

# DEATH KNIGHT'S WORST NIGHTMARE

BIWEEKLY STORY #36

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It was a problem that definitely needed a workaround. If the Leicester Alliance was going to defeat the Adrestian Empire in this war, a strategy was needed to overcome their Death Knight. He was a mysterious soldier that had plagued the students of the Golden Deer during their missions at the academy five years ago, and when the war began he quickly announced himself as a member of Adrestia's army. Ever since he'd been popping up here and there at all of the empire's most important battles, often a key figure in the victories they acquired.

He was an enemy weak to magic, but among their units only two had an extremely strong affinity. Lysithea and Marianne. Byleth was capable of using magic too, but they were too important of an asset to risk. But just the two women alone was also too risky, which is why the young Lysithea had devised a plan to help increase their odds.

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**“I wonder if this will really work? Using an incense to give others the ability to use magic temporarily? Lysithea said she and Marianne poured their own magic into this thing, but I’m kind of doubting it.”** Clad only in a towel with her long pink hair tied up as it always was, Hilda Goneril loomed over an incense jar within Garreg Mach’s sauna. Behind her sitting on the benches was their leader, Claude, in a towel of his own. The two mages had told them to bring this into the sauna and it would increase their magical affinity temporarily, and while Claude fully trusted their plan Hilda was understandably skeptical.

**“Just sit down and give it a chance, alright? Marianne said if we’re moving around too much it won’t work properly.”** A shrug of the young leader’s shoulders saw his second in command finally sitting down beside him with a bored sigh. For a woman that didn’t like doing anything it was also weird that she didn’t like being told to sit down either.

About five minutes passed and the two had sit both still and in silence. One would think a man and a woman taking a deep soak in a sauna might be something steeped in sexual tension, particularly with so much skin glistening with the moisture from the steam and kissed pink by the heat. Claude and Hilda though? They definitely appreciated one another aesthetically but didn’t have much desire to go beyond close friends. War wasn’t the time for shenanigans like romance.

The silence did eventually come to a close, if only because the two had looked at one another and noticed things amiss. **“I didn’t know you were dying your hair blue, Claude. Or is the steam just removing the brown dye you usually have in place?”** Hilda being who she was could only mock jokingly, taking note of the fact that the dark brown of his hair was brightening rapidly, strand by strand, towards a color that was out of place.

**“And were you going for white Hilda? It looks good on you!”** He was right as well. The pink was being sapped from Hilda’s own head of hair at an alarming rate, bleached white by the smoke of the incense mixed with the steam of the sauna. Neither were alarmed because they were told there might be ‘minor, temporary side-effects’, although both adjectives were unknowingly wrong. If it meant turning the tide of the war then they were willing to withstand a silly hair color change temporarily!

Hilda couldn’t help but snort once she’d taken a better look at Claude, though she held a white strand of hair between her fingertips. To see her natural pink fade away was a little depressing, and didn’t her hairs feel a little coarser? **“Your eyes turned gray too! Like Marianne!”** Her own eyes had shifted as well, but since she and Lysithea both had pink eyes it was more of a subtle lightening. **“So that’s all the side effects, right? They said due to the clashing nature of our crests we might lose our hair and eye colors for a bit? Though I didn’t think we’d get Lysithea and Marianne’s in return.”** Were it only that simple they would have been better off.

They couldn’t deny that things were beginning to feel weird though. Maybe it was just a dizziness from their extended stay in the steam, but bodies began to feel tingly and... **“Hey! Hilda!?”** With her eyes

squinting at Claude, she'd reached over and run her hand against his bare shoulder without warning which had provoked that cry of surprise.

His skin was soft. *Way* too soft even. It wasn't the heat playing tricks on her: she was sure of it. It wasn't just the glow of his flesh, either. It looked like his arms were becoming less muscular, like the skin itself was becoming softer and he was getting weaker. "**Look at your arms. Don't they look less muscular...? Your chest too.**" Where there was normally a rock hard set of abs that appeal had begun to diminish. Spaces between chiseled strength were slowly rising, and the time Claude poured into training up his body was seemingly being undone in real time.

Hilda also wasn't sure if her eyes were playing tricks in another area: did his skin look lighter? That dark Almyrian tan seemed to be shifting away to a paler glow.

Not that she was any better off. She was already white as most Fodlan people were, but she was becoming discolored. Her whites grew whiter, giving her an almost sickly appearance since it matched her head of pure white hair. Claude was busy confused by his own fading muscles, but shooting Hilda a glance he was forced to deliver more bad news. "**It's happening to you too you know. Your arms.**"

"**What!?**" Her beautiful arms? Swinging around an axe all the time had made them pretty damn big and she was proud of them. As much as she hated putting in an effort, they were the product of all the efforts she *had* made. But he was right, sadly. It was like watching all of her muscles deflate as if they were balloons slowly having the air drawn out. Sooner rather than later the skin sat, tightened, against scrawny arms that only had the slightest traces of muscle. "**My skin looks weird too... like...**"

Claude thought to finish her sentence. "**L-LysiTHEA...**" Hilda almost wanted to laugh at that voice crack, but the pitch paired with an uncharacteristic stutter sent a shiver down her spine. These 'minor side effects' were beginning to look a lot like major ones! Should they leave the sauna? But for the effects to be reversible they'd been told they had to wait until the hour was up, which it wasn't. But Claude's voice there... "**What... What's happening...?**" Paired with the uncertainty he was communicating? It sounded *exactly* like Marianne.

What was she supposed to do about this? Hilda's mind was running a mile a minute with the panic, but it was more than that too. She'd always been good at critical thinking, it was what made her a good retainer for Claude, but never had her thoughts been this cohesive before. She just felt like she had a better understanding of everything.

