

FE: SCHOOL HOUSE

CH6: OCCULTICS

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Night had finally fallen on Askr's capital, and Byleth couldn't help but savor the quiet. The city was always so loud during the day, and being a professor that had once been a mercenary, she always did prefer the quiet. It wasn't like mercenaries lived high profile lives in the cities of Fodlan back home. No, it was more common that they could be found camping in the forests and fields, only staying in the cities proper when they had the coin to afford inn space.

So it was less emotionally taxing on the young woman to have that peace and quiet. Even if this was something of a new feeling for her, what with having been emotionally stagnant for the better part of twenty years. It wasn't until she had been taken in by Garreg Mach and forged bonds with her students that she finally had begun to piece her emotional palette together.

Seeking the comfort of both quiet and nature alike, she had turned to the capital's outskirts – past where the guards kept the gate secured. It was a hobby of hers to sometimes hunt and gather, rather than simply relying on food caught and brought into the city for purchased. It was one of those skills that she had developed *because* of her mercenary lifestyle. Something she wanted to keep honed *just in case*.

The fact that it was so dark out didn't really bother her. The light of the moon was bright while cast across the field, and in a worst case she *was* carrying a torch at her side. The city itself was nearby anyways, so it wasn't a long walk when she was done collecting fruits and small animals to eat later.



“**Huh?**” Unfortunately her trip, which was supposed to be relaxing and free of incident, was promptly cut short. For the openness of the field that she had been trekking through was suddenly painted over, the evening breeze and widened sky both cut off by the walls and ceiling of a building. A building she was now within the interior of. “**A room?**”

It was difficult for her to tell how *big* the building was because she was only in a small room no bigger than a bedroom. But it was actually a room in another building on the campus that contained the school the rest of the capital had gradually been becoming over the course of the day. Strewn about were some desks, but the room was dark and a globe light was in the center projecting stars on the ceiling and walls around her.

“**What... is this place?**” The projector in the middle of the room was unlike anything she had ever seen before, even if it was novel in a modern society. But something the professor *hadn't* noticed was her clothing. Gone was her armor, and instead she was wearing a silken dress with a purple bust and black skirt, all decorated with a frilled trim. Her neckline dipped down to show most of her cleavage and was bound to a choker with only two lace straps. And atop her head? A matching witch's hat.

All things that *likely* should have been noticed, and yet the professor did not find anything strange about the fit of her presently adorned ensemble. Instead she walked over to the table that held the star projector, her gaze fixed on it like she was mesmerized. At one point the turning orb projected a waxing crescent moon upon her forehead and, strangely, it stopped turning for a couple of seconds. “**Did it break?**” Byleth wondered, but it did continue to rotate after those few seconds passed.

But not before leaving a moon-shaped marking of purple on her forehead.

A tattoo.

Byleth felt a little relieved that the lights weren't malfunctioning, but... *why?* This was her first time seeing such a sight and it wasn't like she should have any emotional attachment to it, and yet she had clearly felt

something. Something that was expressed by her eyes. Eyes that appeared wider yet narrower in the eyelids to give her the look of a Japanese woman. And eyes that had begun to shine with a bright magenta the moment the moon tattoo had appeared on her forehead.

The purples weren't even quite done just yet, because as the color scheme of her eyes was altered, the hair that framed them wasn't exactly left out. Not that they took on the same bright pink, but rather? Locks of her blue hair were touched with a faded purple that was just a shade bluer than the purple of her new dress. While it only *began* with a few locks mind you, it eventually encompassed all of the hair upon her body. What's more, the style of it upon her head straightened, with bangs parting to show off the moon on her head's center.

"Fufu!" An uncharacteristic laugh escaped the woman's lips – lips that appeared a touch thinner than they had before, but this was simply part of how her face had come to bare a greater resemblance to that of a young Japanese woman aside from what had *already* taken place with her eyes. The laugh left her momentarily stunned in the meantime. ***"What was that laugh? It was a little strange..."***

But it didn't matter *how* strange it was, because she forgot she'd even had any concerns about it just a moment later. That said, her situation *was* worsening on a physical level. While not substantial, for example, two inches had been shaved off of her overall height. This didn't cause any malfunction with her witch costume, and in fact it seemed to even *improve* the vertical fit of it all.

