

FE3H: MILF MADNESS

CHAPTER 8: REPLACING PROFESSORS

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This... doesn’t look like the kind of trouble I want to get into.”

Claude von Riegen was watching the chaos that was unfolding throughout Garreg Mach Monastery from up high. Perched atop the highest tree, back pressed against the trunk as he laid horizontally across the thickest branch, he could vaguely come to terms with what was happening below.

Well... ‘*Come to terms*’ might not have been the best descriptor. How did one rationalize this exactly? He’d watched Petra become a huge breasted clergywoman just beneath him for Seiros’ sake, all while climbing to try and escape the phenomenon like he had. For some reason with height came immunity, or so he’d come to assume.

Was it something airborne? A gas that had been slipped into the church and campus? He really couldn’t be sure, but he knew that going down there was essentially a death wish. **“Which begs the question: what the heck do I do here? Wait it out? How long could that take? How would I even know if it was safe?”**

These *were* valid questions. If everyone below was transformed then there would be no gauge to tell if the effects still lingered. He could wait a week and then still would have no way to be sure if the effects had passed so he’d be taking a risk and potentially risking death of hunger or dehydration for no real reason.

“And then say it’s safe. How do I handle the women down there?” Provided they didn’t leave anyways, but he’d certainly overheard them talking about Rhea. Were his suspicions about the

Archbishop on the nose? Was she up to no good just as he'd assumed? Petra had been scooped up by the hoard just moments after her transformation had finished, and he counted his lucky stars she'd seemingly forgotten about his presence in the tree after changing.

She *hadn't*, though. The small part of her that kept her sense of self had protected him. Claude would never learn this.

Unfortunately he'd been wrong in his assumption that he was safe, though. The area of effect caused by the chalice Rhea had activated was slowly expanding in a one-hundred and eighty degree sphere; it was only a matter of time before he'd come under the area of effect. He'd been lucky thus far, but sadly that moment came sooner rather than later.

The sphere had grown enough that it came into contact with the boy's lowest point of contact laying as he was, and with the branch sagging down because of his weight that spot was, of course, *his butt*. Claude didn't even take notice of it at first, because his crack was already cradling the arch of the branch to begin with, but it *was* happening.

His ass cheeks were swelling, and *not* just a little bit. The hem of his uniform pants had no choice but budge downwards as flesh ballooned with a weight that wasn't as taught as young person's might be. It was a little chunky and, honestly, a little softer than the firm behind Claude had possessed otherwise. Not only were the cheeks fat, though, they were off-color. His Almyran tan had all but faded, leaving the cheeks a milky white that was more typical of Fodlan natives.

With their size came imbalance, which in turn brought about improper weight distribution. It was a powder keg. Or, well in this case it was more like his growing ass was a balloon on the verge of popping.

But the effect was all the same. "**Whoa!?**" The added weight threw off the boy's balance and in seeking to correct it he forced the branch wedged between his buns to crack... which led to a terrible downward spill since he was at a height that was equivalent with the roof of the dorms. It was pure luck that a cart of hay had managed to break his fall, but even the wheels of the cart broke from the sudden weight crashing down from so high up. "**Ugh, that's not good.**"

Laying on his back in the hay cart, he could see the branches of the tree above him. His pants, boxers, and jacket were hanging off of the tree quite a ways up, having gotten caught on the terrible fall down. Which meant that *aside* from his yellow undershirt he was completely naked, and he could definitely feel it with how the hay rubbed against his bare butt and legs.

“Crap.” The boy propped himself up in the cart by using his hands, the feeling of the hay grinding against legs and the underside of his balls not a comfortable one. **“Do I climb again, or is it already too late?”** Hands on the sides of the cart they were the most accessible thing to look at. And not only were they cream-colored, but his nails were longer with hands themselves only two thirds of their previous size. Like a woman’s. **“I guess that answers that.”**

So now what? Did he just sit here and accept his fate? It seemed like a lot of work to resist for no reason. But, Claude reasoned, at the very least it was in his best interests to get more comfortable for the remaining duration; which meant *not* sitting in an itchy pile of hay.

