

# FE3H: MILF MADNESS

## CHAPTER 1+2: BLONDE BOMBSHELLS

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Rhea held it up thoughtfully. A Relic Weapon. A supposed wish granting device. To many it may have looked like little more than an overly decorated chalice, but to those that knew of the truth behind it, it was certainly much more than that. A powerful tool meant to grant wishes or so it was said. Even Rhea had been hesitant to test its powers on something of import; so she'd never tried to utilize it for things like bringing Sitri back to life.

But this was different. She sought to scratch an itch. Attend to a yearning. To be honest? The Archbishop was lonely and wished for some like-minded company. Most of Garreg Mach was either men or women that were much younger than her physically and emotionally, and so once she'd filled that chalice with water and drank from it she'd really only had one thing in mind.

*I wish I had some good friends.*

And that was the start of everything.

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Two twins with the exact same name. It seemed their father had been short on creativity when they'd been born, but neither of them really seemed to mind all that much. The Byleth duo, brother and sister professors that worked at Garreg Mach as professors on Rhea's recommendations, were stuck on cleanup duty in the cafeteria when things had began to go awry.

It may have been a confusing name arrangement at a glance but the students had gotten by. Referring to one as Mister Byleth and one as

Miss Byleth was certainly enough to differentiate and was no different than a school having two teachers with the same last name. Quite simply? They were used to it.

What they weren't used to was the sticky sensation that had begun to hang heavily in the air as they worked. Attached to the cafeteria at Garreg Mach was a proper kitchen, and then attached to that kitchen was a storage room, and either sibling had been working on those rooms at the time. For example: the sister was working in the storage room, putting away excess supplies that had been taken out that day.

She gave pause at the unusual feeling that hung in the air though. The sticky phenomenon almost felt like raw mana, magic that hadn't been properly processed through the means of a spell. It wasn't *inherently* harmful like this, but it was so thick and invasive. She could feel it clinging to her body in a stifling way.

But it grew thicker still, and her vision came to blur.

**“I need to fetch my brother...”** It was the natural course of action since he was only a single room away. They needed to report this to Manuela or Rhea as the saturation was this high. But it was difficult to move; not to say that she *couldn't*. Instead it was a phenomenon not unlike her brain was registering her body incorrectly. The weight of her arms and legs felt too heavy, almost like she was used to lither limbs and more agile motions. Even her height provoked a confusion, as she felt as if her point of view should have been closer to the ground.

It came to the point that she had to stabilize herself on the nearby spice shelf, ultimately halting her attempt to find her brother. Little did she know that in the next room he was suffering from the exact same symptoms though.

With her hands firmly holding the shelf, Miss Byleth wondered if she was maybe falling for a moment. There was no indication of horizontal movement but she was finding it harder and harder to maintain her grip upon the edge of the shelf. More than that: her elbow was gradually bending from its straight reach towards a downward curve as it felt more and more like the shelf that had once been just below her eye level was now farther and farther away.

Dizzied eyes looked over to meet the shelf itself. She wasn't looking *over* it, she was looking directly *at* it. Because Byleth didn't often emote it was difficult to tell based on words or expression that this concerned her, but a subtle tilt of her head to the side was telling in its own way. Her knees hadn't bent at all, and so there was only one real explanation for

what was happening here, one confirmed by a sudden looseness to her clothing: *she was shrinking*.

Miss Byleth was forced to adjust her grip on the shelf not only due to the sudden loss of height however, as unsubstantial as that loss was after losing but a few inches. The woman professor had a surprisingly strong grip because of her weapons experience. Swords, axes, spears; a life of training had led to undeniably calloused digits and stronger finger strength as a whole, but that talented grip kept slipping because the qualities that made her grip so strong had begun to wane.

Callouses played a big part of it in the long run. Fingers and palms were very hard from all of her combat experience and because she was used to that wear she knew the best technique to make full use of it; only for that technique to become less and less effective as rough digits quickly smoothed out. Firm bumps settled into soft fingertips and rounder palms, and the size of her hands in general became a clear point of contention as well. If one were looking at glove sizes, Byleth's hands probably shrunk down two of them -- not to mention how her fingernails grew long and any dirt wedged beneath them was cleaned away.

