

MODERN SCHOOLING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It wasn't very often that Byleth received new items for his tutelage as a professor. Considering he was largely in charge of the combat side of things, where weapons and tomes were more of a necessity than abacuses and pamphlets, he didn't often receive some of the benefits other professors did like rare artifacts and, specifically, rare coins that would be important in speaking of Fodlan's history.

Really though, the ex-mercenary was the least qualified faculty member to teach about history anyways. Jeralt had seen to it that his son was as ignorant as possible of Fodlan's affairs, not because of menace but because he didn't trust Rhea's Church wholly. That meant even key events from the continent's history often went over Byleth's head when they were brought up in conversation.

But hey, if his life had an audience then it might be a useful exposition tool!

So it was strange for him to arrive in his classroom ahead of his students, only to find one of the wooden boxes upon his desk that were typically used to transport artifacts throughout the faculty. Hanneman was usually the one in charge of those endeavors, distributing resources in the academy to where they'd best be used. "**Maybe he made a mistake...?**" The boxes were not typically sealed, and so he opened it up to take a peak.

Inside was a single coin. Silver in color, it was in pristine condition. Although it *did* have a hole cut out of its center for some reason. Was that a normal coin thing? He was pretty sure it *wasn't*. Turning it over in the palm of his hand, was it somehow shinier than it had been just a



moment ago? In fact it almost looked like it was *glowing* somehow? Well, it kind of *was*.

The next the young man knew, the world around him had *changed*. He was still standing before a desk before row after row of desks, and yet everything was *white*. From the cubbies in the back of the room to the desks, to the walls, to the floor, to the ceiling – it was all a *very, very* bright wide. All of the architecture was so sleek, and he was more than certain that little here was crafted with as much wood as the furniture back in Garreg Mach was.

He spared a single glance towards the nearby windows that lined the wall to his right. The orange glow of a setting sun in itself was an issue, because it was early morning the last he had checked. But *everything* out there was unfamiliar. Whether it was the towering buildings that seemed to be made out of stone on the horizon, the large field with a track in it below, or the sounds of strange, steel carriages rushing by in the distance.

As he looked back into the classroom, there was no denying that this most certainly *wasn't* Fodlan. Every object that had text on it, whether it was a book, a picture, or even the documents on his desk (scrawled upon some extremely white paper at that), had words written in characters that he just didn't recognize no matter how hard he tried. Pair the architecture of both the building he was in and the ones on the horizon with the language, and there was plenty of reason to believe he wasn't just not in Fodlan.

He might have been in an entirely different world, hard as that was to believe.

Byleth dropped the coin onto the desk in front of him. “**This isn't Fodlan. How could a Yen coin...?**” Wait, what had he just said there? He'd hadn't the foggiest idea what the silver coin was before, but now he knew the currency was referred to as 'Yen'. Despite saying something so meaningful in the long run, he was likewise overwhelmed by a grogginess that claimed his ego.

“How did I get here? By train? Car? Wait... What are those?”

The professor rubbed at the back of his head, wholly confused by *whatever* it was he was saying. Words were just being *said*, it felt like, without any understanding behind them. But Byleth was succumbing to the effects of this realm – and with time he would be properly outfitted with a life that understood all of its nuances.

He arched a brow and looked around with no shortage of confusion apparent upon his facial features. Come to think of it, didn't the language used on the walls and texts appear to be a little familiar? Even though just a moment ago he had seen it as little more than foreign scribbles. He still couldn't *read* any of it, but there was a strange sense of *déjà vu* with it all. Whether it was the text, the layout of the classroom, or even the view outside of the window. He felt like he had seen it all *many* times before.

While he wasn't one to show concern, much less *any* emotion in general, internally he was weighing his next course of action. His growing understanding of the world around him was concerning, but he didn't see a path where he could *do* anything about it. **“Should I leave this building? But then where would I go?”** Either way, he needed information. Whether he was going to discover that on his own, or if he'd slowly understand at this point he didn't know, but...

From a glance at this point it was plain to see something that the man himself hadn't noticed. That whatever power had seized his mind had also seized his body, and that power was beginning to do what it had set out to in the first place.

The tips of the young man's hair looked a little darker than the already dark blue that they typically were, almost giving him a very strange and edgy aesthetic that didn't coincide with his general, indifferent-seeming personality. Fortunately (*or unfortunately, depending on your opinion*), the black ultimately stained more than the tips alone. It crept through *all* of the blue until it was eliminated, tips to roots completed dyed a very dark brown that bordered an outright black.

Now, Byleth didn't really keep his hair short, at least not for a guy typically. He kept it only a few inches long so that it was just the slightest bit shaggy. That was something that was changing. Though. His hair did not grow in a very traditional sense. It didn't fall to his shoulders or cascade down his back, and any length it *did* gain was only an inch or so, so that it tickled the peak of his neck. Instead it grew *thicker*, the density of each hair almost doubling and even curling somewhat so that it was all puffier and fluffier. The styling practically looked unbrushed, but in the sense that it was a choice to do so.

Naturally it wasn't only his regular old hair that received the color change. His brows not only darkened to the same dark brown, but spread farther across his eyes than before. While the hairs around his loins? The bush above his dick shortened until it was only an inch long, but all of the hair around the man's balls appeared to just *disappear*, as if it was preparing for *something*.

He didn't exactly need to wait very long for that *something* to pay off.

Eugh... The young man groaned the moment he felt it, lurching forward in the process. It was a feeling that coaxed his hands (*which seemed strangely dainty and callous-free*) down to the front of his groin, because really? It felt as if he'd just been decked in the nuts. Like an overwhelming force had kicked him in the groin so hard that his cock and balls had jumped back inside of him. Of course it could only have *felt* like that, or so he'd thought.

