

RE:GENERATION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



If they were to change the fate of their world, this was their only hope.

This was the mentality of the next generation of Ylisse going into their last resort time travel plan, after the children had all lost their parents to the hands of Grima and their Risen followers over the past *almost* two decades. So much had been lost never to be returned, and the world itself had been plunged into darkness. There were risks associated with this plan, one that involved sending themselves into the past before they were even born, but it was the best and, perhaps only shot they had.

There had been a moment where Ylisse's princess, Lucina, had been worried that she might be going alone for no one had met her at Mount Prism, but fortune brought her comrades to her side, and the group of them made their escape to an age long past. **"I'll save my mother and father, this I swear!"**, or so her battle cry had gone as she stepped into the path that would take her there.

But where she turned up? It wasn't exactly the place she had expected to be. **"These are... the barracks of the Shepherds, are they not?"** Rather, one of the private chambers that members used to rest while not out on missions. Lucina recognized it because her mother and father had taken her in to see them when she was only a little girl. Her memories of this place were vague, but...

"No, isn't this mother's room?" Armor modelled on a mannequin in the room's corner, only enough to cover one's torso and arms and tinted a little pink, caught her attention the moment she stole a glance. There was no doubt in her mind that it was the armor her mother, Sumia,

wore as a Pegasus Knight. Yet it looked far too pristine, almost as if it had never been worn in the first place. *It hadn't.*

What the princess did not realize was that their means of going back in time had worked, but at a cost. People from the future both *shouldn't* and *couldn't* exist in an era they didn't belong, so reality itself was forced to keep some semblance of balance in check. The woman that was meant to be Lucina's mother, Sumia, did not exist in this iteration of the timeline because of the presence of her adult daughter. But there was now a girl who carried that woman's blood in her veins.

All of the ingredients were present to recreate Sumia's existence were no present, and history would be corrected as it should be. Lucina was just wholly unaware of the fact that she would soon be filling her mother's shoes *literally*. In fact, it was already beginning. The princess didn't realize though, not even when she did something very out of character.

She *tripped*, and over nothing at that.

“Whoa!?” Fortune shone upon Lucina, and she did not fall too far forward before catching herself and forcing herself upright once more. The last thing she needed was to fall flat on her face – she'd never done it herself, but she had certainly seen her mother do it any number of times before her death. Her mother hadn't been the most coordinated of people, that much was for certain. She loved her dearly, nonetheless.

Yet even though their bond was strong, it was undeniable that Lucina took after her father. She didn't inherit anything from her mother's side. Not hair color, not eye color, not even her general frame. Much of it had come from her father, Chrom.

Which made it all the more alarming that she had unknowingly begun to take on some of these features that belonged to her mother without her realizing: namely her mother's hair color in the beginning. The brilliant blue that she had inherited from her father began to wane in intensity, said blue almost turning an off grey at first before sliding towards a coloring that would soon be considering 'normal' instead.

It was a softer chestnut tone that first teased her roots, eventually fanning out to replace the grey with its gentle beauty. Like a wave of color that demolished all that stood in its way, it swept fully out to Lucina's tips. Yet more was sacrificed than merely its coloration, one needn't look any further than the hair that framed her face to realize that.

For at her cheeks and trending downward, these frames curled into fanciful drills that lengthened ever so slightly to make up for what was

lost in length by its design. Perhaps funnily enough though, these drills weren't featured anywhere else in her mane, even if the bulk of it all did lengthen some. The natural curliness to it all *did* find new greatness however, even if it didn't curl into drills. This left Lucina's hair a chestnut brown that was much softer and voluminous to look at and touch. It was much more properly cared for, almost like the princess treasured her hair more than she had. Even her bangs were different, now sporting a consistent cut across her forehead rather than drooping down only the center.

Almost like something had taken out a hit on the color blue, it affected the girl's eyes next. The Brand of the Exalt in her left eyes faded until both eyes were the same, before the blue dissipated to leave room for a light brown not unlike that which had already taken her hair to make its way in. In this case, the windows matched the drapes basically in its entirety.

This had all happened in the time it had taken Lucina to catch her balance from her initial spill – so only over ten or fifteen seconds, give or take. **“It isn't like me to lose my balance like that...”**, she mused to herself with concern. But at the end of the day she supposed there wasn't a single person in this world that wouldn't lose their balance once in a while, right?

