

MOMMY ISSUES II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was well past midnight, and yet Mercedes von Martritz was still out and about.

The young Mercedes was only twenty-two years of age, which actually made her slightly older than her peers in the Officer's Academy of Garreg Mach Monastery, where people from all over Fodlan, and all walks of life, gathered for both education and training under the same roof. Of course, the *devout* gathered there as well. The monastery was *also* basically the base of operations for the Church of Seiros, which meant that worshippers from all over the continent gathered to serve under the light of Archbishop Rhea.

As for why Mercedes herself was attending the school? It was a little bit of *everything*, realistically. She was there to learn and politics and combat, but she was also there as a follower of the Church. She was the type of woman that wanted to whole-heartedly do her best to care for and help others, and she believed in a church that would go above and beyond to do that. ...She just had to suspend her disbelief whenever something shook her faith, as it tended to ever since she had joined the academy.

It wasn't like she had expected the Church to be completely clean, but the more she learned of its operations directly under the archbishop, the more that she, well... She wasn't questioning her *faith*. She was beginning to question the leadership. What they'd found underneath the academy had been quite shocking, as was the realization that Rhea had petitioned the death of anyone that opposed her.

Perhaps that was part of the reason why she had been overcompensating a little bit as of late. Garreg Mach had an orphanage built into its facilities, and she used to volunteer for an hour here and there to help take care of the kids. Recently, though? Mercedes had been volunteering *frequently* outside of her classes and field assignments, and now she was even helping with the night shift. Well, in this instance it was because one of the sisters that *usually* watched the kids so late had come down with a cold.

It wasn't exactly an *exciting* volunteer opportunity. Unlike the daytime where she could talk to and play with the children, at night they were all asleep in their rooms. It was just her job to sit behind the front desk and listen out for any of the kids in case something was wrong, while simultaneously making sure that they were safe. Not that she expected anyone to sneak in and do anything to them, of course. But...

THUD!



“...*Hm!?*” Unaccustomed to staying up all night, Mercedes had actually been on the cusp of falling asleep at the desk when the sound of a door slamming shut snapped her awake. It didn't sound like it had been one of the doors to the bedrooms? It had been the side door near the back of the orphanage that the sisters used? Either way, no one else was supposed to have a shift that night... and so, she left the desk so that she could go and check. “**Hello?**”

The woman was understandably *cautious*. It wasn't impossible that someone with bad intentions could have broken into the building and planned to do harm to the children, even if only other sisters of the church should have had keys for that door. Someone could have stolen the key off of one, for example. But why would they target the children? She didn't need to go far to figure it out. One of the doors was slightly ajar, and if she wasn't misremembering... it was currently unoccupied?

Mercedes quietly peered within the crack that the door had been left open. For a brief moment she saw a child with short, white hair and scars all over her body. But she was also dressed in the archbishop's robes? They were obviously *far* too big for her. So, had a little girl simply broken in? Just as she was about to go in on her own, however?

“Hello, Sister Mercedes. I’m sorry, but I’ll need you to forget what you’ve seen here.”

A woman’s voice behind her caused the woman to *jump* and spin around. There was another nun there, a much *older* nun. **“Sister Margaret!? Oh... Was it you that used the back door, did you—H-Hey!?”** Just when she had felt a little confident that it had all been a misunderstanding, the older nun grabbed her by the shoulders and gently pushed her into the open, adjacent bedroom and closed the door behind her. **“Um...”** The door locked from the outside. Did the door *have* an exterior lock? She was certain that the other doors didn’t have them?

“Excuse me!? Sister Margaret? What are you doing?” Mercedes did her best to raise her voice without yelling, afraid of waking the children in the nearby rooms. She didn’t really *know* this sister that well, just that she was relatively high ranking. She had also heard rumors that she was next in line to run the church if anything ever happened to Rhea, and... **“If anything happened to Rhea...?”** She was reminded of how the child in that room was dressed, but she couldn’t properly imagine how the two things were connected.

But she wouldn’t need to imagine for long, not as a vague magic filled the air of the dimly lit room that she had been locked within.

