

# MODERN DAY ESCAPISM

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Will this really work...? No, at this point I have no choice.”**

Byleth was at a crossroads. She had awoken in the near future after Garreg Mach had fallen and the continent of Fodlan had fallen into war, but it was all just too *much*. Her precious students were fighting one another – *killing* one another – and there was no sign that things would improve anytime soon. The professor was desperate to bring an end to this, but if she got involved in the war itself then she would only end up killing as well. She *didn't* want to kill any of her students regardless of which house they came from.

But there *was* another option. She just wasn't certain if it would work. Thanks to her connection with Sothis, she had the ability to rewind time. She had never used it to travel more than a few minutes back into the past, but what if she went back to before the war started and was able to dissuade anyone from engaging in hostilities? What if there was a future that she could create where everyone could just... *get along*?

There was realistically only one way to find out.

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**“AAAAAH!?”**

**“Hold on! All I did was ask a question!”** Dimitri Alexandre Blaiddyd barked after the scantily clad women that fled the small beach grove that he was standing upon. The man didn't know *how* he had ended up there, or why he was even there in the first place. He had simply been back at his camp, preparing for the next battle when a

green glow had filled his vision. When it faded? He was... *here*, wherever *here* was.



The fact that it was a *beach* was obvious. But he didn't recognize the waters, nor the plant life, and *behind* the beach was a series of towering buildings of the like he had never seen before. He'd found a few women lounging around the beachside dressed in what he could only assume was beachwear, but the moment he attempted to ask them about it they had run off. He wasn't even carrying his weapon!

He *was* dressed in a suit of armor and had been speaking in an aggressive tone, though. That was enough to scare away any modern woman... not that he could understand what 'modern' was in this context. **"How did I just get *spirited away* like this?"** Had the *Empire* done something to him? A clever plan to remove him from the board? Well, it wouldn't work! He would find his way back so that he could win the war!

...Provided he still had the will to do so.

**"*Huh!?*"** Already not in the best of moods, Dimitri could only groan when he felt something weird with his *eye*. Not the exposed one, but the one hidden under his eyepatch that had been irreversibly scarred during his time as a prisoner. That old wound was *tingling* though. It felt *weird*, like his skin was crawling. It had forced his eye shut once upon a time, but all of a sudden? He felt that eye *open* beneath the eyepatch. **"What the—!?"**

It was something that *naturally* required investigation, and so he tore his eyepatch off. He immediately winced with *both* eyes, because for the first time in five years he was able to see through his right eye once more. **"My wound... it *healed!*"** He could hardly believe it and even reached a hand up to touch the eye once his vision had adjusted. But there was a problem that he couldn't identify, because he didn't have a mirror.

The healed eye didn't *look* like his left eye. It was rounder, greener, and had long lashes. It looked more like the eye of a young *woman*, and even

then? Before long, the untouched eye had changed to look the same. The femininity that his gaze displayed ended up seeping into other elements of his facial structure. The sharp and chiseled shapes of his features soon melted away, becoming softer and rounder much like his eyes had. His nose diminished in size, while his lips became fuller *and* glossier until he had a very pretty, and very *young* face. He did look slightly younger, like around *twenty* or so.

But he also *clearly* looked more like a *she*.

**“Like, what could even...!?”** The next time Dimitri spoke, he was taken *very* off-guard by the sound of his own voice. It was significantly higher in pitch, and that was the first ‘feminine’ element that he could actually notice. But it was *how* he was speaking, too. The inflection he was using made him sound stupid and airheaded, even though it wasn’t... for now. **“Why am I talking like this!? It’s soooo weird! Hey!?”**

The soldier had vaguely noticed it in the meantime: a strange weakness that had washed over him, but it hadn’t been so distracting that he would have focused on it over his voice. But he was forced to finally reckon with it the moment the weight of his armor began to barrel down on him. His legs felt shaky, and that armor felt increasingly *large*. **“What’s...?”** This wasn’t the result of one change, but two working in tandem that were vaguely related.

Dimitri had felt weaker because all of his body’s *bulk* was dissipating. Her hardened muscles softened away, leaving his arms and legs without definition while it was only really his abs that retained any shape. While in the meantime? Blonde body hairs were erased upon skin that appeared increasingly soft and supple, with any scars soon healed much like the one across his eye had been.

