

FE3H: MILF MADNESS

CHAPTER 3: NINJA SENSEI

BY CHALDEACHANGE



During the early moments after Rhea had cast her desire unto the chalice Relic Weapon, Edelgard von Hresvelg had been enjoying her time in a hot bath at the bathhouse. By the time the effects had begun to sew themselves among the population of the academy however, she was already out and drying herself off.

Fodlan not a realm where technology had developed to the point of electricity, the changing room adjacent to the bath was lit only by candles and torches. Most students elected not to visit after dark for this practicality reason, and yet Edelgard had the benefit of having an aide that would readily prepare the space for her. *Hubert*.

There were several mirrors erected in the changing room, and Edelgard found herself in front of one with a candle neatly placed beside the glass. Even if it was merely going back to her dorm room to settle in for the evening she had to make sure she looked presentable, and that included doing a check of her reflection. Stark naked, her clothing was folded in a pile on a bench in the rear of the room. She wasn't always fond of looking at her naked form, not with how scarred it was due to the complications of her past.

If there was any risk of someone coming in when she was so vulnerable then she certainly wouldn't have lingered; but since Hubert was standing guard Edelgard didn't have to worry much about that.

Although, little did she know Hubert had already become a big-titted MILF maid outside.

The very same energy that had accomplished this feat finally penetrated the bathhouse and attached changing room, and while the emperor to be could vaguely sense its influence she wasn't keen enough to the magics to be able to properly ascertain the danger. If anything she'd merely wondered if Lysithea was practicing a new spell nearby.

“Hm? I don't believe I've always had that beauty mark.” All seemed well enough up until she examined her breasts. Not too small, not too large, Edelgard prided herself in having a pair of breasts that could easily be hidden or shown if need be. But what stood out to her enough to comment was a mole upon her right breast. It was nestled near the center, only a few inches back and to the side of her nipple. She even rubbed it to make sure, but that was certainly an authentic mole.

The issue was that moles didn't just grow overnight. That hadn't existed the last she'd examined herself, nor could she even recall it sticking out when she was bathing herself, and so... **“Wait.”** After stroking the mole, she pressed her finger into the flesh of her tit. It seemed more somehow. She was still growing in the breast area, she knew that, but this struck her as odd.

It wasn't just the one breast but both of them. Letting the two hang loosely upon her chest she examined the gap between her tits. Edelgard knew they usually parted after only a few inches since they weren't excessively pronounced, and yet the point she was familiar was deeper into her cleavage. And deeper. And deeper.

Any pretense of restraint was thrown out the window the moment she realized her chest was swelling. **“This cannot be!”** But fingers wrapping around the front of her tits contradicted her claim, flesh pressing up and out between her fingers, forcing the hands further and further away in the process. As they grew, her new beauty mark slowly slid in towards the curvature of her cleavage thanks to the skin stretching around the applicable weight; a weight that she was having great difficulty containing.

Her cheeks burned crimson as she abandoned the idea of containing them with her hands and instead attempted to run an arm across to contain them. Edelgard could tell her nipples had engorged based on how they dug into said arm, and the veins that ran from them across the breasts on the outside were showing increased visibility as the skin that contained them was tugged and thinned. **“They're still growing!?”** Her voice registered panic. What were her options here? This wasn't an issue she could run to Hubert with.

Even her arm wasn't enough to keep them obscured however, before long their size rivaling the size of her own head; no longer could her arm

fit neatly around them, and even her attempts to the contrary had just resulted in bounce flesh wrapping around it. Growing so top-heavy forced a change in the princess' posture and she tilted forward towards the mirror. Forgetting about covering them up, the girl was forced to stare at a pair of huge breasts that jiggled from each of her breaths. They ultimately leveled off and stopped swelling, but not before each tit sat at a size *larger* than her own skull. A 38" bust was not something to scoff at.

Were their size not bad enough, Edelgard had her suspicions about their quality as well. They were big and firm for the most part, but there was a droop to them that suggested a problem. It was possible said droopage was merely a side effect of their size, but such things tended to happen with age as well. **"No, something is wrong with my face as well..."**

Following along with that theory she was left gazing at her own face in the reflection. It was hard to ascertain for sure, but her skin looked a little more worn, a little oilier. She leaned closer to the mirror to try and tell for sure, but jolted upright after accidentally smooshing her huge breasts against the cold mirror with a girlish cry.

