

SHOES MAKE THE LADY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



With the war between Nohr and Hoshido behind her, Corrin had ultimately found that she now had more work on her plate than ever. It really felt like it had all happened so fast. One moment she had been a caged princess of Nohr, only to learn she was actually a princess of Hoshido, and now ultimately? She was going to be the *queen* of the Kingdom of Valla. It had been a whirlwind of *revelations*, and one that she had still barely had time to process.

But her queenship wasn't something that could be immediately enacted. Xander and Ryoma were in the process of seceding land for the rebuilt Valla, and the damage done to the kingdom's people by Anankos was not something that could be soothed too quickly. This meant that Corrin was often traveling all over the continent, bouncing between Nohr, Hoshido, and what remained of the original Valla as she aided in brokering land deals and aiding the people where she could.

Corrin felt fortunate that Azura was at her side, however. Her cousin had been a steadfast ally throughout all of their endeavors, and even now she had been helping the future Vallan queen in her travels. It would have been much too lonely to travel alone, and Corrin couldn't have asked as much of her other siblings who were all working so hard in other areas.

They didn't stay in any one place too long, which had made Corrin's findings that one fateful morning all the stranger. She hadn't forecasted the inn the two would be staying at to anyone, yet a pair of packages addressed to Azura and herself had been found in front of her door when she had opened it that morning. Azura had clearly gone ahead to get breakfast, had she not seen them?



“**Hm... No sender is marked?**” The silver-haired woman had brought the packages in and was turning over the one addressed to her in her hands. She didn’t get the sense that the contents might have been *dangerous*, it was just an unusual turn of events. So, cautiously, she opened it, only to find something surprising inside. “**...Heels?**”

Of all the things it *could* contain, the box held a pair pastel pink platform shoes. “**Erm...?**” The princess wasn’t one to wear shoes under *normal* circumstances, but this style and color certainly didn’t suit her one bit. In fact she had *never* seen shoes in a style like that over the course of her life at *all*.

Probably because they weren’t even shoes of this world.

“**I suppose it would be rude... not to try them on?**” *Would it be,* though? She didn’t know who sent them and she didn’t wear shoes. There wasn’t really any merit to trying them on. Yet it was like she was being compelled, as if she were entranced, and before long those shoes were resting on her feet. “**H-Huh!? Why did I...?**” They didn’t even *fit*. Her feet were a little too big!

At least they *were* a little too big.

Staring down at the platform-styled pinks, Corrin blinked a moment. Where had the discomfort gone? It had felt like her feet had been on the precipice of just *exploding* out of the front of them, and yet that feeling was gone. She could wiggle her feet? “**Maybe... I just had to adjust to them for a moment?**” That technically *was* what had happened, just not in the way the half-dragon woman had been thinking. Her shoes hadn’t adjusted to her feet so much as her *feet* had adjusted to the shoes. They’re grown smaller, toenails clipped and painted pastel pink. Not that she could see this without removing them anyways.

Smaller feet didn’t exactly match her build otherwise, but that was a fleeting concern that was addressed promptly. It was subtle, but the woman’s overall height dipped a little bit so that the flow was more sensical. Two inches of height were lost and this left her armor fitting a little more loosely, and this was especially true around her armored gloves. Fingers were shorter and thinner, and the feeling of manicured

nails, painted pastel pink like those on her toes, pushing against the tips of the gloves was a little distracting.

“*Hm?*” Was something *different*? Realistically it *should* have been obvious to her, and not just because of what had begun to happen to her body. After all? Corrin’s *surroundings* even appeared to have changed, with the walls now painted pink and various objects being strewn about the room that were not of this world. Over the course of her transformation it would gradually become a different room altogether. Or perhaps it would be better to say she would have phased *into* a different room. A different *world*.

But Corrin didn’t appear to notice this, or at least if she did it wasn’t processed in a way where she saw it as strange at least. On the other hand, the fit of her armor was becoming an increasingly apparent issue even *if* ignorance had been forced on her. “**What’s wrong with the fit of my clothes? Maybe I should have Azura-san look at them when she gets back...?**” The sudden use of Hoshidan honorifics was odd, but what was odder still was the thought of: *Azura-san is working right now, it’ll be a while before I can ask.*

Azura didn’t have a job that would keep her away from Corrin. Hadn’t she just gone out for a moment?

Nonetheless the ill fit of what she was presently wearing wasn’t felt without good cause. It was initially the most noticeable around her waist and hips, and this was because her hips had been unwantedly stretched with bones popping loose and resettling into place at a widened gait. It certainly *wasn’t* helped any further by a bloating of tissue in the surrounding areas. Slightly thicker, fatter thighs were *part* of it, but the bloat of her ass was certainly more significant after cheeks pushed out into a heart shape. Corrin’s black underwear were flossed in between those abundant cheeks, it was a miracle they hadn’t snapped.