As for the fit of the armor, which was what had actually made him cry out, it was a problem with *his* overall size. He was a *very* tall man that stood at 6’2”, or at least he *had* been. But the inches were shaved off of him until he was only 5’5”, hands and feet now daintier within armored gloves and boots. This all posed a big problem, because more of his armor set had been designed specifically for a man of his build. He was then *trapped* inside, incapable of even moving an arm or leg while the slightly softer stomach provided him with enough slack to slouch somewhat downwards.

**“H-Hey!? Someone totes needs to let me out of this stupid thing!”** It *was* his armor, right? Then, why did it feel more like a prison? Why did it look so *unfamiliar*? *She* had begun to panic, but a moan *had* escaped her lips when her masculinity diminished, shrinking

before folding up *into* the new sensitive slit that opened between her legs, beneath a now-shaved bush. Not that she could see with all of that armor in the way.

The woman continued to struggle as her hair spilled longer all around her. Medium-length, bright blonde strands became smoother and silkier as they lengthened, with the scent of strawberries soon wafting off that mane courtesy of a shampoo that saw the color dull to a very sandy, almost brownish blonde instead. By that point? It reached her ass behind her, with bangs swept to the right over her eye. It was all well-maintained, just like the nails beneath her gauntlets that were now manicured and painted a light pink.

**“If only there was a strong, handsome man around to save me~!”** Dimitri’s green eyes blinked innocents as she made a plea that had taken even her off-guard. Boys? Since when did she care about boys? But if she was trapped, then wasn’t this a good chance to summon a real baddie over to save her!? He’d be *lucky* to pull her out of that *weird* suit of armor!

While she would soon be freed by other means, it wasn’t until the flesh within had finished changing that she would find her escape. The bulky armor hid the sight of her curves becoming more abundant *well*, with plenty of room for her waist to narrow and her hips to flare out. From there? Weight was compiled within her thighs and ass, filling them until they pressed out against the sides of the legs and rear of the armor despite previous losses having given her more room. Her thighs, ultimately, were about thrice their original plumpness, while she was left with a soft, heart-shaped ass behind her.

The woman couldn’t help but make a weird noise when she felt her sensitive nipples press up against the cold interior that had been spared from the sun’s heat. **“This thing is waaaaay too tight!”** She hadn’t been questioning what was going on for a while now, and that ended up including the expansion of her chest beneath the armor’s upper half. But while it had been designed for a man’s abundant abs? The shapes of a woman’s abundant *tits* struggled a little more. They had reached the armor by the time they had even reached C-cups, but by the time they had burgeoned to their full *F-cups* instead? They were compressed like sardines in a can (which was a reference she’s now get), desperate to escape.

Until all of a sudden? **“HAAAAH!”** They bounced *free*, leaving Dimitri relieved and, honestly, a little confused. The armor was just *gone*? She was now wearing a striped-blue bikini underneath a loose, bluish-purple sweated dress that hung off her shoulders to reveal her cleavage. It was *fashionable*, but where had it come from? Part of the issue was that she

couldn't even remember *wearing* the armor, so she was confused about her own confusion.

Then again, was it really an issue if she couldn't remember in the first place?

**“Why am I even out here all alone and stuff?”** *Dietra* vividly expressed her frustration as she looked around the cove beach. It was an area separated from the main beach that people tended to flock to, but she was the only one there? **“There’s, like, no one to even flirt with! Laaaame!”** Men, women, this bimbo wasn't exactly picky about with who. She was about as bisexual as the sky was blue – which was to say that she was *very* bisexual.



Her thoughts on war? She didn't live somewhere where she really needed to *worry* about it. It was the 2020s and she lived in a country that wasn't exactly frothing at the mouth to go to war with *anybody*. She couldn't have fathomed the world that she came from anymore, and she certainly couldn't have realized that the world that she came from was a *game* in this one. She didn't play video games. She wasn't a *nerd* like her sister!

Speaking of... **“Ugh! Weren't we gonna sunbathe together? Where did sis go?”** She had come to the beach with her sister to sunbathe first and foremost, since the two of them had the day off from their respective jobs. But that stupid, hopeless lesbian was likely chasing her crush around the beach, wasn't she? **“Whatevs! If I go looking, I'm sure I can find someone to flirt with!”**

And go looking she did.

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**“What? How in the world...?”** Around roughly the same time, Edelgard von Hresvelg had found herself on the very same beach that her mortal rival had. She was just on the *opposite* end, away from the cove, and hidden behind a small wooden shack that was likely used for getting changed. She could see the same ocean that Dimitri could, along with the skyline behind her littered with towering buildings designed in a way she could have never imagined.



