

NO TIME FOR REST

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



For Hilda Valentine Goneril, every moment she could use to be lazy was a moment well spent.

She was a notorious slacker amongst her peers, even well into the war that waged between Adrestia and the rest of the continent of Fodlan. At the first sign of any work that she wanted no part of, the noblewoman would disappear into a dark corridor or hide her face so that she might not be volunteered. And in a case where *that* didn't work? Well, she would try and unload the job off on someone else! Such was the Hilda way.

But while this could be terrible, she had also gotten *slightly* better at taking on responsibility over the five years since the war had begun. She kind of *had* to, didn't she? Whether she wanted to fight or not, war was a serious thing. The lives of her friends and family were at risk, and like it or not, as a Goneril she had certain responsibilities she had to uphold. And so, to those ends, the pink-haired woman had gotten a *little* better about avoiding responsibility.

That had all culminated in what she had been doing that night. Claude had asked her to devise some crude battle strategies for their upcoming conflict with Adrestia. She wasn't as tactically minded as he was, but Hilda was confident in her ability to lay the groundwork. Claude would *usually* take her plans and then expand upon them with crafty tricks, which typically worked out in their favor.

It was a task that had taken a good chunk of her night, and she hadn't expected to be interrupted during it. But lo and behold... "**HUH!?**" A copy of herself had suddenly burst through the door, claiming to be

Marianne of all people. A very alarming thing to hear, and something that was even harder to believe. But could she rightfully doubt it, either? This copy was acting *just* like her, but there were things she had said that only *Marianne* could have known about. Hilda made sure to attempt as many avenues as she could to try and weed out the possibility that this might be some kind of trick.

Before long, Hilda had sent her clone back off to *Marianne's* room with a change of clothes. It was the dead of night by this point of time, and the two recognized that any brainstorming would need to come in the morning when they could appeal to sharper minds than *they* possessed. Which, ultimately, left the original Hilda alone, changed into her bedwear as she sat upon her bed.



“Well, there goes finalizing those battle plans.” How was she supposed to think about anything *other* than what had happened to *Marianne*? If they couldn't reverse it, just what was she supposed to do about a *copy* of her walking around? She didn't exactly seem keen on picking up the original Hilda's workload, undoubtedly because the two of them shared a personality. But more disturbing was that Hilda and *Marianne*, well...

They had sort of been romantically been involved. **“I can't date *myself*!?”** Well, she *assumed* she couldn't. Would people find that weird? Who was more compatible with you than, well, *you*? **“No, no, no! That is way too weird, even for you, Hilda!”** Her cheeks were flushed though. Gods, this was just far too much for her to process! Maybe she should have asked *Marianne* to stay rather than send her off? If only they'd had access to someone more intelligent at this time of night. Someone who could have alleviated their concerns somehow. Because honestly? Hilda wasn't sure how she was going to get even a wink of sleep.

“I wish *Lysithea* were here, she certainly would have had an idea.”

It was a mistake. Saying that? It had been a *huge* mistake. Because throughout their earlier exchange? The two Hildas had hugged, and in doing so some of the energy that had transformed *Marianne* in the first place had been transferred onto Hilda's skin. An energy that was now

responding to *her* desire, and which would then turn *her* into a carrier that might transfer the spell onto another person. And another. And another. If not careful, it could have caused a chain reaction that might affect everyone in Garreg Mach, and that absolutely would have brought about chaos.

But, nonetheless, this possibility had already been put into motion through Hilda's own words, although at first it wasn't something that was all that easy for her to notice. Because the initial change amounted to little more than a slightly pigment skew within her eyes, seeing pinks retain their pink, but also skewing just the slightest bit more towards a purple as opposed to their original shade.

“Well, if I examined that tome in the library, then...? ...Huh? What tome? At what point did I read that?” Of course, just as the transformation had not been without its mental changes for Marianne, this truth was the same for Hilda, as well. She was already beginning to blurt out things that didn't make much sense to her. She wasn't the type of person that typically *read* if she didn't have to, and the book she was thinking of was one of magic – something that she didn't study nor excel in.

