

# KINGDOM EXCHANGE

## BIG STORY #17

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The war with the Fell Dragon, Sombron, had finally come to an end.

But that did not mean that the work of all of those that lived in the world of Elyos had come to an end. In fact things were only *just* beginning, but now there wasn't the constant threat of battle and monsters looming over its people. It was significantly more peaceful work, but that didn't mean there wasn't work to do whatsoever. Kingdoms had to be rebuilt, nations had to learn how to work in tandem with one another once again.

In the spirit of such a monumental task the royals from each of the nations that composed Elyos' world had recently been visiting each other's kingdoms as of late. Rebuilding was a shared endeavor, and the queens, kings, princes, and princesses that had survived the war all understood that it was the perfect opportunity to rebuild relationships anew. There were no better circumstances to forge bonds than in the wake of great tragedy – as grim of a sentiment as that might have been on paper.

**“Everyone has the rings I brought on? Then allow us a bit of time to explore!”** Within the hollowed halls of Elusia's castle, it was Alear of Lythos that had shouted their rallying cry. As part of their efforts she had brought the crown princess and princess of Firene, Alfred and Céline, on a goodwill trip to the chilly Elusia. It was a kingdom that had lost most of its people in the war seeing as Sombron had saw fit to sacrifice its people, and those that remained were overly cautious about accepting help from others due to the prior king's rhetoric.

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**“How curious that Alear had us wear these rings, however...”**

The trio had ultimately split up, tasked with exploring the castle in search of damage that needed repairing. Prince Alfred had no issues with this task, he was happy to be of help! But he couldn't help but look at the ring on his right index finger – one with a clear gemstone on top. Apparently Alear had found them in the Ring Chamber after expressing her will to have the kingdoms get along, and so she had

assumed that they would be of use somehow.

Alfred couldn't see *how*, but far be it from him to question the wisdom of the Divine Dragon.

**“Oh, er... Could these be Princess Hortensia's quarters? Perhaps I should not linger here *too* long.”**

After stepping into a bedroom the princess had found his gaze lambasted by pink and purple paint, as well as bright blue furniture. Heart-shaped stickers were plastered everywhere, and rather *eccentrically* designed clothing was overflowing from a nearby closet by a white canopy bed. There was no denying that the room was designed with Elusia's youngest princess' sensibilities in mind.

He did not realize that upon stepping inside and shutting the door, however? That the clear gemstone on the ring he had been gifted had begun to glow a reddish pink. It was producing an energy that began to flow into the young man's body, beginning immediately to enact its purpose. Alfred, sensitive to his own physical state, noticed right away. **“What? Why do I feel so... *weak*?”**

The prince was a man who meticulously trained his body. He was a lover of muscles and so he naturally committed to building his own. Alfred's loose looking clothing disguised just how buff he was... or at least how buff he was *supposed* to be. The weakness he felt was not due to illness or anything of the sort – and in fact it occurred to him immediately. **“My muscles!?”** He could feel his skin becoming lax around arms that weren't as chiseled as they had once been, though it wasn't *just* his arms. All of the muscle in his body was deflating until he was soft and weak.

And *short*. **“What in the *world*!?”** He was normally 5'9”, but that stature diminished so quickly and so dramatically that for a second it almost seemed like his clothing was going to swallow him *whole*. Arms

were consumed by the sleeves of his tunic (hiding the glow of the ring from his sight) and his pants slipped from his hips along with his underwear – not that it mattered since that tunic was now big enough to function as a *dress* by the time all was said and done. **“I’m so *totally tiny, what the heck!?*”**

Alfred was completely shocked, which paved the way for him to not catch that he was speaking in a manner that was very *unlike* him, voice cracking all the while. He had shrunk all the way down to 4’9” and there wasn’t a shred of muscle to his body. He couldn’t reach shrunken hands out of his sleeves to see just how much smaller and *more effeminate* they had become. Though the same could be said about his feet too, buried in oversized boots as they were.

**“This is *waaaay impossible! H-Hey!?* Even my voice is all *squeaky!?*”** The chirping that left his lips *did* eventually find notice, most notably that he sounded like a *girl!* And a familiar one too, though he couldn’t yet place it. Mind you, his significantly shorter stature and cuter voice was the side effect of something else. It was evident in Alfred’s face; he appeared to be significantly *younger*. Around the age of fourteen or so. **“But my muscles... they... um... Wait, muscles are kinda icky, why would I care? Being cute is way better!”**

Was... Was that true? Did he really feel that way? It felt so contradictory to his very core being, but he didn’t feel any doubt in his heart! Was it because of what was happening to him? No, it *had* to be. But he— **“URP!?”** No, *she* couldn’t do much to resist it. A small hand would have reached down to her groin to investigate the tugging sensation between her legs that had occurred, but her sleeves covered too much and made her movements clumsy. Plus she felt like she understood on a fundamental level anyways. **“I’m a *girl!?*”**

Even *as* she exclaimed this realization, the changes worked to make this even more obvious. Her hips widened just a touch for one, making plenty of room for her thighs and bum to bloat. As she was only fourteen it wasn’t all that much, but it was enough to demonstrate promise and to solidify her changed sex. The same could be said about her chest, which puffed up into a compact but notable offering above a thinned waistline.

