

Hidden away in a corner of the army's camp, the peculiarly somber tent of a certain dark mage was illuminated by the cold rays of the glowing moon. Bubbly gargling sound rang from within its dimly lit confines, the air painted purple with a thick noxious fog that surged from a metal bowl atop a large dusty desk. The Plegian witch Tharja towered over this concoction with pride. Her eyes were slanted, her smile crooked. Whatever purpose this potion might hold, Tharja was confident in its success. Every now and then, the mage would throw in some herbs and spices or mix the liquid with a wooden spoon. But mostly she loomed over the mixture ominously, bearing a horrid expression that would send chills down the bravest warrior's spine.

The girl's creepy happiness was more than warranted. After all, her hex was finally about to work. Tharja had always considered herself a master hex caster. No matter what kind of curse she needed to create, she could always cast it with ease. However, for some reason she could not fully comprehend, whenever she tried to cast a hex to make the wonderful army's tactician Robin hers, be it love potion or hypnosis or anything, the hexes would always end up failing. It happened so often in fact that she'd already lost count of the number of hexes she'd tried! But this time was different... Oh this time... Tharja cackled grimly at the thoughts of her triumph. This time it was going to work! And finally her beloved Robin would rest in Tharja's hands.

Oh that Robin... Tharja had never felt such an emotional connection to any person in her life. She always thought that she'd spent the rest of her days as a hermit, researching the dark arts and casting new curses to whoever she wanted without ever needing to be bothered by other people. But the moment she saw Robin in the battlefield, Tharja knew that she could not live without her. Tharja couldn't quite explain why, but there was something to the tactician that made Tharja's heart throb. The dazzling beauty, the kind personality and a secret darkness no one else could decipher. She was the only woman-nay, person that would befit to accompany Tharja in her life journey!

To think that Robin would marry that brutish oaf of a prince instead of her... It made Tharja's blood boil. No one in the entire world loved Robin more than Tharja. Wherever she went, Tharja would follow, and she would always make sure to protect the tactician from any unsavory fellows. If Robin needed something, Tharja was there to provide it. There was no task too big and no order too small that Tharja would attempt in the name of her beloved. Sure, some might call this sort of behavior creepy. But that was how deep her devotion to Robin was. Did all this affection and love mean nothing? For here she was, alone and miserable in her little tent while the doofus prince got all the loving... How detestable...

Not that it mattered anymore. With this hex she'd finally get what she deserved! Tharja grabbed some rocks and dropped them into the bowl, causing the potion to bubble fervently. The liquid swiveled around in a circular motion, spiraling faster and faster into a large swirling whirlpool. Yes! Tharja squealed in excitement. She had done it! It was working! The hex was finally-!

Suddenly, the concoction exploded into a bright blinding flash, forming into a mushroom shaped cloud like that of a Ragnarok. Smoke filled the room, inundating Tharja's lungs and shooting the girl away from the desk. Tharja coughed and bellowed, taking her hands to cover her face from the rapid burst of dust. More smog continued to pour out of the bowl until time had calmed the effects of the outburst and the room stood still. The dust began to settle, the clouds dissipating into nothingness. Though a loud ringing still remained in Tharja's ears, it seemed nothing 'bad' had happened. Tharja rubbed her temple, slowly regaining her senses. At least she seemed to be al- She gasped. The potion! Without thinking twice, Tharja rushed towards the bowl on her work table. But the effort was for naught. A surge of anger

swelled into Tharja so fast that the mage had to release it by smacking the table, making various instruments fly into the air. The liquid-! The liquid of her hex had completely drained!

How could she have allowed such a catastrophic failure to happen?!?! This was the third failed hex *this week!* Was she losing her touch? Had her flame been extinguished? Recently it seemed like each hex was faring worse than the last one, as if her desperation was further impacting her abilities. Gods, how irritating! All she wanted to do was get what she deserved, why was she being tormented so?

In frustration, Tharja angrily swiped all the items off her table with a yell, tossing them onto the ground unceremoniously. What was she to do now? Hexes were all she knew what to do. If she couldn't even do that, then what hope did she have of succeeding? Sure, she could try using the attractiveness of her body to her advantage, but she'd already tried seduction before and still her results were none. Tharja sighed, slumping onto the table. Maybe her adoration of Robin was simply not meant to be...

That's when Tharja caught glimpse of a shimmering sparkle coming from the table. That was odd, considering that she'd just thrown everything to the ground. Lifting her head up, Tharja's eyes met a strange object. It was a long black pole with a small white section at the tip, some type odd wand of sorts that Tharja could not recognize. Although she did recognize was the copious amounts of magical energies that exuded from the object, far more powerful than any of the strongest tomes Tharja had ever seen. It was bizarre that such a mystifying object would manifest out of the blue like that. Her curiosity piqued, Tharja slowly moved her hands to grasp the object when-

With a loud shrill Tharja arched back in pain, feeling a flurry of flashes and images flooding her mind. Her eyes twitched rapidly, thoughts whizzing about in a frantic manner as her mind was filled up with new knowledge and information. When the deluge was done, Tharja promptly collapsed onto the table, panting and gasping for air. This wand... It was not your regular magical artifact... It was so much more~

After Tharja had mentally recovered from the preceding psychological scramble, the dark mage paced around her room with excitement, her face morphed into a wide nefarious grin. Somehow, this wand she'd found had told her itself of the amazing magical properties it possessed. Apparently, it had the power to swap anything, physical properties to abstract concepts, from any one person onto whoever she desired, be it herself or others. Plus, no one but her would notice the changes, meaning that she could swap as many things as she wanted.

Tharja cackled grimly. With such a device at her hands, she could finally get Robin to fall head over heels for her. All those countless days and nights she spent working on the perfect hex... All those failed miserable spells that wracked her brain... All that effort and devotion she poured into loving Robin... Finally, it would all bear fruit! Even if it wasn't because of her work exactly, the results would be the same. She would have Robin all for herself~

As for the procedure of this 'swapping', it appeared to be pretty simple. According to the wand, one just had to think about the swap, issue the command, and in an instant, the changes would manifest. She wouldn't even have the time to notice anything was different! Hands gripping the wand tightly, Tharja trembled in place. Oh! How long she'd dreamed about Robin finally recognizing Tharja's devotion! To think that it would actually happen now... It truly exhilarated her!

