

TEACHING CHEER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Starlight Celebration was a difficult time for some.

This was certainly true in the extreme in some cases. Not everyone's family and friend situation was so great that they were able to celebrate in earnest – but that wasn't the extreme as to which *Mitsu* struggled. The adventurer in question was plagued by a more mundane issue: “**I have no idea what gifts to get my friends**”. For the Starlight Celebration was akin to our world's Christmas. And, in fact, it was almost entirely the exact same celebration under a different name, as plenty of Etheiry's holidays appeared to be.

Gift giving was a big part of it, just like Christmas. Of course the background of the holidays were different, Jesus didn't exist in this sundered world (but if he did would he go by a different name?) but the core themes of giving and caring were all there. The outgoing Raen Au Ra Paladin wanted to make the best of this by getting her friends the *perfect* gifts. But unfortunately thinking about that sort of thing could be difficult for her.

She lurked throughout the Shaded Bower of Old Gridania, Mih Khetto's Ampitheatre where they all planned on doing the gift exchange the following day only a short walk away under a lightly falling snow. The Shaded Bower was the merchant hub of Gridania, and so you could find everything under its narrowed rooftops from local specialties to foreign imports. If Mitsu was going to find gifts for them anywhere *this* would be the place. “**Okay, I'm sure if I look carefully I'll find something, right?**”

She could only hope!

Some hours later the Raen woman returned to her inn room at the Carline Canopy with a number of paper bags in tow. After being so uncertain about what to purchase she had ultimately bought *far* too much under the reasoning of ‘*well if they don’t like this, maybe they’ll like this other thing, or this other thing...*’, clearly overthinking the amount of gil and effort that she should’ve put into things. Though to be fair, as she emptied the bags it was clear that a good chunk of what she had purchased was wrapping supplies and bags.

“I think I got enough for everyone, right?” With all of her purchases spread out on her inn room bed, the scantily clad Mitsu (for her preference in casual outfit was oh so revealing) pointed at them one by one to check off people in the back of her mind. **“...a horned crown with holly on them as part of Dreah’s gift, and ornate leggings as part of S’aiya’s...”** At one point she named of a couple of things that she *didn’t* actually purchase. But for some reason she believed that she had.



And then there was the last thing she had pulled out of the bags. **“A bottle of wine? Did I buy this?”** In this case she *had* noticed something she didn’t recall choosing herself. It was a *very* tall bottle of red wine with green and red ribbon wrapped around the cork. Now, she wasn’t really much of a drinker herself – had she purchased it for one of her friends without thinking? Incidentally, it had come from the exact same shop that Dreah and S’aiya’s unusual gifts had come from. A little bonus from a very shady shopkeeper.

In the end all she could do, really, was shrug and put it with the rest of her purchases. **“Maybe I’ll just bring it back tomorrow. I don’t want to give it to someone if I didn’t buy it.”** She was honorable in that sense, and so the rest of her day was spent getting all of the gifts she had bought into wrapping paper and bags, so that she could easily carry and hand them out the next day. Before long the only thing left on her bed that *wasn’t* wrapped was the wine bottle, but Mitsu had ignored it since she planned on returning it later.

At least until she *didn’t* ignore it anymore. But she also didn’t *intend* on interacting with it. It wasn’t until she popped the cork and took a big swig of it like it was the most natural thing in the world... up until she tasted it and recalled how much she loathed the taste of wine. **“Blech!”**

What did I... Why did I just do that!?” Now she wouldn't be able to return it? Not to mention she had nothing she *could* do with it. She didn't like wine! She wasn't going to drink the rest of it!

Or so she believed initially, but after putting the bottle down on the table and trying to walk away, she found herself staring at it in the corner of her eye. Even if she tried to distract herself by moving the presents around, she kept looking back. It just looked so *tasty*. Even though she didn't like wine she *wanted* it. What was this feeling? Why was her heart beating so fast? The next thing she knew she was standing in front of the bottle again. But she couldn't remember walking there?

“Another sip wouldn't hurt, right? Maybe I like it now...”

Yet she almost felt as if she *always* had.

