

“Ah- To hells with this!!”

Like a barbarian making a deathly howl in the midst of a battlefield, a burly, masculine voice pierced the calm and serene atmosphere of the Ylislean army’s camp. Pure aggressiveness oozed from its intonation, accompanied by this threatening undertone that carried a spine-chilling danger. And still, not a single person reacted to the blood curling scream. The soldiers of Chrom’s company continued about their day as normal, entirely unaffected by what sounded like a cry of war.

“When are ya’ gonna learn that I can’t go talkin’ and actin’ all fancy like you, Ma!?!?”

For the source of this sound was no enemy commander or some kind of bandit lord. Instead, it had originated from a unique, gruff-looking young man known as Brady.

Holding his head low with an expression of trembling anger, Brady stomped away from his mother’s tents. Despite being one of the army’s most renowned healers, just like his mother Maribelle, Brady’s appearance was anything but demure. Brady’s short blonde hair was spiky and wild, pointing upwards almost like a mohawk. His sharp, masculine face was accentuated with a large vertical scar that ran across his entire left eye. Even his natural expression seemed to exude pure rage, and the fact that he acted like a callous ruffian didn’t help things much either. To the uninformed observer, Brady was the perfect example of a rowdy, uncivilized commoner.

In a way, he was the exact opposite of his mother, Maribelle. Whilst Brady’s appearance was frightening and imposing, Maribelle looked like a proper noble of the court. Whereas Brady spoke like the uneducated rabble of the lower class, Maribelle’s diction and language echoed the highest echelons of nobility. To someone like Maribelle, who prided herself in her status and class, having a son that acted like a plebian was nigh-unthinkable. Which is why she’d started providing Brady with serious schooling in order to turn him from this unrefined ruffian to the perfect noble son she’s always dreamed of

Brady himself wasn’t particularly against the idea. As rigid and cold as his demeanor might have appeared, the truth was he still loved his mother very dearly. If acting like this goody-two shoes boy was all he needed to make her happy, then he’d give it his best shot... The problem was that no matter how hard he tried, Brady simply couldn’t act the way his mother wanted him too! That thuggish attitude of his was sown into Brady’s soul. Anytime he spoke in a grammatically correct manner, he’d just find himself running out of breath. The very essence of Brady’s soul was incompatible with the persona Maribelle desired. And it only caused tension to ignite between the two.

As frustration built within Brady, the man angrily kicked a bottle at his feet. The bottle slowly rolled forth, until it stopped before a pair of cute, blonde-furred puppies excitedly playing with each other. Unlike Brady who was really mentally struggling with all of his issues, the pair of dogs seemed completely unperturbed by the world’s problems. Each puppy barked and yipped happily, bouncing and tussling against their fellow dog with bright, earnest smiles on their faces. The scene was wholesome enough, it momentarily eased some of Brady’s woes and put a small smirk on his face. In fact, it made him a little bit jealous. He could tell from their wagging tails there was no semblance of animosity between them. No little issues like societal expectations or noble behaviors to tarnish their relationship.

“Well, aren’t you two the cutest lil puppies ‘round.” Brady knelt down towards them, feeling a strange kinship with the blissful creatures. If only he’d notice their strange, ghostly glow, perhaps he wouldn’t

have let his guard down... “Wish I could get along with my Ma’ just as much as you two pups get along with each other...”

Immediately, the two dogs stopped dead in their tracks, bodies freezing up as if they’d been petrified. Their faces sharply turned towards Brady at the exact same time, more akin to automatons than real living creatures. It was only at this point that Brady noticed there was something *severely* wrong with both of these dogs. Instead of normal eyes, the two puppies possessed only glowing white dots which drilled into the depths of Brady’s soul. An ethereal, almost otherworldly glow encompassed them whole, whilst the bodies themselves were semi-transparent in nature. Far from regular dogs, these two seemed to resemble a pair of spirits.

But before Brady could even make heads or tails of it all, one of the dogs lunged straight at him. The priest yelped and stumbled backwards in a panic. He expected the dog to simply crash into him and topple them both onto the floor. Instead, as soon as the pup made contact with Brady, it phased right through his skin and into his chest. A cold, chilling sensation coursed through Brady’s heart, forcing him to cough loudly. His hands flew to his pecs, where the dog had seemingly disappeared, but there was not a single mark. The clothes that he wore were just as they had been before, his skin totally intact save for a strange, cold feeling. Sharply turning around, Brady scanned the area thinking- No, *hoping* that maybe the dog had simply gone past him. And yet again, there was no dog, as if it had never existed in the first place.

