

A dazzle of speckled sunlight drifted through the window of the barracks, illuminating the room whole in a warm afternoon glow. Through the dusty shelves and bulky crates, the army's tactician Robin walked about, inspecting every nook and cranny of the barracks in search of a strategy book he'd misplaced. As usual, the room was in a state of complete disarray, with countless objects strewn about in a disorderly fashion. It seemed like everyone's junk somehow always ended up here, which made the place look like a total dump. Sometimes Cordelia or Frederik would come by to pick things up, but even then, the room somehow ended up messy the next day. No one really knew why this happened, but it wasn't a big deal. In fact, sometimes amazing legendary weapons of lore appeared, which could prove to be quite the aid. As such, everyone decided to leave the place as is. And if anything went missing, it was probably because it appeared in the barracks.

Thus we return to Robin, who thoroughly treaded through the contents of the room in search for his book. While Robin wasn't the tightest neat freak, he did care for a lot for his books. This volume he was looking for specially held a prominent place in his heart. It was a strategy book about tactical maneuvers employed by the Archaean King of yore, an amazing copy which blended history and tactics in a beautiful spectacle of words. Robin loved this book so much, he'd feel awful if he didn't find it. He ran about from corner to corner, wishing and praying that soon he'd find his dear tome. Unfortunately, in his rush Robin managed to trip on one of the many items that cluttered the floor. The white-haired tactician flailed his arms about and almost fell down, though he'd thankfully grabbed the table and kept his balance.

Robin made a sigh of relief. He needed to relax, it was bad for a tactician like him to lose his cool in moments of pressure. Taking a deep breath, Robin knelt down to find the source of his slip. It appeared to be a tiny ring made of ornate silver, with a precious blue gem displayed in its center that was half red and half blue. Robin marveled at the seamless transition between the colors, wondering how such an impressive geological feature must have formed. Perhaps he'd pick up a geology book sometime... Not thinking much of it, he put the ring in his pocket for investigation later and continued the search for his book.

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A breath of satisfaction escaped the tactician's mouth as he arched backwards, stretching his arms comfortably. The search for his book had been successful. Just like he'd thought, it had been laying around in the barracks somewhere. This realization that he hadn't lost his precious book filled the tactician up with so much joy, he couldn't help but read it all again. Robin closed his tactics book with subtle euphoria, his ears delightfully perking at the sound of a closing book after a good read. He sat back, pausing a few moments to let all the information sink in as he thought about the marvelous tales described in these amazing pages.

In this moment of idle reflection, his hands drifted into his pockets, where he found a strange object he didn't recognize. Robin's brow rose, a bit of confusion filling him. Pulling the object out, he saw that it was a ring- Oh that's right! This was the ring that had caused Robin to trip earlier! The book was so good Robin had basically forgotten all about it. His eyes sunk into the diamond's shining gleam, letting him finally admire the ring's beauty. It was a truly marvelous thing. The processes necessary to make such a stone must have been quite interesting... It sort of made him want to know more. Still on a high from his

reading, Robin decided to head out to the local library to see if he could find a book about gemstones. More things to read was always a plus on Robin's mind. He slid the ring onto his finger and put on his coat, walking exiting through the flaps of his tent when-

"Robin I must speak with you..."

Suddenly, a serious and feminine voice came through the outside of the tent. Robin took a step back, allowing for the Ylissian princess Lucina to walk through.

"Hello Robin. I hope I'm not interrupting anything." She spoke formally.

"Not at all Lucina! I actually just finished reading this very interesting strategy book, so you caught me at a good time." Robin reassured her. "Can I help you with anything?" He asked.

"Yes, I was wondering if you would be able to um... Teach me about strategy." Lucina said with a bit of embarrassment. "I see you talking about it with father all the time, but I'm particularly good with any sort of tactics... Since I might become the exalt someday, I think it'd be something useful to help. Oh-! But only if you want to! I don't wish to bother you if it's too much to ask..."

"No please, don't worry one bit. I'd love to help you out!" Robin answered with a smile. "I'm always up for talking strategy. Besides, you they say, one of the best ways of learning something is trying to teach it to someone else. Would you like to get started now?"

