

# VALKYRURCEPTION

## COMMISSION STORY

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The war so far had been a life changing experience for Alicia Melchiott.

There were of course the things you would expect from a war. The loss of loved ones was to be expected because unfortunately it was impossible to protect everyone at all times. The twenty one year old had been forced to reckon with that realization and the fact that this path she had been set on was a far cry from the life she had wanted for herself growing up. Her hands were already stained with blood.

She had dreamed of being a baker. Having grown up in an orphanage in Bruhl, Alicia hadn't exactly had very much to her own name. She didn't know who her parents were and hardly even had any keepsakes from when she was extremely small. But one day? A baker visited the orphanage and she was *inspired*. The girl didn't have a lot but that didn't mean she couldn't have a dream of her own, right?

To touch the hearts of others through the warmth of baked goods... that was the kind of dream she had chosen for herself. And it was one that she had worked towards once she became of age, too. The problem? The second European War broke out and plunged her nation into turmoil. It was only a matter of time before the Empire attacked even Bruhl, and before long? She had be pulled into the conflict as a soldier.

**“I just don't know what to do anymore... I don't want to be *just* a weapon... like *her*.”** Things had escalated during the battle of for Naggiar Plains. Alicia had been shot and thought dead, only for a latent power to be awakened within her. The power of a *Valkyryr*. It was a power that they had come up against in the form of the empire's

weapon, Selvaria Bles. An ancient race that had long since disappeared from history.

And yet both Selvaria and Alicia were of their lineage.

This made them *Valkyria*. Warriors of great power – and in the recent battle the newly awakened Alicia had managed to best Selvaria on the battlefield in order to win the battle at the time. This in of itself was something worth celebrating, but few short of Alicia’s close friends had thought to consider how she might feel after uncovering this truth about herself. Plenty of soldiers now saw her as the ticket to winning the war and she couldn’t blame them. But she didn’t want to be seen as a mere weapon.

**“I’m still a person, right?”** She asked the question rhetorically and to no one but herself. She’d earned a night in camp to rest while the other soldiers were planning their next move, and after meeting with her friends for dinner? The young woman had retired to her tent alone. Changed into a nightgown, it was probably natural that she couldn’t manage to fall asleep. How could she? After learning about her power, after seeing how she was being treated, and after the things Selvaria had said to her...

**“Selvaria Bles...”**



Alicia had thought of her as a heartless soldier but during their one on one battle she had seen the shadow of something *else*. A speckle of humanity that hadn’t been revealed to her before. It was natural in a way. If you were fighting a war and had to take lives every day, it was easier to just view your enemies as something to be culled without considering their own circumstance. But when it came to Selvaria herself she had always been so hard to read.

The Valkyria... Were they just fated to do battle? Would there be no reprieve for them? The young woman didn’t know. **“I wish I could understand her better. I feel like... Maybe I’d be able to understand my own feelings if I had her perspective.”** Of course she hadn’t meant these things

*literally*. She simply wanted to have a conversation with Selvaria without the threat of imminent death looming. But such a meeting was impossible considering the hostilities between their nations.

And yet there *was* a way. One that Alicia couldn't possibly have been familiar with because the related powers had only *just* awakened. An unusual quirk with her blood as a Valkyria that responded to strong feelings towards other people. In times of crisis in the past it would allow a Valkyrur warrior to understand their foes... my mimicking them down to body and soul. Since they were aware of this power it was something they could use and undo whenever they wished. But Alicia?

She was ignorant to it. She couldn't *control* it.

So when a burning in her breast suddenly commanded her attention she only assumed it was a harmless side effect. **“Did... I eat something strange? Or perhaps this is because of my powers activating earlier?”** It had been rather draining to activate her Valkyria powers for the first time, and the intentions behind her orders to rest had been to help her shake off any funny feelings – of which there had been many. Why would she assume that this feeling was anything different?

But like everything else she had been feeling, Alicia had expected the burning to go away after a moment. It didn't. It felt stronger. **“Should I talk to the medic about this?”** What was oddest about it was that even though it burned, it didn't *hurt*? It was almost a pleasant burn that had her lower her guard. She shouldn't have. The definition of 'harm' was something that was really dependent on circumstances, and Alicia wasn't able to understand what the harm might be at this point.

In the end? She was extremely quick to get a taste of it as a power she had only felt for the first time recently began to swell. **“W-Wait, are my Valkyria powers activating!?”** To be honest? The soldier still wasn't entirely sure how it was supposed to work in the first place. She had been on the cusp of death when it had activated in the last battle and had worn off once she had felt fatigued. Ultimately? She had assumed it was something that she would learn through instinct over time. But there wasn't anything happening that should have forced that instinct to kick in... was there?

Regardless, she could see it in the corners of her eyes. Even though Alicia's hair was down seeing as she was dressed for bed, the sight of the color of her hair lightening was easily noted. The way she saw it she had already seen this happen to herself once in the recent past; this was exactly what happened when a Valkyria's powers awakened. Their hair would turn silver and their eyes would turn red (though for some reason Selvaria *always* appeared to look that way).

Initially her worries didn't extend much past wondering about a power malfunction because of this. She was right to assume that her brown eyes had turned red, and yet they *weren't* glowing. Their crimson was darker than the red her eyes had taken on during her awakening either. Something about this wasn't right. It wasn't a matter of her powers taking hold even if they were in fact responsible for what was happening to her in the moment.

Her first clue to the fact that this was all *abnormal* was discovered by two sensations simultaneously, both related to her now silver hair. Her night gown was made with thin cloth, thin enough that she could feel her hair pushing against the center of her back, then the base of her back, and then her butt. "**E-Eh!?**" And then there was the *weight* of her locks. They'd gotten heavy all of a sudden! All because her silver mane had grown *significantly*, hair reaching down to her *shins* were the tips took a slightly more bluish silver shade.

