

# KON-FUSION

## COMMISSION STORY

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The fact that he could not properly express his emotions had become an issue that had weighed particularly heavily on the mind of the young Byleth. Asked to be a professor at Garreg Mach Monastery's academy, his first few weeks had gone on without any *real* incident. No incidents to speak of, but he could still sense the dismay of his students. They could whisper about him all they wanted behind his back, wondering why in Fodlan he didn't seem to so much as crack the slightest smile or frown; but that didn't mean he wouldn't realize it was happening.

His students danced around him like they were stepping through glass socially, and while the young man inwardly knew that they didn't mean any harm by it and it wasn't really anyone's fault, he still felt like he was inconveniencing others this way.

This was why he had ended up in the monastery's library late that night, flipping through book after book by torchlight. More specifically: the extensive library of spell books the Church of Seiros had amassed, many covering a broad variety of subjects. If he couldn't naturally express himself more keenly, Byleth thought, maybe he could utilize magic to spur on some kind of emotions in their place.

**“This isn't going to work, and when it fails miserably, I am *not* going to babysit what has become of you.”**

Sothis has left him with these parting words before falling asleep in the back of his mind, or soul, or wherever the heck she dwelt within his very being. It had been a warning that the young man would, unfortunately, fail to heed not long after she had retired. For he'd come across a spell that might do just what he was hoping it would. Just because you hope

for something strongly enough, however, does not mean those hopes will come to fruition. At least, not in the way you expect.

But Byleth? He was willing to try anything. He'd lived his entire life being treated as an outcast because he couldn't emote properly, and like a monster because his heart did not beat. It was time, finally, to end that nightmare and gain a fresh start.

And so, he casted the spell as planned.

Clearly he hadn't considered how a magic of this magnitude might affect the surrounding area, because the moment the incantation had been spoken, the air in the library swirled around and around at a velocity that tore books from the shelves and snuffed out the torches. It was strong, too strong, so strong that it knocked over the shelving itself and pulled the man from the floor. Wordlessly he was flung around until the natural flow of the air fired him straight out of the only entrance to the library, along with a series of debris that just narrowly missed him once his back collided with the wall.

**"...What happened?"** He was winded from his collision with the wall and flustered by the overall affect of the spell. It wasn't like any magic he had ever used before in substance or effect, and he couldn't even tell if it had worked in the capacity intended. Really? Byleth didn't really feel any different. Even as he picked himself up, groaning in agony, nothing struck him as having changed immediately.

His heart was racing, but— *Wait*. The fingers of his right hand grasped the area of his jacket above her heart on the left. He could feel it. The thump, thump, thump of a beating heart – of something he'd never had the liberty of possessing. How the boy had stayed alive all this time without a heartbeat was nothing short of a mystery, and yet now there was no reason to worry about *that* anymore.

Byleth was both baffled and excited. **"Is this really happening? But I don't really feel any different..."** It was true. Emoting didn't seem to come anymore naturally than it had before, but it felt like there was something welling up from within him that only continued to increase his heart rate. The problem? The young man didn't have any experience with a beating heart. He wasn't sure what might trigger its hastening or slowing, and so he was left confused about what these things meant.

If Sothis had been awake, then surely she would have explained this to him. But the goddess? She continued to slumber even with the impact with the wall the spell had wrought. Or, well, this had been Byleth's assessment, but unfortunately it was false. Sothis' spirit had been severed from his body the moment the spell had activated, and her

spiritual existence ended up transcending both time and space until it found another host. Another Byleth. A woman Byleth.

But that story was neither here *nor* now.

As the wind from the library had seemingly died down, the young man climbed to his feet once more. He was going to get reamed out by someone for practically destroying that space, and yet somehow, he didn't really seem to care even though he was usually so sensitive to how others perceived him. Maybe he was just coasting on a high because he had a heartbeat again? No, there was more to it than that. Those wishes of his? They had been properly granted, but they weren't all immediate. And the effects that came later? Well, there was a trade off to accomplish the effects he had been hoping for, that much was *quickly* made evident.

That which had been welling up within him? That strange sensation Byleth could not place? Well, it had begun to manifest with two sensual tells. The first was the feeling of something wriggling at the back of his pants, the next was the swishing sound it made as it did so. "***Hm?***" It was so peculiar of a feeling that he couldn't help but reach a hand behind him, sliding fingers beneath his jacket cloak to the point where his pants and top were separated. But what he found? It was *shocking*.

The best way to describe it without thinking critically was that it was a strange growth that had been spat out of his back, just above his rear, peeking up from above the waistline of his pants-- okay, it was a tail. A very *small* tail in the beginning, but a tail nonetheless. The swishing sound was the product of it wagging back and forth against the back of his jacket, though it was presently still as Byleth held it, a bead of shocked sweat rolling down his cheek. He didn't really have the words to describe his shock here.

But it was growing even as he held it. At first the tail had been boney and stubby, but within a matter of moments it had doubled in length to push further back against the jacket while hairs has begun to sprout out and against the palm of his hand and the base of his fingers. No, not hair. Not conventionally, anyways. As it became hairier it became softer, more fuwa – a soft, downy, blonde fur. The base of the tail eventually thickened, and as a result the man was forced to let go. It was as good a time as any to get a peek, particularly because he could feel it swishing behind him, and peering over his shoulder he finally caught sight of it at its full length.

**"No way!?"**, he shouted excitedly, **"I really have a tail!?"** Caught up in what could only be considered a building rush of emotions, he was lost to the fact that he was actually expressing them freely now. The

wagging tail had been the first indicator, its swishing relative to the excitement and happiness he'd felt. His voice, and the smile he was now sporting? They had just taken a moment to catch up and were now more reflective of how he *actually* felt.