Lucina's face lit up. "Yes, that would be wonderful!" She said, extending her arms to shake Robin's hands.

As the two came into contact though, a strange light surged from the ring, surrounding and blinding them both. Once the light seceded, Lucina stood in front of Robin, completely naked, with her hand meshed and merged Robin's.

Lucina looked over her naked body. Though she would usually feel panic for such a strange occurrence to have happened, she felt awfully calm. There was a strange numbness to the air, a stagnant stillness, as if nothing odd was happening. Soon, a powerful pull started to bring Lucina's body towards Robin. The girl tried to pull back, but the force pulling her was much too strong for her to resist. The girl was completely powerless, so she let herself effortlessly be consumed into Robin. Little by little, her arm sunk into Robin's arm, body fading through his clothes and into his skin. Just like Lucina, Robin too felt an unnatural calmness. His face remained entirely blank as Lucina slowly merged into him, her torso blending into his, her limbs being swallowed up by his flesh. Though neither really understood what was happening, they could do nothing about it. And before long, Lucina's body was entirely absorbed by Robin, not a single trace of her remaining while Robin stood motionless in the room.

Then Robin's body then began contort. His hair became tinted with Lucina's signature blue hue and grew a bit longer, though it still retained some messiness and roughness. His left eye gained the brand of the exalt while his whole face took a girlier look. His body slimmed down and became less defined, turning more and more feminine until it looked very androgynous. His chest began expanding as he grew some B-Cup breasts, whilst a slit began forming under his balls, expanding vertically until it formed a vagina. An entire functional uterus formed and connected to it, turning Robin into a fully-fledged hermaphrodite.

Next his clothes began changing. His boots grew in length and became knee high, gaining blue coloration. His socks extended into dark blue leggings and his pants disappeared, as his lower areas were covered by an extending blue shirt dress. His cape's black was replaced by blue, with its inside becoming red colored. His gloves became blue and fingerless, and a tiara appeared on his head, along with a belt carrying the Parallel Falchion.

Finally, Robin's history changed. Robin was now Chrom's hermaphrodite daughter, Robina, born in a future of disarray. Robina loved her father dearly, though when she found of his death she traveled to a distant land, where she obtained her tactical prowess. She traveled back in time to save his father, though when she came back all of her memories were gone and carried Grima's blood. Little by little she's been remembering her past with the help of Chrom and his army, and she's hoping to prevent the future she came from.

Now every trace of Robin and Lucina were gone, and only Robina remained. The ring had merged both people and changed reality to fit. Robina's room was neatly divided, where half of it consisted of strategy books and tomes, while the other half consisted of weapons. Now done with the transformation, the ring disintegrated.

Robin staggered backwards, his body finally released from that infernal spell that had been placed on it. His body shivered madly. He looked down at his hands, staring at his dainty manicured fingers with a mix of confusion and terror.

"What the-?" He muttered in feminine voice.

"HELL IS GOING ON?!" Robin's head arched back, reeling from the massive shout he'd just heard from Lucina. Robin looked around the room, searching for Lucina's location. That was odd- Her screaming had rung loudly within his head, yet he somehow couldn't find her.

"Lucina, where are you?" Robin asked with concern for his friend.

"I-I don't know!" Lucina stammered back. *"I just can't- Control my body for some reason!"*

Robin furrowed his brow pensively. After listening to Lucina's voice again, he realized the sound wasn't coming in any particular direction. Instead, it felt like the noise was being transmitted directly into his brain. Robin slowly lifted his new soft hands into his vision.

"Lucina, what is your body doing now?" He asked her.

"Its raising my hands for some reason..." Lucina responded meekly.

"Oh god..." Robin gulped. "Lucina, I- I think we're stuck in the same body"

"WHAT?!" Lucina yelped with distress. *"That can't be possible!!"*

"It is!" Robin retorted. "I'm the one that's controlling your body!" Robin's eyes darted around the room with hurry, before focusing on the mirror that formed part of his desk. The tactician then rushed towards the mirror, hoping to get a good look at his body.

