

WOOMY OF DAWN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



War was never going to be easy.

Edelgard von Hresvelg has always known this. It was something she had feared. And yet she had given herself no choice but to push back against these fears and accept the reality that she had chosen for herself in the end. If she was to acquire a brighter future for Fodlan and for her own people? The war against Rhea's Church of Seiros was one that *had* to be waged. Even if she had few allies in her corner. Even if her dear professor, after allying with her, had mysteriously disappeared.

It was perhaps fortunately for her, then, that she hardly had much time to dwell on these things. As the war had only been waging on for about three years, it was within its midway point. Plenty of ground had been taken on both sides, and plenty of *lives* had sadly been taken on both side. And there were no signs that things were slowing down anytime soon.

Even if Edelgard wasn't leading an Adrestian force onto the battlefield, she had a multitude of other tasks to address at any given time. When it came to management of her army's supplies, for example? It was a job she had given herself. She could have delegated it to someone else, but as the one who had waged this war she believed she should have carried most of the burden herself. Even if Hubert and her peers from the Black Eagles disagreed with this mentality of hers.

Now, dealing with supplies could have been as simple as making sure the camps had enough food, or making sure weaponry was properly distributed. But there was *another* facet to it as well. Sometimes units of her forces would be sent out to scavenge won battlefields in order to

bring back supplies that might be useful to their cause. Usually it was things that could provide some sort of utility to the camps in question, while in other cases? *Weapons* were unearthed.



“I don’t understand. Is this supposed to be some manner of weapon?”

Sorting through some scavenged supplies one such evening at the Adestian army’s main camp, Edelgard found herself questioning the nature of one such discovery. The officers that had left it with the other items had included a note about what they *believed* it to be, but it looked more like a toy than anything?

It was green, long, and had a cylindrical orange piece on top. Someone from a more modern world would certainly have recognized the shape as that of a gun, and yet firearms had yet to be invented in Fodlan. The emperor picked it up and held it (*incorrectly*), trying to get a sense of *how* it might be wielded as a weapon. But she couldn’t figure it out. **“It’s far too light. And what is sloshing about?”**

She shook it a moment and the weight was inconsistent in the aftermath. Was there something in the orange cylinder on top? But what? Could it just have been a simple drinking device? Was there water inside? That *was* possible, but her best and brightest had somehow come to the conclusion that it was a weapon. Could he contents then, instead, be some sort of poison? That would certainly align more with the assessment she had been given!

In truth, the fluid inside was neither of these things. But Edelgard, now confident that it *was* indeed poison, was too wary to open it. She wasn’t wearing her usual armor and instead just smallclothes that consisted of a white tank top underneath a red, button-up sweater and black pants. She didn’t have anything to protect her hands if the contents leaked onto her.

Although the emperor did not know that enough harm was already being done just by her holding it. The ‘weapon’ was not of her world, accidentally sent there by a force that was unheard of in her lands. And because it was a foreign article, its very existence toyed with the stability of Fodlan’s reality. It had already begun with the soldiers that had

touched it previously elsewhere, but now that it was in Edelgard's hands? She too would fall prey to its influence, and that influence would spread across the entire world.

“Hm? Wait, is this from the weapon?” After finally putting the object down, she noticed something on the fingers of her right hand. A bright orange fluid that hadn't been there prior. Bringing it to her nose to smell it, the scent was reminiscent of the *ink* used for their quill pens. But the object hadn't leaked at all from what she could see, and so where had it come from? They didn't keep a supply of water within this chamber either, so she'd need to seek some outside to wash it off properly.

Yet at the thought of getting wet, at least with water? A strange chill ran up her spine. Like something was now subconsciously *conscious* of getting any water on herself. Like it was somehow dangerous? But of course that had to be impossible, didn't it? Short of *drowning*, there wasn't a meaningful way through which she could be harmed by water.

Edelgard couldn't help but shake her head. **“I truly wonder if I need to stop pushing myself so hard. The fatigue must be getting to me after all.”** Hubert *had* warned her about the ill effects of this fatigue but she always pushed through it even if she *did* experience any problems because of it. But never had it manifested in a way where she might see water as something to be feared.

“Regardless of how I feel, I'll need to wash off that strange substance... eventually?” There was a pause as the woman's comment turned into a question, as when she went to look down at the orange liquid on her fingers once more? *It was no longer there.* Instead her hand was completely clean, like she had been imagining it all along. But that explanation? It didn't sit well with her either. **“No, there's no way I was imagining that. I can recall how it felt, for crying out loud!”** Had she wiped it off without realizing? If anything, that was a much more plausible explanation.

But the orange wasn't *actually* gone. It may have been absent from her fingers, but it had popped up elsewhere on her body. In a place that was, by all standards, wholly *unbelievable*. Because the faded magenta of Edelgard's eyes was gone now, replaced with the very same, *solid* orange that had colored the paint. But what was stranger than that? Their colors didn't at *all* change, but the *size* of her pupils seemed to be expanding almost like a cat when it was hunting. But she was no cat, nor was she *becoming* a cat. They also didn't shrink back down after. Both pupils just ultimately took up over *sixty percent* of the surface area of either eye.

“My vision is blurry now, too? Perhaps I was onto something...” As that was *definitely* a sign of fatigue. But the momentary blurriness had come about because her brain was adjusting to these different eyes. Eyes that grew bigger to take up much more space upon her face. As well as eyes that were slowly becoming framed by *black bands* that dyed the skin around them, a single streak crossing her nose to bind the several inch thick lines together. She almost resembled a burglar wearing a mask!

Edelgard herself was effectively none the wiser, however. The situation was tragically worsening as well, for what did begin to peek out from behind the strands of white hair at the sides of her head but her own two ears – albeit not in their usual states. They were more triangular in appearance now without the usual patterns inside, points more akin to a different race of being altogether. But then again her eyes *already* were suggestive of the fact that whatever was in store for her, it did not intend on leaving her a human.

