

DEVOTION DILEMMA

COMMISSION STORY

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The kingdom of Askr observed all manners of holiday over the course of the year.

These events were important, whether they were specific days on the calendar that were bookmarked on the same day of the same month every year, or if they were more flexible festivals that were held seasonally. The people of Askr were always asked to endure so much, after all. Their soldiers were constantly whisked off to other kingdoms to help protect them, and while it wasn't especially burdensome? The kingdom likewise played host to the heroes that were summoned from other worlds by the Order of Heroes.

Of course, those heroes were also welcome to participate in these events, and they typically did! Something that really needed to be studied much more closely was how these holidays actually *affected* those heroes, because at some point? The Order of Heroes had begun to summon them *already* dressed for their festive events. If they hailed from different worlds, how could they possibly have known about their holidays to replicate clothes from them?

And they were extra cursed in that those clothes were the *only* clothes they could wear. Their only other choice was being *naked*, because of course they *had* to bathe, and it wouldn't have done them any good to bathe while fully clothed. **"Hm... Well, I suppose there wouldn't be a better time to do it when I was summoned dressed like this."** At any other time throughout the year, Edelgard von Hresvelg would have seen it as a detractor that she had been summoned dressed the way she had.

In an elegant, crimson gown with golden wings draped over her shoulders. It bore plenty of resemblance to a *wedding dress*, and that had likely been by design – for she was an Edelgard that had been summoned with Askr’s *Day of Devotion* in mind. **“But where is the professor?”** She had been mindlessly wandering the streets of Askr for nearly two hours in search of Byleth Eisner now!



Taking a step back, what *was* Askr’s Day of Devotion? It was essentially a holiday designed to celebrate the concept of *love*. The men would adorn fancy suits, and the women would wear pretty dresses inspired by those worn by blushing brides on their wedding days, even if they *didn’t* have someone special. The heroes summoned dressed for this day were often varied in this regard. Some legitimately had romantic partners, while others like Edelgard could only *aspire* to have a love of their own.

But Edelgard had become resolved to push herself into the former category! She was tired of quietly pining over her professor when there were clearly sparks between them, and because of how heroes could be summoned? She was worried that one of the *other* versions of herself would try and make the move first. The Day of Devotion was the perfect time to confess when she was already dressed like a bride!

“Hmm... Perhaps I need to employ a *different* method instead of wandering around aimlessly?” She’d been hoping to find Byleth on the street, but maybe she’d need to ask around instead. The emperor-to-be was close to where Dorothea Arnault, another girl from the Adrestia Empire back home, lived, and so she ultimately took a detour through a back ally between the rows of homes.

Had it been the dead of night, the possibility that this route might have been dangerous would certainly have existed. But it was early in the morning with plenty of light funneling in from above. Anyone desperate enough to mug a passerby for money would have fled at first light. And even if they tried? It didn’t matter *how* Edelgard was dressed. They would have rued the day that they tried.

About halfway down this alley – far enough from either side that no one would be able to properly see or hear her – the young woman’s attention

was captivated by an object shimmering on the ground. **“What’s this?”** It was clearly a stone of some kind, resting in a bed of leaves that must have remained after the winter snow had melted. It was a perfect oval shape, and its light green coloring was translucent. It looked valuable. *Much* too valuable to just be laying there.

“I wonder if a miscreant stole it from someone nearby? I should take it with me and submit it to the guards.” There was a guard posting nearby, and they always had a box used for lost and found items. Seeing this as the best plan of action, she crouched down and picked up the stone with her bare hands. Unfortunately for her? She hadn’t recognized what it was. A *Dragonstone*, a magical stone used by those with a dragon’s blood to transform into a more monstrous form.

They normally couldn’t be wielded by those without this blood flowing through their veins, but there had ultimately been something of a *malfunction* that came courtesy of Edelgard’s Minor Crest of Seiros and Crest of Flames. They reacted with the stone, because it held deep ties to the *actual* one known by the name of ‘Seiros’ back home. By the time she had stood up again with the stone in hand? **“Hm?”**

It was *glowing*.

The woman’s common sense kicked in, and she dropped the stone back onto the ground. The light aside, it had felt *warm* within her grasp in a way that she couldn’t describe. It was gentle, but it somehow felt... *foreign*. Her fight or flight instincts had been set into motion, and in the end, she had chosen the *flight* option. **“What was that?”** She had a bad feeling somehow. The moment she had dropped the stone? Its glow had ultimately ceased. It sat on the ground in the same condition it had been in when she had first come across it.