Although, while difficult for Hilda herself to notice, some light might have been easily shed on the matter had she looked at her own hair. But because it was late and she had been getting ready for bed, aside from her bangs most of it had been pulled back into a big ponytail. It had also helped her to differentiate herself from the *other* Hilda, who had her hair loose and down when she had visited.

But focus was on this hair because while her eyes had retained some semblance of their pink, if not leaning more into purple, her hair was *not* afforded the same benefit in the end. Because the woman's roots, and not even just the roots of the hair atop her *head* but within her loins and brows as well, had taken on a silvery white that would have been undeniably familiar once she finally took notice of it.

Because what began with the roots? Well, it quickly swept throughout the entire body of her mane. Before long it was all a silvery white, and more than that? It seemed the natural style and even the volume of the hair had changed some. It had actually *lengthened*, with the tips in the back reaching as far as the peaks of her thighs. A length of that amount would have been inconvenient when wielding an axe, but...

It isn't a problem when I wield magic!

Hilda did finally take notice of her hair color's change, because it swept through her bangs and saw the tufts of hair at her face's sides tumbled

onto her chest. Fingers, shaking, were quick to snatch up what she could see. **“What!? This hair color... It looks like *mine*...!? I mean LYSITHEA’S!?”** Running it through her fingertips, it was thinner – something she had noticed about her friend’s own hair in the past. It was undeniably reminiscent of Lysithea’s, but her mind kept wanting to autocorrect her so that she acknowledged it as her own hair.

“Gods... What happened to *Hilda*... Is it happening to *me*?”

She had very much meant to use Marianne’s name there, but the autocorrect had kicked in once more. It went without saying that the woman grew panicked because of this, but loathed as she was to admit it... a part of her was *curious*. That part of her being a part of *Lysithea*, that is.

Whether or not Hilda had noticed it, the transformation would have trooped on regardless. **“*Whoa!*?”** A wave of imbalance struck her, for the woman’s point of view was promptly changed – pushing her subtly upwards, which made sense if she really *was* becoming Lysithea. That girl had shot up like a weed over the past five years while Hilda hadn’t grown at all. Not that it mattered, because she was now the few centimeters taller than Lysithea had grown anyways.

And were that not alarming enough? She soon began to feel... *tired*. Not in the sleepy sense, even though she very much *was*, but in the sense that everything felt more labored? Like her body lacked the strength it normally did, especially when it came to the back muscles that supported her huge chest, or the lower muscles that supported the rest of a figure that was considered by much of the army to be one of the best in show (*supposedly*).

“*Ugh*... Why do *I* feel like...?” Every so often, a crack in her voice would shift its sound from the voice of Hilda to the voice of Lysithea, and it was happening more and more frequently and would continue to until the shift was permanent. But the woman slouched because of this sudden weakness, hardly capable of holding herself upright. There was really only one thing that could have caused this, however, and it was very much the reality that she *had* grown weaker.

Hilda’s muscles, ample as they had been and proud as she was to have them, had all deflated. Whether it was the eight-pack she wore proudly upon her belly, the guns on her arms, or those that kept her running in combat, everything had softened and thinned. This left her arms looking like sticks and her belly much softer, and she was rendered incapable of supporting that bombastic figure of hers.

Well, at first. **“No, no, no! Not those!”** Her voice now wholly Lysithea’s in sound, her vocal panic was expressed not at her dwindled muscles, but at the sight of her bosom becoming smaller. Hilda had always been proud of her huge chest, and Lysithea had always wanted a bigger bosom. The mix of these two feelings resulted in the same outcry, so much so that her mind began flipping through spells she hadn’t known just moments before in an attempt to try and salvage what she could.

The woman did so in vain, however, because it didn’t take long for the masses to collapse down to B-cups that were exceptionally meager compared to their former glory. Skin had repeatedly tightened around them, making sure they remained prim and perky despite their lessened states, while nipples shrunk some as well. On the bright side? Her back no longer felt sore and exhausted without the huge tits she’d had to weigh them down!