**“B-But this height... I’m a girl... the way I’m talking... *GASP!*”** Could it have been true? Was *that* really happening to her!?! Her youthful face became increasingly feminine while stumbling upon this realization, lips a little fuller, cheeks a little rounder. Any remaining trace of Alfred’s visage was wiped away, replaced instead by the cute, youthful glow of a girl who had only recently reached her teens. Bright eyes took on a purple color between lashes that had been slightly lengthened, and her button nose wriggled.

There was no point in denying the resemblance she now shared with the girl who was supposed to live in this room, and in fact? She could vaguely *recall* having spent her life there. These recollections grew stronger with time, just as the purplish pink color that had emerged midst her mane grew stronger. It didn't take long before those locks in their (almost) entirety were dyed pink, save for strands of a paler, pastel variation that formed highlights. Her hair grew *significantly* longer, falling to the center of her back while bangs framed her face.

Marking the end of her transformation.

**“Ohmygosh!? It's really true!? I'm... I'm *Hortensia!*”**

Not only did the young girl *look* the part of Elusia's youngest princess, but she was certainly *acting* like her as well. Everything from her mannerisms to the way she spoke reeked of the girl's boisterous personality. She couldn't even bring herself to care about muscles anymore, it just felt like a weird thing to be fixated on! **“I gueueess I can**

**still tell people that I'm *Hortensia*, though! Uh... I meant *Hortensia*, right? I can't say my old name!?”**



Try as she might, *Hortensia* just could not muster the sound of Alfred's name from her lips. Even worse, it felt like the longer she stayed like this the more distant her past life became. She was in no danger of completely forgetting, but it was undeniable that *Hortensia's* memories were becoming *stronger*. Enough so, in fact, that a rumbling in her stomach led the girl's simple mind astray.

**“Ah well! Maybe I'll worry about it after eating something *scrumptious* in the dining hall! But I *probably* can't go out like this, huh?”**

Good thing all of *her* clothes were in the room! And her heart stickers! She had to put one under her right eye *like always!*

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**“How odd. Firene's castle has the bedrooms close together, and yet according to the map I found, this is Princess Ivy's bedroom is it not?”** Princess Céline had been a little more prepared

for her tour of Elusia's castle than her brother had been. The smaller lady had asked for a map from one of the attendants so that she could mark down any rooms that might have needed reconstruction, and so she knew that this room was Princess Ivy's.



She might not have *needed* a map to discern as much, mind you. From the dim lighting to the large bed done up in purple, velvet sheets... It certainly spoke to the eldest princess' sensibilities. It was just odd from her perspective that Ivy's room was on the main floor while Hortensia's was upstairs. Back home, Alfred's room and her own were right next to each other. For better or for worse. **"It's a lovely room, however. I wouldn't mind staying in such a place."** It wasn't her *style* color and lighting

wise, but it was homey.

Whether or not Céline had stated such a desire though, the clear gemstone on the ring she was wearing would have begun to glow a dark purple, nonetheless.

**"Oh? The ring that the Divine Dragon gave me... Why is it...?"** More accustomed to wearing jewelry than her brother, Céline took notice of the light immediately. Though the changes it had already begun to take root beyond her notice. Such as? Well, the coloration of her skin had begun to appear a touch *sicklier* than it typically did. This pale looked out of place upon the teenager's body for a time, yet as *other* areas began to change in hue themselves it all began to gift her a more *gothic* vibe.

Take Céline's beautiful emerald eyes for example? Their greens darkened while a pinch of red overcame their greens. A dark pink, borderline purple coloration is what ultimately became dominant. It meshed better with her paler skin, though it left her sandy blonde locks clashing all the more. But the tips of this hair... they were darkening towards a *much* richer purple than the girl's eyes, and that color not only swept all of the way up to her roots, but straightened, thinned, and slightly shortened her hairstyle all the same.

