

REYNING HER IN

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Melia Antiqua had plenty on her mind, as always seemed to be the case.

One could argue that once you've lived for eighty-seven years that late nights lost in one's thoughts were a fairly common occurrence, but with the fate of their world now secured and a relative peace having settled across the land, the High Entia truly had to consider what next steps she should take.

Of course, despite her age she still bore the appearance of a young woman. Her race simply aged slower than most. Still, she wondered if it was finally time for her to consider securing a future with another. This topic alone was what weighed on her as she sat on the stairs beneath the altar of the temple she had been camping out at. Melia had been on a pilgrimage of sorts, assessing the damage in the wake of everything that had transpired.

"I wonder if Shulk prefers women of another type?" She couldn't help but ask herself what was *truly* weighing on her mind. Over the course of their journey she'd come to fancy Shulk a great deal but thinking on it she didn't even know if she was his type! It was from this anxiety that her restlessness came, for she would be reuniting with him over the next couple of days after some time apart.

The thought of seeing that boy made her heart pitter patter, but the fear that her feelings might never be returned because she wasn't to her tastes? That scared her. But how could she even broach the topic? *'Shulk! What sort of women strike your fancy?' Suspicious!* That was far too

suspicious of a thing to say! He'd understand what she was getting at right away!

Bringing her chin down to her raised knees, Melia sighed. **"I suppose it isn't even a question. Men prefer women that are shapelier, do they not?"** And the High Entia knew that her figure was... Well, it wasn't absent, but it was fairly tame compared to some of the other women she knew when it came to curves. **"Sometimes I wish I were a little more endowed."**

This 'wish' was little more than a comment she was making off the handle. She didn't truly desire such a thing because she understood that if she changed even the slightest bit of herself, she wouldn't truly be herself anymore. Unfortunately, the higher powers that guarded this shrine that had overheard this wish wouldn't be taking Melia's feelings into consideration.

This divinity, or perhaps these divinities, bestowed a holy ray of light that poured down from the sky, immediately basking Melia in its glow. **"Hm!? What is...?"** The maiden sprung up and onto her feet with alarm, the sensation of her skin tingling blatant enough to provoke her to move out of this light cast from the heavens. But the beam? It remained centered on her, and the nearest point of shelter from the light was a good three minute run down the ample steps that led up to the shrine.

A gloved hand clutched to her chest; the women brought her gaze up to the sky. **"Is this some sort of enemy attack?"** A trap, perhaps? As a High Entia there were still those that hunted her people, which was why it could be dangerous to travel alone. But here? On sacred land?

She might have been luckier had this truly been the case and this was a mere kidnapping attempt, because with eyes trained skyward, she had yet to realize what was truly happening. Her skin wasn't tingling without justification, but with so little of it exposed considering her costume it was difficult for her to see as much unless she looked down at her chest's peak.

But there? It was plain as day. Patches of her skin, inconsistent in both size and shape, had been discolored with a light copper that was not a falsified tone, but rather an authentic one depicted by her melanin balance. For a time they best resembled freckles upon her chest, but with time these splotches grew and melded amidst each other, creating a consistent tone that spread far and wide.

Not even her face was safe, copper stealing away porcelain and darkening even Melia's lips. Evidently it wasn't a mere change in quality

either, not unless a changing skin tone could also promote the growth of a beauty mark beneath her lips on the right side. A similar darkening trend was obscured beneath the cloth of her ensemble, including nipples and areola darkening to brown, and the lips of her pussy doing the same. It wasn't typical of her race to take such a skin color, but then again? This discoloration wasn't exactly limited to her skin.

“Is there a way for me to escape this light?” Even with her skin changed, she desperately was shuffling around the raised shrine in hopes of escaping the light's influence. Unfortunately, it amounted to little. Even more unfortunately, the affliction that had altered her skin tone was continuing its work, now reinventing the blue of Melia's eyes. What took root in the place of the color of the sky was a much more mundane brown.

And Melia's hair? Black met silver as the richer color stole away her roots and reached outward. Bangs found themselves swept to the left once the raven color had fully taken them, and as darkness consumed her natural, easily identifiable hair curls? They unwound and fell fully down her back, a few inches past her shoulders. Even her brows, and the hair above her pussy darkened to the same tone – and in the latter case it became *far* bushier.

She hardly *looked* the part of a High Entia by this point. In fact, not only did her features better resemble a naturally born Homs, her coloring and new hairstyling was a perfect match to a dear friend Melia had made over the course of her journey with the others. Even the beauty mark, suspiciously... Admittedly, even her facial structure appeared to shift. Lips thickened and her cheekbones rose, providing her face with a much narrower structure and smaller looking eyes. She hardly looked like herself from the chin up, even!

An itchiness at the back of the woman's throat provoked her to cough suddenly, and when the feeling had passed? **“Geez, this is all pretty weird— Huh? What's up with my voice?”** Concern wasn't about the pitch of her voice alone, although it was noticeably different. The additional concern came when thinking about how casually she was speaking. Melia was overly formal under normal circumstances, yet now? It almost felt like a pain to talk that stiffly. **“Don't I sound a little like Sharla? Nah, that can't be it.”**

That was *exactly* it.

