

FE3H: MILF MADNESS

CHAPTER 9: GUNPLAIN

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“Claude!?! Claude, where are you!?”

At the same time Claude was having his free-falling tree adventure, Hilda was wandering around campus in a very confused state. Who were all of these older woman? Older woman that, she might have added, hardly looked fit for the battlefield.

In what world was a maid or cook going to be of any use to the campus when they already had all of those things? Seemed a little like a strange and sudden recruitment campaign to her. Not to mention why were they all dressed in uniforms that didn't fit? Some of them were barely clothed at all!

Hilda had even gone out of her way to ask a group of them for all that was worth. Something about Rhea summoning them? Why invite so many women here without telling the faculty and students? Speaking of, *why couldn't she find anyone?* It wasn't that late at night, and in fact she often went on walks this late to chat up the other girls. But other than the elder women wandering around and gathering in clumps it was pretty much a ghost town.

“Is this some kind of joke? Maybe I should just ask Lady Rhea directly...?” She was already in front of the faculty building, and if Rhea wasn't up the stairs than Seteth certainly would be. But climbing the staircase seemed like a lot of effort and Hilda wasn't the '*making the effort*' type. **“Ugh. Fine, I guess I will.”** With a roll of her eyes and a shrug of her shoulders, she began the climb.

But it hadn't wholly been her own choice.

It was difficult to describe from Hilda's perspective, but it had been like a [voice in the back of her head](#) that had encouraged her to move forward. The voice wasn't nagging or anything of the sort, and in fact it was almost the kind of encouragement you'd expect from a kind, gentle [mother](#).

Despite Hilda's complaints, each step of the staircase was easy enough to traverse. She was short, but a girl her size wasn't swinging around an axe thanks to luck. Muscular, she always made a point to cover up her strength so that she could prey on boys by making them think she was just a weak, little girl. If it meant having an easier life she was fine with the manipulation, and she was fine with playing herself up as a mere weakling.

But as she climbed the steps? Somehow each lifting of her leg became something of a strained, painful experience. Hilda had thought it weird at first; maybe just a side effect of sitting around during the day? But as her climb wore on she found herself becoming far more winded than she should have. *Completely* exhausted, even. Like she wasn't fit *at all*.

But she wasn't. Not *anymore* anyways. The same enchantment that had created older women of the rest of Garreg Mach was finally beginning to pick away at Hilda's body, and it had begun with her muscles. With sleeves obscuring her arms (*where it would have been most apparent*), the fact that bulging muscle had softened into lean but abundant fat wasn't really visible -- nor in her tummy where her bellybutton had sunk as fat had pooled around it. There was a bit more of a jiggle to her butt and thighs too, but since axe wielding required upper body strength it hadn't be as substantial as a loss there.

“Hah... Hah... Since when did these stairs go so far up?” She was *already* panting and she was only halfway up the staircase, an arm gently keeping her from falling over thanks to her very uncharacteristic exhaustion. Each lift of her leg was a chore compared to how it used to be - it wasn't even like she was out of shape. It was just more effort.

Hilda took a moment to catch her breath, cursing out the monastary architects for thinking the Archbishop needed to be housed upstairs as opposed to on the ground level. As she did, the finger that were wrapped around the wooden railing smoothed.

She was always careful to take care of her skin, to make double sure her callouses were shaved down as much as they could; but she wielded an axe. It was only natural her digits would have firmed over time. But now? They were as smooth as if she'd never swung an axe in her life. Her nails were different too, but it wasn't a net gain for her beauty. They were still

long, yet the color and quality of the paint spread across them was now a chipped blue as opposed to the bright pink that was Hilda's preferential color.

Scars that decorated her arms and torso (*that were definitely hidden by her outfit*) filled in to leave skin smooth, but the trade off was a prompt emergence of new scars elsewhere. Spread across fingers from **handling merchandise**, on her legs from **accidents with her youngest son when he was growing up**, many of them popped up in places where they *couldn't* easily be hidden.

This predated an overall side effect that came to claim her skin's finer qualities. Her youthful glow was all but snuffed out, evident wear to her body born not from physical fatigue but from the fatigue of age itself. Skin from head to toe grew looser, and with this looser the fat that had come from her worsening fitness lever was given a little more room to bulge out.