“Is it enchanted? I can’t see why something like that would be laying around here, however.” It could have been *cursed* instead. She just hoped that in either case, her good sense had prevented her body from reaping any ill effects. **“In any case, maybe *we* should instead report this to—”** Weird. That had been a strange slip of the tongue, hadn’t it? Referring to herself in the plural instead of as an individual. But she shrugged it off. At the end of the day, a slip of the tongue was just that: a slip of the tongue.

At least, Edelgard would have liked to *think* that. Unfortunately for her, there were indicators that there was something a little more *sinister* transpiring. That she hadn’t escaped the glowing stone’s effects at *all*. All you had to really do was examine her *eyes*. Their light purple colors came alive with a different shade: a green. But it also wasn’t consistent between those eyes. Her right one was a paler shade than the richer,

leafier green in her left eye. She had heterochromia? But why? Ultimately, this wasn't even the only part of her appearance that differed in color depending on the sides of her body you looked at.

Those same shades of green re-emerged, this time in her *hair* instead. It followed the very same pattern. The hair on the right inherited a light green, while the silver on the left darkened to a leafier shade. Yet, a change in color wasn't *all* that was in store for the lengths of her locks. Their styles changed, consistent only in length as they spilled down past her ass with their shades of green still *perfectly* divided down the middle. Yet, the darker green ultimately ended up thicker and wilder in style than the light, which was perfectly straight. Even her *bangs* varied. Swept away from her forehead on the right, while they were cut into a fringe on the left.

Somehow, Edelgard hadn't even noticed this. Perhaps that was by design. She *was* in public after all, so if anything, that was happening to her caused her to *freak out*, it would draw prying eyes that might have potentially had a way to stop or reverse what was happening to her. **"Strange. What were *we* about to do?"** Something had *alarmed* her, hadn't it? But now she couldn't really recall *what* had done that in the first place.

In the meantime, her body's design was growing all the more inconsistent – and it continued the trend of doing so on different sides of her body. The quality of her skin was counted among these things. The only point of consistency between the two sides of her body was that her skin *healed*. All of the experimentation she had suffered in her youth had led to a plethora of scars being etched all over her skin. But those scars were mended until her skin was left without any blemished whatsoever from head to toe.

But where the two sides differed were regarding *quality* and *wear*. Not only did the skin on her left side soften, but it *tightened* a little too. This made her breasts and ass cheek on that side all the perkier, not that they could grow much more so considering she was still in her late teens. Differences were much more apparent in the right side, where her hair was lighter. Her skin ultimately looked drier and was notably *looser*. Her breasts on this side sagged slightly as a result, just like her butt cheek did. There was even the slightest showing of a Crow's foot in the corner of her right eye.

As if the right side of her body was *older*, and the left side of her body was *younger*.

"What's wrong with my *head*...!?" For a brief moment, Edelgard's voice had sounded like two different voices were speaking over each

other... which actually bled into what she was complaining about in the first place. She'd come over with a bout of mental fatigue and she felt somewhat *dizzy*? She couldn't keep her thoughts straight at *all*. Even her *emotions* felt like they were in flux, as if her body was attempting to process *two different sets* of thoughts and feelings at the same time.

If anything, it served as an additional distraction from just how *absurd* her body was beginning to look. Her face more or less confirmed that her age had been somehow split beyond the Crow's foot on the right. That half of her lips had swollen, while the left had thinned. The left side of her face was just rounder and cuter on the whole, while the right looked more like it belonged to a much older, more mature woman.

And the remaining aspects of her *figure* began to reflect as much as well. "*Hm!?*", she blurted out with surprise as her posture suddenly changed. It was as if someone had placed their hands on her left hip and pushed with a great deal of strength, forcing all of the exposed bone from that side to stick out of the right side instead. Or in my layman's terms? Her left hip was narrower, but her right hip had popped out several inches wider. Something similar happened to her shoulders, but it wasn't nearly as dramatic of a shift.

These adjustments to her silhouette ultimately set the stage for what would happen to her *figure*. One side evidently needed to be wider for a reason, to possibly accommodate for *more* of something. *Weight*. Weight became the *obvious* answer when once the mass on her left side began to lessen. It was as if someone had connected a series of hoses between her body in three key areas: breasts, ass, and thighs.

Edelgard's figure was generally *above average* for a girl of her meager height. Her *C-cup* breasts didn't rival those of someone like Dorothea or Hilda, but they were fairly sizable considering she had been so short. This, however, became untrue in *both* directions depending on the side of her body you looked at. Her left tit slowly compressed, losing mass and gaining a shrunken nipple until it was only an *A-cup*. And it was like the missing weight had just been transferred over to her bosom's *right* side. That tit swelled and sagged with age, pushing out that half of her dress' *already* low neckline until it was an *F-cup* instead.

