

NUVELLE ABROAD

COMMISSION STORY

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When it came to video games, I had a bad habit of being *extremely* late to the party.

I could blame the fact that I was a man that was always *very* busy with work, so I didn't have as much time for my hobbies as I otherwise would have liked. And in a sense? That *was* the reason. But that didn't really justify why I was often late to playing games that were *five* to *ten* years old by the time I got around to playing them. Which was usually (and understandably) *well* past when they were at the height of their popularity. There wasn't much of a community to get involved with, and so those games usually ended up being for me and me alone.

...Which evidently seemed to be for the best considering my current fixation. It wasn't just the entry I was presently playing; it had only been a year since I had first gotten into *Fire Emblem* at all. A friend of mine had gotten me onto playing the GBA game that was on Nintendo Switch Online's service, and I'd been immediately hooked by the turn based tactical gameplay and quirky characters. At my pace, it had taken me a little while to beat it.

But then I moved onto the next, and the next, and the one after that. I ended up peddling through 5 or 6 over them over the course of that following year. It had certainly been an enjoyable experience, though as someone who liked older games even I couldn't help but be amused by things like Awakening's character models having no feet, or the unusual bathing and touch mechanics they added to the Fates games. It struck me that, at least for a while, they had been desperate to make the Fire Emblem games 'mainstream'.

That led me to the one I was *currently* playing through. *Fire Emblem: Three Houses*. While not the most recent game in the series, it was still a modern iteration where a lot of the wisdom the developers had learned over the past few games could clearly be seen. It struck a much better balance of tactical gameplay and character bonding moments. The writing was sharper, and there was depth to the support system that I hadn't seen in any of the other games. *Surely* they kept that up in the following game?

...If only I knew.

My experience with Three Houses thus far had been *interesting*. On the advice of my friend, I had played through its DLC before anything else. As he described it, doing so would unlock extra characters within the main game. I had done just that at the cost of my general story comprehension. There was *clearly* lore alluded to that I was in no position to properly grasp, so the emotional payoff at the end probably wasn't there.

I *did* meet some interesting characters, though. One standout was *Constance von Nuvelle*, a member of the Ashen Wolves who was the last in her family line... because everyone else had been killed. Not only was she desperate to restore her family's standing in whatever way she could, but she also had a dual personality disorder that was dependent on whether or not she was in the light or the darkness. She became much more lethargic and self-deprecating in the light, while in the dark she had a smug, far more ojou-like persona.

Constance alone had made it worth playing through the DLC, because apparently you couldn't recruit her in the main story if you hadn't endeavored into the Abyss. While their integration wasn't ground breaking or anything like that, it was still a nice glimpse into her character to get her supports, see her interact with the other characters, and even... have tea with her?

That was an aspect of the game I had mixed feelings with. **"I guess I'll ask Constance out for tea again."** As one of the school phase mechanics, you were allowed to invite the students to have tea with you. Depending on your choices during that tea time? You could increase your bond with them and raise their support level more quickly as a result. It was fun conceptually, but I didn't like how it felt like a forced dating segment at times. Though, it was still preferable to touching the characters (as had been the case in Fates).

During *this* teatime session, however, something *odd* happened. I'd had tea with Constance enough to think I'd triggered all of her dialogue strings until the story presumably had its timeskip. But the blonde said

something I hadn't heard before. **"I look forward to you aiding in the restoration of House Nuvelle in *your* world as well."** It didn't *seem* like she was talking to the playable character, Byleth. And she'd looked into the camera? Almost like she was talking to *me*. It had been a little eerie, but I just exited the tea time... or *tried*.

"Uh..." At first, I had just expected to load back into Garreg Mach as quickly as the game normally did, yet thirty seconds past and the loading progress bar didn't move at *all*. **"That's... weird. Did the game glitch?"** It hadn't even occurred to me that there was a strange, tingling sensation spreading into my hands from the Pro Controller I was holding. Nor that it slowly moved into the *rest* of my body as I stood to reset the console.

I made it as far as the Switch Dock beside my old television, but didn't get the chance to actually try holding down the button. I had reached out *to* do so, only to tilt my head with confusion as I caught sight of the hand I had been reaching with. **"What? That's..."** I pulled it back and raised it into a clearer view. I *knew* what my hands looked like. They weren't exactly strong looking, but they'd been masculine enough. But my hand as I was staring at it in that moment? My fingers were small, dainty, and the fingernails I usually bit were *long* and *manicured*? **"That's not my hand?"**

Unsure of what I was looking at, I raised my other hand to find that it looked *similar*, though there was a freckle on its back that wasn't on the other one. I felt a little unsteady on my feet too, though at the time I had subconsciously written it off as just being off balance because of *shock*. That *wasn't* the case, however. The feet within my socks, much like my hands, had become a little smaller. My toes were dainty, and my heel was round. There was one term that could have universally described the appearance of my hands and feet alike.

Feminine.

I turned my hands over in front of me several times, not even considering the possibility that it could have happened to my feet as well. **"Why do they look like a girl's?"** *A girl's hands or not, they are still the hands of a noble, however!* That had been a *very* weird thing to think. Thinks like 'nobility' certainly didn't matter in this modern age, and I didn't even know my own ancestry in any meaningful way? And yet, as outlandish as it was, I felt a strange sense of *pride* welling up from within me, even though it was grounded in literally *nothing*.

"This is... Something is *wrong*, right!?" My eyes went wide as I heard a noticed a note of my voice had sounded both *high* and *familiar*.