Taking a deep breath, Tharja relaxed herself as she thought about her command. Since all she wanted was to make Robin love her, she knew exactly what sort of swap she would make. A marriage swap! Even though Tharja wasn't currently married to anyone, she figured she could still trade her single status onto Chrom. So giving a smug smirk, Tharja lifted the wand into the air and issued her command. **Swap my marriage with Chrom's!**

As some tiny sparks twinkled off the end of the wand, Tharja stood there patiently waiting for the swap to manifest. She expected some sort of large flash, a grand explosion, something magnificent that would indicate the success of her command. However, as minutes passed and the tent remained completely still, it was clear that no such fireworks were to appear. Tharja looked down at the wand with a raised eyebrow. Did the wand really work? Because right now she felt nothing different...

Before she could get upset over wasting her time with something so absurd though, Tharja's attention was seized by a glimmer coming from her left hand. Snuggled tightly on her ring finger was... What else but a ring! A beautiful golden ring with exquisite ornate carvings all round it. Tharja gasped in surprise. This was-! It had-! The swap!!! It had worked! Tharja could barely believe that the wand had actually worked. Yet the evidence was right before her eyes.

Still, a silly old ring wasn't enough for Tharja. She needed more proof, more verification that her command had really worked. In a frenzied dash, Tharja began to rummage around her tent in search of further validation. She scoured her desk and surroundings, combed through her closet, probed her books and bookshelves. There had to be something more! Some clothes, some tomes, maybe even some hair or skin! There were a few samples Tharja found here and there, but she couldn't tell whether those had been left intentionally by Robin or whether Tharja had secretly 'borrowed' them.

After much shuffling and examining without results, Tharja felt ready to give up and turn in for the night. However, as she turned her eyes toward the bed, the dark mage came into contact with the biggest piece of evidence that the wand had actually worked. It was- Robin! The magnificently wonderful tactician Robin was sound asleep on Tharja's bed, nestled comfortably between the thin Plegian sheets. It was... It was-! It was simply amazing! Tharja cooed as she admired the sleeping beauty. The subtle motions of her breathing, the pretty nightgown she wore... Even her face was extremely cute when she slept! Tharja had of course seen it before, but observing it from such a good angle only made things better. Gods, Robin was so beautiful. Simply staring at her was making Tharja hard...

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Hard?

What the hell was *that* supposed to mean? In that moment, Tharja noticed a strange sensation coming from her crotch area, a dazzling heat that was completely foreign to her. As her eyes slowly drifted past her cleavage and down the curve of her body, Tharja bolted backwards in surprise. There, sliding past Tharja's panties and tenting up her tights, stood a long fat dick, twitching stiffly in arousal. Tharja's confusion was so great that the dark mage couldn't even muster any sort of anger or even fear at the situation. She simply stared at the erect penis dangling off her body.

How the *fuck* had this happened??? One second she was going about as usual and the next there was this... 'thing' attached to her body. She hadn't even felt it grow in the first place. Lowering her hands towards it, Tharja poked and prodded the rod inquisitively. Yup, there was no doubt about it. This penis was definitely attached to her. She could feel its warmth as her hands passed over it. Yet strangely enough, she could also feel her pussy dripping below it, her insides twitching as if nothing was out the ordinary. Somehow, it seems that her body had been majorly altered. And judging by the puffs blue scraggily hair resting atop of her shaft, Tharja figured it had to do with the wand. She *had* swapped Chrom's marriage into her. So for some reason, it also must have swapped parts of their genitals?

Tharja frowned at the sight of the needy member. She was happy to finally get Robin's love, but she did *not* want to be a dual-gendered freak. Fortunately, she had a very simply way of fixing this little mistake. Sure, the wand had probably caused this unwanted accident in the first place, but it was also the only thing that could fix it. Lifting the wand into the air, Tharja quickly cast her remedial command. **Swap this dick back to Chrom.**

Again, a sprinkle of sparks flew off the tip of the wand as the swap was made. And just like last time, nothing else seemed to happen. Whether or not the swap had been performed correctly, Tharja could not tell. In fact, glancing down at her crotch again revealed that it actually had been a failure, for the dick continued to poke through her tights. Tharja felt completely the same as before! Actually... That wasn't entirely true. There was something a little bit different below her penis, right where her pussy was supposed to be. Instead of feeling her organ dripping and quelching, Tharja now only felt some stringy weight drooping downwards. Tharja gasped. No... It couldn't be... She slowly pushed her hands towards the pressure, passing the dick until she cupped the...

Balls. She had balls now. SHE HAD BALLS?! Fiddling her hands, Tharja quickly realized that the new heaving weight dangling down her crotch was nothing more than a pair of testicles encased within a saggy pouch. The girl began to shake with fury. She didn't *want* this penis attached to her, so why did she now have Chrom's balls?! Stupid wand! It must have been misunderstanding Tharja's commands or something. She lifted the wand once more and casted another command, this time, making sure it would be as clear as possible. **Swap these genitals on my body with the ones Chrom currently has.**

This time, however, there was something very, *very* off. The sparkles flew off the tip of the wand as usual, but Tharja also felt the wand tremble and shake in her hand, almost as if it was filled with rage. Tharja felt a pit in her stomach. Maybe... Maybe these swaps weren't accidents. Maybe they were some sort of price she had to pay for the swap, and by trying to undo them, she was only making the wand angry.

Unfortunately, Tharja would not have a lot of time to ponder over this question, as the next effects of her swap became clearly apparent. Though her dick and balls remained just where they were before, suddenly Tharja's whole body began to shudder in place, a wave of arousal washing over her. Tharja gritted her teeth. It was like her penis had been injected with pure lust, as it pulsated and twitched with desperate desire. Each time the member jerked upwards, Tharja could feel her arousal increase. The thing bulged outwards with a blood red color. And was it... Growing larger?!? Sweat began to pour profusely down Tharja's face, her eyes glued to the progressively fatter member. She knew she shouldn't give in to her lust but... Gods, she was so horny! How could she not start masturbating now?!?!?