She had been checking over her camp's supplies, taking a short break after checking over their food supply, when there had been that green light and her surroundings had changed. The emperor didn't know what to do with this information. Was it perhaps a trick of Dimitri's? Had he hired some sort of mage? But even then, could a mage spirit you away to a place like this?

Regardless, she wasn't sure about how to *proceed*. Behind the changing hut she was hidden, but there were a *lot* of people on the nearby beach. Should she take the trail into the woods beside her to somewhere more solitary? **"I need to be careful..."** Because she *clearly* wasn't dressed like any of the people of that place... wherever it was. But that was also an issue that could be addressed fairly simply.

Through the same means that it had been addressed for Dimitri, of course.

It was more fortunate for Edelgard that she wasn't wearing *as* much armor, though. She didn't go around wearing the armored gloves and boots when she didn't *need* to, and since she had been at her own camp then she hadn't been wearing them *or* her cape. This was very important because, while Dimitri had done a lot of shrinking? Her fate involved a lot of the *opposite*, and that meant she would be outgrowing what she was wearing in a number of different ways.

The first was in the way you might naturally expect. **"Hm!?"** Even the woman herself was surprised when she realized it. She'd spent so long as a girl that tended to be shorter than most women her age, and that had led to her developing something of a complex as Adrestia's emperor. 5'2" wasn't even *that* short, but on some level she had always wished that her visage was a little more intimidating.

She just hadn't expected that wish to ever be fulfilled, much less *near-instantaneously* after finding herself spirited away. Nonetheless, it was difficult for her to ignore what was obvious, because not only was her eye level lifting higher, but her arms were pushing farther out of her crimson sleeves, and her skirt was lifted up until it barely even covered

her thighs. She suspected that, if she had been wearing her cape, it would have lifted up *with* her. “**Did I just... grow?**” About *six inches*, it seemed, because she now stood at roughly 5’8”.

Edelgard’s mind was *naturally* racing at this point. She wasn’t in Fodlan, clearly, and now something was wrong with her body? Her wish had been granted but how? Why? And while it had begun with her vertical size, that also *wasn’t* where it had ended. With her hands bare, the woman could see that her hands were slightly larger than she recalled. No, not just larger. Since when had her fingernails been so long? And was that a light blue *gloss* painted across them?

She also took notice of her scars, or the *lack thereof*. Her face was devoid of them, but underneath her clothes the woman’s body had been brutally scarred from both her battles *and* the experimentation she underwent as a child by Those Who Slither in the Dark. She couldn’t tell the extent of things with her dress still covering most of her body, but *all* of those scars had been healed as if they had never existed in the first place.

“**W-Wait a moment...**” But the emperor had hardly been given an opportunity to process *that* much when she found herself drawing her hands to her *chest*. The front of her dress wasn’t armored with steel, but it *had* been fashioned with leather to retain its shape and provide *some* protection. That made it unflexible, which ended up posing a problem when the *contents* of her dress began to *expand*. “**Are my *tits* – I mean my *breasts*...?**”

Out-of-character usage of a more profane word aside (because she didn’t have time to worry about that), her assessment was on the mark... not that it would have been difficult to misdiagnose. The front of her gown felt *incredibly* tight all of a sudden, and that discomfort only grew as its contents did. Her breasts, C-cups by default, *ballooned* within the confines of the leather cups, which left the dress no choice but to pull even tighter around her back and shoulders, and the seams separating her sleeves from the rest of her torso began to fray.

When her tits, which so quickly *doubled* in size, continued to grow even *more*, eventually the fabric behind her finally began to *rip* because the front wasn’t as easily damaged. It was pulled and torn so that her bare back eventually peeked through, but even then? There was something wrong with *that* view. “***Ngh...* This is *soooooo* uncomfortable!**” She practically *moaned* as the fabric tore all the way around her shoulders, and her now *H-cup* tits forced the leather guard to fall forward, now entirely detached from her sleeves and back, so that her bare breasts could flop out. They were both *larger* than her head, with areola that were roughly *twice* the size of her eyes.

