

PROJECT DOROTHEA

COMMISSION STORY

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Edelgard wasn't used to being burdened by such ugly feelings.

Of course, there were plenty of secrets she had kept. Her plans for Fodlan's future, plans that would likely put her classmates at odds with one another, potentially even killing one another. That was a sin she feared would haunt her for the rest of her life, just as the deaths of her siblings did. But these feelings? There were of a different breed.

It was *jealousy* that she was grappling with, and towards a dear friend as well. Whether Edelgard acknowledged it or not, she had grown quite endeared to their newest professor. Byleth Eisner was strong and beautiful, the way she made decisions and supported everyone regardless of needs or backgrounds enough to move the heart El had frozen so that she could do what she eventually *planned* to do.

But try as she might? Edelgard was having difficulty growing close to this professor. Well, there was another reason: Dorothea Arnault. She was a songstress and one of the emperor-to-be's closest friends in Garreg Mach. That was what made this all so difficult. Making a move would mean ruining things for Dorothea, and Edelgard did not wish to hurt anyone. Still, she grew frustrated more and more.

Inevitably this would grow into an obsession, and obsession would ultimately lead to doing something out of character. Like consulting a spell book of all things. The young woman had no doubt in her mind that nothing inscribed in this book would work, but to ease her anxiety about it all she figured she might as well *try*, even if it were merely to earn a satisfied laugh when nothing came of it.

“A spell of closeness?” Yes, the book’s contents sounded more like the kinds of articles you would find in a children’s spell book written to prey off nobles looking for things to entertain their kids with. Edelgard knew it was foolish to spend her time attempting such a thing, but... **“I hardly think it will help with my problems, but if there were a way to get closer to the professor without upsetting Dorothea in turn...”**

As she was alone in her dorm room, she had no reason to stifle her vocal musings, but little did she know that the book itself – or rather, a gemstone on its front cover – would respond to her anxious mumblings. It was a wish-granting device from hundreds of years ago, the book one that had been in the Hresvelg family all of this time. Of course, no one knew of the power it held. The spells were all falsified and harmless, yes, but that was just a part of the ruse. A ruse meant to mislead any from realizing the stone in the front held an unfathomable power.

It was merely unfortunate that, in the end, Edelgard had made her worries known with the wording she did. Had she spoken more plainly she might have avoided the ‘tragedy’ that was to come, but it was already far too late. After all, hidden because the book was open in her lap, the gemstone had begun to glow.

“Hm? Did something change?” Edelgard rose her gaze from the book and looked around, noting her dorm room hadn’t changed at all. She could have sworn that maybe something had, because the room’s ambiance seemed a little different somehow. The lighting? Maybe her eyes were just playing tricks on her?

In actuality, something *had* changed. The emperor-to-be wasn’t actually in her own dorm room anymore. Because most of the dorms looked essentially the same, she would have had to look out the window to realize for sure without doing a more thorough investigation. What’s more, she wasn’t even in the same *year*. Time had jumped forward a handful of years, and the change in atmosphere was undoubtedly because Garreg Mach was now a location steeped in the aura of war.

But the young woman? She hadn’t taken notice, and how exactly was she supposed to be expected to? People weren’t typically thrust forward in time, and if they were, they weren’t simultaneously thrown into different dorm rooms in the same building. Were the torchlight not so dim this late in the evening it would have raised the probability that she might have noticed. After all, she had some familiarity with this room as well.

It was Dorothea’s, after all.

Evidently the wishing gem had just taken her wants and decided on the most roundabout way to make them a reality.

“I suppose there was no way a spell might work. In the end, speaking my mind to Dorothea might be the most respectable way to go forward.” It was tragic that, in the very end, the woman had ended up on the best way to resolve her worries. Dorothea would have stepped aside had Edelgard expressed her feelings, not because El would soon be the emperor but because El was her friend. There was no way that she’d let a woman get between the two of them, because to Dorothea? Friendship was far more important than love. The tragedy of it all came from the fact that she had realized a little too late, for the effects of the gemstone’s powers could already be seen. And there would be *no* going back.

