

A LESSON IN FAWNING

COMMISSION STORY

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Princess Ivy had been just as worried as anyone else.

No. If you asked her, she would probably say that she was probably *far* more worried than most. Among those that had gathered within the Somniel, there wasn't a single soldier that didn't have at least a little bit of respect for the Divine Dragon. There wasn't a single person that *wasn't* at least a little bit worried about her wellbeing, but there were people among them that paid a little more attention to them than others.

Ivy knew that Alear's attendants were probably some of the most loyal. The twin siblings of Clanne and Framme could always be found at her side, and the sister was even always going on about a 'Divine Dragon fan club' or something to that degree. In a way, Ivy was a little *jealous* of their closeness to Alear. She counted herself among those that cared about Alear the most. She had been a fan long before they'd met, seeing her as a figure worthy of her reverence and affection.

As close as she'd become since joining the battle against Sombron, she had always hoped to close that gap even more. She wouldn't be so bold as to assume that they could start *dating* (not that she was opposed to that idea either), but it still felt like there was so much left for her to learn about her idol. If she could become as close as one of her attendants, then maybe that would have been enough...

Regardless, that *hadn't* been the time to worry about such things. The Divine Dragon had gone missing one morning and the entire base had been up-in-arms while trying to find her. Everything so far had been unsuccessful, but Ivy had explicitly been asked not to involve herself,



much to her dismay. “I **understand the reasoning behind it, but...**” Considering her relationship with Alear, she didn’t like standing idly by.

Even if she *did* understand the reasoning behind it. With Alear missing, it fell on the shoulders of the other royals gathered in Somniel to help keep watch and give orders. If they were all distracted looking for her, then if Sombron decided to

attack them then they would be at a major disadvantage. As a result, it was a matter of *security* to make sure that the remaining princes and princesses were able to be called upon at a moment’s notice.

“...I’m going for a walk. I’m feeling a tad woozy.” That was the excuse that Princess Ivy had given when she slipped away from the soldiers that had been tasked to watch over her in the meantime. They had no authority to keep her in her room in the first place, but she had wanted some sort of *cover* so as not set a bad example for Hortensia, who had been placed in the same position of herself. Because her sister was younger, she wanted her to understand the level of responsibility that they had as princesses of Elusia... even if she was technically going against that.

Incidentally, this all happened around the time Framme had entered Alear’s quarters with the intention of looking for additional clues. A timing that wasn’t exactly *coincidental* – or, at least, it wouldn’t look like that shortly. It wasn’t long into her walk that she bumped into *Anna*. That *was* Anna, wasn’t she? She was dressed a little differently than normal, but... it was just clothing in the end. **“You look a little down, Princess Ivy! Here!”**

At the time, she’d gifted her a ‘good luck charm’ that came ‘free of charge’, but Ivy knew the merchant girl well enough that it was probably more of a ‘favor’ and she’d be expected to give something in return in the future. After her walk had been interrupted and her plans of conducting a search in secret foiled by Anna’s eyes, she’d been given no choice but to return to her room with the item in tow.

“Not sure how much luck I could extract from a trinket like this...” Once she was back within her room’s privacy, the princess had been examining the charm and had even clutched it within her hands. **“Still... If it could give me the luck to reunite with the Divine Dragon... if I could so much as learn more about her. To be by her side again...”** It was no surprise that Alear’s disappearance had left her full of regrets. Faced with the possibility that she might never see her again, she feared what she hadn’t been able to accomplish would remain undone.

“If only I could be more confident and cheery about it and have the hope that someone like Framme does.” After all, Alear’s attendants had been optimistic about her return. Mind you, this was only a brave face that they were putting on (as Framme’s actions at that time were demonstrating), but it was all so *inspiring* in a way to Ivy. She didn’t realize that this inspiration, and those words, had activated the magical energy housed within the charm she was clutching.

Well, at least until the charm began to feel *warm*. For the first ten seconds or so, she could have easily mistaken it as the charm absorbing the warmth from her hands – like when you held a coin for too long and it began to feel hot. But as the seconds wore on and that warmth began to flow *into* her body, she began to have second thoughts that what she was experiencing was a *normal* phenomenon.

