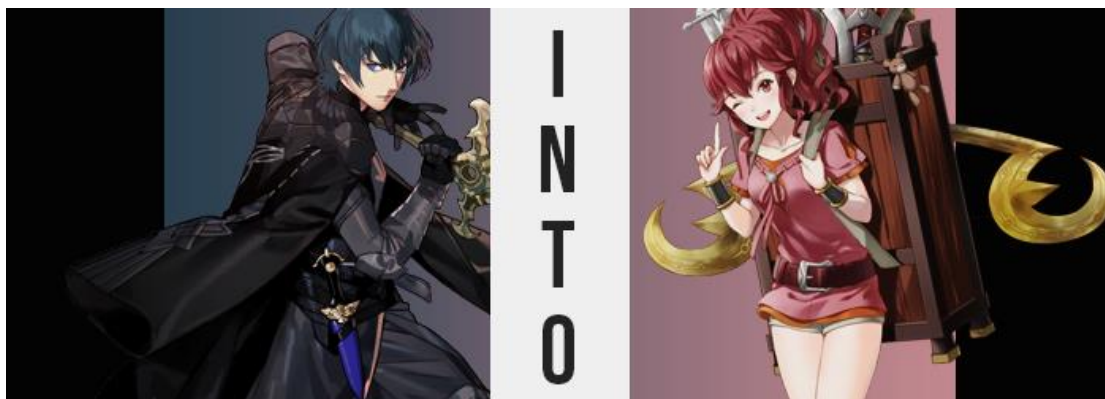


# SPEARHEADING

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There had been a troubling turn regarding the markets that were always so sprawling on the outskirts of Garreg Mach's campus. While not the most fantastical of places to be sure, it was a location that was visited time and time again by merchants that had traveled far and wide across Fodlan, delivering wares to students and faculty alike. But as of late? The visits seemed to have slowed and the shipments diminished.

Someone or *something* was interrupting the shipping routes, so much so that Rhea herself had declared it a pressing issue after a certain point. Some rumored it was only after the precious creams she imported from across the continent had been delayed that she had opted to take action. Which was comical, seeing as those creams helped provide her skin with its youthful glow.

And so, by Rhea's orders, one of Garreg Mach's professors found himself on a stake out. Given little more than a tent and a location, he was to watch for any carriages traveling into the area where reports of strange goings on had been made of. They truly *were* strange, for merchants emerged from this branch of forest without any recollection of what had transpired while passing through.

Their wares were simply missing when they emerged from the other side, and they had not the foggiest ideas as to *why*.

**“It's been a full day, and not a single merchant has passed through, much less a carriage.”** The professor in question, Byleth, was speaking what he wrote aloud as he did so into a mission log he had been given. One of the more mundane aspects of carrying out missions for the Church was that he was asked to keep records, and with the sun

setting past the trees he was running out of precious light. Well, at least any that wasn't cast by his campfire. This stretch of land truly *was* unusual, though. Not only had he not seen any monsters over the past twenty-four hours, but he hadn't heard even a single animal nor insect.



It was almost as if this space was separate from the real world as he knew it, but Byleth had not collected any evidence to say for certainty that this was *exactly* what was happening. It sounded a little too hard to believe without proof to back up his conjecture, and much like his sister he was not all that magically sounds – at least not enough to boldly put down a theory like that on paper.

Because it was so quiet, he at least knew he had nothing to fear at night. His sleep the evening prior had been almost unsettlingly peaceful because of the silence, and so he had expected the next night to be just as restful. On Rhea's orders he was to return the next day to report his findings, though without anyone passing through he had very little to offer.

*...Or so he'd thought.*

The distinctive sound of wooden wheels sliding across dirt and rocks in the distance tickled his ears, and the man emerged from the trees to see a horse-drawn carriage coming down the pathway. And yet... the reins were tied to the carriage's front. There was no driver? "**Hello?**" Using his best judgment, he put himself between the carriage and the horses – which in turn coaxed them into stopping.

Was this a trap of some kind? How was a carriage traversing the forest in this condition? With no driver? No one had responded to his greeting either and so he eventually ran to the rear of the carriage. It sported a fairly short design, and based on past experiences these carriages were more often than not used for transporting the goods of merchants.

And as he'd thought, the only thing *inside* was boxes of wares. Though, when he had touched the door to open it? He could have sworn an uncanny tingle had swept into him through his fingertips...

