

NOT AS DOWN BAD ARCHBISHOP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Oh, joyous day! I haven’t been this excited in a long time!”

Monica von Ochs was by no means a negative nor antisocial person. It wasn’t unusual at all to find her chatting it up with her fellow soldiers, sometimes trying to brighten the mood when others would not. If her peers had any real complaints about her behavior, those complaints likely would have related to the *subject matter* of her conversations a lot of the time. It wasn’t that she was unpleasant to talk to by any means, it was more that she had something of an *obsession*.

And it was with their leader, Edelgard von Hresvelg, to boot. Even a blind man would have no problems seeing it, that Monica was absolutely head over heels in love with Adrestia’s new ruler. She made a point to bring up Edelgard at every possible moment and had a penchant showing visible irritation towards other members of the army that got close to her, like Hubert or Shez. You didn’t need a ‘Monica Starter Guide’ to understand what these factors contributed towards.

In a humorous twist to these circumstances, perhaps the only person in the entire army that hadn’t noticed Monica’s feelings was the source of them in the first place. Perhaps it was because she was affection impaired in her own way, Edelgard was utterly incapable of noticing that Monica was *down extremely bad* for her. But it didn’t really matter to the redhead. She was content with how things were.

Part of the reason she had been so excited that morning was that she had been provided a rare opportunity. A rare opportunity to see her beloved Edelgard in a completely new environment: a hot spring! **“If I want her all to myself, I need to get to her before Dorothea does, though!”** Edelgard all wet and in a towel, with disheveled hair...



“H-Huh!?” Monica had been off daydreaming in her own tent about things she probably *shouldn’t* have been daydreaming about (namely a rather lewdly designed Edelgard) when the world around her just seemed to *shift*? What had been her tent early in the morning had turned into an eerily familiar set of quarters. A small bedroom with a canopy bed attached to a larger room with a big desk before a set of windows.

The architecture of the walls and floor... **“I’m in Garreg Mach!?”** She could *only* be in the school, right? It had been a couple of years since she had last attended in any formal capacity, but she had definitely spent long enough on campus to be able to tell from a glance.

Even the shapes of the door and the mats on the stone floor were the same, bearing the insignia of the Church of Seiros. **“Wait, isn’t this *really* bad though!?”**

Edelgard’s forces had turned *against* the Church in the end. They were enemies at war, and so for an ally of Edelgard’s to be present at Garreg Mach was a *big* problem. If she wasn’t killed on sight, then she would *definitely* end up locked up without any way of contacting her allies. She’d basically be *screwed*. Was it possible for her to sneak out? Could she manage to do that somehow?

Speaking of *possibility*, though. **“How did I even end up here? Magic?”** Monica had never heard of a magic like *that* before. As she looked around, however? She began to get a better sense of *where* in the academy she was. That big desk had been the first clue, but after seeing a specific emblem stamp on top of it, it dawned on her. **“...Are these the Archbishop’s quarters?”** So, the *worst possible place* she could be, then.

“Wait, but then where is Rhea?” Warped by a magic she had never heard of before into the Archbishop’s quarters... an Archbishop who was mysteriously missing. **“Oh no!?”** A realization dawned on her. Could Rhea have *switched places* with her? Was she at Edelgard’s camp now!? She had to warn her somehow! This renewed Monica’s motivation to escape, and she moved towards the door without any care for a plan. If someone got in her way? She’d just *mow them down* if it meant reaching Edelgard sooner!

She reached out to grab the handle of the door but ended up stopping just a few inches shy of *actually* doing so. **“N-No, I shouldn’t leave. I have too much work to attend to today, don’t I? W-Wait, what am I saying!?”** The redhead hadn’t *intended* on saying any of that, or at least the first portion. Work? Why was she making it sound like she needed to plop her butt down behind the desk in the back of the room and spend the entire day sifting through the paperwork?