Unable to hold herself back any longer, Tharja took her free hand and began to furiously masturbate her pole. She pushed and pulled the skin viciously, mouth agape with bliss, as her whole body was shaken by male stimulation. It was incredible! Tharja had never particularly been interested in masturbation, but now it was the only thing she could think about. Unbeknownst to her, as punishment for trying to undo its work, the wand had swapped Chrom's exalted libido onto Tharja and magnified it a 'little' bit, so now every time Tharja became aroused, she couldn't help but try and get off.

Soon the dark mage was panting and moaning like she'd never done before, eagerly whacking her brand new dick. Drool dripped down from Tharja's mouth, eyes fixated on the beauty resting beneath the bed covers. She stared at the sleeping Robin wistfully, daydreaming about performing all sorts of filthy acts to deface her beloved. For this moment, Tharja no longer felt anger or worry about the member hanging off her body. All she cared about was making this new demanding organ happy. The way her slim hands wrapped around her shaft was divine, and her swift methodical pumping was more than succulent. But it wasn't enough. Tharja's cock continued to pump with necessity, her mouth clicked with hunger. She wanted- no- *needed* to fuck Robin!

"Mmmm.... Hmmm?"

Suddenly, the covers on Tharja's bed began to shift and shuffle as Robin awoke from her slumber. The sleepy tactician began to sit up groggily, yawning and rubbing her eyes while her mind rebooted. Tharja's hand stopped dead in its track. She had absolutely no idea what to say- what to do! Here she was, openly masturbating her gross cock before a sleeping Robin. If Robin were to see this degenerate display then she'd definitely start hating Tharja! The dark mage wouldn't even be able to take a step closer to her! This would totally make Tharja lose any and all good will Robin had for her! Oh gods, how terrible! And yet Tharja's feet were planted firmly on the ground, too scared to even move a muscle.

As her senses and awareness of the world returned, it didn't take long for Robin to notice Tharja. Her cheeks fully flushed red, Tharja tried her best to cover her face with her hands, presenting her erect member for all to all to see. She was so embarrassed right now she could die.

"Tharja... Is that you?" Robin asked, wiping her eyes to get a better look in the dark.

But Tharja couldn't muster a response. She'd already dejectedly accepted her fate. Soon she'd be thrown out of the room by an angry Robin, and then she'd be kicked out of the army for sexual harassment. How sad... To think that her dreams would be crushed just when she was so close to achieving them. At least she could steel herself in the fact that she got to masturbate to her darling Robin for a few minutes.

Except... None of that ever happened. When Robin noticed the semi-nude Tharja standing in the dark, she didn't panic or get angry. Instead, she shot the dark mage a knowing look. "Tharja... Are you masturbating in the dark again?" She asked in a mocking tone. "Haven't I told you to wake me up whenever you get like that? I know how hard it is to get it down for you because of your... 'condition'. I don't mind if you ask me for help~"

However, Tharja once more forgot to present a response, this time more out of confusion than fear. Why the hell was Robin not alarmed by Tharja's new member? Why was she inviting Tharja to bed with her? It didn't make any sense! Unless... All of a sudden, Tharja's eyes bolted wide open in realization. The marriage swap! After Chrom's dick had been accidentally attached to her body, Tharja had

completely forgotten about it! Right now, Robin thought she was Tharja's wife. And because of the other swaps, she probably didn't think much about Tharja's new member either. How amazing! Of course, Tharja would have preferred to not have a penis at this moment, but it was much better than getting caught in the act and losing everything for it.

Robin let out an annoyed sigh, noticing how Tharja seemed not to pay attention. But it wasn't too big of a deal, she knew how to make that girl obey~ Shuffling on top of the bed, Robin began to pull down the lower part of her nightgown. She slowly disrobed until her legs were bare and her snatch was completely exposed, the organ already dripping and twitching with arousal at the thought of sex. Though Robin didn't like to admit it, one of the reasons why she married Tharja (or Chrom, back before the swap) was because she was a bit of a nymphomaniac, and Tharja's libido always kept her satisfied.

"Hey, Tharja~" Robin called lustfully, taking over Tharja's attention. She spread out her legs as far as she could, prying the entrance of her pussy open with her fingers. "Over here~"

The moment Tharja's eyes caught a glimpse of Robin's damp snatch, a switch flipped inside her head. The entire world around her disappeared. All that remained in Tharja's mind was Robin's pussy. Without even an inkling of a second thought, the girl sprinted towards Robin as fast as her legs could carry her. She was like a predator on the hunt. She'd found her prey, and now she couldn't spare even a single second to catch it. Breasts and dick bouncing up and down uncontrollably, Tharja jumped off the floor and onto the bed, landing right on top of Robin. Her dick instantly penetrated Robin's vagina, flowing effortlessly from the cold air of the night into Robin's warm folds. Robin cooed pleasurably at Tharja's intense maneuver. As usual, Tharja was being rough. Although Robin would be lying to herself if she said she didn't like it. The tactician gripped the bedsheets tightly, a lustful smile manifesting across her face. And this was only the beginning.

Soon, Tharja began thrusting into Robin's vagina violently. Panting heavily and eyes crazed, she moved as if she was a wild animal, not caring for anything but relieving her enflamed libido. Each thrust rang loudly with the slapping of skin, each pump pushed her dick deeper into Robin's cave. Robin's pussy was just so marvelous Tharja couldn't help but lose herself in the whirlwind of lust that rampaged through her head. Her dick clamored her on and on, greedily demanding for more pleasure as it continued to plug up Robin's hole, while a stream of juice began to pool below their crotches that only kept growing bigger and bigger as their bodies continued to mash together.

She was in heaven~ Tharja was in heaven right now. Regardless of whether or not she had something she didn't want attached to her body, she was currently having sex with her darling Robin and it felt *fantastic*. Not a second would pass without Tharja letting out a moan of pleasure, and even then, the moments of silence would be filled with needy panting and dripping drool from her joyously dull face. Without a doubt, she was loving every last second of it. Ironically, that dick she so passionately wished to remove from her body just a few seconds ago was now making her feel the greatest amount of pleasure she'd ever felt in her life. The way Robin's inner walls gently wrapped around her member... The manner in which they pulsed rhythmically along with the throbs of her shaft... Gods, it was so delicious! Tharja felt like she could explode right this second. She loved fucking Robin so much!!!

