

GOTH HOUSE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a perfect morning for a stroll.

Such was the mindset that the archbishop of the Church of Seiros, Rhea, had possessed when she had set out that morning at the crack of dawn in her usual robes. The past week or so had been overcast if not a little rainy, and that had naturally left her feeling a little down in the dumps. Even though things were going according to plan, and *that girl* had been returned to her after all of these years, she was still susceptible to bouts of depression when denied the light of the sun for so long. She wasn't like one of those that lived beneath Garreg Mach that could thrive without it.

...Which was a pretty messed up thing for her to think. But Rhea didn't even think twice about it. The sunlight was warm against skin that was still suffering the early morning's chill, but she didn't really mind it. It was nice to go for a walk while caring about very little from time to time. Besides, it gave her an opportunity to peruse the monastery's grounds and make sure that there were no potential security issues that she would then pass off to Seteth.

She hit all of the usual stops over the course of her travels. The paddocks to check on the animals, the cafeteria to make sure breakfast was coming along for the students, the church to make sure the clergy were all well. It was all fairly standard and she didn't linger in one place too long. She'd have to get back to her proper work by the time most of the students started waking up, after all.

But there *was* one place she lingered. It was far enough out of the way that she couldn't be seen, but Rhea had opted to observe the dorm room

that was being used by their newest professor, Byleth, for some time. That woman had the archbishop's attention for a number of reasons, and not all of them were good. But she was a *special interest* midst the otherwise normalcy of the monastery's people and facilities. She had waited to see if the professor in question would eventually come out, and she was about to! The door was opening!



Yet before the figure could step outside, Rhea no longer had a view of that door. In fact, none of her surroundings were the same whatsoever. ***“What sort of magic is this!?”*** And the archbishop was naturally *outraged*. Considering her post and her power, not to mention all of the security at the school, she couldn't have fathomed a situation where she might have been teleported away from her home. But she couldn't have fathomed the fact that she might get caught up in a spell that had been cast from *within* the school grounds.

And she wasn't even the only victim.

What Rhea didn't understand at the time that was not only had she been flung elsewhere in terms of location, but in terms of space and time as well. The place that she was in was no longer Fodlan, and in fact wasn't even the planet that she had lived upon for so terribly long. She might have earned some suspicions about this had she been able to properly make out what the room she had been sent into contained, but even squinting it was hard to make out the room's contents.

There were no torches lit, and the walls and drawn curtains all seemed to be black. Even the bed behind her was covered up with a black comforter. There looked to be a desk nearby – also black, covered with objects that were *black* – and while a computer was on it, at present she didn't know what that meant. ***“Does this place even have a door? Who sent me here?”***

She had no shortage of enemies considering the things she had done. Could it have been *those* people? The ones that had been working behind the scenes to foil her and the Church? Well... There were plenty of people like that as well. The truth was that she had merely been unintentionally caught up in Edelgard's plan to make Bernadetta less

introverted. Or at least the cleanup that Edelgard had attempted to do after Bernadetta had mysteriously disappeared.

“Who even lives in this much darkness?” For how dimly lit the space was, she could at least tell it wasn’t a prison cell. There were no bars, and it was surprisingly warm and comfortable. Did a way to curate the climate of a room like this even exist? It was unlike anything she had ever heard of back in Fodlan if so.

But I like the darkness. I thrive in it. The only light I need is enough to see. Otherwise? I don’t care for it much.

As if to answer her own question, a thought had come to mind that didn’t really make much *sense* from her perspective. She loathed the darkness normally. It reminded the archbishop of just how lonely she was. But something deep down almost wanted to assert that being alone might not even be *all that bad*.

Which was not at all in-character for Rhea, who had built an entire religion with herself as the center, all for the sake of reuniting with the one person she wished to be with again more than anything. **“I suppose I could light up the room with *my phone*...”** Upon speaking these words, she then reached for something in the darkness on the bed as if she knew where it was even though she could barely see anything. And just before she grasped it she realized what was peculiar about what had just been said. **“My... *what? I don’t know what a phone is.*”**

What? Of course I do. I’m not stupid.

Again, something in the back of her mind had something completely different to say on the matter, leaving the woman more than a little baffled. The archbishop didn’t realize it because she was so confused by her changing mental landscape mind you, but she actually had *other issues* to contest with that were much more physical.

The first of which? It was shielded by her thick head of green hair. Rhea was not human, but the only part of her body that was indicative of this was the pointed ears she hid with her locks. Yet beneath this sea of emerald adjustments were being made to those ears. Their points were being rounded out, tips pulling closer to the side of her head until they were undeniably the ears of a human. This wasn’t all, either, for about *five* holes were punched into the cartilage on either side. Piercings. Something of the likes an archbishop should never soil herself with.

But similar holes punched themselves into her tongue, collarbone, and several around her navel.

“I must need some fresh air. Is there a window around here?”

Her thoughts had been so oddly dizzying that she could only fathom that she might be unwell. And while that was *technically* true, it certainly wasn't due to the things she thought it might be. All the while, speckles of brown had begun to emerge against the emerald of her eyes – and before long this color overcame it entirely so that her optics were a dark chestnut color in their entirety.

Rhea squinted suddenly, and not even because she had any troubles seeing (*it was so dark in the room that it wasn't like doing so would have helped with visibility anyways*). Her eyes had actually been *forced* to as their shapes changed, simultaneously growing larger in size while her eyelids were angled much more sharply. It gave her appearance an entirely different racial profile, and one she wasn't even familiar with. Though in the world she was in those people *did* have a name. *Japanese*.