“Now where was I...?” Intent on returning to investigate the door once more, she tripped *again*. **“Ah!?”** This time catching herself on the desk beside the door in question. Though the cause this time was just as much the fault of her outfit as it was an undeniably growing clumsiness.

While it was a light brown that had affected her tertiary physical features, it was actually a number of *purple* tones that correlated with said growing fashion disaster. The material of her blue tunic was dyed in a darker purple tone, and the quality of it? Vertical stripes ran down it while its smooth texture became a little rougher, like it was made of felt. The base of this tunic ended up slightly different though, with a leathery texture that was painted with a purple that leaned more into pastel undertones.

Lucina's belt found itself pinkened with a purple center, wrapping around her a little more loosely and ending up draped around the tunic's skirt in a crisscross, held together by a silver buckle and tipped with two matching, silver hearts. Down south, her pants folded down into her boots to leave her thighs largely exposed, evidently becoming pink leggings that were hooked to her waistline by a pair of garter belts. Her boots themselves remained mounted just beneath her thighs, though the material did turn to a dark purple as well.

Completing her look was a change in accessories. Her arms and hands were left clad in detached, purple gloves that matched the material of her tunic, while the tiara atop her head slid back while bending, steel pinkening before spreading out like a pair of wings, and tiny ties made of pearls kept her side drills pinned together. Her tiara had become an incredibly unique hair clip that Lucina might have noticed immediately, for it certainly belonged to her *mother*.

She was dressed just like Sumia, although she was missing her armor – the very same armor that was strung to the mannequin in the room’s corner. But that aside, everything else looked a little *loose*? Lucina’s frame was lithe but toned, with no excess weight anywhere on her body. She was all muscle, which contributed to the fact that she wasn’t very curvy. Considering her mother had been both better endowed and in the possession of a softer figure, the tunic dangled and was held only by the mercy of shoulder.

...Which was more or less a recipe for further accidents, as the girl was soon subjected to. “**AAAWAWAAAA!?**” This time, though, the voice she cried out with was softer, and the cry more expressive. For a brief moment she’d thought ‘*Did I just hear my mother!?*’ not even realizing that the voice and expression was her *own*. She quickly dismissed it while smacking the side of her face off the door though, the cause of her fall being the fact that her boots were too big for her feet and legs.

As rapidly as everything else had occurred, so too did the next wave of change, one that corrected most of these issues. The first was her overall stature, for while the princess pushed herself off of the door she had smacked into, she did so with just a little more reach than she’d had before. It wasn’t much, but two inches had blessed her frame, which hoisted her tunic’s skirt up so that more of her thighs were revealed and tightened the straps of her garter belts.

These belts ended up tightening further, in no small part because the woman’s thighs grew to stretch them width wise and not simply height wise. Her legs actually retained their strength, and in fact became even stronger (*as would be expected of a mounted fighter*), but their expanse came from a place of a fat instead. They looked increasingly tender, softening from this additional layer of weight that brought her upper legs to look plump.

It perfectly hid just how muscular her legs were, while the excess flowed to increase the size of her rear a hearty amount. Her pale-pink undergarments had been a little loose up until this point, but now they were pulled tight again her groin – which was fittingly decorated by a chestnut bush. Her hips widened a bit in protest too, bringing her tunic’s fit to sit even *more* comfortably.

The raw muscle that chiseled Lucina's tummy softened, and actually weakened a little just as the strength of her arms did. This left her form to appear a little squishier, but she was by no means a weakling now either. The signs of a warrior still persisted, though such things tended to have extraordinarily little to do with the next area of effect.

Her breasts. The tunic's front had been the loosest part of the outfit, for Lucina's own bosom was a paltry B-cup. Not that her mother's own chest had ever been excessively bigger, but the difference *was* applied. Nipples swelled but did not grow erects as they rubbed against the tunic's underside with a brassiere to separate the two, and fat saw her tits jiggle forth a full cup size. Maybe a little more, putting her on the cusp of arriving in D-cup territory.

“What is wrong with me? What do I keep tripping over? Oh... Chrom would laugh at me if he saw!” It took her a moment, but? **“Chrom? But he's... he died! D-Did he? No! I see him every day!”** Her lips, swelling slightly all the while, turned into a frown as she was left dumbfounded by her own memories. Something was wrong here, and she couldn't figure it out!

