

RE-ORDER OF HEROES: BRIDAL EDITION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Spring had barreled towards summer before anyone even knew it.

There had been a bit of an outcry in the wake of the spring festival, when the original Princess Sharena had gone missing. But with the absence of *both* royal heirs now? The kingdom of Askr had made an unconventional decision to have seasonal outfit-wearing variations of Alfonse and Sharena fill their shoes for the time being, at least until the mystery was solved.

Of course, to the swimsuit-clad Loki? It wasn't much of a mystery at *all*. She knew where *both* of those siblings were at that very moment, and unless she outright *told* the authorities about it then they would never have any chance of figuring it out. Even if she *did*? Who was to say that anyone would believe her? That Askr's royals had been transformed into different, beautiful women that were trapped in ridiculous outfits for the rest of their lives?

It would only be believable if she did in front of an *audience*. “**And that doesn't sound like a very fun idea!**” As far as Loki knew, there wasn't really any reason for her to go and out herself. The relic that she had been using had been working *perfectly* fine without any signs of slowing down. And now? The Bridal Festival had rolled around. It was the time of year where beautiful brides dressed in elegant dresses.

The perfect time to transform a foolish couple in love!

“Celica! I have something for you but... I need to go fetch it!”



Those were the words that Alm had left with the girl from his homeland that he was now dating, Celica, before rushing off to a store down the street. With the Bridal Festival upon them it had become the *perfect* time to give her a gift – a corsage from the local flower shop that he’d had specially made just for her. It hadn’t been a very *far* trip from the restaurant he had left her in.

But he had a strange feeling when he finally arrived to pick it up. **“Hello! I’m here to pick up my order? ...Hello?”** The flower store *was* open, but Alm found the front desk unattended to and

he couldn’t see the clerk tending to the flowers, either. This was actually the fault of *Loki*, who had been planning this ever since she’d caught the two being all lovey dovey on the street the day before. She was in the back with the clerk, talking to her about an order she wanted to place.

With the relic glowing in her pocket.

Meanwhile, Alm had been considering returning to Celica’s side. He didn’t want to make her wait *so that they could eat*. **“...Didn’t we finish eating though?”** Something in the back of his mind had seemed a *little* mixed up there for a second. But that unusual though seemed to cross his mind in tandem with *the colors of his eyes shifting*. Not just subtly, mind you, but from green to a dark purple that bordered pink. A surefire sign that the relic in the next room had already begun its work.

The young man instead began to pace around the room a touch more, hoping that the clerk would return at any time so that he could request his order. He wasn’t *rude*. Although he certainly appeared to be unbothered by what seemed to be happening to his *hair*? Much like his eyes it had rapidly changed in color it seemed, greens bleached into a golden blonde within mere moments – and that applied to far more than *just* the hair upon his head.

Rather than stop with color alone? Blonde locks flattened at the sides of Alm's head and traverse down to his shoulders, spurned by a length that just *hadn't* been there before. "**Hm? Is something wrong with my...?**" As had been the case as with the many others that had fallen victim to the relic in the past, he didn't *quite* seem able to comprehend what was happening to him – and *didn't* even despite touching locks that now reached the bottom of his back with his very own fingertips. Because the relic was *very* meticulous about making sure that its secret didn't get out.

So in a similar vein? It wasn't very noticeable to him as his small clothes seemed to loosen around his frame. Not because his height had changed (at least yet), but because there was simply *less* of him beneath that outfit. While the young man had always had a youthful look to him – well he *was* only seventeen – he was actually surprisingly well built beneath his clothes. His body was been very muscular, or *had* been, but that was actually the primary reason his attire had begun to seem a little bit loose.

Most of that built mass had thinned, leaving limbs slim with only hints of the strength that had been there before. "**My, the clerk is really taking a long time.**" Alm spoke in a voice that was sounding increasingly *effeminate*, but likewise *how* he was speaking seemed to slowly be becoming reinvented in real time. It paired well with a general softening of his facial features to seem more feminine, which was a trend visible in a silhouette that narrowed around his waist but pulled out around his hips instead.

