

*Kakling-Kackling- CRASH!*

A set of vials and potions crashed onto the ground, spilling liquid all over the floor of Tharja's tent. Within the darkness and dinginess of this creepy tent, the Tharja, the dark mage herself, fumed with anger after just having swiped all of her hexing utensils from her test table in frustration.

"How could I fail *AGAIN?!?!?*" She shouted into the ether.

The slender curvy black-haired dark mage bustled with rage, her most recent failure weighing heavily on her mind. Once more, she had been unable to make Robin hers through hexes and spells. Sure, this wasn't her first flop, but the sting of loss stung nonetheless. No matter what kind of tactics or magics she tried, it was always unsuccessful. And all because of that stupid meddling brat from the future, Lucina. That annoying goodie two shoes princess was like a lap dog, always circling around her mother. Whenever Tharja tried to cast one of her spells, Lucina would always jump in the way and stop her, making Tharja's job ten times more difficult. Not only was she working with unstable spells, she also had to fend off a bothersome girl as well.

It was unfair, really. Despite the fact that Tharja loved Robin much more than that buffoon of a prince she married, here she was, relegated to nothing more than a distant observer. Tharja was willing to do anything for Robin: Slay her enemies, silence her detractors, curse her foes. Yet, it was worth nothing, for she never got any appreciation. And the worst part was that she didn't even have a chance. When Tharja had confessed her affection for Robin long before Chrom had, all Robin gave her was an awkward 'We're both girls' response. What kind of nonsense was that! Just because the two were women it did not mean they couldn't share the intimate affections of love! ... Tharja sighed. If only she was a man...

Tharja shook her head profusely. No, now was not the time to throw in the towel and sulk! The night was young and it wasn't getting any younger. With so many other spells to try and get Robin's attention, there was no way she could give up now. How could she say she really loved Robin if she did so? Feeling completely reenergized, Tharja quickly began to think of new ways to achieve her plan. She closed in on her bookcase and started examining each tome closely. The shelf was filled with all sorts of guides on hexes and forbidden spells. Tharja knew most of them by memory, so it was hard to decide which one she should pick, when-

"What's this?"

A specially interesting tome caught Tharja's attention. It wasn't written in regular English like all of her other books, instead it looked to be written in an ancient Grimleal language, only known to the highest of Grimleal sorcerers. Her interest piqued, Tharja pulled the book out of the bookshelf and started to inspect it closely. A cloud of dust kicked up as she opened it, though Tharja was so focused on this interesting development she didn't even blink. Tharja's mouth morphed into a wicked smile.

"Oh my~ I don't remember seeing you before."

Page after page, Tharja read through the ancient spells in the book. Though she wasn't proficient in in Grimleal runes, she could understand most of the hexes well enough. It looked like this book contained dark forbidden spells about body modification. Tharja turned to the cover and read the title. 'Dark Hexes of a Romantic Nature' was all she could make out. Maybe this was exactly what she needed! Instead of

trying to change Robin, maybe the trick was changing herself into something Robin could simply not resist. Tharja gave a maniacal cackle. Finally, Robin would be hers!

Walking towards the center of the room, Tharja began to scour the book for potential spells to use. Her eyes were glued to the runes on each page, mind running alight with all the possibilities. Hexes for beautification, arousal, love... This new avenue of research was so exciting to Tharja she simply couldn't decide which one to pick. However, there was one spell specifically that really caught her attention. A so-called hex of 'closeness'. The hex purported to make to people two people closer to each other than to anyone else. Though it also included a strange line about male virility, the prospect was enticing enough she simply had to cast it. She didn't just want to have Robin to herself, she also wanted the two of them to be inseparable.

Tharja's body shivered with excitement at the thought. The dark mage bit her lip happily. The other great thing about this specific spell was its relative ease of casting. All the required ingredients needed to perform it Tharja already had. Pegasus horns, some Wyvern talons... A little bit of human blood~ Tharja quickly rushed to her work desk to gather the ingredients. And it looked like the incantation was simple enough too! This had to be destiny. To think that she would be able to find such an old tome that had exactly what she needed... She was *meant to be* with Robin~

Gathering up all of the ingredients, Tharja dropped them together in an empty vial. She mixed them eagerly, her hands shaking in anticipation at her plan. Once the mixture had turned viscous and slimy, with an ungodly purple color, she moved onto the incantation. Tharja carefully recited each of the spell words of that long dead ancient language. She had to be extra wary with this one, knowing how volatile and unpredictable Grimleal magic was. And once she was done, she quickly closed the book and stared at her concoction. The noxious mixture began to swirl within its container, swirling faster and faster until it exploded into a large purple cloud.