Concern only turned to confusion when she opened her palm to find the charm *missing*. **“E-Eh?”** That wasn’t possible, right? The princess knew for a *fact* that she had been clutching it, just for the item to disappear outright? That was effectively *impossible*, or at least it should have been. And even if it *was* gone, could she explain the warmth that was still radiating throughout her body with that hand as the point of origin? It didn’t make sense! But, then again, in terms of ‘things not making sense’, this was basically the tip of the iceberg.

After a short period of gawking at her empty hand, Ivy was *forced* to turn her attention elsewhere. **“What’s... going on?”** It felt like the bust of her dress was *drooping*, which it obviously *shouldn’t* have been doing. Its cleavage window was tailor made to fit her abundant cup size, but as her violet gaze fell down upon her own cleavage... **“Erm!?”** Her mouth hung slightly agape with surprise. How could it not? The G-cups that *should* have filled her dress were *not* G-cups. In fact, she was watching the cup sizes *peel off* while her nipples shrunk to better suit what eventually became a pair of perky *B-cups* instead.

“HOW!?” Magic? It *had* to be magic, right? Was the good luck charm that Anna had given her cursed? Had Anna *known* about that curse if

so? All valid questions, but ones she gradually forgot to consider. After all, it wasn't *just* her breasts that had experienced a lessening process as she soon learned. The ornate, fishnet thigh highs that she wore began to peel and slide because there wasn't the same *heft* to her thighs to cling onto in the first place. They nearly *halved* in thickness, and her heart-shaped ass was condensed into a peach-shaped bubble instead.

Leading to her panties slipping down her legs one her hips inevitably pinched in several inches as well. **“N-No! What would the Divine One think if they saw me like this!?”** Among the increasingly notable physical changes, there was a slip of the tongue there that didn't *seem* to be that notable, and yet it was. There'd always been a ringing affection in her voice when she spoke of the Divine One, but the level of *yearning* when she said it then was much more intense than normal.

In Ivy's reasonable defense, she had bigger problems to worry about. Or, well, *smaller* problems to worry about if you wanted to talk about the outcome and not the *scale* of the changes. **“Please stop! I don't want to become smaller!”** Evidently, what the princess did or didn't want wasn't a factor in whether or not it unfolded. With her body thinned in all of the places where it mattered for a woman, all that remained was for her *height* to unravel too. A gown that once sat comfortable on the ground would soon drag inconveniently as *five* inches peeled from her height, pulling her from an above average 5'8" down to 5'3" instead.

This was a height that better suited her smaller, perkier breasts and buttocks, but her dress *definitely* wasn't accommodating. **“Why is this happening!? It must be that charm, but the Divine One...? My love for her is...?”** She had to *pull* up on her dress to avoid it showing off her nipples around the chest, but that wasn't really the point in the moment. Why did her love for Alear feel so much *stronger*? Or was it more a matter of her being more open to *expressing* it? She pondered that fact instead of questioning why her voice sounded so much higher. So much... *younger*.

If you looked at her face though, the reason for that would have been pretty obvious. As those five inches of height had faded away, years of *age* had slipped away with them. She'd *been* twenty, only to slip down into her mid-teens again; *sixteen*, to be exact. But that wouldn't account for how dramatically her *voice* had changed; she didn't even sound like the same person! **“Wait, don't I sound like...?”** Ivy didn't even need to finish that sentence. Listening to herself speak again, it was obvious.

...And it was *obviously* showing in her face and hair, too. Initially, when the years peeled off she ended up just looking like a younger version of herself. But a stark departure began when rings of gold possessed the outskirts of her irises and that color moved in towards her pupils. The

shapes of her eyes *had* been quite narrow even in her teens, but now they rounded with shorter eyelashes fluttering upon them. ‘Rounder’ was a good way to describe her face on the whole. Softer cheeks, a wider chin, and lips that were thinner yet poutier were shaped upon her face’s canvas with her nose becoming button shaped. She definitely didn’t *look* like Ivy.

But she looked like someone Ivy *knew*.

