

LOVE BLESSED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



To say this was the ‘shady’ part of the Underworld might have been a redundant descriptor, but that was how the Fallen Angel, Flonne felt about it. The Underworld was a lawless land where demons did what they wanted and took what they wanted with little to no repercussions, and so from a human or proper angel’s point of view, the whole place was shady. But once you became acclimated to its environment like *she* did, well...

You began to be able to tell that some areas were dicier than others.

“**Heehee! To think they had one in stock!**” Flonne had gone all of the way out to the most infamous black market in all of the Underworld without telling Laharl *or* Etna, because even *they* would have advised her not to go there, especially not alone. Fallen or not, she had still been an angel up until very recently and still placed emphasis on things that any rational demon would not. Like love and justice, but *especially* the former.

But truth be told, an unscrupulous market like that was the only place in all of the Underworld where you could get things from the Land of Celestia, her homeland, and she had been trying to get her hands on one item in particular. To those ends she had been frequenting one stall at the market specifically, because they had ties to an angel that had been feeding items into this realm.

And they had finally managed to get what she had wanted! ...Even though it had cost her essentially *all* of her savings to buy it. It was a special staff, one that could *legitimately* grant any wish that was fed into it. It only worked once, and there were limitations to what it could do.

So it was something she would have to think really hard about! She couldn't make any little wishes all willy-nilly while it was in her possession! But Flonne, being Flonne, was just as clumsy with her mouth as she was her body.

“Those two will just laugh when I tell them though... I really wish Laharl and Etna understood why love is so important to me!”

“...AH!?”



“Stupid Flonne. Where did she get to?”

Around the same time, back at the Overlord's castle, Overlord Laharl had taken notice of the Fallen Angel's absence. He'd certainly realized it, that Flonne was sneaking off on her own here and there. He wouldn't admit that he was *concerned* about her, but considering her personality? He had plenty of reason to be wary that she was either A) causing problems for others OR B) putting herself in danger for something silly.

If he showed any concern though, he knew that Etna would berate him for it so he had refrained. Maybe when he saw her next he would inquire in private? **“Tch. Well, guess I'll get lunch myself.”** Etna was off doing who knew what at the time, and she would probably just be annoying if she were present anyways. Though knowing *his* luck she'd be in the dining hall without an invitation anyways.

Just as he was about to exit his bedchambers however, a chill ran down his spine. No, was that right? His mind processed it as a chill, but it felt oddly *warm*? **“Hm? An Overlord can't get sick!”** A bold and inaccurate proclamation if there ever was one. **“What's going on here!?”** Was he under attack? Had someone set him in their sights? Considering his *reputation* as the Overlord and his *great, unrivaled power*, it only made sense that if he was targeted, it would be through underhanded means!

But while his imagination was running wild? The reality of it was even *wilder*.

As quickly as the feeling had come on, though? It appeared to have passed. **“Maybe it was nothing?”** Or maybe he *was* getting sick? A reality he refused to accept, even if it was wrong anyways. And while it was easy to slot that very unusual moment into what could have been an inconsequential moment? A new feeling replaced the one that had just left him. At the base of his back? **“Hah?”** What was with that building *pressure*?

In an attempt to see if something was wrong, Laharl peered over his shoulder while wriggling about. And while he couldn't see anything at first, at the climax at the discomfort this pressure brought? **“AGH!?”** An almost pained cry escaped his lips, for what had torn through his skin was a pair of wings. *Feathered*, white wings that did not seem to be befitting of a demon. **“What the—!?”** Although in tandem, two short and white horns had emerged from his skull, and of all things? A pink halo began to float over his head, just inches from his weird hair antennae.

Though even those antennae looked *unusual* when compared to their typical appearances. Their unique blue color was rapidly fading, but so was the color of *all* of the hair on his body, until it was largely white with pink highlights. But those antennae also flattened against the rest of his hair, and that hair spilled out in length so that it fell all of the way down his bare back with two shorter licks ramping off the sides. **“FLONNE!”** Hands holding this new soft, nice smelling mane? Something deep down told Laharl that this was the Fallen Angel's fault – and he hadn't even noticed his new halo yet.

Still, the changes trooped on even as he attempted to process what was happening. Red eyes lightened to a pastel tone of pink, and the lashes *around* those eyes lengthened so that they fluttered with each and every blink. At the same time, however? The boy's lips grew fuller and poutier, his nose smaller, his cheeks rounder... Until he didn't just look androgynous. His face looked like it belonged on a beautiful, young *woman*.

That said, the maturity expressed by this face betrayed what was laid out by his youthful body... *at first*. Which would rapidly become an issue as that was corrected if all the warning signs continued to point to one outcome in particular. **“MY DICK!?”** And unfortunately *another* one had come to fruition thanks to Laharl's little guy suffering a pained tugging sensation that prompted his hand to reach down and grope the front of his pants... taking hold of nothing in *her* loins. **“I'm a girl!?”**
MISS FLONNE!”