**“It’s possible when they created the incense they over-accomodated the capacity of the container while misinterpreting the relationship the residue might have with our crests, creating a situation where we become more like those that contributed magic to the candle than intended.”** Had she just said all that? Technical jargon and all? God, she was beginning to sound like Lysithea, and not just figuratively. Her voice was a *dead match* for Lysithea’s own now.

**“So…”** Claude’s voice was irrefutably feminine now. It was soft and gentle just like Marianne’s, and much to their own distress he was certainly beginning to look the part better too. They *both* were. **“I’m b-becoming Marianne? But I’m not a girl!”** He’d never felt this kind of overwhelming anxiety before. Was this what Marianne dealt with every day?

He could scream he wasn’t a girl to the goddess Sothis himself, but it wouldn’t change the fact that it was too late to avoid this outcome. Since he was wearing his towel at his waist it was easy to see his body was beginning to match the feminine design of his slender arms. The sides of his stomach had sunk inward to give his torso a gentle curve, and the towel itself was becoming stressed as hips had widened. Was his point of view lowering? Marianne was a little shorter than him, and it definitely felt like he was closer to Hilda’s eye level.

The height thing wasn’t a one-sided ordeal though. With her ass pinned against the towel, the portion that was hooked over her chest to cover her breasts had nowhere to go once Hilda’s spine elongated a few centimeters, tits spewing out into the open as the towel fell to her waist. **“Hya!?”** It was such a feminine scream of surprise as she wrapped her arms around her bosom so Claude couldn’t see. Over the five years since their schooling Lysithea had gone from half-pint to taller than Hilda herself, though Hilda was typically pretty short even for a fully grown woman.

It was hard to keep her huge rack, which glistened with sweat and steam, hidden behind just her arms, but ease was added as more was removed from her figure. She was proud of her breasts, she’d always been proud of her breasts, but their supple shapes were slipping out of her grasp just as most of her feminine curves seemed to become hollower by design. In a matter of moments the size of her tits had halved. **“No, no, no! Don’t curse me with a tiny chest!”** This fear was partially Hilda’s own, partially Lysithea’s chest envy speaking as their personalities continued to intertwine. By the time it was done her arms could contain them with ease, since even with her nipples erect her bosom couldn’t be any larger than a B-cup.

Hilda's ass had fallen victim too, her seat upon the sauna bench lowering as the fat deposits in her rear were significantly less prominent, thighs suffering a similar punishment.

On the other hand Claude was cursed with opposing developments. Where Hilda had lost her proud bust, he was gaining one of his own. He'd been trying his best not to watch Hilda as her Lysithea-fication had intensified, but by the time he anxiously brought attention back to his own body his chest was already swollen. Nipples were puffy and wider in radius, beneath them fat beginning to prop up tits at an alarming speed. It only took seconds to surpass Hilda's own new size, and they finally rested at a respectable C-cup. He kept his hands held a few inches away from them in shock, knowing touching them would be inappropriate... not that Marianne's personality would have allowed for such an action anyways. His seat upon the bench also rose as chiseled cheeks of his rear softened and became more ample, thighs round and tantalizing as knees pointed in.

**"I... I have a bosom."** He was shocked. Of course he was shocked! In a panic he kept looking back and forth. At his chest. At Hilda. At his chest. At Lys-- er, *Hilda*. But it was getting so easy to forget, for even Hilda's face had lost all of its resemblance to the axe fighter he'd known. Her lips and brows were narrower, her expression fiercer, nose more petite. With that head of white hair she looked one hundred percent like Lysithea now...

Neither felt their memories changing, fortunately. While their temperaments and habits seemed to match the two women they'd mostly become, they could still remember they were Claude and Hilda. **"That's not all you have,"** the latter added as she reached a slender arm to Claude's hair, demonstrating how long the blue had become before poking him in the face. **"You've also become as pale as a Fodlan native, and your face resembles Marianne to an uncanny extent. Your lips, for example, are soft and glossy, your eyes a little droopier than before. Not to mention the bulge in the front of your towel had lessened, so I wouldn't be surprised if you were a woman now as well."** She couldn't stop pointing stuff out, nor could she stop speaking so matter-of-factly. She'd also given up on hiding her tiny breasts considering Claude had a pair of his own now.

*Her own*, anyways. There was no way Claude was a man anymore and *she* knew it. **"I... I d-didn't want to talk about that."** So now what? Were these effects still temporary? Would they be able to return to normal?

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**“What do you mean we *still* can’t use magic? What was the point of this whole debacle then? Do you not understand I’ve become a perfect clone of you, Lysithea? And look at Claude and Marianne!”** Hands on her hips, Hilda glared daggers at the young mage as she shouted off her displeasure. After everything they hadn’t yet attuned to magic and would require ‘additional training’ to harness their newly born talents. **“I hate this! I’ve become smaller, my chest is lacking, and I just cannot sit still! How do you live like this? Always wanting to do something, always... I’m even excited for the training! I’ve never felt like this before!”**

Lysithea on the other hand rolled her eyes. Hilda was always such a slacker, leave it to her to hate feeling motivated. Even after she’d gone to the trouble of giving her spare clothes. Not that she was fond of this situation either: who *wanted* a twin sister? But this was a problem for many reasons. Hilda didn’t know, but her lifespan might have just been shortened by becoming a her twin. Marianne also carried a cursed crest, and if Claude had received that in full... More studies had to be done. **“Look, would some cake make you feel better?”** Lysithea wasn’t sure why she even asked. All of Hilda’s preferences had changed to mirror her own, which meant...

**“C-Cake!? Really? We can get cake!? Why didn’t you say so sooner?”** *Of course* she’d light up.

Fixing all of this was going to be a real pain.