Was it *just* a matter of looking more effeminate though? If that had been the case then there wouldn't have been any reason for his hair or eye colors to change so dramatically. The more that the boy's face changed, the more obvious it became that the effects were actually far more dramatic than that. His chin tugged downward away from his eyes so that it took on a longer shape instead. This thinned his cheeks in the process as the mass shifted, but for some reason? His lips puffed up and his eyes narrowed around a vaguely enlarged nose.

Alm didn't really look like *Alm* at all now. He looked more like a pretty woman, and one who was probably *seven* or so years older than he should have been. Something that soon became clearer as the rest of his body *caught up*. That began in the vertical sense. He'd been around 5'3" before, but little by little he stretched out his clothing until he was about 5'6". "**Hmm...**" Alm *did* seem to notice this and conveyed it in a sickeningly sweet voice that now matched his face, but he couldn't seem to place his finger on *what* was bothering him.

“This really is strange. I feel like something is off, and yet...”

And yet *she* could not identify it. Not even a tingling between her legs was properly registered as her dick and balls were whipped back up into her pelvis, forming the appropriate internal organs while what remained was arranged into the lips of her pussy. With her sex completely exchanged, the necessary *amplifications* were pushed into overdrive. And what were these ‘necessary amplifications’? Well, they could only be referring to a few *key areas* by this stage of her transformation.

And sure enough? Alm’s pants began to look much tighter around his lower half even behind how ill fit her previous height increase had made them seem. Fat had seen to it that her thighs and cheeks had all bloated in tandem, having the intended side effect of prompting her hips to swing out to child-bearing proportions in the process. The dark blue pants that she was wearing couldn’t do much to hold back their thickened mass, especially when her now peach-shaped ass was concerned.

But it wasn’t like her *top* was having a much easier time in that regard. Her chest had been completely flat within her shirt, but just seconds after her lower body had jiggled to life a bosom followed suit. The woman’s nipples sprung to life first and foremost, their shapes defined as they pushed against her shirt’s underside in fully erect forms. But the shirt was only forced to make further concessions from there as heft pushed them to jiggle out into B-cups not long after. She very much looked like a woman who had been forced to wear the clothes of a young boy.

This wasn’t a permanent issue. Like the others, her transformation had been themed around whichever event or festival was going on. And since it was a *Bridal Festival*? It was only fitting that what she had been adorned with exploded into a beautiful, white wedding gown with a pink gradient in the skirt that touched the floor. Her shoulders and neckline were bare, sleeves that were open and puffy wrapped down to her wrists. A dark pink bow was likewise fastened around her waist, as what looked like big wings were pinned around her lower half.

Not even the woman’s hair was spared, with blonde locks pulled over her left shoulder in a long braid that was decorated by a pink floral ornament.

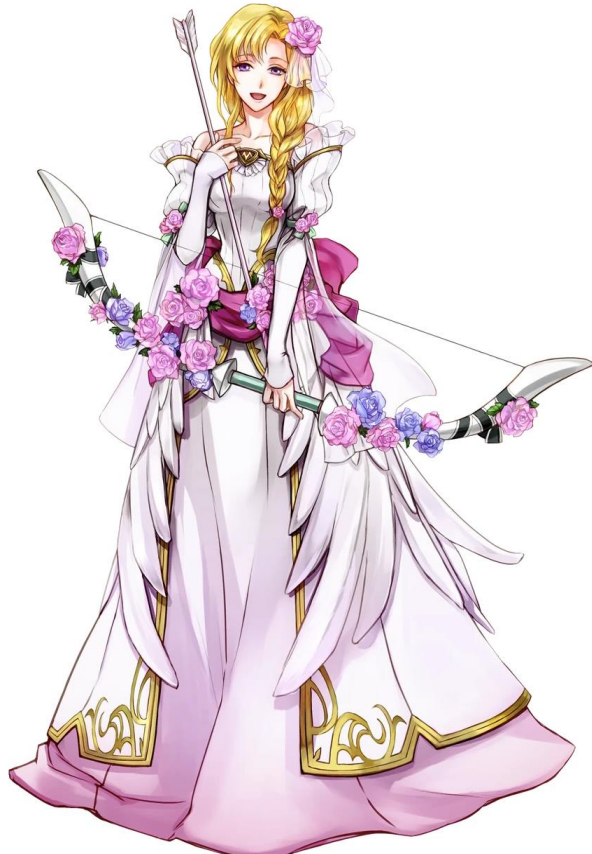
“Oh dear! This just won’t do! I promised Lord Kent that I would arrive for lunch on time!” *Louise* clutched a hand to her chest, being careful about potentially leaving any creases in the elegant wedding dress she had adorned. It *was* the Bridal Festival after all, and she had been summoned for the occasion! Not that she certainly minded in any capacity, not when her husband looked so dashing in a suit! **“It’s**

strange though... It feels as if I've fallen in love with Lord Kent for the first time all over again!"

