

BEACHED ENTHUSIASM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Summer this, beach that! ARGH! I HATE THIS TIME OF YEAR!”

The way that Caenis detested the summer season was shocking to some, but to those that knew of her background it was a dislike that made much more sense than one might first assume. Summertime was often overflowing with imagery involving the ocean, and Caenis had a great deal of trauma relating to it thanks to Poseidon and her overall backstory.

While some grew frustrated with her lack of merriment though, there were those that took pity as well. Caenis was not without allies in Chaldea, and one of this allies was the young witch, Medea Lily. **“It’s a shame that she cannot accept the season for what it is. I mean, it isn’t like I don’t understand, but if only there was some way to help the poor thing?”**

This assessment had come after several attempts to get the Lancer to open up about her problem at Medea’s behest. The first try had gone about as well as expected, what with Caenis lashing out at her. And the second? Caster really felt like she’d made a big breakthrough in getting her to talk about it! On the third, though? Things very quickly fell apart.

“Why not visit the beach with me, Caenis? I’m sure you’ll have a good time, even if you just spend it lounging around on the sand!” The invitation itself had been innocent enough. Her companion didn’t need to go *into* the water, just spending time at the edge itself would have been progress. If she could get Caenis to take baby steps on the matter, then...

But it wasn't a very successful invite. **“GO TO THE BEACH? Are you crazy? No damn way! I'm going to go training with Mordred, so don't suggest something like that again, got it!?”** This was all the Lancer had said before storming off, leaving Medea quite flustered in her wake. It wasn't as if she'd meant harm with her suggestion. But, well...

Perhaps she'd have to explore a different avenue if she were to provide help.

Chaldea's combat simulator whirred to life with only Caenis inside, a new world brought to life around her over the span of a few seconds. With Medea Lily prodding her to go to the beach, the Lancer had really needed a means of venting some frustration. People could *pretend* to understand how she felt, but did they really understand deep down? *Hell no!* Mordred had invited her to train together earlier that day, and while her partner had yet to arrive, she just wanted to start things off before the other arrived.



“HUH!? The hell's this!? This isn't the setting I put in!”

While she thought she might quell her rage with a few battles in a medieval setting, the combat simulator had deposited her into, of all things, *A BEACH!* Was this some kind of prank? But even though she wanted to bring up the menu again to fix things,

she couldn't seem to interact with the simulator's HUD at all? **“What? Is this thing messing up!?”**

Yes *and* no. The simulator *was* messed up, but not through anyone's error. It was wholly intentional thanks to the work of a certain Moon-born Artificial Intelligence. One that Medea *might* have approached looking for a solution to Caenis' woes. Maybe. Probably. *Likely.*

“UGH! What's going on here!? Let me out of this crap!” Caenis summoned her spear and shield, intent on destroying the simulation device itself if she had to... though she didn't have the foggiest idea *how* to do so even though the thought had crossed her mind. In the end,

though, it didn't really matter. Because fate was transpiring against her accomplishing such a task in the first place.

Accustomed to holding her weaponry as she always was, for some reason both the spear and the shield began to feel *heavy*. “**Eh? Why...? The hell!?**” Both arms hung heavy, and her grip on both steel objects began to waver until, one by one, they slipped out of her hands and fell to the floor with her body lurched forward. It wasn't like she'd just *dropped* them, but she physically didn't have the potential to hold them any longer!

A simple look at just not her arms, but the muscle tone of her entire body was telling enough as to the reason. The strength of her muscles had been degrading with little discreetness, once firm limbs becoming softer and softer until a light layer of fat remained to fill skin that had once been left incredibly taut by how buff the Lancer was. “**I feel so damn weak!**” Caenis stopped herself from adding ‘*like a woman*’ because that would have pissed her off more.

Her body felt slow, and the weight of even the few armor pieces she was wearing seemed incredibly burdensome to how she was now. Her shoulders were slumped, and the gauntlet on her right hand was so excessive in mass that she rapidly dismissed her armor before it was too late, leaving her still with her top, bikini bottom, gloves, and boots. “**Ugh, and my head feels so... so damn...**” *Airy?* It was the best word that came to mind, really.