Already, the woman’s uncannily pale purple eyes showed sign of a waning pigmentation, as the color she had been familiar with for an exceptionally long time now was plagued by a plethora of unevenly distributed speckles that made the natural coloring cloudy and threatened to usurp the hues of them on the whole. These speckles? An oh so familiar emerald that shone with pride and attracted any who were to take in their color. The very same color that was always reflected in Dorothea’s eyes, and before long that had usurped all of Edelgard’s natural color.

It wasn’t *merely* her eyes that saw a change in color, and before long a dissonance had come to stain her hair. Had she any awareness of it as it were happening, though? Edelgard may not have complained. It wasn’t as if she had been born with that ghastly white – it was merely a reminder of all the suffering she had endured in the past, along with all the scars across her body that she hid beneath her uniform. Her natural color had been far darker, a shade of chestnut brown that was far more standard for a youth of Fodlan, much less an heir to Adrestia’s throne.

The color that bled in, however? Even then, it wasn’t her natural shade. It was brown, yes, but that brown was *far* too dark, and every strand afflicted as if infected by some sort of disease came to both unravel and lengthen. The unraveling wasn’t a sign of any sort of deficiency though. Rather, it was a sign of good health, a natural curl and abundant volume finding itself mixed in, never becoming curly but far more durable than the frail, pale strands Edelgard had possessed beforehand. The color inevitably swept through the entirety of her mane, which meant that eventually?

“What in my father’s name is going on here!?” Eventually, Edelgard would notice it. She immediately snatched up a handful of the

hair, shocked at how dark and luscious it was – and at the familiarity of it all. Not even just the color and sway, but the *scent*. She knew this fragrance but did not use it herself, for it was a special import Dorothea received from her friends at the opera company. **The orphan, Alphonse, had been sending it to her every month since she had enrolled in Garreg Mach, and—**

“Alphonse? Had Dorothea ever mentioned his name to me?”

Her green eyes went wide and quivered in slight. Her hair, her memories? Something was very wrong here, and El was concerned that she had already been swept up in it to the point that it could not be prevented. As if to mock this realization, it could even be seen in her facial structure. Her forehead broadened, yet remained hidden beneath her bangs, while her hair’s design became generally more angular.

What stood out most prominently when this shift had completed was both the shape and sizing of her nose and mouth, for the former was drawn to a longer point, and the latter? Lips seemed almost impossibly plump and pouty, her resting expression one that beckoned the lips of any man, or other woman, that might come across her. **“This cannot be happening... Am I becoming Dorothea? Did a spell cause this?”** A changing voice likewise supported her assumption. But no. She hadn’t actually casted a spell, and it weren’t as if any she’d looked at would turn her into her friend? With the book open on her lap, she still hadn’t noticed the glowing gem, but when she stood up in a start and knocked it from her lap? Its presence was known. **“Wait, what is this...?”**

Still panicked but keeping a measured cool as was expected of the one that would inevitably inherit Adrestria’s throne, she knelt down in an attempt to pick the book up – only to be met with the discomfort of the back of her shorts tightening dramatically against her rear. No, it wasn’t merely her shorts! Her entire ensemble felt far too tight, like her body was outgrowing her own costume at an alarming pace. Because much of her uniform was a single piece, from the shorts to her top (*the sleeves were actually a jacket thrown overtop*), they were sensitive to any sort of change in Edelgard’s sizing. If she gained any weight typically, she would be able to feel it in her one-piece’s pull.

This became problematic because it felt as if her body was being pulled in every which direction, and with a strength that saw the shorts yanked into her coochie and her shoulders crunch as it felt like her outfit was being torn which her body as the medium for doing so. **“What on—Am I growing!? No... I am...”** Through grit teeth she made her observations aloud, landing on the common-sense answer that aligned with her previous assumption. If she truly was becoming Dorothea, then Dorothea was a full twelve centimeters taller than El. One didn’t need to

be familiar with math nor clothing to know that these calculations just would *not* add up in a comfortable way.

KRCK... KRRRRCK...