Redirecting the attention back to her face she noticed something obscure midst the mauve of her eyes. A singular speck of crimson within the irises of both, and yet that speck took like a flame and spread throughout the rest of her eyes, dyeing them all completely the same shade. **"...!?"** She felt something tug at the corners of her eyes, and lo and behold it led to a tightness in the skin around them; ultimately resulting in a more angular, Asian design.

She brought hands up to touch the corners of her eyes, and in the process noted that her fingernails had grown longer with a pink paint spread across them. *Gloss*. Edelgard's hands themselves didn't quite look right either, with a mole she didn't recognize on the back of one and the fingers much smoother -- as if she *wasn't* accustomed to swinging an axe.

"This can't be..." The woman was shocked but it certainly didn't come across that way in her voice. Her tone had become too steady and calm, and in fact the pitch was even deeper than it had once been. She rubbed fingers against her cheek, a bit of makeup smudging. The makeup was concealing the truth. **"I'm older. How much...? I must be thirty? No, older than that."** She wouldn't say forty. Somehow that felt *too* high.

Edelgard's reflection was a peculiar one though. From the waist up she looked like an older woman, but from the hips down she still had the figure of a teen. Of everything happening though, she found legitimate

joy in watching her hair darken. It was only white because of the Crest experimentation she'd been subjected to and she had assumed she would never see color in it again. Yet here it was, turning dark black as it cascaded behind her. "... Even though she was happy, she still couldn't muster an emotional response.

The south end of the princess' body inevitably showed signs of change just as the north end had. There were smaller, seemingly inconsequential changes at first such as her pubic hairs darkening to the same color that now decorated her head, and the appearance of a mole in the dead center of her left ass cheek and another on her right thigh, but all together nothing substantial happened *at first*.

Scars that had decorated her since the experiments had faded across the entirety of her body, which worked out in Edelgard's favor for the expansion that followed after surely would have stretched those markings, which which already unpleasant, to the point where they would have been horrific.

It began in her hips. The woman both watched and felt them temporarily dislocate, forcing her to stumble as they popped painless out into a new width that seemed better suited for fuller proportions than she currently sported. *And fuller proportions she would receive.*

Her ass and thighs grew with reckless abandon, working on pace with one another so that they would finish changing at the *exact* same time. The mole on her left butt cheek moved around slightly with thanks to stretching skin much like the mole on her breast had been subjected to, and it slid a little ways into the cusp of her crack as said crack deepened to resemble the Grand Canyon were it once a shallow chasm. Both cheeks combined came to rival one and a half of her breasts in size, some serious cushion that would make sitting down *extremely* comfortable.

Thighs kept these thicc sizings consistent. Each one was a rival for the ass cheek it was linked to, arch flowing prominently into her lipping butt cheeks behind while her inner thighs had no choice but to press keenly up against one another to the point she feared she might chafe when walking. They did a good job of eclipsing her chubby pussy, a pussy now much more experienced than it once had been. Edelgard had been robbed of her virginity this way, but at the same time it felt as if she hadn't been a virgin in a very long time.

At her age it might have been a little embarrassing to still be one, particular with her body type. Not that shinobi had a lot of time for enjoying those finer pleasures, and not that Rin was the openly passionate type to begin with.

“...Rin? My name is... Rin. Or Suzune...” It took a moment but she grappled with memories that didn't quite add up. Since when had she used these names? They felt new but familiar. In fact, her surroundings didn't quite look like she was even in Japan. But then other recollections insert themselves. A summoning? She was brought here by a woman named Rhea whom sought companionship. Rin could relate to an extent, but she had duties she needed to attend to at home.

Even if Rhea had asked her to teach at this school.

Apparently they were currently short two professors?

Regardless, she certainly needed to dress herself. And so it was fortunate that upon turning around, she found her undergarments, blouse, and microskirt folded neatly alongside her high heels. It was the attire she typically wore to teach. Though her breasts didn't quite fit and she was required to leave the top *four* buttons open. Not to mention her glasses were there. That would be a help.

About five minutes later Rin emerged, only to be greeted by a maid. She looked like she was probably around the age of forty and had a pair of tits that eclipsed Rin's own gigantic honkers. Were they 50"? She couldn't possibly imagine supporting that weight. It took her a moment but she suddenly remembered who this was. She pushed up her glasses.

“Come, Boobert. Rhea is waiting for us.”