Below Tharja, Robin too enjoyed the girl's relentless thrusts and enthusiastic attitude. She admired her cute little Tharja with a soft smile, enjoying her desperate and savage demeanor the way one enjoys a hungry animal feasting on food. However, this sense of superiority was quickly crushed every time

Tharja cocked her hips, as the tactician couldn't help but break her smile into a pleased grunt from Tharja's powerful cock. Despite being married to Tharja, Robin still wasn't able to fully handle the dark mage's massive manstick. And Tharja's approach didn't make it any easier either. Though the dick was merely above average in size, the way Tharja thoroughly ravaged Robin's vagina left made her shiver with joy. Robin's pussy was on fire, her clit bursting with delight, the fierce locomotion of Tharja's pelvis so commanding that they could pound boulders into dust.

By this point, Tharja had achieved top speed, maximum thrust. The only thing stopping her from going any faster was the physical limitations of her lithe body. Muscles tensed, body sweaty, and penis thumping with joy, Tharja basked in the paradise of pleasure she created for herself. Every single second was bliss, every individual moment was ecstasy. The indescribable sensations coming from her new organ elevated her to a new heightened reality of happiness, one that she would be arriving to promptly. Her dick shuddered, testicles trembling in place as they produced millions of little sperms for the pouch Tharja was so brutally smacking against Robin's body with every thrust. Her shaft readied itself, urethra slightly opening in preparation for release. It was time.

With a wild animalistic cry, Tharja's body began to chaotically spasm as her penis exploded in climax within the walls of Robin's vagina. Eyes rolled backwards and tears running down her cheek, Tharja's back stiffened while her limbs rolled around uncontrollably. It looked like Tharja had been afflicted with some sort of ailment, not to dissimilar to those experienced by the targets of Tharja's bad hexes. But in reality, she was more than ok. She was ecstatic. The orgasm she'd experienced was so amazingly intense that her mind shattered into millions of pieces. Everything around her became a blur, the feeling of emptying her balls taking precedence over the world beside her. The dark mage was entranced enough that she didn't notice how her lover rolled in orgasm below her, Robin's pussy twitching as it was filled with Tharja's powerful load. No, right now it didn't matter. All that mattered was that she finally achieved the release she so desired.

With her mind destroyed and her needs satisfied, Tharja couldn't help but collapse on the bed.

The supple morning warmth filled the air of Tharja's tent. Within the confines of her bed covers, the dark mage herself slept as sound as a baby. At least, that's how she would have liked to be. Tharja was exactly the opposite of an early riser. She was a creature of the dark, always slithering from shadow to shadow and shying away from the light. Some of her best work had come in the late hours of dusk, where the magical potencies of the dark arts were at an all time high. Which made it all the more bothersome that something was preventing her from sleeping nicely until midday.

For some reason, there was an unknown strange discomfort coming from her crotch. Tharja couldn't quite decipher what it was. She shuffled left and right inside her sheets, hoping to find some comfy position that would somehow appease this strange irritation. But nothing. Whatever it was pushed her covers away like two magnets of the same polarity. Gods, how bothersome! In this sleepy state she could not identify the source of this ache nor find its solution. She was really going to have to get up to solve this, wasn't she?

Sick and tired with the nuisance on her groin, Tharja grumpily sat up and threw the covers off her body. What the hell was this itch affecting her body and how did she stop it. The moment her eyes drifted

towards her nether region however, her whole demeanor changed. Her fiery anger turned into pure confusion. She had to blink a few times just to make sure she still wasn't dreaming. Was that... Was that a dick on her crotch? A mightily *erect* dick, if one may. How...? What...? Why...? It was way too early for Tharja to properly understand what was going on right this second.

Luckily for her, the image helped her brain quickly piece together the fun memories she had last night. A bright red blush appeared on her face, embarrassment spreading through her system. She had-! And then-! With Robin-!!!! Tharja couldn't believe the pictures her mind was giving her. It was like something out of a fantasy book. A very weird and perverted fantasy book. But the proof was right here before her. Tharja's new dick stood proudly with a strong morning wood. And if that wasn't enough, the culprit of this whole situation was still firmly grasped within Tharja's left hand.

"Another early riser, huh?"

Suddenly, Tharja's attention was captured by voice coming from the far end of the room. It was who else but Tharja's new wife, Robin, wearing nothing more than her bra and panties while she readied herself for the day. She shot Tharja a lustful smile, before strutting towards the dark mage in a slutty demeanor.

"Good thing I didn't finish dressing up." Robin cooed, eyes fixated on Tharja's erection. "Let me take care of this little guy before I start my meeting with Chrom."

Tharja was completely frozen in place. The combination of confusion and arousal was too much for her brain to pick any course of action. The raging superpowered hormones and male genitalia didn't help either. She was like a deer caught in headlights, unable to do anything but patiently wait for its fate to claim her. Tharja watched on with entranced eyes as Robin knelt down on the bed before her. Her penis twitched, pupils glimmering, attention completely taken by the glorious white orbs of flesh that rested on Robin's chest. Robin slowly slithered closer to dark mage, eyeing up Tharja's erection the same way Tharja eyed up Robin's breast. It was clear that she wanted this as much as Tharja, and she was determined to get what she wanted.

With an aggressive push forward, Robin placed her breasts on Tharja's lap. The tactician made a little giggle as she saw her wife let out an excited yip of joy from being presented such amazingly beautiful globules. Reaching her hand backwards, Robin slowly began to unhook her bra. Her smile was crooked, her sluggishness deliberate. She was teasing the expectant Tharja, who was about ready to jump in joy at the sight of Robin's erect nipples. With a whisk of her hand, the bra was thrown aside, and Robin's marvelous funbags were left in display for the world to see. Tharja's face lit up like that of a kid opening a present in Christmas. They were so amazing! So beautiful! The only thing that stopped her erection from growing longer was the length of her shaft.

Taking advantage of Tharja's excitement, Robin lifted her breasts and nestled Tharja's hard-on between the crevice of her massive meat mountains. She looked up at Tharja with a seductive expression, grin as wide as humanly possible, before beginning to move her breasts up and down Tharja's length. Tharja cooed as she felt the warm tit flesh envelop her member, sweet succulent soft tissue that was warm to the touch. A boobjob! She was getting a boobjob from Robin! And gods, it felt fucking fantastic. Like her penis was being shoved in the softest coziest fuck hole, without any of the tightness or stickiness, only warmth filled her cock.

