

# FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

## CH5: ABOUT PRINCIPALS

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Corrin was a little excited. She finally had been given a quiet day to herself after a busy few weeks, and with most of Askr's men away she had decided that she wasn't going to squander it. In fact, she was getting ready to go meet her big sister Camilla at the spa for a girls' night. Well, Camilla didn't really *know* that she was going to be there. It was a surprise! She knew that her older sibling wouldn't have minded seeing as they were so close.

Plus Camilla was clingy and *likely* would have appreciated the visit. They had been kept apart for the past few weeks because of the work in question. Attacks on Askr had been on the rise as of late, with bandits becoming bolder. It felt like the kingdom was on the cusp of *something*, and she wondered if Alfonse's expedition had something to do with whatever that might be.

In fact she had been on her way there, a bag with a towel and change of clothes held at her side. **"I hope Camilla is surprised! I'm glad the clerk tipped me off that she had an appointment..."** Because Camilla frequented the spa, the regular clerk had gotten to know their family rather well. So she'd passed on that little tip to Corrin. It did make the younger sister a little worried though, because was she only told because something was wrong with her sis?

Walking along the path, though? **"Was this building always here? I mean it definitely wasn't, right?"** Largely looking down as bare feet trekked across the bare feet, she suddenly looked up at a shadow cast by the setting sun. Blocking her path was a house of condensed bricks – a construction technique that was not used by Askr. It wrapped far around, and— **"AH!?"**



A flash of light forced the woman to recoil, and when it cleared? She was no longer standing outside. “**Where... Where am I?**” Had she been warped elsewhere? Yet she had never quite seen a space like this before. She was standing in front of a large, mahogany desk littered with paper scrawled in a language she could not comprehend. There was also a strange device in the corner of the room – a phone, but she couldn’t have known that.

Hung up on the walls in the small space were a number of framed papers. They looked important. Awards of some sort? Was this an office? It didn’t look like anything she’d ever seen before. Rather than leave though, she walked around behind the desk and peered into the drawer, opening it for but a second before slamming it shut with red on her face. “**S-SO BIG!?**” Within? She’d found a bra. But the cups were over twice as big as her face!

Who could wear something like that!?

On the subject of unusual clothing choices however, Corrin hadn’t taken notice of the fact that she was *already* dressed in something strange. A loose-fitting, bright purple suit jacket overtop an equally loose, black tank top snuggled her torso, while an equally purple pencil skirt fell past her knees – which were clad in tights. She was wearing glasses and her hair was even done up into a bun. Not to mention her purple heels. But while she also had a pair of skimpy panties on underneath her tights? She actually *wasn’t* wearing a bra.

Corrin pushed the drawer shut and looked away with an embarrassed look upon her face. It made it all the more striking that she was wearing glasses because, naturally, *wouldn’t that have been obvious to her?* The weight of the thick frames aside, her vision should have been blurry because of them. But that wasn’t the case at all. “**Now what should I do...? Are others from Askr here?**”

As if it was the most natural thing to her in the world, she even pushed the bridge of those glasses up higher on her nose. The moment they felt comfortable, though? Something happened to the woman’s face. Her nose pulled slightly upwards so that the glasses rested there just a touch more naturally, while any adjustments to her eyes that had already

occurred so that her glasses actually helped her vision instead of hindering it ultimately predated a change in the color of her irises from crimson to a pinker red.

In the process of changing their color, mind you, a bending of their shapes likewise occurred. Pinched in at the corners and narrower on the whole due to her eyelids, her optics came to better mirror those of everyone else that had been caught up in this strange domain. That is to say they appeared *Japanese*. Although... in Corrin's case they didn't seem quite as *youthful*. The emergence of Crow's feet in their corners gave off the impression of an older woman, perhaps one around the age of forty.

And the rest of her face, given a bit of time, supported this as well. It all appeared much more *fatigued*, with the quality of her skin drooping just a touch. There were no wrinkles to speak of, but lines did form from a swelling fullness that gave the impression of a slightly heftier woman. A beauty mark appeared on the upper left side of the woman's lips, but it was hardly even *as* noticeable as those lips themselves. Because they bloated joyously to practically *triple* their original thickness, a scarlet lipstick soon painting them not long after.

Corrin? She already didn't look much like *Corrin* any longer.

**"Hm..."** Now, everyone had their own body language. Gestures they preferred to wield in social situations. This princess of Nohr and Hoshido now had her arms crossed under her chest, but this wasn't actually a posture she typically used. She had a habit of keeping her arms much looser, and this was suggestive of a more guarded personality. In fact, she was also taking a much more serious thought as to her situation.

