

YER BOOTY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It wasn't unusual for the people of Askr to end up involved in all manners of festivity. From celebrations of holidays from other worlds to the many festivals that had from their homeland, it often felt like there was an overwhelming number of things to keep track of and participate in. Askr's prince, Alfonse, was used to it by this point though. He had grown up in the kingdom and was already familiar with all of its celebrations, so what was a few more from across time and space?

“Nonetheless, did we have to participate in something so *hot*?”

It was the dead middle of summer, where the days were long and the heat was immense, yet the most recent activity had taken them down, without warning, to the beach. Had he known, he most certainly would have worn a pair of swimming trunks rather than his stuffy armored ensemble, yet he was already trekking through the sand and it was much too late.

The purpose of the outing was a summer treasure hunt. Apparently, special items had been littered across the beach, and members of the kingdom – as well as some guests – had been afforded an opportunity to find and keep them. Alfonse was among them, but he was concerned about one of the other participants. Veronica from the Embliam Empire had joined in now that they were on amicable terms, but she wasn't all that competent at making friends.

“Maybe I should go back and ask her to partner with me?” They didn't have to tackle the quest alone and were allowed to take it up in teams, and the prince was fairly certain that the foreign princess had gone off on her own. But he didn't exactly expect that she would take too kindly to the invitation in the first place, so he dismissed that idea.



Besides, it seemed as if he had stumbled upon one of the treasures? Or at least that was what he was assuming, considering that it was left aglow in the sand. **“Hm? Is this a piece of Breidablik? Surely not...”** It had taken Alfonse a moment to fish the glowing object out of the sand, and another to wipe off the sand that still clung to it. He could feel it, some sort of residual energy radiating from it. *That* was what had kept the sanding clumping off.

It didn't *feel* dangerous though, so he didn't shy away from it. Since it bore a familiar design, he didn't really have any reason *to* think that it might have been dangerous. **“It looks like half of it,**

however?” Breidablik was the relic that their Summoner used to summon heroes from other worlds, after all. They surely didn't submit it to be a prop used in a treasure hunt, but of course there were other potential explanations as well. It was, in all likelihood, merely a replica made as a thematic discovery piece.

But did that explain the energy and green glow that it was giving off? Perhaps not, because while he *had* been firmly grasping it, an unusual and invisible pull soon ripped it from his grasp and it floated into the air. **“Hey!?”** And before he could grab it again, it zoomed off down the beach towards the place where the treasure hunt had started. But not before leaving some residual energy that appeared to sprinkle down around the beach, and atop the young man, in a series of green sparkles.

“Uh... Should I chase it?” Seeing the light as little more than an optical residue from the traveling relic, Alfonse did not think much of the fact that he had been showered in it. But ultimately that was his mistake – not that anyone would have been any help even if he *had* realized just what was raining down upon him, and what his body was in turn *absorbing*.

The fact that his flesh was even absorbing it at all already presented Alfonse with some unseen side effects. Because not only was the skin where it entered turning softer and inheriting an *incredibly* healthy sheen, but it also paled. Just a touch, hardly noticeably at all in theory, but that didn't really change that it was happening.

In terms of pigmentation changes though, it wasn't *merely* his skin – that was simply the *least* noticeable location. Rather, his hair made the fact that something was amiss much more obvious with how the usual blue with blonde tops was overtaken by a green that bordered on turquoise. It swept through not only the mane atop his head, but also his brows, body hair, and even his pubes.

Yet it evidently wasn't enough to leave it with just the color alone, as the strands themselves soon stretched almost like an army of tiny, wriggling serpents. They wove together as they fell, tickling his shoulders and then dropping all of the way down his back. Locks were lengthier and silkier, and while falling they had also weaved into a braid that was held together by a gold ornament that appeared as if from nowhere to top it off.

And this had all happened while Alfonse fondled his response on how to respond. “**Perhaps it would be *prudent* if I did... maybe?**” If it really *was* a relic, then there was the chance it could fall into the wrong hands, right? Like the hands of a *foolish mortal*? Evidently something was up with the prince's mind, because it wasn't like him at all to think of other people in that way. Not to mention his vernacular was becoming stiffer.

All the while his body showed signs of thinning, but not necessarily in the way you might expect. Rather, it was geared more in the sense of his figure becoming fairer and undeniably more *effeminate*. For example? His waistline sucked itself in to better present his hips like a pair of handlebars to be grabbed, while shoulders narrowed so that he was horizontally *smaller*.

On the other hand, this narrower gait highlighted something else. Alphonse's *muscles*, in fact. Already quite abundant, the actually *did* grow larger. His lither arms bulged and a six pack was evident upon his shapelier tummy. There wasn't an ounce of wasted meat upon his body, and what made that clearer was the sudden growth... *of everything else*.

