lengthened, palms rounded, and nails inched slightly longer.

Under normal circumstances he probably would have connected the dots. He knew of a girl that was capable of transforming people and had been transformed by her in the past. But in this case? She thought it was a little more fun to play with his *memories* and make her forget about all that. Wasn't someone's reaction the first time they were ever transformed the most entertaining one?

The paler color painted the man's body almost *entirely* with white within moments, pinkening his nipples and lips in the process. But, as he was clothed, some added side effects weren't as obvious. Excess body hair had been shaved away, that paler skin was *softer*, and any blemishes that his body had possessed had been neatly removed. Joseph

rocked on his heels for a moment, not substantial enough of a sensation to recognize that it was because his heel had rounded, and his toes had shrunk. Any callouses on his hands and feet were erased entirely when his skin had smoothed.

“This is so *STRANGE!?*” The man had planned on calmly remarking on this change of fortunes, only to cry out with a cracked voice by the sudden and overwhelming sensation that he was *falling*. Arms flew out to the sides to try and catch something, but he *immediately* recognized how foolish he appeared. He hadn’t been falling at *all*. His eye level had dropped, once resting vaguely below the six foot mark but now resting around 5’8” instead. His long sleeved shirt covered his hands, and his pants were bunched up around his knees and ankles. **“Did I *shrink!?*”**

Joseph appeared to recognize what had happened, but he simultaneously became hung up on the sound of his own voice. Had it always been that soft? It was a question that he then subconsciously posed towards the reaction he’d had over his height. *How could it be possible that I was once taller?* People grew up, but they didn’t *shrink*. As a healer, he— As a *what?* He became more confused, and as he did? The colors of his irises pinkened, and his pupils dilated while *whitening*.

“*L...?*” The man’s confusion grew, though it was becoming increasingly questionable whether ‘man’ was the appropriate term to use for him or not. As if the changes were made to better match his lighter voice, his facial structure softened. The arches of his cheeks and jaw smoothed closer, while his lips were filled until they were puffy, his nose narrowed, and his pink eyes grew a little larger – eyelashes and all. He didn’t just sound like a woman now. At least in his face? He *looked* like one.

It was a little more widespread of a trend than *just* his face, however. His clothes were now slightly oversized because he had shrunk, and that concealed some subtler alterations to his body’s silhouette. Joseph’s waistline was slimmed away several inches, which his shoulders narrowed slightly themselves. This *already* made his hips seem wider, but was it possible that they had stretched slightly too? **“*Oh!?*”** All of a sudden? *She* gasped. Her parted hips had been cursed (or blessed) with a collapse of what had hung between them. Her masculinity shriveled away, ultimately used as fodder for the new *pussy* that redefined her sex.

But what did the woman in question think of this? ...Not much. **“Was something strange...?”** Joseph’s mind was foggy, and her memories were in disarray. Why could she remember growing up in a *forest*? With *many, many* siblings? She shook her head, not noticing that her surroundings were now deteriorating, walls collapsing to show a blue

sky and a great tree. Her mind didn't note it as 'odd' because she could *remember* it.

Was her mental state tied to her *hair*? Probably not, but it kind of felt this way. Only because her hair was lightening in color, styling with a pastel blue that darkened as it *lengthened* and *thickened* alike. Its mass spilled well down her back, fluffier and more voluminous than ever. Her eyebrows took on the same blue and thinned, but while her pubes shared in the color? They inched a little thicker.

She shook her head and noted the weight of her hair. “**Why is it so unkempt?**” Did she not wear her thick mane in a neater style? In terms of thickness though, her hair wasn't the only part of her that would receive a boon. It was finally time for her figure to finish *filling in*, and it was extremely plain that it was happening – namely because she received a fair bit of filling *higher up*.

While the woman's ass and thighs might have puffed out and rounded in a way any woman's might, it was her *chest* that ultimately showed the most promise. Her nipples had been rubbing up against the inside of her shirt ever since her sex had changed, erect from the subtle stimulation she'd felt. But they then grew plumper with stretched areola, and mass began to pool beneath them. Mounds, hills, *mountains*. Mass gathered within her chest and stretched her skin around the jiggling weight. Until finally? She had a pair of *F-cup* breasts that had lifted her shirt to reveal the base of her tummy.