As his eyes gazed upon this new reflection, Robin's mouth unwittingly drew open. He could even hear Lucina make a gasp of pure shock in his mind. The person staring back at them was neither Robin or Lucina. Instead, it appeared to be a combination of the two. Long flowing white hair with tinted blue

flashes, a petite soft feminine face, and a lithe womanly body with a bit of manly stockiness. It was impossible to deny Robin's claims now.

"I can't believe it..." Lucina breathed out almost wordless.

Robin's hands drifted onto his new face, his fingers pressing against it just to check if it was real. The answer was plainly obvious. He could feel everything with this new body, from the way his hands touched his face to the sensation of his soft skin on his lithe fingers. Robin's hands drifted downwards, where he could even feel the high quality of these clothes that looked like a mix of his and Lucina's. But his hands didn't stop there either. Robin's fingers wrapped around his new supple bust, letting him feel his new womanly protrusions from his bra. They weren't too big, but they sure were-

"ROBIN!!" Lucina yelled naggingly. *"Those are my breasts! Stop touching them!!"*

"GAHH!" Robin gasped, his mind thrust back into reality. *"Oh! Yeah-! Of course, my apologies..."*

"So what are we going to do now?" Lucina sighed heavily. *"How did this even happen?!"*

Robin rubbed his new softer chin, thinking about what could have been the cause for such a strange change. He hadn't done anything out of the ordinary yesterday, he'd just searched for his old book and found-

"The ring!" Robin gasped. *"It was the ring that did this!"* It had to be the ring. The artifact was pretty enough it felt like it could have had some magical properties. Moreover, the double-colored motif of the gem had not been lost on him.

"Which ring?" Lucina asked him. *"The one you found in the barracks earlier?"*

"Yes, that one! It had a-" Robin shook his head, doing a double take. *"Wait, how did you know I found a ring in the barracks earlier?"*

"I- Uh..." Lucina paused. *"I don't know... It just came to me somehow..."*

"Hmmm..." Robin pondered loudly. *"This could be a problem..."*

"Wh-What's wrong?!" Lucina asked with dread.

"It's only a theory, but..." Robin shook his head. *"It's fine. Don't worry about it. As long as I have the ring here, we should-"* Robin rubbed his hands together, finding them to be entirely empty of jewelry. *"Um... Oh..."* He patted his pockets, and all around his body searching for a place where he could spot the ring.

"Wait, don't tell me you lost it!" Lucina yelled with anger.

"Of course I didn't lose it!" Robin angrily snapped back. *"It must have teleported somewhere else or something!"*

"Then what are we gonna do?!" Lucina yelled again, though this time her tone was filled with fear.

"We just have to find it!" Robin spoke calmly. *"I'm sure it couldn't have gone that far. If we can find the ring, we can probably find a way to turn back."*

"A-Alright... Let's go then!" Lucina replied eagerly. *"You're the only one that can control this body so, get to it."*

"Ah! Right!" Robin giggled. With that, the two bodymates promptly exited the tent in hopes of returning to their normal bodies.

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"Huff... Puff..."

Robin ran headfirst through the aisles of the army's camp, dashing as fast as he could in search of that blasted ring. His petite breasts bobbed up and down lightly, the space beneath his male organ twitching with his every step. This feminine body was so strangely uncomfortable to Robin... He felt weaker, his limbs not able to carry as much force as they used to, and he was definitely shorter. Nevertheless, it wasn't a *bad* feeling per se. It was just foreign enough that Robin wasn't quite sure what to make of it for now.

"So, where are we going first?" Lucina interrupted Robin's thoughts.

"To the barracks of course." Robin answered matter-of-factly. "That's where I found the ring in the first place, so it only makes sense to look there first."

"Ah! That's a great plan." Lucina agreed. *"No wonder you're such a great tactician."*

Robin rushed past the nearby tents quickly, going faster than he'd ever gone before. Unfortunately, as he turned the corner at one of the crossroads, the tactician failed to see the obstacle before him and crashed right into another person. Robin staggered back from the impact, his whole body losing its balance. Though the other larger person seemed unaffected.