An array of creepy giggles escaped Tharja's mouth unimpeded. Yes! It seemed like the hex had been a success. Taking a deep whiff of the purple smog, Tharja basked in the glory of her accomplishment. She spread out her arms with a happy sigh, eagerly waiting for her physical changes to manifest. In a few moments, she would truly become one with Robin! Tharja wondered how her body would morph to attain her dreams. Would she become bustier? Manlier? Maybe she'd gained a few extra pounds, whether in fat or muscle. The number of possibilities was infinite. Tharja's heart throbbed at the thought of becoming Robin's perfect girl. She just couldn't wait to see her new self!

...

And she waited.

...

And she waited...

...

And she-

"Now what the hell is wrong?!"

Feeling frustrated with the delay, Tharja crossed her arms in annoyance. She was confident about casting the spell correctly, so why the hell was it taking so long? Tharja opened the spellbook once more, taking a closer look at the hex she'd casted. There had to be something missing in her incantation... Maybe she'd missed a tiny detail or mistranslated a certain word. Old Grimleal spells were very finicky like that. Eyes fixating on the paper, Tharja intently inspected the tome before her.

"Ms. Tharja? Are you there?"

Suddenly, a voice rang from outside of Tharja's tent. It was soft and feminine, though it had a bit of determination in its tone. Unfortunately for the voice, Tharja didn't bother to respond. She was so engrossed in her research she didn't register a single word. Hearing no response, the owner of the voice proceeded to enter.

"Ms. Tharja?"

As the girl entered Tharja's tent, the dim lights shone against her ocean blue outfit. It looked like the owner of said voice was none other than Lucina, bearing an expression of concern whilst she searched for Tharja. Her eyes lit up at the sight of the dark mage.

"Ah! Ms. Tharja, Here you are." She exclaimed fiercely. Though Lucina looked glad to have found her, it was clear that she was not happy to see Tharja in general. "I've been meaning to talk to you for a while."

Despite the unwanted invasion of her personal quarters, Tharja didn't even bother looking at Lucina. She was just so close to figuring it out...

Lucina took this silence as a sign that she could continue. "Look, I know that you are quite fond of my mother, Ms. Tharja." Lucina spoke in a serious tone. "But I have to say, we are growing very tired of all the hexes and spells you're constantly casting to win over her favor. I honestly don't understand why father keeps you around, but I am not my father, and I am will do anything to protect my family. So I have come to ask you one last time, please leave my mother alone!"

Still, Tharja continued to casually ignore Lucina, preferring to focus on the details on her book. Lucina growled angrily at the sight. Here she was, talking about a very important subject, and this horrible creep wasn't even paying attention to her!

"Ms. Tharja please-!" Lucina placed a hand on Tharja's body, when-

"Ahhh~" Tharja's head shot back, a strange bolt of pleasure coursing through her body. "Don't touch me!!!" The mage gasped out, before instinctively pushing Lucina back.

"Wha-!?" Lucina was so taken aback by this response she couldn't help but lose her balance and fall back towards the tent's floor. Even Tharja herself seemed to have been caught off-guard, her old tome flying out of her hand she fell down on top of Lucina.

In a few seconds, the two ladies hit the ground with an unceremonious pomf, kicking up the dust from Tharja's tent. Lucina coughed at the cloud of dust, her lungs feeling restricted as she found herself sandwiched between the cold dirt floor and Tharja's womanly body. Particularly bothersome were Tharja's voluptuous breasts, which hung a few inches above Lucina's face. Lucina scowled at the jiggling blobs angrily, pissed that they currently hung so close to her face but also filled with a bit of jealousy.

“Could you... Get off!” Lucina complained bitterly.

“Yeah, yeah...” Tharja replied with an equally groggy tone. “What is it that you want anywa-?”

*RIIIIIP*

A thunderous ripping sound rang throughout the tent, a clear indication of clothes tearing apart. As Tharja sat atop of Lucina, the lord’s body resting between her two shapely legs, she stared wide-eyed at her crotch below.

“Oh...” Tharja murmured unamused.

“What do you mean ‘Oh’?!” Lucina barked back. “What in the gods is-? Whoah!”

Lucina tried to lift her body up to see what was happening, but she quickly found herself helplessly flopping back onto the ground, as if her muscles were unable to hold her weight. Her arms felt flimsy, whole entire body feeling weak. A strange flush of heat passed through her system. Panic started to spread in the young lord’s mind.

“W-What the hell is going on?!?” She shouted worriedly.

“Hm...” Tharja hummed, still lacking any sort of alarm. She quietly reached out for her dropped Grimleal book.

