

# BUNADETTA

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Leaving her room *never* led to anything good.

This was the mentality that Bernadetta von Varley carried with her in her core of cores. It was so ingrained in her, in fact, that it might as well have been a personality trait. This aversion to the outside wasn't simply a social one, and she had developed it for her own protection on a multitude of levels. She wasn't just shy and avoiding social situations for the sake of convenient, there were some deeply rooted fears and traumas within that made her reasoning a little more compelling. It was just too bad that she had never *told* anyone what these reasons were.

But for as desperate to avoid going out as she was, there were times when she wasn't given a choice. The monthly combat missions made up a good chunk of these moments, but the reason for this still applied to most side reasons. She didn't want to get expelled from Garreg Mach and so if something was mandatory she would do it even if she didn't want to.

Attending class *wasn't* mandatory, as much as the faculty try and had her believe. It was expected, but they couldn't expel her for it so long as she went on the combat missions and turned in all of her assignments on time. And that latter point? Therein lied the other reason Bernie would ever bother to brave the outside world. Sometimes the academic projects that the students were assigned required *research*, which meant going out to the library.

**“Ugh... I hate it here.”** Which was the exact location that the young noble had dragged herself out to that late evening. It wasn't like the library was under strict security; anyone could use it whenever they

wanted so long as they lit the torches. And Bernadetta? Well, she naturally made good use of this fact. If there was no one else in the library at the same time as her then it instantly made the experience a lot more bearable.



Well, *mostly*. **“It’s so creepy though...”** The girl in question had barely managed to get all of the necessary torches lit, illuminating the library enough that she could navigate it and read the spines of the many books present. It was still dark though, and without anyone else around there was an unsettling feeling in the air. It kept Bernadetta on edge and had her regretting her decision to come out so late.

But she *was* already there. No point in wimping out at this point, it was best for her to just commit to finding the book she needed. The report she had to work on involved the intricacies of politics between the peoples of different regions – surely a topic that was trained at young nobles who would one day grow up to help their houses traverse Fodlan’s political landscape. It wasn’t a topic the girl cared at all about, though.

**“Oh, that one. I think I need that one...”** It hadn’t taken her all that long to figure out the section of the library she needed to access, and from there it had just been a matter of searching for the book in question.

Based on the information her professor had included on the reference page she had been handed (*as she often was in the piles of homework that were sent to her dorm room*) there was a specific text that had been recommended to her.

But why was it up so high?

Groaning to herself all the while, Bernie had fetched a stepstool from across the room and dragged it over beneath the book she needed. With this bit of extra verticality it should have been enough for her to just *barely* reach it, but she hadn’t expected that she would have to *stand on her tiptoes* at the exact same time! **“UWAH!?”**

Tragedy struck in the end, and while her small fingers had managed to finally grab the spine of the text? It had been at the cost of her balance, and Bernadetta fell onto the library floor. **“OW!?”** ...Only for *more* injury to be added to the existing injuries as something landed on her head and rolled slightly away. Had she knocked something off the shelf along with the book she now clutched to her chest?

**“What was that...?”** Still holding that book, she uncurled from the posture she’d taken after the fall, purple eyes looking about for whatever object had landed on her head. And that was when she saw it: a round, purple gemstone that looked so big that it would only *barely* fit in her palm. After picking herself up off the ground and putting the book down on the nearby table, she picked the stone up and held it. **“What is this? It looks important.”**

Had it just been up there, hidden on the top shelf this whole time? Maybe it belonged to one of the library staff? Common sense would have suggested putting it back where she found it, but Bernadetta couldn’t exactly reach nor guarantee it wouldn’t roll right off again and break against the stone floor.

Well, there was also the issue that the stone was suddenly *glowing in her hands*.

**“That’s probably... not good!”** It went without saying that a glowing object in a dark room would be difficult to miss, especially if it was being held in your own hand. And that was *exactly* what happened with Bernadetta immediately noticing the light. No, it wasn’t *just* the light? There was also something *warm* and *tingly* about it. Like something was flowing into her body. The second the girl realized this she dropped the stone – but it didn’t break and instead rolled underneath a nearby table.

