

SEASIDE CLOSENESS

COMMISSION STORY

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Edelgard von Hresvelg really had to admit, it was a nice change of pace.

Rather than engage in another battle operation at the month's end as had been the standard for the students of Garreg Mach Academy time and time again, the Archbishop Rhea had managed to organize what essentially equated to a battle operation slash vacation hybrid. They had been tasked with expelling a group of bandits located by the seaside in the summer months, a task that had only taken about half a day to do.

And then afterwards? They had been permitted to use the beach at their leisure. Rhea, in an unusual act of generosity, had even had swimwear fashioned for students of all the houses. Of course, it was only Edelgard's own personal opinion that this act was 'strangely' generous on the Archbishop's part. Considering the plans that the Adrestian princess had for the Church closer to graduation and what she had been doing in the shadows, she didn't really trust *anything* that Rhea did.

But by the time they had managed to set up camp by the water and had dinner, it was difficult for even *her* to allow her reservations to consume her considering the atmosphere. There were no signs of foul play on Rhea's part, and everyone was having a great time. Even Edelgard herself had changed into the crimson swimsuit she had been given despite the reservations she had about a body that she considered to be 'tainted'.

There was one *big* reason that she had decided to take this plunge, however. "**Where is the professor?**" The Adrestian Princess may have been a *little* infatuated with Byleth Eisner, the impromptu professor that Rhea had brought on board to the academy earlier that

year. She had been a mercenary her entire life and was *severely* lacking in an understanding of social cues and etiquette, but despite her flaws? Edelgard had fallen for the good in her, and how Byleth always made a point to help support her when she could.

It was only natural that she would want to spend time at the beach with someone so *important* to her heart. Evening would soon be upon them, and Edelgard had a *plan*. A seaside 'date' alongside the setting sun. Because she hadn't exactly *confessed* to Byleth it wasn't as if she could formally call it that, but as long as the sentiment was there then it would be enough for her. For now...

To those ends, she had spent the little time between dinner and now collecting seashells and had even fashioned a pair of matching necklaces from them. Edelgard already wore one around her neck as she searched for the professor, while having stashed away the other to give to the woman she yearned for later. **"The only place I haven't checked ... Ugh."**

The Archbishop's tent.



Rhea had a strange fixation with Byleth, anyone could see that. And Edelgard didn't know how Byleth felt about Rhea in return, but the latter was often taking up the time of the former whenever she could. If there was a place for Byleth to be found in that moment after checking everywhere else? That *had* to be it, and Edelgard didn't like the idea. Nonetheless, she made her way there.

And was as subtle as humanly possible as she walked past the small slit of the open door. As she *expected*, Byleth was inside with Rhea. The two were chatting energetically, and that left Edelgard feeling a little *upset* as she had herself behind some nearby rocks while she attempted to both compose herself *and* a new plan. **"And yet I cannot help that I wish it was me in there instead of her..."** She knew it was a selfish feeling to express, and yet...

Idly, Edelgard's fingers played with the seashell necklace she had made while expressing these feelings. A very special, green shell had been

chosen as its centerpiece, and as she touched it while speaking these feelings aloud? It soon came alight with a vague glow that took the teenager a moment to notice. But when she did? **“What? What’s this!?”** She quickly broke the string it was attached to and cast it aside.

She immediately became paranoid that the shell had been *cursed* somehow and made the decision to separate it from her person in case there were any ill effects. This *was* the right call for anyone with a semblance of understanding about how curses worked, but unfortunately for Edelgard? It was *much* too late. And she recognized this face before anything tangible took place. After all...

The teenager could feel her body heating up. Not in a way that burned nor was painful, but she would likely have likened it more to something like *arousal*. Edelgard seldom if *ever* felt this way, so it was difficult for her to deny the sensation. **“Is this related to that shell? Should I seek out Hubert?”** He was her closest confidant that could unravel such an unusual curse. But why had a seashell been cursed in the first place?