And, as if to support that fact, the light's embrace had begun to create discomfort in the girl's attire. She was suddenly hypersensitive to the fact that it was all much too tight without any understanding as to why. From an onlooker's perspective, however, it was fairly easy to see. Melia

was growing taller, her limbs and torso lengthening to apply this heightened viewpoint.

This naturally applied to her hands and feet as well, and since both areas were wrapped in gloves and boots respectively, this caused their containers to stretch. In the case of the gloves, her lengthening digits pushed the ends of the elbow-length gloves until they no longer fit, and one fell to expose tanned flesh to the girl. “**W-Wait!? What’s wrong with my hand? The color isn’t...**” At the same time, her feet had grown so large that she instinctively kicked her boots off and down the stairs, wider, tanner soles resting in stretched leggings upon the marble steps.

One’s skin didn’t just *change color*! What would the others say if they saw her like this? What would *he* say? *Reyn*... The last thing she wanted to do was surprise him, considering her feelings. “**H-Huh!?**” She almost hadn’t caught that. Why was she thinking of Reyn like she was romantically invested in him!? Her feelings were for Shulk alone!

But isn’t Shulk a little too young for me? Not mature at all.

Since when had she started feeling this way about him? Just moments ago, hadn’t she been... been... “**I can’t remember what in the world I was doing?**” This was a temple, wasn’t it? Why had she been thinking about Shulk? And why in the name of the heavens was she in such restrictive clothing!?

Her cognitive distractions had not delayed her growth at all, and five inches of height had brought Melia up from 5’1” to 5’6”. This meant that the skirt of her dress had been hoisted up a great deal and her leggings had slid down to her knees, while a broadened shoulder forced the clasp of her cape to come undone and fall to the ground behind her.

Hips soon swung wide, leaving the woman imbalanced enough for her to nearly trip down the stairs with an energetic cry. She managed to catch herself, yet the sides of her skirt had begun to tear from the stress. It wouldn’t take much else to push them over the edge, and it *didn’t*. For muscle and fat alike was seeing her figure thicker from the hips down, resulting in the sound of pastel fabric tearing, incapable of containing this widened load.

Melia’s ass, for example, became quite abundant. At first her muscles had grown more ample and stronger, making her rear look somewhat chiseled. But fat bled in not long after, and a roundness was returned to her rump with such vigor that the back of her skirt was pushed higher, and her plain, white undergarments were wedged in between thickened cheeks. This thickness continued downwards, supplementing her thighs

with strength and softness as well, and it was clear that she was going to need to get changed soon.

Although if what had happened to her lower body was any indication, it wasn't likely her outfit would survive that long. "**Ngh!? Hard to... breathe...!**" So much was happening that it was hard for the woman to keep track of it all, and her personality was hardly even like the Melia the others knew by this point in time. Still, it felt like her lungs were being crushed, and that was a doozy enough of a feeling to pull her away from any concerns about her mental state.

Hands rose to her chest, where the top of her dress was restricting her breathing. Naturally, it wasn't the dress that had shrunk but her body that was growing, and with space already deteriorated thanks to her height growth spurt, space had already been limited. That meant that breasts rising to the occasion was a change that was difficult to accommodate, and her neckline was digging into bulging, tanned flesh that was swelling to a size that would present Melia with the figure she had inadvertently wished for.

The lowest point of her dress' neckline began to tear downwards, and before long most of her breasts had burst forth of their container, providing the Homs with a much needed ability to breath once more. Each breast bounced from the suddenness of their expulsion, brown nipples hard and thick just begging to be twerked. "**My clothes!?**"

Evidently, her concern about her manner of dress was a fleeting one. The light's work had almost completed, and one of its final bursts of energy tore her bare of any articles of clothing, before re-painting her in a familiar ensemble of red, blue, and white that accentuated her womanly curves along with a belly that was now attractively toned. Thighs bulged bare above thigh high boots, and the bulge of her ass could barely be contained by white shorts. Of course, the cleavage allotted by her new red and blue vest was nothing to scoff at either.

She was now a tall, beautiful *Homs* woman. One Melia knew well, and it was because she knew her that she had been gifted her form. After all, the power that had changed her had drown references for her ideal existence from Melia's memories. But that had come with a cost, and the fabric of the world altered her mind to correct any inconsistencies.

“How in the gods’ name did I end up here?” From *Sharla*’s perspective, all of her memories had been muddled for the past few days – *weeks*? What was the date exactly? It was as if she could recall up until the final battle, but everything else was a blur. All that was left was this pining. An intense affection for a young man. *Shulk*? Why had that name come to mind first? **“He’d be a lucky boy if so, but no.”**

She couldn’t possibly fathom ever holding any feelings for the kid. He simply wasn’t her type, and after everything that had happened? After losing Gadolt? There was only a single person that could make her feel this way. **“I wonder what he’s doing now? Not that I don’t have my own problems to worry about.”** Sharla spared a look at the stars above. For some reason, Reyn had truly won her heart in the end.

It might take her a while to reach a point where she was comfortable acting on such a thing, but there was only that single man she could imagine settling down with after the loss of Gadolt. But this was neither here nor there, as the Homs woman reminded herself.

“I still don’t understand how I ended up in this place.”