"Ough! I'm so sorry!" Robin cried in his feminine voice. "I didn't mean to-"

"Its fine." The shadowy figure turned around to face Robin, revealing himself to be none else than the dark Wyvern Rider Gerome. "Wait... Robina?"

A gasp escaped Robin's lips as his eyes fell upon Gerome's masculine frame. His cheeks turned a vibrant pink, his heart beating oh so lightly. Seeing Gerome's chiseled face sparked sensations in Robin he had never experienced before, despite the fact that Robin was already married, and to Gerome's mother Cherche no less! It was an odd situation to say the least, though the strangest thing had to be the fact that Gerome's hair now possessed the same blueish highlights that Robin's hair did. And did he just call him Robina?

"Here you are father!" Gerome continued. "Mother and I have been looking all day for you." Without any sort of pause, Gerome snatched one of Robin's hands into his own. "Come on, let's go."

Shivers and tingling began to run down Robin's spine as he felt Gerome's warm hand embrace his soft tiny palm. "Ah-! G-G-Gerome, w-wait! Pl-lease I-" Robin attempted meekly to fight back, but his voice was weak and his words were mumbled. Staring up towards Gerome, Robin could see his son now towered two heads above him, making him able to pull Robin along almost effortlessly. This beacon of

force surged a slew of sensations within Robin. His penis flared to life, bulging into an erection and straining against his panties. There was no question about what type of feeling Robin was experiencing now. He was feeling a deep lust for his son.

"Oh my god!" Lucina sighed happily from within Robin's mind. *"I can't believe we found Gerome~"*

It didn't take long for Robin to put two and two together. He'd never felt any type of attraction for another man, much less his son. So it was easy to figure out why these strange sensations had propped up as they did. *"Lucina, are you attracted to my son!?"* Robin asked inside his mind with annoyance.

"Ah! My apologies Robin, I didn't mean to be disrespectful." Lucina responded earnestly. *"Its just- Things were tough back in our world. With all the chaos and death, things would get lonely and sad, so Gerome and I spent a lot of time together..."*

"You're going out with him?!?" Robin yelled again.

"Er-! No, no! Its nothing as official as that..." Lucina sighed. *"We just didn't have anyone else to rely on, so..."*

Suddenly, a burst of images began to invade Robin's mind. They were pictures of himself, spending the night making amorous love with Gerome. He'd see himself be taken by the larger man, pounded into submission, being made to cry for more. It was magical... Except it wasn't. Robin shook his head, shaking off these undue feelings. It was clear which road this train was heading towards, and Robin didn't like it one bit. The longer he and Lucina spent together, the more the two's psyche combined. If he wanted to take things back to the way they belonged, he had to get off this track.

"G-Gerome! P-Please-!" Robin tried to fight back. *"I-I'm sorry but- I'm a little busy right now. I can't-!"*

It was too late though, for the two had already arrived at Cherche's tent. Ignoring Robin's comment, Gerome pushed through the tent flaps and into the tent, where his mother was patiently waiting on her bed. Robin shifted his gaze forwards towards Cherche, hoping to convince the woman of his plight. But as his eyes were set upon the pink-haired woman's lovely form, he felt words evade him. The curvaceous lady was not wearing her usual Wyvern Riding outfit. Instead, all that adorned Cherche's body was a sensual nightgown that left nothing to the imagination. Robin recognized such an outfit, it had been the same one that she'd wore on their wedding night. Getting to see every last inch of such a beautiful woman further lit Robin's arousal, as was apparent from his throbbing erection. If his arousal wasn't solid before, it had now been fully cemented.

"Well if it isn't my two favorite people in the whole world, Robina and Gerome!" Cherche greeted them excitedly. She slowly sat up onto the bed, uncrossing and crossing her legs slowly enough to give Robin a glimpse of her womanhood. *"I'm glad that the three of us finally got together like this~"*

Without saying a word, Gerome walk towards the bed and sat next to Cherche. He looked down quietly, a light blush coming upon his cheeks. Though Robin couldn't quite see his eyes thanks to Gerome's mask, he could tell the lad was obviously embarrassed.

