

RE:ORDER OF HEROES: SUMMER'S BEGINNING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s about time that they caught on, but do they need to be this *persistent?*”

It seemed that it was getting close to the end of the line for Loki. She had been discreetly transforming the people allied with Askr into seasonal outfit variations of heroes that had already been summoned. Even this swimsuit wearing Loki could recognize that she was just a shadow of the original Loki, the fate of someone who had been transformed in the first wave. But she didn’t really care all that much about her *own* circumstances in that regard.

Almost a year had passed since she had been transformed, and she had managed to do so undetected thus far. Or at least that was what she *thought*, but perhaps she had targeted a few too many high profile targets during recent happenings. She hadn’t been aware that a soldier had been tailing her here and there, and just so happened to have caught her at the scene of the crime of Sharena’s disappearance during the Spring Festival. It wasn’t enough to finger her as *the* culprit, but the Summoner had become suspicious of herself and Thorr.

They had finally pieced things together and had begun approaching the victims. But it didn’t matter. They were powerless to even convince them that they had changed, much less reverse what had happened to them. But it was also at the point where Loki was beginning to feel as if she needed to get *rid* of the evidence. Namely the relic that she had been

using to transform others. But it was too risky to dispose of it as things were.

“There must be about two charges left, and I have plans for one. So... I suppose I should fire one off quickly.”

Ike glanced at the woman who was standing near the doors beside him, Lyn. **“I’m going to grab a drink. Want something?”** It was a



strange sight to see the two together, but the pairing was the result of the Summoner choosing to assign pairs of heroes to keep watch of anyone who might have been suspicious in the wake of Sharena’s disappearance. They had been tasked with covertly watching Loki’s movements from afar instead of just a regular guard now and were a few doors down from her home.

The green haired warrior had declined his offer, and Ike slid into the home they had been temporarily using on his own. One pair of eyes on the house was enough for the time being, and truthfully? The Summoner hadn’t given them much context about *why* they were watching the

Summer Loki in the first place. But both of them were unaware that Loki had *already* slipped out of the house while donning a disguise.

And was within proximity of the house her ‘watchers’ were using.

None of the summoned heroes that were guarding prospective ‘culprits’ behind the cases of the disappearing royals had been provided with any context about *how* those royals had disappeared. Ike didn’t know that Loki had the ability to *transform* her victims, and so he wasn’t exactly looking for any real *signs* of anything like that happening. But then again, even if he *had* been? The earliest signs of the relic’s work would have been difficult to sense.

They were altering his color scheme in a very *discreet* way, after all. It was merely a matter of gently lightening the dark blue of his hair and eyes in the beginning, a more ocean-like shade of the same color. On

their own these changes would have been a little bit difficult to notice, but they *did* receive a little bit of help. Especially when it came to his *hair*. The short spikes began to lengthen and soften, prompting his eyes to glance upwards with a “**Hm?**” at the feeling of this hair falling over his headband and on to his shoulders. But much like had been the case with the others, he didn’t really catch on to his transformation in a meaningful way. Not as the hair fluttered past his shoulders in the back, or bangs danced to the sides and center over his forehead.

It certainly wasn’t a hairstyle that most men would be caught wearing, and in Ike’s case specifically it didn’t really seem to suit his tall, muscular, masculine appearance at *all*. But that dissonance was only temporary with how the artifact tended to work. The ‘masculinity’ of it all, in fact, was already beginning to become compromised. All of that muscle that gave him his big, thick body shape was *rapidly* softening, the girth of his form narrowing without all of that bulk to fill his figure outward.

But at the same time? Ike became smaller in *different* ways. Ike was *very* tall for a seventeen year old, standing just *over* the six foot mark. Or that was how things were *supposed* to be, anyways. But his arms and legs gave way as the muscles were lost, leaving his clothing to hang looser and looser off of a body that that was becoming smaller in every conceivable way. This ultimately led to his clothing slipping, whether it was his pants, gloves, or even his shirt. Until his body was only about 5’4”!

“**Wait, something’s not right here, is it?**” Ike felt like he was onto something. Like the kitchen was bigger? Of course, how high and soft his *voice* sounded now that he had shrunken probably should have been *just* as noticeable, but that hadn’t really registered at *all*. “**Is it my clothes?**” He tugged at and even *removed* clothing that seemed to be too big for him with fingers that were small, delicate, and manicured now. His feet had suffered a similar fate when he had shrunk, too.

