

EXTROVERTED MELODY

COMMISSION STORY

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The White Heron Cup was upon the students of Garreg Mach.

It was a competition that was held annually, and one that focused on the charm and artistic talent of the students that were chosen to participate by the teacher that led the house. It essentially focused, primarily, on their ability to dance and judgments were made on technique and finesse. Considering the vast majority of Garreg Mach's student population hailed from nobler roots for better or for worse, most of them did have *some* training in the art of dance in the first place. After all, balls and galas were often on the menu for those who were considered *prestigious*.

But in the end? The student of each house that was chosen to participate did not get a say in whether or not they actually *wanted* to dance in the Cup if they were selected. Performing on a stage certainly wasn't for everyone. Anxiety, a lack of self-confidence, and even a disinterest in dancing itself were all things that could discourage even the most inherently talented students from wanting to do so.

And yet...

“Th-There’s no way I can perform on stage! In front of people!?” Slamming the door to her dorm room behind her and stammering to herself, Bernadetta von Varley had just been given the direst of news from her professor, Byleth. *She* was the student that her professor wanted to participate in the White Heron Cup!? The teenaged girl was *pretty* certain that she had made it clear that she never wanted to leave her room unless she absolutely had to.

She was a shut-in and proud of it! So why would Byleth choose *her*? Sure, she might have had a little bit of practice with dancing from when she was younger, but it was an activity that reminded her of her father – and that made it something she *really* didn't want to do. “Ugh...” Bernadetta had shambled over to her bed and landed face first on her pillow.



But what she didn't know was that Byleth's choice had been *very much* intentional. They had taken notice of Bernadetta's shut-in, dangerously introverted nature and had hoped that a competition like this would help break her out of her shell. The Black Eagle wasn't even the only one who had been chosen for this reason, and the Golden Deer participant was actually in a similar boat – although perhaps not to the same extremes that Bernie was.

KNOCK KNOCK!

“Ugh...” The girl, her tone defeated, groaned at a knock at the door. There was another, but she *still* didn't get up. Eventually the knocking went away and footsteps could be heard leaving, so she finally pulled herself off the bed and shambled back over to the door. It might have been the mail, so... “A **package?**” And it *had* been. It was a small box, but one she ushered inside quickly, nonetheless.

There was no return address or any indication as to who had sent it. Her name was simply written on the box along with the words ‘*Hope this helps!*’. Was it something Byleth had sent her to help with her dance practice? She really didn't want to do that though. Even so, she opened the box only to find nothing inside. Or maybe that wasn't completely true?

A strange melody had played from inside the box.

“**Huh? B-But there's nothing inside...**” Bernadetta peeked in to make *extra* sure that this was the case. There really wasn't anything within, the box was completely empty. So what had made that sound? Some sort of magic? The girl didn't know enough about magic to know if such a thing was possible or not... So maybe she had just been hearing things instead?

That *hadn't* been the case, and in fact that melody had been born of magic. But its purpose hadn't exactly been to simply play a song. Hearing it was merely the trigger for something greater, and the shut-

in's appearance had begun to exemplify that without her knowing. After all, Bernadetta's eyes had *always* been the same color as her hair. That is, they had always been *purple*. Yet speckles of an emerald green had begun to shimmer midst this purple, inevitably overwhelming their natural color so that it was replaced *entirely*.

This emerald gaze still flickered between the box and her bed with a nervous uncertainty though. **“Okay, since that was empty...”** Her mind wandered to the idea of taking that depression nap that she had been thinking about prior to the knocking on her door. What she said *instead* was something so shocking that she covered her own mouth. **“Time to practice!”**

Practice *what*? Her dance!? No, no, no! She was still of the mindset that there was no way in the whole world that she was going to do that! Yet she had said those words with her own mouth, and in such a bubbly tone! Yet had she been paying attention, the teen likely would have noticed arising differences that would have seemed even *more* shocking.

Much like the coloration of her eyes, the coloration of her hair began to shift so that it *likewise* had its characteristic purple stolen away. Fortunately this didn't mean a shift to the same emerald coloring that her eyes had taken, but what *did* become of it was still a stark contrast to the original hair color. Because a golden blonde radiated from the girls roots, quickly shooting through the entire length of her mane.

And yet much more befell her hair than a change of color alone. Messy locks straightened, wavy curls stripped from them with the change in color. In the back? Bernadetta's hair grew longer as well, soon pooling in the hood of her uniform and spilling down to the center of her back. Bangs thickened too, and they hung much closer to her eyes – but the sprouting of an ahoge as long as two lengths of hair that were raised around it atop her head were perhaps the most peculiar aspects of her hair change.