Whatever this was, it wasn't *normal*. Even now, the red markings across her body were fading away, but instead of returning to the regular, tanned color of the Lancer's skin? The markings instead faded until they were a light, pinkish pale that stood to starkly contrast the usual color around them.

Caenis, on the other hand, was far too generally fixed on her weakness. Her strength was her *pride*, her strength was her *everything!* And yet now, looking at herself? Her strength was *gone!* “**Is this one of those... What are they called again? A glitch? A glonch? Oh my, I mean a glitch! Those things where something goes wrong in a computer!**” She didn't consider herself to be even slightly fluent in technological babble, but she'd at least heard that term before.

Could a glitch rob someone of their strength, though? Even as she dwelled on it, more signs of what she would perceive to be ‘weakness’ could be found upon her person. Such as the callouses slipping away from her fingers and toes – although both areas just became all the gentler in general.

For her hands, once the callouses had left her the digits they'd been present on ran just the slightest bit shorter to match collapsed palms. More dramatic though was the length and cut of the nails atop them. Since she was gloved, she couldn't really see this, but each and every nail earned a delicate, professional manicure that was far more feminine than the short cut that was to Caenis' own preferences.

Farther down, the changes to her feet did feel a little more substantiated. Her lift within the boots declined thanks to softened heels, while toes once plagued by callouses and crooked nails collapsed and cleaned so that they were gentle and soft. Her feet were no longer a fit for her shoes, and she realized the second she lifted a foot and it rose right out of her boot. "***Eh!?***" Shocked, she raised the second without thinking, and through her flailing she was left with bare feet on the sand, and with her gloves falling off from all of the motion. "**Wait, what's up with my clothes then...?**"

She lifted a foot with her hands to look at the bottom. It didn't look right. Her hands didn't look right either! Instead, it all looked too damn girly! But upon that realization, something *terrifying* gripped Caenis. It wasn't a physical change, or something quantifiable through sight at all. It was a single thought. But that thought ran contrary to everything she believed about herself.

What's wrong with being seen as feminine?

In the same vein, there was a second thought as her eyes caught sight of the ocean beside her. *And there's nothing wrong with this beautiful view, is there?* "**N-No! Like hell I'd think either of those things! I don't accept... it...?**" As she gazed out at the ocean though, she realized that something was amiss. "**Am I getting smaller?**" It was subtle at first, but after a moment of considering it, she could definitely see her point of view diminishing.

It wasn't all that substantial, what with only a couple of inches robbed from her height, but... Considering how soft and supple her flesh already looked thanks to her stolen muscles, this only contributed to what Caenis feared: that she was resembling a dainty, young woman more than the proud warrior she was *supposed* to be.

And despite that? Looking down at herself, she only one word came to mind. "***Beautiful...***" The word was hushed, but it was how she *really* felt. Her skin was flawless, and her figure, while weak looking, was quite attractive. "***Er... Wait! N-No! It didn't freaking mean that! And what the heck is wrong with my voice!?***" She was, for some reason, mentally berating herself for speaking so crudely with this gentler tone

and had already begun to supplement alternatives to the harsher words she usually spewed.

Before she realized what she was doing, hands had begun to fondle the swollen flesh of her bosom. With so much muscle relaxing into fat, their sizing had been artificially engorged so that they were bursting out of the inside of the open, white vest that had cups built in for her bosom. But her fingers were ignoring those cups now, slipping beneath them so that she could twitch her nipples. **“Mmn... Why... Why do I want to touch myself? This body? Since when has it ever made me feel good?”** *A woman’s body is supposed to feel good? Why is that so strange?* Or so her mind argued while she bit her lower lip needily.

Even then, that lip felt fuller than it should have – another casualty (*or boon depending on your opinion*) of her transformation. Her lips were swollen and carried a pinkish sheen, and her cheek bones appeared all the softer in the meantime. While Caenis denied as much, she’d always been beautiful. Yet the beauty she was coming to exemplify? It was in a completely different class than what even she was used to.

