

# THE CURSE SPREADS

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The war that was ravaging all of Fodlan had shown little sign of stopping over the past five years, and yet? Suddenly out of nowhere, a strange calm had washed over the continent. The efforts of the Adrestian Empire had simmered as of late, and the remnants of the Kingdom's Golden Deer house, which had based itself in Garreg Mach under Claude, had not made any recent moves.

For those allied with the Holy Kingdom of Faerghus, this was both a relieving and concerning development. Edelgard had made it clear that the Church of Seiros was her ultimate goal, and the church was so ingrained in Faerghus' culture that it might have well have been a goal that ultimately ruined their kingdom as well. They had seen firsthand the extent to which Edelgard von Hresvelg was willing to go, even having abducted the Archbishop Rhea, and it wasn't something that could be tolerated.

Those affiliated with the Leicester Alliance were wildcards in the eyes of Faerghus' military minds. They did not consider Claude to be an ally nor an enemy, and to an extent both nations stood against Adrestia's efforts. But Claude was difficult to read, and Dimitri did not trust him. So when both Adrestia and Leicester's war efforts appeared to simmer at the same time? There were theories that the two nations had somehow chosen to ally, which would naturally put the whole Kingdom in danger, if not the entire continent.

**"Hm...? From Professor Byleth?"** But then something had arrived via carrier pigeon. It wasn't unusual for members of their own army to send communications in this manner, and in fact it was a very effect way of doing so. But *this* correspondence wasn't from an ally, or at least not

in a traditional sense. The last Ingrid had heard, Byleth had been sighted along with Leicester's forces – or at least the small group that Claude was leading under his personal banner.

Byleth hadn't been the House professor of the Blue Lions, but she had still taught them classes and a bond had been forged between them all. Ingrid knew that Dimitri held her in high regard even now, despite the fact that they weren't exactly on the explicitly same side of the war. This letter that Ingrid had intercepted was definitely *from* the professor she had in mind, she recognized that woman's unsteady handwriting – probably a result of her life of working as a mercenary.



Upon opening the envelope, as she was dressed down in smallclothes for she was not training nor preparing for battle, the young woman of Faerghus unknowingly made a mistake while pulling the letter out of the envelope though. The paper sliced her finger, prompting a bit of blood to come out. She *had* noticed, and made a comment idly. **“I can have Mercedes look at that later.”** Being their army's most competent healer, she knew her dear friend wouldn't worry about helping with such things. Better than allowing an unnecessary scar to form.

What was more shocking to her were the contents of the letter that had been sent to them. While the handwriting was undeniably Byleth's, the writer claimed to not *actually* be Byleth but instead one of the Golden Deer girls that had been turned into her. Ingrid doubted that such a claim was believable. Was the middle of a *war* really the best time for a prank of this nature? She certainly didn't believe so.

Even so, she read the letter in full. She would have to tell Dimitri about the contents regardless of whether or not she believed them. Apparently Byleth, or the one who was writing *as* Byleth, was just one of many victims that had swept up their forces. It had caused a great deal of confusion, and in turn they were confused that a similar phenomenon might have afflicted the other camps. Their hypothesis was that Adrestia had been victims to it as well, and she was checking to see if anything odd had happened in their own camp.

**“This is ridiculous. There’s no way Dimitri is going to believe any of this. It’s likely some unusual trap concocted by Claude...”** That was the only *real* explanation that made sense. Writing it off as a prank would have been rather silly, because even as a prank this would have been in poor taste. Of course nothing of that nature had happened to their camp! She highly doubted that it had even happened to *theirs*! With a sigh, she pocketed the letter and moved towards her tent’s exit. **“I should still have Mercedes look at that cut before I inform Dimitri...”**

But before she managed to even step foot outside of her tent, something gave her pause. Something about her own movements felt *odd*.

*Sluggish?* At first, Ingrid didn’t think all that much of it. After all, she was technically in the middle of her day off? It was only through chance that she had intercepted the pigeon carrying that letter, having visited the roost in hopes of finding some correspondence from her family back home. Being in the midst of war meant that getting into contact with your loved ones could be something of a conundrum at times, and via mail was realistically the most convenient way. Being a knight, she didn’t really know of any magic that could make the whole process any easier.