“Huh? Blonde?” For a moment she thought she was seeing things, but her bangs did hang low enough that she could make out the coloration of her hair. It was wrong, and she wanted to mention it. Yet she choked over a strange sound several times before boldly stating something else that didn't make much sense to her. **“U-U-U-UMU! Of course I have beautiful, golden hair!”** NO I DON'T! MY HAIR IS SUPPOSED TO BE... BE... BE!?

Not only could Bernadetta not seem to recall what the old coloration of her hair had been, but even the old style escaped her. Wasn't it better like this anyways? It was more befitting of her *regal image*. But since when had she had an image like that, anyways? The inconsistencies with

her memories prompted an inquisitive expression upon her facial features, but in turn this only served to highlight just how different those facial features gradually appeared.

In what way? Well, for one her lips had taken on shapes that were certainly much more *pronounced*. They were glossier, fuller, and debatably more ‘feminine’ in their resting pout than what had been on her face previously. Though that face did round much more generally, with brows thinning to point to eyes that grew *notably* larger in size. Lashes were longer and fluttery, and when all was said and done? Bernadetta didn’t look a bit like herself above the shoulders.

But it didn’t stop there, either. “**U-U-UMU!**” Voice noticeably shriller in pitch, she stuttered out the same sound of affirmation that had come earlier. The stutter was only because she was subconsciously resisting making a sound that was clearly foreign to her, and yet based on her words and actions? She was becoming less concerned about her circumstances – affecting by a gradual shift in memories.

The end wasn’t even in sight regarding her body’s transformation, but one thing that certainly wasn’t touched at all was her height. Bernie was a proper five feet tall, and regardless of what happened otherwise this height was ultimately retained. “**Huh? Was my uniform always this tight?**” On the other hand, that didn’t mean that her figure as a whole was untouched.

In fact, the regions around her chest and hips underwent very substantial changes that affected her uniform’s fit. What happened in the former region was easy to understand, of course. Her small bosom had begun to swell, pushing the bra she was wearing uncomfortably forward while the strap tightened in the back around breasts that engorged to almost three times their original size. The fit of her uniform was so compact that it was almost suffocating, or at least it would have been if not for the fact that her body had become *supernaturally* stronger.

When it came to the area beneath a narrowed waistline, hips had actually pulled a couple of inches wider. This wasn’t without a purpose either, for her thighs and ass alike stole a page from the book of her bosom. Fatty tissue saw the cheeks of her rump bubble, pushing up the back of her skirt while thighs saw tears form in her shorts. Slenderer fingers traced these thighs a moment, the young woman’s expression contemplative. Had she always had this figure? Surely she had!

And she just as quickly forgot anything had changed, because her uniform was repaired and changed size to fit her. Now with a splash of *bright red* on the hood.

“Umu!” The girl had long since given in to the strange noise of confirmation and confidence that jumped from her lips at every possible moment, but did it not make sense for *Nero Claudius* to speak in such a way!? She was the emperor of a distant empire and a talented artist! And on *this* day she was more than just a little tickled pink! After all, the professor who had summoned her to this land had chosen *her* to participate in the great White Heron Cup! **“Of course, my professor clearly chose me because of my overwhelming artistic talent!”**

Nero gave a little twirl. Now that her uniform had adjusted its fit, it was much easier to move about in. With her neckline unbuttoned and cleavage exposed, she felt pretty confident about her *looks* too. So what if she was short? She had a nice body!



Such an explanation was up for debate, but several things were made clear by this boast. The first? Bernadetta, at least as she previously existed, had been wholly assimilated into Nero’s persona. Not only her personality was wildly different, but her memories were too – with only the tiniest bit of recognition for her past self that was buried deep within. But why dwell on that sad existence? **“I must practice right away! I’ll show the competition just how great I am! Umu!”**

She liked herself better this way!

“I... don’t think I can do this...” Bernadetta hadn’t been the *only* Garreg Mach student wallowing in self-defeat after being told that she had to participate in the White Heron Cup. Over in another dorm room, Marianne von Edmund of the Golden Deer had been placed under very similar circumstances. Manuela was the professor that oversaw the Golden Deer house, and she had approached Marianne with a similar proposition earlier that day.

It was more like an *order* than a proposition, though.

Sitting at her desk, she had been staring off into space for a while now. She didn’t get on well with people, or maybe it was better to say she was scared of them? Scared to find out what would happen if people got close to her and they found out about her *curse*. It was what had driven

her away from social interaction in general, and as a result animals were typically her best friends.



KNOCK KNOCK!

A knock at the door eventually prompted Marianne to get up and check though. She didn't have the same aversion to socialization in general as Bernie did, it was more like she was just *bad* at it due to her own fears. But much to her relief there wasn't anyone on the other side. Just a small box with her name on it, as well as a note that read '*Hope this helps!*'. "**Did Professor Manuela send this...?**" Unsure, she brought it inside and put it on her desk before opening it.

And a strange melody played, different from the one Bernadetta had heard.

