

FE3H: MILF MADNESS

CHAPTER 7: HELLO, NURSE!

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“That’s odd. Why is everyone outside so rowdy at this hour?” It was already late in the evening and Lysithea had already changed into her light purple night gown. It was a habit of hers to get ready for bed early and spend the late night studying in bed, which meant she was often hard to find after the sun had set. Well, short of any sudden bursts of hunger that required late night cafeteria runs.

...She’d never live down that night she ran into her professors while trying to get a snack, largely because--

“IS THERE A HAUNTING? GHOSTS!?” *Because* she was terrified of ghosts. It spoke to her paranoia that the fifteen year old would immediately come to assume the least likely scenario, but her mind wasn’t beyond wandering to the unimaginable. Lysithea was always trying to present herself as an adult, but she could not hide her childish side. She didn’t even want to look outside to see! Instead she blew out her candles and moved towards her bed. **“Maybe I’ll just sleep until it’s quiet...?”**

With her face planted in her pillow several minutes passed. But the noise didn’t quiet, it only grew. The words of the many voices were indistinguishable but listening carefully she came to realize she couldn’t hear any men. It was only women? But no, there was another problem - one that force her face out of the softness of her pillow as she rolled onto her back. **“Wait. What’s this feeling? Mana? No, it’s a little too unbalanced. It feels a little like...”** The teen had felt it before, but she couldn’t seem to remember from where.

Lysithea certainly should have been able to remember, but the effects had already seeped into her mind. Her understanding of mana and magic was dulling, and fast. **“Wait, no... What’s wrong? It’s hard to think! How do I... cast Fire? I CAN’T REMEMBER!?”** Yet suspiciously trying to think about magic brought different instructions to the forefront of her mind. How to wrap a wound, how to make a splint... it was all *medical* knowledge.

Confusion struck, naturally. Of course the girl did have some knowledge of medical procedure in case her healing magic didn’t work but this was different. Terms she’d never heard before, memories of equipment that couldn’t *possibly* exist in Fodlan for it was of a technological level too advanced for a world of sword and magic.

She shot up with a jolt, eyes wide and pupils dilated. All of her years of learning, training, trying to make the most of her waning life cycle -- it was *all* gone! The things she recalled in their stead could hardly even be used here, they were useless! **“No way...”**

Unbeknownst to her, the girl’s chillingly unnatural, white hair was beginning to show color for the first time since she’d been experimented on all of those years ago. But the color wasn’t her natural one even then. Black? Brown? That was more along the lines of her original color than what was bleeding in: a *very* vibrant blonde. It almost seemed nigh impossibly bright as it swept through Lysithea’s shoulder length cut, and in turn it rapidly fell *past* her shoulders.

Lysithea blinked. Plenty was beginning to happen to her body, and even her eyes darkened from pink to hazel as shudders began to wrack her physical form to indicate worsening effects were coming, but her struggle was still plainly focused on the mental aspect. She’d been so angry about her talent for magic being sapped from her just a moment ago, but now she was feeling all the more... *carefree?*

“What the heck was I thinking about just now? Man... Men? Manscaping? Wait, what’s that?” She couldn’t even remember the word ‘mana’ evidently, and instead things she didn’t typically think of came to mind in its place. Perhaps it was a little more fitting that her mind was beginning to wander more carelessly towards men though, for the next wave of changes would take her from a girl lacking in any sexual appeal to a grown woman that held it in spades.

She’d been sitting on her bed with legs tossed over the side squarely. Lysithea had always been just the right height to do so without any real discomfort or bending of her knees upward. *That* was no longer the case. In fact her knees were rising before her very eyes, temporarily freeing the girl from her internal struggle at the cost of giving the invading

personality more freedom to take root without resistance. “**Wait... since when?**” Knees were rising which indicated her lower lengths were becoming longer, but knees were also bending as they were pushed forward to suggest everything above her knee was following after.

In fact even her bare feet were stretching just a little bit longer, with heels farther and farther away from toes that had grown not only a little bigger, but had earned long, manicured nails as a result. Lysithea did not treat her body like most girls her age did and saw no use in prettying up, but the changes to her feet reflected careful attention - and tootsies weren't even the only place this could be seen.