“***Mm?* Am I *seeing things?*”** The periodic voice crack saw the sound his vocal chords made flip back and forth between its usual sound and the that of a huskier voiced woman. What had prompted the comment in the first place was the impression that his eye level was changing, but something deep down halted him from ultimately finding the answer he sought. Nonetheless, his initial assumption *had* been correct.

Lifting his armored tunic up to reveal the base of his pants, and the pants themselves so that they no longer covered his ankles, his entire body stretched up towards the six foot mark so that he became a notably taller individual. All the while, the steel boots the man wore up past his

knees were evidently shortening, showing off more and more of his legs (as the pants were pulling up as well) until they became little more than sandals. Sandals showing off feet that were a touch smaller than they'd ever been.

As regressing pants grew closer to his loins, the cloth began to tighten around the prince's cock and balls. It *should* have been uncomfortable, yet he didn't bat so much as an eyelash once they ultimately squeezed with all of their might... until that cock and those balls were forced to retreat into a new slit that was complete with a green bush. *She* was undeniably a woman now.

All that became of her pants in the end was a white bikini bottom, but as it hugged her in the back it seemed to have the opposite effect on her ass that it had had on her dick. That is to say her ass promptly bloated, with that chiseled rear finding the pronounced softness of femininity as cheeks blossomed into pleasant bowling ball sizes. Anything left over saw her thighs expand as well, and in turn her hips stretched beneath the white, robed tails that now dangled from a gold band holding her bikini bottom in place.

Alfonse's armored top was on just as tight of a timer when it came to its existence, it seemed, as from the base and upward it began to dissolve, showing off more and more of her tummy in the process. "**A touch drafty, isn't it?**" That's what she got for wearing *mortal clothes*. But the top would have *had* to change anyways, as mass had begun to gather beneath the chest region. When once a man, she couldn't have possibly been expected to have breasts then.

But now? They inflated vigorously, almost like balloons sloshing as if they were full a gelatin. They grew larger and larger as the armor around them lightened and turned thinner and thinner, and before long the neckline opened up to reveal ample and creamy cleavage. The tunic, ultimately, had become little more than a white bikini with golden trim – and it showed off tits that were bigger than her *head*.

She tugged at the strings as if it were completely natural. "**Hm. This doesn't quite work for me.**" As a *goddess* she had a duty to appear grander than any mortal, and a snap of her fingers saw to it that this was true. A floral crown wrapped her head, while a band of red flowers was soon draped across her hips. Lips that were plump and highlighted upon her leaner, more mature facial features ultimately turned up into a slight smile, for she was now content with her own appearance.

But she wasn't exactly fond of why she wore a swimsuit in the first place.

“To think I’ve been partaking in a game set out by mortals. Oh well, I suppose I should retrieve that trinket after all.” While she had once been one of the very mortals that she was speaking down to, her mind had little recollection of that short of a faint whisper that she could hardly hear any longer. The goddess *Thorr* cared little about the machinations of the inferior, but as a now-ally of them, she also had an obligation to entertain them even when it came to matters as trifling as these ‘treasure hunts’.

There was value in the broken relic she had found, and it had gone and escaped her grasp? She was annoyed that it had the audacity, but she would begrudgingly fetch it all the same. Besides, strutting past those mortals would give her an opportunity to show off her divine figure, what with how she was done up in a swimsuit that highlighted her curves and muscles. And so? She sped off down the beach.



before.

Princess Veronica wasn't at all sure why she had agreed to partake in this event. It wasn't exactly in her personality to do so, because she tended to keep a distance from most everyone. That, naturally, went doubly for those who she had once considered to be her sworn enemies. **“What am I even looking for here? What counts as a treasure?”** The organizers had simply described it as ‘you would know one when you saw one’, but she hardly had the experience necessary to see value in objects she had never seen

Or that was the mentality she had carried with her, but in the end it was *much* more obvious than she had expected. After all, something was

glowing purple in the sand just ahead of her. **“I rescind my comments. Perhaps they made it a little *too* easy.”** If it was glowing then even a child could find and dig one up, that much was plain.

And that was exactly what the Emblian princess did. It had hardly taken any effort whatsoever, and before long she was holding half of *something*. Why did it look so familiar? Did it have something to do with the summonings? While Veronica made use of all the tools at her disposal, she never really was one to absorb all the details.

“Hey!?” But echoing the cry of Askr’s princess, the princess’ voice was shrill once the glowing purple object jumped from her hands and sped off down the beach. Did this mean she was going to lose out on the prize? She would not be denied the reward for all of the *hard work* she absolutely *hadn’t* put into it!

While contemplating the actions that would be best taken, she continued to bask in the purple glow that fell upon her without deeming it a potential threat. And after absorbing enough of it? Veronica’s red eyes began to glow with this very same purple – yet when it came to her face there was more going on than a mere change in optical vibrancy. The lashes on these eyes fluttered longer for one, while the eyes themselves curved to take on shapes that were much more oval.