Where had I heard that sound before? It must have been very *recent*... On the other hand, my eyes widening so much made it easier to see that my irises had brightened to a blue that bore a hint of violet within its hue as well. “**What did my voice...? A-Ah?**” It only took a few more spoken words for me to realize the worst case scenario. It hadn’t been a momentary trick of my ear. My voice just *sounded* like that now, and it sounded like a *maiden’s* voice. I was practically *stunlocked* by every realization I had, making it easier for my body to change more dramatically with little reaction on my part.

Case in point? My Adam’s apple had smoothed away, and my once masculine face didn’t really look like all that much of a mismatch with the new sound of my voice. Shortly after the *colors* of my eyes had changed, their shapes had both narrowed and rounded too. Even as I blinked, my eyelashes fluttered a little longer, enhancing the femininity of a gaze that sat upon a face that became more and more like a young woman’s in various ways.

“**Why in the world do I sound so...?**” I didn’t finish my sentence in this instance because my lips felt a little heavier, but I wrote it off. Even though they were thicker and poutier, something was happening to me *mentally* that was quickly assimilating me into accepting what was happening. My nose twitched as my nostrils narrowed and the bridge shortened, my cheeks narrowed and my jaw softened – all in service of given me a pretty, albeit youthful and *feminine* visage. Not only did I *look* like I was around *eighteen* again, I truly was. Any memories from beyond that year in my mind were just *gone*.

My short hair had begun to lengthen in the interim, but what was probably more notable from my own perspective was my *height*. I was clearly *shrinking*, leaving my attire to grow baggier as my stature dipped down to 5’5” – an average height, of course, for a *girl* of my new age. This loss of height left my smaller hands and feet in a more reasonable state, for they better matched up with my vertical size. But while shrinking? My knees had also buckled vaguely courtesy of my hips swinging wide, contrary to the sight of my waistline slimming several inches in the process.

By the time I’d stopped shrinking? My hair had grown to my shoulders, though it carried a glossier appearance that had lightened to blonde along with the scent of blueberries due to a change of shampoo and conditioner. My bangs were puffy and curled in towards my eyes now, while the bangs that framed the *sides* of my face had curiously curled into drill-like ringlets. The person I looked like was becoming *increasingly* obvious. The issue was that it wasn’t something for me to *observe* as much as it was something I was beginning to believe had *always* been the case.

“*Hm...*” I hummed with uncertainty to myself as I pondered things to myself. Was something *amiss*? It was a little difficult to *think*, truthfully, which was likely why I had a hard time sensing that my genitalia were yanked into my loins, forging a new *woman*’s *pussy* lips and the womb you’d expect a proper girl to have. The pubes that remained behind lowered slightly on my pelvis and, already lightened to blonde, were trimmed *very* neatly.

Too lost in my own head by this juncture, well... I *already* hadn’t noticed that my clothing was too big. It wasn’t that surprising that I didn’t register how the folds shifted further as key aspects of my figure swelled to ‘eighteen year old girl’ perfection. My broadened hips evidently served an ultimate purpose, permitting the space necessary for my thighs and ass to swell with delightful vigor. Cheeks that had once been *pretty* flat had bubbled into a round and enticing peach shape that pushed out the back of my pants, while the plumpness of my thighs didn’t *quite* fill my pant legs, but made their shapes a little more apparent.

I was clearly fitter. You could vaguely make out the abs upon my narrowed tummy, but there was no reason to scrutinize them once the front of my shirt began to push forward. “*Mm...*” I mumbled a sensual sound as my nipples, puffier and more sensitive than they’d ever been, rubbed against my shirt’s interior while weight pooled beneath them. This weight stretched my skin into mounds where none had been before, but then *bounced* as the additional fat all appeared at once, forcing my new, unbound C-cups to jiggle energetically.

“**The restoration of House Nuvelle...**” That seemed to be the thought that crossed my mind at the end of the line, as the loading bar on my screen *finally* hit 100% before the Switch turned off altogether. The second the console shut off? It was like someone had slapped me awake and I looked around in a panic. “**What? I...**” Why did I feel so *bizarre*? Looking down, why did my clothing not fit? Why was I dressed like a *man*?

As *Constance von Nuvelle*, I would never dress in something like this! ...Providing I wasn’t wearing my partner’s clothing, and even then – I was single, was I not? The photo reel in my now blue smartphone within a *very* regal case would attest to that! I certainly was in no place to notice, but my very reality had been altered to match my new



‘goals’. While the rest of my bedroom looked the same, for example, my bedroom was now what you’d expect from a semi-wealthy, eighteen year old girl.

My parents, the last remaining members of House Nuvelle aside from myself, had passed away in a car accident when I was little. I’d made it my life’s mission to restore my family’s good name, and of course? That meant eventually finding a partner to take that name in matrimony. **“But if I’m to further the Nuvelle bloodline, I cannot stay single forever!”** What was there not to like about me? ...Well, most dates took place outside, and my personality became quite *gloomy* in the sunlight.

I also needed to make sure I got high grades so that I could spread my influence throughout this world. Just like in the game! ...It was certainly curious that there was a game that had me *and* my family name within it, though. Could I sue Nintendo for some sort of infringement of likeness? With the money, I could certainly begin to build my empire! ...I truly did *not* have a clue about what had just happened to me, did I?

In terms of short term goals, however... **“Ugh. Before I do anything else, I should get changed into something more comfortable. And less... smelly.”** I still hadn’t the foggiest clue where I’d even gotten those clothes, much less when I’d put them on. But it was an easy enough issue to tackle! **“Now, should I dress up and walk down to the mall? Perhaps I could catch the eye of a dashing man or pretty lady...”**

So long as they didn’t want to go *outside*, at least.