

# FE3H: MILF MADNESS

## FINAL CHAPTER: CHILDHOOD'S END

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With all of the ruckus outside, it went without saying that in the wake of her wish Rhea had her hands full. Soldiers from up top clamored to her side when the transformations had begun, only to turn into older women before her very eyes. It had left Rhea very *confused* to say the least. **“This isn’t... This isn’t what I wanted!”** Not even Lady Rhea was quite *that* diabolical. She’d only wanted a friend, nothing more and nothing less. But this? This wasn’t it.

**“Is it not? I imagine whatever your goals were, they were done with this chalice.”** While the archbishop had been off sulky, the Relic Weapon that had started it all had ended up in the hands of a woman with long, silver hair and crimson eyes; clad in naught but her birthday suit. She was Graf Zeppelin. Or, well... she’d once been the prince, Dimitri. Some sense had been retained and she’d followed some of the transformed soldiers down to the underground tunnels. **“So how does this work? Is it a wish granting device? Will wishing you get your just deserts be all I need to do to activate it?”**

Perhaps all Graf Zeppelin needed to do to reverse it all was to wish as much, and yet the more scornful aspect of her new personality merely wanted revenge. For the one who transformed her to suffer much like everyone else who had lost their identity had been forced to. The moment the fleet woman’s intentions had been stated, Rhea grew wary. **“No! You don’t understand! This wasn’t my intention at all! It wasn’t my intent... int... it wasn’t what I wanted to do!”**

Rhea’s expression reflected confusion during that word salad. Somehow she’d forgotten the bigger word she’d wanted to use, even though she’d only stated it a moment before. She was... *confused*. There was no fear

in that confusion, yet she could tell that something certainly, absolutely, had been triggered when the mystery woman had made her wish. Graf Zeppelin, in the meantime, had an exceptionally diabolical smile across her face - for she was watching the fruits of her revenge play out in real time.

Streaks of lavender had found themselves mounted throughout Rhea's mane of green, and yet their luster did not suggest the color was due to aging. In fact, as they glistened beneath the torchlight of the cavern one could say her hair was looking *far* healthier than it had ever been. Well, despite the fact that it was thinning a little. The cut of her bangs hung heavier in the front, and the hair that framed her face had certainly shortened.

There was also the matter of the woman's eyes, which while had once been a shimmering emerald were now a glimmering sapphire that was slowly reflecting an innocence Rhea, perhaps, may have never possessed in her long life. But from Rhea's perspective? She was merely struggling with what was going on in her head. **“What did your wish *do*?”** A crack of the woman's voice confirmed, at least to Graf Zeppelin, what she was curious about. Everyone else had grown into an adult woman through the power of Rhea's wish, and so revenge couldn't be fulfilled by turning *her* into one when she was *already* an older woman. Which meant, in all likelihood, the *opposite* was happening.

Rhea took a step forward as if to look intimidating to the one holding the chalice, but the gesture was met with a wobbling of her feet. Why did she suddenly feel so tired? Her muscles felt like they'd become spaghetti even if she could still feel their strength in all of its power. It was as if her body was losing the muscle but not the strength. Which was, *actually*, happening. The archbishop wouldn't cease to be a dragon even after she'd suffered at the hands of the curse, but that ancient power certainly wasn't manifesting in the very same way.

Her muscles faded, she could not see that her limbs were now as stringy as spaghetti throughout her elegant pope-wear. It didn't feel heavier either since her strength had been maintained, and yet the next wave of change brought about a very apparent issue with this overly decorated dress. For her body was beginning to be swallowed whole by it.

**“Wh-What!?! What's happening to me!?! You! Help me!”** The moment she realized, she became frantic. Her body was shrinking and at a speed that was hard to keep up with. It only took about fifteen seconds for her height to be halved, arms and tiny hands swallowed up by the dress sleeves while stubby legs fumbled beneath a skirt that was pooling around the floor. Hips collapsed and thighs became small but pudgy, which in turn allowed the thong she always concealed with her

big caboose to fall around her legs... since there wasn't much of a caboose there anymore. Even her tits, substantial as they were, were little more than mosquito bites by contrast.

