

DEALER OF HOMEWORK

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Guuuuuuh! I wanna *diiiiiiiie!*”

Ruby Rose collapsed in a heap on a bed in her dorm room in Beacon Academy, papers and books either crushed under her weight or blown away by the impact. **“This is too much woooooork!”** She buried her face pathetically into a comforter that, in fact, *wasn't* her own. It belonged to the girl who slept in the bunk beneath her, Weiss Schnee. A girl who had agreed to help her get caught up on all of her reading and homework.

A girl who was actually standing in the middle of the room, glaring daggers at her team leader with her arms crossed. **“*Ruby!* Those are my things you’re laying on! Knock it off! It’s your fault for putting everything off in the first place.”** It was a hard thing to hear but it *was* true. Ruby tilted her head and glanced innocently at Weiss. She was *very* clearly trying to score sympathy points by looking like she was faulty of no manner of negligence. **“That *isn't* going to work.”** And it had failed miserably!

The red-clad Huntress-in-training eventually rolled onto her back, the sound of more of Weiss’ notes crumpling under her weight sounding as she did so – prompting another glare from Weiss. **“If I was a professor I would never give anyone this much work. It’s too much, Weiss! Even if I, uh, *was* doing it every night – which I totally am – I don’t think I’d be able to keep up. I have to train, too! And work on maintaining Crescent Rose, and—”** She knew that no amount of excuses would save her, but what *did* save her was a knock at the door. **“OOOOH, I’LL GET THAT!”**

She practically *flew* off the bed and out the door, slamming it behind her in hopes that someone on the other side would bring her news that she could use to escape. But much to her dismay? There wasn't *anyone* on the other side. So why had knocked? Was this a prank!? She'd been about to huff and storm inside when she turned and, against a nearby wall, she found something of interest. **"Is that a weapon!? Whoa! Is it made out of bones!?"**

It was a long sword that seemed to be crafted entirely by yellowish bones. Was the blade segmented? At a glance, with her weapon knowledge, those segments looked like they might separate. **"A chain blade? I wonder...?"** Without thinking about who the blade might belong to, or whether or not the existence of that blade might be a *trap*, she crouched down to grasp the hilt. But when she did?

Darkness.



"GASP!" The next Ruby knew she had shot up upon a bed. Was she in her room? Had she passed out in the hallway? Those questions found easy answers, and those answers weren't what she had expected. **"Huh? Where... am I?"** She was in a bedroom? No, was it a dorm room? Not a dorm room at *Beacon Academy*, but that was the impression that she got. It seemed to be a little *worn down*, or maybe it would have been better to say things didn't look as modern?

The girl hadn't been under the covers and so she threw her legs over the side of the bed and stood up. How had she ended up there? Where *was* 'there'? Nothing in the room gave her any clues. Aside from a familiar looking blade propped up beside the bed. **"Hey! It's that sword! ...Wait. Did the sword do something? Nah, it must have been the owner of the sword, right? Did they get made that I touched it? Hm..."**

If that had been the case then why would they kidnap her and leave her along in a dorm room with that very same blade? So many of these circumstances didn't make a single lick of sense to her. **"I should probably just leave, right?"** Since there was nothing keeping her in the room then there wasn't really any reason for her to stick around.

Sure, she didn't know if the door was locked or not. But there were *windows*. She could easily crash through them while using her Semblance.

Ruby had a plan of action. It was easy as pie to pull off! Realistically? *Nothing* should have been able to stop her. And yet as she positioned herself to test the door *before* destroying a window unnecessarily? She didn't *freeze*, but it was almost like her will to escape had dried up like a small puddle midst the desert heat. "**Huh? I need to leave, right? So...?**" So why wasn't she moving? She *wanted* to move? The reasoning could *actually* be found had the girl bothered to look over her shoulder.

Because the blade, the *Sword of the Creator*, was glowing a bright green.

