

# SKIPPING MEETINGS

## BIWEEKLY STORY 21

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The young professor Byleth allowed a sigh to escape her lips as she knocked on a door that was becoming more and more familiar for what seemed like the eighth time in the past ten minutes. As they did every day, those of the Golden Deer that had chosen to remain in Garreg Mach were supposed to meet for tactical meetings for the upcoming operations against the Empire. The meetings weren't particularly long, nor were they always incredibly important, but they were still mandatory.

It was just... there was a problem member in their little group. Hilda Valentine Goneril, the daughter of one of the bigger noble families in the Alliance and essentially Claude's second in command. She was strong and beautiful, an invaluable asset on the battlefield but she had some quirks. She was lazy and liked to blow off work, pushing it off on other people or avoiding it altogether if she could manage. As of late she'd been skipping those meetings with more and more frequency.

And so Claude had finally sent Byleth to drag her there. **"She won't listen to me, but a pretty professor like you? She might!"** Or so the excuse had gone, but despite her knocks or calls there was no response from the room they'd been assuming she was napping in.

Eventually, Byleth grew impatient and reached for the door. Would it be unlocked? She felt like there was a slim chance it would be, but lo and behold it opened with just the slightest movement of the goddess personified's wrist. **"Hello?"** She poked her head in at first. No response. The bed seemed to be vacant as well but the window? It was wide open. **"...!"** Alarmed, Byleth ran to the desk in front of said window. **"She escaped..."** She was regretting not breaking in sooner now.

Eyes enchanted green by the goddess' powers observed the various items strewn across the desk beneath said window. It seemed Hilda had been working on some new accessories instead of intending the meeting, one of which catching Byleth's eye. It was a pink dragon cut of felt, dangling by chain to a collar. It was cute in a way, and so she scooped it up to take a closer look.

Hilda was always making these things for her friends. She could only wonder who this one had been meant for. Holding it, it made her feel a little warm. Not warm in the sentimental sense though.

Like, *physically warm*. It was uncanny, the warmth practically washed away all of her motivation all at once. Chase after Hilda? Return to the meeting?

**YAAAAAAAAAAAAWN**

She could almost go for a nap instead! It wasn't like Byleth to yawn so brazenly, her fatigue usually something she could easily keep in check. It was almost like something had boiled up inside of her, like years of lazing around that didn't exist had just caught up to her physically all at once. There was a bed right there that wasn't being used. It was Hilda's... but couldn't her professor taking a quick nap there count as punishment somehow? *No*, but that was how she was being forced to rationalize it.

Byleth set the charm down and bent over to close the window her student had escaped from, making sure to lock the latch before swinging closed the curtain. It was almost like she was acting on autopilot as she knew exactly where every thing she needed to push and pull was, never once over or under-pulling like she was familiar with the window. That couldn't have been the case though, the faculty rooms were designed differently right down to the installed doors and windows.

Speaking of doors, that was what was next to be shut and locked. If she was going to sleep here then she couldn't have anyone walking in on her, especially when she slept the way she did. *Naked*. The jacket around Byleth's shoulders was gently draped onto the floor in a pile, accessories peeled from her arms and neck before she unclasped her top and removed it, setting it down beside the cape. A little known fact was that the chest piece she wore did not accommodate a brassiere, and so breasts, large and bare, dangled like a pendulum as she soon added her boots, shorts, and legging to the pile.

The professor was completely naked, standing in the middle of Hilda's room as if it was completely natural. She couldn't comprehend that she was doing something unusual, not even when she finally moved over to the bed and her bottom drifted into the sheets. Body illuminated by only the little bit of sunlight that filtered through the curtains, it was clear that Byleth's body was damaged. Her skin was smooth, and yet up arms and legs, across her stomach and her back, she had accumulated a number of scars thanks to her time as a mercenary. She was battleworn and that was natural.

Eyes and hair were dyed a bright green thanks to Sothis blessing her with her powers, and while no one but Byleth knew this that had also extended to her body hair. The triangle she kept neat about her pussy was a bright green, much like the few leg hairs usually obscured by her leggings.