"You see... Our dear son Gerome here has a little request for you." Cherche continued. She placed her hands on Gerome's shoulder supportively. *"Don't you darling?"*

"Hrrmmm." Gerome growled. "Yes... Now that we're back in the past and mom is alive, I know that you'll wish to be together with her. Still..." He took a deep breath, trying to sort out what he wished to say. "I- Ummm... Can't forget those times we spent together back then... What we did- Its been forever burnt into my mind. I know its selfish of me to ask, but... I was wondering if you'd be willing to do it with me one more time. And then... We can finally bring our relationship to an end."

"Huh?!" Cherche made a big frown. "Was that all you wanted to ask?"

"Yes!" Gerome shot back curtly. "That really is all I want."

Cherche shot a look of doubt at Gerome. "Very well, if that's what you wish..." She turned back to Robin, face as bright as ever. "So Robina, what do you say? Will you humble your son's request?"

Robin was absolutely wordless. He couldn't believe that Gerome had made such a proposition, nor that he'd done it with the encouragement of his mother. Despite the fact he was happily married to Cherche, here they were, mother and son, asking for such a demanding request. But that wasn't even the worst part-! No, the worst part was that the idea was actually kind of appealing to Robin. Robin's vague memories of having sex with Gerome buzzed about in his mind. His cock throbbed with arousal, pussy starting to quiver with lubrication. Seeing Gerome hunched over in embarrassment like that showed Robin how painfully honest his son was being. He really needed to have Robin... It made the tactician wonder, how would sex with him feel...?

"Yes, I'd love to..." Robina answered thoughtlessly.

"Ah! Wonderful!" Cherche clasped her hands with joy. "See Gerome, I told you she'd say yes!"

Gerome was still blushing hard, though an unwitting smile had broken through his stoic façade. Meanwhile, Robin shook his head wildly. Wait, he hadn't wanted to say yes! That moment when his mouth moved, it was his mind had blacked out for a second and all control was stripped away from his body. Robin didn't quite know how to explain it, but he knew exactly who was responsible. "*Lucina, why did you make me say that?*" He reprimanded Lucina angrily.

"*What?! I didn't do it!*" Lucina shot back. "*O-or did I?*" The lines differentiating the two were already starting to get blurry.

"*Of course you did!*" Robin exclaimed in his mind. "*You're the one that wants to fuck Gerome!*"

"*I-I do...*" Lucina sighed. "*Well, its not like it's the end of the world! Maybe we can take a little break and...*"

"No we can't!" Robin sputtered loudly, accidentally letting his voice slip into the real world. He looked at his family awkwardly. "I-I mean... I know I said we'd do it but- I'm feeling a bit under the weather at the moment, so maybe its better if we-"

"Oh no, mister!" Cherche interrupted him, standing up from the bed and crossing her arms with disappointment. "You just promised you'd do it!" With a frown on her face, she began to march towards Robin.

"I know, I know!" Robin tried to excuse himself. "But-!"

“No buts except yours on that bed!” Cherche quickly interrupted him, taking hold of Robin’s arms and pulling him further into the room. Just like before, Robin tried his best to fight back, but it seemed even Cherche was taller than him at this point, so his struggle was entirely fruitless. “You can’t take back an important promise like that. Specially one that you made to your dear son! He worked so hard to build up the courage to ask you that, so you’re going to indulge him!”

Quickly pulling Robin to the front of the bed, Cherche placed both of her hands on his shoulders and shoved him towards Gerome hard, causing the poor tactician to helplessly stumble back. His balance completely lost, Robin gracelessly crashed on top of the bed. His whole world was shaking, his vision a bit blurry from all the movement. As he slowly regained his bearings though, Robin noticed he’d landed right onto Gerome’s firm lap. Robin staggered back in surprise, their faces just a few inches away from each other. They were so close to each other Robin couldn’t help but let his gaze wander over to Gerome’s mask. Even though Gerome’s eyes were covered, Robin could feel the passion emanating from his face. Robin’s heart started to beat faster, his mind growing foggier by the second. He could barely think with Gerome in front of him like that.

