

CHEER OF GARREG MACH

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The holiday season had fallen upon the halls of Garreg Mach, and yet there was very little to be celebrated overall.

It was clear that some of the religious and children that still used the monastery and school as their shelter and home had decorated here and there, but there were no parties, no planned gift-giving celebrations, basically nothing of the sort. Could they really be blamed? They *were* in the middle of wartimes, and it was a war that had been raging for *five* years by this point in time.

The monastery had been occupied by the Adrestian Empire under Edelgard von Hresvelg for some time now, and in the recent months the long missing Byleth Eisner had even returned to them. The tides of the war had *finally* begun to change, but just because the holidays had arrived, that did not mean the war was on pause. **“In fact, I’m wary that the remnants of Lady Rhea’s Church will use the holidays as a cover to attack.”**

Edelgard herself had expressed these concerns at their most recent strategy meeting, and as always the others that sat at the table accepted her rationale. They *had* been attacked by enemies in the past over the holidays, so it wasn’t exactly flimsy reasoning. But when that news got back to the children in Garreg Mach’s continued orphanage, there had been something of an outcry. The kids just wanted to experience the holidays authentically. Just a small break from the war, even if it was just a simple dinner party!

“If only Miss Dorothea was in charge! Remember when she organized a party for us five years ago?” One of the kids had suggested. Dorothea *had* taken charge of the festivities the first year, but the war was still in its preliminary stage and there weren’t as many active battles going on as all of the factions were organizing their forces. It made sense that the kids would look back on that year fondly. But what they *didn’t* know was that one of the ornaments on the shoddily put together tree in the orphanage was magic.

And that it had begun to glow according to their desires.



“Erm...? Which door did I just walk through?” Edelgard von Hresvelg had been doing her rounds across Garreg Mach to check in on all the guard outposts, not only to make sure that there were no vulnerabilities in their defenses but to also deliver a voucher for a holiday meal from the cafeteria. She wasn’t stifling the festivities to be *cruel*; she just couldn’t risk losing anyone just because she let things

become more lax for a day or two.

The emperor had been on her way to the next outpost when she passed through a doorway, only to find herself in the *orphanage* – namely the common area where a holiday tree had been set up. The issue was that it was on the *opposite* side of the monastery from where she had been, and looking around? Aside from things being strangely quiet, something was *off*.

Emperor or not, she visited the orphanage every couple of weeks, if not more. It was frequent enough to know what the common area should have looked like. Not only was the furniture arranged differently from the last time she had been there, but several points of damage to the walls and floor that had arisen over the years were *gone*? **“It’s almost like I’ve gone back in time...”**

Well... She didn't realize how *correct* she actually was..

But in terms of focus, she was about to have a *very* difficult time trying to question her circumstances. There were *already* signs that something was amiss, even though she wasn't quite able to pick up on them. For example, one look at Edelgard's *eyes* would reveal that something was... *off*. They had always possessed a dull purple coloration and yet speckles of a vivid turquoise had emerged against that violet backdrop. While there were only a few at first, these speckles soon multiplied until they *completely* replaced the original color.

And yet, even *more* happened not only to her eyes, but her face as a whole. While it was a much subtler shift in the grand scheme of things, the shapes of her eyelids appeared to round so that they almost appeared more expressive, even giving off the impression that the woman was slightly *younger*? It wasn't like she'd been particularly old; she was only 23, but they somehow made her look closer to *eighteen*?

A trend that continued as her skin was not only rejuvenated but stretched, because her jaw was being pulled farther away from her forehead to give its shape a longer appearance. There was no doubt that Edelgard continued to appear younger, but aside from the overall facial shape, it continued to trend in a way that didn't even make her look *like* Edelgard. Fuller, pinker lips were on the angle, as was a more angular nose. "*Hm...*" Even the hum of her voice sounded *off* and yet... *familiar*.

