

“Bah, Sothis damn it!”

Manuela slammed her hand down on the stack of papers before her, causing the entire table to wobble up and down in response. Beside her, two of Garreg Mach’s other professors Byleth and Hanneman sat down grading their own stacks of paper, neither batting an eye to Manuela’s violent outburst. Besides these three, the monastery’s teacher’s lounge remained empty, just another relaxed Sunday afternoon for the professors to grade their assignments in peace. Except there was anything but, with Manuela clamoring about the disappointing performance of her students in their subjects. Pure dread oozing off her drooping expression, Manuela dug her elbows into the table and planted her face into her palms.

“I just don’t understand why my students are doing so bad! Is the material too hard? Am I just a bad professor?!?” She lamented into the ether.

“Oh, settle down Manuela, I’m sure your students are doing just fine.” The prestigious Hanneman replied from the other side of the table, not looking up from his own stack of papers.

“You’re only saying that because *you’re* not the one grading these test results Hanneman.” She spat back with venom. “That little Caspar is as cute as a button, but by the Goddess herself, he’s as dumb as a brick!”

“That’s just how it goes with teaching. Sometimes you get Ignatzes. And sometimes you get...” Henneman sighed, looking at one of the tests before him with disappointment. “Raphaels...”

This response didn’t satisfy Manuela in the slightest though. Quickly turning her attention to Byleth, she curiously pried the other teacher. “How about you, professor?” Manuela asked, eyes wide with interest. “Are the rumors true? Do all of your students have straight A’s in every single one of their subjects?”

“I don’t know about that, ehehehe...” Byleth giggled awkwardly, swiping a stray hair off her face. “I’m sure some of them have B’s in certain subjects.”

“Hah! Amazing and humble to boot!” Hanneman commented peppily. “There’s no doubt you’re Jeralt’s daughter.”

“How do you do it?!” Manuela pushed herself further towards Byleth, almost climbing onto the table with her entire body. “Surely there must be some sort of method or technique you use! Please tell me!”

“Umm... I’m not sure...” Byleth scratched her head pensively. “I don’t really think I do anything that special. I just teach to the best of my abilities.”

“Gah! That doesn’t help me at all!” The Manuela frustratedly slumped back onto her chair, flinging her arms in the air in disappointment. “I would do *anything* just to get them to give their best performance...”

Byleth’s eyebrow rose with interest, eyes opening wide as a stray thought upon her mind. The girl hummed to herself thoughtfully, pondering over the defeated Manuela with piqued curiosity. With a swift motion, Byleth silently slid her chair towards Manuela’s. “Hey Manuela...” Byleth whispered at the slumping professor. “Are you really willing to do *anything* to help your students out?”

In an instant, Manuela's eyes sparked open with life, her spirit jolting awake. "Yes!" Manuela screamed, basically jumping from her chair. "My sweet children are going to be the future of Fodlan! I'll do whatever it takes for them to be the greatest selves they can be!"

A curled ominous smile appeared on Byleth's lips. "That was exactly what I wanted to hear~" Ducking back towards her bag, the professor pulled out an innocent looking notebook and handed it to Manuela. "Here is a very *special* curriculum of mine. Its super simple to use. Just write whatever it is you want your students to learn for that day and week, and they'll do it."

Manuela took Byleth's book with hesitation, a wave of utter confusion destroying any semblance of excitement she had. She'd been hoping for some sort of guidance or trick, not a basic teacher's tool. Opening the book, Manuela began to flip through the pages. Most of them were devoid of any writing, though they all had dates and day names printed along them like any regular calendar. "Oh, so this is like a syllabus." Manuela commented. "Yes, I have one of those. I'm not sure how~"

"But this isn't any normal type of syllabus!" Byleth interrupted her, eyes narrowing into a devious expression. "This is a super *special* type of curriculum. One could even call it *magical!* Anything you write here, your students will follow. And I do mean *anything~*"

Still, Manuela wasn't convinced, as was apparent from her doubtful frown. "I don't know..." She muttered.

"Just trust me, Manuela." Byleth tried to convince her. "I do have the best track record of any teacher here, don't I?"

Manuela sighed. It seemed silly but... "I suppose it couldn't hurt to try..." She finally gave in.

"Excellent!" Byleth commented with excitement. "I'll leave it with you for a week, and you can tell me how things go. I really can't wait for what sort of changes you make~"

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"Whatta loadda bullllllSHIT!!!"

