

RE:GENERATION III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh? Did it actually work!?”

The disbelief in the young Cynthia’s voice was practically palpable the moment her awareness returned to her. She appeared to be standing in what seemed to be a small theater. Where? She couldn’t exactly be sure, but based on the style of architecture from what she could see from the moon’s glow, she could only assume that it was Ylisse and not a different country? **“I mean I trusted the dragon lady as much as the next, but I guess a part of me didn’t expect that it would actually work, huh?”**

Hailing from the future, the Pegasus Knight had volunteered to go along to the past with a group of other children to create an outcome where Grima wouldn’t bring ruin to the realm. There was no way to save their timeline, not any longer. Their parents had already long since died, and Grima’s influence had grown too rampant. But what they *could* do was prevent its revival in another timeline. Their world might not be saved, but they could at least save another.

“Isn’t this weird though!? She said we’d all arrive together, but I don’t see anyone else around! HELLOOOOO!?” Cynthia was an energetic and boisterous girl without a lot of tact, really. She wasn’t thinking about what might happen if someone came into the theater and found her, particular because it seemed to be late at night and the theater was obviously *closed*. Standing upon the stage as she was, it didn’t exactly take a genius to determine *that* much.

She was lucky that no one was out and about to hear outside, but *she* certainly didn’t see it that way. **“Darn! There goes the fastest way**



to figuring out if I'm in the right time, but I guess I can just wait 'til morning." But where was she going to stay until then? She supposed she could just stay in the theater. Maybe sleep on some of the chairs in the gallery?

A rumble in her tummy more or less implied that this might not be a possible solution though. *If I don't get something to eat soon I might starve!* It definitely wasn't *that* dire, but Cynthia did love her food. She needed it, what with how high energy she was! She wasn't even tired come to think of it, as it had been the middle of the day when they had time traveled back in the first place.

And so began her 'theater exploration tour'! She was restless and hungry, so the best course of action was to *naturally*

search from something yummy to eat. Or something rich in nutrients. You couldn't have it both ways – it was like the law of the universe. Her adventure, ultimately, took her to a small room full of clothes and cubbies in the back. **"Is this where all the performers get changed?"**

She poked around a little longer after flipping through some of the outfits. It was strange, but she felt like she had seen some of them when she was younger. Maybe when she had visited Inigo and his family when they were just small children? But that could not be, could it? Well... It probably *could* be. Clothes could be developed in lines and shipped all over Ylisse. It wouldn't be surprising if Inigo's mother had worn something similar to these when they were younger!

It *was* a little strange though. Cynthia had always had such a vivid recollection of her childhood despite the truth that she was in her late teens now. At the moment all of her memories felt a little groggy though? Like she could still remember, but she had to push past a cloud to bring anything to the forefront. **"It must be a side effect of traveling through time, right?"** Not that she had even confirmed if the year was different, but because her location had changed it stood to reason that *maybe* she had actually gone back in time!

"Well, if I'm going to take a nap..." Noting a wardrobe nearby, she began to peel off the armor pieces from her body. It was mostly just a chest piece as well as her gauntlets, but you wouldn't *believe* how hard it

was to sleep in armor! Mind you, by the time she'd dropped the hefty pieces onto the wooden wardrobe in question, something about the girl's appearance seemed... *different*. With only moonlight casting its glow through a big window, it was difficult to see initially – but the second Cynthia ignited an oil lamp on a nearby table? It was strikingly obvious.

The color of the girl's hair was completely different. Or *parts* of it were, at least. A soft rose color certainly stood out against the brown she had inherited from her mother, Sumia, and it was spreading casually as if it were dancing across her head. It did not take very long for her entire scalp to be dyed in this pastel pink – but it was a change that transcended a mere shift in natural hair melanin.

Her twin tails began to stretch down her back, but the ties that held them in place were pushed down along with it as the length grew from her roots alone. Before long they had no choice but to unwind, as the new length of her mane was thicker and wavier. This was demonstrated even by her bangs, which fanned out to the sides above her eyes with lengthy licks.

“H-Huh? Why do I feel a little anxious all of a sudden?” It was rare for Cynthia to stutter, but her heart had started beating *very* fast unprompted. Was it because she'd gone back in time? Because of the uncertainty of the future? It was certainly possible, but she hadn't felt this way *before* turning on the lamp. It was slight, but worry even seemed to be reflected in her gaze.

A gaze that, mind you, did not display its usual brown coloring. Instead the borders of her irises became more apparent, for the color within brightened to a pink not unlike her hair. Blinking, her lashes fluttered like the wings of a butterfly; now an inch longer than normal, beneath eyebrows that shared in the rose color of her hair and had even thickened some. Overall, the young woman's face lengthened, and the baby fat that still left it a little round even at her current age dwindled so that a clearer maturity beset her – upturned, plump lips and all.