Even though her uncertainty should have lied more with that, not holding up her attempt to leave the room, she ended up dropping her outstretched arm to the side and turning back to look at the desk. **“What am I doing? I can just leave! There’s no reason for me to stay here!”** Monica was so confused that she was no longer quieting her voice to prevent any soldiers on duty from hearing her. Not that it would have mattered anyways.

It felt like she was torn between two ‘correct’ statements. That she had to leave, but also that she had to stay. But she couldn’t parse what any of that meant at all. It was only natural that Monica would become a little bit *dazed* from all this. She seized up and became incapable of deciding about whether or not she should stay or go. Which was effectively a decision to *stay*, if you thought about it. **“I need to...?”** She looked back over at Rhea’s desk in her daze. It was almost as if it was *calling* to her.

But this mental mess was only a small part of what was happening to her. These transpired so early on as an effective means of keeping the woman in place, because if she was caught wandering around as the *rest* of the spell’s effects took place, prying eyes would have led to suspicion and an instability in the world that remained after it was complete. Now that she expressed no open desire flee, everything *visually* could take root.

And the earliest display of this was a change that felt mundane but also *bizarre*. At least if you assumed that Archbishop Rhea was a *human*. Which she was not. That absence of humanity was the only way that you could explain why Monica’s normal, round ears suddenly showed signs of *lengthening*. They stretched into longer tips that drew a few inches

back, visible for the time being only because her hair wasn't long nor thick enough to hide them. At least not *yet*.

Monica's eyes glazed over as soon as making sense of her situation became more or less impossible. As they became glossier and glossier, their colors gradually began to shift too. Their reddish browns lightened. At first, they seemed like they might be taking on a pink, but somewhere in the middle of this shift their hue was adjusted towards a pale green instead. The overall sharpness of this recolored gaze narrowed just as her lashes appear to extend a little longer than they normally were.

That said, her eyes weren't the *only* place where this green emerged. It might not have been the exact same shade and was actually *slightly* more vibrant. But it emerged amidst all of her body's *hair* in kind. Throughout thinned eyebrows, and even a bush of pubic hair that grew a little too *rowdy* for its own good, debatably. "**No, wasn't I...?**" The woman herself felt as if she was onto a potential breakthrough regarding her purpose, but she communicated it through a voice that sounded much more *mature* than normal. And almost unsettlingly *familiar* considering *who* she sounded like. Not that she had drawn a line between the two yet.

Nor would she see a problem with it at this point anyways. Her mind was *already* leaning to one side of the mental tear. The side it *hadn't* started on.

A new sense of identity was settling into place, and as it did? The green from the rest of her settled into the dark red locks upon her head. It painted only a few strands at first, though those that were lightened to this paler green grew and grew until they reached the center of her back. One by one each strand was affected by the same phenomenon until her whole head was full of thick, luscious green hair. Thick enough to properly hide her pointed ears beneath it, in fact.

"I really *do* have to do that paperwork..." The glances that Monica spared towards the desk now carried more purpose behind them, but also a little more *disdain* towards the thought of sorting through anything of that nature. As her expression shifted into something closer to a *glare*, the maturity that her voice conveyed was expressed with an increased vigor throughout her facial features. Her eyes had already matured enough, so it was shown more through swelling lips, a growing nose, and cheeks that slimmed at the sides so that she came to have a longer face overall.

From the neck up? The Ochs girl was the spitting image of the Church's archbishop. It was plain that the rest of her body still had a ways to go to

match, but that was an issue that would be dealt with over the couple of minutes that followed. Well, the rest of her body *and* her outfit. Because she was *definitely* going to need a change of outfit, especially with how much growing she *had* to do in order to match the archbishop aesthetically first. Even though it would be dramatic and *hefty*, the woman that suffered these changes would pay them no mind, though.

If she had been capable of doing so, then she might have the very moment that her white leather pants began to tighten around her lower body. It began with a push – or perhaps a *pull* – that forced the woman's knees to buckle. It was the gait of her hips extending roughly *three* inches wider, something that almost seemed unnecessary, but if you had ever seen the archbishop in her robes then you would understand the necessity.

