

FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

CH4: COOL SHIVERS

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To say Princess Camilla of Nohr was a little miffed that she hadn't been invited on the expedition would have been something of an understatement. Her whole life had been spent working harder than the men around her just to gain the same recognition, and in Askr it finally seemed like that societal flaw had met its match. Yet the princes had taken away a party of only men so suddenly, offering no justification for the exclusion of the women. It really boiled her blood!

So much so, in fact, that she had needed to take the day to destress. She hadn't even so much as *left* the quarters that had been assigned to her, and the princess didn't even plan on doing so until the evening. The reason for her eventual departure? She had booked an evening session at Askr's spa. Because she *deserved* it.

“Hmm, almost time to go it seems.” While there was no combat to be found at the *spa* of all things, the well-endowed woman still opted to wear her favorite armor. An ensemble of black that still showed off her bountiful breasts and her abundant thighs and ass. Because, you know, that would *totally* be helpful in a combat situation. But Camilla's fashion sense wasn't exactly on trial here. It was merely what she *liked* to wear.

The sun could be seen setting outside, but Camilla also couldn't help but think it had been a little quiet for the time of day it was? Sure, most of the men were away on the expedition, but there was little to no noise from the streets? Just past dinner time when everyone was out and about fetching things for dinner? On a beautiful evening? As suspicious of it as she was, she also wasn't going to reject a quiet walk down to the spa.



Just as the woman reached for the door, however? She was stunned as her hand missed the object altogether... because that object was simply no longer there. Rather, *none* of her home was? She was standing out in what looked to be a courtyard, with an immense building of stone behind her. **“What? Where am I?”** Had she been teleported? Where *was* this? The princess had numerous questions, yet none of them involved the *outfit* she was now wearing.

Because the white, button-up dress shirt was on so tightly that her whole tummy was bare, with bulging muscles and huge breasts on the cusp of busting out. While the new, pleated skirt around her hips hardly hid anything at all. It absolutely *should* have been obvious, because it certainly wasn't *comfortable*, and yet

Camilla was seemingly too perplexed by her surroundings to give it the time of day. No, that wasn't quite right...

She had been wired to not *acknowledge* that discomfort.

Whether the woman acknowledged it or not, mind you, it did not change the fact that she was succumbing to the very same power that had unknowingly consumed much of the capital by this point in time, gradually turning it into a huge school campus spanning all three levels of modern schooling. And everyone caught up inside? They became a member of that school. Camilla was no exception.

Although her transformation didn't *exactly* begin in the same way as the others. It actually focused initially on what made Camilla so notorious as a warrior – that is to say that it first targeted her axe-wielder's build. Because while *certain assets* of the woman's body drew attention first and foremost, something that often went overlooked was just how bulky she was in all of the right ways.

“My, I feel a little... tired?” Her change of surroundings had definitely been a dizzying one, but had it been enough to fatigue her so? Certainly *not*, and yet this fatigue was *physical*. Perhaps it should have been unsurprising, all things considered, because one could easily perceive the cause. After all, those bulging muscles that her school uniform could not so easily conceal? Made evident by how it almost

seemed like her shirt was deflating, those muscles were weakening; dissipating until her arms were soft and void of definition.

But it wasn't isolated to her arms alone, either. The bulky muscles that helped push her chest out deteriorated just the same, allowing their bulging against the cloth to become just a *touch* more reasonable. Likewise, her tummy smoothed out and her abundant thighs grew just a touch less excessive without rippling muscles beneath the fatty tissue to keep them supported.

In the end, Camilla was so tired because all of her muscles were gone, and yet the fatter weight of her frame continued to persist in its usual amount. Her fat tits, huge ass, and tasty thighs were so abundant that a body without the appropriate training to support them simply... *could not*. And so the woman slouched with a groan. "**Heavy...**"

The next development was a fortunate one for her (and her outfit), for those physical concerns were ultimately addressed by the transformation. Namely, the excess weight that was so abundant across her figure was 'cleaned up' in a sense, so that her body's burden was a little more manageable. That said, this didn't mean that she was completely deprived of her pleasant figure, either. It was simply *adjusted*.