A side effect of her transformation and the object of her affections changing.

"Heehee! I feel like a young girl in love again!" But Louise had completely forgotten all of *that* and was making the best of things all on her own. As she now recalled? She was going to be having lunch with Kent to celebrate the Bridal Festival, but she had wanted to pick up some flowers from this shop first. But the clerk was nowhere to be seen! After lunch they were having a ceremony to renew their vows and she wanted to look her best! **"Hellooooo~!?! I'm here to pick up my order?"**

Much to the blonde's relief, the clerk *finally* stepped out from the back with a look of surprise on her face. **"Oh, Miss Louise! I'm so sorry, someone was just talking to me about your order in the back! Just give me a few moments and I'll get it ready for you!"** And she shuffled into the garden to begin to pick the bouquet. Louise was a little confused about who might have been discussing her order with her, but...



Loki had already moved on to phase two.

"Alm is certainly taking a long time, isn't he?" He had told Celica that he would only be a few minutes, and yet she had been waiting at the restaurant table for nearly half an hour by that point. It was a good thing they had eaten *before* he had left, and the restaurant wasn't too busy, else the staff likely would have been ushering her along. **"Should I settle the bill myself and go find him? Maybe I should take a moment to freshen up first...?"**



The maiden settled on that plan of action and moved to the bathroom after assuring the waitress that she'd pay after returning. Askr had some modern amenities, but they also weren't *that* modern. But the plumbing was good enough for a running sink with a mirror overtop of it. Celica wasn't aware that someone was standing just outside the bathroom window though, having waited for a moment when the girl was *finally* alone.

With a certain relic glowing in that woman's hands, of course.

“**Hm?**” Just as she believed she was done with the mirror, water turned off and all, she found herself leaning in to examine her reflection a little more closely. On the sides of her head, just behind her headband, it looked as if there were two spots of *purple* resting within her hair? “**That's... unusual?**” Although it quickly became even *more* unusual as she reach up to touch them, only for— “**Ah!?**”

The two vaguely purple spots had *sprung up*, two triangular shapes in that color with pink insides now twitching above her headpiece. “**E-Ears!?**” Not *just* ears, but seemingly the ears of some sort of beast. But it wasn't like she had *two* pairs either, because her initial two had been erased from her head's sides at that very same moment. “**Why do I have ears like these!?**” It was a fair question directed at a concerning sight, but... *Are those not my regular ears?* “**Oh... I guess they are normal?**”

Her recognition that she had been transforming had been brief, only possible because the relic's power hadn't *completely* seized Celica's mind just yet. But now that it had? Her subconscious had begun to make excuses as that same color from the fur of her new ears had begun to embed itself into the hair atop her head, her eyebrows, and even her *pubes*. That said, in the most former case? Hair that had reached past her shoulders shortened to just above them, style thinning and curling a bit so that the style was a little wilder – while bangs were cast across her right eye for a reason that would become apparent shortly.

“**KYA!?**” The seventeen year old girl cried out at the sensation of her skirt and tunic being lifted behind her. She spun around in place several times, almost like a dog, as she attempted to figure out the cause. Which almost felt a little *too* coincidental as what had emerged to *accomplish*

this skirt lifting was big, fluffy, canine tail that bore the same silvery purple fur that her equally canine ears had. Almost like they belonged to a wolf. **“My tail?”**

Why had she been chasing her tail like *a child of her tribe*? Thoughts and memories that didn't match up at all with the life that the girl had lived continuously replaced old ones as her body continued to change. Even at this point? Her porcelain skin's tone could be seen darkening towards an orangey tan that really made her silver hair and fur *pop*, while her lips and palms paled comparatively.