The girl had yet to notice any of these changed yet though, her brow simply furrowed as she continued to stare at the glow upon a raised finger. **"What could cause it to act like this? *B-But under no circumstance would I ever question the Divine Dragon, of course!*"** Of course Céline revered Alear like any other, but the level of

faith she had just expressed was *not* common for her. “**Oh, hm...?**” She didn’t really *seem* concerned about it though?

A dark beauty mark had emerged upon the princess’ face beneath the leftmost side of her lips; lips that had swollen into a maturity that bled into her remaining facial features as well. Céline’s cuter facial shape lengthened a touch, chin sharpening and nose growing. Her purple eyes expanded in width but likewise narrowed, creating the impression that she might be slightly older with narrowed brows above. In fact, maybe about three years? From the neck up she more resembled a young adult around the age of twenty, three years older than the rest of her body was.

Or, well, was *supposed* to be.

**“By the Divine Dragon’s blessing... Is the ring doing this!?”**

The young woman took increasing notice of what was happening to her. Purple strands of hair in her peripheral vision caught her by surprise, but it was actually her own dress that had prompted her to blurt out such an Alear-centric phrase of shock. It felt as if her dress was shrinking, but she immediately realized that this wasn’t true. After all, the objects in Ivy’s room likewise appeared to be lower to the ground, and her detached sleeves were sliding down her arms...

She was *growing*. Being a princess of only 5’1” she certainly wasn’t a *tall* girl, but an additional *seven inches* were applied so that she rose up to 5’8”. This was enough to bring her skirt up to show the base of her panties, and her thigh highs were yanked down towards her knees as well. **“I’m so... tall.”** Spoken now with a more mature purr to her voice, despite remarking on her height *because* it was strange, a part of the woman’s mind wanted to believe she had *always* been that height. The room around her looked more and more familiar too.

It quickly became clear that her current dress was now impractical for *multiple* reasons though. What bound Céline’s small chest was little more than a criss-cross of elegant black cloth that could be found around her arms and legs as well, but this cloth *quickly* found itself strained under the swell of mass forming beneath it. **“My breasts are swelling larger?”** Her reaction was so *subdued* despite how alarming it should have been. Because she felt like her breasts had *always* been much larger.

The *certainly* grew, and as if to keep pace with her burgeoning bust her ass and thighs bloated in a similar manner. Panties were made quick work of, flossed between fulfilled cheeks by the time they had almost quadrupled in size with the excess flowing into meatier thighs. This all prompted her hips to widen a handful of inches, and as a response her tummy broadened a bit as well. The sound of fabric tearing was obvious

not long after, for once practically non-existent breasts were given no choice but to rip through the black bindings across her chest. They bounced several times once free from gravity's effect on them, which was of little surprise seeing as they were perky D-cups.

Not that she needed more proof, but what had happened to the woman finally clicked in that moment.

**“I... So I'm truly Princess Ivy? But how is such a thing... It had to have been the ring that the Divine Dragon...?”** *Ivy* had obviously noticed it glowing midst it all, but something had compelled her *not* to remove it. Now that it no longer glowed its gemstone was the same color of the light that had been radiating. Rather than get too hung up on it though? Just *mentioning* the Divine Dragon was enough to get her a little *excited*. Not in a sexual way, but her heart had begun to beat extremely fast. The amount of reverence that Elusia's oldest princess had for the Divine Dragon might have been the strongest on all of the continent.



She couldn't help but think of the Divine Dragon. Alear was in *her* castle at the moment, was she not? What a good opportunity! Perhaps they could spend some time alone together? **“E-Erm, no... I'm actually Ivy, not... My name is Ivy? Ivy...”** The woman couldn't say a different name. And the more she repeated her new one, the more distant her past life felt.

**“Oh dear...”**

She'd certainly need to get changed before anything, though.

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About an hour had passed since the three that had come to visit Elusia's castle had parted, and the Divine Dragon, Alear, had begun to grow a little worried. They were supposed to meet about thirty minutes after setting out and that time had come and gone. As a result, the girl had begun to go looking for the prince and princess all on her own. **“Hopefully they didn't run into trouble...”** Not that she could imagine what *kind* considering there were no dangers left, much less in this fortified castle.



Before long she passed the entrance to the dining hall, just in time to see Princess Hortensia leaving. She'd raised a hand to greet the princess before realizing. Weren't Hortensia and Ivy off visiting another kingdom at present? Why would Hortensia be... **"Oh! There you are Goldmary! Come on, let's go for a horseback ride!"**

The princess continued on after saying this. It left Alear to look around with confusion. Who had Hortensia been talking to? Goldmary *wasn't* in the hallway with them. Though the ring on her finger *had* begun to glow a very, *very* pretty gold. **"Uh... Is it supposed to do that? Is the part that helps me better understand the people of Elusia?"**

Perhaps technically. *In a sense.*

The Divine Dragon knew it was doing *something*, because she could feel magic flowing into her body from the glowing gemstone. The last minute thought of 'maybe I should have figured out what the rings actually do first' unfortunately had come too late. A three inch jump in height from 5'5" to 5'8" immediately made that clear to her.