Veronica puckered, not because she’d had anything sour or had even intended to in any capacity, but because her lips had bloated to the point that she did so passively. Of course it wasn’t helped by cheeks that were rounder than normal, ultimately giving her a head a completely different appearance overall. **“I wonder... *would that little thing cause some trouble~?*”** Despite her mouth being different, she spoke through it effortlessly – and with a mischievous inflection that didn’t quite align with Veronica’s usual near-deadpan.

She also wouldn’t typically find herself concerned with mischief, much less be interested in it. Yet the color of mischief itself had already claimed her eyes, and now it was painting her *hair* in its color as platinum blonde was replaced with a bright purple. Any strands that suffered this change – and it would eventually be *all* of them – became straighter *and* thinner with time. But despite catching sight of her bangs as it happened, the princess opted not to be concerned.

In fact, something deep down invited what was becoming of her.

The blacks in the girl’s usual dress were changing, hues of dark purple tickling them while the dress itself appeared to cling to her body much more tightly in turn. This was partially in part due to the clothing

getting tighter on its own, but on the other hand? Her *body* was changing as well. She had begun to grow taller at an alarming pace, promptly reaching toward the 5'9" region without even batting an eyelash at such a strange phenomenon. *It's nice to be taller, isn't it? Now what about bigger?*

“What am I... What am I even thinking about?” It had taken her a moment to acknowledge that something was *off* about her thoughts, but even the words she had just spoken came out in a deeper *purr* more than anything. Taller as she was, her face also bore a maturity that hadn't been present in the past. Like a woman in her twenties as opposed to some mere *girl*.

All the while her dress had continued to change. It now parted around her tummy, splitting it into just the top and the skirt, and the material better resembled latex than cloth with its new, stretchy sheen. Her skirt had lifted all of the way to her hips and appeared to now be tucking in, resembling a pair of panties or a bikini bottom layered with purple, black, and gold. Yet in doing so it also revealed how her rear end was changing.

The woman had desired growth, and that growth had most *certainly* found her ass. Cheeks filled with the appealing sort of fat that had it expand into a bulbous shape, her new swimsuit bottom hugging these cheeks tightly while they stretched the material further and further. At the same time, her hips were spread wider as a necessity to accommodate this swollen ass. Her thighs bloated similarly, and without thinking an index finger pushed into them. **“Pronounced but tight, perfect.”** The finger she withdrew was longer, and had a nail painted purple fastened atop it.

Veronica now bore the beginnings of an hourglass figure with how her exposed lower body had bloated, but the upper half of that glass still needed to meet its specifications. So it was fortunate that the top half of the dress had formed into a matching bikini top – though it hugged her paltry bust size loosely in the beginning.

“Mmm...” Another purr escaped the woman's lips, this time a natural response to the warmth that gathered around her chest. Staring down at her own bosom with interest, she watched as her nipples inflated to the size of her own eyes, pushing out against the underside of the bikini so that their shapes could wholly be perceived. But this only served as the appetizer for what was to come, as her breasts then made good use of just how stretchy that bikini top truly was.

A-cups quickly jiggled into B-cups, allowing them to settle into the latex a little more comfortably. But this was hardly a change at all versus the

surge of growth that came next, seeing each tit erupt with heft until they were each as big as the woman's own head. Curious, she grabbed them and lifted them before letting them drop. **“So that's how this works? Fun~!”**

A snap of her fingers then saw a sunhat appear on her head. She had to be beach ready, didn't she?

“Hmm~? Curious, so that's one of its functions? Not that I'm complaining.”

Unlike the muscle brained Thorr, her sister was not so daft that she was left completely oblivious by her transformation's end. *Loki*, clad in a swimsuit, could full well recall that she had once been Emblia's princess, but she also didn't *care*. She was older, smarter, and more mature both mentally *and* physically now. Plus she was a being that could freely alter her appearance, so what did it matter that she had once been someone else?

Rather than dwell negatively on her transformation, the goddess instead wondered about the Bredablik shard that had sped off. If it had the ability to reshape the bodies and souls of others, and only with half of it, what could it do when fully formed? **“I simply must get the full piece to myself! Those mortals wouldn't have a clue what to do!”** She had no clue how such a powerful item had even ended up in a treasure hunt in the first place, but far be it from her to look a gift horse in the mouth.



Loki didn't *need* to speed there, though. All she had to do was open a portal, step through, and pick up the fallen relic. Just in time for her sister to show up as well. **“Oh, Thorr. I see it's piqued your interest as well? But let us bask in the sun for the time being. We have plenty of time before the Harvest Festival to figure out the functionality of this piece!”**