

A LESSON IN DIVINITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Where could she be? Where could she be...?”

A great deal of *understandable* panic had swept across Somniel over the past twenty-four hours. The Divine Dragon of the Holy Land of Lythos had up and *disappeared* without so much as a goodbye, leaving everyone to assume that a worst-case scenario had taken place. Had Alear been kidnapped? What if she was in danger? Well, it wasn't like there were any immediate threats that might have bothered to carry out a plan like that. The Fell Dragon, Sombron, had been defeated and peace had returned to the land.

The degree of panic expressed by Somniel's residents certainly *varied*. Some weren't really bothered at all, trusting that a warrior as strong as Alear would not be kidnapped so easily. Some were mildly concerned and were waiting for actual evidence that she might have been in danger. While there were those like her attendant, *Framme*, who had not slept a single wink since the news had broken.

**“Heya! You look like you need a good luck charm, Framme!
How about one of these?”**

After searching Somniel's entire perimeter for clues, Framme had hurried back into the city with Alear's personal quarters as her next place of investigation. She had already checked it *several* times, but what if a new clue turned up? What if she had overlooked something? She really *did* feel like she needed a bit of good luck, which was why she ended up succumbing to the offer that had been made to her while passing Anna's shop. **“...You really shouldn't be using something like this to turn a profit, you know?”**

It did seem to be very *Anna* to try and monetize the panic, but Framme didn't know that the girl she had purchased this 'lucky necklace' from *actually* had received that necklace from the very woman she was searching for. Or, well, the person she had *become*. One of Anna's sisters had coincidentally turned up at Somniel the morning before, just as she'd planned on going searching with Alear. It hadn't even struck the original Anna that the two incidents might have been related; she was just happy that her sister was helping her make jewelry to sell!

...Jewelry that unknowingly had Alear's Emblem energy imbued within, because that power had remained in her body even though she had become *an Anna*.

After this short exchange and purchase, the near-deliriously tired Framme continued to Alear's personal quarters after stashing the necklace in the pouch of the pack she wore on her hip. "**I guess we need all the luck we can get...**" It was a comment that had been followed up by a deep yawn while she climbed the stairs up to the Divine Dragon's room. It didn't take long for her to reach it from there.



She was a little surprised to find that the bedroom was empty. Had everyone who was investigating given up on finding a potential lead there? She couldn't really blame them when this would be her *fourth* time combing through the Divine Dragon's things – not that she had many possessions stored there in the first place. She placed her bag beside Alear's bed. "**Well, one more look wouldn't hurt...**" Not realizing that the necklace she'd left in her bag had begun to *glow*.

Framme had been trying her best to stay positive. Nothing bad could have happened to Alear! She would definitely see her again! But probably because she was so *tired*, her mind began to wander. If she never got the opportunity to see Alear again, then what about everything she hadn't been able to do again? She wouldn't be able to wake the Divine Dragon up anymore or help her get dressed!

"**I was never able to finish that book, either...**" She had long since wanted to write a book about the Divine Dragon that she so passionately admired. It would have been a deep dive into Alear's life, including a look at her background, likes, dislikes... practically *everything* about her! She'd planned on asking Alear to help her, to make sure it was all

authentic, you know? **“But if we don’t find her, how could that possibly happen?”**

In the meantime, the necklace within her nearby pack was now glowing brighter – as if it was responding to Framme’s passionate feelings. If Alear’s power *had* somehow been imbued within it, then that made some degree of sense. Perhaps the new Anna hadn’t intended this (and she hadn’t, because she had no memories of who she had been) but that energy sought a new host. A host that could *understand* it, or at least the woman it had once been housed within. Was this what you called *fate*? Perhaps in a way.

But Framme couldn’t have been expected to understand that any of this was going on in the first place, at least not yet. **“Whew! Okay! I feel really motivated all of a sudden!”** Was it because she was overcorrecting for the fact that she’d almost broken down in tears just a moment prior? Perhaps, but it was actually a matter of all of her fatigue just *drying up*. She felt like she’d gotten a full night’s sleep. No, perhaps several days worth?

Incidentally, there was only *one girl* that the attendant knew who slept *that* much.