She was understandably flustered now with her cheeks burning red, and she was so off-put by her changed sex that the formal manner with

which she had just referred to the Fallen Angel had just gone straight over her head. Though to be fair to her, now that her sex *had* changed, everything from that point on appeared to happen in quick succession, not giving her much of a chance to breathe or even process what was happening to her beyond quick reactions.

So for her height to rapidly blast upwards? It was just a small drop in a much bigger pale, though she did wobble to and fro as she quickly reached the 5'5" mark – albeit not without paying a fine in the form of her *pants*. Even vertically they could not handle her increased height, but for the sake of keeping her consistently proportioned? Laharl's body had widened too. Her tummy was then thicker horizontally, her shoulders farther apart...

But it was her hips that really stole the show in this regard. **"Ah!?"** A loud ripping sound filled the air along with a sultry, effeminate cry as those hips tore through the cloth of her legwear at the sides. Whatever scraps remained eventually went the same way, for her thighs and ass jumped on the opportunity to expand to fill all of the space allotted by her widened gait, and so the upper portions of her legs became full and soft, spanning about seven inches across either thigh, while her ass became plump and squeezable.

Of course her new pussy was exposed now, but only fleetingly before a lace, white pair of panties returned it to a hidden status. As did a pair of golden bands wrap around her new thighs, their sizing a touch too tight so that you could easily make out soft flesh sticking up around their sides.

"Nope! Don't do that! I don't wanna!" Laharl had something of a strange phobia. One that made her fearful of women with large chests (*which was probably why he kept the company of the flat Etna and Flonne*), and so at first glance of her own chest beginning to puff up? There was immediately a visceral reaction that prompted her to stumble back. Just as it looked like she might fall, though? Despite feet leaving the ground, she just hovered there. Her wings were flapping, keeping her airborne. **"I-I-I don't want to... I d-d-don't want to love... I would l-l-l-love a big chest! No! But... Love...?"**

This mess of stuttered lines was the product of her fear of large breasted women triggering in response to how her breasts had already bounced into perky C-cups, combining with a desire that had taken a great deal of precedence in the back of her mind. *Love*. She loved to love, didn't she? Like some sort of Love Freak? That was the title she had given Flonne, yet she was seeing the light. She had to love everything including herself. Including her big, F-cup tits! Finally accepting everything, she

inevitably lost something. Memories of her time as Overlord. Memories of being a man.

A rush of energy prompted her to fly around, a white, translucent top now only *barely* covering the tops of her mammaries. You still got a healthy serving of underboob.

“Heehee!” An airheaded giggle left the voluptuous angel’s lips as she fluttered around the familiar bedchambers. She recognized them as *her* quarters, but why were they so cold in color and... *literally*? **“A touch of pink would go a long way in here!”** Or a *lot* of pink, all things considered. Pink, fluffy accessories, a big canopy bed... Why didn’t she just have all of these things already? She *lived* here, right? Plus she definitely needed a big, heart-shaped pillow!



Parisa the angel clearly could not properly remember her past life, and was simply confused about her present one. This confusion eventually stopped her flight and she hovered in the center of the room, her almost naked body reflecting the glow of light that radiated in through the window. **“I’m one of Miss Flonne’s Love Trainees, so why is my room bigger than hers too? Oh!”**

“Is it because my POWER OF LOVE is stronger than even hers!?”

Etna had sensed a disturbance in the force.

Okay, so maybe it was more of an intuitive bad feeling that wasn’t founded on much of anything, but she *really* didn’t like the vibes in that very moment. **“Yum, yum, yum! All of the pudding belongs to me!”** But bad vibes be damned, she was having the time of her life! She had actually snuck into the castle’s pantry knowing full well that new supplies had just come in – and among them? *Desserts!* She was an enthusiast when it came to sweets after all, with pudding as her favorite.

So of course once she had confirmed that the coast was clear, she had torn open the first box that contained some and ripped into a cup, spoon in hand. The chocolatey goodness was stuck to her lips a moment before she licked it off, her childish body now draped across a number of

additional pudding boxes like a couch. With time she would work her way into *those* as well!



But she promptly shot up. **“Huh? What the heck was that? The consequences of my bad actions? Unlikely!”** There had been a weird feeling, like a chill running up her spine? Or maybe it was more like an electric current? Either way, even though she was standing again her first impulse was to ignore it. Which was a big mistake, really.

Etna had been on the cusp of going back to eating her illegally seized pudding when she was prompted to drop her spoon, and her pudding cup, out of nowhere. **“H-Hey!? What the hell gives!?”** It inspired a bout of anger from her, but only briefly. Because she noticed something that put her in a better mood almost instantly.

