The battle had been raging on for hours now, and Robin was beginning to tire. He barely had enough strength to lift up his sword, and his brow was slick with sweat and rain. He hoped his plan had worked, that at that moment Lucina and Owain were taking out the enemy commander. He should be clear, at least for now.

    Before he could really notice, a red-clad lancer came rushing through the hills towards him, and there wasn't an ally in sight. Dammit, how had he gotten through? Severa was supposed to be watching that area. He lifted his Levin Sword to strike at his assailant, when the man was skewered from behind with a long-bladed sword. He rushed up closer to see Severa, panting and in pain, wiping the man's blood from her katana. "I'm sorry, Robin...I didn't mean for him to get past me, but..." He looked down and saw a growing red stain in her shirt, and Robin paled.

    "Medic! Anyone!? Does anyone have anything she can use! Severa is dying!" He held Severa in his arms, as she lay there, eyes closed.

    "I'm sorry," she kept saying. "I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I'm..." When she didn't finish the sentence, Robin studied her face and saw she wasn't breathing. He held his friend, sobbing, and drops of her blood fell onto his coat, into one pocket. When the blood hit the silver pocketwatch, the world fell away, and Robin knew no more.

    Robin awoke with a start, looking around the tent and muttering, "Whuh? What was...huh?" As he looked, he noticed there was no Severa bleeding to death, no battle, no rain...it was all a dream. What the hell, subconscious?! Severa was Robin's friend, why exactly was he dreaming of her death? Robin shuddered. Forget that noise. He stretched his arms to yawn, and noticed something weird: his hands didn't feel quite right. His nails were digging into his palms with far too much sharpness and pain, and he looked to see his nails were longer than he'd ever seen them, much like how a woman would wear them.

    That's when the pieces started to fall into place. Robin's eyes drifted from his nails to his hands, and noticed they were smaller and daintier than he was used to. His gaze went down his thinner arms, and down to see...his breasts. There were small breasts jutting out from his chest, completely upheaving his brain for a second? What was going on? Maybe...maybe he was dreaming? Robin closed his eyes forcefully, and tried his best to wake up. After nearly a minute of just lying on his cot, Robin opened his eyes and looked down, the boobs still sitting there.

    Dammit! He sighed, anger still lingering in his thoughts, and realized the best thing to do now would be investigation. Robin stood up, and looked over his changed body. He was a lot shorter now, and a quick check to his groin made him blush with the confirmation that he wasn't actually a guy anymore. What a rip-off! Her new body was flat as a board, and she had no figure to speak of. If she was going to turn into someone, why couldn't it be someone with some real sex appeal or something?

    Woah, that was weird. Robin had just realized that he was now a she, and one of the first thing she thinks is how unfair it is to be flat? That was one train of thought she didn't want to board, and instead walked over to a mirror sitting on a desk. The annoyed glare of Severa stared back at her. Oh, so that's it. What with that dream and everything, the watch must have done it. Robin let out an angry sigh. This was so annoying...

    "Darling, are you in here?" came a voice from outside the tent, and in walked Inigo, Severa's husband. He looked at Robin thoughtfully, his usual smirk was somehow both more annoying and endearing to Robin than it usually was. His eyes played over her nightgown, and he said, "Severa, it's rare to see you up this late? Were you...hoping for some company tonight?"

    Robin blushed, her thoughts racing. Woah. First off, Inigo was way cuter than he had any right to be. As a guy, he'd just been Gregor's son or whatever, but now his look was turning her on like crazy! Second, what a jerk, barging in like that! She was gonna have to take that out of his hide...Robin mentally sighed. This was crazy. First she turns into Severa, now she was thinking like her. That stupid watch really ruined her day.

    Before she could ruminate on anything more, Inigo strode up to Robin, placed on arm around the back of her waist, and leaned in to kiss her. For a second Robin actually thought of resisting the kiss, but instead she returned it with gusto just on instinct. Well, she didn't look like Robin anymore, she didn't really think like him anymore, and this kiss was way too hot. Did Robin really want to try being her old self at all? Grab a book, cast spells, lead troops? Eck. She could barely take care of herself in a battle, she had no right to try giving orders mid-battle. Plus, she had much better things to do with her day than reading. Inigo slipped a tongue into the kiss, and she noted that with Inigo, she had much better things to do than reading.

    Severa grabbed Inigo by the front, twisted around, and threw herself onto her cot. She looked at him, eyes sparkling with desire and impatience. "Are you gonna come down here and help me, or am I going to have to get myself off?" She knew before he moved that Inigo couldn't take that offer lying down. That night was the first of many pleasurable days as Severa for the once-tactician. The idea of changing back...wasn't exactly on her mind.