It was clear enough that the woman's willpower was quickly depleting. She'd make an excuse to go back for another sip only for her own will to properly steer her back on course. But then she'd slip a moment later and the cycle would repeat. Little by little the steps she took *away* from the bottle became outpaced by the steps she took *towards* it. **“I-I don't need a sip, but...”** *I need to drink my sorrows away, do I not? Especially during such a festive time! Oh, how lonely I am!* These thoughts made no sense. She literally had plans with her friends the very next day! *But those aren't lovers, are they?*

While true, as her relationships with her friends had not reached anything 'romantic' even after years of knowing them, that just *wasn't* something that Mitsu typically cared about – at least not to the extent the voices deep down seemed to care for the concept. Why was she so fixated on wine and romance, two things that she had hardly ever cared about before? It didn't make any sense—

GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

Mitsu's eyes went wide as the warm wine hit the back of her throat. She'd been so fixated on the strange thoughts about romance that she'd stopped concentrating as hard on resisting the wine bottle's temptation. That quick distraction had been enough for the impulses to finally win, and now she'd taken several gulps of the wine before not putting the bottle down, but instead clutching it to her chest like she was protecting it. **“O-Oh no...”**

To be fair she had no proof that the wine was *dangerous*, but ever since she had taken that first sip thing had begun to act weird. Now that she'd swallowed three big gulps to boot, well... More was at risk that the increasingly unstable state of her mind. This could *immediately* be

observed as cracks began to form not only in the Au Ra's horns, but also the scales that were scattered across her body *and* her tail. The damage *should* have been difficult to ignore, but even the sounds of them cracking didn't seem to register with Mitsu who, unfortunately, felt *incredibly* woozy. "**H-Huh...? Am I... drunk? Already!?**"

Did alcohol work *that* fast? But she couldn't deny how unsteady she felt! She was finding it increasingly difficult to stand, and yet as she swayed to and fro it seemed that the pieces of white keratin that flaked off her body and fell onto the floor beneath her before disappearing went unnoticed. Horns, scales, and even her tails were chipped away piece by piece until nothing was left in their place.

Well, aside from a pair of round ears on the sides of her head. The ears
of a *Hyur*.

Without her tail, the woman's unusual balance could probably be easily justified. And yet in the end that wasn't the *sole* reason she was struggling with her balance just as her increased level of intoxication wasn't. Multiple changes were working in tandem with one another to make it so that she couldn't find any peace in the stability sense. "**HIC! Woah!?**" She had stumbled again, catching herself on the nearby table. But it had been... harder to catch? She thought it had been just a little above her waist before but now it was *below*? "**I must be going – HIC! – crazy...**"

She *wasn't* though, and it wasn't like the table had shrunk, either. It was her body that was *growing*. Au Ra women were typically *very* short, but seeing as she no longer possessed any other traits of her race perhaps it wasn't surprisingly that she no longer adhered to that standard either. Her height had sprung up to a mighty 5'8", a staggering difference that fortunately didn't cause *much* clothing malfunction with how little she wore, although her thigh high leggings *were* yanked down to her knees.

And perhaps that was for the best that they *had* been yanked down – because they likely wouldn't have fit her thighs much longer even *if* they had remained as high up as they had been. Because Mitsu's body soon *plumped up*. Not in the sense that she was becoming fat, although her tummy *did* puff up slightly with the vaguest signs of stretch marks around it, lipping in slight over her skirt. That was a trend with much of this weight – it left her skin looking a little loose and worn.

Older, even. "**Mmm...**" Even her voice sounded deeper and sultry as she moaned in an intoxicated bliss. Rather than pay *any* mind to what was happening to her body she was drinking straight from the wine bottle again, the fingers that gripped it longer in shape and dryer of skin like an older woman than she was. Nails were long and properly

manicured, even though her work as a Paladin meant that keeping her nails short was something that she had always done.

As she continued to sip from the cursed wine bottle, each sip seemed to add a little more weight to her body in areas that came to *benefit* from it. Her thighs had been mentioned previously and that was because they were the first region to 'benefit'. The skin that surrounded them was pulled tightly around jiggling fat that inflated their girth, but that skin was clearly aged and a little bit looser than you would've expected had she been younger.