“Huh? Am I taller!?” It was a sudden change in height that had prompted her to drop those items to keep her balance, and not only was she definitely a couple of inches taller by this point? She was growing taller still. For Etna, who always lamented how small she was in *every* aspect? Well, it was hard for her to be angry about that, even if she didn’t know why it was happening!

As she peaked at the very same 5’5” height that Laharl had, it was clear that this wasn’t the only aspect of the Overlord’s transformation that she had unknowingly and unintentionally mirrored. Her body had broadened to better suit this new height of hers, and this meant that her micro-shorts and itty bitty leather brassiere top were *digging into* her skin. Too caught up into things for her own good, the demon ripped her clothes off entirely so that she was no standing in the nude – choker and all.

“What brought this on though? Is it the pudding!? Is the pudding magical!?” It wasn’t hard to see how she had drawn that conclusion, even if it *was* wrong. And this delusion inevitably grew deeper as her body changed even further into something she had always aspired to be. A bouncy, bombastic bombshell. This was the form that ultimately flourished once weight began to make its way into her ass and breasts. **“Wow! I’m looking sexier by the *darn* second!”**

...Hadn’t she intended on saying ‘damn’ there?

Hands didn't hesitate to reach up and fondle her once weightless chest as nipples grew puffier, harkening the swell of a sensual weight beneath them. Skin stretched around breasts that became fuller and fuller, longer fingers sinking into their heft and even given them a playful shake as they eventually sized up to abundant F-cups that she just couldn't stop playing with. **"Ahaha! Finally! The sexy Etna I've always deserved to be!"** How many cons could she pull off with tits like these!?

And it wasn't even *just* her breasts! Her posture was evened out as expanding ass cheeks pushed hips to widen involuntarily, this rear jiggling as the excess weight saw to it that her thighs followed suit. She certainly wasn't overweight or chubby, her tummy was still trim, but there was something about her body now that was enticingly *soft*. And *paler* in color.

"I love it! Whoever is responsible for this, I need to like, give them a big thank you! ...HAH!?" A thank you? Her? She would never show anyone that sort of kindness! She was a *demon* after all! And yet along with a vapid tone, those words had oh so effortlessly escaped her lips. Lips that were fuller and pinker, upon a face that now sported an adult's maturity and a shape that was almost *identical* to that of Parisa.

Crimson eyes swirled with a pastel purple. It was part of her changes, but also worked to demonstrate how confusing her mentalcape had begun to become. **"Love... I don't care about... N-No, how could I say that? Love makes the world go 'round! It totally like, makes us all happy and stuff! Why am I talking like a big dummy!?"** Her thoughts were increasingly simpler and purer, causing the demon(?) to freeze in place almost like she had entered some sort of rebooting phase.

While she was mentally out of the picture? The rest of her appearance was compromised. White feathers began to grow from her bat wings, wings that slowly moved down to just above her hips by the time they perfectly resembled an *angel's* wings. Her pointed ears rounded too, and her tail? It seemed to weave between both of her thighs, wrapping around them before separating from her tailbone and splitting into two, hardening... until a pair of golden bangles that clung too tightly around thicker thighs.

Her messy twin tails softened in style and drooped down, the bands holding them in place disappearing along with her choker. Hair silkier and slightly wavy, it lengthened so that it fell down to her but and brightened to the same white with pink highlights that Parisa wore. Just

as the same licks appeared atop her head alongside the same two, short white horns.

As well as a matching *halo*.

Her nudity was alleviated as well, mind whirring back to life as she lowered herself back upon the nearby boxes again. The same white, lace undergarments and white top that *her sister* wore now clad her. And just like in her sibling's case? It showed off plenty of underboob *and* sideboob.

Once again draped across the unopened boxes of pudding, the angel was curiously groping her hefty bosom when she came to. She wasn't sure why she felt so fixated on them, but despite her earlier distress she absolutely *loved* her figure – and that applied to her huge ass as well! She loved *everything* about herself in fact. She loved everything about everyone. She just loved to *love*.



This wasn't all that strange for an angel, much less once under the tutelage of Flonne. On that note, why was *Aniela* in the pantry of the Overlord's castle? “*Hmm... I was like, here under Miss Flonne's orders or something?*” Her head was so full of love that it wasn't full of much else, really. She was Parisa's twin sister, but her sibling was by and far the more intelligent of the two.

So even though she couldn't remember? Aniela just shrugged and fluttered out.

“**How did this happen...?**” Flonne lamented her current predicament. Even doing something as simple as walking around the castle, these two voluptuous angels just continued to follow her around. They were shadowing her every move, and when they weren't? They were asking for tasks to deepen their love. She knew they were Laharl and Etna at heart, but she hadn't meant to do *this* to them. But in the end? This wasn't even what bothered her the most. She could work with this, and maybe eventually find a way to change them back, but...

“**Why are you two so much sexier than me!?**”

...She was beginning to sound like Etna.