

# RE-ORDER OF HEROES: SPRING EDITION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Did Loki's tests serve any *real* purpose at this point?

The swimsuit clad foe of the Kingdom of Askr had been having her way with the kingdom's military forces for nearly an entire year by this point in time. Come summer it would have been a full *twelve* months since she had found this relic capable of altering people into *other* people. She had hit the harvest festival, winter holidays, and even the season of romance. But now? Spring had sprung and the kingdom was abuzz with festivity once more.

She had almost begun to wonder if the relic's energy was tied *to* the festivities. Would that also explain why she could only convert her victims into versions of summoned heroes that were dressed in festive wear? Oh, what she would have given to be able to dress in something that wasn't her swimsuit... But alas. In the end she was only toying with the relic for her own amusement.

**“And I've decided on the perfect subjects for *this* use. I'm tired of seeing *them* all bright and peppy. It's *grating*.”**

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**“Peony wanted me to drop off the supplies *here*, right?”** The princess of Askr herself, Sharena, placed a couple of paper bags that she had been carrying onto a table in a small house within Askr's capital city. The Spring Festival was upon them and aside from the usual festivities? Peony had suggested that Sharena and their closest friends

have a little party in the home Peony had been gifted in the city. The winged woman had practically *insisted*, likely because it had been a hard year for the princess after her brother had mysteriously disappeared. **“Did she step out?”**



The party they were having was supposed to be held *that* night and so the pressure had been on them to pick up everything that they needed since it was only the pair of them organizing things. Sharena herself had fetched a number of cooking ingredients for dinner but was surprised to find the house owner *seemingly* wasn't home. **“I mean I guess that's fine. I had other things to get anyways.”** *Flowers*, namely.

But the princess hardly realized that she was being observed through a nearby window by a certain *swimsuit wearing* woman holding a strange, glowing object. Its glow radiated an energy that had begun to affect her on a personal *and* physical level. Yet the victim? Like all the others? Her reactions had been suppressed.

*Oh dear! But I need to start cooking for the party, don't I?*

**“Was I handling the cooking? I wasn't, right?”** She felt *certain* that Peony would be handling that part of the party and yet a feeling deep down kept continued to question it. And the stronger that questioning voice became? The more unusual her *hair* seemed to become. Because that beautiful blonde that she had inherited from her mother had been compromised both in color *and* style.

Speaking on the lattermost aspect, it wasn't like Sharena's hair appeared to change much in length. It was a little more *subtle* than that. Any tufts that curved out were straightened away and her tips were evened out. So that her hair had a much more *uniform* style. There *was* the matter of her bangs growing so long that they reached her shoulders once they were swept just past her right eye, mind you. *That* would have gone noticed if the woman hadn't been caught in the relic's complicated brainwashing.

But the *color* of her hair? It changed too. Both her hair *and* her eyes inherited this same discoloration though. A dark purple that was far *less* normal than the blonde her hair normally features, and it wasn't even isolated to the hair atop her head alone. It emerged midst her brows, which thinned, and her pubes, which actually grew a little *longer*. Sharena was usually pretty meticulous about keeping that area trimmed, too.

**“Or *was* I handling the cooking?”** The possibility that the princess had actually been the one planning on cooking the meal for their guests resurfaced again at this point, just as the changed colors of her eyes carried the transformation into the rest of her face and head as a whole. That sudden crack in her voice came and passed quickly, but it lingered more and more as her face experienced its shift.

The princess' face grew longer for one, her chin pulling an inch or two farther from where a thinner forehead now existed. This had the side effect of thinning her cheeks as the related bones were tugged higher. As Sharena's skull continued to shift beneath her skin? Her eye sockets shifted so that the shapes of those now purple eyes shrunk a touch vertically so that her gaze narrowed. **“*Why can't I recall...?*”** Spoken through full, naturally puckered lips the voice crack from earlier had *become* her voice. And it was the voice of a woman who was a little older – in her mid to late twenties.

Thinking it might clear her head? Sharena gave it a shake. Purple hair bounced about and the crowed braid across her head came unraveled so that it joined the rest of her straightened mane. Her memories were in a state of disarray. Some faded while others came to forefront that certainly *hadn't* existed before. Her talent with a spear? Gone. But she knew how to properly wield a tome now. The use of magic felt as easy as breathing.

The cost of that was the softening away of her muscles.

**“*It isn't just that, actually. What is bothering me?*”** The fact that something was wrong *didn't* go unnoticed by the victim, but unfortunately she was unable to put her finger on it even *as* her personality was twisted so that she was speaking in a more mature manner. Along with her face's appearance it certainly continued to add to the assumption that she was older than she had been prior.

Seemingly? It was time for the rest of her body to *finally* catch up on that front beginning with her *height*. The reality that Sharena's armor was modeled more like a dress than anything was certainly helpful as her stature jumped up an additional *three* inches. This meant that lengthened, softened legs jutted out higher from her armored boots and

her gloved hands extended out of her sleeves. But with fingers creeping longer even those gloves didn't quite fit right in the end, nor did boots with her feet slightly bigger than they had been before.