BANG! CRASH!

Manuela burst from the hall right into infirmary, slamming whatever lay in front of her onto the floor with disregard. The woman stumbled forward into the room, tiptoeing left and right as if she was a rocking boat. Breath reeking with alcohol, eyes dull and dazed... From the way she slurred her words and wobbled around uncontrollably, it was clear that Manuela was heavily inebriated at the moment.

"I can'tshelieve the GALL of men these dahys..." She lamented with a hiccup, while treading further into the room. Manuela lifted the half empty vodka bottle in her hand and took a long swig of it, letting the cold liquid course down her throat freely. "Shaying I wash too loud..." She burped. "Too rude, too demanding... TOO OLD?!"

Filled with anger, Manuela flung the bottle of vodka into the corner of the room. The bottle bounced around for a bit, but never actually broke. Instead it flipped on its side, letting its contents slowly drip onto the floor.

“WELL I CANT SHELP IT!!” Manuela screamed at the top of her lungs. “THATHSJHUST WHO I AM!” Manuela threw herself onto her office chair, slumping downwards as her frustration turned into sadness. “Oh Goddess, will I ever find someone to love...”

The woman sunk onto her desk, pushing everything atop onto the floor as she bemoaned with grief. Her eyes fluttered aimlessly about, until they’d landed on the curriculum book Byleth had handed her earlier that day. Face laying on the table, Manuela opened the pages of the curriculum and looked at the with wistfulness.

“At leasht I have my shweet shudents...” She sighed. Her gaze wandered over to the pages Manuela had filled out. Though her vision was very blurry from all the alcohol, the woman could barely make out what was written on the page. Specifically, she focused on the very first name that was written at the top of the journal, that of the introverted nervous wreck Bernadetta.

“Oh, my kyute Berningdetta...” Manuela cooed softly. “You don’t shink your preffesor’san old hag, do ya?”

Arm flapping up and down the desk, Manuela’s hand teetered over the items on the cluttered desk as if she was looking for something. Her hand opened and closed at every corner, grasping at everything it could touch in the dark, until it had finally found a usable pencil.

“Nooo, of courshe not...” Manuela whispered.

Taking the pencil in her hand, Manuela pressed its tip against the pages of the curriculum. Right beside where she’d written ‘Improve aim’ and ‘Practice with lances’ for Bernadetta, she began to write another task she wished for the girl to learn. The handwriting was atrocious, looking more like aimless scribbles than actual words. Still, it was legible, reading ‘Love professor manuela’ in slurred and squiggly words.

“You jusht *love* yur professar, don’t cha?” Manuela spoke with a hiccup. “Your beuntiful professar who loves ya so much n’ teeches you bout everything, thar’s no way that you can not love er since shes sso... good n nice an... she always... does... ...all da... ..”

With all her energies spent, Manuela unceremoniously passed out on her desk, curriculum still open and pencil still in her hand.

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A sigh of exhaustion escaped Manuela’s lips as the professor sat by the teacher’s table in the Black Eagles lecturing hall. Class was finally over, and all the students were starting to gather their belongings and leave the room. Despite all the setbacks, it had gone surprisingly well. Were it not for the pounding migraine she was feeling, Manuela could even say this had been her best class yet. The sultry nurse placed her hand on her forehead and rubbed it gently, feeling her brain pulsate with a horrible hangover. At her age, she really shouldn’t be hitting the bottle as hard as she did. Every time she went

on a drinking rampage, she ended up feeling worse and worse. But its just as they say, old habits die hard, and being stubborn was one of Manuela's main personality traits.

Luckily, with her lessons done, the woman could finally get some well-deserved rest. Crashing in the infirmary sounded absolutely amazing right now. Probably use a little bit of magic to ease her pounding migraine as well. It was still Monday, so she didn't need to-

"Um... Professor Manuela?"

Suddenly Manuela's train of thought was interrupted as the soft whimpering voice of a student rang in her ears. Manuela lifted her hand from her head and turned to her student with a smile, hiding the pain that was wracking her brain. Looking up, she saw it to be none other than the cute purple-haired Bernadetta. A surprise, considering Bernadetta avoided all types of social interaction at any cost, but a welcome one.

"Hello Bernadetta~" Manuela exclaimed eagerly. "What can I do for you?"