**"Did I just get... taller? Heehee!"** She definitely *had* and that alone was shocking, but she reflexively covered her mouth as she giggled right after making that statement. Why had she giggled? There wasn't anything particularly funny about it? *But taller women are certainly more beautiful, so isn't that a good thing?* There was no reason for *that* thought to have crossed her mind either!

Speaking of 'beauty', or at least what standards tended to lean into regarding that subject, Alear was quick to note that her armor had begun to feel tight around her chest. **"What...? Why? It feels like... But it couldn't be *that*, could it?"** She *had* just grown taller and so she couldn't immediately take the possibility off the table. That her *tits* had grown larger too, which *was* the truth. Armor plating made it difficult to see, but her cup size had increased *twice*. Fuller, fleshier orbs were compressed uncomfortably within – and a brand new beauty mark had appeared on the inside of one of them.

**"If I'm getting *hotter*, then what's the problem though? Heehee, I just love the idea of it!"** That wasn't *really* how she felt, was it? It wasn't, but it *was*? The Divine Dragon shook her head and



stared down at the ring. **“What is it doing to me!?”** Yet the golden glow was soon reflected in her heterochromia-induced eyes, changing them both to the same golden color as she stared.

While she had immediately noticed her swollen breasts, it wasn't *just* her boobs that had grown in that moment (they had just been more distracting). She felt a slight wedgie in her underwear but not because they slipped on their own. There was simply more *cheek* to her ass, and the back of her skirt couldn't even cover all of now. Panties struggled to hug her hips too, namely because they had widened several inches to suit this bigger bottom, and thighs had swelled to suit plusher pastures too.

Overall? She had a much *softer* figure. It was voluptuous compared to what it had been before, but her strength hadn't been robbed from her. Instead? She almost felt *stronger*? Like she could effortlessly swing an even larger weapon than she was accustomed to. **“Heehee, I bet I look stunning! Is there anything wrong with thinking that way?”** She was increasingly beginning to feel like no, there wasn't. Along with the vague surfacing of memories of this castle. She had spent a lot of time here chasing the princess she had been assigned to!

Multicolored eyes already replaced with a consistent color; the robbing of a toothpaste color scheme tackled her hair next as locks both shortened to reach just the center of her back while simultaneously growing more voluminous. Red and blue alike faded in contrast, undertones ultimately fading away to be replaced by a plainer yet glossier brown. Bangs were swept across her eyes to the left, hiding a forehead that was... *larger*?

Alear's head as a whole was a touch bigger now to match her larger body, but her face had a fuller and rounder look to it overall. Golden eyes grew and lashes danced to flutter like butterfly wings whenever she blinked, and while her nose actually shrunk? Her lips bloated significantly, earning a natural gloss that made them all the more enticing. This all left her to look a couple of years older, and identical to one of the retainers that served Elusia's princesses.

**“I need... to go catch up with Princess Hortensia? N-No, I'm not the ever beautiful and adorable Goldmary, my true name is Goldmary!”** The haughtiness that escaped fuller lips was truly iconic of the person speaking it. *Goldmary* was not known for being humble, although she certainly seemed to *act* like she was –



and this personality had been fully imprinted over that of the Divine Dragon.

She gave her full chest a squeeze. A touch perverse maybe, but it filled her with pride? It was part of her many, many charms. No amount of confusion on her part could possibly change that now. But she still recognized that she was Alear deep down. Even if her sense of self as Hortensia's retainer, Goldmary, was far stronger. As much as she wanted to be troubled by the fact that she couldn't say her old name, which meant she couldn't tell anyone what had happened to her?

**“My name is adorable, so why worry about it?”** A wry and seductive smirk ultimately played upon her lips. Hortensia had requested her presence, and as the girl's retainer she had no reason to decline. **“I'd best go catch up to her! Perhaps Princess Ivy would like to join us as well? Oh, I suppose I should change into some of *my* clothing along the way. It simply wouldn't do to go gallivanting around dressed as the Divine Dragon.”** At least when she no longer *was* her.

What would happen to the *real* Ivy, Hortensia, and Goldmary though?

Well, unfortunately Alear had sent these rings to *all* of the kingdoms.