

OCCULTURE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a strange few days, and they had all been *entirely* Caspar's fault. Trying to expand his horizons, he'd reached out to Petra to learn a little more about Brigid and its culture because he thought it might be useful. The young, blue haired warrior was going through a phase where he wanted to explore various avenues in pursuit of his future goals, and having a little expertise in foreign affairs might have been handy.

Or so Hubert had told him.

In terms of teaching Petra had been... Well, her methods were certainly *unorthodox*. On day one she'd given him a can of Brigid oil and a Brigid beverage powder, both meant to introduce him to products from her homeland. She'd asked he use them every day and he obliged, but he wasn't sure where these 'lessons' were going. They weren't even really lessons!

But finally, on day three, Petra asked for Caspar to come over to her dorm room so she could give some more personal guidance. "**I see! This is very much looking like my own!**" Almost immediately after having him seated at her desk, she'd whipped out a tub of dark purple paint and a brush, and had had drawn a marking beneath the boy's right eye.

Caspar was... *confused*. "**So Petra? How is this supposed to help me understand your culture exactly?**" Everything she'd done so far seemed a little unhelpful. She hadn't really explained anything about Brigid, and was instead subjecting him to their projects. But Petra just shook her head.

“I am thinking if you are understanding what it is like to live like Brigid people, when explanation comes it will be being easier to understand!” Her reasoning was surprisingly sound. Not *incredibly* sound, but it was reassuring to know there was a reason for it. **“Now Caspar, I am needing you to take off your shirt and begin laying on your tummy on my bed.”**

“HUH!?” That was random, but she was reaching for a matching tin of oil to the one he’d given her to apply each day. **“You’re not... going to apply that to me yourself are you!?”** A beautiful girl applying oil to his skin? Ferdinand would kill him if he found out.

Petra smiled and nodded, pulling him by the hand onto his feet and pushing him towards the bed. **“Only Caspar’s back! This oil is being a secret recipe meant to keep the skin of the Brigid people healthy!”** It was rare, so rare that she needed to import it from her country whenever they exchanged supplies with the Empire.

Caspar exhaled nervously as he unbuttoned and removed his shirt, doing as he was told and laying down on the bed while Petra pulled the chair up beside him. For some reason the paint she had applied beneath his eye seemed to sting a little, but he didn’t want to interrupt the intimacy of this moment by complaining.

“Is this really neceSSARY!?” His voice jumped several octaves as Petra’s fingers, all oiled up, sudden dug into the muscles on his back. They were cold and had come on suddenly, with each press of her fingers massaging one of the many kinks he’d earned throughout his training. It felt good, *really* good, but he definitely couldn’t *say* that. He didn’t want to be seen as some kind pervert!

The girl laughed innocently enough at his reaction. **“Caspar is being funny! But are you now feeling all of the many tension leaving your body?”** Her fingers continued to press against his back, the oil spreading evenly as she applied more and more. But... something wasn’t quite right. Petra hadn’t and wouldn’t notice at first, and Caspar wasn’t in a position to notice, but ever spot of his skin that was cast in the oil began to darken ever so slightly.

A tan born from the sun? That was impossible since they were inside, not to mention the discoloration had come on so quickly. It was a light copper, a complete match for the color of the skin that was spreading the oil in the first place. In fact, it was a fairly typical, natural tan for a resident of Brigid. But Petra merely continued her oil massage, oblivious to the fact that everything she had planned would have a strange effect on Caspar.

While the tan had been isolated to wherever the oil had touched at first, as the massage approached completion speckles began to pop up all over his skin. Arms, legs, chest, even his face - they began as freckles but grew, fusing together until his natural skin tone from head to toe was a complete match for Petra's own.

“Hmm... Caspar? You were starting out all tense, but now your body is feeling very much more relaxed!” Petra had noticed that the tension of his body had waned dramatically since the beginning of her oil-rubbing session, although it wasn't merely the effects of a good massage. All of Caspar's muscles had weakened some, their bulging forms more subtle against a frame that was looking unusually lean and agile. He always focused on building his strength, but something about his frame now suggested the distribution of that strength had been completely reworked as if he were a different person.

...Or perhaps a different sex.

The Brigid princess beamed as she then reached for a bucket underneath her bed, which was accompanied by a bottle. **“H-Hey!? What are you-- MFF!?”** Still laying on his tummy he'd heard the girl rattling around, only to be left gasping for breath as half a bucket of cold water was dumped on his head. Incidentally? The paint Petra had applied earlier that was supposed to wash off? It hadn't been affected at all. **“Petra! Your bed!”**

She'd really gone ahead and soaked everything, and before she even responded the girl began to massage his hair as a floral fragrance filled the air. Shampoo? **“It is of no worrying to me. Laundry time is being had in the evening today!”** Plus she couldn't really do this in public, she didn't want the other girls trying to borrow her shampoo! **“This shampoo special. The recipe is having been passed down through my family. Does it not smelling nice?”**

It *did* smell nice, and the scent only grew more intoxicating as the lather built upon the boy's head. But once more there was a discoloration, this time in the head of hair itself. Light blues were darkening beneath the lather, passing dark blue and instead brightening once more as a drop of red mixed in to create a purple very reminiscent of Petra's own hair color.