Her orange gaze drifted back to the strange weapon that had been found again. **“Come to think of it...”** She almost felt like she had seen it before *somewhere*. Did it have a name? Did it start with an ‘S’? The emperor didn’t realize it, but this singular feeling would nag at her incessantly for the next few minutes until she finally stumbled upon the answer.

Perplexed, Edelgard scratched at the back of her head – not at all noting how her hair felt somehow *rubbery* and *solid*? Two traits no woman would *ever* wish upon their own hair. Yet she withdrew her fingers eventually like it was normal. *It wasn’t*. The strands of her hair were all bunding together into singular masses, and the rubbery texture was a result of their rounded shapes on the surface. On the underside, however? What resembled *suction* cups emerged. No, they were *certainly* suction cups.

The woman’s hair parted to either side, short in the back while in front of her pointed ears both sides dangled down in jiggly bliss. There was no doubt that they resembled *tentacles*, both very thick at the tips while narrowing near her scalp. Her bangs were just as rubbery and had a straight cut, but even *they* were born from the same tentacle matter. Both sides had retained the white of her hair until this juncture, but suddenly the orange before returned with the vengeance on the outside layer while the underside remained white. The outsides were a little redder near the tips, as well as a bit speckled.

Her eyebrows changed in color and texture to match.

“What was it called again? It was *totally* something like... Spat... Splant...?” The overly proper way that Edelgard spoke with at all times seemed to be showing cracks in its etiquette, while an almost mechanical distortion became more prominent within a voice that was certainly heightened in pitch. Her mouth was *also* locking together more stiffly, though that could be attributed to how her teeth were changed. Her canines on top remained in place, although they *were* a little sharper, but those on the bottom flattened out only to be replaced by another sharp tooth in her mouth’s dead center.

Edelgard shook her head from side to side as if to clear it, though her orange tentacles flopped around as she did so. It had been to dispel a bout a dizziness, one that only grew in intensity over the following few moments. But its legitimate cause was waiting on several *other* adjustments first. Such as a change to her bust size that slowly saw her breasts diminish in shape until they were merely more than mosquito bites atop her chest. Or a similar change to her rear and thighs that saw themselves drained, hips narrowing without nothing to prop up.

These changes needed to occur first because, well, it would have appeared *exceptionally* odd for the changes that followed to take place. The dizziness had come about due to a changed center of gravity in her brain, or at least what she *perceived* that center to be. She quickly fell in line with what her mind expected though. Literally. For two inches fell from her overall stature so that she was five feet tall.

But she was still relatively tall, right? Why did her figure need to change? Was this enough to upset her balance? These were all good questions, and actually spoke more to the fact that she was becoming less human. Certain areas needed to grow, and they weren’t the usual suspects.

The woman lowered her jaw and wiggled it from side to side a moment. **“*That’s weird!*”** The distortion in her voice was stronger, energy higher. But her jaw had felt stiff because, plainly, *her head had begun to grow larger*. More in the horizontal sense than the vertical, but it was like watching someone fill a water balloon and then squish it from above. It left her chin rounder and her lips thinner, but her already huge eyes were given the room to grow and part even more upon this now horizontal head shape. It was all in all about *three* times larger than your average human head, and the spread of her teeth had shift to accommodate too.

It also wasn’t *only* her head. Her hands and feet both grew in size, almost cartoonish in their bloat as digits tripled in length and thickness. There weren’t many issues with her now huge hands, but her feet? They burst right through the fronts of her shoes! Because of the propotional

differences, her arms and legs comparatively appeared shorted despite not actually being so. Her figure was humanoid, but her proportions certainly weren't *right*. Which wasn't even helped by the fact that she was now biologically *fifteen*. It was just difficult to tell with how rounded everything about her almost squid-like body appeared.

And this was to say nothing of how this body was composed *entirely* of orange ink.

“...Ah? It's called a Splattershot!” She had been wrestling with the name of the weapon ever since it had occurred to the girl how to use it again, and now that she remembered? She couldn't fathom how she might have forgotten what to call it in the first place! The small-bodied *Inkling girl* was quick to pick it up, feeling confident that she would definitely *need* it. But while Edelgard had clearly changed in terms of appearance and *species*, not to mention personality wise. Deep down? She still viewed herself as Edelgard. There was just also something *else*.



A purpose of the likes she didn't fully grasp at the time as she began to pump ink from her gun until it completely coated the room she was in. There was no finer of a demonstration of just how much the orange-tentacled Inkling's biology had changes as when her body suddenly collapsed, turning into a squid that hid within this orange ink and slid beneath the door.

On the other side the screams of soldiers being sprayed could be heard.

“I need to find some fresher fits!”, she remarked after the fact, looking down at the clothing she was wearing. It barely fit her, but it did the trick for now. It almost felt like it was meant for someone with a bigger chest and thicker thighs, though...

Almost three months had passed since the Splattershot from another world had been unearthed, and while the war waged on? The shape that it took had *completely* changed as a result of another world's influence. Everyone that came into contact with an Inkling's ink within Adrestia had become an Inkling themselves, and elsewhere across the continent similar trends had been observed.

Those in the Kingdom were transformed into Octolings of blue ink, while the Alliance? Yellow remained their color, but it was the color of their *ink*. They took in whatever Inklings and Octolings defected from

either side. If something positive about this war could be said, it was that the Turf Wars that had replaced regular combat were much, *much* safer. No one was in any real change of dying, and that was a net positive. Of course the direction the war would take from this point on depended on one thing, and one thing only.

Which ink color would Byleth come into contact with first when they awoke from their five year slumber?