

SELF LOATHING

COMMISSION STORY

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Whether or not history was proceeding as intended was an issue up for hot debate depending on the person you asked.

For Edelgard, whom had just waged war upon the Church of Seiros, this was how history *had* to be. The world was one ruled by a system that forged classes consisting of those that possessed Crests – the noble class, and those that didn’t – the commoner class; but Crests in general? They simply brought about too much despair. Edelgard herself had been made a victim of those horrors, her life turned upside down by events that had occurred if only because Crests existed in the first place.

Because of Crests? She her body had been violated and broken, but that wasn’t even what had compelled her to take the steps she had. To those that didn’t know her, they might have thought her selfish. But those that did undoubtedly knew that she was the kind of woman that would actively fight for another. No, the greatest motivating factor was not that her own life had been affected, but that so many had been lost because of crests. Her own siblings included.

Was it revenge that drove her? She could not say that it wasn’t, at least not in part. But she honestly wanted change, and this was the only way to create it in a world dominated by the Church.

“I’m simply glad that the professor chose to ally with me. At the very least, I don’t feel as much like a villain.” Alone in her quarters of their temporary base as plans were made to storm Garreg Mach the next day, the young woman couldn’t help but count her blessings. For Byleth to side with her? It wasn’t something she had been

counting on, but she absolutely valued it. At least, this way, she didn't feel as much like she might break.

Was this really any time for a brief respite, though? No, she had to be cautious. For tomorrow would be their first big battle against the Church and their many allies – it was no time to be complacent. But she also needed rest, and that was why she was in her room in the first place. Hubert had essentially forced her to take a nap so that she could be in the best possible condition for the next day.

And so, because of duty alone, she eventually fell asleep in her Garreg Mach academy uniform. Her new armor would be completed before the battle tomorrow.

Edelgard was awoken with a start, her body aching aching so suddenly in the middle of the night. She couldn't fathom how or why this had come to be. Was it because she had finally allowed herself to relax a little after remaining so tense for the past year? Had she grown exhausted from the day's events? She wasn't sure, but she knew she couldn't fall back asleep again.

Wearily, she wandered over to the bathroom attached to the bedroom. The fort they had taken, thankfully, had some more modern amenities. Running water was still a scarcity in Fodlan, but it wasn't impossible to find either. Her line of thinking was that she would draw some water and wash her face, that doing so might bring her some degree of comfort.

But after lighting the oil lamp in the bathing room and turning her attention to the mirror's reflection, she was left dumbstruck. **“What!? How did this happen!?”** She was shocked, and in her shock she plucked several strands of her hair free from the sweat of her face. They were... green. Green like those of Rhea or Byleth, not a green as rich as Seteth's or Flayn's.

It was difficult for her to wrap her mind around, so much that she had to wonder if she might possibly be *dreaming*. If this was reality, she had not done anything to instigate such a change in her decoration, and even then? She was fairly certain that the trend was escalating before her very eyes. It had only been a few, stray strands of green at first. Now, however? Much of her bangs had been painted and taking a handful of hair from behind her yielded a similar demerit.

The young emperor would have spent more time fixated on the color of her hair if not for something else catching her attention in the mirror's reflection. Something shining a bright green, as if possessed by some

sort of supernatural phenomenon. Edelgard couldn't have possibly assumed before noticing that it might have been light of her own eyes, which were typically a dulled and empty pink after all of the horrific experimentation she had endured at the hands of Those Who Slithered in the Dark. **“My eyes as well!? No, this imposs—”**

What were those? Sticking out from the inside of locks of green were a pair of triangular points on either side of her head. Fingers gingerly reached up to touch one of them, and upon doing so? She revealed to herself that which she hadn't wanted to assume: the possibility that these unusual growths were her ears given longer, pointier shapes. Now, she had never seen Rhea, Seteth, nor even Flayn's ears for reference, but... was it possible they had ears as pointed as these? Not that she was afforded much of an opportunity to stare at them before they were swallowed by her hair again, volume evidently fluffier than it had been previously.

In fact, the way her hair was settling now? When stacked up to the end result of a tingling in her face that saw lips swell, and her overall facial structure narrow; adding in the color of her eyes as well? Everything about her visage from the neck up looked unbelievably like... **“Rhea!?”** No, she might as well have been staring at a carbon copy of Rhea's own head. She even looked older. Ten years? Twenty? It was difficult to say. Even the purr of her words sounded identical to that of the archbishop.

Regardless of how her face *looked*, however, it was still vastly younger than Rhea's *actual* age.

