

EXPERIENCE UP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The circumstances that accompanied the waking of Lysithea von Orderlia that day had certainly been of the unexpected variety. A knock at the door had come when she had just finished getting dressed, and who was it on the other side of the door? A familiar face. Like a *very* familiar face dressed in an oversized nightgown. Because it was *her own* face. A perfect copy of herself, one that behaved and believed as she did. But according to the words of this copy? She also *wasn't* her as well.

“Wait. You’re saying you’re *Hilda!*?” Pink eyes wide, the mage could hardly believe what she was hearing. It was just so hard to believe that this carbon copy of herself could possibly have been the lazy, buff, fashionable Hilda Valentine Goneril that she often butted heads with. Plus if that really *was* true, then did that mean that Hilda had inherited her cursed, short life? That was a lot to process.

But in the end, she was brought to the Hilda who had *actually* been Marianne to help explain. If the two had simply switched places, then the real Lysithea likely would have written it all off as a joke. But faced with a clone of herself? Well, that was much more credible. As a friend and peer of the two women, it went without saying that the scholar would help try and find a way to turn them back to normal. It would do no good for a clone of herself to go walking around. Plus she was a little curious about what sort of power could do this.

That also carried its own risks as well, though. Hilda had changed into her after encountering the transformed Marianne. And now that she had come into contact with the both of them, was *she* at risk? Without any idea as to the trigger, it was a little risky. That just meant she had to investigate *before* anything unsavory could come from the whole ordeal.

And so? She set out to Garreg Mach's library. Since the school was no longer being used as a school midst the war, there was hardly anybody there short of herself during the day. There were quite a few books on cursed and magic strewn about the shelves, and she had familiarized herself with them so much that it was no problem whatsoever for her to pick them out and comb through them without any interruption. It would be her *pleasure*, in fact.



“Mm... I’ve been through about ten of the publicly available tomes, but no leads on something that could copy one’s appearance and soul onto another person.” It was almost the afternoon by this point in time, and Lysithea was still stumped. She had boiled it down to a phenomenon that preyed upon one’s soul, remaking it in the image of, or perhaps replicating another soul onto, the soul of another. That would explain why Marianne and Hilda were so different in body and persona, yet still had memories of their old lives. They also couldn’t seemingly go against their new personalities no matter how hard they tried.

There *was* a place in the library she could still check. There was a room in the back that was locked up, for only key-carrying faculty could go inside. Apparently it was where the more precious tomes were kept. Books that were ancient or perhaps even dangerous. Knowledge that shouldn’t have been passed on to the average Garreg Mach student. Without any other leads though, that was likely her best bet.

The issue was that she *didn’t* have one of the keys needed to get inside, and none of the staff that had one were on campus. In fact, she knew her house leader had one – but she was out on an expedition with Claude and Ignatz that morning and likely wouldn’t be back until later that day. This was a time sensitive issue, and there was no way around that. Because who knew if this would spread? Even though she’d told Hilda and Marianne to stay in their rooms to prevent that from happening.

Well, Lysithea herself was the most likely problem at this point.

“If only the professor were here...” The desire to have the woman present that could fix this particular issue was a natural one, although

the mage didn't realize that this was the most harmful desire she could possibly have. Much like when Hilda had wished Lysithea was around to help her, only to become Lysithea, the curse had taken the same shape and jumped to everyone a curse-bearer interacted with. It would lay dormant until they eventually desired someone, and then? *It would begin.*

The young woman herself was unwillingly ignorant towards the fact that anything had even been triggered at all from the onset, for she was too distracted by the conundrum of attempting to gain access to the archives without the key to the storeroom that held them. If Byleth was off the table, then did Manuela or Hanneman have one? The latter case felt more likely than the former, but the young scholar *did* feel like he had told her that he didn't possess one in the past. Which made the hunt all the more perplexing, since with the archbishop still being held captive by the empire, she couldn't think of many other routes.

"Hm..." Lysithea was really wracking her brain on this one, yet while she did? A number of changes began to encroach upon the sanctity of her usual appearance. Of course, these initial physical alterations were so subdued that she did not readily notice them. For example? If you looked at her skin almost anywhere short of her face, you might find markings embedding and rising across her complexion.

Scars. And a plethora of them to be sure. Being a mage that fought on the backlines, she seldom if ever found herself in a situation where she was being cut nor stabbed by blades. The scars that tainted her clean and porcelain skin, on the other hand, suggested that she was much more accustomed to the frontlines. This felt doubly true once some of the skin hardened around her fingertips and the bottom of her heels, callouses eroding the softness that lingered there typically.

Even if you discounted these changes to her skin, and with her clothes hiding most of it you most certainly could, there was still one change that could *not* be ignored. Lysithea's eyes had *always* been a light pink, yet they darkened to a greenish blue before once again brightening – almost supernaturally – to a vibrant green that practically glowed. It was around *this* point in time that the young woman began to understand that something might have been amiss.

She blinked, not yet realizing that in the process of doing so, those eyes stretched wider and rounder until they almost seemed *impossibly* large. So large that memes would be made about them, perhaps? ***"Eh? Wait a second... What's going on with my hair!?"*** Rather than notice any of that? It was her bangs that had drawn Lysithea's attention. To be fair, mind you, perhaps that made the most sense? They were dangling right

above her eyes, so of course any dramatic changes in them would immediately be recognized.

Well, there were plenty of grounds for her to be surprised. Not only had she watched her hair darken to a *very* familiar dark blue, but just as quickly it had brightened up to an equally familiar green that shimmered even in the dull light of the library. Lysithea was no fool, nor was she ignorant to the circumstances. She could immediately identify the issue. “**Am I becoming the professor!?**” Even as she exclaimed this aloud, her hair was shortening to hang just past her shoulders rather than all of the way down her back.

