

FULL CIRCLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Byleth was happy to have returned home to Garreg Mach Monastery, and had returned promptly to the dorm room that she was using once she had done so. She had been out on the battlefield with the intention of gathering intel on the group's enemies, because she *still* hadn't given up on the idea of trying to reason with Edelgard and Dimitri. There was no reason for this war to continue, at least not in its current form. *That* was what the professor believed.

And so, to those ends, she had decided to write letters when she returned. One addressed to Edelgard, one addressed to Dimitri, both expressing her thoughts and feelings about the war and extending an olive branch. There was almost *no* way that this plan of hers worked, and yet... **"I'd rather try than continue to throw myself into the killing machine of war."** While they hadn't been in her House, these were still her students she had been fighting.

When she had turned her attention to her desk, though? **"Huh? Who was using my...?"** Her stationary had been tampered with? And it looked recent. No, it wasn't *just* recent. **"Come out from under my bed, Hilda."** She turned, green hair swaying as she did so, and glared at her bed from where she heard a high pitched squeak. Slowly but surely a familiar, pink-haired woman slid out and picked herself up.

But Byleth didn't know that this technically *wasn't* Hilda. It was Marianne.

"P-P-Professor! I wasn't expecting you back so soon! I wanted to leave you a note about this, because it's bad if we were to meet, but you came back, and I... Oh... I need to go!" Marianne's

explanation was ultimately a word salad that didn't explain much *at all*. And before Byleth could press her on it, she had run out the door. The professor knew that she wasn't all that competent when it came to social situations herself, but wasn't that a little *odd*?



“**Okay...**” She was left there, green eyes blinking. Why had she wanted to explain things via letter? It was likely she had come back just as Marianne had begun to write things down, but didn't actually manage to write more than ‘Dear Professor’. Which didn't tell her much of anything, if anything at all. “**I suppose I'll ask her after supper?**” It was late afternoon, and she'd no doubt bump into her again.

But Byleth, of course, had no idea as to *why* talking with Hilda was a bad idea, much less what had been happening to her students. Through this simple interaction she had set in motion her unwanted involvement in the whole situation for better or for worse. But mostly *worse*, honestly. The issue was that they were running out of Golden Deer women to be turned into.

But not completely out *yet*.

At least as made evident by the professor's hair. Now, she was no stranger to changing hair colors. In fact she had already suffered one five years prior when Sothis sacrificed herself to save Byleth from the voice, giving the mortal her powers and inheriting the green of her hair and eyes in the process. But now even that green was changing, and not towards a color that was even remotely similar to a green or a blue. Rather? The streaks were a very bright and familiar orange. Or at least they would be familiar once she noticed them.

Similarly, as the orange jumped from strand of hair to strand of hair not only atop her head, but also in her brows, pubes, and otherwise across her body? It emerged elsewhere in non-hair follicle-based locations. Namely the woman's green eyes, which ultimately found their irises colored almost in the exact same orange albeit a touch darker. By the time they had changed, there wasn't a single strand of green left on her head. And even then her hairstyle seemed to be just a touch shorter, with bangs now subtly tossed towards the left.

“Or I could go ask her now!?” A building impatience had boiled over, and the woman surprised even herself by *blurting out* a contradictory idea to what she’d had previously. Byleth seldom if *ever* spoke without reason, particularly when she was done with a certain topic. And what was with her voice? It sounded so peppy. So unlike herself. **“Am I hearing things...? Nope!”** Things didn’t get any better in that regard, though.

Meanwhile, the woman’s face had been lengthening with her chin pulling a little farther away from her forehead. Her lips thinned just a touch, while her cheeks appeared a bit fuller, highlighted by a slightly smaller nose. Even her eyes’ shapes changed, but they really only looked a little smaller. Nonetheless, from the neck up? She didn’t look like Byleth at all, much like she no longer *sounded* like Byleth. Rather? She bore a much greater resemblance to one of her students.

A resemblance that only became stronger with time.

Now that her head had been changed, it simply moved on to the *rest* of her. And it began by making adjustments to her silhouette. Because Byleth’s limbs and torso began to painlessly adjust, spine lengthening and arms and legs following suit so that an addition four centimeters had been applied to her height overall. It didn’t cause much of a problem when it came to her clothing, seeing at her tummy was *already* bare. But her tights *did* stretch a little more than normal. Needless to say, this wasn’t something that was all that easily noticeable. At least not when she was distracted by *other* things.

Namely... **“Have I always been *this* muscular!?”** There was still that uncharacteristic pep to the sound of her voice while flexing an arm. She’d noticed a tightness in her muscles and had come to examine them, yet while the professor had never been *without* muscles, it was clear that they were bulging much more intensely than they had been before. It wasn’t *just* her arms though. Exposed abs were deeper than before, and her breasts momentarily appeared even *more* pronounced than they usually were because of the pecs underneath swelling.

