

BLENDING BIMBO

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There were all sorts of people that walked the lands of Runeterra.

Regular people were by and far the most common as they were in every society. Not everyone could be ‘special’, and that was true of practically every world. Then you had the geniuses, the powerful, the blessed, and even the cursed. All existences that, if they so desired to, could likely incite big change all around the world if they used these skills to further their own goals. Many of them did – and both Noxus and Piltover’s histories were good examples of that.

But there were plenty of people who *could* leave their marks that were content with trying to live as normal of a life as they could possibly get away with. For some? It was easy. Those that had it easiest were those that could easily blend in with the people of Runeterra, and yet there were those that had a more difficult time. People with more monstrous appearances whom the sight of had the chance to unsettle the uniformed.

Shyvana of Demacia was one such example of a being like this. She was a fearsome dragon in human form, one with purple, scaled skin and piercing eyes. A rune shard burned within her heart, and all you needed was a glance to tell that she was something far more fearsome than a regular person. And yet, that did not change that she desired to be accepted. She was a member of Demacia’s royal guard, and yet she could tell that she was treated differently from every other soldier. Both within the ranks and with the general public.

Nonetheless, she did not yield with these desires. Whenever she could, whenever she had time to spend among the people, she would do so. She

might have kept her distance to a point, but she also recognized that she would learn to blend in with them if she didn't observe them. And she'd been afforded a great opportunity to do just that through a festival held in the Demacian capital. There was food, drink, and games aplenty.



But there was also entertainment, which had taken Shyvana by surprise. She had been allowed to attend until her guard shift was over, but had made her way to the festival grounds as soon as she possibly could. It was early in the evening, yet she was surprised to find most of the stalls empty. It wasn't until she'd *heard* something off in the distance that she understood.

There were theater grounds that she was aware had been set up for the show. She wasn't exactly *hip* on which performers were popular, but she knew of this one. There were few people out there that *hadn't* heard of Sona Buvelle, surely. Her

usage of the etwahl had made her extremely popular among Demacia's nobility, even though she was incapable of speech. That iconic instrument was what she could hear clearer and clearer as she approached.

Upon arriving at the theatre grounds, however, Sylvana stopped short of entering them. Not only were they jammed back with people foaming at the mouth to see Sona perform, but even the people who stayed back were giving the dragon woman cautious glances. Her presence within the crowd would likely cause problems that were better off avoided. "**Sona Buvelle, hm?**" In the end, she was so wary of the gaze of others that she slipped into a small alcove beside the local antique shop where she leaned against the building's outer wall.

Because the stage was down a steep hill, she could still watch the musician and hear her music from where she stood. She wasn't on the clock, so barring an emergency she could just watch peacefully. Though, after a time her mind *did* begin to wander. "**The people revere her despite not having a particularly eventful life. I wish I could experience a life as mundane as hers.**" Just a taste would have been fine.

What Sylvana was clueless about was that the wall of the antique shop she was leaning against was quite thin, and on the other side of it there was a shelf of old and seemingly useless items spread across it. And yet, not all of them were as *useless* as the curator had concluded. Because one item in particular seemed to let out a faint glow the moment that the dragonkin had voiced her 'wish' on the other side.

That was why it was all the more alarming to her when she felt something was *off* within. Her 'heart'? No, it was the rune shard burrowed deep within her. Its power felt weaker all of a sudden, and that was certainly a cause for great alarm. "**What!?**", she growled more like a beast in shock than a person that had been concerned by a sudden change in their physical condition. Was she in danger? That was a possibility she had to weigh.

But long the lines of that question, what were her options if she *was*? What had brought the sudden change in condition on, and who could she turn to for help with no additional information? Hidden within that alcove like she was, no one on the main street nearby could see her to know she was in danger, and with the etwahl music as loud as it was she doubted that they could hear her either. *Leaving* made the most sense.

But she felt a little *tired*?

The woman pushed off of the wall, but was *quickly* forced to hold one of her hands against it to try and regain her footing as the fatigue left her legs feeling a little bit like jelly. Shyvana couldn't *hear* any sort of ruckus coming from the crowd and the music hadn't stopped, so it wasn't a widespread problem. It was just affecting her for some reason? From a cause that she had no means of identifying. "**What in the world is happening!?**" Seeking help would have made sense, but her legs just wouldn't work. It was a struggle to even stay upright.

But the draconic woman was much too distracted by her body's strength to realize that her circumstances were far direr than she had initially thought. Though, while on the subject of her strength, that probably *was* something worth expanding upon. With her arms and abs specifically left bare by the armored outfit that the woman wore, it was simple enough to see that all of that toned strength was *softening*. Any bulging strength was completely smoothed away until she appeared *much* weaker. So, it wasn't *just* a matter of her 'feeling' weak.

Astoundingly though? That wasn't the most striking change that affected her skin. Shyvana's rune shard was cooling as it weakened, and as a result her scaled skin was cooling off as well. The issue was that this change of temperature appeared to predate a sudden and dramatic transformation of its *color* and *quality*. Purple scales slowly brightened

in color until they were a more 'normal' pink, but even then... Once their colors had transitioned? Those scales *mended together* and *softened* until her skin was much more like a normal human's, hair follicles and all.

“What am I supposed to, *like*, do!?” The woman was still in her right mind enough to tell that something was *very* wrong. **“My skin is *totally* different!”** Not only was she aware of what had happened to her flesh, but she watched as the claws upon her fingers shortened until they were a set of regular human fingernails, and she could *feel* the feet within her boots wriggling against her will thanks to her heels balling and her toes splitting until she had five per foot.

