

RELAX, DON'T SWEAT IT

COMMISSION STORY

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It had been a very harrowing experience. Their army's clash with the beast, Maurice, that is.

A powerful warrior that had fought alongside Nemesis during the War of Heroes, his Crest had carried a curse that had supposedly turned him into the Wandering Beast. It was a Crest that had been passed down through his bloodline, all of the way down to its current heiress. Said heiress of the Crest being *Marianne von Edmund*.

It was just one of the things that had plagued the young woman throughout her life, something that had her believe she was truly cursed. Losing her parents, being ostracized by her peers when she was younger – on some level she believed it all came back to the Crest she possessed, and the curse associated with it. Would she someday become a monster like Maurice had?

Fortunately, all of those fears had been dissuaded. Along with her friends and allies they had pushed the Wandering Beast back, and from the trial Marianne had received the Relic Weapon, Blutgang. All of the rumors swirling around about the Wandering Beast, and about Marianne's Crest. They all died on that day, and for the first time in her life Marianne felt truly free.

“What am I to do?” But just because she felt free, it didn't mean that she knew *what* to do with that freedom. Holding Blutgang in her dorm room, a million thoughts turned over in her head. For how much better she felt, that didn't change that they were in the middle of a *war*. There was still plenty for her to be uncertain and anxious about, and Marianne was just naturally an anxious and uncertain person.



She felt reassured about her identity, but she couldn't just instantly become a more relaxed person because of it. It was easy to get lost in her thoughts while lounging around her room in her off-time. It was times like these that she would go down to the stables to spend time with the horses, and yet she had already been there that day and it was already nighttime. She was already clad in a blue nightgown!

“I suppose not every question has an immediate answer.” As always, with some rest she would shake off her concerns until they surfaced again. It was always the worst after fighting one of her peers from their academy days, but such was the outcome of war after all. If anything, Marianne was in awe of the talents of her peers. Compared to

her, they always seemed so composed and relaxed. **“Especially Hilda! I have no idea how she always comes across as so relaxed. I wish I could be like her...”**

It was more of an idle thought, and the blue-haired woman certainly had not carried the sentiment of having that desire manifest itself *literally*. An ancient weapon, on the other hand? It certainly wouldn't be able to make that distinction, which is exactly what happened as her sword, Blutgang, began to glow within her grasp. While not proper weapon care, it was shocking enough to provoke her into dropping it on the wooden floor from her lap where she was sitting on her bed.

“Wh-What!? Why is Blutgang glowing like that!?” She sprung up onto her two feet and backed away. She'd sensed a *strange* energy while holding it, for it had throbbed against her bare fingers. Those ancient bone weapons could be unpredictable and carry unbelievable powers, and that was something she had never seen it do before. **“Why do I... Why do I feel so warm?”** It was uncanny, and it had seemingly come out of nowhere. From her cheeks to the palms of her hands, to her bosom and loins.

Was it a *fever*? Was she getting *sick*? Unfortunately, *no*.

Common sense dictated a single plan of action. **“I should go see the school nurse, and perhaps Professor Hanneman!”** She was

either ill, cursed, or both. It certainly *wasn't* neither considering how she felt and how suddenly it came on. Before she could even make her way in that direction though, a single thought stopped her.

What? I'm fine! Why would I go see that stuffy old geezer?

Poor Hanneman. He wasn't even *that* old.

Marianne, however, was perplexed about why should we ever think anything like that about one of her favorite professors. Although the thought had rung a strange bell within. Hadn't she heard Hilda make a comment along those lines at some point? **"Maybe this is worse than I thought if I'm starting to sound like Hilda, haha!"** She loved her best friend dearly, but when it came to demeanor the two of them were basically *polar opposites*.

She resolved to leave her room and find help a second time, but she didn't even manage to take a step before something else caught her attention. She was still warm overall, but the warmth in her chest felt much more prominent than anywhere else. Not to mention the straps of her nightgown felt a little more tense than usual *somehow*. It was enough to coax her gaze downward, and what she saw wasn't *exactly* what she expected.