Opening the tome in her hands, Tharja read the spell she had cast more meticulously. Those parts about becoming closer to someone... It seems they had been more literal than Tharja had expected. And that excerpt about male virility... It appeared to be literally referring to a male penis. Yes, it all made sense now. Tharja flipped the pages back to the cover. The title of this book wasn’t ‘Dark Hexes of a Romantic Nature, it was ‘Dark Hexes of a *Sexual* nature’.

“I see...” Tharja muttered thoughtfully.

Lucina squirmed on the floor anxiously, her body feeling limper and limper by the second. “Tharja wh-what is happening to me?!?!?”

“It looks like you’re turning into my dick.” Tharja answered matter-of-factly. “See, we’re already connected here at the crotch.” Tharja traced her fingers over her plainly visible crotch, which had ripped through her clothes and now seemed to be attached to Lucina’s. There wasn’t any evidence of Tharja’s vagina remaining, all that was between her legs was Lucina.

A gasp escaped Lucina’s mouth. It was true, she could feel Tharja’s gentle touch as she caressed her crotch as if she was touching Lucina’s body itself. The blue-haired girl began to fret with even more vigor. “But I d-don’t want to be a dick!!!” She cried desperately.

“Tough luck.” Tharja replied nonchalantly. “That’ll teach you not to enter my tent without my permission ever again.”

Tharja let out a nefarious giggle, which only filled Lucina’s stomach with dread. Her entire body throbbed madly, beating to a heartbeat that wasn’t her own. This couldn’t be happening to her! “Ms. Tharja p-p-please! You have to find a way to undo this!!!”

“No can do kid.” Tharja answered without apprehension. “I didn’t even know that this spell could do this, so I have no idea if there’s even a way to reverse it.” A devious smile crossed upon Tharja’s face. “Nothing left to do but enjoy it, little princess.”

Sneaking her hands between the hole in Lucina’s clothing, Tharja began to gently massage Lucina’s soft skin. Lucina’s body shivered lightly at Tharja’s touch, her spine tingling with a soft bone-chilling buzz. Nothing but fear and anxiety filled Lucina’s mind. She could feel an encompassing heat wash over her body, the sensations on her limbs growing fuzzier. It really felt like her body was changing! Lucina continued to struggle with angst, body flailing left and right uncontrollably. She didn’t want to become a dick!!!

Unfortunately, Lucina did not have a choice, for her body was already starting to morph in bizarre ways. Her legs and feet slowly started to recede into her upper body, pooling together into a big blob of mass. Any type of bone, tissue, vessels or bool reduced into unspecified matter, all aggregating together into her crotch. Lucina could clearly feel the process herself, her feet slowly slipping out of her shoes, her legs slowly sliding out of her tights, all massing together into a round ball of meat within her panties. This amorphous sphere grew and grew, absorbing all of Lucina’s lower body effortlessly, plumping and plumping until-

*SNAP!*

The formless blob exploded free of its constraints, resting calmly on the tent’s floor. A light moan escaped Lucina’s lips. She could still feel her new lower body, but it was so different... So much fuller... With Lucina’s legs completely combined into a large round sphere, the new member continued to shift. Its skin grew saggy and wrinkled, with tiny dots and veins propping all around it. Within the ball, two large ovalled figures began to emerge, growing larger and larger until they filled the pouch whole. These orbs themselves were filled, broiling thicker and fuller with thick virile sperm. And as frizzly hairs as deep blue as Lucina’s started to sprout over the sack’s circumference, with a full blue bush sprouting between the intersection of Tharja’s and Lucina’s bodies, it was clear what had happened. Lucina’s lower body was now nothing more than a plump sperm-filled ballsack.

“Ah, let’s get you out of these pesky clothes~” Tharja cooed.

Taking her hands onto Lucina’s hips, Tharja promptly unbuckled the girl’s belt, letting her Falchion and its sheath gracelessly plop onto the ground. Tharja gripped the lord’s undershirt and dress shirt tightly, before she began to pull it all the way up Lucina’s body. Lucina absolutely hated this, having no control to defend herself. Though she was utterly helpless to stop it. Her body would simply not follow her command. Even as Tharja pulled the sleeves off her arms, Lucina’s body showed no resistance, her limbs weakly giving away with the slightest show of force. With Tharja forcing Lucina’s shirts up her neck and off her head, the young lord found herself completely nude, save for a tiny bra keeping her breasts hidden. Not that this would remain either, for Tharja quickly snapped the bra off to reveal Lucina’s petite bosom.