Sharena groaned, looking down at herself in the meantime. **“Hm? What am I wearing? No, these are my clothes aren't they? But... Aren't I supposed to be wearing something more festive?”** A building discomfort when it came to attire was what forced her to groan, but in the end it was her *outfit itself* that she ended up blaming instead of her *obviously* transforming body.

And now that she was taller? The speed that the remaining alterations that related to her figure increased. Unfortunately, though? While her dress-like armor had been helpful when her height had increased? It didn't necessarily help with the *final* physical shifts. *Fortunately*, it wasn't *as* big of an issue when it came to her lower half. The cheeks of her ass *did* inflate so that the cloth of her undergarments wedged her uncomfortably and her thighs swelled a couple of inches above her boots.

The real issue was Sharena's *chest*. She had a small, maybe medium-sized bust usually. The flat and heavy shape of the armor she wore fit it perfectly. But when you added more weight to its contents? If those breasts were to *grow*? Well, there wouldn't be enough room. And that was surely the case as they jiggled into *DD-cups* with enlarged nipples within, their shapes crushed by an outfit that couldn't bend to accommodate them. **“Hah!”**

It was lucky for the woman that this was only a brief issue. What it *felt* like was that the clothing she was wearing had just *melted* away. Her breasts escaped and bounced to attention but were caught within new, comfortable cups as the woman was clad in that *festive* attired she had been thinking of. Golden heels, dark purple tights, a pink leotard with frills and those dark purple lace cups that now held her tits. There were also black gloves and a matching cloak, but what *really* caught your eye was the pair of black bunny ears fastened to the sides of a golden circlet that now wrapped around her forehead.

And then everything *clicked*.

As soon as *Sonya* cleared the fog that hung over



her head she *immediately* got to work. **“We have a lot to do in a short amount of time. Oh, why did I put it off until the last moment? That’s poor behavior of a host.”** There was a calming refinement to the way the woman spoke and carried herself. She didn’t even take any issue with the bunny costume that she was wearing. It was simply one piece of the Spring Festival’s festivities, and if she and her housemate were having a party?

Then it only made sense that they at least *dress* the part! Well not that they had a choice when they were *summoned* in those clothes.

**“I hope she’s adjusted to the costume I gave her, come to think of it...”** Sonya thought of that housemate as she turned on her gas stove and pulled a cutting board out of a kitchen cupboard as if she had always lived there. Of course, she *did* perceive it that way. She had only been summoned a few days ago and this was just part of getting comfortable in her new home. **“But I hope Tharja can get comfortable as well. It’s a shame seeing as she’s so beautiful.”**

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While Sharena had believed that Peony had gone out when she had returned to the house, the truth of the matter was that she had been *upstairs* the entire time. **“Sharena should be back with the ingredients soon, and I think I’m just about ready up here...”** She had been tidying up the house, making sure that all of the surfaces were cleaned and there were no stray items about. Unfortunately, because she was still in the house she was also within the range of Loki’s relic.

But that had been intended on Loki’s part anyways.

**“I guess it isn’t that important that I clean my bedroom, but...”** She ultimately slipped into her own room to tidy it up quickly around the time that Sharena’s own transformation had begun downstairs. Because she was technically farther away from the source hers took a little longer to kick in. In fact, it kicked in a few minutes later, more than enough time to tidy up what she wanted to. But before she went to leave, a strange thought crossed her mind.

*This room is beginning to feel even more like home, I guess...*

**“Eh!?! This is my home though...”** It had been a strange thing to think but the ljósálfar woman was quick to just file it away in the back of her mind as an ‘intrusive thought’. Sometimes you just thought strange things unprompted, right? That was probably just one of those thoughts! *Even though it’s way too bright in here.* And there it was! Another one! See? Completely normal!

It was easy enough to label that as an intrusive thought because it was an opinion Peony *definitely* wouldn’t have on her own. She *loved* sunlight and light in general, and she’d even avoided decorating her room with curtains for that specific reason. Mind you? While attempting to explain away the unusual thoughts that were crossing her mind, her body had begun to change in ways that were both subtle and *not* so subtle. But she didn’t notice them either way, just like Sharena hadn’t.

But they didn’t unfold in the same order. The thighs that were exposed by the woman’s favorite outfit were a testament to that because they were the *earliest* changes that were of note. The upper borders of her thigh high boots had begun to dig *into* the thighs in question, because the flesh that they wrapped around was *expanding*. They burgeoned forth almost *three* inches overtop of the already above average showing of thigh meat that she already normally possessed, and her boots ended up digging in until flesh muffined over the tops.

But this growth was shared with nearby regions as well. **“Ugh, wedgie!”** While the groan was out of character, the realization was valid. She sent a hand down and up her skirt to try and pick at her panties, which had unfortunately suffered the fate of being slid up into the depths of her crack. An ass crack that rippled as new mass padded her cheeks, nearly *doubling* the size of her rump and creating *quite* the appealing incline when curving in from her back. It might as well have been a *shelf*!