“S-Sorry...” Robina muttered. “I’m just a bit nervous...” The words came out of her mouth instinctively.

“Its ok.” Gerome replied warmly.

Pulling his hand onto Robin’s chin, Gerome ducked down and pressed his lips against Robin’s, pushing his tongue into Robin’s mouth passionately. Robin’s eyes bolted open in surprise, his whole body frozen with shock. However, as the warmth of Gerome’s kiss spread through his system, he couldn’t help but melt in the larger man’s arms. His eyes slowly rolling to the back of his head, Robin began to return Gerome’s kiss reflexively. His tongue pressed against Gerome’s lovingly, the two pushing and dancing around each other with bliss. Cute little whimpers and moans escaped his mouth, his entire body shivering at Gerome’s touch. As much as he wanted to resist these strange feelings invading his mind, Robin could fight them off no longer.

Once the two were finally satisfied, Gerome gently pulled his head back, strands of saliva dripping down both of their mouths. Robin’s head was turning in circles, an infernal heat dulling his mind and senses to oblivion. Staring up towards Gerome, all he could think of was how desperately his body needed him.

“Are you ready?” Gerome asked bluntly.

All Robin could respond with was a weak nod. But that was all Gerome needed. Gripping Robin’s midsection tightly, Gerome effortlessly picked Robin up and gently laid him down on top of the comfortable bed. Robin squirmed against the sheets of the bed, his spine tingling at the sight of the large and powerful Gerome towering over him. Kneeling between Robin’s spread legs, Gerome began to pull his pants downwards, letting his mightily erect cock flop out of his nether regions. Robin gasped at the sight of the tool, easily twice as big as his own. The sweat and musk that emanated from it was gargantuan, making Robin salivate at its mere sight. Though the tactician wasn’t quite sure about what was about to happen next, he knew that it was going to change his life forever.

“R-Robin... I f-feel kind of weird...” Lucina muttered inside of Robin’s head, feeling her own fog of lust dull her mind.

“Y-Yeah... Me too Lucy...” Robin replied in a defeated tone, sensing that their minds would not remain untouched for much longer.

Gerome knelt towards Robin, his hands sneaking under Robin’s dress shirt and wrapping around Robin’s panties. With a gentle pull, he slid Robin’s panties down all the way, revealing his erect penis and glistening mound. Robin’s breathing was starting to get faster. His hardened penis pushed the end of his dress shirt up, exposing his crotch for all to see. His balls shuddered lightly with excitement, while his pussy eagerly quivered underneath. It was undeniable now, Robin’s excitement was as crystal clear as water itself.

Inching ever closer to Robin, Gerome cupped Robin’s ballsack carefully into his hand, lifting it up to allow his cock to press against Robin’s pulsating mound undeterred. Robin felt shivers running down his spine as the tip of Gerome’s dick pushed against his labia, its heat and girth sending his organ into a frenzy. A mixture of fear and excitement churned his stomach into a mush. On the one hand, his body was thoroughly desperate to be filled by Gerome’s enormous manmeat, but on the other, Robin had no idea what would happen if it did. Robin looked up at Gerome, biting his lip in anxiety as he waited for Gerome to make his move. He was entirely at the other man’s mercy by now.

Gerome’s hands moved onto Robin’s hips, where they took a tight hold of Robin’s thighs. With a deep breath, the man cocked his hips backwards, before thrusting forward with force and impaling Robin’s virgin mound with his huge dick. A myriad of moans and yelps escaped Robin’s lips, little teardrops forming at the end of his eyes. This strange new sensation of penetration... It was so foreign, yet also strangely familiar. Robin could feel his vagina clamor for more. Despite the fact that Gerome’s dick felt too big for Robin’s tight hole, he could feel his pussy quiver with desire for further penetration.

Only about half of Gerome’s dick had made it inside Robin by this point. Gathering his bearings, Gerome held onto Robin tightly as he tried pushing his dick deeper and deeper. *“Y-You’re tighter...”* Gerome grunted, as his member snaked through the insides of Robin’s vagina.