The woman's gaze softened naturally, and it was clear that her brown eyes were narrower by design. Her nose had followed suit, and her chin was narrower. No... Her face overall gave that impression, while also suggesting she might be a little older. She was. *Twenty-one*, to be exact, while Lucina had *been* eighteen.

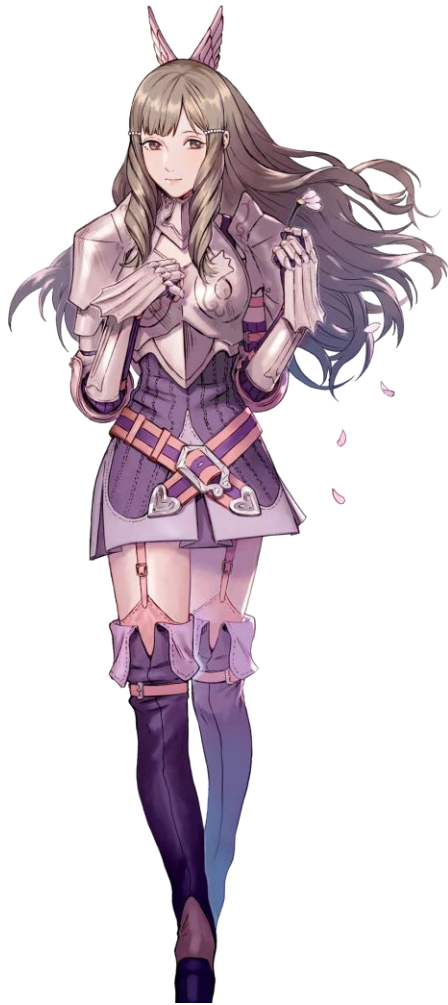
The Ylissean Pegasus Knight, *Sumia* was as frazzled as could be. Not solely from the fact that she'd fallen several times – *that was more or less on par for her what with how naturally clumsy she was* – but because all of the confidence she'd had when she'd appeared in the room had dried up entirely. She was now doubting herself immensely, be it her talents as a warrior or her desirability as a woman.

“Actually, how did I...?” How had she gotten into her room in the barracks? Her eyes had been fixated on her armor for a time, but now, as she wrapped the drill-shaped locks that framed her face around one of her fingers, the woman found herself staring at the door. Had she just woken up? But the bed was not only made but appeared a little dusty. Had she walked through the door? That absolutely would have made the most sense, but she just *couldn't* remember.

Thinking it might be best to check the door for clues, she ended up tripping *again* on the way to the wooden construct. Fortunately, Sumia managed to catch her balance before hitting the floor, but with a **“WAH!?”** she couldn't stop herself from smacking her head against the

entrance with a *THUD*. “**Owowow...!**” She stumbled back, and in an impressive display of clumsiness ended up tripping over the leg of a chair that was tucked into a desk, sending the woman sailing back and onto the bed, where she hit her head *again* on the back wall.

Sumia whined to herself as she lifted her head and, eventually, the rest of her body so that she was sitting upright upon the bed. Any doubts she’d had about how she had ended up in her room had more or less been obliterated by the dual assault upon her cranium, and all she could really think about now was how much her head hurt.



“**Sumia? Are you almost ready to go on patrol?**” A familiar voice accompanied a knocking on her door soon after, bringing her cheeks to crimson the moment she realized who it was. It was Chrom, the prince of Ylisse and a man whose affections she had come to desire. Perhaps it wasn’t her place to feel like this about him, but a woman could control how she felt, right?

Even if, minutes ago, the very same man had once been her father. Now their dynamic was completely different and seeing as she could no longer remember being Chrom’s daughter from the future, it really didn’t seem to matter all that much. “**Oh! Why yes, I am, Chrom! Just give me a moment to fetch my armor!**” Sumia tried her best to hide the giddiness in her voice while jumping back

up to her feet and delicately skipping over to her armor so that she didn’t fall again.

Oh, how embarrassing it would be if Chrom overheard her tripping! But she was really excited to go on patrol for once! Even though she had no confidence in her skills as a Pegasus Knight, the two of them were going on patrol alone this eve! And with any luck? She could offer to deliver him home on the back of her Pegasus with her.