She moaned to herself as she continued to grope her chest, uncaring of the fact that she was in a space where scenes were always recorded for Chaldea’s benefit. But, as she did so? She found herself with a diminishing amount of bosom to grasp onto. Her chest was lessening in size a little, although not in a way dramatic enough to make a huge difference. While she’d cast aside the cups of her vest for now, if she were to fold them in once more there would likely be a full cup size of space left accounted for. But that didn’t mean they weren’t still incredibly plump and perky.

Overall, the pudgier shape of her shortened form was filled out in a way that was thicker but still both beautiful and appealing. The cheeks of her ass certainly weren’t as perky as they’d once been, for example, but they’d grown full and sensual, rife with a jiggle that would be exemplified with each and every step. Not to mention now possessing the thighs to match.

“Oh no! What if someone were to come in right now? What would they think of me?” Reason finally overcame her horniness, and like a proper lady the correction bellowed forth from her pink lips. **“Did I truly get so wrapped up in this body’s beauty? Of course, I take great interest in the beautiful, but...”** Did she? No. Caenis normally didn’t care *less* about what was beautiful and what wasn’t, but now? From her own form to the sea beyond, she felt both inspired and captivated by the natural appeal. How *could* she loathe such a thing? How could she *not* have confidence in her *own* beauty?

The woman's head felt floatier than ever, and for some reason that came with the realization that she no longer found much issue with being considered a woman in the first place. Her white hair, in the meantime, was kissed by a golden blonde that found her bob to be styled just a little more chaotically, bangs swept in the center above soft eyes that glowed a blue more brilliant than her usual color.

Atop her head, the long equine ears that she sported were not dyed blonde as well... but only because they no longer had a place on her body. They shortened until they were no longer a part of her body whatsoever, leaving her to better resemble a proper human *even though some divinity still ran through her veins*.

Although changes to her hair weren't kept exclusive to atop her head. Brows thinned to take on the same color, while between her legs? The pubes above her pussy found themselves trimmed from their usual, uncut state until they were designed like a little, gold raindrop beneath a black bikini bottom that looked to be falling off thanks to her lost height.

All that remained of Caenis' old self physically was her darker skin tone, and as you might assume? It wasn't long for this simulation either. The color of the tattoos that had turned a pale pink soon expanded, sweeping up her tan and leaving her flesh essentially this lighter color from top to bottom. There were exceptions of course, but this was limited to the pinks of her pussy and nipples.

The woman felt a little exhausted from her transformation, but before addressing any of it there was the small issue of her outfit to deal with. Much of it had already been removed, or looked to be ready to fall from her body. Perhaps it was fortunate, then, that only a few steps away a white bikini rested upon an equally white towel. Once clothed once more, a number of floral accessories appeared – most notably in her hair with a tiara – as if summoned by an external force. With this issue dealt with, she could at least turn her attention back to her situation once more.

“This beach is... It should fill me with rage, should it not?”
Gentle eyes of blue scanned the waves before her, certain that, as Caenis, she absolutely should have loathed such a sight. But on the other hand, her identity wasn't so concrete any longer. She didn't go by that name nor share any preferences with the Divine Spirit she'd once been. That said, she was certainly *still* divine. Having now taken up a new identity as *Europa*, the things she loved and hated were completely different.

And this view? With waves crashing against the shore? It certainly wasn't something she could bring herself to loathe, not with how much inherent beauty was contained within it all. Within the aesthetics, the

sounds, the smells – it was all what could be considered a *very* perfect view.

From Europa's perspective it was all a very uncanny feeling. Being someone else, but not. Liking things she should hate, but not. Just how was she supposed to feel about it all? She couldn't *really* be sure,

but the orange glow of a setting sun against the crashing waves painted a convincing picture to the idea that she just *shouldn't think too hard about it*. Instead, just simply accept things as they were.

“If anything, I wish she were beside me. If we could cozy up together...” Yet, despite speaking so fondly of this mystery person, Europa internally felt a little conflicted. Who was this person she was thinking of? Obviously it had to be the person that she was supposed to meet here, right? It had to be Mordred? But the woman she was imagining was nothing like Mordred. Not in any capacity. Instead, the woman she envisioned was tall and attractive, with a smile as gentle as her curves. So where was she now? Why was she late?

Well, you see, Mordred had been running a little behind. And now she would end up as part of the trap...