...Hilda didn’t really see that silver lining, however.

“No... This cannot be. How tragic...” Her manner of speech, evidently, was now far less casual than most had come to know from Hilda. Even with the top of her negligee so sorrily empty, her choice of words was tactical and serious.

Although she *had* been so focused on her bosom that she had failed to notice a similar phenomenon transpiring around her lower half. Wide hips forcibly swung inward, and as a result her thighs and ass alike had both regressed in their own girth so that, while still plump, they were only as plump as her new hip width allowed them to be without growing more excessive than that.

Fingers, shorter and with nails that were better manicured, rubbed at her sides. She didn’t quite notice it, but all of the callouses and scratches she had earned through her axe wielding? Well, the most she had upon them now were mere papercuts. There weren’t even signs of injury from her accessory-making hobby, because as she was now? Well, the woman couldn’t imagine wasting precious time on something so mundane. She would much rather read a book.

A sigh escaped lips that were thinner than they had ever been, highlighting that Hilda’s face, well... It most certainly was no longer her own. Thin smackers aside, her head was smaller overall which left less of a canvas for her features to be painted against. Everything looked more petite, while her overall facial structure seemed just a tad longer. In ways she appeared a little sickly, but she had the emergence of a second Crest within her to blame for that.

“Oh my. Now *this* is a bit of a problem, isn’t it?” Standing in a pink negligee that was much too big for her present frame, *Lysithea von Ordellia* marveled at what had become of her. There was a pang of disappointment in her chest and in her voice, because looking down at herself? Well, Hilda’s memories were still housed within her. She could recall having what was clearly considered one of *the* best figures in all of Garreg Mach, and yet now her figure had been reduced to something so waifish.

Was it because she had made a wish? Hilda – erm, *Marianne* – had not mentioned something like that when she had recounted her own transformation, and yet other than her desire to have a sharper mind about to solve Marianne’s problem, Lysithea couldn’t rightfully think of something that might have brought about *this* result. **“Was it magic? No, I cannot think of any spells that might have this effect...”**

The fact that she could even think of any spells in the first place was a testament to the fact that she had inherited more than Lysithea’s younger looks. Where she had once been an expert on combat based on the axe, she now could not remember such things at all. On the other hand? Magic and Crests came to the forefront of her mind when she thought about combat, and her knowledge in these areas was far vaster than anything Hilda had ever known about melee warfare.



She was exhausted both from being up so late and from the transformation she had just experienced, yet the mage moved to the room’s desk and sat her bum down before clean parchment paper and a quill despite that fatigue. A million thoughts were running through her mind, and they just inspired her to get to work on solving this puzzle. It was a dramatic departure from Hilda’s old personality, that had never cared about doing much of *anything* with the amount of focus Lysithea had now.

And she continued along, doing this until the light of dawn shone through her window. Lysithea recognized that life was short, and her own shorter than that based on the memories she had inherited on top of Hilda’s, and so to be a little fatigued was a small price to pay for solving a riddle with the limited time she had left. Besides, she desired

to return to her original body as well. **“It isn’t like I... YAWN... want to stay Lysithea...”**

Her research and experimentation over the course of the night hadn’t yielded much in terms of results, however. She’d need to access the library when it opened, and naturally she would be bring Hild—*MARIANNE* along with her. The issue? **“That woman will sleep until noon if I don’t wake her up, but I can’t exactly go out dressed like this, either.”**

Did that mean she would have to pay a visit to the original Lysithea to fetch some clothes? Well, two minds of this talent on the subject were better than one, really. They would just have to be careful. Careful that the original Lysithea did not replicate her own mistakes, because it would be an issue if she was turned into someone else as well. They didn’t need two Manuelas or Byleths running around.

“I suppose I do not really have a choice. Let’s go, then.”

She was really hoping for the best here.