From the neck up, Cynthia didn't *really* look like Cynthia any longer.

Casting her attention back to the costume rack again, *bare* feet bounced up and down on the floorboards. ***“Wh-Why am I s-so cold all of a sudden?”*** The stutter wasn't from the cold, but was a natural response to... *something*. Even the girl's once open and boisterous body language was regressing so that she held arms close to her body. When she did, however, she realized the source of her chill. ***“I-I'm naked!?”***

It was true. All of the clothes she had been wearing had been stripped clean, and even the armor she had put on the wardrobe was now completely absent. What was strange, however, was that Cynthia couldn't remember what she had been wearing in the first place. "**H-Huh? That's strange... I could have sworn...**" Her voice was wholly soft by this juncture, sounding *very* familiar.

Why wouldn't my voice sound familiar? It's my voice...

Her thoughts and memories felt more confusing than ever, and because of this she found her attention turning inward. Why was she naked? Why was she here? What was her name again? She could hardly even recall her childhood now. It just felt much more *distant* than it used to. But all this reflection *really* accomplished was distracting her from the most substantial wave of physical changes.

The rock hard muscles that the Pegasus Knight had developed through all of her training dwindled. Not *everywhere* mind you, but in her arms and chest it was very obvious. Her tummy and legs retained their tone overall, but there was still a softer glow to them that came across as more appealing. It all set the stage for what came next: a slight jump in the maiden's height.

Two inches of growth might not have sounded like a lot, but it was certainly enough to reconfigure the landscape of her body. Arms and legs became leaner, and were topped with longer fingers and slightly larger feet (*that bore many more callouses*) as well. It was more so dramatic in her torso though, where the vertical stretch of her tummy ultimately brought her waistline to become even thinner than it had before.

Her body as it was could best be described as a 'dancer's body' in how the bulk of her muscles were distributed against the soft appeal of her flesh. An appeal that, mind you, only built as the weight upon her chest heaved so that her breasts came to flourish two sizes larger – somehow retaining their perkiness despite the growth.

"**Oh!?**" Much to her surprise, she almost fell forward... and yet it didn't click to her *why* that had been the case. It had been a result of her hips popping several inches wider though, making room for bloat in her rear and thighs that saw them rise to perfection. For a dancer, the sway of one's hips was made more hypnotic by a big and perky rump.

Which is really embarrassing! But I'm a dancer, so...

Bare as a babe fresh from the womb, *Olivia*'s fingers flickered through the many costumes that were hung up on the racks of the changing room. **“I-I’m not sure why I came here so late to practice, but...”** Because that *wasn't* why she'd come there originally, but any memories of her life as Cynthia had more or less evaporated once the new set of recollections had rooted themselves in their place. Instead, her brain had made an excuse for her presence all on her own. That she had come to practice at such an ungodly hour.



“O-Oh! Of course! Because performing in front of an audience makes me s-so nervous...” Case in point: she had a stutter just *thinking* about it. But at least while she was staying with the Shepherds she'd been afforded space to perform at this theater? Eventually, her fingers settled upon a revealing dancer's garb of dark purple. Oh, she'd have to do her hair as well! **“D-Do I really need to do myself up that much for practice?”**

“Eh? Where am I!?” A girl in her mid-teens with short, purple hair, tilted her head cutely to the side as she examined her surroundings. She was in the middle of a grass field, and yet she couldn't remember *what* she was doing there. In fact she couldn't remember much *at all!* Well, that wasn't true! She remembered two things.

The first was her name. Her name was Morgan! And the second? That she was searching for her father and had come from a distant time to do so. Other than that she couldn't remember *why* nor *how* nor whether or not she had done so with *anyone*. **“Um... What am I supposed to do now?”** In her amnesiac state it was to be expected that she'd be even more lost than if she'd had her memories. Yet she seemed to stumble upon *something*.

I was a wanderer, but now I have a home.

Huh? That was a strange memory! Was that true? Why had she been wandering? Where was her home now? Morgan wasn't really in any position to doubt these memories all things considered. The best she could do was lean into them. **“So where am I supposed to be, then!?”**



The maiden's open acceptance only served to exacerbate her inevitable assimilation into the timeline. It was seen plainly in her youthful, pale skin. Well, not that it was so pale any longer; patches of tan had surfaced across her skin without any apparent rhyme or reason to where. They looked more like freckles than anything in the beginning, what with how small they were. As the seconds wore on though, the speckles swelled, spread, and merged together – until her complexion was wholly bronzed. Upon her face there were lines that were darker than the rest, fanning in from the sides of her forehead

and from her cheeks beneath her eyes.