Rhea would have cried, and in fact she *should* have. The pudgy face that just barely poked up and out of the dress' neck hole clearly belonged to a young child, but while she'd certainly become less mature she was oddly... calm? Her intellect had taken a sharp dive, to a grade school level, but this new, soft-spoken personality almost made her seem somehow mature for her age. "**I... I'm small...**" Saying it aloud... why wouldn't she be? She was a young dragon, so her humanoid form was like this.

Pure white horns sprung up and out of her head while a tail with a thin tuft on the end was concealed beneath the oversized dress. If anything, *Kanna* was just *confused*. How had she gotten here? Why was she dressed like this? Where was Kobayashi? "**Hey... Help me?**" It took all of her courage to ask for help from a nearby woman that was clad in next to nothing, provoking the worry of '*should I ask for help from a pervert though?*'

Fortunately, or *unfortunately*, Graf Zeppelin just snorted and turned her back to the dragon child, giving a wave of her hand goodbye as she moved towards the exit. "**You reap what you sow, kid. Figure it out yourself!**" *Rude*. Within moments Kanna had been left all alone in the dimly lit cavern, which was clearly no place for a little girl.

The dress was so heavy, but it was also warm. Did she really want to leave it? As a child she debated the merits of both options, at least until another child's voice rung through the cave to make Kanna jump. "**Good grief. You really do reap what you sow, don't you?**" Almost like a ghost, a girl with pointed ears and long, green hair became semi-transparent beside Kanna. She looked right at Sothis, whom stroked her chin in thought. "**So I was right. You can see me like this. Or maybe it's the effect of that stupid wish of yours.**"

"**Wish...? I made a wish?**" Kanna's eyes traveled to the chalice that had been returned to its resting place. She had no memory of doing so, but at the same time something about the proposed scenario struck her as undeniably familiar. She looked back at Sothis, to find the girl nodding. "**Are you also a dragon?**" The power she was sensing... it was warm and familiar.

"**Maybe! Depending on your definition of dragon. But then again, I may not be shortly. I managed to mask myself from that Relic's power for a while, but as I cannot use Byleth as a shield anymore my defenses have crumbled. As you were so**

**fixated with me in your past life, however, I wondered if it might be fitting to spend my final moments here with you.**" Of course Kanna had no recollection of Rhea's desires, nor her fixation with Sothis. Even Sothis herself still didn't know why, but whether she had once been Rhea or not, she couldn't leave a child alone. Perhaps it was the early influence of the archbishop's wish having that affect on the emerald-haired child, but it was far more likely it was an instinct left over from her past life.

Sothis has watched so many succumb to the effects so far that she knew not to resist the influence as it washed over her body. Fighting it would only delay the inevitable, and she didn't wish to become a vindictive husk like Dimitri had. Without Byleth she truly had no reason to continue on as she had been, and so as the curse finally manifested the girl in the physical realm so just waited for the worst of it to occur.

It quickly seeped into the girl's long, flowing locks. Strands of chestnut brown that washed away her iconic hair of green, stripping it of its youthful luster in the process. As the color changed, the wild and unkempt style shortened, the body of her mane largely straightening until it slithered into a length that hung just past her shoulders. It seemed to naturally lap over her front and towards her chest.

Kanna watched on with interest. Was this what had happened to her? She knew something strange had happened, her memories not quite lining up with the reality of her situation as it stood, but it seemed like what was happening to the now-brunette stranger wasn't as similar as she'd first thought. After all...

*Sothis was growing.*

She shot up like a vine, arms and legs becoming far more abundant while the ornate dress the girl was wearing suffered the consequences of this growth. It wasn't merely an upwards climb, for her proportions kept a consistency to them that suggested it wasn't a mere growth spurt. Within a matter of moments the skirt of Sothis' dress sat above widened hips, the front of it strained enough by how her shoulders had broadened. Thankfully she didn't typically wear leg wear nor did her dress have sleeves, because it allowed for the elongation there to occur without significant inconvenience.