It only took a handful of centimeters, for example, for her attire to begin to shred as she climbed upwards in size. Pulled from the shoulders and her hips alike, the point of weakest resistance was ultimately around her belly – and as fibers frayed? They soon split completely, separating the top and shorts gloriously as her belly was left bare and exposed. Edelgard did not like exposing herself because of her plethora of scars, but beyond her notice? Her skin had become blemish free, smooth without any wounds whatsoever.

“Oh!?” Breathing a sigh of relief for the separated clothing had alleviated the most severe of the discomfort, it was perhaps the moment where she had sounded most like Dorothea thus far. Sporting her hair, her face, and now her impressive height of one-hundred and seventy centimeters, she was looking more and more like her friend as time wore on. Except... perhaps not quite exactly how Edelgard had remembered her.

With the burst in height had come something of a wear to her face. Pores deteriorated, the look of her skin grew subtly rougher, and there was just something about her appeal that spoke to a slightly greater age. Along with that height, she had sped up into her mid-twenties with hair cascading even more magnificently down her back.

It was becoming difficult to dislike what was happening, though. Her loins felt warm, and there was no small part of her that was anticipating Dorothea’s gratuitous curves to bleed into her once lackluster frame. The woman’s memories had become a jumbled mess, for she could picture what her bosom should have looked like were she to look down, and that was somehow even larger than what she had once remembered of the songstress’ frame.

“Please... she’s going to be here soon!” Who was going to be here soon? The object of her affections? Considering the neediness in her voice as she massaged her tiny tits through torn clothes, that made the most logical sense as her memories re-aligned. Memories of a commoner’s upbringing, of coming to Garreg Mach, of having her heart shattered during the war, and having it repaired by a single woman. The one she was waiting for. *The very same Byleth both Edelgard and Dorothea had equally been fawning over.*

Beneath the less than tender touch of her elongated fingers, decorated with even longer nails that would not have suited her as an axe wielder, a swell began to swirl beneath her erect nipples. As her arousal built, so did her curves, not only just her breasts. It all caused even greater difficulty for her outfit, as her torn top was lifted up to reveal the underside of her swelling tits, or as her shorts were spread wide by widening hips and a bulging, bubbling ass that would put most others to shame. Even her crimson leggings tightened around her thighs as the taut flesh of a woman far more abundant and supple than Edelgard had ever hoped to be replaced the muscles she had earned for her future plans.

But were those truly *her* plans?

Everything that belonged to her – that belonged to Edelgard – now felt fleeting, like she was merely an observer that had chosen to contribute to those goals. Sure, the war had been hard-fought and plenty had been lost, but considering how much she loathed Fodlan’s classist system as a commoner’s daughter, *Dorothea Arnault* would not regret the choices she’d made.

For now, though, she was focused on the one thing that made her happy. She wasn’t sure how she’d come to be robed in the outfit the Emperor had worn five years ago as a student, or how it had been shredded, but her beloved would soon appear. At that thought, she couldn’t help but continue to play with her body. If anyone walked in, it likely would have looked like she was engaged in some sort of sexual, *Edel-play*. So it was fortunate that the gem, which she had readily forgotten about as memories had reshaped, blessed her by stripped away they scraps and leaving her clad in dark brown lingerie.

She loved Byleth more than anything, she would do the utmost to make sure her once professor left the bedroom satisfied. And then they would fall asleep in one another’s arms, with Dorothea snuggling up to Byleth’s muscles, and in the morning, she would put on a half-naked dance for her beloved. In the end, it really was everything that Edelgard had wanted. And, as she’d wanted, it hadn’t hurt Dorothea either.

As she and the future Dorothea had become one in the same.

“**Dorothea!? Whoa...**” Eventually her partner arrived and was quite flabbergasted by the sight she’d walked in on. Not unpleasantly surprised though, she made that quite clear as she slowly approached, stripping down while her scar-soaked flesh glistened under the torchlight. As she straddled the songstress, rubbing her clit against Dorothea’s own, the two exchanged those sacred word. “**I love you.**”