But this was another trend. The lady Byleth wasn't the cleanest of people, yet any filth from the day or otherwise was seemingly peeled from her skin and more noticeably her *hair*. A lustrous sheen had begun to swish through her dark teal locks as the messy, curly quality of it all came to find a straightness she'd never once been able to force through hair care supplies (as *limited as they were in the medieval fantasy world of Fodlan*). Gradually this hair, which hung just past her shoulders, showed signs of snaking towards her butt and, ultimately, the backs of her lower resting knees.

The sound of steel clanking across the floorboards ran out as the accessories on her left arm, which was not holding the shelf, suddenly fell past her much more petite wrists and hands to crash against the ground. They were typically held in place by the girth of her arm, but as she stared at the left and right in a daze she could barely recognize the problem: all of that muscle that made the bulk of her arms? It was fading away. Upper arms that were almost as thick around as her head was wide normally had practically halved in size to take on fragile, almost twig-like shaped.

Legs and feet fared no better. The skintight leggings that served as one of her charm points began to roll down her legs to expose the bare skin featured in her upper thighs, but that bare skin was much less enticing than it had been prior. She still sported a woman's thighs of course, but their girth was more subtle without those strong muscles of hers to

bolster their mass. Her ass was likewise a victim and her skin tight booty shorts began to sag a little with credit to her butt cheeks sucking in and, while remaining perky, were notably smaller. They would still invite the touch of the perverse, but the audience might change demographics a little bit in terms of taste.

The overall shrinkage had left the professor in an outfit that was, and would remain until she got changed later, oversized. Despite losing height her breasts remained consistently large for the time being, but the bottom of the chest piece she wore had sunk down to cover a navel that was typically exposed. It all felt much heavier now that she didn't have the muscles to properly support the armored pieces and the compression upon her much tinier frame was making her sweat from the effort.

**“Yuck, my beautiful form is beginning to sully.”** Byleth was never one to complain, and yet the thought of her getting all sweaty had forced a sudden, egotistical complaint to spew out in a voice she didn't quite recognize, leaving her to question where it had come from. The anxiety brought about by encroaching concern made her heart beat more rapidly -- which in itself was a problem because not once in her life had her heart *ever* beaten. But the thought didn't even occur to her, because as quickly as concern was risen it was soon squashed by a comfort.

Those feelings from earlier that had made her feel as if she weren't comfortable in her own skin? What her body looked and felt like now was beginning to align with what those feelings had expected. In all but one place in particular...

*Not that correcting that was much of a problem.*

In fact an ease of breathing washed over her thanks to the heaving weight of her bosom beginning to deteriorate. With each breath the size seemed to diminish. Less and less, the chest piece hanging looser and looser ever time she exhaled. Before long what stood as a very large D-cup in size minimum was a paltry showing of a small B-cup, and yet that felt right. After all, since they were so small they remained perky longer consider her age.

*...Her age?*

Byleth panicked again, but not out of concern for her transformation. Something told her she needed to look at a mirror now, and thankfully the dizziness had cleared up enough that she was able to move upright without any real balancing issues. There didn't seem to be any mirrors in this unfamiliar storage facility, but she *did* find a steel cupboard that

had been shined just enough to make out what she looked like. Taking a single step removed a shrunken foot from her boot, and then another.

Eyes went wide as she caught sight of herself, in the process the dark blues becoming a more vibrant green. “**What the hell happened to my hair? What color is this?**” The style seemed correct to her: incredulously long and layered into boxy chunks that culminated by her ankles; but the dark blue she was rocking looked incredibly hideous all of a sudden.

So it was fortunate then that all at once the body of hair began to lighten, sliding into a bright green that looked almost holy before ultimately settling in a platinum blonde that better suited her (*new*) memories. But there was a cost to find her hair in such good health, and it was readily seen in her face.

It was like the youth was sapped away from her skin in general, with more cracks forming across the surfaces than she might expect. Byleth had been in her early twenties before, but as facial structure slid around to better replicate the face of an experienced model makeup spread itself across her face to disguise blemishes and other signs of age, in turn making her seem much more youthful than she actually was.