Not that Ruby would have understood *how* nor *why* if she *had* noticed it, but it certainly would have shed some context onto the events that followed. ...*Maybe*. But the girl *had* made a comment about what she might do if she was the professor. Maybe this was related somehow? Maybe someone or something had been waiting for the very moment Ruby, or just some other unfortunate schmuck, had uttered such an otherwise mundane remark. There was nothing really *spectacular* about that comment she had made, and yet...

"Maybe I should stick around for a second? Maybe someone will greet me now that I've woken up!?" It was definitely a strange reasoning to pitch as to why she should remain in place. The girl didn't have a reason *not* to think she had been kidnapped. Yet she didn't take a step further, merely lingering in the center of the room while a number of peculiarities began to emerge *amidst her own appearance*.

Seeing as she had suddenly been transported to an unfamiliar location, perhaps these peculiarities weren't that surprising in terms of plausibility. That didn't mean that they were unsurprising in nature, however. Take Ruby's eyes, for example. Unique in their silver coloring with untapped potential, she had inherited them from her late mother. But in nearly a flash their colors were compromised, a dull blue not only replacing them, but their already larger shapes growing larger still. Her eyes grew to take up a little more of her face overall, but their shapes were somehow narrower at the same time.

Had the Huntress-in-training even noticed? **"But what can I do while I'm waiting? Hmm!"** *Seemingly not*. The sensation of her own hair length beginning to slither longer didn't exactly tickle her attention either, even as it tickled the nape of her neck and slid just past her shoulders in a mess of, not black with red accents like she was used to.

But a blue that was similar in shade to the color her eyes now currently held, albeit just a touch darker.

More subtle changes were happening in tandem, though. As she spun around the room, somehow missing the glowing sword every time her eyes crossed it (no doubt a trick of the power transforming her), the fingers on her hands grew both longer and slightly thicker. She retained her callouses from swinging a weapon, and yet? They redistributed themselves as if to suggest they had been swinging a weapon *different* from Crescent Rose. At the very least those callouses no longer matched up with how you would hold a scythe.

“Actually... Is this place familiar? I kind looks that way?” Ruby tilted her head, paying absolutely *no* mind to the waning energy in her voice. She felt like she had seen that bed before, and that window, and that door. But it was only *vaguely* right now. In the meantime? Her body continued to change further in ways that suggested a vaguely different fighting style for the warrior girl. Her fighting style required her to be toned but lean; so that she could zip around with ease with her scythe.

But those requirements weren't exactly being upheld. At first it was difficult to tell in *what* way exactly though, namely because Ruby's outfit covered her from head to toe. But she could *feel* it. **“Uhh...?”** Was it just her imagination or did her clothes feel a little *tight*? That feeling eventually became more pronounced, and it began to become cleared by looking at her – especially when looking at her tights. Her body was becoming *thicker*.

With *muscle*, anyways. Her arms bulked up a little, but as the girl was wearing tights you could *really* see her thighs and lower legs bursting with an increased muscle mass. Beneath her dress? Even her pectoral and abdominal muscles strengthened, though this seemed to broaden her torso overall by a few inches so that the sides of her tummy were trying to escape the confines of her dress's sides.

This should have been *extremely* obvious to Ruby Rose, and yet? She just seemed a little confused about her outfit. Had it always been too small for it? She couldn't seem to remember even putting it on. But she was also vocalizing her thoughts less and less as her energy had dwindled further. Not only did her resting expression feel more *vacant* in terms of emotion, it had departed further from what she was supposed to look like beyond just her eyes. Her face had pulled longer in shape and bore a stronger chin. Lips had swollen up and her nose had sharpened.

All in all making her look older. Like she was in her *early twenties*.

Contributing to the assumption that she was a little older was another little bump that compromised her costume's intended fit. Her skirt was lifted two inches higher because her *hips* rose two inches higher – her overall height jumping up from 5'2" to 5'4". Her bulkier arms had struggled to push farther out of her sleeves, and longer legs meant that her tights had been yanked down to the base of her pelvis. **"I really don't remember putting this on..."**

Her voice was *so* much *deeper* and *so* much *drier*. It definitely matched her appearance better, particularly the completely blank expression that she wore. In fact it was almost miraculous just how *consistent* that expression remained vacant, because the final physical shifts were fairly dramatic and extremely compromising to what she was wearing. *How* compromising? Well...

