

CHANGING TALENTS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Manuela didn't like *anything* about this.

And to be clear, this was in reference to the *original* Manuela. The Manuela who was supposed to be the *real* Manuela. The *sole* Manuela. Naturally a big part of the reason why she *didn't* like any of this was that this was no longer the case. There was *another* Manuela. One who had supposedly been Flayn. Which was true according to the Flayn that had supposedly been Mercedes. And then there was the Mercedes who claimed to have been Ingrid. It was all one big, confusing *mess*.

One that the professor wouldn't have believed at all if not for her own doppelganger. **“So if I altered this part of the magic circle. Erm... No, I suppose that wouldn't work.”** And *because* of all of this nonsense she had immediately been put to work. No, that would have been a little unfair to say. She had *volunteered* to do it but how could she have ignored this entire situation? Especially when it seemed like there was a chance it might spread.

The night had already come and gone and it had certainly been *something*. Listening to explanations from those who had been changed, it seemed like it was some manner of curse that had come to their camp via letter all of the way from Garreg Mach. **“If they were looking for an end to the war this is *certainly* a way to go about it...”** And then she'd had to fit her new doppelganger into some of her spare clothes and, for better or worse, the two had spent the night drinking together. It had certainly been a *strange* experience.

But when the (*late*) morning came she pulled herself out of bed before her copy could and got to work. Thankfully the duplicate was sleeping in

Flayn's tent, because she needed her own desk to get to work on developing a cure. Or at least *trying* to. Magic and curses that affected one's physical form were already difficult enough to understand; much less ones that affected the personalities of those beholden to them simultaneously. She'd had very little experience in this field but, compared to most in the camp, she was *still* probably the most qualified.



And yet she wasn't making very much progress. It was roadblock after roadblock as she attempted to fashion a reversal spell. One that wasn't at all helped by the fact that she was incredibly hung over from her night of drinking. But then again... whose fault was that exactly? Correct. It could *only* be her own.

“If only there was a cure for the hangover...” If such a thing were possible then she would never have a groggy morning. Never would she falter before her day had even begun! Of course she could avoid that without a cure if she simply *didn't drink as much*, but that seemed to be something of a big ask for a woman

who loved a bottle of wine more than she loved herself. Though that *did* remind her of something. **“Didn't Annette say she would look into one? She's a good girl.”**

Thinking fondly of one of her students was a mistake she would come to regret. What no one had pieced together just yet was that it wasn't triggered by merely thinking about another person. The curse had a switch that needed to be flipped that was, quite frankly, not a *whole* lot better – and that was that they had to think of someone in an *affectionate* way, or with a sense of *endearment*. Thinking positively about Annette was unfortunately enough to get Manuela's own transformation rolling.

And yet while there were signs they *weren't* immediately obvious to the woman herself even as she stood and began to pace in thought. **“Hmm... What new angle could I attack this from?”** And yet in the end the thing being attacked was *her*. But was it truly in a negative way? From the outset it only seemed like Manuela was receiving nothing but *benefits*. The woman's skin tightened, her complexion improved. Any signs of wrinkles, Crow's feet, or even grey hairs were erased while

her breasts and ass rose to a perkiness she hadn't experienced since her *twenties*.

Which was more or less the truth of it. The forty year old's physical time had been *rewound* so that she was *twenty three* again. Aside from the general 'quality of life' changes to her skin and hair, it was *very* obvious in the professor's face. There was a youthfulness to it that she had long ago lost as late maturity had set in. It wasn't until, in her pacing, she passed a mirror that she finally noticed. "**Erm...?**" She was stunned. *Gob smacked*, even. "**Is this a trick? Am I too tired? I look like I did when I was younger?**" But then it clicked. "**Wait! Shoot!**"

The curse was affecting her, wasn't it? She'd heard from the others that the changes were gradual, and drawing closer to the mirror she could see that with her very own eyes... within her very own eyes. Speckles of an ocean blue color were emerging and, eventually, overcoming her natural eye color and the *shapes* of her eyes had widened somehow. Were her lashes thinner? Was her nose getting smaller? Her lips thinner? Not to mention the sight of her cheeks puffing until her face had a rounder shape.

"**A-Annette.**" A voice crack had the woman sounding like the girl she had just named. Annette had crossed her mind for only a moment and now *this* was the outcome? There was little point in denying that the face that stared back in her reflection belonged to Annette Fantine Dominic, and now her voice sounded similar? Squinting at said reflection she was beginning to notice more and more differences compared to the reflection she knew. The beauty mark under her left eye was certainly a fairly noticeable one. More specifically the fact that it faded away.