Once Lucina’s clothes were off, Tharja could now observe the girl’s transformation more clearly. She watched with nefarious fascination as Lucina’s midsection morphed and distorted in unnatural ways. She saw as Lucina’s body bloated outwards, her front and back expanding in size to take a more cylindrical shape. Lucina’s bust, small as it already was, further decreased in volume. Its features slowly started to fade, her areolas fading into the rest of her body entirely. Even her sensitive nipples soon lost their pert stout pinkness as they merged with the rest of her body. Soon, her entire midsection was

nothing more than a stiff girthy tube, whose skin became darker and saggier. This thick layer of skin consolidated upwards, pushing against the bottom of her head like a pseudo-blanket. Were it not for the shape of Lucina's head, it probably would have covered her whole, like some sort of foreskin. There was no denying it, Lucina's body had fully transformed into a regular dick shaft.

"Mmmmm~ Yes, you're progressing quite nicely." Tharja cooed happily.

The dark mage watched over Lucina's shifting body with a strange satisfaction. Never before in her life had the thought of obtaining a penis crossed Tharja's mind. Yet she was not bothered by this development in the slightest. In fact, she was oddly excited. Bizarre and freakish hexes like this had always captivated Tharja, and this one was no different. To think that she could take another human being's body and repurpose it as her own... It was a very thrilling thought. And the fact that she could even feel it-! Tharja placed her hands on Lucina's body, rubbing it up and down lightly. She could really feel Lucina! This wasn't some sort of illusion, their bodies were truly connected as one. Every breath, every movement, every little twitch of Lucina's body, Tharja could feel it all. And it felt fantastic~ Tharja groaned softly, her hands picking up speed. She was very much looking forward to the end of this.

Lucina on the other hand, was less than enthused. As the shape of her body grew increasingly foreign, Lucina became more and more anxious. This wave of odd warmth that encompassed her being filled her with dread. She really didn't want to be a penis, much less Tharja's penis. She flailed her body with as little strength as she could muster, hoping and praying that somehow she could make it stop. And the worst part was that it wasn't uncomfortable, quite the opposite in fact. Lucina shivered at Tharja's touch. It felt like her entire being was an erogenous zone, even the lightest of motions would make her brain bustle with pleasure. The fact that she could slip away into arousal so easily scared her. She had to fight back!

"*Glupk!* Ms. Th-Tharja... P-please!" Lucina pleaded with desperation.

"Bah, you're still resisting?" Tharja groaned. "Just give in, you stubborn brat."

Pumping her hands with more vigor, Tharja continued to push Lucina over the edge. The princess' eyes rolled back in pleasure, tears forming around her eye slits. The stimulation wracked her brain, sending her mind into a frenzy. Soon, her arms began to retreat into her body, fattening up her already girthy shaft until it was wider than Tharja herself. Every fiber of Lucina's body rocked with ecstasy. Her thoughts became fumbled, mind growing hazy. Despite her greatest efforts to keep her composure, it seemed like her body was succumbing to its carnal desires.

"You can feel it, can't you~?" Tharja whispered seductively. "Those lustful cravings rumbling in your mind. Why don't you stop fighting them now? Let my arousal fill your body. Let my longing for Robin flow into your mind. Don't you just want to feel good? Don't you just want to... Fuck Robin? ~"

Lucina's eyes shot wide in realization, her entire body throbbing with arousal. Suddenly, images of Robin naked and begging to be fucked surged into Lucina's mind. They were... They were-! They were marvelous~! There was nothing Lucina wanted more than to give her mother a good fucking at this moment. Tharja's sexual desires had been injected directly into Lucina's brain, and they were so powerful they were rewiring Lucina's thoughts with ease. Lucina could feel Tharja's boundless love for Robin, she could feel Tharja's endless thirst for her mother's body. It was so stunningly beautiful... Every inch of Lucina's brain was consumed by thoughts of Robin. Finally, all of those countless attempts Tharja made to obtain her mother made sense. Lucina had achieved enlightenment.

"*Glurpk!* Y-Yes Ms. T-Tharja!" Lucina sputtered blissfully. "I-I finally understand~!"

A viscous clear fluid began to dribble out of Lucina's mouth as the girl began to lose control of her facial muscles. Soon, her entire face was shifting in strange manners as well. Her nose and mouth began to push forward into a snout like shape, while her chin, forehead and cheeks pulled back. The skin on her face turned into a reddish pink hue, becoming rougher and more sensitive than the rest of her body. Then the hair on her head began to fall in clumps and chunks, each strand of hair effortlessly easing off her head as a ridge formed at the top of her cranium. Finally, all of her defining features started to disappear. Her ears melted into the side of her head, holes closing with skin forever. Her eyes slowly shut close until they could no longer open, eyeballs replaced with more sensitive tissue. Her teeth and tongue merged with the top and bottom of her mouth, as her mouth and nose holes combined into one singular slit that rested atop of her new head. Now Lucina's head was no longer human, it was one hundred percent dick.