"H-Huh!?" To be fair? She *had* expected to see her breasts when she looked down. The issue was that she hadn't expected to see *so much* of them. At least she had some context as to why her gown had begun to feel so tight, because the valley of cleavage that she was looking at? It was not only very expansive, but it was growing more and more so before her very eyes. Breasts that were once averagely sized had gained two cups by the time she had looked originally, but they were pushing to the upwards of two sizes further. **"Th-This is impossible, right!?"**

Was there a curse that could make your boobs bigger? If so, someone *very* perverted likely would have had to have concocted it, surely. Not only were her tits *very* heavy, but they had stretched the neckline of her gown down so that you could see the entire crevice, which also lifted her skirt slightly off her thighs. Because she was alone in her room, Marianne didn't hesitate to touch them or give them a jiggle. It was shocking, but she was still a little curious!

They feel reaaally good! I should take pride in these babies!

The young woman's cheeks took on a blush once the thought crossed her mind. It had happened again! **"I-I mean, they're nice, but..."** She wasn't that kind of girl! That was Hilda! It was strange that she'd thought something Hilda might for a second time though. Actually,

weren't her breasts roughly the same size as Hilda's? Not that she spent a lot of time looking at them or anything! But she made a point to accentuate them in her outfit design.

And she sure does a good job of it!

She shook the thought away again, still gazing at the breasts she was fondling. Paying them so much mind meant that she wasn't paying as much attention to the fact that the temperature of her lower body had become sweltering just as her chest had before they'd ballooned – although things *did* happen there at a slightly slower pace because several areas were changing – *nay, engorging* – at once.

With thanks to her swollen breasts bringing the skirt of her nightgown to rise, it was plain enough to see what was happening with Marianne's thighs. She wasn't exactly deficient when it came to meat there to begin with, and yet that soon swelled to even greater heights so that skin was pulled to the absolute limit of tension. Fatty tissue jiggled about briefly before reaching maximum size, and that size forced her inner thighs to press against each other even while standing still.

The effects bled into her ass as well, and cheeks became thick and spry as they bloomed like fleshy flowers they pushed up the skirt of her gown even higher. The canyon between her ass cheeks naturally grew more and more substantial as a result, and as she was wearing white panties beneath her bedwear, they ultimately came collateral. *That* was what garnered her attention towards her swelling derriere.

“Eep!? Oh no! I'm growing down *there* too!?” With her panties wedged into her ass crack, she was given little choice but to try and tug the wedgie out with her fingers. This meant using one hand to lift the skirt, and another to poke at the panties to try and give them a tug. The front of her undergarments were, of course, grinding into her pussy rather painful. Though this merely disguised the feeling of her lips swelling and its contents widening to match a woman with a more sexually active lifestyle. Making matters worse, her pubes were shaved into the shape of a tiny heart. **“So uncomfortable...”**

Marianne had trouble trying to pick at her panties at first. They were just far too deep between her cheeks. Fortunately for her, a pair of changes sought to ease that burden. Her hips pulled wider for one, which parted the cheeks a little to grant her fingers a little more room to work with. But the fingers themselves *also* changed, growing a tad longer and gaining further extension with fingernails that was much lengthier and better cared for than Marianne ever bother to do. The trade-off? They hardened so that they were *much* more calloused and worn.

With the combination of these two ‘boons’ she was finally able to pluck her wedgie. It didn’t matter much, though. Her ass and hips combined meant that they wouldn’t fit no matter how much she pulled on her underwear, and in fact? A loud SNAP rang out, because their waistband had snapped. Defeated as she was, she pulled them off and over one bare foot (*a foot that was now much better cared for in terms of nails and moisturizing*), before holding the scraps up to her face.