Blue eyes eventually glanced upwards at her hair. Manuela had maintained this swept back style for quite a long time. More than long enough to realize that the style was changing. It grew longer and, in the back, much straighter so that it fell down past her shoulders. When it came to the woman's *bangs* they fell forward and were parted in the center. To no one's surprise, dull brown locks became illuminated by the same bright orange the girl she was becoming possessed. This included her brows and (now) neatly cut pubes to boot.

The younger woman blinked. "**Wh-What should I do about this? Is there any way to stop it?**" Her manner of speech came across a touch more sheepishly now – much like the real Annette – and while she hadn't realized it her hangover had long since disappeared. There *wasn't* anything she could do to stop it, however. What had happened to the others was proof of that. "**I guess I just— EEK!?**" Manuela would

have *never* cried out in such a girlish way, and yet she had good reason to. After all...

Eight inches. So much height had slipped off her body in just a matter of *seconds*, sharply dropping her height down from 5'8" to a mere 5'0". She should have and *had* expected it, yet the decline was so dramatic so quickly that it had still felt alarming. Her dress was bunched up and disheveled and yet its fit was compromised further because, as she looked down? "**Oh no...**" She realized that it was worse than she had thought.

She could already see more of the floor than she was used to. Manuela's tits were *well* above average or, well, they were *supposed* to be. Had she been herself she *absolutely* would have pawed at her own chest at the sight of their masses compounding, skin tightening around mounds that were smaller and smaller. The more compact C-cups she was left with certainly weren't anything to scoff at and still looked quite large seeing as she was so *short*, but either way she didn't seem *that* bothered by it. Annette's personality was far more dominant by this point and it wasn't really something she'd care about.

"Well I suppose I wouldn't have been able to walk around normally like this if they had remained that large." That *was* a valid point. One that was applied evenly to her ass and hips as they shrunk too, loosening her dress further around them. Yet while her hips *did* narrow they ultimately retained a substantial wideness when compared to her shoulders. The same was true of her rump and thighs, giving below her waist a more bulbous shape. She was *definitely* more bottom than top heavy. For better or for worse that was.

At a tertiary glance it was *very* obvious that Manuela's dress was not a good fit for her new body. Not only was she significantly shorter as she was now, as *Annette Fantine Dominic*, but her figure was much less... *so*. At least compared to Manuela's previous, mature glory. But Annette was significantly younger and had a differing body shape. Her curves were nothing to be scoffed at particularly as far as her hips and ass went as previously mentioned, but they still weren't up to snuff with what she had just possessed moments ago.



“I... Oh no. This probably isn’t very good... Was it because of how I thought about her?” Comparing personalities highlighted some major differences between who the woman had once been and who she was now as well. Annette seemed *surprisingly* calm, but she was still troubled. Manuela would have been *freaking out* – and Flayn certainly had when she had become her the night before. **“But... I still have magic knowledge! That’s good! I can probably still be of use!”**

It was also very Annette-like to look on the bright side... even though her knowledge of the craft didn’t match up with the experience she’d had before. And why did she keep thinking about that hangover cure that ultimately had led to her transformation in the first place? **“No, no. Focus Annette! What should I do now? I guess... I need clothes?”** But she could probably tighten what she was wearing to fit better in the meantime.



It had been a whirlwind of an early afternoon for the *real* Annette. She’d practically run face first into a woman wearing her face and *Manuela’s clothes*? Only to find out that not only was this Annette one her ex-drunkard professor, but many of her peers had been shuffled around already as well. It was difficult to believe. Not only for her, but for Shamir who had been with her at the time.

But after giving the new Annette something to wear, the original had shuffled off to the camp’s training field to clear her head. It was unoccupied with most of the troops out on their rounds, and she needed to think things through. **“So it seems ‘it’ happened to the others when they thought of someone they knew with ‘fondness’. But that’s too vague of a parameter, and it’s not like I can’t think of anyone I know ever again.”** She was *rightfully* assuming that whatever it was had already jumped to her and, possibly, Shamir.

Although she was trying to keep Shamir out of her head for that reason. Something that proved difficult when she noticed that the woman had left her jacket on one of the posts out in the field. **“This is...”** Shamir

was always working so hard, it was really quite... admirable... **“Oh no.”** Surely *that* wouldn't trigger it? Right?

Any hope she had been holding out for the curse to not activate was immediately dashed the moment she gained an inkling that the fit of her dress had become somewhat *tight*. It was fitted for her body as it was supposed to be, hand-sewn by Annette herself and often adjusted when she needed to. It didn't feel like she had gained weight anywhere however, nor did it look that way. The tightness was quite subtle too.