“Oh, uh...” The young woman didn’t know what was going on *at all*, so it was only natural that her heart would fill with distress. She didn’t have the context that Margaret had been planning a secret coup to take the role of archbishop from Rhea, and that the little girl she had seen snuck into the orphanage was the result of that. With that context, it would have made perfect sense that Margaret would want to eliminate anyone that might have seen her. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have arranged to move the child in the dead of night from wherever she had been hidden in the interim.

But did that mean she was going to *kill* Mercedes? No. Margaret would argue that she had ‘principles’, and that she had already seen too much death under Rhea’s reign. She would simply take steps to *remove* Mercedes from the playing board, just like Rhea had been ‘removed’ already. **“Sister Margaret!? Are you casting a spell?”** All she could really surmise with the limited information that she had was that something was *wrong*.

If a spell was being cast in the room she was in, then it must have been designed to affect her. A sleeping spell? A warp spell? Unfortunately for her, it wasn’t *anything* so novel... as the sight of her light blue eyes beginning to glow with an eerie gold suggested, accompanied by her

pupil dilating in a way that led them to stretch vertically into slits that didn't appear particularly *human*? Did that mean she was soon to become some sort of monster? No, it was quite the opposite.

While it would have been more surprising *if* Mercedes had properly noticed that something was wrong with her eyes (if anything, she blinked a little more for a few seconds as she adjusted), that wasn't actually what eventually drew her attention to her own body to realize that something was going awry. Of all the things that could have tipped her off, it was her *uniform top*? Well, more-so the lingerie that she was wearing underneath, and that feeling soon transferred to other aspects of her attire as well.

The feeling was that things were *loose*. “**Um... Is this the time to be worried about that?**” The woman was torn. Margaret hadn't offered her a reply, and so she had considered breaking *her* door down. But she ended up tugging at the front of her uniform instead, in an attempt to try and get the cups of the bra underneath to sit correctly. They definitely *should* have, and usually? Her bra was actually slightly too *tight*. She had a pair of E-cup breasts that were quite impressive, but her Garreg Mach uniform did a good job of concealing their shapeliness.

Mind you, that description was only a valid one if they had *remained* at that size – which actually circled back to the *actual* issue. Under the influence of the spell, that above average sizing of her bosom had slowly been deteriorating underneath her uniform. That was why she felt like she had to adjust it, because there was just less for the bra to grip onto. Unseen by the naked eye with her dressed as she was, the swell of her bust was just slipping an inch at a time, as if water was being drawn out of a filled balloon. Her skin tightened *around* these losses, and her puffy nipples became smaller to accommodate.

She eventually pressed her hands *against* her chest to realize that the bra was completely hollow... and there wasn't much of *anything* bulging upon her bosom. “**Are my breasts... gone?**” Not exactly, it was more like she was just *really* flat. Like her chest had been regressed to the same size it had been when she had been much younger. What was perhaps more troubling was the thought in the back of her mind that bubbled up *after* she had said that.

Huh? Won't they get bigger when I grow up!?

This was *naturally* an unusual thing to think when she was in her *twenties*. Aside from having a poorer diet, there wasn't a reason her breasts should have ever grown again. Of course, that was only according to her *old* reality. Her new one was *quite* different, and it was only worsening. It wasn't *just* her breasts that had shrunk in the first

place, she'd just fixated on them because their losses had been the most *obvious*.

And yet, Mercedes's panties had begun to slip underneath her long, black uniform skirt. It wasn't enough for them to slide off *completely* at first, but it was initially a phenomenon only isolated to the *weight* of her lower body. Much like her big breasts had deflated, so too did her thighs and ass – which had been plentiful in their own rights. Thighs that had been nearly equal to her waist in width slimmed and tightened until they were narrow and stinky, while her ass was reduced to the slightest of bubbles behind her.

What *finally* led to her panties falling to her ankles were her *hips*, though. The gap left between her legs with her thighs so much thinner was excessive, but that gap closed as her hips were wedged closer together along with her *shoulders*, ultimately rendering even her uniform top a little more lopsided. **“Miss Margaret!? Um... I think something is wrong...”** Even putting her body aside for a moment, wasn't there something off about her *words*?