**“More than anything, I’m surprised that a carriage made it this far with no driver. The horses must be well trained if they were able to stick to the path of their own volition.”** Rather than contemplate whether that shock might have had any consequences to note, Byleth was much more fixated on the situation with the carriage. The storage area appeared to be filled with weapons, and there was a box fashioned into a pack that had a number of them slotted into it, but there was no one inside.

*Of course the horses are well trained! Duh! I’m the one who trained them!*

**“I... did?”** No, that wasn’t right! This was the first time he’d seen either of these horses! It wasn’t like he knew that the one on the left was named *Ginger*, and the one on the right was named *Herb*! **“...Huh?”** Okay, so maybe he *was* more familiar with the horses than he had realized. But *how*? He was more than certain he’d never encountered them before. Nor the carriage he was still peering into. But even so, why did he now have such a good idea of where each of the weapons within had been procured?

All of this information, new or not, was a lot for the poor young man to take in all at once. He was left so incredibly confused that his awareness of little else transpiring at the same time was caught by his internal radar at first. It was just so unbelievable that he was now remembering things that, for all he could recall, he had no grounds for knowing in the first place.

So little things like the fact that the muscle tone of his body was gradually changing wasn’t exactly something that the young man was thinking about, even if it was *just* as unbelievable as his reshaping mental state. But little by little, all of the strength he had honed through his life as a mercenary and then combat professor deteriorated. Limbs became thin as a result, and his belly even looked a little pudgy without the muscle there to keep tightness in check.

From Byleth’s perspective though, he just felt a little *tired*. Perhaps his clothes felt a little heavier too, but from his perspective it wasn’t noticeable enough for him really weigh on him like the mental aspects had. **“By my calculations, there’s roughly... Wow. The wares in here would sell for that much? Why... do I know *that*?”** What calculations had he even done? Why could he ascertain the value of

every item in the carriage through a glance alone? It certainly wasn't his area of expertise!

There was a gleam in Byleth's eye though. One that hadn't been there before, and one that was much more expressive than it had ever been in his emotionless life. That glint didn't take long to evolve into something tangible, for speckles of bright red began to see his irises alight with a color different from the blues they typically sported – until only crimson existed in their place.

Stemming from this change in color, the young man's eyes and beyond succumbed to a shift in appeal. Masculinity had begun to drain from every facet of his face in favor of a glow that was much softer and much, much more feminine. Starting with the eyes in question, they embiggened and took on gentler curves so that they were amply more expressive than they had ever been, and the lashes that touched upon his eyelids lengthened several inches in the process.

Meanwhile, his nose wriggled to the point that he was forced to suppress a sneeze – for the nose in question was shrinking some. To compensate though, his lips swelled plumper and glossier, their sizing becoming even more of a standout thanks to a narrowed chin and smaller skull overall. This left his face to appear naturally pretty, if not just the slightest bit plain. With his bigger eyes it was easier to read his emotions though.

Which was just *generally* strange, because he wasn't one to emote in the first place.

**“Hmm...!”** Even his voice carried more enthusiasm than it typically did, and he had raised a finger to his chin while once again debating the current state of his memories. He moved slowly to the side of the carriage, ignorant to the fact that the finger he had raised was shrinking in length and width. Well, with gloves like the ones he typically wore, it wasn't all *that* surprising.

As he did so though, the red from his eyes bled into his locks of hair. Like flickering flames they spread with haste, treating his hair's initial blue like a dry kindling that was eventually swallowed up by the new color. Not stopping with color alone though, his locks began to spread in length with the same vigor as they had in color. Swelling and softening, straight hairs naturally curled in slight as they spilled across his shoulders and, eventually, completely down his back.

Halfway back to the front of the carriage now, Byleth was suddenly overcome with the strange sensation that he was *falling*. **“Whoa!?”**, he cried out in a voice that was far more effeminate than anything he had

ever rightfully mustered before as hands were thrown out to his sides to catch him from falling, although in doing so the suddenness of the gesture appeared to send both gloves flying off to reveal hands, and lower arms, that were smaller and paler than they had been before. **“Oh my!”**

But such was the long and short of it. Well, *mostly* the *short*. The young man had felt like he was falling because he *was*, in a sense. Even if his feet were still firmly planted on the dirt road below. His entire figure was in the process of collapsing, precious height shaved off of his overall design until he had dropped almost five whole inches. In such a state his body wasn't exactly very efficient at keeping his clothes, designed for a taller, more muscular man, in check. This meant his pants had fallen from his hips, and his top felt like a stifling mess of hefty cloth that he was now wearing almost like a dress.