Although his tail wasn't the only new reflector of his mood. A momentary deafness had beset him, only for his hearing ability to come back in full force right after. The cause? The ears on the sides of his head had literally faded away, absorbed by the skin over his skull. But to offset this? A new pair had sprouted from atop his head and had grown and grown into a pair of vulpine, triangular shapes lined with the same golden fur as his tail, with white tufts in the triangles. There was no doubt that between these ears and the tail, they keenly resembled those of a fox.

The golden fur upon his ears turned to corrupt his head of blue hair not long after they'd been properly established in their own right, and the same gold-blond seeped into the rest of his scalp while it lengthened in slight, oddly keeping a fairly consistent styling – just *longer*. The added length was most noticeable at the sides of his head, where it covered the spots his ears had been prior. Honestly, this was probably for the best, since it looked a little *weird* otherwise. Byleth's eyes? They ended up reflecting a similar gold.

With the advent of his emotions, he'd found it increasingly difficult to stand still. In fact, every little thing that happened around him seemed to distract him terribly. The hooting of an owl outside snapped his gaze towards the window, vulpine ears twitching sensitively. The swishing of his own tail? Terribly distracting, and he almost wanted to chase it. The problem? None of these things made sense for Byleth – which added up, really. He was looking less and less like himself, so who was to say his mind wasn't in a similar state?

**“I feel really *weird*. I guess it isn't that surprising, because *check out my tail!*”** As the pitch of his voice heightened, who was he even talking to? He'd gone from a young man who never spoke to one that was fine vocalizing each and every thought he had. He had pointed at his tail while speaking too, ignorant to the fact that his fingers didn't quite look right. The nails were long and pointed, appearing somewhere between a manicure and a set of claws, while the hands themselves had gradually shrunk.

Although, it wasn't just his hands *there*. His clothes were becoming loose, so much that his pants eventually fell from his hips and around his ankles. His body mass was fading away. Height, width, muscle mass; it consistently subsided as if each area had been stabbed and was gradually bleeding away. It didn't take awfully long for him to plummet

to a height of five-foot-one, and at that point, with narrowed shoulders even his top hung off of him like a blanket. But this was where his newly found, out of character personality took things in a weird direction.

He stripped in the middle of the hall until he stood in his birthday suit. **“Bleh, don’t wanna wear that if it isn’t going to fit. It doesn’t even look cute!”** With everything out in the open now, his changed shape was even more apparent than it had been while clothed. Everything about his figure was blatantly androgynous, from the curvature of his form to the more feminine softness of his facial features. At the time he hadn’t even realized that he’d become younger as well, dropping from his early twenties to his mid-teens. Even his dick seemed smaller.

And smaller...

And smaller...

And smaller...

Until absolutely nothing was left, leaving them baby smooth down there for just a moment. At least, until a new crevice opened vertically between *her* legs. Decorated with blonde pubes farther northward, a girl’s pussy now rested dominant along with the squirming sensation within of her internal organs shifting the match them. This started a trend that quickly spread throughout the entirety of her body, taking her from androgynous to being a blatant woman over such a short period of time.

Naturally, a woman needed breasts, and in that area? Well, not to call her disappointing, but her chest blossomed into a pair more typical of a girl her age. Fat had gathered in the deposits beneath her nipples, seeing the nipples themselves stand erect and thicken in width and peak reach before her bosom was birthed, a pair of B-cup tits that were as small as they were perking standing at attention above a tummy that pinched in with a thin waist, while reaching out to hips that had expanded to surpass the width of her collapsed shoulders.

**“Where am I, anyways? Or! Who am I? Maybe it’s in this book? Or in this book!?”** Still excitable, and still considerably oblivious to everything going on, the naked half-kitsune had crouched down and was picking up every neat looking book she could find that had been blown out of the library. Her memories were a jumbled mess, and a small part of her though maybe there were clues here. Then again, her now one-track mind kept getting distracted.

Crouched as she was, it allowed the weight added to her ass and thighs a moment of clear emphasis. The cheeks of her rear jiggled as they grew, reaching out towards the heels of her feet while remaining crouched and,

eventually splatting against the backs of her legs with a soft, cushiony feel as she fell to her knees. This collapse sent a ripple through her thighs as well, and while her legs were clearly the strongest part of her body now, they definitely looked gratuitously large once they'd plumped up to take on a natural, enticing sheen.

Byleth(?) licked her lips, hardly noticing that they were larger and glossier to match the otherwise, much more angular yet softly designed shape of her face. She didn't resemble her old self at all now. Not in body, and not in mind. But that didn't matter because she'd just found something delicious! A mushroom hidden under one of the books on the ground! Had she been her old self she would have plucked it and thrown it out. It had been on the ground, it was filthy.

Now, though? There was no regard for things like cleanliness. Her hands plucked the dirty fungus from the ground and shoved it in her mouth, tail flicking against the ground behind her while dirt and debris clung to it. Once she swallowed what she considered to be a treat, it *finally* dawned on her. "**Selkie!**" No, that wasn't just a random word. It was her name! But why had she forgotten it in the first place? That was the biggest mystery as all.

The fox smiled from ear to ear, cheeks a little pink because she was so excited. Wasn't exploring new places fun? Even if she still wasn't sure where this place was... Well, maybe she'd find out if she did some more exploring? "**Maybe I should find some clothes first... Nah!**"

Edelgard would *certainly* be surprised the next morning to find a naked fox girl sleeping at the base of her bed. But that was a story, perhaps, for another time.