

HEALER DOUBLE DOWN

COMMISSION STORY

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Hortensia was having some... *regrets*.

After both Yunaka and Citrinne had disappeared, the governing forces at the Somniel had been in disarray. Without any clues, the Divine Dragon had been forced to split their forces into smaller parties and had them fan out across the surrounding continent in search of their potential captors. There wasn't a lot to work off aside from the assassin's unusual appearance, but it was so unusual that it was actually a somewhat decent lead. If not for the fact that they had no idea which direction she'd gone off in...

None of the parties had expected to find a lead. In fact, the chances were astronomically low that any individual person would uncover the truth. The assassin was *very* skilled. She'd covered her tracks well. And yet? Despite the implausibility, it was Princess Hortensia of Elusia that had ended up making some headway. In a *very* unlikely encounter, she'd come across a villager that claimed to have seen a woman with that very description sneaking into a cave with a blonde prisoner in tow.

In retrospect, it had been an *obvious* trap. It was a little *too* lucky, particularly when it had come from the mouth of the very first person she'd spoken to in the village, and that villager had seemingly sought her off to tell her. The princess's heart was in the right place. She'd been just as desperate to find their missing friends as anyone else was. She was also one of the army's *youngest* members. She was effectively still a kid compared to everyone else (barring Anna).

She was inexperienced and prone to not considering things that the older members might have.



“Ugh...” Those regrets of hers began the *moment* that she opened her eyes. The back of her head was throbbing, and the view of her surroundings certainly painted a worst-case scenario. There was very little light, and whatever light she *could* see came from torches flicking outside of the *prison bars* she was trapped behind. Once she pieced together the *kind* of environment she was in, the groggy memories of how she had ended up there fell into place.

Unwilling to wait for reinforcements, Hortensia had run with the lead that the villager had provided her with and stormed the cavern with the two soldiers she had come to the village with in the first place. She hadn’t considered that it was a trap, but it *was*. The ‘villager’ she had spoken to had actually been the assassin in disguise, but without her clownish makeup she had effectively been unrecognizable to a princess that had nothing else to go off of.

After exploring the cave and a portion of the tunnels it connected to, she’d heard the soldiers with her scream out and, in tandem, she’d been struck in the back of the head. She must have fallen unconscious from the impact and then dragged into the cell she had awoken in. **“Oh no...”** Once this reality struck, she pushed herself up off the ground in a hurry. She had to look for a way out! She was in the hands of the enemy!

“Oh? Look who’s finally awake, dear.”

“So adorable! I can’t wait to see her expression when she realizes!”

Perhaps because she was so groggy, paired with the dim lighting in the cell, Hortensia hadn’t realized that she was *actually* alone until the two women had spoken. They stepped out of the shadows – a buxom woman with purple hair, with the assassin she’d been searching for practically hanging off of her. **“Y-You! What did you do with Yunaka and Citrinne!? What about the soldiers that were accompanying me!?”**

“I think you should be more worried about *yourself*. Or have you not noticed your outfit?” It was Sonia that replied with a smirk.

“And that throbbing in your head is gone already, right? Thank Lord Sombron for that! I was the same before my own rebirth, but you’ll soon realize that you have *plenty* to thank him for!” At the mention of her outfit, the princess looked down to find herself dressed in something that made her blush a deep red.

It was a white outfit with a generous cleavage cutout. It was trimmed with gold and did *not* fit her small body. It had clearly been designed for a woman that was *significantly* taller and fuller-figured than she was, with only golden ropes that had been adjusted around her waist holding up the slitted skirt. One wrong move and she’d probably end up showing more of her body than she wanted to considering its ill fit. **“Wh-What do you mean by that!? I’d never thank the Fell Dragon! G-Give me back my clothes!”**

Kronya gave Sonia’s arm a tug as if to suggest they should leave. **“Don’t worry. Opinions *can* change. But don’t let us keep you! We know how important privacy is for this sort of thing!”** As the two women turned their backs to leave the prison room, the assassin looked over her shoulder to leave Hortensia with an additional message. **“Besides, who’s to say that what your wearing doesn’t belong to you? Considering it your first gift from Lord Sombron!”**

As much as Hortensia wanted to retort, the two disappeared before she could say anything. She was left to tug at the outfit she’d been dressed in while skimming the sides of the cell for her old dress. Not only did it not seem to be there, but she realized that something else Kronya had said was true. She had woken up with a splitting headache from being struck, but that pain was gone without any healing magic being cast. How?