Idly, the girl found herself sniffing the air *for some reason*. She was quirky, so this was easy enough to write off as ‘just Morgan being Morgan’, but unbeknownst to her, she was doing it because her sense of smell had *improved*. Not only her sense of smell, but her eyesight as well. To reflect this, the purple that they so typically reflected had brightened to show off a bright red. Another of her senses would sharpen in a few moments, but at the expense of a much more blatant physical shift.

“*Hm... Is it warm out here, or is it just me?*” Sounding less excited than she had moments before, she rubbed at the back of her head idly. There was plenty of cause for this increase in temperature. Plenty of *furry* cause. Brown hair had erupted from various places across her body. The backs of her hands all of the way just past her wrists ended up coated. It covered her neckline and down in between her breasts beneath her cloak, and beneath the undergarments she was wearing? A band of fur erupted to resemble *natural* panties, essentially becoming a thick bush that wrapped around her hips, pelvis, and disguising her crotch.

Morgan, however, merely fanned herself with the back of her hand. Growing *fuzzy* should have been something that she'd easily

acknowledge and yet she just couldn't bring herself to do so. Even if she had faced her transformation head-on by this juncture, it would have been chalked up to: *Haven't I always had fur though?*

The brown was not yet content though. It found its way into the purple hair atop her head as well as her eyebrows, though in the former case it resulted in a great deal of extension. The girl liked keeping her hair short. It was easy to manage, and even easier to fit a hood around. But it was growing both thick and long, brown locks framing the sides of her face and spilling halfway down her back.

This obscured her ears, which was likely for the best. After all, her hearing was sharpening progressively at the cost of their human shapes. It would have been a *very* bizarre sight to see them sliding slowly in the sides of her head, all while stretching longer and longer at the ends. The ultimately grew so long that the tips emerged from beneath her hair and flopped downward to the sides, strongly resembling those of a rabbit with tufts of brown fur erupting from their peaks. Something promptly guided the hair at the front sides of her head to braid around these ears in a strangely adorable hairstyle.

Morgan was not at all perplexed by any of this. **“Did I forget something just now? It feels more like the world is growing clearer.”** She spoke with a gruffer, much more womanly voice now. It was suggestive of the idea that she was older – which was something that her face had begun to reflect. Her eyes narrowed and her cheekbones rose, granting her nose a sharper arch and her lips a plumper glow. Rather than a resting expression of the utmost curiosity, she almost seemed naturally grumpy.

The young woman's bones stretched not long after, seeing her height bolstered three inches, which naturally would cause some issue with her outfit. ...Were her outfit not changing on its own. Her cloak was melting away, slowly becoming a skintight, purple top that revealed her midriff, inner breasts, and *most* of her bare back. Light pauldrons found themselves mounted upon her shoulders, and matching thigh-high boots rose up her legs. Yet her feet were still left entirely bare.

With all of the fur wrapped around her pelvis, it wasn't at all surprising that she was no longer wearing *anything* down there. Still, that area wasn't without change. Her hips had widened several inches, and her ass perked up behind her while thighs ripped at first, gifted with new strength, before plumping up with softer, fatter flesh that made them appear thick and supple.

It didn't take long for Morgan's bosom to partake in this boon. Nipples grew rock hard beneath her new purple top, and ultimately her breasts

swelled forward. They became bigger, fuller, rounder, and even perkier. Yet they never became overtly huge, sticking to a reasonable C-cup sizing that suited her leaner body design.

Finally, there was one last thing. Her ass had grown warm. Or, well, the space *above* her ass that wasn't already covered with fur. The culprit was, of course, *more* fur. What was striking was what that fur covered, for her tailbone had pushed forth from her spine and crept upwards, ultimately gifting her a short, perky tail that was just as reminiscent of a rabbit as the ears atop her head.

Panne rubbed behind one of her ears with a displeased expression upon her face. It was the middle of the day, and this field was beautiful, but what was she doing there? **“This doesn't make a lick of sense. What would bring me so far away from the Shepherds' camp?”** Right. That was the place where she belonged now: with the Shepherds. They had extended a hand of hospitality and friendship to a Taguel that had been so openly hostile with them at first. Their loyalty had been earned.

But with none as much as it had been from Robin. That young man had earned something more. He had earned *Panne's affections*. It was certainly unbeknownst to her, but this effectively meant that *Panne* had one been Robin's daughter, only to be transformed into his eventual wife. Actually? **“Robin... Robin... Oh!”**

She could 'remember' what she was doing out at this field now. Supplies at the camp were running low and *Panne* was a talented scavenger. She must have traveled all of this way in search of supplies! That wasn't *really* the case, and she would be met with some confusion when she finally returned with berries and herbs in tow, but it was a good enough justification for her mind.

“Now what berries do we need for potions again?”