Though that was only a passing boon from it all. Not everything on Byleth’s body was destined to *grow*, particularly not when her resemblance in passing was becoming more and more like a certain woman whose build was taller, firmer, and more aerodynamic than her own. And there was only one way to make *Byleth’s* body more aerodynamic. By removing any excess weight – and she arguably had quite a bit of it proportionately.

“Huh. Based on my height and my hair... Don’t I look a little like...?” She stopped short of saying it, but only because a loose feeling

in her top drew her attention away from the realization. After all, before her very eyes the surplus of weight that gave the professor her almost obscenely large bust was undergoing a bit of reconstruction. A bit of *lessening* if you will. But maybe saying a ‘bit’ was being a little misleading, because it really *was* quite substantial. Since Byleth’s chest piece was armored, it kept its shape regardless of the contents. So now that her breasts had essentially *halved* in size, you could easily see the nipples on her now C-cup offerings. “...**I got smaller.**”

It was a matter of fact statement, somehow founded in easy acceptance. It might have had something to do with the woman’s mind, which was now reasoning things as it being much more *convenient* in battle to have a smaller bust. And if she saw being less curvy as a net positive, then she would have had no issue with what happened *lower down*, as well.

Plainly put, her hips had narrowed at first, but this was merely a precursor to the loss of weight that then ultimately occurred around them. Tights loosened, for there was less meat to her thighs overall, and her rear end? It maintained a robust peach shape and was certainly the most abundant part of her new figure, but it was *still* a little smaller than it had been before. She was overall now just a much, *much* more lithe individual in terms of her build.

“**Well... This is weird!**”

Twisting her back and examining her whole body the best she could, *Leonie Pinelli* was left in awe of herself because it wasn’t, well, *herself*. Memories of being Byleth remained, though the anticipation and energy she felt, as well as how she communicated these feelings, could only belong to the young woman she had become. And realizing this? “**Wait, was Hilda not Hilda!?**” If this had happened to her, then Hilda’s strange behavior definitely made more sense, right?



But it was also kind of *exciting*, wasn’t it? Being a different person? She’d had so many problems communicating her emotions before, but now she couldn’t stop smiling! She felt energetic and optimistic, and her body was much leaner overall so it was easier for her to convey that energy. “**What should we do about this, though?**” Did the others have a better understanding of things? “**Hmm... Maybe I’ll go train a bit to clear my head and meet up with the others later!**”

What was she going to do about her clothes, though?



“Hmm... Where would she be? Actually, I haven’t seen anyone yet today!” Dinner had come and gone and Leonie, the *real* Leonie, had been left a little bewildered. None of the other girls from her house had been accessible at all, and beyond that? People had been making some *strange* comments towards her. Comments about seeing her down on the training field, even though today was her break day. Taking care of yourself was just

as important as being strong, so not even *she* pushed herself more than she had to.

Maybe people were just misremembering and were thinking of when they had seen her yesterday? Several people could all misremember the same event at the same time, right? That was the explanation she was going with! **“But seriously, I really needed to talk to Marianne about this horse...”** She had come all of the way to the stables as part of a last ditch effort to hopefully find her. Leonie had been wanting to fight on horseback and needed a few pointers.

But again, Marianne was not present. **“Man, I wish she was here.”** A wish that would, unfortunately, prey upon the same powers that had unknowingly (to her) preyed upon her friends.

Well, if Marianne wasn’t here then there was no point in lingering any longer, right? Such had been Leonie’s next plan of action, but she did poke her head into the nearby barn one more time just to make sure there was no one inside. Doing so took her out of the public eye for a few moments, which most definitely helped disguise what had begun to happen to her.

“Huh? Maybe I need a new tunic. Feels kind of tight today?” She found herself tugging at the neckline of her tunic while in the privacy of the barn. It felt really uncomfortable around her chest suddenly and she wasn’t really sure why. But as the discomfort built and the cloth grew tenser, she was forced to take a second look where the reason became plainer. **“Uhm... A-Are my breasts bigger?”**

It felt like an impossible thing to say. In what world could your breasts suddenly get *larger*? But it was hard to deny what she could both see with her own eyes and feel with her own... Well, with her own *chest*. The shock of it had even prompted an unusual stutter from the otherwise confident young woman – which was a little suspicious in its own right. Yet hands were much too busy tugging at her neckline and discreetly groping her breasts out of curiosity for it to truly register.

“There’s *n-no* denying it. They’re maybe a size bigger? *T-Two*?”