While there should have been nothing *under* these clothes, however? There *was*. As he kicked off his boxers, there was an orange bikini bottom around his dick – and there was a bikini *top* around his chest, almost like it was expecting him to have *breasts* there. This was all so strange because the boy didn’t *recognize* it was strange. “**That feels a little better!**” *Did* it? He couldn’t really place why, but *his* swimsuit didn’t really seem to suit his body shape, right?

That was a *fleeting* feeling at best. “**Ah!?**” And *she* let out a confused cry seconds later thanks to a change *within* the bikini bottom. That bulge in the front flattened away until it was completely smooth, indicating that it was a change of her *sex* that had provoked the little squeak that had

come through puffier lips. Ike's face as a whole seemed to shrink and soften in fact, with her blue eyes rounding and eyelashes lengthening. Those smaller features made her look a little *younger* on top of everything else, too. Like she was around *fifteen* or so instead of seventeen? She rubbed at a neck that no longer sported an Adam's apple with fingers that had been robbed entirely of their callouses.

She didn't remember how to wield a sword anymore anyways.

“Mm... But is something missing?” Both hands were brought together in her lap, where she began to rock her body back and forth cutely. Her bare waistline was pinching in and smoothing at that moment, making it so that her hips appeared a little fuller. It went *beyond* that, though. The thighs beneath her hips? In the absence of any muscle, they were swelling so that they were full of *femininity*. Femininity that was shared with a butt that pushed out adorably behind her, fitting neatly into the bikini's tight fit.

But in terms of what she had thought was 'missing', it hadn't *just* been a cute girl's behind. The bikini *top* found itself padded underneath too, pushed forward by a small but perky pair of breasts that finally filled the cups out beneath narrowing shoulders. It certainly wasn't a *lot* of weight by any means, but it was the perfect amount of weight for a girl that was small, lean, and in the middle of her teens. There was nothing wrong with being cute instead of sexy, after all!

This cuteness was only enhanced once the relic beautified her swimsuit further. Lighter orange frills danced off her shoulders as a short cape, as well as off her hips as a half skirt that left the front bare. Red flowers clung both to her hip *and* a flower crown that replaced the bandana on her head. It was the perfect beach look, really!

Lilina finally managed to shake the strange feeling she had been experiencing with a shudder but seemed to perk up a little once the feeling had *completely* passed. The joyful feelings of a fifteen year old girl had overwhelmed her, and she bounced about on her heels a little *bashfully*? **“I wonder what Roy would say if he say me dressed in this swimsuit? It isn't too excessive, is it? It suits me?”** She swayed back and forth, *clearly* ignorant to what had happened to her as she blushed at the thought of a certain red headed boy.



She was Lilina through and through, the young daughter of the Marquess of Ostia who had been summoned by the Order of Heroes of Askr. It was a little unfortunate that she had been summoned wearing a *swimsuit* of all things, especially since she couldn't change out of it, but... **“So long as Roy likes it, I think I can manage! Perhaps we could go out to the beach together? Like a cute little...”**

Date?

A wave of bashfulness hit her in that moment. Was she ready for something so romantic!? The girl tabled the thought in the end, because it wasn't something that she would have to deal with immediately. After all, she had promised her *friend* that she would go to the beach with her first! Her potential plans with Roy would be later that evening! So, at least for the time being, she could breathe a sigh of relief!



Lyn was still a teenager herself, but she still took the tasks that she was assigned very seriously. After Ike had slipped into the house to have what she assumed would be a glass of water, she focused her attention on Loki's home tenfold to make up for the loss of the second pair of eyes. But the girl of the plains was beginning to have some reservations. Or some *concerns*. **“There hasn't been any movement in the house for over an hour. Did she leave without us noticing?”**

As far as they were aware there *wasn't* a back exit. The front and sides were the only way to leave the house and she was certain that Loki hadn't passed through any of them. But she just had a very bad feeling about things for some reason. As she *should* have. Because she was within the same proximity of the relic as Ike had been when Loki had activated it from *behind* the house they were presently watching from. And she began to feel its effects around the same time.

The young woman scratched at her head with confusion the moment its effects began to take hold. It felt as if the front of her robes had become a little *tighter* all of a sudden, but fundamentally that *couldn't* have been true. Even though it *was*. Lyn's bust size had swelled. It was just a singular cup size in the grand scheme of things, but the swordswoman's clothing was already tight, and her breasts had already been quite sizable. **“I must be imagining things.”** It was easy to dismiss things that you were tricked into not noticing through the power of a magical relic, after all!