Fingers pawed at her face, the girl unsure of whether or not she was dreaming at the end of the day. No, if she were asleep? This would undoubtedly be a nightmare born from her own regrets. She hated Rhea and the Church, they were her enemies, and yet... *What was wrong with what the Church had been doing exactly? “...!?”* Her mouth hung open in awe of her own thought process. What was wrong with the Church? *Everything! But it was all for the sake of reuniting with my beloved mother once more, so!*

Edelgard couldn't help but wince. What were these thoughts!? They didn't sound like herself, and they didn't have any immediate context that she could grasp. If anything they sang a song similar to the melody preached by the archbishop herself. **“What am I... becoming!?”** She was disgusted by herself. How could she not be? Rhea stood for everything she loathed about this world, and now her reflection? Her thoughts? They were twisting into what she hated, and... it was beginning to feel *good*.

This was in no small part thanks to the fact that the changed had moved from her head and had begun to weave their way throughout the rest of her flesh. The many scars she hid upon her body faded away, leaving her skin completely pristine. If she truly *was* becoming Rhea, then there was a stark contrast between Edelgard and herself in terms of, well, figure. Edelgard was muscular because she had to be, but she was otherwise waifish. Rhea? She was muscular too, so little would be lost there even if her clothes hid it.

But her curves? Comparably, they were *ridonkulous*.

“Ngh!? My clothes!” Breathed in Rhea’s far more mature voice, it almost sounded sensual as she began to wriggle in response to the sensation of her body being crushed from all sides. That wasn’t quite what was happening, however – in fact, it was actually a matter of her flesh bursting forth to the point that the seams of her Garreg Mach uniform would inevitably burst if not stopped. Of course, they *wouldn’t*.

In terms of more dire culprits, her breasts were certainly causing the most problems right out of the gate. A paltry sized bosom had substantially blossomed, pressing up against the inside of her one-piece uniform’s top while continuing to flourish at the peril of her ability to breathe. Tits almost double their size within a container meant to hold a bosom half the size, the added fat was pressing down on his lungs and making it difficult to breathe in and out. She might have passed out within moments if not for the tearing sound that soon called out from all across her attire.

It tore around her belly at first, the fact that Edelgard had grown several inches the contributing factor to this – but in turn, it paved the way for more rips to form around her bosom with the integrity weakened. Her tits ended up bursting out, and the taller woman gasped as she found the room to properly breathe once more was tattered cloth dangling from creamy flesh and hardened nipples. They really were incredibly large, and yet? More than being shocked about how much they’d grown, what actually shocked her was...

“Why am I wearing this!? This is the very same uniform that wench...!” In a way her frustration had been turned inward. She was embracing ‘Rhea’ now, because she was Rhea as far as her perception was now concerned. So her hatred? It was aimed at Edelgard, the woman she still technically also was, at least in part. Memories of the betrayal smacked her like a truck, but now from the opposing perspective, and she couldn’t help but fume at what ‘Edelgard’ had done.

The back of the woman's shorts burst open in the meantime, allowing creamy cheeks of white to burst free of her shorts while her undergarments were chewed up by her immense ass crack. Thighs tore up what was left of the shorts as they peaked at an equally noticeable girth, and in the end? Barring scraps of cloth that still clung to her supple form, she was roughly eighty percent naked. No one had ever seen a Rhea so disheveled in body, clothing, and mind.

But *Rhea*, as she was now? She didn't care about that. Good! She was glad that bitch's clothes had been torn up! She was glad that...

“Wait a moment... where am I?”

The door suddenly opened, and the archbishop reeled at what she saw. “*Byleth!*” It was them, in the flesh. The one person she had wanted to see more than anyone, for everything she had done all of this time was for their sake. Naturally, the mercenary's expression was one of confusion – especially once the naked Rhea took them in their embrace. But caught up in it all, she had forgotten something important: the war.

They certainly looked gloomy about having to do so, but in the end? Byleth captured the archbishop and threw her in a cell.

Strange as it was, Edelgard's sudden transformation clearly had to have been the result of *something*. And that cause? It had essentially been Rhea herself. Back at Garreg Mach, she had become a complete mess. Edelgard's rebellion and Byleth's betrayal had left the archbishop an angry, flustered mess, and even then? She still wanted Byleth to return to her side. “**That charlatan betwixt my dearest Byleth, after everything I did for them...!**” This was the extent of all the ranting and raving her advisors had heard from her for hours now, and with the moon now high in the sky they had all returned to their chambers until morning.

They knew Edelgard's forces would attack the next day. All of the appropriate precautions had been taken. Yet, like in every war? The soldiers and leaders of those soldiers would be useless if they hadn't received enough rest. But Rhea? She'd had no intention of doing such a thing. Sleeping? How could she? After everything, after...