**"Miss... What's happening to you?"** Kanna finally thought to speak up, because the once-green haired girl was beginning to look fairly... lewd. That outfit didn't fit her, and everything below her waist was now seemingly bare. This meant the child could see far more than she wanted to. But it also gave her an idea! The child began to shuffle

around in the oversized dress she was wearing, before jumping out completely nude. **“Quick... Take that off. We can switch.”**

Sothis had watched all the unfold. That was actually a good idea, but there was no way she was pulling her dress off now without making a tear or two. **“Ara ara~!”** Without batting an eyelash, the signature catchphrase of an elder woman character bounced from lips that were beginning to look exceptionally plump. **“What a good idea! You’re a smart little girl, aren’t you?”** Kanna was stunned by this. She didn’t sound at all like the smarmy little girl she’d been before in tone or voice, but there was also something fairly comforting about her presence.

*It was like having an experienced mother at her side.*

With her pointed ears rounding out to something more human, Sothis struggled to pull the dress up and over her head. As she was doing so, the chest end up getting caught on a pair of breasts that were in the process of ballooning... although fortunately she was able to lift it up before they climaxed at a springy pair of DDs. The moment she freed herself from the cloth, the tits bounced up and down like a pendulum resting on its side. Kanna blinked in shock. They were comparable to Tohru’s!

*Mama* Sothis delivered the dress to Kanna even as her thighs began to bulge with a soft, worn fat. It wasn’t as taut and firm as a girl in her teens, but instead there was a gentle sag to it more indicative of a woman that was in her thirties. Facial features certainly seemed to reflect this age as well if you squinted hard enough, worn pores decorating her nose while lengthened lashes and fuzzy brows suggested a lack of priority in over-presenting her own beauty. Not to say she wasn’t becoming incredibly beautiful even without that care. She was stunning! Her appeal was only bolstered thanks to a more angular cut to her eyes shapes, authentically Japanese and now with irises of mauve.

She helped Kanna get dressed in the regal garb she’d just been wearing, and in exchange once she was done *Mama* this worked to apply the archbishop’s garb that had been pooled around the child. It was a surprisingly snug fit that was aided in the back once her ass decided to sprawl out into its newer, truer size. Big ass cheeks that would readily catch the eye of any staring pressed up against the white silk of the dress’ long skirt, and in many ways that was none too different than the ass of the woman that had worn it previously.

To contrast, the dress Kanna was now wearing was just a tad too big, but at the very least it covered the little girl up. **“Bear with it for now! We’ll get you some proper clothes once we get back up to the monastery, hm?”** Kanna merely nodded along in return as *Mamako*

extended a hand to her. She took it without hesitation. It was *warm*. Everything about Mamako was *warm*, from her hand to her smile. This was the comfort only an experienced mother could provide...

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The seasons changed, and before long a full year had passed since the establishment of Garreg Mach's all-women Monastery. It became known across Fodlan as a cursed venue, for the Relic Weapon that had cursed all of its inhabitants remained active even then. Anyone that stepped onto its grounds was twisted into the form of an adult woman with little to no exception. In fact, there was only a single one.

Kanna Kamui. A dragon child from a foreign land. To the confusion of scholars that were studying the phenomenon, she seemed to be the only one incapable of corruption via the Relic's power. So much that many wondered if she was the cause of the incident in the first place. Not that one could confirm this theory, for she never left the monastery and those that entered were transformed in body *and* mind.

That child was the princess of that place, a little girl that was doted upon by most if not all of the women that chose to remain there. And she was, surprisingly, happy! Never in her life had she been surrounded by so many smiling faces. Which resonated with her on a more fundamental level than she realized.

For in a way, Rhea's final wish had been granted.