Edelgard had to use her hand to support herself as unusual feelings crashed against her core like waves. Her body shuddered as if it was trying to physically reject *something*, but she had yet to discover any context about what was even happening. Curses, like magic, took many forms and had many effects. Some affected the luck of others, while another curse might alter their health. She had even heard from Hubert that curses existed that could transform one’s body into thing like insects or rats.

While such a cruel fate fortunately *wasn’t* on the table for her, ‘filthy’ was a word she might have used to describe how she felt in the moment regardless. It was as if a strange *power* that she wasn’t used to had taken root deep inside her, and considering her ultimate fate? It was hardly surprising to know that it was the power of a *dragon*.

“Urk...” Making matters worse, the Adrestian princess’ head began to throb. She could no longer keep her thoughts straight. Every time it felt like she could finally grasp something, her brain was immediately overwhelmed with *new information*? It was as if years – tens, even *hundred* – of information born from *memories* that weren’t her own were pouring into her brain all at once. And she immediately recognized the perspective, at least enough to croak a strained name through her lips just in time for her eyes to begin to glow a bright emerald. **“...Rhea!?”**

Everything was blurring together so much that she couldn’t quite pick out key moments just yet, but variation of *Lady Rhea*, *Archbishop Rhea*,

and so on could be recognized commonly as words spoken *at* Edelgard, or at least the woman whose perspective she occupied in those memories. At times she could see bright green strands of hair swaying past her gaze, and that sight was gradually replicated before her very eyes in the present.

The white that had been left of her hair after all of the *experiments* found color again, an emerald green like in her eyes occupying that color space while the hair itself grew longer and thicker. Bangs were parted in the center and were swept to either side, soon creating a hair style *identical* to that of the Archbishop's atop her head. Regardless of how distracting the new memories were, she could at least notice this much. **“My hair!? This is *not*—!?”**

Edelgard *forced* herself to cough after speaking and hearing a familiar voice that *wasn't* her own for but a single word. She loathed Rhea more than anything and the assumption that she might be *becoming* her was upsetting in a way that was triggering her anger. It was unlucky that she was far enough away from most tents for anyone to hear her.

“I will *not* become *her*...” In the end she could groan all she liked, but she certainly *wasn't* in control regarding what was happening to her. She could feel it now, that something far more significant was happening to her body than simply a change in her hair. It was felt in the fit of her one piece swimsuit. The red nylon was being pulled much too *tightly* in the center almost like it was being pulled from both sides simultaneously. That was certainly possible, but only if...

She was growing. Had this not come with the implications of a *changing identity* then the chance existed that the teen might have embraced it. After all, her 5'2" height had always been a sore spot for her considering her status as the princess of the Adrestian Empire. But she knew what was in store for her now: she was growing to reach 5'8", the exact same height as Rhea. And this added so much strain to her swimsuit that it tore in places around her stomach.

It was *uncomfortable* and she felt a little bit of relief when the swimsuit tore. *Well of course, with a figure like mine I would never fit in a teenager's swimsuit.* Edelgard knew that it was *wrong* to think that, because she was *supposed* to be a teenager, but it was becoming harder and harder to stop thoughts and desires that *weren't* her own from bubbling up. And this thought in particular stirred a strange question. **“My...*figure*?”**

Another area of vague insecurity had always been her femininity. It wasn't as if she cared that much about being 'sexy', but as a woman it *did* cross her mind here and there – especially as it pertained to her

crush on Byleth. She had always felt like she was missing a little *something*, but she hadn't wanted the same amount of that *something* of the woman she hated. Regardless of *what* she wanted, however? The curse was dead set on giving it to her anyways.

Her swimsuit was already on the verge of falling right off of her body with only a few fibers keeping the top and bottom bound after her growth spurt, and that precarious arrangement was quick to worsen as her flesh swelled in key places of 'femininity'. Her hips were forced wider to start, given absolutely no choice by the weight that gathered in her thighs and rump. The cheeks of her ass jiggled while burgeoning out into a pleasant heart shape behind her, red nylon being wedged in between them while her thighs burgeoned with a weight that didn't seem as *perky* as it should. In fact, it sagged very slightly.

Almost like she was *older*?

