

# FASHION SENSE

MAY 2022 REQUEST STORY

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When it came to the new professor of the Golden Deer, there tended to be some mixed opinions about her in general. Whether it was her skill, her capabilities, her sense of humor, or even *her ability to emote at all...* Well, it wasn't as if she was controversial, but it was extremely difficult to get a proper read on this Byleth Eisner, even after almost half a year of her teaching them.

Opinions on Miss Byleth really depended on which student you were asking. Each of them had formulated their own impressions and saw things that they both liked in didn't in the professor, but the overall impression of her was good despite her shortcomings. The first month or two had felt a little rocky what with her limited experience, but before long things settled into a groove which could easily be seen as normal.

They were taught in classes, went out for practical battle experience, and even enjoyed the school life alongside their professor. For most of them it felt good enough, and their professor had not really given them a reason not to trust her. But while most of the Golden Deer had been partaking in that lifestyle, there was still one that kept Byleth at arm's length.

Hilda Valentine Goneril. It wasn't that she didn't *trust* Byleth, but she didn't really feel all that motivated to spend time with her. A renowned slacker, she was always skipping classes and saw no reason to get to know her professor on a personal level. After all? She carried herself like a dumb country bumpkin and dressed like one too. Byleth was *beneath* Hilda, who was a noblewoman. Of all their differences though, it was her professor's poor sense of fashion that struck her the most.

**“Ugh. I don’t even know why I went along with this plan of Claude’s. She’s *not* going to care!”** Which had ultimately lead to the pink-haired woman following along with one of her good friend Claude’s schemes. He had noticed how deep the rift was between the noblewoman and his professor and wanted to fix that. Wouldn’t it be better if everyone in the Golden Deer could support each other? And so he’d coaxed Hilda into buying Byleth a gift.

Building on her opinion that their professor’s fashion sense was poor at best, Hilda had ultimately purchased her something to help. A fashionable necklace that had been on sale from a shady looking merchant at the market earlier that day. With a gold chain and a round pendant with a green gemstone in the center, it looked a little foreign – but it also would likely compliment Byleth’s eyes and hair. So wasn’t it the perfect gift?

But perhaps the nature of the merchant selling it to her should have been a dead tell that there might be something *off* about that necklace. Not that she really *cared*. She just wanted to get on with Claude’s plan and be done with it.



**“Hm? A present?”** Hilda, ultimately, had been much too lazy to even give the gift to her teacher herself and had opted to leave it on the front steps of Byleth’s dorm room – who had in turn come home to find it sitting there in a pretty, pink box without a card or *any* indication of who had sent it in the first place. Hilda *really* wasn’t doing Claude’s plan any favors by not indicating that the gift was from her. That had been the whole point!

So without a clue as to who had sent her the present, much less *why*, Byleth had picked up the box, taken it into her room, and had unpackaged it. **“A necklace? I don’t usually wear things like this, though...”** It was true. Considering her background as a mercenary she knew the risks of wearing accessories

that could get caught on things might cause. It was dangerous to accessorize in this economy!

Nonetheless, against her better judgment she at least put it on around her neck overtop her collar. It was heavier than it looked, that much she could tell, and it didn't really suit her? Not that it wasn't pretty, but something about it felt *strange*. Like it didn't come from Fodlan, but perhaps another continent? Or maybe even another world? Nah, something like that was absolutely impossible, wasn't it?

Just as impossible as that necklace carrying a curse, right? Well...

The professor didn't really take notice of it. *It* being that there were signs of her body beginning to change – which naturally *should* have been impossible. Even in Fodlan, magic wasn't so powerful of a device, or at least the kind of magic that was cast from one's fingertips, and magic wasn't something that Byleth was well versed in to begin with. So even if she *had* immediately noticed, she likely would have been confused about it more than panicked. She didn't quite have the emotional faculties to panic in the first place.

**“Huh. That's weird...”** The most that she could even respond to was in how her skin felt a little tingly, but it wasn't enough to make her check it out. Though the places she could check were limited anyways, what with her body largely being covered short of her face, neckline, and the portions of her arms and hands that weren't covered by armor. Nonetheless, an absence of awareness did not change that something was transpiring.

Namely that both the color *and* quality of her skin were changing, with the color lightening to what was clearly an almost ghostly pale via a series of tiny splotches that multiplied and mended together to provide this evenly applied color. But when it came to the *quality*? Well, her skin became softer and smoother to the touch – with the caveat that any blemish upon her person would ultimately be erased throughout this process. That meant that every mole, dimple, and scar (*and there were many, many scars*) upon her body would be smoothed out so that her body was left utterly pristine and pure.

Well, aside from the marking that appeared beneath her right eye. A tattoo of black that reached right down from her eyelid and curved slightly inward, as if it was a marking from a completely different civilization altogether. *Which it was.*

For what seemed like no reason in particular, the woman had begun to tug at her outfit without looking down. **“What's with these fabrics? They feel...?”** *Cheap? Beneath her?* For one who typically hardly cared

about her outfit, it was strange that she suddenly had such a strange fixation on the quality of her ensemble. Regardless of what she thought of the material itself, she found herself tugging because something else did not feel quite *right*. Was her outfit a little looser than it had been a moment before?

Yes, actually. And while the cause would typically suggest the woman was growing physically weaker, her fitness didn't feel burdened at all. That is to say that the fortitude of her muscles appeared to be lessening, with what once bulged from and hardened her body appeared to becoming much softer and, as a result, thinner. Arms were quickly reduced into forms not that far of a cry from wet noodles. While the same could also be said of her legs, the softening of her tummy was probably just as noticeable in the end.