The only remnant of the pup spirit’s existence that remained was the continuous chilly palpitations that thumped from within Brady’s chest. In a feeble attempt to quell a little bit of his ailment, Brady clutched his bust as tightly as he could. Unfortunately, this did little to actually soothe his aching. The more this strange sensation bubbled inside of his body, the stronger and larger it became. Little by little he could feel it reaching into other recesses of his body, its cold tendrils tightly wrapping around his most intimate places. It was as if a time bomb had been set inside of Brady, and it was slowly gathering more and more energy until it was ready to explode!

“Ah- Angh- Awoooo!!!” Unable to contain all of this building pressure, Brady turned his head towards the sky and let out a pained howl that sounded thoroughly animalistic in nature.

In an instant, all of that freezing cold tingling Brady had been experiencing shifted into an unbearable heat. Those twisting sensations that seemed to tug at his insides were now bursting from within him, pushing against the contours of his body like water brought to a boil. Bones began to crack loudly, innards gurgling with gross, unpleasant sounds of dampness. This was more than some sickness, much worse than any curse Brady had crossed before. Somehow, it seemed like Brady’s very physical form was being altered, twisted into a creature that was entirely inhuman.

The true breadth of Brady’s curse only began to manifest as a thick layer of blonde fur grew throughout every inch of his skin. Initially it only came in small patches, growing out from places that were already hairy like Brady’s crotch and pits. But it did not take long for it all to grow out of hand. In a matter of seconds, the entirety of his legs and arms were quickly wrapped up with thick blonde hair. His back and torso were quickly overtaken as well, bushes growing so thick his skin was no longer visible. Even Brady’s human face wasn’t spared, his entire visage soon obscured by an ocean of blonde. Though the fur was exactly the same color as Brady’s hair, its consistency and thickness was like that of an animal.

This animalistic sensation continued as Brady's face cracked and shifted unnaturally. His mouth stretched forward, the lower side of his face stretching out to form a conical muzzle. The teeth within sharpened into the pointy canines and incisors of a predator, whilst his tongue grew longer, thinner and more dexterous. Instead of a regular human nose, Brady's nose shrank into soft, mushy black pyramid that was accompanied by little whiskers. And even his ears hadn't remained untouched, stretching forth like clay until they flopped in on themselves.

As the series of hot, pressuring sensations continued to manifest throughout Brady's whole form, the man started to feel as if he was suffocating. Not only was the heat of the transformation itself getting to his mind, but his new fur also made his body hotter than ever before. It made the sensation of wearing clothes absolutely unbearable. In an instinctive attempt to take them off, Brady began to claw away at the clothes, pulling and scratching them without any regards for their wellbeing. His hands began to change in the process, nails growing into sharp claws while soft paw pads surged from his palms. Slowly, Brady's hands grew to resemble paws more and more, certainly animalistic but still dexterous enough for human activity.

*RIIIIIP!!!*

Claws sharpened and desperation rising to its boiling point, Brady growled loudly as he slashed through his priestly garbs in a feral rage. His clothes came apart at the seams, scraps of cloth flying about every direction. Though it certainly brought a little bit of relief from the infernal heat that was accosting him, the alleviation was only temporary. Instead, Brady's attention was taken by his chest, which seemed to throb with ever increasing fervor. The more his heart continued to thump, the larger each of his pecks continued to swell. Each one of his breaths he could feel his bust expanding, their shape shifting to a smoother and spherical form while his nipples became engorged and thicker. Even before they had fully bloomed into their true size, Brady already got a good idea of what they might have been. With a huge red blush covering his canine face, he slowly turned downwards, desperately hoping it wasn't what he thought it was...

Only to see an enormous set of F-Cup titties proudly sprouting from his chest. Hands moving completely on instinct, Brady promptly wrapped his fingers around the enormous balls of flesh that now rested atop his body. The creamy, puffy sensation of fat was all he needed to confirm that the two enormous globs on his form were indeed a pair of feminine tits. There was no other way to explain the incredible sensations of heat he felt as he groped and squeezed them, his sensitive nipples hardening with desire from every touch.