Not that Edelgard herself seemed to pay it any mind. In fact, the ignorance she would ultimately show throughout the ordeal almost seemed to be intentional which, while it was, it certainly was not that way of her own accord. Had she been able to notice, she surely would have noticed the sound of her voice. "**What was I doing...?**" Much less the *weight* of her *hair*.

Streaks of a chestnut brown had begun to emerge against a pinkish silver that had long ago been painted through tragic suffrage at the hands of Those Who Slither in the Dark. Her original hair color had long been lost, but this brown came back in its place while the rolls it had been bound into at the sides of her head began to come undone. They unraveled because her browned hair was growing long *and* thicker, and as a result its original style could no longer be contained. Little by little it flipped back and fell down, sooner than later reaching the base of her ass.

But it then crept *higher* on her back? "**Hm? And what's wrong with my outfit!?**" Edelgard probably wouldn't have sounded that *casual* if nothing was actually wrong, right? And yet, she asked her question with so much energy as she tugged at her usual gown. A usual gown that

usually fit her perfectly, but the issue was that it *didn't* anymore. Take the area around her chest, for example. She didn't consider herself to be all *that* large when it came to her breasts, though what she wore *did* make her look larger. Even so, the bosom of her gown felt *extraordinarily* tight, almost as if her breasts had grown two whole cup sizes!

...Which was *exactly* what had happened. The crimson fabric surrounding them was *clearly* straining if you looked at it from the outside. The fabric was too firm to fray, but her bosom did look like it wanted to *burst* out, and it wasn't even *alone*. Beneath her skirt her ass and thighs had bloated with a similar vigor, becoming soft and spongy as the muscles her body had honed melted to give her build that was firm in the right places, but soft where most women that cared about their looks *wanted* to be soft.

If her attire didn't *already* have difficulty fitting, then these conditions certainly didn't improve when she began to grow *upwards* as well. The long sleeves and gloves she'd been wearing had done a good job of concealing a number of minor changes, like her fingers and nails growing longer, or the scars that ran down those limbs being evened out so that her skin became smooth and blemish-free. But more and more skin was exposed thanks to her limbs and torso growing longer. It wasn't like she had grown just a *little* bit, either.

She'd *been* 5'2" – which hadn't necessarily been an imposing height for an emperor. But she'd so quickly shot up to be 5'7", and at that point even the slightest of movements would have torn *something*. Then it was probably a good thing that she wasn't really doing much moving in the first place. It was kind of like she'd just *frozen up*, not at all capable of processing what was going on for a brief spell. Her faculties would resume moments later, but not before the burden of her undersized attire was taken away.

Instead? With the spitting image of a girl that was her dear friend, just... *younger*, she'd been dressed in something a little more fitting *and* festive. A holiday dress with a neckline so low that her ample cleavage was on full display, with brown cups nestled between red sleeves that hung off her shoulders with white cotton trim. Black, translucent gloves ran under those sleeves, whereas the red continued down over a green underskirt. The red overskirt had white snowflake and crescent designs etched into it, and she wore fishnets over black tights and red heels. Holly hair ornaments rested on the sides of her head as well, matching with golden bangles, a star necklace, and similar ornaments that hung from her waist.

And just like that, she could recall what she was doing perfectly well.

“Hm... I think everything is decorated well enough, and the *winter envoy* looks as good as ever!” *Dorothea Arnault*, dressed in the colors of the holidays, did a sexy little pose for no one other than herself after looking at the orphanage common area. She had put a *lot* of work into setting everything up, but it would *definitely* be worth it! **“Since this is the first year of the war, hopefully I can make it special enough for the kids to forget about things for a little while...”** She was going to put on a performance for them and everything!



The desires that the children would express five years later, as it turned out, had launched the present-day emperor into the past, creating the Dorothea that would run that Christmas party. Nothing would be compromised in the past nor the present, and time would flow as normal... after the new Dorothea lived the next five years to get caught up, after all. She was just none the wiser to what had happened to her.

**“Now I just need to wait for the kids to get back from choir!
They’re going to be so surprised!”**

She was so full of holiday cheer that she just *had* to spread!