Following suit, her facial proportions were altered much more generally. Her face was smaller both in height and width, yet her cheeks were fuller. Her lips had flatter shapes but were still quite pronounced, and her nose was rendered as cute as a button. But there was something *else* about these features. She didn't *simply* appear Japanese, but she appeared significantly younger in the physical sense. Chronologically? She was *excessively* younger, since in terms of years lived it couldn't be much older than *nineteen*.

“Ew, no. I don't want to open my window this early in the morning, it'd be way too cold.” Plus the light would have been blinding, and she didn't want to add anymore brightness to her preferably dark room than she... had... to...? Just what was she thinking about!? Not to mention she was speaking in a quieter, deadpan tone, and she wasn't even speaking her native tongue. Words in the room that would have been foreign to her had she been able to see them before would now have been entirely readable to her.

Even though it was dark, Rhea began to move about the room with some obvious familiarity. She seemed to know where to step and what to avoid, but she was still moving without a goal – like she was somehow flustered by a room that she was gradually beginning to recognize as *her own*. If anything, there were a few clumsy moments spurred by the woman's *size*, like in the back of her mind her body should have been smaller overall than it was.

Which, as it seemed, was exactly what came to be addressed next. The archbishop's mature figure took a steep dip in more ways than one, and her height was certainly one of those ways. Her height plummeted down

to 5'2", leaving her dress, which already dragged slightly on the floor at its normal fit, to drag even more excessively. Her hands were swallowed by the sleeves, but not before a glimpse of black paint could be seen spreading across their growing nails, and around her hips?

Well, that was the other area of loss. Her hips narrowed a touch once her height had diminished, and as a result her extremely impressive ass compressed a touch. It remained big and perky, just not *as* big and perky. Such was also true of her thighs, but they didn't really suffer *as* much. In fact, now that she was shorter even with a little loss to their thickness they were still about as broad as her waistline *each*.

“Why are my clothes...? What even is this? White and gold? Ugh.” She did take notice that something was off with her clothing, but none of that attention was paid to how it fit her. Even in the dark she could tell the bright colors she was wearing were not for her (*any longer*). But the fit really *was* a problem. Even though it was loose beneath her waist, around the chest? *It was actually growing tighter.*

Because her breasts were swelling, surging weight forcing them to bounce almost erratically as two additional sizes were added to her cups, and in doing so almost bursting through the front of her gown. Evidently losing a little down below had simply been so that she could gain up top, and those big tits would have been *beyond* envious from the perspective of another Japanese girl her age.

Though her clothing was hardly an issue for long. The cloth of her gown began to darken, thickness and style transformed quickly so that the fit and appearance of it all better suited the new sensibilities that had taken root within her ego. The black gown was translucent beneath the chest, revealing the equally black lingerie hiding beneath. Her big bosom was cupped by opaque black, but her cleavage window was completely exposed while a heart-shaped clasp hovered atop it to bind the dress to her torso and the cloth choker around her neck. A loose fitting, black jacket now hung from her shoulders too. And all of those piercing holes? They had been fittingly filled, with a stud now even in her tongue.

Rhea's green hair was realistically all that remained of her previous self, but now drawn up into two curled twintails by pink ribbons? The remnants were promptly dyed away. Tips turned pitch black, and that darkness ran all of the way through to her roots. Matched with her fashion sense, as well as the dark blush and lipstick that had appeared upon her face, and you had an aesthetic that very clearly leaned into *goth* sensibilities.

Rumi Akiyama blinked, her vision completely adjusted to the lighting of *her* bedroom. This was naturally just the way she liked her room to look, if the style she chose for herself wasn't already indicative enough of this fact. She was a nineteen year old Japanese girl that had recently graduated high school, but she didn't seek to go to college despite societal norms. She just wanted to make money to help support her single mother.

As well as her goth lifestyle.

Ever since she was a little girl, she had been fascinated by it all. She was drawn to the blacks, the spikes, and even the more *revealing* aspects of it all. But being fashionable with a style like that? It wasn't cheap, and her family was the *opposite* of well off. So even though it was against her school rules, she'd started working a part time job right up until graduation. She was *super* lucky that she hadn't been caught!



“Okay. Makeup? Check. Dress? Check. I think I’m good to go?” Rumi had gotten lucky as she had grown older, too. Her figure had developed nicely, and a goth girlfriend with big tits was kind of the dream, wasn't it? It had helped her land a modeling job, which meant that she didn't really need to worry about money all that much. They even let her buy clothes if she wore them for photoshoots! And she had one such shoot coming up in an hour.

But the teen hadn't been going over her appearance in the dark for *that* reason. It was certainly part of it, but she was making a pitstop on the way. To her *neighbor's* place, at that. It had become something of a habit lately, and for a while she hadn't even known she was there, but Rumi had a neighbor that was just a little younger than herself. A shut-in that didn't venture out. Surely most people would have seen her as gross or worthless.

Rumi, on the other hand, felt a connection. She knew what it was like to be seen as an outcast, because that was how her peers had treated her due to her fashion sense and overarching interests. She preferred being alone, but she also knew that it hurt to be *too* alone. So she had kept visiting that neighbor. Honestly? Rumi wasn't sure, but had she maybe fallen in love?

If she had, that certainly explained her agitation upon seeing a certain stupid, air-headed gyaru walking up the path to said neighbor's door. It was the girl who lived on the *other side*.

“What are *you* doing here?”