**“My boobies are so huge! But...”** Why was there a part of her that felt like she was just stating the obvious, like she’d *already* known as much? They’d been huge since she was a teenager, right? If anything, they were a little burdensome to carry around, which was actually where the ‘problem’ with the view of her back lied. Edelgard had been *incredibly* buff despite her short stature, but now? Her bare back was soft, with just enough strength to weather the weight of her bosom. Her arms, legs, stomach... were *all* significantly weaker.

It wasn’t like her tits were the only part of her body that had been growing, but they *were* the most obvious to her. This was doubly true now that they had spilled out to entirely obscure the view of anything past them. Edelgard couldn’t exactly see how her thighs were thickening below her skirt, absolutely shredding her leggings while her undergarments were flossed between the cheeks of a thickening ass. They burgeoned to the point that the back of her skirt had been lifted up to tease those heart-shaped cheeks, which were in turn no longer burdened by tights that had been pulled down.

The woman’s body was now tall, soft, and *sexy*. Her gigantic breasts and fat ass made her look like an entirely different person, and she was *acting* like one too. **“I’m so... Like, actually, what am I even wearing? I don’t care if randos see my tits, but I’m gonna totally get in trouble if the cops see me.”** She hadn’t been an exhibitionist – or at least okay with random people – seeing her body before, but she didn’t question why she was okay with it now. Or why she knew what a ‘cop’ was, or why the unfamiliar cityscape behind her now looked almost commonplace to her.

Rather, as she tried to pull up the leather front of the dress that had fallen forward to try and at least cover her nipples, she paid no mind to what was happening with her hair. The white that had been bleached into it through past experimentation now darkened, taking on a reddish auburn instead while the braided bun she had it done up in was forced undone courtesy of her locks lengthening *and* growing more voluminous. It eventually broke free of its bindings and unraveled behind her, falling until it spilled over the backs of her hips on either side.

These changes to her had had naturally drawn attention to her face, and her bangs parting to the sides to show off her forehead certainly helped highlight the fact that the last remaining elements that made her ‘Edelgard’ in the first place were being erased. Her face rounded but also became far suppler and more beautiful. Full lips, a smaller nose, and bigger eyes took on the same shade of green that Dietra’s had adopted. That was by design. In fact, there were a *lot* of similarities between her

face and Dietra's. Aside from the fact that she looked about *five* years older, making her *twenty-five*.

There wasn't a single trace of the woman she had once been in her appearance any longer, and that extended to her clothes in a flash. "**Hm?**" Had she just been holding something to her chest? But she was wearing the beige-colored swimsuit that was equipped with a skirt overtop the light green bikini bottom that almost functioned more like a thong that she had *chosen* to wear to the beach that day, right? She even had those beads around her neck and in her hair like planned. She raised a bushier brow at her own confusion.

Only to remember that she had more important things to worry about.

**"Like, where is she? I even put on my best swimsuit for her..."** Wearing a very serious expression considering how ditzy she sounded when she spoke, *Ellie* peered around the corner of the changing room at the people on the beach. She wasn't people-watching but instead looking for a *very* specific person. The woman she had a huge – and she meant *huge* – crush on. She'd heard that she was coming to the beach that day too through her Instagram, and so she had gotten all dolled up in her best swimsuit and even put on makeup even though there was a chance that she could end up in the water!



Not that these things were hard work. She might have been serious, but she *was* a bimbo who was *obsessed* with how she looked. She was super into fashion and makeup and spent most of her free time and money on these obsessions. Just like her little sister, Dietra, she was *hot* and she *definitely* knew that. But *unlike* her sister, she was a lesbian that didn't like flirting with randos. When she found a target, she would do anything to make them *hers*.

Which was funny when one of her hobbies was being a huge gamer in secret. She had even played Fire Emblem: Three Houses!

Ellie almost bit down on one of her manicured nails with frustration, stopping only once she remember how badly she wanted to look *perfect* for this crush of hers. "**Come on... I snuck away from Dietra and everything so I could find you. I just wanna make you all mine!**" And she knew that she would *love* to be hers. She took *very* good care of her lovers. Little did she know though that she was searching for someone from her past life. Specifically? She was

searching for *Byleth*, the one that had brought her there in the first place.

Byleth's usage of Sothis's powers hadn't worked as intended, and she had accidentally brought *all* of Fodlan into the modern era where they would be transformed into beautiful women. Unfortunately for her, that included Byleth herself, and so even *she* had taken up a new identity. But that was unimportant to Dietra, Ellie, or anyone else. After all...

It wasn't like they could remember.