“Hmph.” Because she could vaguely sense that something was *amiss*, she turned her attention back to the bathroom mirror. But even witnessing changes before her very eyes didn't register effectively. Er, well... Witnessing them before her very *eye*. While the color of her left eye darkened to purple, darkness claimed the right one and it was shoved shut, just in time for the indentation of a scare to strike right across it. Damage had been done to the eyeball underneath, but it felt more like an old scar than a new wound. Fortunately.

That wasn't even all that had changed in her reflection, either. Much like Alm's own transformation it was plain that she was growing *older*. Paled lips were *notably* fuller, and her revealed eye's shape both narrowed and was granted lengthened lashes. Paired with her tanned skin, by the time her nose had enlarged a little but she no longer facially met the profile of a teen, but instead of a woman who was *physically* around *thirty* or so. **“Nothing is different. Perhaps its just a figment of my imagination?”**

Was it just as much of a figment as her body *growing*? From Celica's perspective: *yes*. Her meager 5'2" height *rapidly* grew up to 5'7", stretching her limbs and torso. But when it came to her build it wasn't *just* a matter of vertical growth. She actually became *much* physically stronger, muscles tightening and bulging all over her body until she could easily be mistaken for a power warrior. Well... It wouldn't *really* have been a mistake to see her as such. Lengthened fingers even gained *claws* to make her seem all the more dangerous.

A little bit of softness was ultimately applied in a way that offset all of that grown muscle. It targeted her bosom first, the cups of the gown she was wearing struggling to contain the rippling mass of flesh that threatened to explode through its fibers. Her tits *doubled* in size regardless though, *E-cups* resting triumphantly atop her strong set of pectoral muscles.

It was only fitting then that her ass grew in a similar fashion beneath her 'new' tail. The woman's undergarments didn't really stand much of a

chance against her tanned cheeks, which bounced about on their own as fat saw them stretch to roughly twice their original sizes as well. Hips widened as a consequence of this, but realistically? Not *much* fat was provided directly to her thighs. Because so much muscle had grown there that they were *already* thicker than her toned waistline, and the little fat that was added only masked how sexily bulky they were a *little* bit.

Fortunately this bigger, older body wasn't confined with a teenagers undersized dress for too long. Its cloths relaxed and expanded, eventually becoming a bridal gown of white with a dark red underskirt that was exposed in the center, skirt hanging low enough to hide the heels she was adorned with. A single wing of silver wrapped around Celica's left hip beneath a binding sash. The sleeves of the gown were translucent, as was the long veil that was affixed to a small hat that rested above a wrap drawn across her damaged eye to conceal it.

“Is there any point to ‘freshening myself up’?” Glaring at her own reflection not with confusion but almost with contempt, *Nailah* wondered aloud why she had even gone into the bathroom in the first place. She didn't feel like a bridal gown especially suited a strong woman like herself, but it was what her partner, Rafiel, had wanted for her. Well... It wasn't like the power that had summoned her had given her much of a choice anyways.



In Nailah's mind, Rafiel's choice of attire was far more important. He was a member of the Heron clan, a winged clan that was known for its beauty. If there was someone that would be drawing the attention of the crowd as they renewed their vows, then she knew it would be him and *not* her that the people were looking at. **“Hmph. I suppose he would want me to look my best too, though.”**

But where *was* he? He said he would meet her for lunch and still hadn't shown up!

After her work had been done, Loki walked away from the restaurant through a back alley. It would soon be summer once more, and it was hard to believe that she herself had been transformed almost a year ago. But didn't that mean that it was time for the *ultimate* revenge? It was time to turn *someone* else into a swimsuit-wearing beauty for a change! She couldn't help but stare down at the relic in her hand with curiosity.

“That’s odd. Was it always that color after using it? It always has to recharge, but...” The energy that it emanated was even duller than normal. Was it running out of its overall uses? Would its power eventually expire? **“If that’s the case, I suppose there’s only really one thing I can do!”** She would have to make the best of it, right? Everything from the targets to the potential outcomes... They would have to be the best of the best!

“I suppose I have a little bit of time to deliberate. It will certainly be a summer to remember, that much is for sure!”