

SHAKE THOSE HIPS

BIWEEKLY STORY 17

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“Is Lady Palutena still locked up in her quarters?” The angel, Pit, murmured to himself as he sat perched upon one of the highest towers in Skyworld. The goddess of their world, Palutena, was reliable and strong, a wonderful individual that everyone looked up to. But at the same time she was overwhelmingly quirky, her love for humans often resulting in some peculiar hobbies and knowledge. She’d come to Smash because of it, but this time it was a little different.

She’d received a video game console from the human world along with a game about dancing? Pit wasn’t too sure on the name, just that Palutena had locked herself up since. He hoped she was okay at least...

Palutena hadn’t allowed Pit entry into her quarters for a few days now. In part because she was having too much fun, surely, but at the same time because in order to maximize the fun she was having she had to dress a little differently. Bright red yoga pants clung tightly to her lower body while a white tee was kept a little looser upon her torso. If any of the soldiers saw her in such a state it would surely be a low blow to morale, and so even the nature of her activities had been kept secret from everyone but Pit.

There was nothing wrong with unwinding once in a while, right? As a goddess it was important to practice self-care just as much as anyone else; she had to stay in the right mental space. She was already something of a dancer, that much was obvious by examining her go-to techniques during the Smash tournaments, but there was something about recreational dance that just spoke to her.

NEW SONG UNLOCKED!

While she was taking a well deserved break, a sudden blurb on the television caught Palutena by surprise. She was pretty sure she'd already unlocked all of the songs, so it was a peculiar addition. A secret tune? What could it be?

SHANTAE 5 OPENING

"**Oh?**" She knew what Shantae was of course. It was a long running indie game series. She'd heard the main protagonist was something of a highly requested participant in the next tournament but Palutena hadn't the foggiest what her chances were. There were just some things even goddesses couldn't see in the end. If she remembered correctly the game being spoken of hadn't even been released yet, but the opening? It had been animated and uploaded by the famous company known as TRIGGER.

Bottle of water hanging loosely from her lips as she leaned back against the pillar she'd been standing on, the goddess wasn't particularly presentable after days of non-stop dancing and sweating. The bottle fell out of her lips when the newly unlocked song began to play by itself complete with the animation. It was a catchy tune, one that caught Palutena's foot a-tapping before its brief end. What she found strangest about the song in-game was that she didn't recognize some of the movements displayed on screen.

"**Shake my hips?**", she pondered as the song replayed. On closer inspection the indicator seemed to be a pair of hips swaying side to side rhythmically. Considering all of the dancing so far as largely done on a mat without any arm controls, she was naturally curious about how the game would register such a gesture. "**Okay and... GO!**"

She sat down the controller moments after pressing the start button, the song itself ramping up and finally blaring. In tandem with the lyrics 'shake my hips' the strange instruction came up and was followed. Palutena wasn't much of a hip shaker and so her pelvis rolled around awkwardly as she did her best to emulate the move. The game rewarded her effort with a 'GOOD', two steps down from the 'PERFECT' she desired. The goddess bit her tongue, somehow labeling the source of her woes as her clothing. They were too difficult to move in, she reasoned without any understanding. It was more like... *instinct*. She felt as if she was to dance like that she'd need to do it in breezier clothing.

Palutena's clothing, under the influence of the music, began to bend to the idealized attire for such a dance. Naturally her opinion was influenced by the short video she was dancing along with, specifically the outfit sported by Shantae. As she continued to shake, tight fitting yoga pants seemed to flutter while strands binding the skin-tight material together became not only thinner but more lax. They'd been an opaque crimson in color, and yet as the sides of her legs swayed side to side, caught by the air as Palutena danced, they grew evidently translucent to the point that one could see the silhouette of her bare legs beneath them.

Around her crotch however the material actually darkened. It wasn't as if it was growing thicker, but it retained its skin tight nature and almost turned black on both the front and the back, bands reach towards the woman's beat hardening into gold bands that jangled when she danced.

Where her tight bottoms had become looser, her loose top was growing tighter. The white tee she'd chosen had been just big enough to hang off her body and let it breathe, yet the fabric which had hung past her waistline now hugged just above her navel tightly, more and more of her tummy exposed as it slithered upwards from every angle. The only exception was the shirt's arms, which instead of moving up moved down her arms, hardening around her wrists into a pair of golden armbands. Neckline regressed as the stomach pulled up, like a drop of dye in a glass of water a bold vermilion spread throughout what remained of the material; a top that merely held her ample breasts in place, and a dark purple collar around her neck.