And, well, the fit on the dress ultimately became *perfect* with a few more adjustments. Byleth's figure was already quite impressive, particularly for a mercenary, particularly her large bosom. But that bosom also swelled in size, making use of the slight slack that had been observed around the dress' cups to bring them up to perky F-cups – surely the envy of other *girls her age* if not for the fake that most of her peers were *stacked*.

Her waistline did narrow, but her ass and thighs? Well, they didn't exactly become more appealing because they were growing. Yet they didn't lose their appeal from shrinking, either. Instead? A body-wide change just created the *impression* that they were larger. A change that focused exclusively on her build and the distribution of her muscles because, well... *What* muscles?

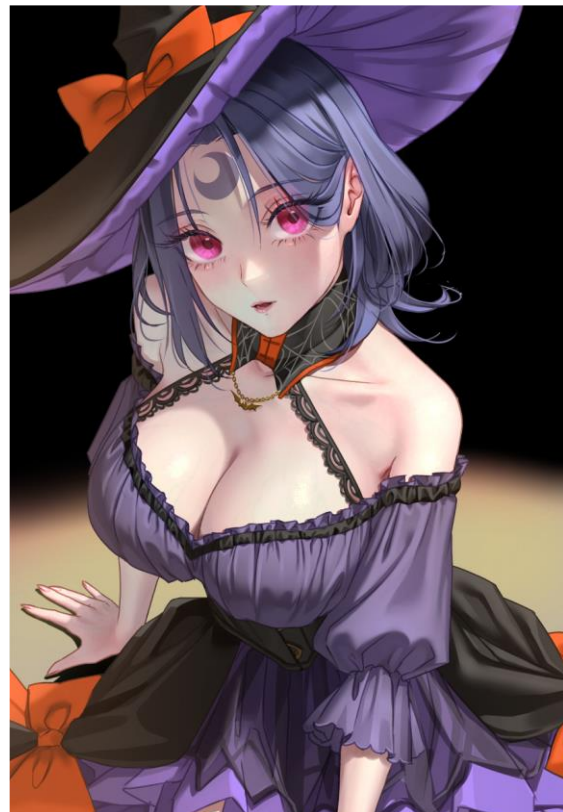
Considering her background, it shouldn't have come to anyone's surprise that she was built. You needed strength to swing around a heavy blade, and that strength led to the growth of muscles over time. ***"Why do I feel so tired!? But this is nothing, it must be as the***

stars foretold!” When had her voice become so high? Or her words so peppy? These were questions that the girl, now physically an eighteen year old, probably should have been asking. Instead? She was fixated on how burdensome her body felt. And it felt burdened for an arguably good reason.

Because all of those muscles that had been hardened through training and battles had just seemingly... *given up*. They deflated literally, their strength turning into a fat that seeped away for the most part, leaving her arms scrawny and her tummy even smaller than before. And yet... That fat was not *erased*, it was merely redistributed. A touch of it went into her already full bosom, making her young and perky tits even fuller in size than they had already become.

The rest, however? It settled into her ass and thighs. Which ultimately left the impression that they were bigger than before in their new squishiness. They certainly *jiggled* a lot more, or at least they would when she began to shuffle around the room. As she was now this girl couldn't imagine working out regularly to give herself some muscles, even if she didn't really gain weight either. Because she was far too busy in her favorite activity: occultics.

“Fufu! Under the twinkling stars of the night, the truth will be revealed with this one spell!” Powerless to resist her new persona in the end, *Benihime Saito* murmured with eccentricity over the crystal ball she had fetched from underneath the table that held the star projector. As far as she understood now magic was *not* real, yet something deep down desired her to make it so. Through tricks and divinations she could be closer to the paranormal than any would ever hope to be! **“Surely a spirit will answer unto me my query! For why do I feel so odd?”**



That is to say she had become an occult enthusiast, if her witch's dress and the moon tattooed onto her forehead did not make that clear enough. Obsessed with the paranormal, Benihime had done everything from trying to summon the dead to attempting to divine the futures of others – all the mixed success technically. But the young woman herself

would always claim she succeeded. Because she was the leader of the school Occult Club! But on some subconscious level it did seem that the woman recognized something was amiss.

“Perhaps tomorrow night we shall usher in a demon of darkness!”

She was also the *only* member of the Occult Club.