**“Weird though... I wonder if they were out to dry for too long?”** That was the only plausible explanation for it, right? It wasn’t like her *body* had changed shape and size? *Right?* Surely her hips *also* hadn’t grown a couple of inches... *Right?* All of these possibilities were certainly off the table to Peony, who didn’t stand a chance of recognizing the truth because of the relic’s power.

Her figure changed in other ways too, but none were as pronounced as her ass and thighs. Any muscle that her body had possessed melted away for one, and the skin that wrapped around those muscles? With the sun filtering in it wasn’t hard to notice just how that skin was paling until any remnant of the original pinkish hue had been utterly wiped from her complexion.

Her breasts? They actually *shrunk* – but the process was so minute that you couldn't be blamed for not realizing. Perhaps a single inch had been taken from them *total*, but more remarkable was how her nipples both darkened against her paled skin but also changed in size. They actually became *bigger* despite her breasts on the whole becoming a little smaller. But in the end? It made sense when you considered nipples were just one of those things that displayed differently on different woman of different backgrounds.

“*This outfit...*” The slight looseness of her dress had elicited a downwards glance from Peony and while she hadn't *meant* to, she hissed at what she saw. Was it not the outfit that she always wore? So then why were the colors pissing her off? They were too bright and cheerful! Something she... didn't want to be? But hadn't she always...? “*Ugh...*” Her voice sounded darker and drier too. By design, of course.

With her build now repurposed as that of a *Plegian* mage, the matter of her identity was what her transformation hyperfocused on next. She pouted solemnly to herself, utterly unaware that those lips were sliding against one another through a puffy swell that almost seemed like she was having a slight allergic reaction. On the other hand? Her cheeks lost some of the cuter roundness they possessed so that her face was narrower on the whole. Lengthened lashes framed a narrowed gaze of *brown* that simultaneously gave her a more intense look like she was perpetually *glaring*.

The dark bags that emerged beneath them didn't help much either.

As a raven black began to seep into her hair from the tips towards her roots, those traits that clearly defined her as a *ljósálfar* were *reduced* and eventually *eliminated*. Her pointed ears found their tips rounded for one, but her wings? It was almost like they were being rolled up like a pair of posters from their ends. When they finally pinned against her back once more? “*Huh!?*” They detached from her body and fell to the ground was a clank. As a *broom* and a *mop* that startled her and caused her to turn. “*Where did those even come from?*”

It was a mystery she didn't have an answer to as well as a question she wouldn't ask again. Even as she'd turned to look at the cleaning tools her black hair had fanned out behind her. Each strand had become long and luscious, bangs thick and hovering just above purple eyes while it reached her ass in the back. By the time she turned to look back at her room again?

The fit of her clothing no longer bothered her either. It had become a bunny costume akin to Sonya's in design, but the tights were purple and the leotard was violet as opposed to pink. Otherwise it still had the dark gloves, golden heels, and a pair of bunny ears. But *these* bunny ears were brown with purple tips, and were floppily part of a thick, brown headband beneath a yellow flower and a golden headpiece.

**“Am I finally done cleaning?”** *Tharja* groaned after giving *her* room a once over. Considering she had only recently been summoned and moved into this home she was still getting used to things. It was a little too *bright* for her liking and the city streets below could be noisy. But if she was to stay there for a while? She would have to make it homelier on her own. Once the Spring Festival concluded, she would *absolutely* be buying black curtains for her ‘darker’ lifestyle.

She made no effort to put away any of the cleaning tools she had used properly and *sulked* out her bedroom door with her posture hunched over. While she was adjusting to the city itself thanks to Sonya, well... **“Why the hell am I wearing this still!?”** It must have been some kind of cruel joke to summon her dressed in a bunny outfit! Since she had been summoned while *wearing* it, she was incapable of wearing anything else. She could take it *off*, sure, but if she put any other clothes on?

They transformed into that embarrassing ensemble.

**“But you look so beautiful in that outfit, Tharja dear!”** Sonya had evidently overheard the mage sulking and had called up some encouraging statements. Statements that made Tharja blush to herself. Why was that woman so good with her words!? She knew *exactly* how to get a reaction out of her Plegian for better or for worse. It was almost like Sonya had a *soft spot* for her. But that couldn't be the case, could it?

Still hunched over, Tharja eventually moved down the stairs to eye Sonya's cooking. She was making a stew for dinner, and she couldn't deny that it *smelled* good. **“Is that a recipe from your homeland or what?”** She took a spoon to try and sample it, but Sonya used her ladle to knock the Plegian's hand away. **“Fine...”** So much for stealing a taste!

**“I'll let you taste it if you stop walking around like that. You're trying to hide your clothes, right? If you ask me, you should**





**stand proud! You really *are* an attractive woman, Tharja.**” Another compliment that made Tharja blush intensely, much to the amusement of the one *paying* her that compliment. **“And you’re cute to boot!”**

**“Shut up...”**

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Content with the end result, Loki slipped away from the house that Sonya and Tharja occupied before anyone could possibly see her. She didn’t want to be tied to any mysterious appearances and disappearances, especially with investigations growing more intense with each incident. Not to mention that *this* incident involved the princess of the kingdom. It would likely be *very* high profile.

**“I suppose a bridal festival is coming up next, isn’t it?”**