"**What...? Was that a song?**" It had been brief, but there wasn't even anything in the box to suggest that the sound could have been made in the first place. "**...Maybe I was just hearing things?**" If it *had* been a song, it had included strange instruments that she couldn't identify. Maybe it really had just been a product of her imagination fueled by her poor sleeping habits?

Moments later, the girl in her late teens would be *wishing* she had just been hearing things. And *feeling* things for that matter. "**Ugh...!?**" Because sharp pain rang out from three points on her body. Her tailbone was one, and the sides of the top of her head made up the other two. Marianne's body buckled from the discomfort, but just as quickly the pain came? It was *released*.

It didn't fade. It was just like, all of a sudden, it had reached some manner of culmination. "**Wh-What!?**" Hands immediately jumped to the top of her head, for it felt like something had *grown out* of those pained pressure points and the weight of her skull likewise felt heftier than it had before. She could do nothing but gasp at the sensation of what her hands found. A pair of heavy *horns* that curled at the base before rising up and swerving in and out again. She couldn't make out their dark purple coloration, but she could feel their smooth indentations.

"**I... I have horns!?**" Marianne's blood had run cold. She had always feared it. That one day she would become a monster due to the curse laid upon her Crest. She was fearful, so fearful that the long, black,

scaled tail with forked, hot pink tips that had erupted beneath her skirt was swishing shakily. How she hadn't noticed its presence wasn't all *that* mysterious. She was far too distracted by her horns. Not to mention... "**And they're super cute, too!**"

N-No, why would I say that?

Marianne hadn't even *seen* them, but she could picture what they looked like? Something was wrong with her memories – but there was one hell of a lot more wrong with her body. Her ears had been pulled into long, almost demonic points, and her eyes? They had glassed over with a blue as bright as the sky. Little by little her facial construction was changing on the whole, giving her a wider and rounder face with bigger eyes, thinner lips, and a smaller nose. Even the bags under those eyes eventually faded, but ultimately? It all made her look *younger*, like instead of a teen near the end of that era, she had been pulled right back to being on the cusp of just have become a teenager.

Her fingers, on the other hand, were still playing with her horns. But it was becoming increasingly difficult for them to feel the small details of their structure, and a clacking noise eventually rang out whenever those fingers made contact with the solid horns. The reason? Those fingers themselves had become solid, with a hot pink chitin slowly encasing them all of the way from the base of each finger to the tips. They almost resembled *claws*. But then again, her canine teeth had become little fangs too, so it wasn't like she *wasn't* becoming a monster.

Depending on your definition, anyways.

"Huh? What was I thinking about...?" The girl furrowed her brow, her voice even shriller than Nero's now. It was getting hard for her to remember things, or at least the things she was thinking about? Fashion, music, goofing off; certainly weren't things that typically clouded Marianne's mind. It all contributed to the ditsier way she had begun to carry herself, while in the meantime? The braids in her blue hair eventually came undone so that her hair fell down behind her. Not only that, but it also brightened to the same hot pink as her claws and seemed messily straight by nature.

Instead of question this, a squeak jumped from childish lips in response to her point of view promptly dropping. All at once, four inches were robbed from her overall height if you did not consider the height of her *dragon* horns, and the skirt of her uniform's dress now fell down to cover all of her tights. "**What just happened!?**" But *had* something just happened? Maybe she was stupider (she was), but had she not always been this height?

And unfortunately it wasn't even her height alone that was left to grapple with loss. This five and a half foot tall height of hers certainly better matched her childish face, and any lingering traces of Marianne's maturity then caved to match. Her chest, for one? The heft of her bosom diminished, fat seeping away while skin tightened around breasts that were soon rendered as paltry A-cups, if they *even* reached that size. Her ass and thighs followed, tights and underwear loose around these regions.

At least until her Garreg Mach dress uniform tightened to better accommodate her smaller figure, blue tights brightening to a hot pink color in the process.

“Hehehe! A dancing competition? There’s no way I could possibly lose, I’m an idol after all!”

Elizabeth Bathory was perhaps even giddier than Nero was about being chosen to represent the Golden Deer as their representative in the White Heron Cup. Her lizard tail swished back and forth behind her through a cut tail in her resized uniform, and she twirled about in her dorm room with excitement. Like that Saber, this Lancer had been summoned to the school accidentally – but since they were both teenagers as well as both incredibly powerful, they had been accepted as students.



But her strength wasn't what Elizabeth had the most faith in. It was her ability to perform! As an aspiring idol (though she would claim to be a fully-fledged one) she had spent plenty of time honing her dancing ability. **“Maybe I’ll even sing a little as I perform!”** Now *that* would be a bad idea, but it was probably going to end up happening anyways.

Well, in the end? It seemed that both girls had broken out of their shells in one way or another.