“**Oh... I suppose that's better.**” Despite her transformed figure, the woman had still been thinking about her hair. Hair that had suddenly braided itself into a series of thick braids that were accessorized with golden blades at their tips. It was part of her outfit change, which had seemingly wrapped her body in ornate bandages with golden elements helping bind them here and there. The semblance of a white dress rested beneath her swathed tits, and her cleavage had been laid entirely bare. Perhaps the most curious aspect of all this were the two 'horns' of blue light above her head, seemingly floating an inch off her scale.

The *wind* teased *Heiðrún's* braided hair – which she *should* have



registered as odd since she had been *inside* at the transformation's beginning. It *didn't* strike her as unusual now, though. Even though she had been teleported there at her transformation's tail end. How could she *ever* see this place as odd? As a member of the *Healing Hands*, to stand upon the crown of Yggdrasil was the natural place for her to be as she recalled. "**Are my sisters not here? Perhaps their duties as the Quieting Hands have kept them far too busy...**" She felt... *alone*.

It wasn't surprising. Heiðrún was the only member of the Healing Hands whose talents couldn't be used to kill. She was no assassin and was perhaps the only *true* healer left in their family. Yet, she could not bear her father and siblings any ill will over it. Family was family, and so she would always love them dearly. "**Still... I thought *two* of them would be returning today.**" At least two. She had very much been looking forward to their visit.

She just had to demonstrate a little bit of patience. They *would* arrive.

Elsewhere, at roughly the same time as Heiðrún's transformation had come to an end, another man was busy examining the A Hero Rises voting pool. "**Was there a new Corrin this year that I didn't manage to roll?**" Kay was trying to weigh his choices carefully. This event was a good way to *try* and get a unit that he really wanted that he hadn't managed to acquire otherwise. Of course, he also considered casting a vote for one of the newer popular units, like the members of the Healing Hands.

"**...Huh?**" What *should* have remained a fairly simple process ultimately led to the man raising an eyebrow. More than that, he'd been so surprised that he had *almost dropped his phone*! Because the voting page had just started scrolling all on its own, almost like it was possessed! ...But ghosts weren't real (he hoped). Was his phone glitching out? If this was *all* that had happened then he could have looked past it, but— "**Who did I just vote for!?**" The screen had changed to say that he had voted, but he hadn't cast his vote!

And for a second, he could have *sworn* he'd heard a young girl giggling.

It was a familiar sound – or at least Kay had *thought* it was for a moment. But much like Joseph, his memories had been bleached of the culprit and what she was capable of. He put his phone down on his desk all on his own but found himself *squinting* as an unusual feeling settled over him. He couldn't quite place it. It would have been difficult for him to notice the earliest sign of his own transformation. Namely because

he'd been squinting due to the colors of his eyes brightening to a *crimson red*.

Kay gave his head a shake. **"It's probably nothing... It still sucks about my vote, though..."** Was he a little annoyed by what had happened? Yes. Was his annoyance momentarily obscuring his ability to notice that there really *were* things awry? Also yes. He probably should have noticed that his dark hair, now darkened entirely to black, felt weightier and, despite normally being short, was tickling his shoulders. Long and straight, it spilled over the *front* of his shoulders and reached down to his chest. His pubes also inherited this color, but they also found themselves neatly trimmed.

"Eh!?" That read of his hair was made a little easier by a change – and the first change that – he consciously noticed. It had been like he'd slipped and fallen... with his feet still firmly planted on the ground. *Calm down*. He uncharacteristically scolded himself subconsciously for crying out like that for *some* reason. And had his voice sounded uncharacteristically high for a moment? **"What just happened?"** He felt like it was on the tip of his tongue. Looking around, was the room a little bigger, maybe? Did his clothes feel a touch too baggy?

Both of these guesses were correct, but the powers that were changing him had already become far too rooted in his own mind for him to blurt it out. He'd *shrunk*. He'd been a tall guy, but he'd shrunk down to 5'9". Not a significant drop by any measure, as he was certainly still *tall*. But that wasn't everything that had happened to his figure's design. The fit of his outfit wasn't out of the woods *just* yet. There was still slippage to be found.

Because his body *narrowed*. **"Hm?"** With much less alarm than he had expressed before, he glanced down to catch his pants slowly falling from his hips – bringing his underwear along with them. It had been an interesting observation, but no critical thinking was applied to wonder *what* might have caused this. It was a testament to how Kay's personality was being manipulated. Even his expression had hardened, no longer showing emotion towards much of anything.