“Uh... Wait! If this is really true, then what will the Divine One think!? She’s her attendant I guess, so maybe it’s a blessing in disguise!?” Ivy spoke with an energy and enthusiasm that she *certainly* hadn’t possessed before, but it was *definitely* an enthusiasm that the girl she was becoming had. Her memories weren’t affected, but she couldn’t – and wouldn’t – try to force herself how she’d acted before. The teen still fumbled with her dress, not even noticing that her body became a little more *toned* underneath. The girl she was becoming was a melee fighter after all, and so the callouses that hardened on her fingers and toes were understandable as well.

The only part of her body that resembled her past self at all was her purple hair, and even that had showed signs of contamination while her face finished changing. Strands of a creamy white had surfaced. There were only a *few* of them at first, but they caught like a proverbial forest fire and spread through *all* of the hair upon her head before long. What was dyed was shortened too, pulling up to her shorter back’s center... where *some* of those white strands were brightened with hot pink dye with an unusual inconsistency.

“Oh!?” That inconsistency made *some* sense moments later, after a wriggling feeling that spread across her body saw her *entire outfit* change! Her hair was pulled into a braided tail that swung over her shoulder and was tied like that the pink came together to make one side of that braid pink. It was a color that matched the tunic that her dress tightened and split into. It was sleeveless, but she found herself with big, brown gloves that matched knee-length boots under black, thigh high leggings. Those leggings matched the spats that were hardly hidden under the tunic, covering panties that had been pulled back up and resized to fit her. Finally, there was a plaid cap with a pink bow upon her head that matched cloth tied around her waist.

“I LOVE THE DIVINE ONE!” It was a good thing that Ivy had suggested to the guards outside of her door that they go take their break when they returned, else they might have come running in at the sound of *Framme* screaming that at the top of her lungs. Framme had always been obsessed with Alear of course, but she did her best to keep those

feelings under wraps. But alas, *that* Framme no longer existed in this world. She had become the Divine Dragon that she so admired.

Leaving this *new* Framme to fill her boots.
“**Eh!? Wait! This isn’t really the time for this! Isn’t this a big problem!?**” The younger girl had lost herself for a second there! Even though she *looked* and *acted* like Alear’s attendant, she was still *Ivy* deep down! “**But I guess that charm granted my wish? That’s kinda cool, right?**” She wasn’t *Ivy* anymore, but was being Framme really that bad? Especially when she could be so *honest* with her pent-up affection towards the Divine Dragon!



“**Actually! My love is so strong that I bet I could find her *right now* if I put my mind to it!**”

At least *that* was the energy she carried herself when she ran *straight* out of her room.

...That was the only part about her that was ‘straight’, evidently.

“**OH, DIVINE OOOOONE! ARE YOU HERE!? I HAVE A BIG CONFESSION TO—!?**”

Framme had made a direct beeline to Alear’s chambers at the top of Somniel. While she’d felt *confident* in her newfound familiarity, she wasn’t expecting to just walk in and find the Divine Dragon *standing there!* “**Framme?**” The Alear seemed to be just as confused, but not for the reason Framme initially assumed. She didn’t realize that *this* Alear had been the old Framme, so seeing ‘herself’ walk in was probably a little bit shocking. That said, the Divine Dragon quickly recovered... though in her shock an important piece of information had slipped her mind.

Had there been something odd about Anna? She couldn’t recall anymore.

“**Framme! You seem excited to see me! Not that I’m surprised!**” A little *too* excited, right? That wasn’t how she *used* to act? But it wasn’t *unwelcome*. Not when she was the Divine One herself now, and not when she understood just how *great* she was! She would have been excited to see herself too! ...If she wasn’t already herself? On the

flip side of things, the Ivy-turned-Framme had *no* idea that this wasn't the genuine Alear standing in front of her. If anything, she was vaguely wondering if she was cockier than normal. Not that it mattered!

**“I was so worried I wouldn't be able to say this, but I love you,
O Divine One!”**

**“That's... certainly an earnest confession, but of course I
understand why... But if so, would you like to come in and
show me *how* devoted you are?”**

Was she really about to get intimate with a slightly different variation of her *old* self? Maybe!