Again, one half of her body looked like an adult, and the other more like a child. There was no point in trying to deny it, and it became all the clearer as her lower body followed suit. Her left ass cheek retained its perkiness even though it lost several inches of girth, whereas her right cheek pushed her panties off to one side as it ballooned above a thigh that was doing the same. Even the hair above her pussy was left inconsistent. A thick bush on one side, but completely shaved on the other

While, unrelated to *all* of this? Her round ears were subtly pulled into thin points on the sides of her head.

The woman stumbled and groaned. Edelgard wasn't in *pain*, but it felt as if her mind was split in two. Before long, though— "**WHAT!?**" The woman could no longer turn a blind eye to what was happening. The fog and her confusion was being lifted because her mind was getting *straightened out*. She'd been so caught up in two voices overlapping and mingling together that her changes had been difficult to recognize.

But now? They were being pulled apart. "**What happened to us!?**" The voices took turns to complete her sentences while an uncomfortable sensation settled into her limbs and spine. It felt like she was going to *split*. Her body's right half was pushing *up*, with her arm and leg lengthening. But the left did the opposite, shortening instead. She looked *extremely* lopsided until something even *more* bizarre occurred. The two halves of her body began to *pull away* from each other.

In a twisted way, it was like her body was being pulled apart from her head like she was a loaf of bread being torn in two. Fortunately, there was no gore, but instead a matching other half to the separated portions were reconstructed as she was continuously separated down the imaginary line down her body's center. Her dress naturally tore, but both halves were mended into new, white gowns that were shrouded around the bodies of two women – one taller and one shorter – that bore a strong resemblance. These bridal gowns were matching, with floral head gear and golden sandals.

The short half's hair was done up in tails, while the longer half's hair was straight and tidy. Her figure was as thick and buxom as she was tall, for the light haired side eventually pulled into an older, buxom, 5'8" foot tall beauty. While the girl was an adorable 4'5". The two stared at one another, utterly dumbfounded at first. Their memories settled into place, and they recognized each other, simultaneously recognizing just how *uncanny* the whole process had been. Where there had once been a single emperor-to-be, there were now two women of dragon blood.

One Edelgard had loathed, and one that she didn't recognize at all. And yet they were both technically *her*?

"How could you get us into this situation?"

"Me, mother? How quickly you forget that we have the same point of origin."

While the two women were of *very* different age physically, there was no denying how similar they still looked – like a mother and child. The *issue* was that the younger one, *Sothis*, was actually the mother of the older one, *Rhea*. More than that, they had both stemmed from a singular *Edelgard* and both of them could remember this. They both came from the same person and had her memories, and those memories clashed with their new personalities.



Rhea seemed a little *too* keen about all of this. New memories were mixed with old ones, and she had *longed* to see her mother again for so long. But Edelgard had also *loathed* Rhea more than anything. She just ignored *those* memories. “**I suppose we’ll just have to make the best of this, won’t we?**” This was clearly a much easier thing to say for the half that had become taller, sexier, and had just been given the very thing she had desired.

“**How am I supposed to make the best of this!? I’m so tiny!**” On the other hand, Edelgard hadn’t known a thing about Sothis. The girl’s haughtier and more childish personality had quickly drowned out the young emperor’s memories and made itself dominant. Sothis didn’t *like* being small, and she didn’t like how Rhea was eyeing her. “**We need to figure out a way to reverse this! We aren’t supposed to be this way!**” The two of them had been so caught up in their own bickering that they hadn’t noticed the footsteps of someone else approaching.

“Lady Rhea? Sothis? What are you two doing down in this alley?”

The two women spun their head around in quick succession to meet the gaze of *Byleth*. The professor was dressed up for the Day of Devotion in a pretty dress herself. Sothis saw this as a chance. “**Byleth! We’re Edelgard! Do you understand?**” Naturally, if the two of them told her about what had happened together then she’d be more likely to believe it, right? If anyone could help them figure things out, it was Byleth!

Unfortunately... “Miss Byleth, I *really* don’t know what she’s talking about. We were summoned together as a pair for the Day of Devotion, but do you think that broke something in her head? She’s been saying that over and over.” Rhea *wasn’t* playing along. She also saw it as a chance. A chance to sweep it under the rug and get her way, so she smiled gently and pocketed the Dragonstone that had been dropped when nobody was looking.

“H-Huh!? That’s not true!”

“Um... Are you just fooling around, Sothis?”

“I’m not! It’s true!”