“What's...?” Unsure of what had changed she eventually pulled off her gloves. Looking at her forearms she couldn't initially discern *much*, but after staring a little longer she finally realized. **“Did... Did I get more muscular?”** Her forearms *did* look a little thicker. And so hands squeezed her upper arms and patted her tummy. **“Rock hard abs...”** And what woman did she know that was very muscular in these areas? *Shamir*.

This wasn't looking good for her and in fact it went from bad to worse at a breakneck speed. **“H-Hey!?”** It was momentarily difficult for the young woman to maintain her balance as her eye level shot up as a side effect of *it*. Arms slid out farther from the sleeves of her dress, while the base of a skirt that was usually at her ankle now only reached just a few inches below her knees. Unfortunately the fact that she was growing, and she definitely *was* growing, also yanked her white tights off her ass so that they rested at her thighs. Annette blushed and crouched down in slight knowing full well her panties had been yanked down with them.

“I guess Shamir is taller than *me*.” She murmured with a surprising amount of calm. Standing back upright, at 5'7" her stature was far more intimidating now. It was strange to be looking so far down at the things in front of her, too. But when she was doing just that, she quickly found that view impeded by her *breasts* of all things. **“Right. Height isn't the only thing she has that's bigger than mine...”** She spoke with a gruffer voice and, despite Annette's usual innocence, grabbed at her bosom curiously.

It was clear that her dress was much too small for the body she was gaining. Swelling tits were compressed much too tightly within thick, white cloth. And in the end? The woman effortlessly grabbed a small knife from the ground with far more calloused fingertips and cut down her neckline so that her girls had room to breathe. With a knife technique that Annette definitely shouldn't have had any knowledge of at that. Creamy flesh spilled out, but engorged nipples remained obscured. **“That's better.”** Since when did she speak so matter of factly?

For better or for worse, the fact that she was taller and her skirt had been lifted higher as a result meant that there had remained a little more room to work with when it came to her lower body's swell. Panties and tights had already been yanked down, so her ass swelling into a perfect peach shape with a little bit of a jiggle wasn't really impeded. On the other hand, tight immediately dug into her muscular thighs as they thickened slightly. Seeing as the woman was taller now, this all looked less excessive than it might have had she been shorter.

As she looked around with attentive intent (because she was looking for something else to wear), her eyes darkening from blue to purple and tightening in shape all the while, it was plain to see that above her neck was next. Only Shamir's cropped green jacket was nearby. That wouldn't do anything to help her clothing malfunction. Her expression turned to one of thought, making it simply to see how her lips were thickening into a more upturned shape. Her face was just noticeably thinner overall, the mature beauty of *thirty one* year old replacing a more childlike innocence.

Annette shook her head. The weight and style of her long hair was *bothering* her now and yet she didn't really remark on the fact. It wasn't a long term issue regardless, for it shortened to her chin and was parted in such a way that it was mostly slicked to the left, bangs over her left eye and all. This style felt much less *disruptive* and once a bluish purple replaced the orange it became clear that this style and shading was a much better fit for her new appearance.

That, of course, made sense. She was not an entirely new person.

Well *evidently* her hopes that thoughts of Shamir wouldn't trigger a transformation had fallen on deaf ears, for the *Shamir Nevrand* that stood in Annette's stretched and torn gown was every bit the woman she *had* been deep down. "**Great...**" And she naturally didn't seem all that happy about it, her disdain amplified by Shamir's serious but blunt personality. There was little point in prettying this up with a field of roses, at least not from her new perspective. On a fundamental level this *sucked*.



“Can’t remember magic, but...” Looking around the training field she found that this knowledge hadn’t been lost without something to replace it. Most of the training weapons littered about provoked recollections of how to wield them effectively and tactically. Like a woman who had been trained to kill upon the battlefield. She also felt far more reverence for Lady Rhea than she had before but that probably wasn’t a *huge* deal, right? What harm could a little extra blind faith in the Church realistically do?

Shamir groaned. This was all going to be a headache. Starting with her clothes seeing as she could hardly move with how restrictive her dress had become. She didn’t *want* to wear a dress either; give her some pants and she’d be good to go. **“Guess I’ll need to pay her a visit.”** The original Shamir, that was. There was no one else in the camp that would have clothes that would not only fit her new body but also sync with her new fashion sense. **“Wait. She was with me when Annette came to us, so...”** Was it possible that even the real Shamir had succumbed to the same curse?

If so that would *likely* be a different problem, so she hoped that it hadn’t come to that.

But she’d soon be proved right...