And the beauty of Robin's breasts only made it better. The fat orbs had such a perfect curvature, amazingly cute and perky nipples, and a sweet natural jiggle of supple fat. Tharja could watch them bounce up and down for hours. They were everything a girl could dream of. But... How great would it be if they were larger? Their current size was nothing to scoff at of course. But Tharja's heightened libido clamored for more. Oh yeah... Robin with bigger breasts would be so much better. Maybe if they were as large as Aversa's? Mmmmm... ~

In that moment, the wand shot out a sprinkle of sparks of its white end. Tharja continued to happily enjoy her boobjob without noticing, her penis throbbing with glee from the gentle treatment it was receiving. When suddenly she felt a strange change in Robin's breasts. Were they... Bigger? Robin's movements were much more sluggish, the jiggle of her breasts was much bouncier. Whereas a few seconds ago, Robin's cleavage could only cover three quarters of Tharja's erection, now they basically encased the penis whole.

Perturbed by these changes, Tharja focused more closely on Robin's chest. By Grima! They were absolutely huge! Tharja had only seen mammaries this massive on cows. But more importantly, Robin's entire skin had been hued into a soft tan, not unlike that of that witch... Oh no! Somehow or another, Tharja must have accidentally swapped Robin's breasts with Aversa's! And since this wand was broken or something, it had also changed Robin's skin from the soft pearly white it used to be into this sultry exotic tan color. It was terrible! Although Tharja had to admit that it made her a bit more aroused.

"What's that, darling?" Robin asked in a sweet seductive tone. *"Enjoying my breasts?"*

Ecstasy coursed through Tharja's ears as Robin's voice passed through them. Oh fuck... It seems that not only had her skin color changed, but Robin's tone of voice was now as sexy and lustful as Aversa's used to be. Tharja could also feel something different about her demeanor, her smile... That god damned smile... Just looking at it sent pleasant tingles down Tharja's spine. It was like Robin was some sort of machine of pleasure, ready to exploit all of Tharja's weaknesses in order to sexually satisfy her. Tharja panted heavily. And it was working.

Tharja's penis twitched with severity. It was too much, she couldn't handle it any longer. She absolutely hated the fact that she'd changed her beloved Robin into something different. Yet at the same time she was so incredibly aroused by this new Robin that she felt her penis on the brink of orgasm. The enormous breasts, the beautiful skin, that deliciously seductive voice. Tharja's balls tightened, testicles bloated and loaded. Gods, she was so aroused! She was going to burst!!!!

"AHHHHH~" Tharja moaned as her penis began to release its warm load of sperm.

Robin yelped in surprise as the first few strings smacked her right in the face. Although the moment she realized what was going on, she quickly switched gears and shifted her mouth wide open, happily accepting all Tharja's sweet succulent seed. In a matter of seconds, her whole face was slathered with spunk, only a fraction of it landing within her mouth. Still, Robin was nonetheless more than glad to receive such a wonderful facial from Tharja, as evidenced by the unbroken smile and joyous grunts she made throughout the whole ordeal.

Once Tharja's penis had finally calmed down, the girl collapsed onto the bed, tired and spent. She panted heavily trying to recover her spent energy from the ordeal. Though curiously enough her dick was still erect and raring to go again. Meanwhile, Robin scooped up all the sperm on her face and began

ingesting it. Such delicious sweets shouldn't go to waste after all! She lapped up every last bit of it that she could, meticulously licking her fingers clean from the stuff. Robin's pussy twitched. As good as Tharja's seed was, just this wasn't enough to satisfy her. Thanks to the swaps, Robin had been transformed into a full-on lustful nymph. She was extremely horny, and hungry for more~

"Oh my~ Is your little pecker not content?" Robin asked with a smile upon seeing Tharja's stiffy.
"Wonderful~ Let's go ahead and make him feel good~"

In that point in time between climax and renewed arousal, where one's lust is at an all time low and their minds can freely and profoundly think about any subject in the known universe, suddenly a moment of clarity materialized to Tharja. This was wrong. This was all wrong. She didn't want to be a mindless lust beast. She didn't want Robin to be a horny big breasted slut. All she ever wanted was for Robin to be her wife. Nothing more and nothing less. This wand... It was ruining her life! Tharja had to stop this. She couldn't let the wand play with her like some sort of toy. The longer she had the wand in her possession, the worst things would get. She had to do something now!

Feeling the weight of realization, Tharja pushed Robin out of the way and began to dash out of the room. It would be impossible for her to think with Robin around. Plus, she didn't want to make any more accidental changes to her goddess. Unfortunately, by this point Tharja had gotten over the refractory period that had given her so much lucidity, meaning that the wave of lust implanted by her supercharged hormones hit the girl like a truck. The surge of lust was so powerful she almost fell on the floor, but Tharja's arousal was only matched by her determination to preserve that which she had worked so hard to accomplish, thus she persevered.

"Th-Th-Tharja?!?! Where are you going?!" Was the last thing Tharja heard as she escaped through the tent flaps panting and wheezing.

Free from any more temptation, Tharja tried to release the wand still clasped tightly within her left hand. Maybe then, she could think about a way to change things back without needlessly risking things. However, for some unknown ungodly reason, she could not open her hand. No matter how hard she tried to control her fingers, they wouldn't budge an inch, like they were frozen solid. She even resorted to prying it open with her free hand, but that too proved unsuccessful. It was as if the wand had somehow taken control over her hand!

"Tharja, dear!" Robin shouted from inside the tent. Tharja could hear the tactician's footsteps as she walked closer and closer. *"Is everything alright?"*

Panic began to fill Tharja's mind. She couldn't get her hand to open and now Robin was coming?! Her erection pulsed in the open air. No, she couldn't swap her anymore! She had to do something- She had to think of something fast-! She had to-!!!

"STAY AWAY!!!" Tharja yelled, before she began aimlessly dashing in a random direction away from the tent. *"DON'T COME AFTER ME!"*

Tharja ran and ran, with as much energy as her mental and physical exhaustion could provide her with. Her feet carried her deeper into the camp, closer to many of her friends and allies. But it didn't matter, as long as she was away from Robin it was fine.