This highlighted a more widespread change though. Corrin was a warrior, or at least she was *supposed* to be. Yet while she was still fit, particularly in her legs and tummy, much of her muscle’s mass had deteriorated to render her appearing softer – although this was a little difficult to see with her armor in the way.

What *wasn’t* difficult to see was that as the room continued to look less and less like her inn room and more like a smaller, cuter, more modern alternative, was that from the neck up she had begun to look like a *very* different person. Facially there was a much stronger resemblance to her Hoshidan siblings, eyes more pinched in at the sides and her face overall a touch shorter and rounder. Her lips defied the shrinkage otherwise, bloating fuller and thicker as teeth were treated to a restoration more

befitting of someone that grew up in a modern era of dentistry. What was perhaps *most* striking though was the fact that her gaze of red was washed away with a bright and sparkling blue.

“N-No, something isn’t right here? This room is, um... These clothes? Why am I dressed like this!? Soon it’ll be time to... to...” Her voice was higher and cuter, and the words she was speaking, much like her thoughts, were now communicated in fluent *Japanese*. She was clearly distressed about her situation, having recognized it on some level, and yet she fixated on the wrong thing. Her clothes? One of the few things that had been left unchanged? Not to mention she had so quickly accepted the transforming room as a place where she was *supposed* to be.

Fingers grazed the front of her armor around the chest. It was on purpose because she had noticed that it had begun to feel just as tight as her underwear had. No, maybe even tighter? Her nipples... She could tell that they were erect and were pushing into the cloth of what was worn between the armor and her skin. Corrin had no way of knowing that her nipples were *twice* their previous size, nor that her breasts had largely adopted a similar inflation position. Both tits were now like two swelling slimes attempting to break free from their prison, the integrity of her armor the only thing keeping their E-cup sizing at bay.

“Hah... Hah... Hah... Need to get these off...!?” Why was she wearing armor? How had she even put it on!? The young woman didn’t know, she just knew she couldn’t breathe properly with her chest being crushed in such a way. All the while her silver locks had regressed in length, becoming a shoulder length bob as pink streaks eventually overcame the previous color entirely. This shorted style showed off how her ears had rounded as well. **“UWAH!?”**

A cute scream escaped her lips only because she’d gotten her wish. The armor had disappeared as if by magic, leaving her naked in the room for a brief handful of seconds. This allowed her big breasts to bounce and for the young woman to catch her breath before new garments appeared upon her. A pleated, white skirt, a purple and pink



corset top with white cups and pale lining around the breasts that made it look like her cleavage was exposed when it really wasn't.

White thigh highs had extended up from her pink platform shoes and a pair of bunny ears now bounced atop her head. She certainly wasn't dressed like a *warrior* nor a *princess*, that much was clear.

Chiemi Imai shook her head, gloved fingers working to correct a costume that had been sitting upon her body oh so incorrectly as a result of the outfit being composed and adjusted from her old one. Not that the young Japanese woman could *remember* this. Her surroundings had changed entirely into that of a small, modern changing room behind a small stage.

“Oh, why am I fretting so much? You’ve done this a million times, Chiemi-chan!” In fact, the pastel-colored *idol* was worried about something more realistic than her body and surroundings changing. She had to go on stage in five minutes! Even though she'd been doing this for *two* years now it was hard not to get butterflies. Being a solo underground idol was tough!

She collapsed on the nearby couch with a huff, making sure not to dishevel her costume anymore before strangely lifting her feet to stare at the pink platform shoes she had on. Her cheeks turned a similar shade of pink. Maybe it was strange, but she was looking to those shoes as a source of strength. After all, they were a gift to her from her secret girlfriend! Secret because if her fans found out they would absolutely lose their minds.