She took several steps back. Should she get help? That went without saying, but nervous of a person as she was, it was still difficult for the girl to take that first step normally. But this also *wasn’t* a normal situation, because while she didn’t think much of it, something deep down wanted to keep her rooted in place for the next few minutes. For *what* reason that could be, well, it wasn’t exactly apparent to her at the time.

But just because it was not apparent didn’t mean that nothing was amiss. No level of ignorance could change what was happening. And looking at Bernadetta’s skin, you could make out what was a brewing issue. After all, strange little spots had begun to appear against the background of her otherwise light pink complexion.

These spots weren’t freckles nor beauty marks, and at first? They almost looked like stains of gray from dye or something similar. But this *wasn’t* what they were, and as the spots grew in size *and* in number it was inevitable that they would eventually fuse together. Bit by bit they accumulated together until ultimately? The color of her skin thoroughly had this slightly ashen tone. Not even her nipples retained their pink, becoming a darker gray.

**“Am.. Am I okay?”** The glow of the strange orb beneath the desk seemed to have died out, and Bernadetta quickly checked herself over. She couldn't *perceive* any issues even though she felt a little *off*, but the reason she didn't notice the change in her skin color was of course because the library was only lit by torches. Her ability to perceive something like a change in color was *severely* limited.

And that was despite the fact that her vision had been honed – just not in the way that allowed her to see in the dark. In fact the images of the world around the girl were crisper, and this was visually reflected by her irises taking on a slightly lighter purple. More than that though, it was their *shapes* that drew attention. They lost their childlike roundness and narrowed; perhaps so much that they didn't bear *any* resemblance to the girl they should have.

But as her face continued to distort, *which* girl she resembled wasn't exactly as pressing of a question as *was she even a girl?* Not that she looked masculine, but it was more about *maturity*. Her face slowly stretched longer and her lips pursed because they thickened. Bernie's eyes already created the impression that she was older, but with her sharper nose and now higher cheekbones, she *did* better resemble a young adult facially.

What seemed more out of place were the purple lines that drew in towards the center of her face in pairs though. Two diagonally inwards from the corners of her forehead, and two pairs down past her eyes towards her nose. Were they tattoos or something else?

Bernadetta clicked her tongue. **“I think I'm o... kay?”** Having been on the cusp of dismissing herself as harm-free, the sound of her own voice ultimately brought her to a pause. **“Wait, that's not what my voice sounds like?”** It sounded *much* too deep. Not to mention a little too serious? Did she always have such a stern tone?

Rubbing at her throat from confusion, she didn't notice the beginnings of a change in her figure. She grew a couple of inches taller for one, this growth tugging up her top and uniform jacket so that the base of her tummy was left exposed. The tight and form-fitted black shorts she wore beneath her skirt didn't really far much better. But then again, clothing not fitting as it should was becoming more of a widespread concern.

After all, everything she wore had been carefully picked out for her height and build. Bernadetta had never expected that she would bulk up in terms of muscles, so there wasn't really any room in her uniform to develop them. A choice that seemingly *now* had consequences for the muscles from her head to her toe all tensed up for a brief moment, only

for that tension to slowly deflate. As it did? Those muscles expanded in size, toning everything from her arms to her tummy, to her legs, to her ass. Her fitness was *definitely* not something that could be questioned any longer and she looked quite agile.

**“Why am I so energetic all of a sudden?”** She could definitely *feel* it, and in raising her arm to demonstrate it she could hear the sleeve of her jacket tear thanks to the excess sizing of her now muscular arm getting in the way. **“Erm...?”** Wait, was she taller now? And... stronger? So it wasn't just her voice? But why could she not react with the same anxiety she normally did?

She almost felt strangely *at peace* with all of this.