...*Whatever* that situation was. She couldn't exactly remember. Her pink eyes glossed the room. Had it looked unfamiliar before? But didn't she come here every day? Pursing her thick lips, she pushed bangs out of her eyes not even realizing they weren't their usual silver. Rather, a worn purple had replaced her normal hair color, and through pushing her bangs she had reframed them to part in the center so that her forehead was shown off. The size of her bun even halved, suggesting the locks of her hair were now shorter than ever.

Where the purple suit she was wearing didn't really seem to fit all that well, being much too loose in every capacity, that was what was adjusted next. **"Oh, that's better. I was beginning to think I was on my knees."** Her voice huskier, the princess made this remark because her point of view changed. Something in the back of her mind had been suggesting that she was too short, yet now it felt just right. The cause?

Her spine and limbs had all stretched and added an additional four inches to her height. She would have been a touch taller than Camilla now. If Camilla was, well... *Camilla still*. But even then, her memories now perceived her once-sister as someone else. As a *student*.

This height increase *did* make it so her suit fit a little better. The hem of the jacket and the base of her pencil skirt had been hosted higher so that they didn't appear as baggy, but it was evident that they were still a little too large on her. And so, cue the arrival of what was missing to make them fit properly. And it wasn't a change in the size of the clothes, but a change in the size of the woman's body.

**“Oh!”** Corrin felt very warm, and unintentionally bit her lower lip as a response to a strange feeling that was welling up within. She felt strangely *full* on top of being a touch horny, and it was clear to see where that feeling of fullness was coming from. All of the muscle in the girl's lithe body had melted away after all, and in its place that weight was repurposed into pure fat. Needless to say, the woman was *bloating*.

Never to the point that she could be seen as *fat*, but skin grew looser and looser around flesh that both appeared aged and squishy. Arms lacked definition and would sag when raised, while her legs looked a touch meatier from this weight gain. Her tummy was where it was the most noticeable though, for a belly bulge complete with a lip saw her bellybutton deepen – stretch marks etched around it. This thickness was a mixture of slightly poor dietary choices and age, but more prominently the latter.

And yet *still* the suit was too loose. Even though she was a thicker, older woman, there was clearly *still* room for her to grow before she fit into it properly. And tugging at her skirt with fingers that were longer and bonier, and now sported tacky, purple nail polish, at least the lower section was quickly rectified. That is to say, with a sudden swing of her hips, even further abundance bled into the bottom half of a soon-to-be hourglass figure.

Corrin clicked her tongue. **“Why do I feel like this? So... worked up?”** She had pushed up her glasses once more, and the fact that she was now speaking in Japanese was completely lost on her – just as much of her transformation appeared to be. Otherwise she would have taken note of the striking changes around her now significantly wider hips.

Because the meat of her thighs and ass erupted far beyond what would have been expected even after her body had gotten thicker initially. Rather, the ultimate shapes of thighs that now stretched tights to their limits could better be described as *thicc* without a k on the end, and her

ass pulled the pencil skirt so tightly with its immense weight that the skirt itself looked like it would rip if she took too big of a step. You could make out the full shapeliness of it all now, including the indentation of her pelvis where her pussy ached slightly. Of course, her sexy panties now slid gently into her crack.

“*Oof!?*” No sooner than her ass had fulfilled its destiny did the woman begin to feel winded, and she lurched forward as exhaustion set in. Why had she so violently lurched forward? Well, that bra in the drawer technically *belonged to her* according to how her new memories were shaping up, and so it went without saying that she needed a proportional rack to fit inside.

And so they *did* make good use of all the excess space in her tank top and purple suit jacket, with both breasts surging out in all directions with ample bounces that kept knocking Corrin slightly off balance. They stretched the fabric of the tank top and snapped the top few buttons off the jacket as they rivaled her head in size, yet erect nipples soon could be perceived through the fabric of *both* as tits swelled to *twice* the size of her head (*nipples themselves larger than her eyes*). Her arms returned to the crossed position beneath her chest once more, but now it seemed more like she *needed* them there to support the heft of her rack without a bra on.

Adjusting her glasses, Principal *Chihiro Suzumiya* glanced down at the huge brassiere she had hastily stuffed into her desk drawer. The school day was done and almost all of the staff and students had gone home, which meant she would be left in peace for the rest of the day. That was why she had taken off the bra and redressed herself, or at least that was what her memories were telling her she had done. She *hated* wearing it considering how huge her breasts were, and she was always anxious to take it off.

“**What a day...**”, she eventually groaned, allowing her full weight to fall back into the big, comfortable-looking spinning chair behind the desk. Of course the impact was enough to have her mammoth breasts bounce – so heavy that they almost winded her as the usually did. It had



been very busy, and plenty of the students had been causing problems. As the principal not only did she need to deal with the students, but the problems of the teachers and school maintenance as well.

**“I need to destress...”** Maybe one of the teachers could *help her with that?*