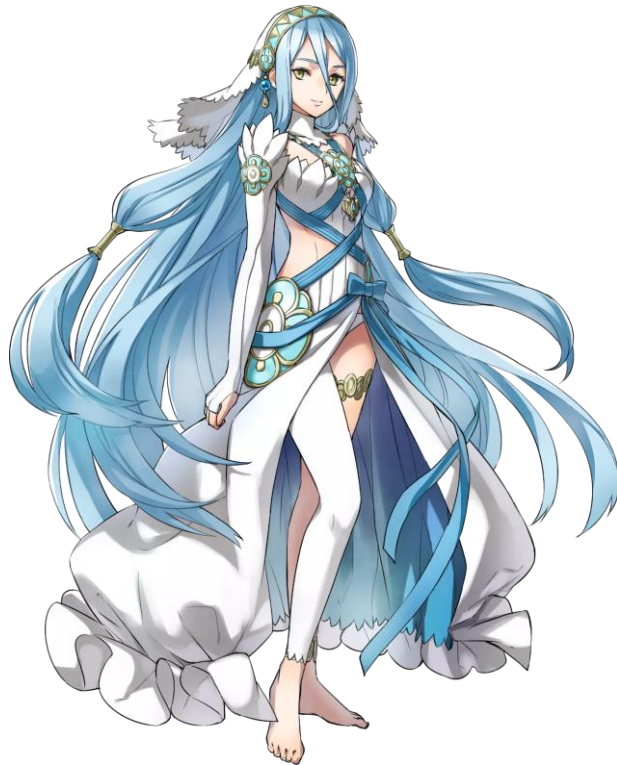
“I hate when men gawk at me, but there’s no way they’d ever have a chance with *her* in my life...” Chiemi murmured to herself while grabbing her pastel pink smartphone from a nearby table. In fact, if she wanted a self-confidence boost... **“She’s gonna be performing soon, right? Maybe I’ll send her a good luck text! I bet she’ll send me one back!”**

Ah, to be hopelessly in love!

“Corrin? I grabbed you breakfast from the bakery. ...Corrin?”

Azura returned only a moment after Corrin had disappeared along with the shoes she had put on, leaving the young dancer a little confused to find the inn room they were renting together completely empty. Well, aside from two boxes that *hadn't* been there when she had left. One of them was open on Corrin's bed, while the other had been set on the room's table.

Not thinking that her cousin might have been in any danger and had



instead gone out for an early morning walk, the blue-haired beauty delicately walked over to the unopened box on the table and noticed her name on it. **“This was addressed to me? So then did Corrin receive one as well? That’s... odd.”** She had come to the same conclusion that Corrin had. There was no reason anyone should have known where they were staying, and in fact she had been careful about making their travel plans known because of bandits.

She was cautious enough to not even open the box, and

yet...

“...What?” It was as if she had blacked out for a moment, and in the next moment her eye level had risen. She felt *unbalanced*. Like Corrin she was not one to wear shoes. She hated wearing them in fact, but looking down at her feet? The cause of the imbalance was obvious. The box was open on the floor beside feet that were now wearing black, spiked boots that were too big for her. **“How did that... Huh?”**

Questions begot more questions as the initial feeling that the boots didn’t fit was ultimately replaced by the opposite sensation. They were no longer too big for her? No, if she’d had a clear view of her bare feet like she typically did then she would have realized that this wasn’t the case. Her feet had simply grown the size larger needed for them to fit her, and black polish had spread across her toenails to, for like of a better word, *boot*.

The dancer lifted her foot. It certainly didn’t *slip* at all, so how? Though it didn’t quite strike Azura that she actually had *other* things to worry about. Namely the fact that the room she was standing in had begun to distort while more dire changes began to affect her appearance. Even early on it wasn’t difficult to see that it *wasn’t* the same room Corrin had ended up in, though. It was growing darker, larger, and what smelled like cigarette smoke and alcohol began to taint the early morning air.

In terms of her own *personal* transformation, aside from her feet changing first there wasn't much in the way of similarity in the order of her changes compared to Corrin's. Her hair was affected much earlier on for example, locks darkening towards a pitch black – which was ultimately no small feat considering *how much* hair the woman had. And that 'had' was past tense, because everything a couple inches below her shoulders was promptly *lopped* off, disappearing into the aether before strands even touched the ground.

The hair that remained grew thicker and messier, bangs pushed across her right eye in a way that masked the thick mascara that had begun to wrap around her eyelid though it *was* visible on the exposed left eye. Those eyes likewise received a thick helping of black eyeshadow, and in a way? It almost masked that the shapes of those eyes themselves had changed. Racially they looked like Chiemi's, like those of a Hoshidan's counterpart in another world. That is to say she looked expressly like a *Japanese* woman.

Black lipstick enhanced the look of lips that had bloated in kind beneath a more pronounced nose. Her complexion overall appeared more worn and mature, irises darkening almost towards the same red that Corrin's eyes had once been. “**COUGH! COUGH!?**” A soured, older expression spread across Azura's face moments before she suddenly could no longer contain a loud cough, and not only was her voice notably deeper as she'd done so? The taste of smoke had risen up with it. *Smoker's breath.*

“**Fuck...**” The first word she'd murmured since her transformation had begun was an out of character expletive, and even then this was just a replacement for the Japanese curse word she'd used in its place. Her thoughts were now done up in this language too, not that she really seemed to notice as much. The room she was standing in had become increasingly dark as well, the smell of smoke thicker and the space even larger. It was beginning to look more like a modern lobby than anything.