She yawned again and threw her legs up and over the bed, setting head back against the pillow. The bed was about as comfortable as her own, but Hilda had decorated it with a series of custom pillows, and it didn't possess the scent of body odour that her own did. Hilda was a very clean and proper girl, something Byleth wasn't not because she didn't want to be, but because she'd grown up raised by a single father. "**It smells nice...**", she murmured to herself, eyes growing heavier but not closed quite yet.

Her chest heaved up and down, her breasts an impressive part of her biology that she never quite saw the appeal in. She found women attractive just as she did men, but it was hard for her to think of *herself* as attractive for some reason. But watching them idly at that moment she almost felt... proud? They were big, right? Massive, even! They were definitely eye catching.

More-so than she'd first believed as the mass of each tit suddenly expanded just a little bit. It was enough for each breast to seem not only rounder, but while laying on her back the fat had begun to crown a little more closer to her ribs from the weight. A hand idly reached up to give one a squeeze, something she'd never done for pleasure but had just kind of been in the mood to do so.

Something was definitely wrong with her mind, but under the influence of whatever powers were changing her she was daft to the happenings. An absence of energy or desire to do things had merely been the start, but she was finding her mind swimming with thoughts that were progressively more girlish and carefree compared to what she was normally accustomed. A drowsy giggle even escaped lips that bore a soft plumpness that was an upgrade from their usually chapped state.

The hand that had groped her breast grew bored and instead ran across her tummy. Her skin felt strangely smooth. Her scars? They'd lifted all across her body, giving her the complexion of a woman who likely didn't fight as much as she should. She had always been a warrior, so she was used to his stomach being muscular, but it now felt a little more so. Her sides were tight, navel deeper than she remembered when compared to muscles that bulged out as if she was accustomed to swinging around a weapon that was heavier than a sword.

Like an axe, maybe? Actually, didn't an axe make perfect sense? But it was kind of a pain in the ass to fight with or without one!

While she couldn't see her pelvis with her newly enhanced breasts in the way, change had come for her lower body as well. Hips were pushed upward as, much like her breasts, fat amassed in the cheeks of her bottom to bless it with more volume.

Muscle poured in at a similar pace, giving her a tight ass with a sharp arch to her back, an almost perfect hourglass figure overall. At the thought of a strong man or woman giving that butt of hers a squeeze, well? She licked her lips, treated to the taste of cherry lip gloss in the process.

The triangle cut she'd left her pubes in became unruly, each straight hair twirling as the bright green was penetrated by a bubblegum pink. But they didn't last long and suddenly pulled inward, leaving all but pink nubs that suggested she'd shaved herself bare earlier that morning.

Not to be left behind, the hairs upon her head followed a similar pattern in color. Pink flew through her green locks like a tidal wave crashing into the shore, starting from her roots and pouring all the way down to their tips. What's more, again like a tidal wave the tips were swept down the hair explosion's path, length almost tripling and bundling up behind her with the back of her head still buried in the pillow.

Byleth felt an itch on her leg and, still groggy, sat up a bit so she could scratch. When she rose her tits bounced a bit, and a brow was cocked as she felt like her feet were a little closer to her hips than she'd remembered. Because they were. Her legs had lost some length, thighs thicker with fat and muscle in equal parts. They looked strong and tender, like the kind of legs some weird guys would probably like to be choked by... or something. But that was fine; they could fantasize all they wanted, her looks were just one of the tools in her arsenal after all.

Coaxing men into doing things for her... wasn't that the life? For some reason she felt like she might have disagreed with such a lifestyle at some point, but now it just seemed like the right way to live? Getting sweaty on the battlefield, doing meaningless errands? She was a noble, right? So *why bother*? Not to say she was heartless. She would always reward someone for their good work and would help if she really needed to, *but...*

She wriggled her toes, noting the bright pink polish she'd applied both on her toe and fingernails a few days prior had faded. She'd have to reapply that later! But first she *really* wanted to have that nap!

Long lashes fluttered and eyes glistened pink as long, rose hair was tucked between the woman and her pillow once more. They eventually fluttered shut, any concerns washed away as Byleth finally succumbed to her nap.

Byleth...? That was her professor's name! She was Hilda Valentine Goneril, youngest daughter of the Goneril household! And by the time she'd awaken later that was the only identity she was certain she'd ever had. She'd merely pick up her pile of clothes (*which had also transformed*) and get on with her day.

Until she later encountered another woman that had the same looks as her. *That* was *totally* weird!