But what *her* hands discovered signaled the contrary. ***What!? Where did my... Huh? Was something between my legs? No, it was, wasn't it?*** There was a lot to unpack in the (*now*) woman's reaction. The first was her expression. She had expressed shock. Like, with her voice *and* her facial features. Something Byleth *never* did. But then there was her confusion and how easily she'd come to dismiss her concerns on the matter. The fuzzier her head became, the easier it seemed to be to get lost in the familiarity of this place.

The only time anything is ever between my legs is when I whip out the toys these days...

Even as she shook her head as if to wash away her confusion, things were continuing to change though. Her height was one area of note. She'd been about the average size you might expect a man of her age to be, but all of a sudden two inches had dropped from her overall size. Byleth didn't quite catch it though, at least aside from her clothes suddenly feeling a little baggy.

That wasn't a feeling that was going away anytime soon either. In fact it only increased with thanks due to one key change: all of the muscles upon her frame diminished, and not just a little bit. They were erased *entirely*. In practice, the sight could best be described as a sponge drying out and returning to its original size, except it was happening a lot faster and the sponge in question was muscle tone. By the end of it, from her arms to her legs, from her chest to her stomach, she was absolutely *devoid* of muscle tone. Like she barely even walked around, much less had ever lifted a weight in her life.

The weight of Byleth's ensemble grew even more from her perspective. Of course, the clothes themselves hadn't changed at all. It was just her ability to support them that had altered. In fact she was so thin now that her pants risked falling straight from her hips – if not for one key aspect of her transformation that had kept them upright. Her hips had actually engorged in size, width parting several inches to give her a gait befitting of the genitals that rested between her legs now.

Following along with those implications, the areas directly below her hips promptly began to swell to much tenderer sizes. Her thighs became round and taut, so much so that if you pressed a finger into their flesh the indentation would undoubtedly linger a while. And her ass? Cheeks sprung to life, but they certainly weren't dramatically sized. In fact they were wholly expected of a woman of her height. *And that was fine! I totally don't have a complex about my figure!* So why was her mind so frantically trying to deny it, then?

“I really don't understand. Why...” As the teacher began her thought, the skin beneath her shirt and jacket suddenly felt tense. This wasn't surprising, but it was difficult to understand the cause with how big her outfit was. The truth was that her nipples had swollen several coin sizes, and beneath these brown nubs her chest cavities had begun to plump up. It was naturally a pair of breasts that bloomed, but much like her ass their B-cups weren't all that exciting.

I don't have a complex, alright!?

Her question lingered in the air a moment before she eventually finished it, hands soon to pull upon her outfit. **“...am I wearing this? It doesn't fit, it stinks, and I'm sure it isn't approved to be worn in school.”** Clothing that had once been her day-to-day attire now not only seemed foreign... it seemed like cosplay? Who in their right mind would wear *that* to school? *Had she realized she was speaking in Japanese?*

While continuing to tug at the ensemble, a tingling ran through her facial features. Not only could she read the writing on the walls and posters, but she was doing so with eyes that had browned and reshaped themselves so that so that they had narrower looks to them – unlike any race typical of Fodlan, certainly. This change in race came with a smaller nose and thicker but flatter lips to boot, the look of the woman's overall face much smaller. And yet she looked older, perhaps around a handful of years upward.

“Wait... Was I wearing something I shouldn't have been? I swear, maybe I need to get some more sleep! ...Not like *that's* possible.” The woman had looked up for just a moment, but when she

had looked down, her entire outfit had changed. No longer was it dark, baggy, loose, and fit for a man. Instead she was wearing a knee-length jean skirt and a yellow shirt with brighter yellow and orange, horizontal stripes with sleeves that reached her slender wrists. Of course, she was also wearing cream-colored heels.

“When did the last bell ring on that note? It’s almost dark now...” *Sadayo Kawakami* rubbed at the side of her head, fluffing her raven mane some in the process while attempting to make sense of everything that had transpired. Her mind felt clear, yet her memories on the other hand? They felt somewhat muddled. She could recall teaching her classes throughout the day but everything after the final bell had wrung felt almost like a fever dream.

She was patting at her outfit, confused by some obscure memories. **“Had something been wrong with my outfit?”** She then checked her fingertips, which were free of any callouses. **“And I vaguely feel like my fingers had been harder...”** None of that could be true, of course. In fact scenarios like those would have been nigh impossible! Kawakami was just a regular, Japanese school teacher living in a normal, absolutely ordinary world. **“Oh! Maybe I fell asleep grading papers?”** She *was* standing behind her desk, so that was absolutely a possible thing that could have happened.

Dark brown eyes traces the surface of her desk though, and there weren’t any papers. What *was* present, on the other hand, was the glisten of a piece of silver. A coin sitting upright in her desk’s center. **“Oh! A fifty yen coin! It must be my lucky day!”** Was it hers? Had she lost it? Sadayo couldn’t recall, and that made her reluctant to pocket it. **“No, I probably shouldn’t. One of the students might have left it here by mistake...”**

Did the lapse in time between class ending and now make anymore sense at this point? No, but the sensei soon wondered what the time *actually* was, only to panic once her eyes settled on the clock. **“Oh no! I’m going to be late if I don’t hurry!”** It was almost seven in the evening *already*? Packing up her things (which amounted to grabbing a bag under her desk), she bolted for her classroom door.



Despite working as a teacher, she had a second job as a personal maid-for-hire. It wasn't exactly appropriate, but considering her situation she was desperate for the extra income. Not that she wouldn't abandon that job the second she had the option to, but she didn't exactly *hate* it either. Honestly the worst part of it all?

*It was having to call herself **Beckie**.*