In terms of things that were debatably more *modern*, hair dye began to splash pinks and purples through the lengths of Azura's black hair. It was only to give her highlights, but the colors matched a heart tattoo that inked itself just beneath her right shoulder. It was split in two with the same colors as her hair highlights, and if you were to ask her what it represented in that moments? She wouldn't even be sure. She could remember *getting* it. Just as she could remember getting the multiple piercings that now poked through her ears, tongue, and navel – silver rings plugging those holes as quickly as they appeared.

The woman shook her head so that highlighted locks bounced back and forth. “**The hell was that? A dizzy spell?**” She spoke in such a casual

and nonchalant way, but her disorientation *did* have a cause. There'd be a slight dip in her height that had prompted her to hold out hands to the sides to maintain her balance. The nails upon them were longer and painted black, not to mention those hands *reeked* of cigarettes now.

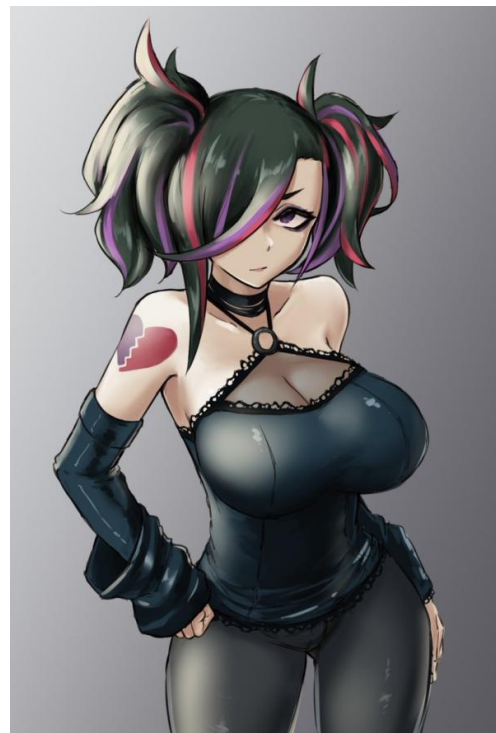
Now roughly Chiemi's height, the final changes ultimately addressed her figure. She was looking more and more like a woman with goth punk sensibilities, and everyone loved the concept of a big tiddy goth girlfriend, right? *That was more or less what happened.* Azura's tits *ballooned*, nipples swollen and similar in size to her eyes now – something that was only seen because her tits had forced themselves up and over the neckline of her dress, paled skin bouncing gleefully while nipple piercings were clipped and filled in with barred studs. Each breast was a *G-cup*, really fulfilling that big titted dream. **“Ugh, what am I even wearin’? With tits *this* big I need to be careful.”**

Was her dress *really* the problem though?

It was, arguably. It was doing a piss poor job of holding her breasts, and her ass didn't fare much better. Cheeks pushed against the back of it while more and more ass cleavage muffled over the top of her panties. It didn't take long at all for her cameltoe to show through the undergarments, pierced clit and all, though thickened thighs widening her hips did little to service this ill fit. Luckily for her, an unexpected moment of nudity dissuaded any discomfort.

And when that moment had passed? She was dressed instead in a black thong, tight, black leather pants, and a tight top that was bound only to a choker around her neck that showed off the depths of her cleavage and most of her back. Detached leather sleeves decorated her arms, and black ties pulled her highlighted, black hair up into messy tails. All in all, she looked like she *belonged* in this dreary lobby. She *knew* she belonged there.

The smell of cigarette smoke hung heavily in the dimly lit lounge that only *Aimi Kaneko* occupied at that very moment. The lounge was of a studio *she* owned despite only being twenty-five, and it was getting close to opening time. **“Fuck, I guess I have time for one more smoke before I open the doors.”** Despite the way she looked and talked, Aimi was



actually a very nice young woman. She had opened this music lounge after her older sister had passed away so that other punk rockers like herself had a place to perform and gain their wings.

Aimi had hit rock bottom when her sis had passed away and had almost slipped out of her love for music altogether since she had shared that passion with her sibling, but of all the people to have met it was an idol who had lifted her out of her sorrows. They were polar opposites in terms of personality, fashion, *everything*, but when they were together it just *worked*.

The buzzing of her phone reminded her of this as she fished the phone out of her cleavage since there were no pockets on this outfit. **“Chiemi... Yeah, I’ll wish ‘er good luck too.”** A soft smile graced Aimi’s lips as she read the text she’d just received before typing back with black-painted nails. She shoved the phone back between her breasts before grabbing a cigarette and lighter from behind the lounge’s front desk.

“Okay, openin’ time I guess.”

“And with that, that makes two happy recipients!” A disembodied voice called out from the void to no one in particular. The speaker was an observer, a creator, a beneficiary. Their gifts brought change, but that change gave them joy. And with their gifts? They would spread their influence across time and space itself. This wasn’t the *last* time this would happen!