

# FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

## CH2: ENTICEMENT UNKNOWN

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Unlike the princess, Sharena, Commander Anna was not at all bothered by the fact that she had not been taken on Alfonse's expedition. She had plenty of work to do back at their base in Askr. Paperwork to sort through, training schedules to write up... Being a commander was *not* easy work. Yet it was still the sort of work that she would do without putting up too much of a fuss. She sometimes wondered what kind of life she might have been able to lead if she wasn't so intertwined with the Order of Heroes.

Maybe she would have become a merchant or something of the sort?  
Who knew!

She certainly would have had a knack for it considering how much work she put into the Order's finances. Because their operations were so large they were always so quick to burn through their funds. Which, naturally, was kind of a big issue when the next war was almost looming on the horizon. Not to mention they needed to acquire the stones necessary to summon heroes from other realms as well.

That was why she was so thankful that Sharena was going through the most recent expedition team's haul of worthy finds. A lot of their income came from selling off the expensive things that they didn't need, and the Order's coin purse had been getting rather tight as of light. She couldn't imagine the strain that Alfonse's present endeavor was going to put on them if not for the resale value of the items that had been brought in.

And, curious how she was getting on, Anna had headed out to the storage room set aside for these endeavors. "**I hope she found something really, really expensive!**" Shamelessly, the

commander's eyes were practically sparkling at the thought of actually having some money in the coffers to spend. Times were tough, you know!?



But just as she was about to reach the door in question, a flash of light promptly disoriented the commander and left her reeling for just a moment. “**What in the world? ...Where in the world?**” The follow-up question might have sounded silly, but with the added context of the fact that her surroundings were now *entirely* different, perhaps it wasn't all that out of place in the end.

After all, she was now standing in a... “**A library?**” It definitely looked that way, but glancing at the spines of some tomes nearby she found herself unable to read the language written. It all just looked like a bunch of lines connected to one another. But then again, wasn't that all written language was in the end? A series of lines and / or dots? “**Crud, I hope Sharena's alright!**” She probably got caught up in *whatever this was* too, right!?

To be fair, she was still in the next room over. It was just a school bathroom now, albeit not accessible directly from the library that Anna was in. “**Is there a door outta here, or...?**” For all her concerns about her princess and position, mind you, Anna did not realize that her wardrobe had been completely replaced. Gone was her armor, and instead she was dressed in a school uniform with a white blouse and pleated, blue skirt. Even the band that had tied her hair into a high ponytail had been replaced by a small one in the front that lifted a tuft of her bangs.

But that little tuft of her bangs that had been lifted upward? It didn't carry the characteristic crimson that the rest of Anna's hair typically, and still *currently* did. All of the color had been sapped from it, leaving it a sandy blonde. But if the woman herself hadn't noticed her outfit change, she wasn't going to notice *that*. Which was for the worst, because that color soon spread into the rest of her hair, ultimately turning it all blonde before the locks cascaded down past her shoulders at a length greater than they had been before.

“**If I'm correct, then it should be around here...?**” Still searching for an exit, it didn't make much sense that Anna would have had *any* familiarity with the space around her. Yet she was talking like she did

know, and was walking through the aisles of books as if she had navigated them plenty of times before. “**Aha! There!**” Yet with an airier voice she suddenly chimed with acknowledgement of *what* she’d been looking for, and it *hadn’t* been the door. It was a school bag thrown over a table. A bag she recognized as her *own*.

Passing by a display of books though, the woman stopped to look at one. She could now *read* the text, but didn’t even think about how it was strange that she could. Nonetheless, it was physically becoming much more apparent as to why that was the case. After all, the racial profile that her face suggested was not what it should have been, with eyes pinching into almond shapes and a keen roundness treating her cheeks and lips to fuller looks. Yet the color of her irises, much like her hair, ultimately lost their red – although it was a bubbling blue that replaced them rather than the sandy blonde that had dyed her hair.

There was something else about her face, too. It appeared Japanese, but there was a *youthfulness* to it that better suited the uniform she was wearing. Rather than a woman in her late twenties, it gave off the impression that she was a girl around the age of *eighteen*. And Anna’s memories? They were changing to reflect that. Gone was any recollection of the Order of Heroes nor her training.

And because she had no memories of that training, all of the benefits that had come of it soon unraveled. The firm muscles that wrapped around her arms, legs, and tummy all deflated so that she became as if she had never wielded an axe in her life. And in doing so, it left her feeling a little physically exhausted. “**Phew, that took the wind right out of me...**” What did? She really didn’t know.

But her burdens continued to grow. Or to, well... *swell*. Because what had once been lost now returned, just not in the same place nor the same forms they had originated from. Anna’s ass, for example? It soon bloated, cheeks swelling tenderly as the skin around them stretched to contain new fat which pulled the pleated skirt in the back up more and more, until eventually it just barely covered her now appealing, peach-shaped rump and the pink panties that barely covered them.

All the while, the swell of her cheeks prompted her hips to push wider else they wouldn’t have been able to properly accommodate the swelling of those cheeks. Though an expansion of her thighs served to further the issue in that regard, with pale skin inheriting a sheen what from how tightly that skin was pulled. With each step and shuffle she took, they rubbed together sensually between her legs.

“**Is there a draft in here...?**” Had someone left a library window open? She had to wonder, but the cause was *actually* her outfit. Because the

uniform had hardly fit her *before* her transformation and the growth of her lower region certainly hadn't helped things with the base of her ass now exposed. But that wasn't even the *only* area, because the base of her uniform blouse had begun to lift upwards from her waistline to expose a teasing bit of her tummy.

It was quite plain as to *why* this was the case. After all, the bra she had been fitted with during her clothing change was *much* bigger than anything Anna would have worn naturally. But the ample space in those cups was soon made short work of, with tits bloating up like water balloons that jiggled before settling into place. Idly she tugged at the base of her shirt with smaller fingers, digits that lacked scars or callouses, but did have long, fake nails.

And for a brief moment, she zoned out entirely.

**“Eh? Kaworu-kun?”** A little bit scatter-brained, *Aoko Rumizaki* hadn't even realized that one of her peers had been speaking to her. His voice finally snapped her out of the trance that had come about because of the transformation that she had unknowingly been subjected to. Obviously unknowingly, because she completely accepted her new reality as it was. She was an eighteen year old student who was graduating later that year.

Tall, busty, and beautiful, it was of no surprise that she was one of the most popular girls in the school. Not to mention she was smart and studied hard, so she was close to everyone; from the jocks, to the nerds, to even the gyarus. But the tragedy was that Aoko herself didn't even seem to realize the power she held. She felt that she was plain and that her height made her appear strange to others.

Yet the boys used this obliviousness to their advantage. Case in point? The boy who'd snapped her out of it in the first place. **“Oh, it's okay Rumizaki-san! I was just wondering if... maybe... you could grab that book on the top shelf for me?”** He pointed, and the girl's blue eyes followed that finger to a book high, high up. She'd likely need a ladder even *despite* being so tall.



**“Oh! Sure thing! Anything to help!”** But both naïve and kind, Aoko didn’t understand the trap here. She pushed the ladder over to the shelf and climbed a few steps, leaning forward to try and grab the book with her manicured fingers. In doing so, however? Her top came untucked from her skirt, and Kaworu got a direct look up her shirt – seeing the pink bra holding her ample bosom. **“Is this the one?”**

She *had* grabbed it, but the boy saw a chance. **“N-No, the one over one..”** And he’d do this for another minute or so without the girl he was perverting on even realizing.