She was quick to realize that things were even worse than she’d initially realize. It wasn’t like there was a *numbness* or anything like that, but the girl’s face felt *tingly*. Tingly enough for her to raise a hand to press fingers against it here and there. **“...Huh? Whath...?”** Her words were affected by a subtle lisp as she pressed an index finger against her lips. They felt fuller; she could feel them *getting* fuller, forcing her resting expression to distort into a smirking pout after they nearly *tripled* in their swell.

“My lipth!?” Had she been stung by a bee? *Poisoned!*? It was neither of these things, and neither of them would have brought about the related changes of her nose’s bridge lengthening, her nostrils flaring, or her big, youthful eyes *narrowing* upon her face. Piece by piece, her visual identity was distorted in ways that made her look like a different person, one with a rounder, fuller, and prettier face. But also one with a face that gave the impression of someone much *older*.

Hortensia had only *been* fourteen. The rest of her body was still the body of a *fourteen* year old. But her face? By the time the painted heart under her right eye had faded away, she looked like she was at *least* thirty. It gave quite an unusual impression when compared to her figure. Or, well, her lack *of* a figure. This was an issue that would be treated in time, but that time wasn't quite there yet. **"Wh-Wh-What's happening to me!? WHY DO I SOUND LIKE THIS!?"**

The curse that had been cast upon her clothes had seeped into her vocal chords, giving her a voice that felt more befitting of a woman that was much more likely to be an adult. Deep and somewhat sultry, it hit her ears wrong in a way that made her a little *uncomfortable* at first. The curse was already working on her hair at the same time, though. Overall, it *remained* purple.

However, it wasn't quite the *same* either. That purple dulled, and her white streaks darkened to the very same tone as the rest. Her bangs were gradually pushed to the sides to show off basically her entire forehead, revealing that her eyebrows had become short and thin at the same time. Because she had been changed out of her usual clothes, her hair was *already* hanging loose behind her. That said, it only reached a few inches past her shoulders.

Or *should* have. **"Hm~? My hair? ...Hm?"** It grew out, becoming significantly wavier until a bluer purple tickled the tips past her waist, but even though noticing this was what had prompted her to speak, she seemed to be more troubled by her words? Well, it was more a matter of the general reaction she'd given. **"...Why am I not as alarmed?"** Hortensia had rightfully been *freaking out* before, but now? There was a strange *curiosity*.

Almost an... *excitement*?

To those ends, she ended up *licking her fuller lips* with anticipation once it clicked that her smaller body was finally beginning its *adjustment* period. She'd wobbled on her feet for a moment as her balance was compromised, and the overly loose fit of her new dress began to pull *up* so that the skirt in the back wasn't pooled so much on the floor beneath her. In fact, it was steadily hoisted up.

Teenager or not, Hortensia had only *been* 4'11". She'd always had a lot of growing up to do if she even hoped to even *rival* her older sister, Ivy, in height. Ivy always told her that she'd probably hit her growth spurt when she was around fifteen or sixteen years old like she had, but... **"I see. I suppose my 'growth spurt' is coming early?"** Could it really be considered a 'growth spurt' if it was happening artificially, however?

The way that white and gold outfit had hung off her initially, it had been plenty clear that the princess would have needed to do a *lot* of growing up for her body to fit properly inside of. Which was exactly what was happening. She quickly shot up and over the 5'0" mark, and as the cloth around her stomach was pulled tighter? She realized that the bulk of what she was wearing was *technically* a leotard with a series of cut-outs to maximize how much skin was revealed.

"Still, this is a little *inconvenient*." As Hortensia grew, her fingers grew longer along with her nails, but she had to direct them to tug here and there to make sure her clothes didn't fit uncomfortably or dig *into* things she didn't want them to. It didn't help that her growth wasn't *strictly* vertical. If she was to grow to fill her attire and match the age that her face suggested, then it made sense that her shoulders would broaden and her hips even *more* so.