By this point, Tharja had come to a perturbing realization. This wand... Whatever it was- Was somehow alive and had a mind of its own. What's worse, from the terrible trembling in her hand, Tharja knew that the wand was not happy with her. Though it did not directly speak, Tharja understood exactly what it wanted: more swaps. The wand was seemingly upset at Tharja for her attempts at undoing its swaps, and her sudden aversion to swapping, so it would not let go of her hand until its wishes were fulfilled.

What was Tharja going to do? She did not wish to change herself or her new wife in any way. And though she was not opposed to changing random people, even her fellow soldiers, who knows what sort of consequences those swaps could have? Not to mention there was no telling how many swaps she would need to do before this wand decided it was satisfied. For all she knew, Tharja would have to spend the rest of her life with a wand stitched to her left hand. No... There had to be some other way to fix this!

"Grrrrrr... BARK!!"

That's when Tharja's attention was taken by the growling of a nearby dog. Quickly turning her head towards the sound, Tharja saw the cute manakete girl Nowi kneeling down in an attempt to play with a small bulldog. Nowi was as cheery and bright as ever, energetically smiling while trying to pet the mutt. But it was clear as day that the dog was less than enthused about the whole situation. It growled angrily at the girl every time she so much budged an inch, baring its fangs in warning not to approach. Nevertheless, Nowi never got the message. Either due to airheadedness or lack of caring, Nowi continued to bother the dog.

The wand in Tharja's hand began trembling on its own, shooting out sparks without ever being given a command. In an instant, Nowi's and the dog's demeanors changed, they swapped, if you will. All of Nowi's cheer and excitement drained from her body. She stood up, smile morphing into a grumpy frown, and crossed her arms in annoyance. The dog meanwhile, started to wag its stubby tail gleefully. Its menacing barks transformed into excited yips as his eyes were filled with joy. Now it was the dog trying to play with Nowi, bouncing up and down and panting with its tongue out, with Nowi not having any of it. She scowled at the creature below, ears irritated by its incessant barking.

"Get away from me, you stupid mutt!" Nowi shouted, before kicking the dog on its side and walking away.

The dog was taken aback by the kick, staggering backwards and falling on his bum. But he was alright in the grand scheme of things. The animal simply got back up and started to look for another person to play with. Tharja gritted her teeth in horror from the scene that had just unfolded before her. She'd changed Nowi's personality into that of a grumpy mean dog! Now the wand wasn't even trying to look for a command, it was simply swapping things at random. Things were getting really out of hand now. She had to go find a quiet secluded place where she couldn't cause any damage. Otherwise, if things kept going the way they were, she could find herself in real trouble.

"Bark? Bark bark bark bark!!!"

Unfortunately, the dog that became too friendly had noticed Tharja, so it began to eagerly yip and bounce close to the woman, hoping for her to play with him. Tharja's hands flew up to her ears, in an attempt to reduce all the grating noise that was being generated. Not only was she suffering from her impressive libido and some physical exhaustion, now she had a little dog barking and following her

around. Gods, couldn't she just get a second of tranquility?!? Overwhelmed by all the sensations around her, Tharja started running with her eyes closed deeper into camp, the enthusiastic pup trailing right behind her.

Step after step, Tharja dazedly dashed forward. She didn't know where she was going, only that she wanted to get away. Gods, to think this all started because she was trying to get Robin... Maybe this was some type of cosmic punishment for all the deplorable things she'd done, and once she'd learned her lesson everything would return to normal. Or maybe this was one of those bizarre lucid nightmares where she only needed to wake up and go back to her normal life.

Tired from all the running, Tharja felt the need to stop and catch her breath. Sadly, she had not lost the trailing dog in this mad dash, as she could clearly hear him running behind her in an excited tone. Tharja finally opened her eyes once more to inspect her surroundings. It looked like she had successfully managed to get to the edge of camp, though not the edge that she desired. She was right next to the dining tent! Which meant that there were most likely plenty of people to be swapped around.

Her attention was first caught by some chattering to her right. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Cherche in what looked to be a pleasant conversation with Basilio. Too bad it wouldn't just remain that way in a few seconds, for the tip of the wand sparkled just from Tharja's spotting of the two. In an instant, Cherche's lithe small body was replaced by a tall masculine figure. Her muscles bulged through her clothes, thick legs almost bursting her leggings, while a new bulbous member swelled through her previously plain region. Similarly, Basilio shrunk down, rigid heavy body mass compacting into a lither form. Curves began to expand throughout his body, while a couple of plainly visible budding breasts expanded into the open part of his warrior outfit.

What's more, his beard thinned out into nothingness as little black hairs sprouted on his previously bald head, forming into a long beautiful haircut similar to that for Cherche, who was incidentally going through a similar but opposite transformation. All of the hair on her head receded onto her skull, leaving her dome fully bald and shiny, with short bits of pink facial hair sprouting over her chin. With the swap finished, Basilio was now a sexy female version of himself with a long cascade of hair black hair like the one Cherche used to have, while Cherche was buff male version of herself with a bald head and a toned body. Tharja quickly turned away from the two in terror, ashamed of what she'd done.

"Bark bark bark bark!!!" The dog continued to follow Tharja as she tried to escape from everything around her.

She would not be able to get away however, for another distraction soon manifested in her way. This time it was Olivia and Ricken, conversing over something seemingly important. The moment her eyes came into contact with the two, their fates were sealed, and the wand misfired once more. Just as last time, there was a huge change in height. Ricken shot upwards into the sky, higher up than Tharja herself, while Olivia shrunk down to half of Ricken's current size. However, this time the difference was not caused due to gender, rather it was due to age. Ricken quickly lost his immature and young look, his face and body maturing into that of a strapping adult lad, as Olivia's cuteness magnified, breasts and curves diminishing into the petite undeveloped body of a young girl.

That wasn't it though. Soon, their outfits started to change as well. Ricken's magical robes and hat quickly disintegrated into nothingness, leaving just a few pieces of stray cloth to cover his body. Only his

chest and crotch remained obscured, for the rest of his clothes transformed into Olivia's lithe pink dancing outfit. As for Olivia herself, her clothes went through the opposite process. They gained additional bulk and cloth all over, covering her entire semi-naked body until not a bit of it remained exposed. Her clothes turned blue and a big magic hat plopped on her head, as she now donned Ricken's mage outfit. With the swap done, Riken was now an experienced adult male mage while Olivia was a female mage in training.