Brady's body didn't simply grow one pair either. Without pause, the same exact sensation he'd felt in his chest quickly manifested further below, causing another set of breasts to pop beneath Brady's existing tits. And then another, and another- In just a matter of seconds, Brady had developed a full four rows of perfectly round and feminine breasts that ran across his entire torso. Each set was slightly smaller than the last, from Brady's first fat F-Cups, down to D's, C's, and a cute pair of B's. They all jiggled with mass, nipples perked and covered to the brim in fur. While it might have been strange for someone to have so many, it only made sense for a doggy to possess several different teats.

The realization sent a shiver down Brady's spine, body quivering between pleasure and dread. From the tip of his butt, a little tailbone wormed out of his body, growing thicker and larger until it had turned into a fluffy tail. At this point it was blatantly clear that Brady was turning into a canine creature. And though

Brady felt as if he should be totally against it, a part of him shivered with unyielding lust. Brady's cock, one of the last fully human aspects of his body, had grown into a full mast erection. It throbbed up and down with might, absorbing all of Brady's new animalistic desires.

However, as Brady's lust continued to grow, his penis actually seemed to be... Getting smaller? The length of his cock collapsed in on itself, its girth losing inch after inch with each passing second. Even Brady's balls, a once perfectly normal and rounded sack, slowly shrank and shriveled inwards from where they came. Slowly the organs coalesced into Brady's crotch, merging and shifting until they'd reformed into a tight sopping slit that ran into the depths of Brady's form. Poor Brady mewled needily as he felt this brand-new tunnel digging into his body, sticky juices coating its inner walls whilst entirely new organs were carved out. Instead of a human dick, Brady now possessed an oozing doggy pussy.

As the last of Brady's changes stabilized, the rattled priest could only look down at himself with horror. His fluffy dog tail whisked left and right, energized by a mixture of lust and concern. The four rows of breasts on his chest wobbled wildly with each of his movements, whilst his canine pussy quivered and trembled in need. Not only had he been transformed into an anthropomorphic dog of some sort, he'd been turned into a female, a woman, a bitch in heat. His face was long and animalistic, with slender eyelashes and plump lips to denote his gender. The scar on his face might have remained, but he was no longer gruff in any manner.

"W-W-What's *GRUFF*- w-wrong with me?!?" Brady screamed in a voice that was much growlier but also higher pitched than ever before.

"Brady...? Is that you...?"

But just as things seemed like they were at their lowest point, they were soon to become even worst. Sharply turning around towards his mother's tent, Brady could see the beautiful and pristine Maribelle exiting from her room. Her brilliant blonde drills glimmered in the afternoon sun, feminine pink dress looking as dapper as ever. She bore a sorrowful expression on her face, as if she held some sort of regret within her.

"I just wanted to apologize for how I acted." Maribelle spoke tenderly as she slowly walked towards Brady. "It is not apt for a noble lady to act so brashly towards her own son. I did not mean to be so curt so, do you think it would be possible for you to forgive me...?"

It was a genuine and heartfelt confession from a mother to her son. Brady would have been incredibly moved by the gesture, had he not noticed the second ghostly puppy slowly approaching his mother. Filled with a jolting sensation of panic, Brady shot towards Maribelle with despair, hoping he could save her from a similar fate. But it was too late. Before Maribelle even realized it was there, the ghostly puppy lunged towards her, smashing straight into her torso and merging with the depths of her body.

The effects began to manifest instantaneously. All Brady could do was watch in abject horror as fur started to spread throughout Maribelle's body. The same sensations of heat and discomfort that had just been harassing Brady were now all over his mother. Several prominent animalistic features replaced Maribelle's human visage, from her hands becoming paws to her mouth growing into a canine muzzle. It was clear as her doggy ears flopped out and a long tail swished underneath her dress that Maribelle was transforming into a dog person like Brady.

“B-B-Brady...?!” Maribelle groaned aloud, body and mind fighting tooth and nail to resist these overpowering transformative sensations. “W-W-What’s-?! *GROOWWLL*-ing on?!?”

In a sudden outburst of rage, Maribelle sharply tore through her beautiful pink dress with her growing claws, allowing Brady to get a clear view at the rest of her transforming body. Unlike Brady, whose breasts grew larger and fatter with the transformation, Maribelle’s chest actually got smaller. Her respectable C-Cups shrank inwards until they’d become a pair of square, boyish pecs, though she still grew a row of four nipples. Her slim figure bulked up with rough, defined mass, growing larger and more imposing than ever before. Whereas Brady had become much more feminine, it seems like Maribelle was becoming a lot more masculine.