**"That's... not right. Did my hair grow longer last time!?"** To be honest Alicia wasn't actually *certain* if it had or hadn't. A lot had been happening and she'd been hyped up on adrenaline. But while she was uncertain about the growth of her hair? The growth of *another* area certainly opened her eyes to the fact that something awry was happening.

The young woman stumbled forward in her own tent with a squeak. Had she been knocked off balance somehow? Had she been pushed? Admittedly she wasn't sure *how* it had happened at first. It almost felt like someone had *grabbed hold of her chest and pulled*. Not wearing a bra since she was in bedwear, her bosom had bounced from the motion. Yeah, it bounced a little *too much*.

It had been so excessive that both hands had reached up to steady the culprits: the weight of a chest that *should* have been average at best. Alicia was pretty, but she was also pretty in a 'small town country girl' sense. Her bosom hadn't been all that large, and yet the weight she could feel, hold, and *squeeze* ran counter to what she knew of her own figure. "**Wh-Wh-What...?**" Her alarm was hushed, worried she might alarm someone in a nearby tent, but...

Her tits were bigger. *No*, it wasn't just a case of them being larger so much as it was a case of them *continuing* to grow. The skirt of her nightgown was lifted up to the peak of her thighs as larger breasts commanded more space within the thin cloth, and erect nipples even demonstrated just how puffer they had become. While she'd been holding them out of awe for a time, she eventually let go once they outgrew her grasp.

Alicia's mouth hung agape. Double...? No, her breasts had tripled in size! The last time she had seen tits that large they had been on, well, *Selvaria Bles*. Didn't she also have long, silver hair? Surely that must have been a coincidence of some kind! It, of course, *wasn't*, and her face was what proved it. The young woman's face had steadily been stretching longer along with the features upon it. Her nose? Sharper. Her eyes? Narrower. Her lips? Almost triple the thickness they had been before. Those eyes were so narrow in fact that her resting expression almost seemed intimidating.

At least until you saw that one center bang that rang between them and swept to the left. What a silly style choice *that* was.

***"This can't be happen— COUGH COUGH!"*** The sound of her own voice hadn't hit her ear right and so she forced a cough. Was something stuck in her throat? Nothing had been cleared by coughing. ***"Is my voice different as well?"*** There was certainly a deeper quality to it. One that conveyed an ever increasing *absence* of energy in her tone. Her dialect sounded dry and proper, her more casual manner of speech gradually evaporating.

The woman had been so distracted by the swell of her tits that she hadn't even noticed that, in tandem, her lower body had grown in a fashion that was quite similar. Ass and thighs alike bloated, soft tissue pulling the skin taut around them. Her rear pushed up against the back of the skirt and the panties she was wearing had been wedged into their crevice. Hips were forced *inches* wider due to what swelled, preserving an ample gap even between her enticingly thick thighs.

***"This cannot be... Everything about my body..."*** Led to a single truth that she didn't want to acknowledge. Her nightgown could hardly contain the new gains that her body had acquired, and even more of this almost sickly paler flesh was soon exposed because she wasn't *quite* down growing. At least this time it was in a manner that was much more literal.

It was Alicia's height that was affected after all. Starting from her very average height of 5'3", the inches built upwards. Her limbs took on a lankier aesthetic, which in turn helped how excessive her thickened curves ultimately looked. It left her appearing more *even*, and yet peaking at 5'9" it was plain that her nightgown no longer fit appropriately in any sense of the word. The skirt was hoisted up so that it only reached her hips. Her wedgied panties and pale yet plump ass were laid completely bare. Something that *should* have made her embarrassed. But she didn't even bat an eyelash.

Her body was just a container for her power. The appearance wasn't terribly important even *if* she wanted to use that power to protect people. These beliefs... weren't her own. There were the beliefs of the woman whose appearance she embodied down to even her vaguely fit appearance. Alicia's mind was her own... but it wasn't. It was like there were two souls fighting for superiority within her and there wasn't a clear sign of who the winner might be.

*Selvaria Bles* let loose a grunt as she weighed her present circumstances. While the military woman certainly didn't *look* it she was in fact incredibly confused by her situation. Because while her body and personality *had* changed to match that of the *War Witch*, the situation with her memories was notably *different*. She did have a vague understanding of the past of the woman named Selvaria Bles, but Alicia Melchiott wasn't gone. You could say that her will and memories existed in tandem, like the two Valkyria's souls were intertwined in a single existence. **"This... How am I supposed to explain *this*?"**



Which side of this war was she supposed to be fighting on? She felt like she belonged with the Empire, and if anyone were to see her in the Principality of Gallia military camp then they *absolutely* would have treated her as an enemy even despite the fact she was wearing a night gown that was much too small for her supple flesh. She was an enemy to the people of this camp, even if she offered them her help.

The part of her that was Alicia *wanted* to continue to help them, in fact. Selvaria walked over to the tent entrance and made sure it was as secure as possible. **"I'll spend the rest of the night here and figure out my plan early in the morning."** Even *if* she 'returned' to the Empire it wasn't like the real Selvaria was gone. She would have been there and they would have started an issue all on its own. Her only real choices were to either go into hiding or hope she could convince someone here about her true identity.

But these new feelings and preferences that were in line with Selvaria's own would have made that difficult. Truthfully there was only a single person that this second War Witch believed would hear her out.

**“Welkin Gunther... I’ll await his arrival at my tent.”** He would believe her. After all, they were old friends. And if she couldn’t convince him? Then she wouldn’t be able to convince *anyone*.

And that would be the end of that.