What's more, she was finding the lather more work than she'd thought. Had Caspar always had so much hair? She had to add more shampoo just to accommodate it all! She finally dumped the remaining half of the bucket's contents onto his head, and with all of the suds washed away a full head of dark purple hair was revealed to have cascaded down his back. The length? It was the same as her own. **“Um... Maybe we are**

having a problem?” This wasn't something Petra could just ignore, but it was already too late. The oil he'd been applying the past few days had laid the groundwork for this moment, and the application earlier paired with the shampoo had put its powers into action as their chemical compositions had seeped into his body. There was a reason her elders had always told her not to share Brigid recipes with outsiders, but she hadn't imagined it would do this! **“Caspar! Please be getting up!”**

Soaking wet, the boy rose to a sitting position. **“Huh? What is it you are saying to me? Er... I mean. What's wrong?”** From Caspar's perspective there was only confusion. Why was Petra so panicked all of a sudden? And why had he screwed up his grammar so majorly there? For a moment his voice had sounded a little sweeter too. But all was put in perspective once the strands of purple that had been matted to his forehead from. **“Uh... Is this being my hair? I MEAN IS THIS MY HAIR!?”**

He'd plucked a strand, confused. Lips pursed with confusion, the observing Petra realized whatever was happening, it had already started claiming her friend's facial features. For his lips were plumper and the shape of his face more narrow. In a way it was much like looking at her reflection, a reflection that had momentarily been different but was now correcting itself. Even his blue eyes had begun to swirl with a familiar purple, which left Petra at a loss for how to handle this.

Because he was speaking similarly to her, she could only imagine something had seeped into his brain from her shampoo. This was all her fault, right? **“Yes, I am believing that is your hair. But more importantly I am also believing it is *my* hair.”** Being honest was probably the fairest response to Caspar. It wasn't like the truth could change anything now, and while his head now looked identical to her own, it seemed the body was finally at the stage where it was beginning its conformation process.

Caspar's tanned skin was already rather soft thanks to the application of the oil earlier, but his bare upper body was beginning to seem more and more tender. The sides of his stomach were arching inward, pushing him through a figure that was momentarily androgynous before turning outright feminine, and while the depth of his bellybutton almost doubled the muscles that blessed his abdomen remained. They gave him a very toned, if not curved, tummy.

Petra gulped as she looked down at his nipples. They were growing rather large in their erectness, with areola stretching wide. **“Petra!? What are you meaning it is your hair? Oh no! What is it happening to my chest!?”** Caspar's mind was completely wired to

struggle with Fodlan's native language now. Despite not knowing a single word of Brigid before, that was the only language his mind could process thoughts with as it stood.

Hands lifted to his bare chest, fingers pressing into its flesh while two orbs began to rise beneath his nipples. His fingernails were long and fingers slender, but that was hardly a concern when compared to the emergence of a pair of breasts upon his chest. **"No way! These are being a woman's breasts!? Like you, Petra!"** Petra seemed too lost in thought to react though. What was happening to Caspar?

Who was... Caspar?

She knew who he was obviously, he was right in front of her! They were friends and classmates, but... **"Oh no! Is it doing the affecting to me as well!"** With her memories blurring it was the only potential possibility. The shampoo had seeped through her hands and fingertips, so was it now affecting her brain? To accept this as normal? To accept that this... *Who? Who* was this again? They were someone familiar, but the name was gone. **"Wait. What is doing the bothering, Pena?"**

Pena. That name made sense, and Petra suddenly felt less confused. This was her identical twin sister Pena, was it not?

"Pena? Who are you doing the talking to!?" Although Caspar hadn't been quite wired to respond to this name yet, something about it struck *her* as somehow familiar. Feminine pronouns had become the only ones that now made sense, for while she'd been distracted with her breasts she hadn't noticed her lower body's transition into a mirroring form of Petra's own.

The front button of her pants popped off thanks to a combination of hips becoming slightly wider while thighs and rear began to thicken. Not that they were the only things growing. A thick bush of purple had begun to poke up from above the boxers she was wearing, the Brigid people not the type to shave their genital hair and instead let it grow wildly (*Petra's was the same*).

Her body was raised a little as she remained seated on the damp bed, with plenty of thanks left for the pronounced shaping of her rear that saw butt cheeks poking out over the waistline of the pants. **"Wait. Pena... Pena... Is Pena the name of this one? Yes! Of course! This one's name has always been Pena!"**

She was a princess of Brigid. Petra's twin sister. When Petra had been given to the Empire Pena had naturally gone with her, the pair was inseparable after all. But Pena? She was *very* confused.

“Sister, why am I dressing like a boy?”

A week had passed, and somehow no one had taken notice of the fact that Petra seemed to have a twin sister, much less that Caspar had been missing. As Petra’s mind had changed she’d misconstrued what was happening. It wasn’t the shampoo changing her mind - it had been the very fabric of reality changing to meet the new reality of Pena’s existence.

Brigid products were typically banned for a reason. Some of them dabbled in the occult, and accidents like this could happen. Only the elders of their people knew as they were the closest to the supernatural within their practices. That was why they were typically so strict about trading with the outside world.

But as Petra and Pena walked into class that morning, neither of them were any the wiser. No one was. Not their classmates, not their professor Byleth. *No one*. “**Petra? Pena? Could you stop giggling and take your seats?**” Speaking of Byleth, she seemed a little agitated with the twins. Not only had they been late, but they had entered loudly. Inseparable as they were, they were holding hands and only released one another to throw hands up enthusiastically in response.

“**Sorry! We are ready for the learning, professor!**”