But the tactician had no sort of response, instead choosing to squirm on the bed as he felt the inner walls of his vagina being forcibly parted open by Gerome’s mammoth cock. Robin gripped the bedsheets tightly, heavy rapid breaths leaving his mouth every couple of seconds. He was doing his best to resist losing his mind at the moment, but it was quite the difficult battle. The way Gerome’s penis filled up his insides was absolutely divine, his warm fat girth hitting all of Robin’s sensitive spots. Lucina on her part had already fully given in. Robin could hear her loud uninhibited moans of pleasure loudly within his mind. They were filled with so much desire, so much bliss... It made Robin want to stop resisting and just enjoy it as well.

With one final push, Gerome felt the tip of his dick punch against Robin’s cervix. He was finally completely inside Robin. He looked down at Robin’s crotch, seeing his member bulge through Robin’s skin while Robin’s dick flailed freely on top of it. The cute sight was comforting, filling Gerome with pleasant memories of the old times. But that was then, and this is now, which meant Gerome didn’t have the time to settle down and enjoy the view. Slowly cocking his hips back, Gerome pulled a few inches of his penis from Robin. Then, once about a quarter was out, he thrust forward with viciousness, slamming Robin’s pussy ferociously. Robin’s entire body spasmed as he felt Gerome’s titanic thrust. It was as if a thousand static bolts shot through his body. His pussy buzzed with heat with desire for more.

Luckily, more was exactly what he was about to get, as Gerome inched back, only to thrust into Robin again. Then again and again, until the muscular man had built up a steady pace of pounding Robin's pussy. Gerome's motions were relentless, every piece of his body moving with uncaring force. The Wyvern Rider exuded such powerful manly energies, Robin couldn't help but bend to his every touch. Not that it bothered the moaning tactician, quite the opposite in fact. Robin was loving every second of this. The way the firm fierce Gerome was commanding Robin's pussy, the way he manhandled Robin's body with ease... It made Robin feel like- *like the dazzling woman she was always meant to be~*

Body high with pleasure, Robin felt her inhibitions slip away more and more as time went on. Her moans grew stronger in cadence, filling up the tent's damp air with an aura of lust. Her erect penis flopped up and down happily, swinging left and right along to each one of Gerome's thrusts. Not content to stay still, her hips began to rock against Gerome's desperate to get more of his fat manshaft inside her tunnel. Robin knew this was wrong, that she shouldn't be indulging in this pleasure. But she just couldn't help it, the way her body was accepting all of Gerome's pleasure was intoxicating her mind.

"Now that's what I like to see~" Cherche cooed beside them, her eyes eagerly eating up the feat that laid before her. "See? I knew you'd enjoy it Robina~" The Wyvern Rider gave a soft chuckle. Her hands began to trace up along Robin's legs, slowly rising until they'd reached Robin's erect shaft. Robin gasped, her gaze following Cherche's motions all the way. From the lustful look that was smeared all over Cherche's face, Robin could tell this would not end well.

"C-C-Cherche no-! Y-You can't-!" Robin pleaded. But her effort was wasted. With silky smoothness, Cherche's lithe fingers gently wrapped themselves around Robin's hardened cock. The tactician let out a bellowing whimper, her mind bustling with pleasure as the sensations of her dick and vagina melded into one.

Cherche giggled in response, the devious expression on her face indicating how much she enjoyed teasing Robin, who was spasming wildly on the bed, barely able to contain herself. She didn't even have to move her hand in order to please Robin's cock, for the combination of Robin's spasms and Gerome's thrusting made Robin unwittingly fuck Cherche's tight grip with force. Spits of saliva sputtered out of Robin's mouth, her eyes rolled all the way back to her head in dizzying pleasure. The bliss, the pain, the overbearing sensations- They were all too much to take! Robin couldn't handle it all anymore. It felt like his brain was going to blow up!!!

"Robin, something weird is happening..." In the midst of it all, Robin could hear Lucina's voice within his mind. It sounded weak, groggy, as if it was about to fade away.