She was a pretty peppy girl, but it wasn’t just *energy* inspiring her. It was as if her entire outlook had been zapped by an optimism beam and it was now a little easier to look on the bright side, despite how doom and gloom she’d been feeling only moments before. But this boost in her energy and outlook were soon weighed down... literally. **“...Eh?”** The attendant had leaned forward to quickly check the Divine Dragon’s bed after setting her things down nearby, and *as* she’d leaned forward?

Well, it would have been difficult for her *not* to notice that the front of her pink tunic didn’t fit as snugly as it should have. It was still *snug*, mind you, the issue was that it was *too* snug. Gloved hands reached up to tug at the material, but it only took a second for her to decide to pull her gloves *right* off and toss them near her bag. **“Wait...”** With her fingers bare, she was able to properly paw at her own bosom. There wasn’t a bra under her tunic, and so she was immediately struck by the size of the nipples she could make out through the fabric.

“It’s like my chest is bigger...?” Because upon closer inspection? She was *watching* the mounds grow; it was just that this growth was restricted by what she was wearing. The fit of it around her bosom felt relatively uncomfortable, and if they had grown to D-cups or higher than she might have been forced to desperately strip at that moment. Fortunately for Framme, they only grew from perky A-cups to perkier C-cups. Unfortunately for Framme... **“H-How the heck did *that***

happen!?” She had absolutely *zero* context regarding what was going on as a whole.

The girl's level of understanding would *not* improve. In fact, that feeling of tightness migrated downwards in her body just moments after her bosom's swell concluded. Her bare fingers reached behind her, and she arched her back, trying to look at, of all places— **“There too!?”** —her *butt*. It was a *little* bit inappropriate to do so, but that didn't stop her from grabbing at one of her cheeks over her black spats. They'd *definitely* felt tighter behind her and were being tugged down a little. It was pretty clear as to *why* that was no.

Her *butt* was also growing larger. It bubbled with a softness that stole away some of the muscle that had padded her rump before. Framme was a martial artist of sorts despite her small stature, and her legs and butt were far more muscular than her arms despite her attempts to bulk her upper body up in the past. It was then tragic in a sense that while her spats gripped tighter and tighter around thighs that grew a couple of inches thicker, that growth was because some of that muscle had been transitioned into soft fat instead.

“I don't understand... Huh? Divine One? Are you here?” She'd *thought* she'd heard Alear's voice, and the Divine Dragon being found was, in her mind, much more important than whatever strange things were happening to her body. It wasn't until she *thought* about it a little harder that it clicked. **“W-Wait... Was that my voice? Test... Test... ‘Thank you so much, Framme! You're super cool and attractive! Would you like to have tea with me?’.”** Her voice sounded *exactly* like Alear's!? ...Although she wouldn't have said something like *that*. To be yearned after by the Divine Dragon had sort of been a fantasy for the attendant, though.

But how was that possible? How did she sound like the Divine Dragon? Though, now that she had connected one line... the size of her breasts and butt, weren't they *identical* to Alear's? Only someone as dedicated as Framme was would have known such intimate information about her! ...This likely wasn't the time to brag about *that*, though. There was another aspect where her appearance had become similar to Alear's too, mind you: her *height*. Her 5'3" average had slowly crept up to 5'5", which was naturally Alear's height. Because of what she was wearing though, aside from her tunic lifting up very slightly it was difficult to notice.

“Am I becoming the Divine Dragon!?” She was aware that she already had Alear's build, but the girl couldn't have possibly recognized what was going on with her *face* in that moment, namely because Alear didn't keep a mirror in her room. Framme and her brother Clanne

usually wheeled one in to use when they helped her get ready in the morning. Nonetheless, the girl's pale-green gaze had begun to grow all the more vibrant... before the individual colors of those separate eyes went in two different directions hue wise. Her right eye soon brightened to a vivid blue, while the left? A vivid red. Alear had initially turned all of her hair blue after awakening as an Emblem, but...