But naturally? It really *wasn't* nothing. Her bust had swelled in the front, but a noticeable swell had occurred at the *back* of her body too. Namely the cheeks of her ass, which had lost a swordswoman's muscle and had instead gained the weight of a beautiful woman who was seemingly a *little* bit older than Lyn was presently. The loss of muscle wasn't isolated to her butt alone, either. Her entire body lost the *excess* strength it possessed from all of the training, but her legs and core remained toned. Like she was used to riding a *mount*, perhaps?

"I feel a touch... odd, I must admit?" Admit to *who*? She wasn't really certain. She was normally a polite woman, but there was an elegance to her manner of speech now that hadn't quite existed before, either. Did she feel strange because her height was seemingly *rising*? That was very much a possibility. She had stood at around 5'4" for the past few years without any signs of growth otherwise, yet over the course of a few seconds she had risen up to 5'6" instead. Not a *huge* jump, but a notable one that continued to strain the fit of her... usual... outfit?

No, her outfit wasn't being strained anymore. Namely because it wasn't *her* outfit any longer. All of Lyn's favorite clothes and accessories, fashion from her late tribe, had been erased from her body and *replaced*. Replaced with a frilly, bright orange bikini top that wrapped around her arms beneath her shoulders, and with a matching bikini bottom that had a translucent, yellow to green gradient skirt tied with an orange ribbon. It all matched her new figure *perfectly*. Even the cute, matching little sandals that covered feet that were a touch bigger than they had been prior.

But this didn't signify her transformation's end *just* yet. She still looked like Lyndis from the neck up at this point, and even though this was quickly corrected it was still notable for a time. At least until her long, dark green hair started to lighten and pull back. The green remained, but it ended up becoming more of an emerald shade than the original foresty shade. It reached the middle of her back instead of the backs of her thighs, too, but was pulled up into a braided bun behind her.

Lyn reached down to fix the ribbon around her hips like it was the most natural thing in the world. **"Whoops! This almost came untied..."** She bit her lower lip while fixing it, not noticing how that lip *inflated* beneath her teeth. Her facial structure matured overall, making her look like she in her early twenties instead of her teens. But with narrowed cheeks and bigger eyes (that shifted in color from green to gold)? She *clearly* didn't look like herself when all was said and done. **"That's better!"** The woman straightened her posture and clapped when she

was finished. Her movements were made with a refinement that a girl of the plains definitely would have struggled with.

As if she had spent her whole life surrounded by nobility. Raised by nobility. Molded by it.

“Ah, the perfect pieces of summer attire. Surely this would be a good opportunity to take a break from my many duties and relax?” Not a single thought of being a girl from the plains remained in the head of a swimsuit wearing *Elinia*, the queen of Crimea in the world where she hailed from. This new identity had wholly taken over, and there was nothing feigned about the elegance through which she maintained her poise and movements. “Although, I hope this swimsuit isn’t too ostentatious...?”



She glanced back at the door to the home she now recalled sharing with the younger Lilina. The two had made plans to go to the beach together, and if she recalled correctly, the girl was just fetching a drink before they left. Right on cue? A head of blue hair bobbed through the doorway. “Hello, your majesty— O-Oh, you wanted me to not refer to you so formally. My apologies!”

Elinia offered Lilina a sincere smile as she held out a hand which Lilina shyly took. “It’s no bother, Lilina. But we are friends here, are we not? And I’m no queen of these lands. There’s no issues to be taken with simply calling me by my name!” In fact, it was rather relieving. She had never dreamed of having this much freedom back home, all things considered. So, she would make the best of this break, no matter what!

As the two women headed off to the beach, Loki dismissed her disguise of a common villager and smirked, the relic in her hand. “Transforming the two that were tasked with guarding me will likely make me seem suspicious, but I can always claim that I was framed in the end.” She wasn’t certain about how *convincing*

that would be, but she figured it would at least buy her freedom a little bit of time. Enough time so that she could do what she needed to before discarding the relic in a useless form. If it wasn't powered, there would be no way to prove she had used it to change others, right?

“There’s one charge left, and why not use it on the biggest scale possible? It would be hard to blame me if it was a much more *widespread* event, wouldn’t it?” Could the relic be used like a bomb? She had never really attempted to use it on more than two people at once to avoid drawing too much attention. It had been a necessity to avoid getting caught, more or less. But if she was already being suspected then she didn't really have anything to lose, did she?

Realistically, there was only one way to find out. And she was willing to try and see. Loki just had to wait for the correct opportunity, and she had been waiting this past year for that very moment. It was almost there. She could taste it. She just had to exercise a little more patience. And make sure that she didn't get caught by Askr before then. Thank goodness she was a shapeshifter!

This stage of the plan would be a *lot* harder if she hadn't been!