“I just wish they would see me the same way they see *her!*” The phrase that started it all, communicated through a wail as she sat upon her knees, face resting upon the mattress of her bed. A wish that should have fallen upon deaf ears, resonating with an old artifact in the archbishop's personal quarters due to how impassioned her feelings had become. It would grant the woman's wish, and yet? Under no

circumstance would things work out as she had hypothetically intended with that statement.

Already, that wish had begun to manifest. Across Fodlan, it was around this time that Edelgard had been woken from her slumber by the beginnings of this transformation, but Rhea? She need not be disturbed, for she had not slept a wink. Instead, with her face still buried in her bed, she remained oblivious as the pale green color of her hair had begun to fade away, strand by strand, leaving it a lifeless white suggestive of a staggeringly shortened lifespan. All the while, her pointed ears – indicative of her draconian descent, slowly rounded and tucked themselves away permanently, robbing her of her most noticeable, inhuman feature.

The woman's scalp itched, but she ignored it. Despair made her insensitive, and so she remained insensitive even as her hair continued to pull in and shorten, until it hung only as low as her shoulders at the end of it all. Unlike Edelgard, who had been given a chance to at least take notice of what had happened to her? Rhea would remain oblivious until the very end.

Her eyes clenched shut as she laid upon the bed, it hid the green glow of them (*bestowed upon her by her 'divine' blood*) waning, replaced by a pale pink that had been sapped away from another source. Because that was largely what was happening. What was stripped from one woman was bestowed upon the other, and so things progressed in a very similar fashion for the pair of them, even though they were in completely different parts of Fodlan.

Where the blemishes had faded from Edelgard's body, scars began to etch themselves into Rhea's skin. Boundless scarring born from tragic origins, permitted only because Those That Slither in the Dark had been allowed to do as they pleased with minimal interruption from the Church itself. It was funny in a way that Rhea was becoming a victim of her own negligence. Even now, the nails of her fingers were shortening as chips were crudely pulled from their lengths. Gloss faded, but in exchange her hands grew incredibly *rough*. Callouses grew neatly across both hands, and anyone that knew anything about weapons would be able to see they belonged to someone that wielded an axe.

“I'm going to kill her...!” Face still buried, the low grumble that called out was not communicated in the voice Rhea should have recognized as her own, although it certainly contained the same level of animosity. For all she did, she was going to kill Rhea—No? Edelgard? Why would she kill herself? But then again, *wasn't killing Edelgard the same as offing herself?*

Her face had become younger and softer, features complimenting wider eyes as the tertiary sexual benefits she'd received from being an older woman ultimately faded from her maw. Her cheekbones? Lower. Her lips? Flatter, although relatively poutier. They were the features of a teenaged girl, not a woman that had lived since Sothis had walked the planet.

This was all fine and dandy, for her figure began to diminish so that she could live up to the implied age of her face in the end. Height was shaved away but considering how big the dress the archbishop typically wore was, there absolutely wasn't any need for concern in regard to flesh bursting out of this and that. Instead, as she peeled down to only 5'2" and both her breasts and rear alike yielded to a leaner figure design. Her large and impressive tits were drained of their excess, tightening against her chest in a pair of Cs that were still respectable, particularly against her shorter frame. But Rhea's ass? As it deflated like a balloon with the air squeaking out, it became evident there was little to salvage there.

Finally, the girl lifted her head to show off just how much like Edelgard she appeared. Her features were identical, something that caused no shortage of troubles as she rose to her feet and almost tripped over the skirt of the dress. **"What!? Where am I? Why am I dressed in her clothes?"** As had been the case with her counterpart, Edelgard was extremely confused by her circumstances. Her memories were still jumbled, and the immense hatred she had felt towards the original Edelgard? Was now directed at her *past* self. She loathed Rhea and what the Church stood for more than anything. Forgetting excusing their flaws, she couldn't help but think of how innumerable its sins were at the day's end.

"Is this the Church? How did I end up back here?" They certainly looked like Rhea's quarters, but the last she could remember... No, she couldn't remember much? Declaring war was the last thing that came to mind, and if that war was still on? *Then she was in trouble.*

Later that night, the leaders of the Empire and Church were both captured within the bases of the opposing forces, sending Fodlan's history down a completely new route that not a single person might be able to predict. It was fortunate that both women had spies within the other organization and were able to escape, but the weeks and months it had taken? It avoided an outcome where Byleth was put into a coma for five years, and so the landscape of the war became completely different.

No one really knew, nor found out, how the two women switched places that night.

But it wasn't like Edelgard and Rhea really knew, either.