

# FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

## CH1: THIRSTY TAN

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Sharena had wanted to go out on the expedition her brother had set out on so badly. He had gathered what seemed like a small army consisting of mostly male heroes from other worlds to investigate a brewing issue in a neighboring kingdom. Yet the younger sister? Not only had she not even been *asked* to come along, but she had been tasked with something much more menial – sorting through some relics obtained by the research team that had been set to return that day.

“**This is so... BORING!**” Alone in the storage room where these relics had been brought to, it didn’t take long at all for Askr’s princess to lament on how little she appreciated this task, and in the loudest way possible to boot. Didn’t it seem like, more and more lately, she was being left behind while Alfonse got to go off onto cool adventures? Sharena *knew* she was more than capable of taking care of herself, so why didn’t he see it too!?

Maybe she could have been more excited about the task she’d been given instead if it wasn’t so *boring*? But there was little interesting about going through some old objects that Askr’s scholars considered to be potentially worth studying. She didn’t really have an eye for that sort of thing anyways, so why had it been assigned to her!? ...Probably because Alfonse had taken everyone else competent in the field on his little expedition.

From her perspective, there was nothing interesting about the old looking staves and statuettes that littered the boxes. But there *had* been something that had stood out to her. Because it didn’t align with literally anything else that had been recovered. “**Huh? A tome? Weird,**

**there's a lot of pictures... And I can't read it?"** The language was unlike anything she had ever seen before. As were the illustrations.

She couldn't have known this, but it was a high school level Japanese textbook. An item from a different world entirely. And after she had held it for a short while? The book in question began to glow with a brilliant white light. **"...Wha—!?"** It became so bright that the room filled with it, and Sharena was forced to look away and close her eyes. When she finally managed to open them, however? Well, she was no longer in the storage room.



**"What is this place...?"**

Well, *no*. She knew what it was. It was a bathroom, right? After all, there were stalls nearby not unlike the ones of Askr's public facilities. But they were framed with metal. It all looked much more *modern*, but having grown up in a medieval world it wasn't like she could see it that way. And while it looked like she had been sent somewhere else? She hadn't. The room had changed, Sharena hadn't moved.

More than the room having changed, however, Sharena herself felt *off*. It wasn't really a feeling she could describe, just that something about her felt awkward. Uncomfortable. Different. **"...Is this what I'm supposed to look like?"** What was she even saying? She wasn't sure. But her confusion about her surroundings had seemingly been turned *inward*.

Yet while the princess was perplexed by herself, she didn't seem to be aware at all that her entire outfit had been replaced when the world around her had changed. Even though she was looking right down at herself, the short blue skirt, matching cardigan, and the white dress shirt underneath all felt like things she *should* have been wearing. And yet not.

But even the princess had to admit that something *was* wrong here. **"Do I always wear this buttoned up?"** She was looking down to her top and how it was all buttoned properly, right up to her neck. Something

deep down was telling her that she often left half of it unbuttoned, and that there was a good reason for this. But she couldn't remember *why*, at least until said reason came knocking on her figurative doorstep.

Well, rather than knocking, it was more like they came busting out. "**Wha—!?**" Because before her very eyes, while staring down at herself, her otherwise lackluster bosom exploded with a new weight that would have torn through the cloth of her new ensemble if not for the buttons. Instead, those buttons simply parted once her tits grew big enough. They practically *exploded* in size, their indecency highlighted by the tiny, pink bra that could now be seen that the cardigan and blouse were opened to expose them. What's more, they were colored with a fake tan – a color that wasn't present anywhere else on her skin just yet.

But that was changing as well. The spray-on tan spread from her ginormous breasts as Sharena was left marveling at them... for but a moment. Eventually her shock waned, mind you. "**Huh? Why do I care about how big they are? They're perfect for giving tit jobs, after... Wh-What am I saying?**" What *was* she saying? To have such an indecent thought, much less vocalize it! It wasn't like her at all!