Because *now* she remembered herself as she appeared: a woman in her early forties. A powerful woman by the name of Lusamine. But this didn't appear to be the Aether Foundation, and what in *Arceus' name* were these clothes? She had to find something more fashionable and *pronto*.

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In the adjacent room, separated only by a door, the Byleth brother had come to sense the change in mana saturation at the exact same time as his sister. He'd been tying bags of rice that had been used during the day while putting away the pots and pans that had been washed and dried away. Yet he'd been forced to discard all of these plans when he'd taken notice.

But much like as was the case with his sister, any real chance at mobilizing to respond to the encroaching crisis had been immediately robbed from him. In Mister Byleth's case however? The cause of his immobility was much more extreme. It wasn't due to the dizziness (*although that did play a part*) but thanks to his weight. His muscles had remained unaffected so far, it was more his bones had suddenly become so hefty that the flesh and muscle that typically supported them could not keep up.

*And, painfully, there was a crunch as he fell to his hands and knees.*

**“URK!?”** It was taking all of the young man’s energy to keep himself from collapsing completely against the wooden floorboards. He could hear them beginning to stress under his weight, so much that he wondered if he might fall through the ground at any moment. Of course he could only speculate the cause, but the truth was never an answer he’d arrive at on his own. For the answer existed in technology that didn’t exist in this world. But now it existed inside of him.

Quite simply put: his bones had hardened and gained a platinum sheen beneath his flesh (*at least those other than his teeth*). The material was much heavier than normal bone, meant not to be operated with human joints but with a series of futuristic doll joints and powered by an energy fluid that did not exist in his body. *Not yet anyways.*

Something *whirred* inside of him suddenly, around the spot where his heart should have been. Much like his sister he’d never had a heartbeat, but at the same time there was no way the noise the inside of his chest was making at that moment could be considered one either. He felt the motion vibrating through his body, and the fluids his form contained stung a little as his biological makeup was tested to be striking less so...

...while still greatly *resembling* the human body.

Things were entering the uncanny, and strength was suddenly beginning to restore itself as the whirring better settled into a quiet hum. His breathing had become erratic, but at the same time it was because it almost didn’t feel... necessary? Something in his brain told him it was just to ‘keep the memory compartment cool’, but what was a mem--

Byleth blacked out temporarily, but his steel bones had kept him upright without the proper joints installed just yet. The cause of his loss of consciousness was from the arrival of the same memory compartment he’d been about to question. Or, more clearly stated: his flesh and blood brain had been replaced by an electronic counterpart. Eyes began to glow a bright green, and suddenly he collapsed on his stomach as the doll joints beneath his skin finally carved themselves into the steel bones.

*Although the impact caused him to fall through the wooden flooring of the kitchen.*

He grunted and groaned again as hands reached out of the dark hole to hoist himself back up, dust scattering around the immediate area. Thankfully the kitchen was only raised a foot off the ground, but he was still adjusting to a weight that wasn’t human. His blood had stung

earlier because it was shifting into fuel that ran through the primary energy source that had been whirring in his chest.

But eyes, still glowing green, stopped a moment as they glanced at the hands that were hoisting him up. They looked wrong. They didn't remind him of the hands he looked at every day, that he swung a weapon with or graded paperwork with. No, they looked soft and pale; length long but width thin, with nails that seemed far longer than he'd ever allowed. They looked like a woman's hands. And a woman that didn't swing a weapon at that.

Byleth didn't realize that he'd become an *android* though, an artificial existence that was human-like but not entirely. Those hands knew how to fight, it was just his skin had toughened into something that wouldn't cut nor callous very easily. He could only observe his hands in the first place because gloves had fallen off with the fall, the smaller sizing of the multi-fingered appendages no longer capable to sustain their fit.

His body was growing incredibly hot, but as he pulled himself up and onto the floor once more his pants ended up falling free along with his boots and into the hole. It should have been a concern, and yet it brought about some relief to be naked from the waist down short of his boxers. It felt more breathable? The heat he was feeling subsided a great deal and he couldn't figure out why... but he also hadn't noticed the steam dancing off his butt and legs.