“What a shame... Well! They were super plain anyways! Totally not my style!” Before it struck her that she was talking like Hilda, she had thrown the snapped panties over her shoulder super casually. *Normally* she would just set things down. That was why her room was always clean, and Hilda’s was not. **“Oh gods, I can’t stop! Even my voice is like... her.”**

The sequence of events that had played out before all of this began refreshed itself in her mind, which despite the way she was speaking was still one-hundred percent intact. **“Wait, so I wished that I could be like Hilda and... Blutgang is causing it to happen!? That’s wild!”** Why... did this not upset her? She was usually an anxious mess on a good day, much less when something this unexpected took place. But she felt pretty... good? Or maybe it was more like she didn’t really care?

She didn’t even care about finding Hanneman anymore. That sounded like a *hassle!*

Marianne puckered her lips because they felt a little dry, and in doing so they felt much *fuller*. That wasn’t exactly surprising, as Hilda had very thick and kissable lips. *Not that Marianne had ever thought about kissing them, or anything!* But those lips were now her own. Not only Hilda’s lips, but her cute little nose, her fair and soft cheeks, and her big, round eyes. Eyes that soon brightened from a plain brown to a familiar, bright pink.

Thinking a moment, she recalled that she had an old mirror with a sheet over it in the corner of her dorm room. She didn’t leave it uncovered because, quite honestly, she didn’t like gazing at her reflection. Now, though, she almost felt excited by the idea and *skipped* over to the mirror on her bare feet.

While skipping, her braided hair came loose and fell to her shoulders, tickling them keenly for a brief moment before fanning out and lengthening dramatically. Her locks looked as if they were being teased by a breeze as they fluttered behind Marianne while skipping, but if there really *was* a breeze, it was also seeing to it that the color of her

hair was corrected. A bright, bubblegum pink whipped through thicker, longer locks, and the scent of strawberry shampoo that she didn't typically use wafted in the air.

Of course, skipping as she did led to her body bouncing all over the place. Her E-cup bosom felt like it might snap the shoulder straps as they rocked up and down, but fortunately that didn't actually happen – not that she would have minded even if they did at this point. Fingers gripped the sheet, and pulled it off, revealing her reflection to her in the room lit with oil lamps.

“Wow! I really do look just like Hilda! I'm totally talking like her too!” Even if the pink-haired woman had *tried* to stop and speak in the way she used to, it was more or less impossible. She was stuck adding inflection to different words as if to add drama to everything she said, and that was only built upon by how much more expressive she'd become with her face and hands.



Examining herself fully in the full length mirror, she could have sworn she was looking at the real *Hilda Valentine Goneril*, except she wasn't. She was Marianne von Edmund deep down. Her memories had remained undisturbed, but her appearance, personality, and mannerisms? All of them now reflected those of the pink-haired beauty.

Even mentally, she was looking at the ill-fitted blue nightgown she had adorned as her previous self and couldn't help but say aloud: **“Ugh. Blue just isn't my color even if I did fit into this!”** Did she own any clothes that were black or pink? She didn't think so, but maybe she could borrow some from the *real* Hilda? They were *definitely* the same size, at least. **“Nothing in my wardrobe is going to fit these huge tits of mine!”** She even gave them a little jiggle. Marianne had never thought much about her figure before, but now? She felt *very* confident.

But that in itself presented a different problem. **“Actually, how am I going to explain this to anyone? The other me is totally going**

to freak out! My Crest is the same too, and Blutgang...” How had any of this happened? Being transformed into Hilda because she’d made a wish? That was *stupid!* **“I guess I shouldn’t worry about it too much right now. I need to find something to wear! Preferably something *cute*.”**

Which meant that there was only really one place for her to go so late in the evening, then. Not bothering trying to even cover up a little bit, she skipped off out the door of her dorm room and down the hall – clearly heading towards the room of the original Hilda. **“I’m sure she won’t mind~! I bet she’ll be excited that there’s two of her!”**

She wouldn’t be.

But also she wouldn’t remain herself much longer either...