“*Mmn...*” Edelgard bit her lower lip from the intensity of the wedgie, it no longer even occurring to her that this lip that she bit was *twice* the thickness it had been before. This was part of the sweeping changes to her *age* as much as it was her identity. Because Rhea wasn't as youthful as her peers. She didn't know *how* old the Archbishop was, but in the physical sense? She probably would have pinned Rhea to be around *thirty five* or so. A physical age that explained her vaguely saggy thighs and ass, or why so much maturity had been poured onto a face that looked more and more like Rhea's with thick lips, higher cheekbones, and a narrowed gaze.

With her body now softer overall, as much of her raw muscle mass had melted into softer fat without becoming *too* excessively so, there was really only *one* thing she was lacking that the real Rhea did. And it was the weight affixed to her chest. “*Oh my!?*” Rather than express herself with that anger she had before, there was a gentle *acceptance* now that all of those memories of Rhea's had drowned out her old ones. She could hardly remember who she had been before.

Which worked in the curse's favor as her *tits then ballooned*, nipples rapidly bloating to nearly *three* times their original size and sticking through the nylon of her old swimsuit after becoming completely erect. This more or less set the pace for what was to become of the weight beneath them, and sure enough? Skin stretched so tightly around her breasts thanks to the weight that gathered that you could easily see the veins spreading out from her areola, and ultimately the *G-cups* that the had swollen into could not be contained by the upper half of the torn swimwear and spilled out entirely.

But that little issue, while exposing her ‘girls’ to the world for a brief moment, was rectified before she could even react to it. The old swimsuit she was wearing was entirely swapped out for a white bikini; one with golden jewelry and accessories while showing off her large breasts and thick lower body. *I wanted to try showing off a little for a change!* Particularly if she was going to be spending any time with Byleth.

As an older woman, anyways.

After managing to steady herself once more, the Archbishop of the Church of Seiros, *Rhea*, finally managed to recompose herself. **“That was such an odd feeling. I suppose I’m not used to being by the beach after all of these years...”** Why had she been hiding herself behind a large rock? She really couldn’t recall much of the past five minutes, admittedly. The last she could recall was speaking to Byleth within her tent – something she had definitely done because she wanted to hoard the professor all to herself.



It was obvious enough these days. That Adrestian Princess had her eyes on Byleth, and from Rhea’s perspective that just *wouldn’t* do. After everything she had done to reunite with that child and keep her where she could be of *use* to the Church, after working so hard to keep a good relationship with the one who internally held a piece of her mother... There was no feasible way that Rhea would hand Byleth over to another.

The irony of the entire situation was completely lost on a woman who had no recollection of the reality that anything had even happened to her in the first place, of course. Edelgard had specifically wished that she was ‘the one inside Rhea’s tent instead’, and seeing as she saw the tent as Rhea’s property it was Rhea’s identity that the cursed seashell had imprinted upon her. She had effectively become the woman she hated in body and soul.

But this was also *mutual*. It wasn't like two Rheas now existed. The original Rhea had transformed into *Edelgard* after stepping outside of the tent a moment and ran off after her transformation. So, in the end, there was no realistic 'issue' with what had happened. No one had seen them transform and everyone was ignorant. Sure, Rhea couldn't recall what she was doing outside, but in the grand scheme of things it didn't really matter. She just returned to her tent.

“Oh Byleth, I—!?” Fate was certainly a cruel mistress. Edelgard had wished to be in Rhea's place so that she could be with Byleth, but upon returning to 'her' tent in her new form? Byleth was no longer there. Had she disappeared when she had stepped out? The Archbishop could only sigh. **“And here I wasn't even gone all that long...”** Oh well. Try as she might, she still couldn't be *too* forceful. It would only cause an unnecessary rift and make it that much harder to accomplish her goals. She could let it slide for the time being. Or at least that was what she had *believed*.

Until she noticed Byleth walking by her open tent alongside *Edelgard*. **“Oh, that sly little bird...”** Rhea practically hissed through her teeth. Perhaps she *couldn't* let it slide after all. But the irony of this entire situation was once again highlighted. Because, seemingly, if she had just remained herself in the end?

Edelgard would have ended up at Byleth's side after all.