Jewelry decorated Palutena's head -- a pair of golden hoop earrings and headband, and finally a golden hairpiece that fed her long and lustrous green hair into a ponytail. When all was said and done she was dressed more like a harem dancer than a goddess, breasts practically spilling out of the top as they peeked forth. **"That's weird. Was I wearing this before? If Pit saw me dressed like this he'd flip out."** He sure would, so it might be a good way to tease him later. What was a more pressing issue was that she didn't really seem to question it much more than that, and she'd pressed 'RESTART' on the game before the question had hung very long.

This time when she got to the hip shaking section of the song she showed a little bit of improvement. Whether or not the clothing actually helped was up for debate, but she ended up passing it with a 'GREAT'. Still not a 'PERFECT' even with the harem pants? Even as her abundant thighs jiggled beneath the translucent cloth? Well... She certainly wasn't as *young* as Shantae so it made sense that she wouldn't be able to match the vigor of the half-genie's movements.

As if the game had been waiting for her to make this correlation, Palutena's form began to diminish under the dancing game's glow after the thirty second song ended once more. It was most evident in her height at first, quickly already a head shorter than she had been as a goddess with a body in its twenties. Arms, legs, and torso all showed signs of dwindling, figure itself shuffling to better accommodate this new height. The hips in question retained their prominence, but only because compared to a pinched-in stomach they were exceptionally girthy. They had, in fact, deceased as well, this no more evident than in her ass which twerked a moment naturally. It was so tight and taut she almost wanted to give it a shake just for the heck of it.

When she did so, elastic thighs bounced in tandem.

Breasts had barely been contained by the vermilion top, as she danced their affluence threatening to pop out in all of their glory. Yet that was quickly much less of a problem as flesh lessened and cloth properly held them in place. They were far

more pronounced against her narrower shoulder and smaller torso, but they surely didn't give the impression of belonging to a young woman as much as the did a girl in her mid-teens.

There was a new found, youthful glow to the girl's face. Her facial features had grown more sedated in their maturity, with lips narrow and green eyes wide. She looked much less fatigued than she had before, though sweat still clung to bare, porcelain skin.

Chest heaving from both the dancing and the changes, she looked a little confused a moment when her reach was closer to the ground than she remembered. "**Huh!? That's really weird! I thought I set it farther down?**" She spoke spritely, in a peppy tone and with a looser palette of words than normal without so much as questioning it. It better matched her new age of sixteen, and it didn't bother her enough to stop pressing the restart button again.

All of Palutena's dance movements at this point looked and felt completely natural. Every shake of her hips properly place with the correct momentum so that when the song began she nailed every 'PERFECT'. Her heart swelled with pride at each indicator, but that pride begun to wane. Not that she wasn't prideful still, but it became less of 'pride in doing something hard' and more 'pride in doing something you did everyday'. Memories of being a goddess faded with every twitch and wiggle, replaced by memories of being a dancer. Being born... *a half-genie?*

The song was almost at its end, its role fulfilled aside from the final changes. Palutena's rich, creamy skin grew blotchy as rich mocha settled in its place, the fragrance and texture of her skin changing in kind to something floral and soft. Green eyes grew richer to blue as her face grew more angular in general, giving her a more Middle Eastern look while ears grew fantastically pointed. Green hair whipped around behind her as purple bled into its color, the whipping a literal side-effect as it wiggled side to side, completely under the control of her magic.

Magic? Of course a half-genie can use magic! She was Shantae after all, an transforming and fighting using magic was kind of her whole shtick.

"**Huh? Where am I? This isn't Scuttle Town, is it?**" Having forgotten all about the game and her whole identity, head whipped side to side as she pondered her location. Had Skye taken her somewhere? Was Risky Boots up to no good?

The game sought to deliver her these revelations and began to glow bright, the light fully consuming the room.

"**Lady Palutena?**" Pushing open the door into Palutena's quarters, Pit peaked in. Palutena had been quiet for days now, not even eating the food that was delivered to her. But she wasn't there at all. The television was still on however, the name of a

game on screen. **"Shantae 5? Is that even out yet? Maybe Lady Palutena wouldn't mind if I played juuuuuust a little."**

She wouldn't mind, not at all. That was how her new adventure would begin after all.