And there was nothing that exemplified better than when a huge, throbbing red rod sprung out of Maribelle’s pussy. Brady’s eyes shot wide with amazement as he watched the thick member grow larger and fatter. Its tip was much sharper and triangular than that of a human penis, its length colored a deep shade of rose red. With a huge sopping pop, a thick, spherical lump plopped out of Maribelle’s hole, serving as the member’s fat, wide base. It didn’t take a genius to realize this was no regular human penis, it was a girthy throbbing dog cock.

The last remnants of Maribelle’s femininity were completely sealed as a plump set of balls sprung out of her pussy. The fat sack hung comfortably underneath Maribelle’s new penis, forever sealing the hole from which Brady had once come from. Brady himself could scarcely believe it, even though the same thing had just happened to him. His mother hadn’t just been transformed into a dog person, she’d been turned into a virile, attractive male, a stud, an alpha. A part deep inside his biology could feel it, pussy quivering with desire. She was the perfect companion for him now.

Brady didn’t give these feelings much mind though. Instead, he rushed towards his mother with concern.

“Ma’! Ma’!!!” The doggy waddled closer to Maribelle, his heaving breasts swaying left and right with even the slightest of motions. “Are ya’ alright?! I-I’m so sorry-! Those darned pups must’a been curse or something’!”

Initially, Maribelle turned towards Brady with a sensation of relief. It was nice to know that her son was fine, even after both of their bodies had been thoroughly disfigured. But as Maribelle continued to look up and down Brady’s figure, something awoke deep inside her. Her cock began to throb in defiance, testosterone inundating her brain. Slowly Maribelle’s face began to twist from a look of elegant composure to a much more dominating and fierce expression. It was as if a bestial part of her core was starting to take over.

“B-Brady!” Maribelle gasped quietly. She bit her lip, body quivering as she tried to fight against the overwhelming desires that came with her new form. Unfortunately, the combined stimulation from her senses and Brady’s beauty made it an impossible task. “I-I- *GRRRRR*- I-!!! I WANT TO MATE!!!”

Brady’s head shot back in disbelief. Had his mother really said that? The proud and proper lady who always acted in such a stuck-up manner? But before Brady could even muster a response, his body was already moving in according to her wishes. In a completely submissive display, Brady dropped onto all fours before Maribelle. He pointed his sopping pussy towards his mother, tail swishing left and right as if to denote his abject excitement.

“What n’ the hell?!?” Panic started to surge within Brady. No matter how hard he tried to budge, his body simply wouldn’t move. Despite his inhibitions towards his new form, there was no way to deny the pheromones that were puffing out of his doggy pussy.

Pheromones which were only driving Maribelle more and more insane. As she got a direct whiff of Brady’s pure, luscious smell, it felt as if her very self was getting twisted.

“Alright, that’s enough outta you Brady!” Maribelle spoke in a voice that was much gruffer and manlier than she’d ever used before. “I think it’s time I taught you how to be a proper noble *bitch!*”

Firmly taking a hold of Brady’s body, Maribelle squeezed Brady’s now fatter and rounder ass with both hands. Brady gave out a little yip as he felt the pointed tip of his mother’s dog cock push against his needy pussy. His breathing became heavier, heart thumping through his chest whilst lubrication continued to overflow from his vaginal lips. It was so odd! Though he found the idea of fucking his own mother disconcerting, his entire body pulsed in anticipation.

When Maribelle finally thrust her thick red rocket into the depths of Brady’s fold, all the doggy could do was moan in utter bliss. His tongue rolled out of his mouth, hanging low as and far away as possible. The way his tail wagged left and right with such vivid excitement made it look like it was about to fall off. Maribelle was absolutely brutal in her fucking. There was none of her usual noble restraint and composure. Every time her hips slammed into Brady’s ass, his four rows of breasts would jiggle and wobble without control. His entire body. It was as if she’d taken on full ownership of his form.

