

# HEAVEN'S CALL

## COMMISSION STORY

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*Just as it was important for a warrior to train, it was equally as important for them to rest as well.*

Perhaps it was an odd philosophy to take heart in, but princess Lucina of Ylisse always kept this in the back of her mind. When things were at the bleakest in her own timeline and she trained to grow strong enough to face the past. Even when temporary peace had settled across Ylisse in the wake of Gangrel's demise, and she continued to train for what was to come, Lucina made sure to leave time for breaks as well.

How she rested depended on what was available to her. At times, the princess preferred to settle down with a good book. During others? She found it most soothing to spend time with a dog or cat. She truly wasn't picky about it, just so long as it took her mind off things. Considering all she had been through, though? At times it was easier said than done.

In this instance she had elected to take a walk in the forest on the capital's outskirts. Accompaniment had been offered by her father, Chrom, and her aunt, Lissa, but she had opted to take a solitary trip instead. **"Sometimes the best way to clear one's head is to embark on a journey by oneself."** Or so was the justification she'd used, even if said journey would only be a day long at most.

As Lucina quickly realized, however, the walk wouldn't be quite as calming as she'd first hoped. The uncertainty of the future could be as anxiety-inducing as the weight of one's past at times, and with Grima's eventual appearance all but assured, she could only feel worried about whether or not her appearance in the past might send this world on a path so unpredictable that she would be rendered incapable of helping.

What if her presence here only made things *worse* somehow?

Before she was able to pursue that dangerous train of thought farther, a change in her surroundings gave the young woman pause. She had been strolling through a such a calm forest during midday, without a single cloud in the sky to see for miles. And yet, now? As if rising from the soil below her itself, an unusual fog was rolling in all around her.

**“No, this isn’t fog?”** Lucina was quick to reconsider her assessment once she felt it seep into her clothes and brush against her bare fingertips. It was hot. Humid? It made her clothes feel heavier and brought a boil to her cheeks. No, this wasn’t fog at all. **“Steam?”** This answer felt more probable based on the information gathered, and yet it wasn’t probably at all?

There were no natural hot springs in the forests around Ylisse’s capital, nor did the conditions exist for any to prop up naturally. The nearest volcano was much too far away, and if such a place existed? Well, the Shepherds had walked these paths so many times over the years that it absolutely would have been discovered.

So, naturally, Lucina was confused. The world around her had become completely engulfed in steam. She couldn’t make heads nor tails of her surroundings. She was even *more* confused when a *CLACK* rang out the next she stepped, and upon looking down she found...

*Marbled flooring.*

Her surroundings were still hidden behind steamy white, but she couldn’t fathom having suddenly stepped into a marble structure of some sort. Surely taking a step back would find her standing in the forest again, though? As if to test that theory she took that step back. She wasn’t met with the softness of soil she had expected, but instead? More marble. **“How on... Where am I?”**

Thinking that she had no choice but to investigate now, she took a step forward so that she was standing where she had been just a moment ago. But even then? It was a completely different experience, for it was not her boot that clacked against the marble flooring but her *bare tootsies*. Lucina was quick to notice the difference but found much more than her feet bare once she looked down.

**“Where did my clothes go!? And Falchion!? Where is my weapon!?”** The princess had been stripped down instantaneously so that she stood entirely naked, but embarrassed as she was by it, she was

still much more concerned about her missing weapon. It was her only means of defending herself. Her key to helping save the future!

*I should really calm down and relax a little, shouldn't I?*

A thought that stood so opposite to the crippling feeling of responsibility Lucina was burdened with came out of left field, leaving her momentarily calmed before shaking her head. “**Relax!? I don't have any time to relax! I need my... What!?**” Humid as this steamy space was, her body had begun to sweat and had become rather sticky as a result. Some of her bangs had ended up matting to her forehead, but as she idly swatted them away? She'd noticed something wrong. *Very* wrong.

“**My hair is green!?**” Her bangs quite certainly were, and a very luscious green at that. But upon pulling forward some of the hair behind her to get a better look? It revealed that she had only caught a glimpse of a process that was still ongoing. Strands of this green were mixed among her standard blue, but the longer she observed the easier it was for her to confirm that they were, in fact, spreading.

Although that wasn't her only hair-related concern, judging by how what she was holding slithered between her fingertips. “**Not just green... it's growing?**” Lucina liked to keep her hair long, but short enough that she could easily conceal it if need me. As she felt the weight of it build, watched the length of it topple; she knew this wouldn't be a length she could hide. After all, the tips were just barely pooling around her feet.

“**This is impossible!**” Had she been affected by some sort of curse or magic? One's hair didn't so simply grow like this! She hadn't even had time to address her bangs, which while parted in the center to brush to the sides, were likewise layered over growths that framed her face. She was practically swimming in her own hair now, and she *hated* it!

It didn't fall down her front though, which was nice. If anything, it left a front row seat that allowed one to witness drops of green spreading throughout her pubic hairs as well. As their vibrance increased almost to a lime tone, the bush itself was trimmed neater the princess ever typically did.

Needless to say, this sudden development didn't do anything to relax her, even as she began to find the surroundings humidity more comforting. Even as her blue eyes found drops of yellow applied to them, turning them into a green that matched her new hair without her even knowing.

*Isn't this relaxing, though? These personal hot springs, all for you?*

Distractions continued to arise in the form of thoughts that didn't quite make much sense – at least not for Lucina to be thinking. She wasn't the type who could truly prioritize relaxation when she was high strung despite her recognition of its requirement. But in this case? Personal hot springs? How had she come to that conclusion— **“Whoa!?”**

Still pressing forward, the swordswoman just barely caught herself from stepping over a ledge where the marble floor no longer existed. Instead, there was, of all things, steps leading into what looked to be a hot spring. **“How did I...? Did I remember this was here? But I've never...”** She'd never been here before? Was that true? Could she say that with complete certainty? She wasn't even sure that she could!