It was obvious enough what had happened though. While the general fate that awaited him was fundamentally similar to what had happened to Joseph, it was clear that he wasn't receiving all of the same boons. His hips were an outlier, but only because they'd inched a *single* inch wider. The pants had slipped because there was less weight to his legs overall, the little excess weight that had existed there drained away while his knees had naturally gravitated in towards one another.

Luckily, his dick and balls weren't exposed with his pants gone. His shirt had a little slacker now that he was shorter, and that slack hung lower as his body thinned. His entire torso had crunched in from the sides, but it was *much* more obvious around his waist, where it curved in towards a shallowed bellybutton. What Kay had lost in width, though, he ended up making up for in *mass*. Not fat, chub, or *anything else* like that, though. **"Hm? Have I been training?"** He questioned with a voice that was stern, but clearly a woman's voice.

The man had commented because he had *felt* it. He felt *stronger*, because the weight he was gaining was pure *muscle*. His arms and legs were toned by bulging strength, never seeming that excessive but adding some much needed definition to his limbs. It was *much* more apparent in the core of his body, however. Indentations in his stomach deepened courtesy of the six pack that was etched in, vaguely deepening his navel while his pectoral muscles pushed the man's *chest* forward slightly as well. *Of course I've been training. It's a necessity for this line of work.* Beneath his shirt? Patches of skin beneath his shoulder on his arms darkened and imprinted slightly. They were clearly *scars* of some sort.

His hands were clenched as he dismissed his previous question, channeling that new strength while fingers that had hardened with fresh callouses pressed against his palms. Much of Kay's body *had* toughened, but there were still aspects of it that were softening to match the feminine charm of his long, black hair. The face that it framed was a key offender of this. His cheeks smoothed while any growing whiskers were swiped away from plusher skin. Lips were lifted into a cute pout, his nose narrowed, and his red eyes both sharpened in design and gained lengthier lashes.

He was pretty— no, *she* was pretty? Kay *felt* it, but hardly reacted in a fashion similar to the woman whose image in her mind had become her *sister* had reacted to her changed sex. Her cock and balls shrunk until the front of her pelvis was flat, allow her trimmed bush to cover a little more area about the slit that opened open between her muscular thighs. This enticed more weight into softening her body, but only where you'd *expect* to find softer flesh on a woman's body.

It fought against the bulk of her muscles anyways. The fat that bled into her thighs only amounted to an inch of two of width, and even then you could still make out the shapes of her muscles near perfectly. If anything, it *did* contribute a fair bit to an ass that might have better been described as 'rocky' than anything after she'd bulked up. The fat that gathered there was far more abundant than anywhere else, bubbling her ass out into something that would look great in a pair of tight pants. Her chest, on the other hand, wasn't so lucky. Her nipples

did grow, and it did puff up past her hardened pecs, but they were *B-cups* at best.

A sudden change of outfit *did* help, though. Her t-shirt unraveled into a white robe with no sides or back, hanging down to her ankles with a golden emblem around her chest that could also have been found on Heiðrún's outfit. It was sleeveless, and around her hands a pair of silver and gold, clawed gauntlets appeared. Translucent, crimson wings were attached to them, folded in and reaching up towards the sky. Did they help her *fly*? She did have a pair of funny goggles on her head now! The best part of this outfit might have been the pants that appeared. They were red with gold decals running down the sides of her legs into white, slip on shoes, but they were also *skin tight*. You could easily make out the shape of her perky ass, and they were so tight that even the groove of her ass crack was fairly well defined.

Had she noticed her room had faded and she was now standing in a forest? If she had, she didn't react to it.

"I suppose I'm running a little late. I'll have to make it up to Heiðrún later."

While the raven-haired beauty had a very serious – perhaps even *overly* serious – demeanor, there was still a kindness to *Hræsvelgr*'s voice that only a loving sister could provide. She was in a situation very similar to the one that had befallen that sister, unaware that her surroundings had changed as she now moved through the forest on Yggdrasil's outskirts.

Hræsvelgr's hands were stained with blood. She knew this, but it was simply what she had been asked to do. Hands that could kill and heal alike... did that make her very existence a contradiction? At times she wondered, but most of the time she pushed the very thought away. For one who healed with a blade in the first place, perhaps it wasn't really *that* contradictory? "**Hmph.**"



"I'll reunite with my siblings for now. It's been a while since I last saw them."

Again, it was best to push those thoughts away for the time being.