Not that Lucina felt any apprehension to it. No, throughout the whole ordeal, Lucina did not feel an ounce of fear. Instead, her dick body throbbed with excitement, dickhead bobbing in delight. No longer did she feel the need to resist against these natural urges, no longer did she feel the need to fight against this encompassing joy. Finally, Lucina understood this was her destiny. To be Tharja's dick, nothing more than a tool for ecstasy, nothing more than an organ for bliss... It was amazing. Fighting against this sea of pleasure was the only thing that would be wrong. So she did as any normal dick would do, and she eagerly pulsed, hungry for more.

"Ahhh~ Fuck~~" Tharja moaned out. "You're really into it now, aren't you~~~?"

Feeling overwhelmed by the amount of pleasure emanating from Lucina, Tharja was unable to keep her cool any longer. The dark mage greedily jumped onto her fat shaft, masturbating Lucina wildly. She flung her body up and down with disregard, so hungry for release she was physically unable to hold back. Her tongue slipped out of her body and began to lick up the skin of her length, her hands fervently gripped her girth with mighty need. Every single part of Tharja clamored for release, her senses taken over by an unending lust. Oh, how thirsty she was for climax~ The only thing she wanted to do was cum~~~

And with that, the two girls finally became one. Their goals, dreams and desires became completely combined. All of the pleasure and bliss Lucina experienced over her dick body Tharja could also feel. And all the lust and hunger boiling in Tharja's mind brain could feel. There was no sort of doubt in either of their minds. No regrets, ambiguity, no hesitation. The two beings here eagerly and happily joined together into one single entity. They were no longer Tharja and Lucina. They were Tharja and her dick.

"OOOOOOooooohhhhhhhhh~" Tharja groaned in pleasure, her eyes shooting to the back of her head as her tongue lolled out of her mouth.

Balls palpitating madly, Tharja screamed out joyfully as her enormous dick was enraptured in orgasm. Sperm began to shoot out of her urethra with force, coating her dingy tent floor with gallon after gallon of her seed. With every pulsation, Tharja could feel her body tingle. With every sputter of jizz, her mind was wracked with pure satisfaction. Thanks to her dick's enormous size, this was the most titanic orgasm Tharja had ever experienced, so pleasurable words couldn't even begin to describe it, as Tharja teetered in the line between ultimate pleasure and passing out.

On her end, Tharja's dick enjoyed the orgasm as much if not more than Tharja herself. This was her actual body being encased in climax after all. The ecstasy was powerful enough that no coherent thought could form in the dick's mind, only how happy she was to release ounce after ounce of sperm through her slit mouth. The dick continued to spew out seed for a while, sputtering and sputtering until the entire room as a jizzy sopping mess. A particularly large pool formed at Tharja's feet, drenching her

whole lower body and dick with her sticky warm seed. Not that either Tharja or her dick cared, for both were too preoccupied basking in the sweetness of their orgasm.

After a bit of time had passed, and once Tharja had somewhat recovered, the dark mage was taken aback by a strange sudden feeling in her new organ. Looking down, she saw as it slowly started to shrink down. With each throb it made, it decreased in size just a little bit, shrinking and shrinking from its gigantic human size, down to that of a large animal, until it was short enough to fit snugly in Tharja's crotch. Tharja clumsily stood up, a bit disoriented from the orgasm, the wet floor and the change in body mass. She pressed her hand against her smaller penis, inspecting it closely. It was still pretty big for human standards, much bigger than the penis of any other man she'd seen. But now it looked like she could actually carry it.

A wicked smile appeared Tharja's face. "I think I'm going to enjoy this~"

*"Yes Ms. Tharja, me too!"* A voice echoed in Tharja's head, exactly like that of Lucina's. *"Or should I say... Master Tharja~"*

"Oh my... You're still in there?" Tharja asked, a bit surprised to be hearing from Lucina.

*"Yes, Master Tharja!"* Tharja's dick replied. *"I am totally thrilled to be your penis~ I don't ever want to turn back~~~~"*

"Good. Because I have no plans of turning you back." Tharja smiled smugly. She took her hand and gripped her limp shaft tightly. "Hmmm... Now that I have a male organ, I think its time to give your mother a visit~"

Tharja's dick began to harden a bit. *"Glupk! Yes, Master Tharja! I would love nothing more~~~~"*

Maybe this wasn't the wrong spell after all~