**“Come to think of it, I spent a long time training yesterday, and then I didn’t sleep very well...”** And who did she have to thank for that? Sylvain had been *very* persistent that she share a few drinks with him. Not that she’d drank any herself, but he’d gotten her drunk and kept her out much too late. These seemed like valid explanations for why she felt so fatigued, but in actuality? The *real* cause was not something that Ingrid could have possibly fathomed. Well, at least so long as she continued to deny what was in the letter she had read.

Being a knight of great renown in Faerghus, it was imperative that Ingrid keep herself in tip top physical shape. This was of course true of every soldier in the army, but those in some classes had to be fitter than others. Spellcasters tended to be in worse shape physically than melee fighters like the knight, for example. But Ingrid was not one of those spellcasters. To make sure her spear remained sharp, her body needed to remain firm.

And therein was the source of her perceived fatigue. As she was in a simple, green dress due to being off duty, it was actually easier to see than you might have imagined if you knew exactly where to look. Her arms were bare in their entirety, the dress sleeveless by design. So you could see it with ease; the fact that the muscles that shaped those arms were softening and smoothing. Not erased entirely, yet significantly less firm and abundant than they had been before.

Such was the nature of what was happening. Beneath her dress a very similar phenomenon afflicted her pectoral muscles, her abs, and even the muscles in her butt and legs. The more chiseled aesthetic her flesh had sported faded into relative obscurity, and a suppler softness reigned supreme. Admittedly it gave her tummy the slightest bit of a fluffy bulge, but that was hardly an issue considering the person the curse intended on changing her into.

Ingrid, looking down, raised an eyebrow. **“I feel... heavy? Maybe I should go train with my *staff* for a while to help peel off all those calories from lunch today...”** Wait, had she just said ‘staff’ instead of ‘spear’? **“Erm, with my... *staff*?”** She’d said it again? But even thinking about how to wield a spear effectively, how did you do it again? She quickly found that her weapon knowledge had been misplaced, and instead? Knowledge of healing and spell casting was there in abundance, even though these were fields that she typically struggled in.

**“Surely it isn’t possible that the letter was correct...?”** Ingrid took *another* pause, this time because the way she was speaking... Her words were much too flowery and proper. She wasn’t *rude*, but she also wasn’t *that* prim with her speech. Not to mention the sound of her voice was unfamiliar. Not in the sense that she’d never heard it before, she most certainly had. But in the sense that it wasn’t her *own*. Panic, naturally, set in.

Should she rush out and find help? Such a bold and sudden solution would have been committed by the knight without a second thought in the past, but now? Not so much. Fear of her situation being misinterpreted made her hesitate. If she was becoming one of her peers, and she had a feeling she knew *who*, she would only sew confusion by running in head first. Though on the subject *of* her head, it was becoming increasingly like that of the woman she had already begrudgingly assumed she was becoming in the first place.

She still didn’t *want* to believe it. But it was difficult to refute it with what was happening mentally.

The woman exhaled sharply through lips that were notably more swollen than they had been before. Lashes fluttered longer around eyes that rounded in shape – but more notably inherited a mauve coloration that replaced the green that Ingrid’s eyes were typically lit up with. In fact, the whole shape of her face became fuller, more *circular*, with rounder cheeks that added to the softer state of her body. **“Still, I’m having difficulties believing it...”**

No small part of Ingrid wanted to reject the idea that she was transforming into another person, yet as her bright blonde hair took on a slightly sandier hue, and those looks were resized to just barely meet the tops of her shoulders, she certainly resembled a certain *healer* more and more. As if it was done in a thematic sense, any cuts and scars were wiped away from her complexion (*including the cut on her finger that had started it all*), while callouses on her fingers and toes from her once exhaustive fighting style were replaced by softer variations that spoke more to a style of magic.