"BARK BARK BARK BARK!!!!" The dog's cries pounded on Tharja's head like war drums during the march.

A massive headache manifested in the girl's mind. With all the panic, worry, arousal and noise, it felt like her head was about to explode. Tharja staggered away from all the commotion, hands firmly planted on her ears in a futile attempt to block it out. She was scared. She needed help. Tears began to form in her eyes. Why was this happening to her? She only wanted Robin's love, why was she being tortured like this? Soon, Tharja's tiredness caught up to her and her legs collapsed, making the dark mage fall down on the dirt below. The dog jumped onto her legs and continued to hop around. God, please! Help her! She would do anything to escape her predicament. ANYTHING! Just give her some sort of divine intervention. Or even just a sign! Tharja's brain throbbed inside her head. For everything that's holy and good in this world, just please help her!!!

"Excuse me, Tharja, are you feeling quite alright?"

The voice of an angel cleared through Tharja's ears and pierced into her mind. Tharja looked up at the figure with a smile. The sun shone on her radiant face as if she was a messenger of the gods herself. It was Miriel! The smartest lady in camp, no- In Ylisse! If there was anything who could get her out of this current predicament it was her. Tharja would just have to borrow her intelligence for a bit to do so. With a frantic delirious smile, Tharja lifted up the wand and pointed it towards Miriel. **Swap my intelligence with-**

"BARK BARK BARK BARK!!!!" The bulldog continued to scream into Tharja's ears. She couldn't take it anymore! That stupid animal was so grating it felt like she was going to go insane. With an angry expression, Tharja turned her attention towards the hyperactive pet.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT YOU STUPID MUTT???" She shouted with fury.

A second later, sparkles flew off the wand. Tharja's eyes shot wide in realization, a huge debilitating pit forming in her stomach. Did she just-

...

...

...

Silence.

An odd sensation of stillness filled Tharja's mind. No thoughts of fear, worry, panic or exhaustion. Nothing. Tharja looked around the world with bright wide eyes. Clouds navigated through the expanse of the big blue sky. The wind gently rustled the quiet leaves of the forest. In front of Tharja, a small bulldog in a dark mage outfit slowly stood upon its two feet, wiped the dirt off its knees, and walked off in another direction. Tharja turned her head to the side, her eyebrow raising. There was something wrong with this scene... Something was just not quite right. But Tharja couldn't quite put her finger on it...

Down on all fours like a dog, the girl began to walk around in a circle to think more clearly. Her body was completely exposed for any all to see, human dick and breasts hanging down, with a collar branding the words "Tharja" around her neck being her only source of clothing. Tharja sniffed the air loudly, trying to pick up any off scents. She perked up her ears, listening to any odd sounds. She definitely remembered being super upset at something for some reason. But her tiny human brain couldn't exactly recall what, only that it was super important. Think Tharja, think! What was it that she couldn't afford to forget? What crucial information did she need to remember?

"Oh, Tharja! There you are!"

Master!!!!!! All of Tharja's previous thoughts were instantly thrown out the window as Robin's voice echoed from behind. The doggy quickly turned towards the sound, eyes wide open in excitement, tongue eagerly hanging down her mouth, and gleefully dashed towards human. Tharja bounced around Robin's legs enthusiastically, breasts and dick flopping up and down with every hop. She playfully pawed and licked all over Robin's body, pure joy splattered all over her face. If she had a tail right now, it would be wagging like crazy. She was so happy to see her master again, and the idea of playing made her feel ecstatic.

"BARK BARK BARK BARK!!!!" Tharja shouted of the top of her lungs.

"Hahaha, settle down darling!" Robin giggled jovially. *"Settle down!"*

With a smile on her face, Robin bent down towards the creature and began to pet her hair, soothing the girl into submission. Tharja panted happily as her master caressed her hair. Her left leg instinctively twitched from the pleasantly warm sensations. She was such a happy little human! There was no way she could think about any of that worrisome stuff with her master around! With her intelligence being swapped with that of a dog, Tharja's mind could only comprehend her relationship to Robin like that of master and pet, not one of two wives, even in spite of the fact that the nature of the meant that swap people still considered her to be human. However, this lowered intellect also meant that she wasn't held to the same standards as other humans. Rather, most people treated her the same way they would a small child or dog. Though she was technically seen as a human, in reality Tharja was completely a dog in all but body. As for her lack of clothes, this was the wands unintended effect for the swap. Now not only would Tharja be as smart as a domesticated animal, she would dress like one too.

"Wherever have you been girl?" Robin spoke softly with a smile. *"You've made mama all worried for you!"*

Unfortunately, Tharja could not respond. She merely stared at Robin with an expectant smile. Her new brain did not possess the space required for her to understand language, so she did not know what Robin was saying. She could just remember a few phrases and words Robin said like the Pavlovian creature she was. Otherwise, the only way she could communicate herself and understand others was through barks and actions. Everything else enters through one ear and comes out the other. Robin giggled at Tharja's dopey face. Her wife was so cute... That's when Robin noticed a stick held tightly in Tharja's hands. She did not recognize what it was, but the fact that Tharja was holding it could only mean one thing.

"Wanna play fetch?" Robin asked sweetly.

The word 'fetch' blasted millions of particles of dopamine into Tharja's mind. The girl began to run around in excitement, tongue hanging out of her panting mouth. She didn't know exactly what it meant, but every time her master said it, they usually played together. Robin crouched down and grabbed onto the wand, pulling it so she could throw it. Strangely enough, it seemed stuck though. With a grunt and some effort though, Robin pulled harder and harder until she was able to free the wand from Tharja's grasp.

"Here it is! Fetch!" Before the wand could inform Robin of its powers however, the tactician threw the wand as hard as she could into some nearby shrubbery.

Tharja's face perked up as she saw the stick fly into the air. Animal instincts kicking in, she darted in its direction at top speed, going as fast as her four-legged stance would let her. It was probably a bit uncomfortable because of the physiology of Tharja's body, but it was all the dog-brained girl knew. As the wand fell into some nearby bushes, Tharja dove her body into the greenery as well. Once inside, Tharja began to scan the ground for the stick that her master so desired. Unfortunately for the simple girl, there were a lot of sticks beneath the shrubbery. Long ones, short ones, ones with all sorts of little branches and such. Tharja had no idea which one was the one her master had thrown! She couldn't leave her master waiting though. Thinking fast, she picked the largest stick she could see, a beautiful thing with a little leaf on its tip and started making her way back. It didn't really matter if this was the correct stick or not, since bigger sticks were better.