But not everything that regressed was muscle. Just as she typically did not care about fashion, Byleth cared just as little about her appeal as a woman. This, of course, applied to her figure just as much as it did her general beauty, and despite having a rather sizable chest, well, she saw it more as *inconvenient* than anything. Her breasts were always getting in the way when it came to battle.

So she did not even bat an eyelash at their sizes compressing. Little by little they became more compact, more reasonably sized for a woman of her age (*though perhaps not by anime standards*), until the armored plating that typically framed them was hanging loose, with pale, C-cup breasts standing perky and firm within. If you were standing over her, you would be able to see them in all of their glory quite readily.

This also applied to the shapeliness of her lower half, though, and rightfully so else she might have appeared strangely bottom heavy. Not only did her cheeks pull in and tighten, still being quite pronounced albeit smaller overall, but her thighs likewise grew leaner and her hips tightened inward towards one another. Although not so much that there wasn't still a sizable gap left between her legs. It seemed, overall, the focus had been in making her body more aerodynamic and classically beautiful overall.

Byleth sighed, and what was revealed upon her doing so? That her voice was softer, and her tone much more self-important than it was under normal circumstances. **“The fit of this wear is terribly inconvenient!”** As much as she tugged and pulled, nothing seemed to stay where it should. Not that she had any issue with revealing her naked body to strangers were to anything fall off. *Her body was perfect, after all. Her beauty peerless.*

Although this didn't apply simply to her body's physique alone. As far as the woman knew, her face, too, was one of an unrivaled beauty. And as if to live up to those lofty standards, its shape and design began to change as well. Byleth's high cheekbones lowered, and her face was left looking daintier overall as her fairer skin tightened to better suit its new size. Her lips became softer and more luscious, albeit they weren't *quite* as pronounced as they typically were, and her nose's pores smoothed out while the shape of her sniffer became just a little more pointed.

There was a significant change that came to her *eyes*, however. Byleth had a *really big* pair of eyes, but they shrunk along with the overall size of her head until they suited it more efficiently. What's more, they narrowed while paint wrapped around them entirely to resemble eyeliner. Not even their colors were sacred, as the deep blues lightened several shades until they were almost a green, leaving her with a resting expression that seemed to stare daggers into everything she looked at.

And, not to be outdone, that same greenish blue was ultimately found creeping into her hair. As it did, the length of it all began to plummet, locks spilling farther and farther out behind her. They took on a wavier texture, with the split ends and other irregularities brought about by the professor not properly taking care of herself inevitably becoming ironed out. As it flowed out behind her, these hairs thickened and separated into flowing portions that scattered out in every direction. These locks became a part of her pride just as everything else had.

The woman, who had once thought very little of herself, certainly had a *lot* to be proud of now. Her ego had been completely warped by the jewelry dangling across her chest, her priorities and abilities different. She couldn't imagine doing something as archaic as swinging around a blade, and her time was worth much more than that, regardless. If anything, she would prefer to put her energies into more important things. More important things like fashion, design, and getting more and more people to bow to her due to her excellence. Really, this didn't sound much like Byleth whatsoever.

Namely because that, under no circumstance, could she be rightfully seen as *or* called by that name any longer. And she most certainly didn't *want* to go by that name.

**“Mm...? What on *Earth* am I dressed in? This ensemble is absolute rubbish.”** While throughout her transformation, the woman's mind had been clouded by something of a fog, the very moment her body had completed its assimilation at the necklace's behest, clarity returned to her. And that clarity did *not* afford her any

tolerance for the poor fashion sense that Hilda had taken issue with regarding her in the first place.

Byleth had been a bumpkin with no finger on the pulse of fashion nor accessorizing, but it was clear enough that she was not the same person she had been before.

Instead, *Cleopatra* was savvy in these areas, and with a snap of her fingers the entire outfit went up in a sea of glittering, golden particles. Another snap rebounded them to herself, where in a flash of light they took on the form of a different outfit altogether.



With black shorts, tights, and a white jacket overtop a black shirt – these weren't styles you would find in Fodlan, because there were from a modern time in a completely different world. One where she had once been an ancient Egyptian pharaoh, and one where she had ultimately been summoned as something known as a Servant into the modern age. Despite the outfit largely being modern though, golden accessories that spoke to her Egyptian heritage, much like her new necklace, found themselves scattered across her person.

A smug smile played on her lips once her outfit's transformation had concluded. **“Much better! But I can only imagine just how terrible the fashion sense of everyone else in this world is.”** Cleo didn't really *need* to imagine, because Byleth's memories had become one with her own. She could picture the grungy, backwater outfits of her students and peers quite clearly, and she was already thinking of ways to best improve the ways people dressed in this Fodlan place.

However, there *was* one that stood out in these memories. A pretty young woman with a keen eye for fashions. **“Hilda Valentine Goneril, hm?”** Incidentally the very same woman that had unintentionally brought about this change in the professor. It seemed that she would have to grapple with the fallout of her actions despite trying to distance herself from the gift as much as she possibly could. **“Yes, I suppose I could get her to aid me.”**

Would it be difficult to coax her? According to her recollections, that girl was hardly keen on doing much of anything. It was upsetting that a

young woman with such promise would refrain from pursuing any path of note, much less one in the fashion industry. But it was fine. **“She will be honored to work alongside me, I’m certain!”** Such was the level of confidence that Cleopatra had. Or perhaps it was better described as arrogance? Nonetheless, once the pharaoh set her mind to something, it was nigh impossible to get her to back down. Hilda would become her assistant in *‘The Yassification of Garreg Mach’* whether she was initially on board or not!

Soon, everyone would be dressed beautifully! Elegantly! Amazingly! And then she could move onto the rest of the continent, and then the rest of the world! Was there a war on the horizon? Possibly. But Cleopatra would not shy away from her goals regardless of political circumstances!