All the while her facial features continued to contort, a maturity that hadn't been found on her old face despite being in her twenties becoming plain in the process. Overall? Her facial structure lengthened, and as a direct result her cheeks appeared thinner – ultimately bringing her already impressively large eyes to appear even *bigger*. What certainly helped in creating an air of maturity was how her lips swelled, inheriting a more natural glossiness as well. With thin, green brows to boot, she was left the spitting image of her professor. At least from the neck up for the time being.

“**So was desiring her presence enough!? But... Oh...**” Having moved past her hair, Lysithea had been marveling the callouses and scars on the backs and fronts of her hands when a warm, pleasant, yet likewise restrictive feeling had begun to plague the front of her dress. That is to say that her dress felt more restrictive – the warm and pleasant feeling radiated from the lackluster bosom beneath. While it could be perceived as indecent, both of her gruffer hands immediately flew up to cup a different breast. And just in time for the show to begin properly.

Subconsciously, the woman began to bite her lower lip with anticipation as she felt nipples press up against the inside of her dress with much more vigor and length than they possibly could under normal circumstances. “**Are they really going to grow!?**” The truth of the matter was that Byleth had a *much* more ample chest than she did, and Lysithea had always wished that she had grown a little bigger. She couldn't help but be excited by the prospect.

A moan called from glossy lips once that dream manifested into reality, with both of her breasts pushing forward and filling the cups of her dress magnificently. Since her dress was bound around the shoulders and the upper chest segment was basically bare, it was easy to watch her breasts push the cloth forward, an almost non-existent cleavage window soon swelling into a deep canyon surrounded by perky, magnificent hills

that her fingers sunk into excitedly. Practically E-cups, she just couldn't seem to keep her hands off of them. **"They really grew!"**

But that wasn't the only part of her body growing. It had just been the part she had noticed, yet her flesh was evening out so that she didn't become too top-heavy. All the while? Her hips had widened gratuitously, and making great use of that width had come her ass. Cheeks grew magnificently plump, but they did so overtop of a layer of *exceptionally* firm muscle beneath that had first tightened those cheeks. The same could be said of her thighs, which too had become muscular before fatty tissue saw the scarred skin stretch thinly across it. Her thighs were so ample, in fact, that they rubbed together without her meaning to.

"I feel so...! Strong..." While there had been an elated enthusiasm carried by her voice ever since her figure had begun to swell, all of a sudden? Her voice became quiet, almost emotionless. It was like a switch had been flicked in her mind that suddenly made it difficult to express herself. Perhaps that shouldn't have been all that surprising though, seeing as that was just how her professor was. Nonetheless? The strength she spoke of rippled throughout her body, arms thickening, abs forming, and pecs making her chest look even *more* pronounced.

The sound of cloth tearing soon filled the air. It was to be expected, since with her breasts and ass bloated the cloth had already slid up and struggled to contain what had swelled. But it was actually a sudden change in Lysithea's *height* that had brought about her favorite dress' demise. Her rump was so big that the bottom of the skirt had been tightly hugging it, the indentation of her ass crack clear in the back and her panties wedging the hell out of her crack.

So when she grew taller? Tension in the area around her toned tummy ultimately resulted in the dress ripping in too, and the release of that tension also prompted her big tits to bounce out of the top. Evidently this outfit could no longer accommodate a body that was taller, thicker, and denser than it had ever been before.

This *should* have been embarrassing. While no one was there other than the woman herself, the fact that she had erupted out of her clothing as she had become a muscular, voluptuous individual should have induced her with some amount of shame. But as the green-haired beauty stood there, blinking to herself? She could not find the energy to be embarrassed. Not that she didn't feel anything at all, but her reaction was much quieter and more muted than it would have been had she been herself.

Of course, she *wasn't*. Lysithea was now the spitting image of her professor, *Byleth Eisner*. A gorgeous young woman whose body had seen plenty of battles, and despite it all? Was incredibly attractive even if she didn't see it that way herself. And while Lysithea had seen her as so attractive before? Now that she had that body and personality, she felt rather indifferent about it herself. So what if anyone saw her body? Everyone was naked under their clothes. It wasn't a big idea, right?



“...Well, this is still troublesome.” Of course, for as much as she had become Byleth, her memories as Lysithea were still prominent deep within. She could recognize that she had become cursed just as her peers had, and that this would inevitably cause issues down the line. Should she quarantine herself to her room? At least her professor was as rational as her, so she could still think calmly and sensibly despite her transformation.

The issue was... *she wasn't as well studied now*. Byleth was plenty intelligent, but when it came to magic and tomes, her old self was far superior in that area. Even if she could gain access to that storeroom... **“Wait, there is a way.”** She had been transformed, but there still was a Lysithea von Ordelia, even if she had once been Hilda. She just needed to get the key and bring her down to the library and have her do the work. She could help, of course.

But that meant she still needed the *key*. **“...I guess it has to be this way.”** She would have to interact with her professor when she returned with the others. Or perhaps she could send Lysithea or Hilda to do? ...Truthfully, she hated how she couldn't stop thinking of her once-clone by her old name, but on some level her mind believed that since *she* wasn't Lysithea anymore, that there wasn't any real issue.

Speaking of *real* issues, however? While she felt no shame, even this Byleth knew one truth. **“I can't walk around like this.”** Her breasts and ass were spilling out from torn cloth. If anyone saw her, then there

would be issues. So she'd have to try and get back to the real Byleth's dorm room in order to steal some clothes. It was a little invasive, but... Well, was it really? After all, despite who she had once been? She was still Byleth herself now.