She shuffled a moment after feeling what had felt like a pull? Looking down at herself once more, she felt like perhaps the ground was a little farther away than it had been prior? The skirt of her dress rested higher on her thighs, too. **“Did I grow taller? If I really am becoming her, then—”** The new healer didn’t need to finish her sentence. That person *was* a little taller than her. About *four centimeters* so, in fact. Her tummy was still soft and slightly bulgy, but it appeared her waist had thinned a little more as she’d grown taller.

**“I... I suppose that makes sense, I certainly have a fuller figure than Ingrid. No, I mean... compared to my old body?”** What she was saying sounded wholly confusing, but what had triggered the commentary in the first place was the feeling and sight of her lower body filling out. Hips were wedged wider because the mass of the surrounding area, her ass and thighs, grew more excessive.

This proved to be something of a nightmare for the underwear she was wearing under her dress’ skirt. As her cheeks took on a weight that prompted them to ripple as they swelled, double in size rather quickly, her underwear was forced in between her cheeks. The back of her skirt was raised, teasing off the base of her cheeks and the fullness of her thighs in the process, and the woman’s cheeks turned pink from the realization that she was becoming so exposed. **“Oh no, not there too!”**

Soon she realized that this was an issue on multiple levels, because the growth her lower body had seen had come for her upper half. Ingrid’s breasts were a fair C-cup size, not too big but not too small – and in fact she hadn’t even bothered to wear a bra beneath her dress. Which ultimately turned out to be for the best, as what were once Cs rippled and swelled, pulling down her dress’ neckline and lifting the skirt up higher.

Admittedly, Ingrid had always wondered what it might be like to have a larger chest, but... **“Not quite like this, I’m afraid.”** She mumbled to herself while trying to adjust her dress to no avail. Before long her dress’ neckline had been stretched *very* deep, becoming a window into the



depths of her *G-cup* cleavage. To have them so large felt *embarrassing*, but at the same time? Her mental landscape had been transformed. It all felt *normal* somehow, and while she didn't have the memories of the woman she had become, it seemed enough adjustments had been made so that she couldn't be mistaken for anyone else.

**“Oh my, I suppose it wasn't a prank after all...”** The young woman, older now than she had been before the changes had all begun, had little choice but to accept what was written in the letter now – seeing as she had become a victim of the very thing the paper had been asking about. From head to toe she was the spitting image of *Mercedes von Martritz*. Aside from, of course, her clothes. The light dress she'd had on before still clung to her, but as Mercedes was a fuller figured and softer bodied woman than Ingrid was, it outright just did not fit properly.



She was a little unsure of how she'd even get it off, much less find something else to wear.

How was such a thing possible though? Mercedes could vaguely recall the letter mentioning something about that, but when she searched her dress pocket? **“It's gone...? Oh no, did it fall out!?”** That had been her only clue short of writing back to Byleth and hoping for a prompt reply, but even by bird that correspondence could take days or weeks provided the birds weren't even intercepted at some point in that time. Had magic been bound to it without the sender knowing? Or perhaps...

**“A curse?”** Yes, that made the most sense. She might not have had all of Mercedes' memories, but she did possess the woman's *knowledge* now. Mercedes was a scholar of the magical arts alongside Annette, and the subject of curses had come up a number of times in their studies. They weren't a power she could wield, but she was aware of them and how they could be transferred. Sometimes through direct contact, other times through wounds. So was it the papercut that had ultimately done her in?

Without knowing, she didn't know the best way to proceed. Could she pass this on to someone else through interaction alone? And yet

Mercedes didn't have the liberty of not interacting with *anyone*. In the first place she was going to need to find something to wear, and there was only one person in the camp with her current sizes. That person being the *original* Mercedes, obviously. **"I should... probably wait until it gets dark, right?"** Because going out in the light looking like *that* was definitely going to get some eyeballs on her, and that might provoke someone speaking to her prematurely.

It was late afternoon. This meant she had some time to think this through. **"What if I steal them...? But that would be mean, wouldn't it? The other me would be very confused."** Plus she would only be able to keep this secret for so long. But Mercedes' passive nature would surely be a problem no matter what, preventing her from doing anything outlandish that might have stopped the curse from spreading farther, at least so soon. And would Dimitri even believe her if she reported this?

No matter what, things could only go poorly for Dimitri's forces now.