Her voice's pitch sounded like it was rising, but that wasn't even all of it. Mercedes was generally *very* respectful and used everyone's proper titles, yet she had used 'Miss' for Margaret instead of 'Sister', almost like it had just slipped from her mind. She was beginning to act more *immature*, and that became increasingly clearer now that her body's stature was *diminishing*. **“Um... Is the door bigger...?”** Was it? It wasn't even *just* the door in front of her. The entire *room* felt much bigger than it had a moment ago.

Just as the woman had been quite buxom, she was *also* rather tall. 5'7" was certainly an above average height for a woman of her age; or it *had* been, anyways. Clothes that were already beginning to peel off of her body became all the bigger and bulkier against a body that was now rapidly *shrinking*, fixing the uncanny sight of a body that had becoming much too narrow for how tall it was at the cost of well, peeling almost an *entire* foot off of her height. It settled at 4'8" instead, and by that point even her skirt had slipped off, with her shirt and jacket acting as a dress that's sleeves had swallowed her miniaturized fingers.

“Oh! Um... Umm...?” The *girl's* ability to communicate her concerns about what was happening to her had taken a nosedive. Her thoughts? They were far less eloquent than they had been before, and crucial information about adulthood had slipped away. She actually couldn't remember even being a *teenager*, but that was also information she could no longer even recall possessing in the first place. It was like she was mentally a *child*. And well...

Between the loss of her curves and the loss of her height, that had *already* become more or less true. It hadn't struck Mercedes that her *face* had been changing as she'd shrunk. Her lips had thinned into near nothingness, her nose had shortened into a cute, rounded button shape, and her golden eyes had rounded. The issue was that this face didn't look structurally *like* the face of the woman she had been even *in* childhood. Even if she grew up from this point, she would *never* look like Mercedes von Martritz.

Not that her old name was even rattling around inside her little head anymore.

All that realistically remained of who she had once been at that moment was the blonde hair that was tied by a bow over her chest. Its length had shortened already along with her height for consistency's sake, but now? It *grew*, the bow forced lower and lower against her tiny body until it reached her ankles in the back. The blonde paled until it was an almost sickly shade that accompanied a paling of her skin, and an ahoge curled up atop her head. But from her perspective? The girl was more concerned about other things. Namely why her clothes were so heavy, as well as how *late* it was.

“Huh? It's really late! Why am I even up?” The small *Jeanne d'Arc*, technically an *Alter Lily* variation, was more surprised at the time than what had just happened to her body. Then again, it was probably difficult to show surprise at something that you couldn't even *remember*. From her perspective, she had always been a good little girl that had lived a pretty tough life. She felt incredibly fortunate that the Church of Seiros had found her in that burning village and had been living happily at the orphanage for about one year now.



None of that explained why she was *awake*, though. **“Maybe I was restless? Or...?”** Looking down at herself, what was she *wearing*? It was the uniform that all of the students of the academy wore, but it was clearly designed for a fully grown woman – not a child that couldn't have been older than *ten* at most. Unsure, but also not really questioning it that hard, she clumsily worked her way out of it until she was standing there in... a nightgown? It must have appeared *under* her

clothing at some point. **“Now that that’s taken care of, maybe I should go back to slee—!?”**

“JEAAAAAAAAANE!”

“WAH!?”

It was a good thing that she had moved to the side of her bed after getting changed, because out of *nowhere*? Another girl had committed to a jumping tackle that knocked the both of them *onto* the bed. It was *Jack*, who was one of her best friends at the orphanage, dressed in the exact same nightgown. She must have been restless too. **“Hey! Do you wanna share a bed together with us if you can’t sleep!? We wanna cuddle with you!”** And *that* was part of the reason. Jack was a little bit younger than her and was practically attached to Jeanne’s hip. This wasn’t the first time she’d asked to sleep in her bed, and it wouldn’t be the last.

“Geez! What am I going to do with you?” Jeanne really liked Jack, but she acted like *such* a kid that she felt like she had to be a little more mature towards her. She gently patted the girl’s head of white. **“Fiiiine. But we have to go to sleep soon, okay? Tomorrow they’re picking who gets to be the Winter’s Envoy this year, and I hope it’s me! I’ve even made a costume if I’m chosen!”**

She *really* loved the winter festival! Even if the year’s first snow hadn’t even fallen yet!