This left her balance off-kilter, but she no longer had the strength to really lift the feet surrounded by armored boots anyways, so she just awkwardly fumbled as she resorted to using the wall to keep herself upright once more. Oddly, Shyvana didn't mentally address the vapidness that was becoming increasingly present in her voice, but she was too panicked about the more dramatic changes to her body.

And it wasn't like those changes had begun to yield in any meaningful way. The opposite was happening, though not always in places she could *see*. The red sclera of her eyes lightened to a very normal white, for example, while her irises shone with gold. It was part of a broader change not only to her eyes, but her face as a whole.

The woman's lips *had* been relatively thin with that reptilian design to her body, but now that she was human? Her lips grew into a full pout atop a rounded chin. In actuality, her face was becoming rounder in general. Her cheekbones were lowered so that her face was a little shorter, and her cheeks puffed up as her eyes became more circular. By the time her nostrils had flared, she looked like a completely different woman in the face. One whose features were no longer that sharp, but she was *still* very beautiful.

So beautiful, in fact, that she could perhaps be mistaken for a famous musician? Her face was *identical* to the face of the woman whose music could still be heard even as Shyvana's transformation continued. And those similarities *weren't* a coincidence. **“What was I...? What's with these clothes!? I so do not have the figure or muscles for this!”** The vapidness to her voice aside, it was certainly slightly higher now. No one knew what Sona's voice sounded like because she was mute, but if she could speak it surely would have sounded something like how Shyvana's voice sounded now.

Still, in what world was the *armor she was wearing* the problem? Should she not have been more concerned about her *body*? She

continued to change even *as* she vocally fingered the armor as the problem, with a teal color moving down her braided hair until those braids were forced to unravel because the hair they were holding lengthened *and* thickened. Her hair grew so much, in fact, that the helmet she was wearing was pushed right off her head and hit the ground with a clang. **“Ugh! That’s a little better at least.”**

With the helmet gone, her hair now fell down past her ass – and it fell a little *farther* not because that hair had grown longer, but because Shyvana’s height had dropped a few inches. There just wasn’t as much height for her hair to span. But the sight of this height loss was almost comedic from what could have been an onlooker’s perspective *had* there been any onlookers.

That was because as her height dropped? The weight that was still present in her body condensed. This made her thighs jiggle as the weight was not only compressed into itself, but they even seemed to thicken further – in a way pushing her hips to swing a few inches wider. The armored pants she was wearing had a touch of stretchiness to them, but it was hardly enough to comfortably handle the added weight and width. Ultimately, the cheeks of her ass peeked up and over the back of the waistband, leaving their top halves hanging out.

“How do I get this crap off!? It’s way too frickin’ heavy!” She was just a humble country gal! She didn’t know a thing about armor! ...Which also was strange, considering her resemblance to Sona Buvelle. A resemblance that wasn’t spared in her *bosom* either, that much was clear. The armored chest piece that left her soft tummy bare strained under the weight that pooled beneath it. Her breasts were bloating with *substantial* vigor, so much so that flesh tried to peek out of the top and bottom of the armor because it nowhere else to go. It was *too* tight. It was crushing her ribs and lungs!

But relief arrive. **“GASP!?”** To Shyvana, it almost felt like what she’d been wearing had just up and *shattered*. She gasped for air as her tits bounced like filling water balloons that sloshed about, her cleavage laid bare to her now as they weren’t *naked*, but she had certainly been redressed in an outfit that better fit and matched her new appearance. It was the same costume that Sona Buvelle was wearing on stage, after all. A teal blue dress that sat on her elbows, one with a neckline so low that her now *G-cup* tits were completely exposed above the nipples. That dress made up the bulk of her outfit aside from some shoes and big, golden hair pieces that pulled her thick, teal hair into twintails.

While the woman that stood where Shyvana once had appeared almost identical to Sona Buvelle, the truth was that *Sonya Buvelle* wasn't actually the perfect copy. She was dressed identically to the woman still performing on stage (and there was a reason for that) but you could see that her hair was one shade darker, and there was that beauty mark on the underside of her left tit that the real one didn't have. **"Ugh, is sis doooooone yet? I wanna get this over with like right now!"** And she certainly didn't *act* like her. The real one was mute!



Sonya was Sona's identical twin sister. The only real differences were things that you would only notice if they were standing side by side, because no one had seen the *real* Sona naked to know she didn't have that singular beauty mark. Sonya was by all intents and purposes a *normie*. She couldn't use magic nor did she know how to sing. She was also technically *unregistered*. No one knew she existed, and that was by design.

And if there was ever a risk of Sonya outing herself, Sona would slip her a temporary silencing brew.

She was an idiot. A horny bimbo that had to bottle up her urges while 'working'. That 'work' was playing her sister's part. When a show ended or when Sona didn't want to be seen, Sonya would zip her lips and act as a distraction so that the genuine article could slip away. *That* was why she was dressed like her. Once her sister disappeared backstage, she'd appear at the top of the hill to lead the crowds away. It was an annoying job. She kind of hated it.

"I totally like being the center of attention, but people just think I'm Sona. That's so lame, and it definitely doesn't help me get laid." She had way more luck at that while working her usual job as a tavern wench on Demascia's outskirts! But this gig wasn't *that* bad. She got to use Sona's haircare products and soap, so she got to freshen up a little more than normal.

In a way, Shyvana had gotten the 'normal' life that she had been wishing for. 'Normal' like 'Sona's', though she surely hadn't intended for anything exceptional in Sona's life to be outright removed like it had been for Sonya. The only thing exceptional about her new life was her sister! **"Oh well~! She's super close to wrapping up, right? I wonder if any of her hot chick groupies are down to fuck...?"**

The only downside to sleeping around *as* Sona, however...

**“I’ll need to take the silencing brew else there’s no way I’ll
shut up in bed, though!”**