

FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

CH7: PICKING UP

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“Hm? Is something amiss, Yune?”

Better known back home as the Silver-Haired Maiden, Micaiah spoke her question to the small, orange bird that fluttered about the kitchen of the small cottage she had been supplied during her stay in Askr. It had been a quiet day without much consequence from her perspective, having told fortunes at the town square during the early morning before returning home to take an uncharacteristic nap throughout the afternoon.

When she had finally woken up, though? She had found Yune about in a stir. She was darting through the air of the house, attempting to get Micaiah’s attention the best she could. This was a behavior only reserved for when she sensed that something was wrong, but even with this behavior the young woman couldn’t exactly piece together what the issue was.

“Is something wrong outside?” She eventually drifted towards the kitchen window, peering out to the best of her ability. The sun *had* already gone down which meant it should have been pitch black outside. But... *it wasn’t*. On the horizon a big building was lit up, windows radiating a light she had never seen before – because it was electrical. The light, however, wasn’t exactly what she was fixated on. It was the fact that this building *hadn’t existed when she’d fallen asleep*. **“Erm...”**

That was impossible, right? A building of that size couldn’t be constructed that quickly even *with* magic. Not to mention the fact that it seemed to feature an architecture that she had never seen before, at least from what she could tell based on how dark it was. **“You’re right**

Yune, that is strange...” For a number of reasons. Why weren’t the people outside freaking out? It was strangely quiet for how big of a deal this was.



But before she could engage with the goddess in bird form further? Her surroundings changed. The cool evening air bit Micaiah’s face along with her chest and shoulders because she was now outside. Standing on a cobblestone path. “...**Huh!? Wait a moment, how did this happen? Where... am I?**” It looked as if the path wove up to the big building on the horizon, the path lit with a number of strange lanterns. Street lights.

It took Micaiah a moment to realize something else, though. “**Wait... Yune? Where are you, Yune!?**” The bird that was always at her side was *not* present. Where had she gone? With the open sky she could easily go wherever she wanted, but considering the circumstances it wasn’t like her to just flutter off from Micaiah’s side.

But like with everyone else who had been caught up in this phenomenon, the girl did *not* notice the change in her wardrobe. She was now wearing a beige dress that fell past her knees, and one that barely covered her nipples with how baggy the chest area was. There was a purple sweater, open, over her shoulders too – except it had slid down them just a touch.

“**I don’t understand what’s going on here...**” Whatever it was it was clearly something *bad*, but she was missing the fundamental understanding of, well, *everything*. All she could really do was look around for her avian companion while scouting out surroundings that were both completely unfamiliar and yet somehow gradually feeling more familiar as time wore on.

Time, however, was an unknown enemy to the silver-haired maiden by this point. She just didn’t know it. Yet the tell? It was her silver hair itself, for that wholly unique color ultimately took a turn for the mundane, with the odd strand first turning to a worn brown that only kept the silver shimmer... because these strands almost seemed *aged*. Like they belonged not on a teenaged girl but a woman *much* older.

And the more of the strands that were dyed in this color and quality, the more obvious that became. These strands *were* longer, but the length only further highlighted frays and the undeniably strong scent of an excessive amount of floral shampoo. Her now brown bangs lengthened too, but they were swept over her left eye. Of course *all* of the hair on this body changed to this color, but her pubes likewise erupted into *quite* the chaotic bush.

Of course rather than take note of this change, much like the rest of the victims, Micaiah seemed to be utterly oblivious to the fact that she was succumbing to these changes in the first place. She was still scanning the nearby skyline and lights in search of the bird. “**Yune!?**”, she cried out, squinting not because she meant to, but because her eyes themselves had suddenly narrowed.

There was no denying the Japanese influence in their design, nor in the rest of her facial features as weight and shape was redistributed so that she resembled an attractive Japanese woman. Yet therein was the confirmation that her hair had not been fastened to the wrong head, for those facial features rapidly *matured* as well. Lips became increasingly pronounced, and that was only highlighted by red lipstick that then painted them. Her nose was sharpened, pores closed, and Crow’s feet etched themselves into the corners of her eyes.

Until Micaiah undeniably resembled a Japanese woman in her forties.

“**Hm? Why would I search for my *darling* Yune in the sky?**” Her voice did sound a *touch* deeper, but it was the way that she perceived her bird that now came across as strange. ‘Darling’ was not a descriptor she had ever used, and why would she not look for a bird in the sky? Unless, of course, her perception of what Yune *was* had been changed.

Mental inconsistencies aside, the physical changes continued to truck on beyond her notice. The fit of the dress she was wearing, for example? Well, at least vertically it began to fit her more properly as her height sprung up four or so inches. This extended to the size of her feet, which now better slid into the heels of her sandals, as well as fingers that thinned *and* lengthened, aged skin apparent beneath long nails painted in white – contrasting the black polish on her toenails.

Lengthened legs were treated to a little extra flourish, for her thighs soon burgeon with a meat that stretched the skin around them tighter and better filled the skirt of her tight gown. There was nothing notably *exceptional* about this change in the grand scheme of things, yet the looseness they born was definitely a product of the fact that she was a middle aged woman. It was present in an ass that blew up into a peach

shape as well, yet it wasn't as perky as it might have been if she were younger.

Micaiah blinked, and as she did the gold of her eyes finally faded in exchange for a normal, steely blue. “**That really is strange. She wouldn't be there... She's so small, after all.**” By this point? Her voice had a much more mature coo to it. Almost a sensual purr, like she had crafted her voice to be alluring as possible. Which honestly? Wasn't that far from the truth. If you were to ask her about her hobbies now? *Well*, fucking would be at the top of the list.

A pussy that was now looser and more experienced would be a great help with this, but so would a certain other set of *assets*. Assets that wasted no time establishing just *why* the neckline of her dress had been so excessively low. Because her B-cup bosom began to expand, and not just a single cup size or anything even *remotely* that minor.

Rather, the woman herself was oh so quickly knocked off balance, almost falling forward as her breasts *surged* forward like a pair of fleshy balloons. Fat built and push, taken the skin around her chest and stretching it to maximum capacity while the breasts themselves rose to full the braless gown. *So* immense in their J-cup size they became that around her nipples, which themselves usurped her eyes in diameter, the purple veins flowing from them could be easily observed. While her tits *were* huge, though, the fact that she was so much older did not help them.

They were weighty *and* loose, with only the dress lifting them in any capacity.

“**Oh dear, I certainly hope I'm not too late to pick my dear Yune up!**” While the woman *had* been idling about the cobblestone pathway as her transformation had begun and concluded, she had now dashed into a clumsy sprint with her purse at her side. It was clumsy because not only was she in heels, but her body's proportions didn't exactly make running a simple task. She was just so top heavy that one wrong move could send her tumbling forward.

Nonetheless, *Misa Yakamoto* did not see her huge tits as much of an issue. In fact, based on how they were practically



popping out of her clothes, beauty mark and all, it was obvious that she saw them as an asset. Her manner of dress was beyond showing them off, she was highlighting them with the intent of catching the gaze of others.

As a *single mother* though, she was at the point where she was desperate for companionship. She needed someone who could help look after her daughter Yune, rather than leaving her at the local school's daycare until she got off work late. "**I'm coming, darling!**" And on that note, if she didn't hurry they'd get mad at her for being late again!