“WHERE THE HELL AM I!?” Screaming ran the risk of drawing attention to me, I realized, but I *really* didn’t know what to make of what had just happened to me. Well, I had an *idea*. I had been looking at the list of potential characters on the A Hero Rises voting list for Fire Emblem: Heroes and had ultimately cast my vote. I was interested in Níðhöggr, the always intoxicated sister of the Healing Hands – so my vote had been an obvious one.

OH? WELL THEN, YOU’RE GOING TO WANT YOUR SISTERS TOO!

At the time, I had understood the angle of what that disembodied girl’s voice had been saying. I knew it was the mischievous nekomata, Hisa, playing games with me. But it was hard to tell what she was planning sometimes. The next thing I knew, the world around me distorted in a way that made my stomach churned, dropping me at the bottom of a flight of moss-covered steps surrounded by trees...

Arriving near Yggdrasil *a full hour* before Joseph and Kay had. And I hadn’t been transformed *first*.

“What am I supposed to— *Hic!*?” A plan had formulated in my mind. I was going to ask the one who had brought me there what they were planning on doing and then try to get them to send me home. But then... I hiccupped. It was a simple thing that definitely happened to *everyone* now and again, but it *wasn’t* normal. It brought the taste of *alcohol* up from the back of my throat when I wasn’t much of a drinker and *definitely* hadn’t had any recent enough to taste it. **“Uh...”**

But I’d also... kind of... lost my train of thought? **“Huh? What was I about to do?”** I was going to confront the one who had brought me here, right? But... *how?* I had *no* idea who that was, or what might have had that kind of power! That knowledge was just... *gone*. **“Kinda weird though. I feel like — *hic!* — I know this place somehow...”** Was it the climate that was warming my cheeks? Nah, more like an oncoming *intoxication*.

As was often the case when someone became drunk, I was becoming increasingly disoriented and couldn’t really tell just how much my cognitive function was *already* decline. **“*Woah!?*”** I chirped as I stumbled, courtesy of my balance being threatened by my blood alcohol levels rising – but it wasn’t *solely* because of this mysterious, undesired intoxication either.

How would your sense of balance respond if, say, you were carrying something heavy and then it was suddenly ripped out of your arms?

You'd naturally stumble for a second as your brain attempted to readjust your posture to compensate. That was *exactly* what ended up happening to me, but it was really a matter of me losing a weight that I had physically been carrying. It was more like... all of my body fat had been *stolen* away, allowing my skin to tighten closer to my skeleton and even erasing the cellulite stretch marks that had been etched into my skin from years of being overweight.

“Hup! Tadaa~! Whoa! I must be really out of it... but why am I out of it~?” It took me a moment, but I finally managed to pull myself upright while keeping my legs still. I recognized that the sound of my voice was *off*. It was higher, and I couldn't help but sound a little silly. There had been another change that my stumbling had masked in the process, and that was that I had *shrunk*. My thinned figure had dipped from being just shy of six feet, all the way down to 5'6". This came with smaller hands, softer heels, and oddly...

A narrowed waist? **“Hey~!”** I directly responded to the sensation of my pants and boxers eventually falling from this waist, but my shirt was so big that it covered everything that *needed* to be covered. *This shirt is sooo big, actually! I'm gonna get lost in here~!* ...Such was the state of my mind at the time. The taste of alcohol on my lips and tongue was *much* stronger now, and I *really* couldn't take things seriously *at all*. But that was fine, right~? N-No!

While my voice sounded like a woman's, my face hadn't really looked like it *belonged* to one while I mused over my clothing situation. A tingling feeling soon spread across the skin of my face though, completely transforming the impression that it gave. Alcohol-scented lips puffed out and were painted with a light gloss, my nose shrunk, and my eyes narrowed. **“Hmm?”** I hummed playfully while rubbing at those eyes. My vision had gone kinda blurry for a second! I was used to it from all the drinking, but I hadn't realized my irises had changed to gold when I opened them again!

I blinked several times to correct my vision after the fact. Once again, my balance felt a *little* funky, but this time it was all on my pretty little head! My dark hair was slithering out like snakes while lightening in color. It wasn't a *normal* color that it lightened to, but instead a pastel green that felt mismatched with my pale skin. **“Pale? AH!? Why am I so pale!?”** But just like that, I didn't even *notice* that my hair was spilling out behind me in a long, messy mass that reached my thighs. Nor that my bangs were longer and swept towards the left, where longer hair than most spilled down to my chest!