**“This is really...?”** Still with a peppy, womanly voice he was about to address his current height predicament. But something went awry in the midst of communicating it. Largely? His comprehension of what had actually changed. **“...Heavy! Why am I wearing this thing? It doesn't suit me at all! ...Huh? Is that true?”** Byleth *did* feel like he could remember putting it on that morning himself, but that memory was growing increasingly vague.

Beneath the oversized top, more comprehensive and dramatic changes were afoot – ones that would bring him more in line with what was already expressed through his face, hair, and voice. Which could only mean one thing: the final nails in the coffin of his sex. A general curvaceousness has *already* begun to take form, with his waistline narrowing in exchange for slightly wider hips.

But from that point on, the remaining changes were much more substantial. Those widened hips allotted plenty of room for the growth of the surrounding area, beginning with thighs that inflated from a once thin softness to something much more pronounced. Skin stretched around thicker flesh until it was pulled completely taut, applying a sheen to their swollen yet sensual shapes. While in the rear? Well, Byleth's caboose blew up into a bubble shape that was perky and full. Hardly excessive, but still much better defined given his current height.

A similar phenomenon graced his chest, and he could feel his nipples sensually rubbing up against the underside of his top. **“This isn't the time for distractions!”** He enthusiastically pushed away the idea of touching said chest, which allowed the area beneath his nipples to bloat undisturbed. It didn't take them long at all to inflate to the point that it was clear that they *were* breasts, and given a moment longer they had



bounced up into a pair of perky C-cups – of which his current clothing predicament did no favors to.

**“EEP!? What was that! That was... was... INCONVENIENT!”**

Obviously the best word to describe what Byleth had just felt eluded them, for it had felt like something had just grabbed their cock and forced it inside of them. It had been wholly uncomfortable, and their entire body was left shaking – but mostly because *her* pussy was quivering from the stimuli of so suddenly being formed. This left her wholly a woman from head to toe, but you wouldn't realize with how she was dressed.

Though, a sudden flash of light from the carriage itself saw to rectify that. Her heavy top was gone, along with the pants she had involuntarily discarded while she had shrunk. Replacing them was a pink top with an orange underlayer, over a pair of tanned shorts with darker, knee-high boots. Complete with wristbands, and with her hair tied up into a thick ponytail, it was a convenient ensemble that looked practical for travel.

*And that's why I wear it, of course!*

**“Huh!? Why are we stopped!? Who tied my horses up like that!?”** While the woman's psyche had slowly been twisting throughout her transformation, at journey's end the rest of her memories had suddenly struck her like a, well, like a *carriage*. A very fast, and very large carriage. That was an astute way to describe just how energetic she felt all of a sudden, too. The red-head was dancing around her carriage like a crimson blur, untying her horses' reigns from the carriage itself and checking their conditions with no shortage of familiarity.

And that familiarity was returned. They were no longer as restless as they had been around the young man that had once been standing in



*Anna*'s place. Instead they were more than aware of who this woman was. They had traveled with her for so long after all.

No sooner than she had made sure that her horses were okay did she bolt to the back of the carriage. **“AH!? The back is open!? Did someone steal from me!?”** No, of course. Because what she *couldn't* remember was that she was the one who had opened the carriage in the first place – going to show just how *little* she could recall about the life she had led prior to her transformation.

Still, because she did know this, she climbed up into the carriage and began to rummage about *her* wares. She was on an important journey to the epicenter of this continent! Where both the Church and the premiere military academy conducted business! That was why she had gathered so many weapons within the limited storage of her carriage, including those housed within a sizable pack of mixed weaponry that was propped up against a nearby wall.

For how much there was to go through, it was surprising how little time was required to do so. It only took a couple of minutes, and the woman was checking based on her memory *alone*. **“Phew! Nothing was taken! Honestly, that's a little surprising. Why can't I even remember coming through her? It's like my memory is a blur...”** And thus, Byleth had become the next victim of this unfathomable trap. There had been no records of the merchants that *had* shown up at Garreg Mach as of late, and this had been the reason.

Before she hopped back down to the ground to mount the carriage's front 'once more' though, she paused to look at a tome in her collection. It was an import from another world. A country called Hoshido, if she recalled?

**“Perhaps I'll even find a buyer for *that*!”**