RIIIIIIIIP!

As thick as Ruby's dress had been, between the broadened torso and what was presently occurring perhaps it was inevitable that things would tear. A slit had formed in between her breasts, the integrity there apparently more compromised there than anywhere else. Looking at things as they were though? Was it really *that* surprising? After all, Ruby's posture had slowly been tilting forward for the last ten seconds.

Her once small bosom had been swelling nicely, orbs stretching into undeniable melons that had given cloth no choice other than to split with their masses swelling beneath them. It didn't take long for the deep cleavage of her hefty *H-cups* to be exposed, allowing them to breathe while engorged nipples still rested uncomfortably within. "...?" The woman *did* stare down with confusion. But she wasn't sure what had just happened. *Nothing* was wrong with her chest, right?

There were benefits to her tits now being so large and in the way – to the force that was transforming her, that is. While the light of the blade was fading nearby, it had one final shift in mind for Ruby. One that affected her lower half in a manner similar to her chest. Her tights could not tolerate this change, nor could her panties, because her ass bloated *gloriously*. The muscle that had already enlarged it was painted over with tender fat, growing cheeks further and forcing her underwear to explore the depths of her crack.

It was an ass that was now *so* fat that her hips wedged wider, and the excess bled into her thighs to make sure that her tights eventually tore where fraying had begun from her grown muscles. Those thighs were ultimately rendered *extremely* plush despite had strong they were, and

while the idea of wearing tights didn't feel foreign to her despite her mind having gradually shifted to suit her new identity, with flesh bulging through tears it was more than clear that the ones that she was wearing were *far* too small.

There was no overreaction on the part of the taller, blue-haired woman that occupied the same space that Ruby Rose had stood in just moments prior. **“Is something different?”** She wasn't certain, but it almost felt like something had *changed*? Well, looking down at what she was wearing that was quite obvious. Her voluptuous, muscular body had torn right through the red and black outfit she was wearing and, admittedly? She couldn't remember putting it on in the first place. But she *must* have, right?



Byleth Eisner's mind did not hold a single recollection about the life she had led up until her transformation had begun and completed. There was no pep to her step, no energy to her motions or words. In fact when she spoke when it sounded dry and monotonous, and when she moved it was with efficiency. **“I think it's just these clothes...? Why did I put them on if they didn't fit?”** There was *one* possible angle. Had Sothis done something?

That voice in her head seemed to be 'napping' and so she couldn't ask any questions.

The woman's head swayed from side to side to clear any doubt, and she then got to work peeling and tearing away the clothes that didn't fit her. Once she stood in *her* room in the nude, her impressive figure glistening in the morning light that filtered through a nearby window, she began to dress herself in what she considered to be her 'usual' outfit. Elaborate, lace tights with leather boots and shorts, an armored chest piece that left her neckline bare, and a coat that was slide over her arms made up the bulk of this outfit. Aside from various armored accessories that is.

“Better. Now... the lesson plan.” As she had gotten dressed, Byleth had remembered what she had to do that day. She was teaching classes at Garreg Mach Academy like she had done most days as of late. It was

an odd career for a *mercenary* of all individuals to take up, and one who lacked any iota of social skill no less. That said, slowly but surely she had been growing more and more efficient where she had once been *deficient*.

Shuffling over to her desk and rooting through papers and texts while standing over it, it was almost ironic. She was picking out tomes and worksheets to be studied – not by *her* but by her students. Ruby had become the woman that gave too much homework to others even though a large part of her curriculum was combat training. “**Okay. Might be a lot for them to do tonight, but...**” Would her students complain about it? Maybe, but they were missing part of the equation there. They wouldn’t be the only ones suffering.

After all, she was the one who had to look over and grade everything!