While fitter however, her body's new design was *not* without physical burden. It just manifested in places she hadn't expected it to. One of these places actually amounted to the sound of stretchable material tearing several times behind her, for the cheeks of her ass swelled at an exponential rate until her rump bore a pleasant peach shape, firm from her muscles yet soft from the fattier tissue that now padded it. The growth of these cheeks likewise parted her hips, and the excess saw to it that her thighs expanded and tore the legs of the shorts at the same time.

Where Bernie would normally be *extremely* embarrassed by this sudden exposure? She didn't feel ashamed at all, but it also wasn't exactly pride. *My people are accustomed to showing their skin, we are not as coy as humans.* Or at least that was how she was now rationalizing it, as if she were no longer human herself and instead belonged to some sort of mystery race.

And so she also wasn't all that surprised at the fact that the front of her jacket soon split open, given no choice by a building pressure beneath. Her nipples had hardened and grown erect, and from their swell it granted girth to the lacking bust beneath them as well. The end result was her breasts bloating into the D-cup range, although her undershirt hid them from becoming exposed beneath the opened jacket.

**“Am I becoming more beautiful?”** The woman didn't dare utter the word sexy, but because it was like it wasn't part of her vernacular. Bernadetta didn't use that kind of language and it didn't seem that the woman she was becoming did either. But while she stared down at her new body, she didn't quite notice how her purple hair was lengthening around her. It fell past her shoulders, taking on a wilder, beast-like style, but midst it all there was *something else*.

Because she also *hadn't* noticed how her ears had gradually been moving up the sides of her head, growing longer and droopier as they did so. By the time their bases settled on the upper sides of her skull, they fell down to the same length as her hair and were essentially disguised by them short of tufts of purple fur that sprouted from their tops. But other than those tufts they were essentially hairless. The woman didn't immediately note how much better she could hear now either, like the bunny those ears resembled.

She groaned instead, actually. “**Ugh. Too hot...**” Where *had* this warmth come from all of a sudden, actually? It was focused around her neck, hands, and her hips and pelvis – and she understood immediately once she peeked at the middle area. Because the backs of her hands? Purple fur not unlike the tufts on her ears was growing, sprouting up the back of her forearms. As you can imagine then, it also coated her neck and hips, ultimately wrapping around the top of her ass and crotch like a natural pair of panties. But it was so hot that she tore off her skirt and shorts without thinking.

Which helped, because it allowed the growth of a short yet fluffy bunny tail to shoot up from above her ass.

“**Sniff sniff!**” The woman could hardly believe what had happened to her. No longer was she a meek and shy human teen with a complete and utter aversion towards the outside world, but instead a calm and strong warrior of the Taguel people. A people she had never even *heard* of before picking up that stone, yet it seemed that she had been bestowed with much more than an older body, a firmer frame, and the persisting fluff of a bunny in all the right places.

She was knowledgeable now. Perhaps not of the things Garreg Mach was meant to inform her of, but of her new people. Their quirks, their needs, their *instincts*. And the latter category was eagerly built upon by her heightened senses. After all, those big ears certainly weren't just for show. She could hear things *outside* in much greater detail, much less the crackling of the torches in the library.

But the name Bernadetta no longer fit her. No, she needed a name befitting of a woman of her clan. The name *Panne* would do, surely? “**Sniff sniff!**” ...Not that she mentally reaffirmed this new identity of hers. Rather, the Taguel seemed to be far too distracted by the reach of



one of her *other* enhanced senses. Namely the potency of her sense of smell. She could smell something very, very tasty.

*Carrots*. The scent was so distracting, in fact, that it completely hampered her ability to weigh the pros and cons of her sudden transformation. Her tummy was rumbling and her strong legs yearned for the energy that fresh nourishment might restore. “...**Never mind.**” She finally spoke for the first time since her transformation had resolved, feet gravitating towards the door.

What was she dismissing? Her *homework*. That was for children, wasn't it? And Panne? There was no denying that she was a fully grown woman. One who was free and unshackled by the naivete of childhood. She had no business with the societal workings of this place any longer.

But carrots? She wanted *those*.