In terms of decency though, her body continued to move away from what could properly be seen *as* decent. The tan washed over her tummy, seeing a slight bulge form in her tummy before the surrounding area tightened. It gave off the impression that she liked to snack, but was also the kind of person that engaged in a lot of rigorous activity to try and work off that weight. Like going to the gym. *Or fucking. A lot.*

And how could she not with a body like hers? Tits aside, the tan crept over her ass and thighs next, and both areas were prompt in their embellishment. Her cheeks bloated and lifted the back of her already short skirt, while thighs swelled to the level that it was lifted even higher – revealing the bottom of her hot pink thong if you were brave enough to peek. Since her legs had been basically been bare anyways, the thickness of her thighs didn't really affect much else. She was just gratuitously *thick*.

And, mentally, she was becoming keener on the idea of exploiting that very fact.

Sharena's tongue, playfully, ran across the full length of her lips – in turn savoring the taste of cherry that was present thanks to a gloss that had appeared. But it wasn't the flavoring that had prompted the lick. Her lips had felt significantly thicker, something that was more than obvious. "**Good for sucking dick, too...**" Well, for an eighteen year old, her technique *was* impeccable. All the boys said so!

Not content with merely giving her dick-sucking lips, however, the tan ultimately consumed the entirety of her face and completely reshaped it. Her nose became smaller and her cheeks a little rounder, yet her eyes bore the brunt of the shift that saw her previous identity drain away. After all, as pink dotted the corners, those corners themselves deteriorated in roundness until they were sharper and less like those of their people. In another world they would have been notably *Japanese* in shape. What's more, the blue of her irises even became icier, making them stand out more keenly against her faux tan, which now covered her from head to toe.

The young woman held a hand out in front of her, turning it over and over while fake nails colored in a bright pink seemed to make them look even longer than they had already grown to be. Several inches long, they'd undoubtedly be annoying as hell clacking against a desk or keyboard, but pissing off her classmates was something of a hobby of hers!

**“Hahaha! I can *totes* see the look on their stupid faces now!”** It was a little funny that she was mocking others for being stupid, for Sharena's intellect had been taking a rather devastating hit. Street smarts and book smarts alike had been slowly bleeding from her brain like a balloon with a tiny hole, and by this juncture she couldn't bring herself to care much about her looks and using them to have a good time. Her grades were the worst in the class, and she totally didn't give a fuck!

All that was left of the prim and proper princess knight was her long, blonde hair, and even then it was clear that its erasure was a necessity. Had the *new* Sharena realized it was styled as it was, she would have freaked out at how 'uggo' it was. And so while the hair both darkened to dark brown and shortened into a bob overall, another color inevitably surfaced. One that was just as face as her tan, for it was a tacky pink dye that hadn't even been appropriately applied. You could still make out her new natural color in her roots.

What followed was just a touch of accessorizing. A number of piercings in her ears, a stitched choker around her neck... A number of tacky decorations designed to make her stand out even more. Even though her tits *did* do most of the talking.

**“LOL! Like, I'm *such* an airhead. What was I doin' again?”** Skin fake tanned to perfection, and her uniform opened to show off her F-cup tits, *Suzuka Tanaka* pressed her arms together in the mirror to make her big bust push out even more. She couldn't remember why she had come to the bathroom, but since she was skipping fourth period what

did it really matter? Being the no. 2 gyaru in Askr Academy after the no. 1 meant she had some manner of power among the boys.

Which could only mean one thing, really. **“Oh, I totes get it. Only one reason I could be at the bathroom now, right!?”** Smoothing down her clothes and massaging her exposed thighs quickly, she cast a glance at the bathroom door. Just in time for a high school boy around the age of eighteen like herself to walk in. Whatever had changed the room she was in and had changed her, evidently was spreading to change the surrounding areas as well. But why a boy? This was the girls’ washroom.

A sly smile played upon Suzuka plump lips, her expression distorting into something born of mischief as the boy nervously drew closer to her. She stuck her breasts out towards him. **“LOL, you a virgin? Don’t wooorry~! I’ll be real gentle! Now, you want a tit job first? Into the stall, kiddo!”**