But how old *was* Mitsu becoming? That fact didn't seem at all relevant to this girth, not even as the excess bled into the cheeks of her ass and saw them bounce to attention, lifting up the back of her skirt, flossing her undergarments between her cheeks, and revealing a new beauty mark on the underside of her rear's left half. Cheeks jiggled with each fumble of her posture, but like her thighs the looseness of them spoke to an older age, even with her hips forced a few inches wider from the whole ordeal.

"Maybe I can't get a date because I'm so oooooold!" She groaned in her increasingly drunken stupor, it becoming increasingly obvious that she wasn't going to remain upright for very much longer. Mitsu's enhanced age was becoming increasingly apparent in her face, but simultaneously she appeared less and less like *herself*. Lips swelled most notably, almost *tripling* in their plumpness beneath a slightly larger, hooked nose. Cheeks became bonier and her eyes a bit wider, although crow's feet could be seen beginning to etch into their corners. Another beauty mark appeared under her left eye.

And then there was the matter of her hair which, at least in terms of length, didn't really change all *that* much. Color did lighten to a sandy brown (not just atop her head, but everywhere on her body including a lengthened bush of pubes) as did the color of her eyes, and the style of her hair shifted so that it pulled back on top and was curled forward on the sides.

Mitsu stumbled forward one last time – at least as a direct result of her transforming body – as her bosom heaved. She had been averagely sized even for an Au Ra in the tit department before, but they ultimately *exploded* in a set of almost slimy-looking E-cup in how they jiggled about. The top she had been wearing didn't do much to disguise them, black fabric lifted straight up to show the rippling underboobs... for a time.

"Whoa, whoa, whoaaaaa!" It finally happened. She stumbled a few steps and tripped, and went flying through the air towards her inn room

bed. But over the brief time she soared through the air it almost looked like the clothing she was wearing was pulled away and a new set of clothes were placed upon her from the voice. A holiday red leotard with a very low neckline and fluffy trim around the legs and shoulders for one, held up by ties to a red choker around her neck that bore a jingling bell. She also had on fishnet stockings, festive heeled boots with holly on them, and a headband with deer ears and antlers.

“And the bottle is already half emptyyyyyyyy!” *Manuela* had collapsed onto her knees on the floor, her breasts and face pressed up against the bed mattress while she clutched the wine bottle in one hand above it. There wasn't a single sign that she was thinking about her changing body or the fact that had changed in the first place. In fact, her memories had been completely altered to reflect a new reality. It was for that reason that all of the gifts Mitsu had purchased were no longer in the inn room, and why all of the clothes in her bag would now fit her new, taller, more buxom figure.



Which was probably for the best, seeing as how she was wearing such a revealing Starlight Festival outfit. Her tits were like jello sticking out of the festive, red leotard and her long, legs were comfortably peeking out through fishnet leggings. She looked dressed for a party and, according to her memory she had *been* to one with one of her students, Edelgard, and her fellow woman teacher, Byleth. And she had naturally gotten *plastered*. **“You’ll never leave me, right Mr. Wine Bottle?”** She was so far removed that she was cuddling the bottle like a romantic partner.

And oh how she yearned for the warm touch of another's body! Such was Manuela's cry, always seeking a respectable man or woman to keep her company only to be met with disappointment! It probably *didn't* help that she was constantly getting wasted at every social function she went to and ended up in *this* sorry state. **“I’m gonna... zzzz... find... zzz... someone... zzzzzzzzz...”** But before she could bemoan her unfortunately lonely lifestyle any further she finally passed out with her face on the bed and reindeer antlers disheveled.

By the time she awoke the next day there would be absolutely *zero* chance of the older woman realizing that anything had happened to her. Much less that the gifts Mitsu had purchased had ended up in the hands of the friends she had wanted to give to them with mysterious labels attached. That meant that the gifts she had purchased for Dreah and S'aiya, well...

While she had memories of Edelgard and Byleth at the Christmas party, they hadn't quite been born into this world.

Yet.