I squinted at my hand. Wait, was it just a trick of my imagination, or was I so plastered that I was seeing things? My skin didn't look all that

pale now! “*...Huh!*” My complexion had darkened, and so *rapidly* at that. What had emerged wasn’t a mere tan, my skin an almost coppery brown that glistened under the sunlight that filtered through the trees. The palms of my smaller, slenderer hands beneath longer, purple nails were paler, as were my glossy lips. My nipples had darkened to a deeper brown, on the other hand.

“*Eh. Whatever~!*” Were things incorrect here? Maybe~! Probably~! But it was hard to care about that when everything felt so good! My head was all fuzzy anyways, so I couldn’t exactly think straight! That was *likely* why I didn’t react to my body growing slightly more muscular, at least enough to give me a set of defined abs. Whereas everything else... *softened!*

Of course, I could only be talking about my tits and ass! Even my thighs! What changed first... um... I can’t really remember! I just know that at some point my torso got *waaaaay* heavier! Probably because my nipples had gotten all puffy, and weight had surged beneath my dark skin to fully form a pair of *E-cup* tits that pushed my shirt forward and lifted the base to tease my crotch. But that’s weird? Was something supposed to *be* there? No, I was a *woman* biologically! Always had been!

...Or, at least, that had become the case just seconds before as my male sex folded into a fresh slit beneath an unkempt bush of green hair!

It took me a sec, but I managed to stabilize myself... I think? “*Hic!*” Did I have a little help? Oh! It was because my *ass* had puffed out too! My cheeks jiggled with new mass, leading to the perimeter of my back ramping out onto cheeks that extended five inches from the base of my spine! I think my thighs *doubled* in girth around here too? If I remember correctly, anyways~!

In a real ‘blink or you miss it’ moment – and I *totally* missed it – my whole outfit was altered! I liked what I ended up wearing more, anyways! My favorite, purple... actually, I still don’t really know *what* to call it! One of my sisters had referred to as... Uh... Anyways! Purple fabric ran across my chest and across my bellybutton, but the rest of my tummy was bare both on the sides and in the front. It ran down my thighs and the sides of my legs in strips, while an ornate gold repeated the same emblem that my sisters wore here and there. While I was barefoot, there was also a white cloak with a gold scaled underside, and I had a matching gold choker and earrings.

A two-headed snake hung around my neck, pink and white in color, with its tail wrapping around my left arm.

And my hair had been lifted up and tied in the back. Thank the *gods!*

“Hic! What was I doing again? Hm~” It was a *little* bit hard to keep my thoughts straight at the time. How could you blame me when I was absolutely *plastered~*? Not that it really mattered to *me*. My identity was that of *Níðhöggr*, the Quieting Dose after all! I would never have to express my true feelings if I could hide behind the effects of the drink, but that raised an issue. I had no bottle? **“Oh dear~! I’m gonna need to find a new drink soon— Hic!”**



I wouldn’t have remembered my old life even if I had *been* sober, but the fact that I wasn’t had made accepting this new life of mine all the easier! To kill with poison, to save with curatives – I was a talented doctor as a member of the healing hands. And wasn’t I the hottest one out of me and all of my sisters, too? **“I wonder if pops stashed any bottles up in Yggdrasil’s crown?”**

Well, I had business there anyways!

“Heiðrún~! Hræsvelgr~! Where are you too stashing all the booze, huh!?” It had been a *long* trek up the stairs to the crown of Yggdrasil, especially when I was always tripping over my own two drunken feet! But I eventually reached my destination and saw the gentle Heiðrún and serious Hræsvelgr standing there, chatting. I had agreed to meet them there despite my own misgivings, but since I was drunk as hell, they’d never know what those misgivings *were*.

Yeesh! Hræsvelgr was giving me one *serious* glare! **“Níðhöggr. You’re late.”** Well duh! Why she’d have to point out the obvious? She was always such a stick in the mud! Maybe *she* needed a drink or two instead? Heiðrún at least gave me a warm smile, gently pointing to a box she had clearly gathered containing bottles of wine. She always took such good care of me! I playfully excused myself and stumbled over to it, but I craned my neck to look over my shoulder at a fourth voice.

Hm? Wasn’t that our little sister, Ratatoskr? She wasn’t supposed to return on that day...

**“Y-You guys don’t understand! I-I wasn’t supposed to change
with you! Now we’re stuck like this!”**

What was she babbling about? That one always had such a *wild*
imagination!