5'3". That wasn't where her height *stopped*, but it was about how tall she had become by the time her hips had finished swinging out an extra *five* inches. That space had been *necessary*, because her lower body began to bloat. Her ass pushed the back of her skirt out as it swelled, and her ass crack became a place where her finger ended up exploring more than she probably would have liked thanks to how the leotard kept slipping into its deepening crevice.

Those cheeks jiggled, each one bigger than her own face – which gave the curvature of her back quite the dramatic flair. With a smirk, the woman eventually brought her free hand down on one of her *thighs* to watch a paled imprint force the flesh around it to jiggle. **"I *can't* exactly say that I have any complaints about *this*, though."** Her thighs had doubled, no, *tripled* in thickness. They were incredibly plush and rubbed up against each other even with her hips so wide.

5'6". Over the course of the time it took her thicc lower half to fill out, she'd grown an additional three inches. Her tummy had softened and bulged *very* slightly just by the merit of all of the weight in her butt and legs. If she'd been that thick there and her belly had been *too* skinny, then she probably would have looked *odd*. This philosophy was about to carry over to her *bosom*, but Hortensia was also reflecting a little on how much she had changed *mentally*.

She would have had a big issue with killing someone for no reason before, but now? If it meant getting her way, she wouldn't shy away from ending someone's life. She felt both powerful *and* mischievous, playing into the name and identity that the clothing was forcing her to inherit. That passive smirk on her lips was one born of her own *amusement*, and she couldn't wait to *amuse* herself in all sorts of new ways soon.

“Here we are...” The healer giggled to herself as she finally felt the cloth around her *chest* start to stretch. She’d been able to see *past* her chest, which felt *wrong* somehow. She’d been anticipating a pair of tits that would dwarf her vision and make it so that she could no longer see her feet, and within moments that anticipation had been proven right. The white fabric that had been pinned flat against her A-cups soon *stretched*.

The cleavage cutout in between them painted a pretty vivid picture of what was happening. Her breasts *had* been small, but fat saw their shapes burgeon out into hills, mountains, and then what could effectively be considered a pair of tiny *planets*. They could only bounce mildly because of the cloth that bound them, but each of her tits was hefty enough to surpass her *head* in size, with her nipples roughly equivalent to her eyes in their own width. The woman playfully cupped them with her hands and gave them a little shake. Just as her height finally peaked at 5’8”.

“Hmm... You know? This isn’t that *bad*. I’m certainly... *well equipped*.” *Loki* couldn’t have made it anymore obvious that she was referring not to her new powers, but instead her *enormous assets*. After all, still frisky from the transformation process, she couldn’t keep her hands *off* of her huge, sensitive tits. She’d thought *Sonia’s* were impressive at the time, but now hers were *even* larger. **“I suppose Lord Somborn really *did* give me a gift.”** The clothes were paltry compared to her tits, ass, and the new powers she possessed.

The powers of a trickster, but
also of a *healer*.

The sound of hand clapping alongside approaching footsteps were what finally convinced her to unhand herself. **“See? We knew you’d eventually see things *our* way. I suppose I don’t need to ask you how you’re feeling?”** It was Sonyi. Kronya wasn’t at her side, and *Loki* found it slightly off-putting that she just seemed to *know* their names despite a lack of



introductions. That must have been Sombron's power at work. **"We needed a powerful healer in the case of a... worst-case scenario. And now that we have one..."**

"You want to finally target the Divine Dragon herself, is that it? Hmm..." Despite her appearances, Loki was an *incredibly* intelligent woman with sharp senses. She'd gleamed that intent from what had happened to her along with Sonia's words. If they wanted a *healer* that badly, it meant they were planning on attacking a high value target. And considering the war, there was only *one* individual worth making a move on of that scale. **"It *could* work. But why don't we use a more *covert* approach? Do you have any more of these clothes? I'm assuming you two were changed the same way."**

She had intuited the cause of her transformation because of Loki's talents with magic. The clothes were cursed in some way. They had to be worn, and the wearer had to be conscious. Only *then* would they take effect. **"Well now, aren't you a sharp one. Yes. We could do that. Are you able to get ready now?"** The sooner the better, as Sonia saw it.

"Mm... No. I have *needs* to see to first. But on that note... have you too considered expanding into a *throuple*? You could meet those needs *now*, and then we could go!"

Maybe *after* she could pick up the rest of her outfit? She still had to do her hair and cover her legs, after all!