The Divine One she was becoming didn't actually contain any of that power. She only had what her body was absorbing from the necklace, which was more or less just enough to transform her as it was. **"Ugh... and my head feels kind of...?"** *Heavy* was the best way to describe it. On one hand, that heaviness was physical. Her hair was beginning to inch longer, and more hair meant more weight. But there was an aspect of it that could be attributed to grogginess instead.

Just *thinking* about Alear stirred up some confusing memories. Memories of engaging with Alear's favorite food or game, or perhaps it was something she *didn't* like? Either way, these memories came to her from *Alear's* perspective. Like she could remember those events firsthand and how they had shaped her own preferences. But because her old memories persisted at the same time? It was a little bit difficult to process when something new ended up surfacing.

All the while, there was more going on with the girl's face than just her eye color changing. Alear was only a year older than Framme, but Framme's face still ended up appearing *slightly* more mature thanks to lips that filled until they were just a little bit thicker, or thanks to her face's shape becoming a little thinner and narrower over time. Her nose lengthened, and the eyes that had already changed in color narrowed *slightly* in the corner, all in all so that she didn't have as much of a babyface.

"Oh... Well, I was already pretty sure I'm becoming Alear, but..." She *really* didn't have any reason to doubt it before after the memories started flowing in, but the sight of her growing hair certainly confirmed what was already obvious. Not so much because of the length, but because of the *color*. Lengthening bangs criss-crossing between her eyes was one thing, but the colors?

Bright red and bright blue? Well, there was only *one* person in the entire world with hair like that. Or, at least, she'd *had* hair like that. **"It isn't all blue though!?"** Bangs aside, it had grown *very* long at a *very* rapid pace. It was usually tied just past her shoulders but ended up falling well past her knees with the right side predominantly red, while the left was blue with some overlap between the two of them. This was technically the *final* change necessary so that her body was Alear's spitting image.

But she wasn't exactly *dressed* for the part, was she? "**Oh!?**" Flamme felt a full-body tickle that came courtesy of the material of her own clothing *wriggling*. Her spats fanned open to become a bright blue skirt that was held to her waist by straps overtop of silver-plated armor that covered her torso. She had matching, armored gloves with blue around the fingers, and matching, white thigh highs were attached to garterbelts below now-fitted undergarments. Black and gold armored boots ended up weighing down her feet, while a silver tiara appeared atop her head.

1:1, it was Alear's costume.

"I... guess if I wanted to write that tell all book, I've been given a pretty good opportunity." It had taken *Alear* a moment to try and properly find the words she wanted to express how she felt about what had just happened after her sleepiness finally subsided. Perhaps because the power had been weaker, the new Divine Dragon had not been entirely assimilated into her new role. Deep down? She clearly understood that she was Framme, although she would have a great deal of difficulty trying to communicate that as she now identified as Alear either way.



She felt some degree of relief about this outcome, too. As she saw thing: if she had turned into Alear, then wasn't it likely Alear had suffered a similar fate? She was likely still *alive* somewhere in Somniel. They just needed to search for someone who might have been acting irregularly... or perhaps someone that there was *two* of? "**Could it have been the necklace? Come to think of it...**" Framme's pack still sat by *her* bed, and she could feel a familiar energy radiating from it now that she was attuned to it.

So, then was *Anna* their lead?

"Well, I can investigate that later! As someone as great as the Divine Dragon, should I not write down everything important about myself first?" Evidently, her personality was *not* 1:1 with the real Alear's. She held a much higher opinion of herself, undoubtedly shaped by Framme's admiration seeping into her new personality. She had all of Alear's memories relevant to things like her background and

tastes too, meaning that writing it all down should have been a breeze!
“Oh. And I suppose this would be a good opportunity to finally get a real endorsement for the Divine Dragon fan club. Or give one! I could recruit members myself!”

Would the others try to stop her if they realized the truth? For a moment she considered trying to keep it a secret, but that wouldn't work. Now 'Framme' was missing, and she'd have to try and hide the part of herself that was oh so proud of the Divine Dragon; of *herself*. Plus, they still had to figure out where the *real* Divine Dragon was for her own safety. **“...I suppose I'll have to come clean. But *after* I've written a few chapters!”** Where to begin?

Ah! How about a segment on how impactful her attendants had been on her life?