Most evidently it could be seen in Hilda's face: the beginnings of crow's feet in the corners of her eyes, burnt out pores across her face. She practically looked double her age! And at **thirty-two years old**, that wasn't too far from the actual math. **"Okay, I need to get back to it. I need to find Lady Rhea before it's too late!"** Her voice had deepened a little too, speaking to the truth of the matter that the young noble was no longer *young*.

As she continued up the stairs though? She began to question what might have been 'too late'. **"That was a strange thing to say. Why did I say that?"** Climbing these stairs was important. Important because she'd needed to ask Lady Rhea a question? About what? Her son? **"W-Wait, I don't have a son... Do I?"** The confusion was certainly palpable as she tilted her head to the side while bringing an index finger to her chin as she walked.

Each stretch of her leg as she took the next step somehow felt a little more comfortable and a little less taxing, like the weight of her thighs wasn't quite as intrusive. It was because her legs were growing longer with each step, *thirteen* full centimeters applied by the time she was near the stair tops. It was consistent growth and had also spread through her arms and torso.

All of this growth was a nightmare for her Garreg Mach uniform. It was meant for a short girl, not a woman that was almost **five foot six**, so it was only natural. The skirt of her dress had been yanked all the way up, not even covering panties as her ass and hips hung out and her sleeves? Her wrists were a good few inches out since the uniform was far too short for her reach, and broadened shoulders made it all the tighter.

Before she stepped onto the top platform she was struck by additional girth. It was largely isolated in the places any girl would want there to be a little too much weight, but being in her thirties it wasn't as firm as one might desire. Thighs jiggled and her panties found themselves flossed between her cheeks as the muffin of her ass rose higher, forcing a cameltoe in the front with the odd blue pubic hair sticking out from behind the silk.

And her breasts? They bubbled over to force a few minor tears in the front of the already incredibly restrictive dress, flesh throbbing out and over the cups of her bra. It wasn't a significant weight gain, particularly when her new height had redistributed the fat from earlier in a way that was less bulgy, but it was certainly a healthy shape for an experienced, young mother.

“Lady Rhea... Oh! Was I going to ask her about Gunpla? I suppose there isn't much of a market for them h-- Er, what is Gunpla? What am I talking about!?! These memories... they're *wrong*...” Hilda had been so caught up in her exhaustion and the creaking of her body that her mind had wandered without her realizing. It was a last ditch effort that snapped her back to reality, and even then she could only delay the inevitable.

Her cotton candy pink hair, for example, was quickly darkening. Not to brown, not to black, but to a vibrant, navy blue that sported a plethora of uncharacteristic split ends. Hilda took such good care of her hair, but yet her pigtails grew so long that they unraveled, quality aged while falling to her exposed ass. Chapped lips widened, eyes sparkling a bright blue and yet there was less of her eyes to see. Their shapes angled and were inherently Asian, or whatever the equivalent might be in this world. With chubbier cheeks and a smaller nose, she'd fully slid aesthetically into the role of a good, Japanese housewife.

Well, one that had a full time job.

The woman's mind swirled with nonsense. Memories of a child Hilda had never had, cheeks blushing red as she remembered the childbirth. Memories of a family run shop that sold Gunpla, the most popular toy in the world based on the Gundam anime series. Everything else? It was mundane. Recipes, cleaning techniques, the typical things you'd expect of a good mother. But there was a go-getting attitude mixed in there too; something that wasn't very Hilda-y. **But was she even Hilda anymore?**

She blinked, longer lashes fluttering as she wandered into the main room of the upper floor. The office should have been to her left, and she

was looking for Lady Rhea because... Oh yes! She had asked them all to meet, hadn't she?

Stepping into the office, *Rinko Iori* let out a gasp. “**This woman... she's half snake!**” It appeared she'd stumbled upon Seteth, or the lamia woman Seteth had become. Much like her this woman wasn't wearing anything proper, which made the mother feel a little better about her *own* embarrassing getup.

“**Hey! Hey! Get up!**”