Her fingernails were very much the same. Longer and more drawn out, they sat upon fingers that had suffered a similar fate. Where digits had been chubby and paper-cut from all of the texts the girl typically sifted through, they were now bony and completely void of even the most gentle blemishing, naturally leading into dainty palms that were alight with the scent of moisturizing cream.

Lysithea's arms and legs had kept consistent with their length, and in turn this had bled into her short torso -- not that it was very short any longer. In fact the girl's spine had lengthened quite significantly, stretching any chub that might have been present in her unusually underdeveloped belly thin and bringing out greater tone against its much more curvaceous shape.

Those curves had a debt to pay to her hips, however. They'd expanded beneath her nightgown, hardly even hidden anymore since her growth had yanked the dress up, even going as far as to pull it out from under her butt against the bed.

“**Something isn't right here... I need to find *Byleth-sensei*...!?**” She stood up, long legs wobbling all the while, likewise confused by the manner in which she'd just referred to her professor. Sensei? The word aside it had hardly even sounded like her voice. Deeper...? Maybe not quite. But it definitely had sounded older. That made sense considering her size, but from an analytical point of view... *there just wasn't an analytical point of view anymore*. Lysithea was almost content just not thinking *anything* of it.

She wobbled a little more, her new height of 5'7" a far cry from what it had been before. But her imbalance was rationalized by two sides of the same mental coin. ‘*It's because I'm taller*’ and ‘*it's because I'm missing my curves!?*’. Two very different rationalizations overlapped one another which in turn reveal the extent of the mental struggles the child - *woman* - was being subjected too.

It was too difficult for her to grasp reality now, but one side was winning. There was no secret in regards to which side that was though: it was the side that had given her a head of blonde hair so long that it now fell to the backs of her heels.

The side that had given her eyes an Asian slant with maturing facial features like big, kissable lips and leaner cheeks. The side that was steadily robbing her of her intellect regarding anything that wasn't medical nor... *zombie*? What was that knowledge about? The living dead? Fighting for her life with no powers to speak of? “**What are these memories...!?**” They were *alarming* for the lack of a better word.

Curves she'd assumed were required to restore her balance finally grew to fruition at the high cost of the night gown Lysithea had been wearing. It had been crafted for a short build with next to no breasts or ass, but as the former came in the latter was left exposed since the skirt was yanked irreversibly upwards. Tiny tits bubbled up dramatically, creamy flesh an expansive ordeal after only a brief moment of growth while widened nipples dug like knives into the mauve cloth of the dress. Each breast was of a comparable size to her own skull, and despite the weight that tore rips in the sides of her dress her back seemed all the more adjusted to support them.

Farther south, her lower half was now almost completely exposed without the skirt of the dress to keep most concealed. Fortunately she'd worn a pair of panties underneath the gown, but widened hips had already stretched the waistband to the limits and burgeoning thighs and a rounding rump saw their cloth both cameltoed in the front and slurped up by the crack of her growing ass without delay. It was an uncomfortable wedgie and Lysithea had no choice but to reach back with her fingers to try and pick the cloth from her huge cheeks - only for it to just snap back painfully into place.

Tall and buxon, Japanese and blonde, the woman standing there now hardly looked like Lysithea at all, much less a proper resident of this world. But she was just one of the many that had come before her, and her mind had gone the same route as everyone else's. Yet there was still a voice in the back of her head, still one clinging onto hope while preserving the name 'Lysithea' regardless of how strongly the identity of '*Shizuka Marikawa*' resonated.

The voices outside were enticing. “**Everyone is gathering to meet Rhea-sama? I suppose I should as-- AH!?**” Jittery as she was, a knocking on her window forced Shizuka to jump. A survivor of the zombie apocalypse and yet even the slightest sound could make the 27 year old nurse jump. She shied away from the window at first, but

eventually moved closed to undo the latch. On the other side there was a buxom woman with silver hair and red eyes. *Graf Zeppelin*.

“You haven’t fully succumbed yet, have you? Good. Come with me.”