“W-W-What n’ the hell!!!” Brady gasped loudly in between his heavy breaths and girlish moans. Even in this weakened state, he wasn’t ready to give up! “M-M-Ma’!!! Y-Ya’ g-g-gotta stooooop~~~”

Brady’s pleas only served to anger the already aggressive Maribelle though. “Gad dang it Brady!” The dog barked with ferocity. “How many times I gotta tell you to act like a proper noble bitch when we breed?!?”

As if to accentuate her point, Maribelle began to slam her cock into Brady’s cunt with even more strength. The sloppy sounds that rang out of his pussy being demolished were loud enough to deafen Brady. Eyes rolling to the back of his head, Brady really tried his hardest to endure it all. The problem was how amazing it felt to get his insides rearranged by Maribelle’s doggy dick. Brady absolutely loved the way her tip would jab inside him, piercing his inner walls and rubbing against his deepest recesses. The way her knot pushed against his entrance with every thrust, preventing her cock from fully retreating, was nothing but orgasmic. It was enough to make even the hardheaded Brady crack.

“I-I-I’m sorry mother!!!” Brady cried, effortlessly easing into a submissive and feminine persona that was the complete opposite of his real self. “I-I promise to be a g-g-good bitch~~”

N-No! Brady couldn’t let himself go like this! If things went on, his real self would definitely be erased and he’d be left as nothing more than a mindless, horny doggy bitch. It might have been impossible for him to escape for himself, but surely there had to be something he could do!

The source of Brady’s salvation came in the form of Brady’s father, Robin, who seemed to be walking out into the courtyard. Eyes glimmering with hope, Brady barked and growled at Robin to get his attention. It was a little difficult to manage, for Brady’s whimpers would barely be louder than the meaty sounds of

Maribelle demolishing his pussy. But eventually things started to turn up once Robin finally turned towards Brady.

Or so it seemed at first. Despite getting a clear view of these animalistic versions of his son and wife having sex with each other, Robin's demeanor was inexplicably calm. The white-haired tactician slowly approached Brady with a smile. His steps were slow and carefree, not a shred of haste in his mood. Stopping before Brady, Robin merely knelt down to the ground so the two would be closer to eye level.

"Hey there Brady!" Robin spoke in a totally unfazed voice. "How is my favorite son doing today?"

Brady couldn't believe it. Why wasn't he giving any reaction to what was happening?! Why did he simply continue smiling at Brady as if everything was the way it should be?!? Robin's wife and son had been turned into anthropomorphic creatures! They were fucking each other in the middle of camp! There should have been something burning in Robin's eyes, but the only thing contained within his smile was a sense of normalcy and acceptance.

"I'm so happy to see you're getting along with your mother." He continued in a totally unassuming, tender tone. "As the only pups around, you gotta make sure you breed lots and make tons of babies, okay~?" Robin's hand landed atop of Brady's head, gently patting his scalp with a loving touch. Who's a good girl~? That's right Brady, you're a good girl~"

An influx of conflicting sensations flooded Brady's mind, causing his body to tremble in ecstasy. H-He was a good girl~! B-But he also wasn't a girl!! He desperately craved Maribelle's cock, but he loathed the idea of having sex with her! He wasn't supposed to even be a dog person in the first place! But his tight, quivering dog pussy disagreed, as did his wagging tail and drooling snout and floppy ears. Overcome with an endless assault of pleasure, Brady's struggling mind tried to decipher what it is he wanted. He was- He was-!!! He was a *bitch in heat*~

As Brady's pussy tightened around Maribelle's cock, trembling with a thorough and powerful orgasm, all of his previous doubt and resistance melted away from his mind. Whichever reality he had come from was slowly washed away and replaced. Any of his previous desires were replaced with ones more befitting his animalistic form. In his mind, Brady had always been his mother's loyal, submissive breeding partner. And he wouldn't have it any other way~

"HNGGGHHH~~ THAT'S RIGHT BRADY~~~" Maribelle growled commandingly, her cum blasting into the depths of his fertile womb to impregnate his eggs with her genetic material. "THAT'S THE WAY A NOBLE BITCH IS SUPPOSED TO ACT~~~"

The thick jets of white hot jizz that poured into Brady's pussy served as the glue to connect both mother and son. Brady, the rowdy and gruff priest was now totally satisfied and demure to his mother's commanding dick. Maribelle, who used to be pride herself in control and serenity, instead thoroughly enjoyed the intensity of her male hormones and needy cock. Though their changes might have been drastic, it seemed like the two would be able to understand each other much better from now on.