Dressed as she was, it was difficult for Leonie to say for sure. But they were definitely rounder and heavier, and her tunic was struggling to keep them contained. Though that also wasn’t really helped by the rest of her torso. Her waistline was a little thicker than it had been prior, and just in general... was her body a touch *meatier*? The heftiness of her breasts felt even more so as time wore on.

And there was a good reason for that. Her body just felt heavier on the whole because the muscles that she spent every day training were growing *absent*. Having difficulty even holding her arms up the way she normally did, her eyes darted just in time to watch them deflate into softer forms. **“*N-No... My strong muscles...*”** Rather than cry out with the usual energetic surprise she’d normally express herself with, what came out was something soft, uncertain, and maybe even a little whiny. And with a voice that struck her as very *familiar* at that.

Leonie clutched a hand across her chest, a nervous habit that *wasn’t hers*. But that hand eventually was thrown out to the side due a stark drop in her point of view. **“*Wh-What!?*”** It had momentarily felt like she was falling, yet with her feet rooted firmly on the ground that couldn’t be possible. In tandem, her tunic bunched up around her tummy and the base of her black shorts slid a little further down her thighs. **“*Am I... smaller?*”** Looking both around and down at herself, that could only be the only answer, right? She had lost a full *five centimeters*.

“*I... don’t really understand. How is this happening? Why...?*”

The more things wore on, the more certain she became of what was happening *to* her. But the reasoning and methodology behind it escaped her. All the while, her understanding of things in *general* was warping. Being a polearm wielder her whole life, all of that knowledge was quickly becoming replaced with knowledge of magic. Which would better suit a body that was now much *squishier* than it used to be.

And she was much squishier down below, too. Becoming shorter had afforded her shorts enough room to accommodate her hips when they inevitably widened a few inches beyond their norms, and they ultimately served as a baseline for the growth that was to come. Her thighs hadn’t

lost *all* of their muscle, at least not like her arms, but kept enough to suggest she was accustomed to riding a mount. But that muscle that had been retained was steadily buried beneath cushy tissue that inflated her thighs to the point that the legs of her shorts clamped tightly around them.

Meanwhile? Her ass burgeoned outward, its shape obtaining greater definition and pulling down the waistband of her shorts before getting caught part of the way *down* her rump. This just highlighted how her cheeks continued to swell a few additional three inches, leaving the arch from her back onto her rear much sharper in angle. Hands immediately reached back to feel it, tugging at the shorts to make them fit. “**Wh-Why out here...?**”

With her body completely changed, it was only Leonie’s face and hair that retained any form of recognition regarding her past life. But that well soon dried, for her facial construction underwent its own transformation. Her chin pulled in closer to her forehead and her cheeks thinned, all while her nose sharpened and eyes rounded with lengthier, more effeminate lashes. It didn’t take long for her eyes to change in color, either, inheriting a familiar ashen color of one of her peers.

And when it came to the woman’s hair? It lengthened, but only so that it fell just past her shoulders. Strands turned wavier and more erratic in style, almost naturally messy and unkempt, like she looked as if she had just woken up at all times. But more than all of that was the *color*. Leonie’s hair most certainly *wasn’t* colored pastel blue, but from the roots out to the wavier tips, this color eventually became dominant and overtook every strand on her body. Even seeing the fur of her pubic bush becoming a little wilder in the end.

“**Oh... Oh dear.**” The blue-haired woman’s reaction was rather subdued, but the anxiety she felt welling up within could clearly be felt in the sound of her voice. Having inherited the personality of the nervous woman she had become, *Marianne von Edmund* felt more skittish than she had ever felt before as her previous self. “**I-I’ve become Marianne? But I’m still me, right...?**” She could very much *remember* still being Leonie deep down, but the way she looked and acted was not compatible with those memories.

Clutching her fist to her chest, she looked over at the nearby grazing pasture where she saw a horse. The very sight of a furry friend prompted her to slowly approach the fence. Watching the animal was *soothing*, *comforting*, and was essential in helping the new Edmund calm herself down. When she was finally level-headed enough to do so, she began to evaluate her situation properly.

“Okay... So I’m Marianne now, but I’m also Leonie? This... doesn’t make any sense. Was it magic? What am I supposed to do... now...?” She ultimately trailed off as her gaze traveled down to look at herself, and Marianne recalled she was still clad in her old self’s clothing. And she was much more *endowed* than she used to be. “M-Maybe I should figure out what to wear before lingering out here in public like this. Should I go to Marianne’s dorm?” But how would she explain this to anyone?



Or was it possible that the others already knew what was going on? Was that why she couldn’t find anyone? With her newly acquired understanding of magic, she supposed that it was possible for something like this to happen. And she could only hope that she would be the last one affected by it.

But that didn’t mean this curse hadn’t found its way into the camps of the other war factions...