Was it because they were so smoking hot? No, *not yet*.

By the time he'd balanced himself upright on the floor and moved himself far enough away from the hole that his weight wouldn't inspire the damage to increase, a noticeable pudgy glow had begun to plague his bare thighs and increase the tension in the back of his boxers. It was discreet in the initial stage though this stage was the shortest, for what seemed like a harmless bit of chubby weight soon amplified itself into a full-on assault of his flesh.

Was it fat that plumped up his thighs and ass? It was hard to say. It certainly *looked* like fat but the molecular makeup likely wasn't the same. It saw a jiggle run through his upper legs with every step, and as thighs grew wider and wider still the cloth of her boxers had begun to pinch against them. Before long each thigh was about as thick as his head was wide, and Byleth was sporting a fat ass that peeked out over the waistband of his undergarments and pulled them uncomfortably against his erect dick.

He sword on Seiros he didn't know why he found this all arousing, but he did. The full, slightly crushed tent in the front of his shorts proved

that angle without any room for debate... *or any room in general*. Sweet relief was provided, then, when the crumbling tent began to regress. Before long it had slid inside of his groin, a set of organs mimicking a woman's reproductive system hollowing out in their place. But an android could not reproduce. Nor did it need to eat or drink, which brought about questions *why* her body needed to replicate a human so closely.

The android in question was confused but not. Shocked but not alarmed. Memories and familiarity in her memory compartment were quickly aligning with the reality of her current form, and words she'd never heard before were quickly defined and offered up as understood data to help improve how comfortable she was with the situation mentally. On the emotional front? She showed none, for something told her that to show emotion would be to break some sort of *rule*.

What she *did* notice was that her ass was a lot more comfortable now that it was so large and exposed. Boxers had shredded a little around her abundantly thick cheeks and the exposed skin helped to make her feel cooler... almost like her ass had been designed to have unusual cooling properties. Incidentally this was standard practice in designing a YoRHa-type android.

The sound of steel bending or compressing momentarily deafened her, and while it came with some discomfort her expression didn't even change in the slightest. The cause was blatant enough: her shoulders had just crunched inward up north, and down south her hips had swung outward to make more space for the wider load she was sporting. There was change in the center too, and her stomach swung inward to give a much more pronounced curve from her upper body into her hips.

Pectoral muscles convulsed as the final design modifications to her android model were made; thus her breasts were born. Perhaps it was silicon that seeped into cavities beneath erect nipples as orbs did begin to grow and fill out the front of her top. Unlike her sister her clothes didn't have any strangely placed armor and the cloth was fortunately flexible, so even as an honest D-cup that would dwarf Lusamine's bust surged forth with an elastic bounce before it all settled back into place.

**“For what reason have I landed here? Was there a directive from command?”** Naturally confused, the android wandered over to a dripping sink. The deposit was full of clean water and she could make out her reflection just in time to watch her facial features soften. A sharply designed nose, lips that looked extremely kissable yet were forced into a perpetual scowl, big green eyes with long lashes. She looked to be an older woman, not some kid in her twenties like she once had been.



Yet her hair was still short and blue... for a moment. Eyes glowed bright green one last time as her mane began to snake down her back, much of it pulled up into a ponytail bound by a mysterious force. Much like the woman in the other room she too was becoming a blonde bombshell of sorts, but the coloring was paler by comparison.

**“Commander White? Are you ready to go meet Lady Rhea?”** A voice from the doorway leading to the storage room took the android by surprise. She’d immediately responded to the designation ‘Commander White’ because it matched the data in her memory banks. That was her name, and her role was the commander of YoRHa. She couldn’t quite recall why she was here, just that this Rhea was her only ticket home. She also knew this woman to be ‘Lusamine’, another victim much like herself.

**“I am. Are you?”** Curt and to the point. There was no need to waste words on idle chitchat.

Lusamine clicked her tongue. **“Do I look ready? Look at what I’m wearing. Look at what *you’re* wearing!”**

Was that a no? She couldn’t really tell.