"Y-You're right Lucy." Robin replied meekly. "I think we're-"

"Combining into one, right?" Lucina completed his sentence. "Yeah, I can feel it too. Its getting harder and harder to tell the difference between my thoughts-"

"And yours." Robin gasped. "I think its because of the sex. With all this pleasure, our minds are-"

"Merging the same way our bodies did. But why didn't you tell me before?" Lucina asked. "I didn't want you to be afraid." She answered herself.

"Well, I'm not afraid anymore." Robina finished.

“HNNGGGGHH!!!” Robina screamed out into the ether in pleasure.

Her entire body buzzed with bolts of ecstasy, as her member sputtered a shot of precum. Feeling a surge of energy, Robina bolted upwards, breaking free of Cherche’s grasp as she pressed her body against Gerome’s. Robina’s arms wrapped around Gerome’s torso, bringing the two closer together than they’d ever been before. An expression of pure drunk bliss spread onto Robina’s face. Her hips grinded against Gerome’s with force, her voice shooting from her mouth uninhibited. It felt like she had been reborn.

“R-Robina, what’s gotten into you?!” Gerome stepped back, surprised by Robina’s sudden forwardness.

“I just-” Robina panted. “I’m in love with you Gerome~~ I know you said you wanted to do this one last time, but are you sure you don’t want to stay with me forever~? We can be one happy family~ You, your mother and I all together~~~”

Gerome gasped. “A-Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to burden you...”

“Of course I’m sure silly!” Robina exclaimed with glee.

Grabbing onto Gerome’s face, Robina pulled it towards hers and pressed her thick lips against his, pushing her tongue deep into his mouth lovingly. Gerome shot back with surprise, but soon joined the smooching eagerly, letting their tongues clash together in an amorous embrace. There was no sort of doubt in either of them, not anymore. While their mouths meshed against each other, Robina took her hands up towards Gerome’s face and gently removed his mask, where she could finally see Gerome’s sharp loving eyes. In his gaze, she could see the love and desire he held for her, and that was all she could ever ask for. Clearly, the two would remain together forever.

“Hmmm~~” Cherche sang happily from behind them. “Now that’s what I like to see~”

Crouching towards Gerome’s crotch, Cherche placed her mouth right at the entrance of Robina’s vagina, as she started to greedily lap up it up with her tongue. She sucked both Gerome’s penis as it entered Robina’s pussy and Robina’s glistening mound at the same time, happy to ingest the sexual fluids of her husband and son. It was truly a full-fledged familial threesome.

Soon, Robina could feel her organ pulsating with pure bliss. Both her vagina and dick were about to explode, the pleasure that had gathered in her body becoming too much to handle.

“G-G-Gerome!” She cried, finally separating from their kiss. “I’m ab-bout to-! I’m going to-!!!”

“Robina!!!” Gerome cried back.

With a loud piercing moan, Robina hugged Gerome even more tightly as her entire body was enveloped in orgasm. Ropes of cum shot out of her penis, creating a sticky sandwich of jizz between her stomach and Gerome’s, while her pussy tightened and exploded with feminine juices. Gerome grunted, the tightening of Robina’s organ becoming too much for him to handle as his penis exploded with cum into Robina’s tight vaginal walls. Thick gallons of sperm flooded into Robina’s deepest chambers, filling her whole so much it started to drip from her entrance. Though thankfully Cherche was there to save it all, for she greedily licked up her son’s seed and shaft as it oozed from Robina’s vagina.

An aura of lust and satisfaction hung through the air as the two lovers and family members clung to each other tightly. Robina rested her head on Gerome's shoulder, her mind finding a moment of peace after the thunderstorm that just ravished across it.

"Lucina, are you there?" She asked inside her thoughts.

"I am." Robina responded herself. *"We're one now. There's no Robin or Lucina. Only me."*

"Oh, that's right..." Robina gasped. *"I tried so hard to stop this, but in the end we couldn't help merging into one."*

"But that's alright, I think." Robina hugged Gerome lovingly. *"I think I'm going to enjoy things now."*