Optimized, even. That was the impression that was given by the folds of her school blouse, which finally appeared to catch a break as its contents regressed in size. They pulled a touch closer to her ribcage, and ultimately it was two or so cup sizes that freed her from that heft. Yet even then, her now DD-cup tits were still one size too big for her uniform, and so while the buttons weren't straining *as* much, they still pushed on the shirt enough that you could see her cleavage through the hole between a pair of these buttons.

"**Oh that's... better?**" Camilla herself immediately took notice of the change, straightening her back after the weight of her tits had initially forced her to bend forward. But she didn't really know what had happened, just that something had changed. It was something that was communicated with a voice that was quieter and calmer than ever, lacking the 'older sister tune' that her usual manner of speech often carried.

Even still, the woman's burdens continued to be lifted. With her breasts in an (*arguably*) much better state, the weight was shaved much more dramatically off of her ass and thighs. In the latter case, it was clear that her destiny in this entire ordeal was *not* to be a thigh gal, because *most* of their girth ultimately evaporated, leaving her with thighs that were clearly defined but... not much more than that.

On the other hand? Camilla's ass collapsed so that it was still pleasant in its protrusion, cheeks forming a shape more akin to a peach. The panties worn beneath her skirt now fit her much more comfortably, particularly as her hips had crunched inward along with the rest of her shrinkage. And even her skirt now at least dangled down to the peaks of her thighs. But while she was thinner overall, she still looked strange at her current height of 5'7". Much too *lanky*.

"...Hm?" Slowly, the princess shook her head. Had she gotten dizzy or did it feel like she was falling? She wasn't really sure, but found herself shuffling to keep her balance. Technically her latter assumption was true in a sense, but she wasn't really falling *overall*. Her *point of view* was, for her overall height was diminishing. All the way down to 5'1", where her shirt finally reached her skirt and she was able to finally, idly, tuck it in.

She hardly had the look of an adult woman by this juncture, much less a great and strong princess, and that immaturity wasn't helped by her face. Her features had rounded out for one, and a youthfulness returned her from the brink of her late twenties all the way down to around the age of eighteen. Purple eyes shone even brighter, if only because they appeared expressly larger – and yet pinched in at the corners there was no denying that they were also Japanese by nature.

This was made all the more obvious by her hair, for the bangs that were always swept across her left eye had retreated. In fact her hair had thinned and lightened in color on the whole, leaving her with a steelier purple mane that wasn't excessive in its styling. No longer was it extremely thick and wavy. It was straight and long, and her bangs were trimmed much more realistically. It was a very *modern* haircut.

"Mm... I like the evening breeze after class." *Chinatsu Saehara* smiled calmly to herself after sitting down delicately on a nearby bench. From her beautiful face to her calm demeanor, she was the perfect cool beauty – and that was highlighted by a body that was rather curvaceous for her age. After all, her shirt could barely contain her breasts even *after* getting younger. But while her silence gave her peers the impression that she was incredibly cool?

The truth was that Chinatsu was quite shy as well, which was why she was so pointed when she spoke. She was silent otherwise because she didn't know how to talk to her peers, particularly other girls. Although her issue in that case was much more personal, because she was attracted to other women. When classes and clubs ended, she always retreated to the empty courtyard to relax. It was her safe space, the location where she could recharge.

But as of late... **“Oh? Takahashi-kun?”** A boy had appeared while holding a letter. Oh no, not another one. Boys had been confessing to her one after the other lately, and she was constantly letting them down. Her shyness didn't help, but it did make her look even cooler and most distant. **“Let me stop you there. I'm not into boys, Takahashi-kun.”**

The legend of Chinatsu Saehara would enter a new stage that eve.