Strutting back triumphantly, Tharja returned to her master and presented the stick she'd brought in her mouth. Robin knelt down and took the stick out of Tharja's jaw, giving her lots of head pats and praises.

"Good girl!" Robin congratulated her, stroking her head all over. She scratched Tharja behind her ear, ruffling her head and caressing her cheeks. Truly, Tharja was a spoiled girl.

But it wasn't enough for her. Climbing onto Robin's leg, Tharja began whining as she humped her organ against Robin. Her needy dick throbbed gently on Robin's skin, eager to be pleased. Tharja had been a good girl, so she was *very* hungry for her reward. Robin blushed as she realized what her partner wanted. She felt a bit embarrassed, by the prospect, but her dampening womanhood also indicated that she was a bit aroused.

"Right here?" Robin nervously asked Tharja.

The response was more than obvious. Tharja salivated all over Robin's pants, ready to pounce on her master at any second. She no longer held any self-control, any patience. Her incredible lust and small mind had turned her into a creature of pure passion, one that could not hold her emotions in once they

had gotten hold of her. Part of that was what made Robin attracted to Tharja in the first place (at least that's what she thought.) The tactician looked at her wife- no, her pet lustfully. Yeah, right here was the answer.

With a blush on her face, Robin began to lead Tharja away from the camp and into the nearby forest. Her heart beat faster, pulse quickening as her organ twitched with anticipation at the coming sexual exchange. Behind her, Tharja followed with delight, penis quivering at the thought of her master's exquisite reward. When the two had walked far enough into the forest, Robin began to undress hastily. She couldn't take it anymore. Her arousal levels were off the roof. She NEEDED Tharja to fuck her right then and there. With a plop downwards, Robin got on all fours on the grimy forest floor, presenting her bare rear to Tharja.

"C'mon girl." Robin cooed with a tone of need, spreading her pussy open with two fingers. *"Mount me."*

Before Robin could even finish expressing her lust, Tharja had already climbed on top of her. Enthusiastic pants left Tharja's mouth, eyes wide open with wonder. Her master was so sexy! Tharja absolutely loved her rewards! The girl began thrusting towards Robin's pussy, missing a few times due to her bad motor skills and lack of calculation. But on her fourth try, Tharja finally skewered Robin's hole with her cock, eliciting pleased moans from both girls. Robin bit her lip. She was *so* going to enjoy this.

Once inside, Tharja skipped any of the foreplay and teasing that came with sex. She instantly ramped up things to one hundred, plowing Robin's snatch with as much force as her hips could muster. She did possess the intelligence of an dog after all. Not a single thought about build up, or gentleness or payoff existed in her mind. She was an animal of pure lust. She wanted to mate, so she was going to mate as hard as she could. Flesh pounding against flesh, liquids splashing between their thighs, Tharja claimed Robin's pussy like the wild beast she was.

"Arf... arf... arf..." Tharja panted as she ferociously ravaged Robin's cunt.

How she loved the act of mating. To take a bitch and fill her up with your puppies... It made Tharja extremely excited. And the best part was her master was perfect for it as well! Her master's beauty was so radiant and angelic whenever Tharja saw her she couldn't help but become aroused, which meant that any puppies she produced would be wonderful. And her master was as much into mating as Tharja was, so the two would be constantly mating multiple times a day. What's more, Robin's pussy could take Tharja's cock perfectly. The soft mound always enwrapped Tharja's penis with a soft gentle warm that could always squeeze every last drop of from her babymakers. Nothing Tharja had fucked before could ever compare. It was as if the two were made for each other, the perfect pair that was always meant to be. Tharja couldn't have asked for anything better.

Meanwhile, Robin trembled with delight beneath Tharja, her body shooting forward with every one of Tharja's thrusts. Sometimes Robin wondered why she put up with someone as dull as Tharja, why she even bothered to marry a girl that was so much work. However, any doubts she had would always be instantly dispelled whenever the two had sex. Who would have thought that someone so simple could be such an amazing sex god? The way Tharja fucked Robin's pussy was ethereal, filling it up and ravaging it with such reckless abandon that Robin would always feel sore after they were done. She was quite literally a sex animal. The only time the two weren't having sex was when they were apart from each

other or when they were recharging from the sex they'd had. Nobody could even come close to satisfying Robin's lust as much as Tharja.

As pleased moans echoed loudly through the Yllissian forest, Tharja began to fuck Robin with more intensity. She pumped her hips wildly, each one of her thrusts sending blasts of pleasure to each of the girls' bodies. The sight was absolutely magical. Sweat beads flying in every direction, a bassy shklicing noise rustling through the leaves. Were it up to them, the two would continue to endless mating until the end of time. But with such strong emotions flying high, the limit of their pleasure was slowly approaching. Tharja's dick throbbed, the walls of Robin's pussy gently squeezing around it. They could feel it coming. Just a little more and they would be blessed with the gift of orgasm.

Then, letting out a savage animalistic cry, Tharja began to climax into Robin's whole. The girl hugged Robin tightly, grunting and drooling while her dick sputtered inside Robin's tightening womanhood. Robin too succumbed under the weight of orgasm, her pussy quivering as long shots of thick heavy sperm were pumped in her folds. The two girls froze in place, letting a sweet orgasm flow over them. It was like time stopped, pleasure clouding their minds, while jizz flooded Robin's organ to its brim.

Since Tharja's dick was still that of a human, there was no knotting to occur after their mating session. Nevertheless, Tharja refused to unplug her softening member out of Robin's hole, with only a few beads of seed dripping from the creampie. Tharja leaned forward and lovingly licked Robin's cheek, happy from another successful mating. But that wasn't enough for Robin. The tactician moved her head back and quickly shoved her mouth against Tharja's, locking the two in an amorous kiss. Tharja didn't complain about this at all. She was more than happy to close her eyes and exchange saliva with her master. After all, she'd finally gotten what she always wanted.