Once he pulled himself out it became immediately clear what had caused his sudden fall. After all, he was trying to remove clumps of hay that gotten stuck inside it as he spoke. **“My ass is huge and, my thighs? Also huge.”** A sigh escaped his lips as he leaned forward to run pale fingers against equally paled thigh flesh.

His hips had seemingly widened either during the fall or after his landing, which allowed for a slight gap to exist between two sides of burgeoning flesh even now but... that slot was filled with his dick and balls. It seemed he wasn’t quite a woman yet, even though 90% of the space beneath his belly looked like he was one.

Turning into a woman was bad enough, but did they *have* to change his race too? Even now he could see the pale coloration reaching up and under his shirt, and he could feel the muscles he’d amassed dwindling with every passing moment while the arch of his stomach smoothed inward to create much more gentle slopes to Claude’s hips. It was evident through the front of the shirt though: his stomach wasn’t lean. In fact, a little bit of pudge was pressing up against the fabric. A muffin top.

His dark, curly hair had begun to cascade down his shoulders at a length that didn’t typically align with his preferences, all while strands of navy blue playfully danced among them. Before long their entire styling was completely, naturally straight and free of any natural curls while the entire body of his mane was the same blue he’d witnessed sprouting up prior.

Content with his dust off, Claude pressed fingers into his stomach. **“I’m getting older too huh? Yup, there it is in my voice.”** While Claude was the calculating sort, he was remaining a little calmer than he should have been even with advanced knowledge of what had been coming. This was thanks to the personality being imprinted over top of

his own. A woman that was intellectual if not a little straight-laced due to the mistakes of her past. It was something of a far cry when compared to Claude's usual, mischievous cunning. Yet was it really all that different? The two were practically different sides of the same coin. But he was starting to panic a little underneath the mask, fidgeting with the bottom of his shirt and trying to hide his genitals with a hand.

He puckered his lips not because he wanted to but because it was *forced* upon him. Brushing lips against them found that their volume had practically doubled, and while they were glossy in some places they were cracked and dried in others. Eyes twitched, and as they did his eyes began to take on a glint of dark maroon that very quickly overcame his usual color all while lashes doubled in length. Eyes were highlighted by thinner brows, their colors all popping against whitened skin.

“I... I need to find something to cover up, don't I?” Slender fingers pressing up against his crotch hadn't disguised much, not that there was anyone to hide them from. It was more of an insecurity that was building, overcoming Claude's usual confidence. At first he hadn't cared at all about being half naked, but now as his body filled out there was *concern*. After all, he wasn't stick thin! He was a little jiggly...

A little too jiggly it seemed, for that jiggle soon found itself bouncing around on his chest too. The yellow shirt that had hung loose across his smaller form was growing tight, for something was bubbling up from underneath. Considering the course for the rest of his transformation? It seemed obvious enough.

Breasts, B or C-cups, had bubbled up from a once solid pair of pectoral muscles that had been trained in case Fodlan ever fell on hard times. The tits were swollen and tender, sizes only *enhanced* by the fact that he was a little pudgier thanks to the fact he'd become an older woman. The tits pulled the shirt up a bit, revealing the muffin top she'd grown so self-conscious of over the past minute or so, making her panic.

Reflexively she moved a hand to the bridge of her nose to push up a pair of glasses, but nothing was there! Right... because that wasn't who she really was. She was actually Claude von Riegen, she wasn't this woman in her thirties!

“Eep!” Yet, *she* yipped as her fingers slid between her legs. It had only taken a few seconds, but in that time her cock and balls had collapsed into a crevice that was clearly a woman's pussy. Plunging her fingers inside of it was a very familiar sensation that matched up with her shifting memories, but she quickly yanked her hand away because it wasn't the kind of thing she should be doing in public. Yet it reminded her of how depressing it was that she was still single at her age!

“Clothes... Clothes... And I need a pair of glasses! How could Rhea treat us like this?” Faster than she’d ever moved in her life, *Ursula Callistis* slid into the nearby dorm building in search of attire. Memories of her summoning had been born, but there was no awareness that her existence was actually another’s re-purposed. She was little more than a drone, a gear in the machine of Rhea’s wish... and she moved to join the others as if a milf sheep.

Clearly Petra’s sacrifice had been in vain.