What she was sure of that the waters looked inviting. She could really use a good soak, and as she was already undressed... **“No, something is awry here. I'm being manipulated! Did I wander into a trap?”** Lucina shifted her weight from one leg to the other as she pondered this, not at all noticing that the gait of her hips expanded in the process of making that motion.

This greater gait left ample space between her thighs and forced her knees to buckle a little more naturally, but the former was a short-lived phenomenon at least. Very briefly, Lucina felt strangely bloated. Not in her belly, but around her lower body? It was a difficult feeling to put into words, yet it wasn't difficult to note the cause once her emerald gaze laid witness to it.

The girl's thighs were thickening, and with a great deal of speed. Pink flesh took on an unrivaled plumpness compared to how muscular and lean the princess had crafted them through training. Instead, that strength disappeared and ended up replaced by plusher tissue that would stick in for a moment if pressed.

**“Wh-Why!?”** She'd been blushing, but it was difficult to tell, thanks to how the steam had already brought crimson to her cheeks. How had her thighs simply...? *No!* Lucina whipped her gaze over her shoulder as something tugged at her from behind, indicating that her thighs hadn't been the only area to become plusher.

Her *butt*. Her rump, once tight and firm, jiggled with delight as it burst out behind her (*if it grew in front of her, that'd be a whole different can of worms*). Cheeks stretched wide, the crack between them becoming what appeared to be infinitely vaster as a result as its depths grew farther away with greater mounds surrounding it. Between her ass and

her thighs, her lower half didn't look quite right for a woman of her height. That'd be corrected later. For now?

**“Oh my!?”** The next Lucina cried out in surprise, her voice sounded deeper. Perhaps her voice had naturally shifted into a lower pitch, or perhaps the weight upon her chest that had provoked the outcry in the first place had something to do with it?

Fingers had been forced to reach for her breasts, the suddenness of a weightier bounce than she was used to guiding them without thinking. But her fingers sunk into them, perhaps even with a little glee on Lucina's part, for there had always been a little part of herself that had pondered what it might be like to have a larger bosom.

*Have I not always been rather large, however?*

She hadn't, but this was becoming rather common. A voice in her head, her own thoughts really, reassuring her that whatever was different was actually how things should have been. Her bosom, for example? Even as it heaved into the next cup size, flesh squeezing out from between her fingers, something deep down was telling her it was fine. Even her big ass and thick thighs didn't seem to perplex her anymore. If anything...

**“Was I always this short?”** Her new hourglass figure certain looked quite dramatic with this shorter stature, and rather than remaining confused about what had grown, she now felt jarred by what *hadn't*. Though, as she looked down at herself wide-eyed, fingers still fondling herself? Her expression was being contorted slightly.

Not because her emotional state had changed, but because her face itself had. Featured became more angular, showing off the maturity that her figure implied. Soft but pronounced lips, narrowed eyes, a firmly designed nose, and lean cheeks all brought about a much more impressive beauty to Lucina's face, one that gave her plenty of reason to be confident outside of her bountiful body.

Though, her complaints about her height did finally find a correction. Her spine and limbs stretched, as did her fingers and toes. As she grew a handful of inches naturally and her curves evened out a little as a result, the woman's skin even underwent an overhaul. Her complexion grew soft, her scars removed, any beauty marks or callouses erased.

Until there she stood, a woman of beauty comparable to a goddess.

No, she *was* one.



After resisting for so long, tall, and slender legs finally led the woman into the warmth of the hot springs down the marble steps. **“Ah, that really hits the spot!”** There wasn’t a single iota of reservation in her voice now, not as her ample thighs were dipped below, and her bush of green pubes followed suit. What had she been so distraught about moments before? What had kept her from immediately diving into these springs of the heavens?

The goddess *Palutena* could not recall, nor did she really seem to care.

A life of relaxation was expected for the divine, particularly one who had weathered as much as Palutena had. Surely there were those that doubted her righteousness, and for good reason considering the actions of her past. But on the other hand? She had learned to allow such venom from others to roll down her back. There was no need to worry nor carry – life was best left led without worrying too much. Which was honestly the polar opposite way of living to how she’d unknowingly been doing so just moments prior to stepping into the springs.

The hot water now up to her breasts, the goddess tilted her head back against the stone rail and lifted wet arms atop them to support herself, eyes gazing up at the impressive ceiling. **“I cannot for the life of me remember what was eating me just a moment ago. It isn’t like me to hesitate when it comes to hopping into the spring!”** In fact, these days Palutena spent more time within the bath than she did making appearances to the rest of Skyworld. Pit would never berate her for it, but there were certainly those that would.

**“I’m sure my father would chide me for— hm?”** All by her lonesome, she couldn’t help but think she had just blurted out something strange. Parentage? For a goddess? Such a thing didn’t exist, surely. Yet why had she been so certain that she’d had a father? It was so peculiar, only to not receive the attention such a strange statement should have received. After all, within the comfort of the springs, her philosophy was not to let a single thing bother her. And given a little more time? Palutena had forgotten she had said such a thing altogether.

Minutes turned into an hour, and during that time any potential hiccups in her assimilation were completely ironed out. It was simple when the outcome was as laid back as this goddess seemed to be. Before long there was absolutely no way that Palutena would ever remember her past life. Not Ylisse. Not her father. Not anything. As far as she could remember, Skyworld was her home. It was where she ruled and presided.

*As relaxed as she could possibly be!*