What *made* it a necessity bled into place not even a few seconds later. It wasn't a 'liquid' in a traditional sense, but the sight of what this fat accomplished elicited comparisons to a balloon, or perhaps even a sponge filling up. Though in this case? It was Monica's *thighs* and *ass* that were filling. The cheeks of the woman's ass didn't remain hidden for long, at least not before their tops peeked out from the hem of the white pants that usually fit neatly under the border of her bodice-style tunic.

But the white leather that formed the pants was hardly able to contain the amount of mass that poured in. Her thighs practically *doubled* in girth, and even the toughest leather's stitching would unwind with enough internal force applied. Porcelain flesh soon peeked through these tears; her lower half a perfect heart shape that bordered something more cartoonish in terms of *thickness*. It also looked a little *too* thick when you considered she was only 5'2".

Her ass and thighs weren't necessarily alone in that regard, either. The Church's archbishop wasn't *as* busty as she was *wide*, but she was certainly bustier than *Monica* had grown to be. That much became clearer thanks to her bodice's cups stretching forward, pulling down her neckline but revealing nothing with how neatly the collar was tied. **"Should I not get into something more comfortable before I work, however?"** It *was* a valid question. Namely because her breasts were now two sizes too big for her cups, and that was *very* uncomfortable.

The clothing malfunction was only amplified once her *height* was *amplified* in kind. She already had a perfect hourglass figure now, but she was so short that it seemed a little uncanny in a way. That wasn't something she really had to worry about anymore. Not as her limbs and torso stretched as she grew *taller*, her top parting from her pants to

show off a tummy that had the slightest bulge and fingers and toes struggled to remain concealed within her gloves and boots now that they were longer by extension.

The woman clicked her tongue, once again on the cusp of commenting on her attire. But she stopped, namely because she had nothing to complain about all of a sudden? Her attire had changed, becoming a long and flowing white dress that pooled around her feet. It was the archbishop's gown, but because it was so early in the morning? She wasn't *fully* robed. She didn't have her cloak nor any of her accessories on just yet. Those were adorned before 10am, when she allowed visitors.

“I suppose I should stop stalling and get to work.” The Archbishop of the Church of Seiros, *Lady Rhea*, stifled a sigh from her lips as she finally sat down behind *her* desk and began to root through the paperwork that had been left for her. She was none the wiser to the fact that she was a product of a changed fate. The *original* Rhea had made a haphazard wish that had transformed her into Monica, whereas the *original* Monica was the green haired woman that occupied her room now.

Neither of them was even remotely aware of this, and wholly believed themselves to have always been who they now were.



So, there was nothing wrong with this, was there? Technically, nothing had changed. Everything was still how it should have been, *right*? As Rhea sat there preparing her work for the day, something *unusual* began to happen. **“Hm...”** Her mind would wander, thinking about Edelgard. If you'd heard the saying 'live rent free in someone's mind', that was how things *should* have been. Rhea hated Edelgard with every fiber of her being. If everything really *was* the same, then that should have been a persistent truth.

“How much longer until I'm able to speak with her again...” Yet, *this* Rhea's heart *yearned* for Edelgard. The war, the anger; it was all a mistake. A fundamental misunderstanding that stood to be corrected. Evidently, not *all* of Monica's desires has been sapped away. The strongest of them, her affection and devotion towards Edelgard, ultimately remained truer than ever. It was affecting how she behaved

and would undoubtedly alter the course of the war from that point on. She now believed things to be more of an extreme *lover's quarrel* than anything. Edelgard definitely did *not* see it that way, however. Which would make for a *very* confusing encounter the next time they met on the battlefield.

“I still carry anger in my heart for her betraying me, but surely we can make it work with a heart to heart!”

Would that *really* be enough to end the war, though?