Bernadetta looked down at the floor with nervousness, a bright red blush on her face. She nudged her foot against the ground with angst, holding her left arm tightly with her right hand as if she was having a hard time coming up with the words she wished to say. "I-I-I'm h-here for m-my sup-p-plementary lessons..." The girl said anxiously. "I-I know I haven't been following the study plan well recently, but-! I-I-I r-r-really don't want fail my classes..."

Manuela looked at Bernadetta with confusion. "Hmmm... I don't remember assigning you any supplementary classes Bernadetta."

"Oh Goddess! I-I'm too late, aren't I?" The petite girl began to freak out. "Stupid stupid Bernie! You big dumb oaf, you should have studied harder!!! Now you're going to get expelled from the school, utterly humiliated!! Everyone is going to look down on you as the only girl who didn't pass the class! You're going to be kicked out, sent back to- ..." Bernadetta sunk to her knees, crawling towards Manuela. "Please professor Manuela please! I'll do anything! Wash your clothes, do your chores- PLEASE DON'T FAIL ME!!!"

"Bernadetta calm down!" Manuela shot back, pushing the sniveling girl away. "You're not going to fail anything! You're doing quite well for yourself in most of your subjects. Which subject do you think you need supplementary classes for?"

Bernadetta's face lit up with a blush once more. The girl looked away from Manuela's gaze, too embarrassed to say a word. "I-I-I- erm- uh- I want you to know that I'm d-doing my best to s-show you love, b-b-but- I j-just have a hard t-time showing affection. S-So if you'd like t-to instruct me in what to do, t-then I could-"

Manuela placed her hand on her forehead again, feeling her migraine get twice as worse. "I'm sorry, what?" She winced.

"I-I'm sup-p-posed to learn how to love you, right?" Bernadetta responded plainly.

"Bernadetta-" Manuela sighed. "Why on Earth would you think you need to learn how to do that?"

"Well, its in the curriculum." Bernadetta clarified.

Manuela's brow rose with doubt. The teacher turned to the curriculum she'd borrowed from Byleth that laid atop the table and began to flip the pages until she reached the one she'd written onto. Once she was on her page, Manuela looked for the section with Bernadetta, ready to prove the girl that no such thing about love was written in there. However, much to the professor's surprise, right beside the bits Manuela had written about bows and lances, she did in fact find a sentence that ordered Bernadetta to love Manuela. A jolt of memory struck Manuela, as she vaguely recalled writing this in a drunken stupor. She turned to Bernadetta with shock and confusion in her mind.

"How did you know-?" Manuela shook her head rapidly. "It doesn't matter. Look Bernadetta, just because something is written in this curriculum, it doesn't mean you have to do as it says." Manuela calmly explained. "Here, let me show you."

Turning towards the table, Manuela picked up the first pencil she could find so she could write something into the pages of the curriculum. The professor took a second to think about what to write. It had to be something ridiculously outrageous, that no normal person would want to do out of the blue. Something like... Groping her breasts! Yes, perfect! There was no way Bernadetta would want to grope Manuela's breasts like that. With the idea in mind, Manuela started to quickly write the words of the sentence down onto the paper. When she was done, she accentuated the period at the end of the sentence, as if she was proudly making an important point.

"See!" Manuela commented brightly, turning back to face Bernadetta. "Even though I wrote something in, there's absolutely no way that- YIIIP!" Before Manuela could finish explanation though, the professor bounced back in surprise, feeling as two lithe hands greedily wrapped themselves around her bountiful bosom.

"Oh my Goddess~ These monsters feel better than they look." Bernadetta gasped with a lecherous smile.

"Oh!" Manuela yipped, barely believing that the sweet loveable Bernadetta was currently groping her breasts like a perverted old man. "Oh!"

However as the groping continued and the surprise died, Manuela reeled back in pleasure. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, brain still dizzy from the hangover. The way Bernadetta kneaded Manuela's breasts with tenderness and force was absolutely fantastic. Manuela could feel the supple mass of her bust ooze through Bernadetta's slim fingers, her nipples growing erect through her bra. Maybe it was last night's alcohol, or the fact that Manuela hadn't been touched like this in ages, but the busty woman couldn't help but let out an exhilarated moan as her student groped her breasts.

Her student... Her student... Her student should not be groping her breasts!!! Manuela's eyes blew out with terror as the woman snapped from her trance. Her body felt very nice now, but this was completely inappropriate behavior from her! She needed to stop it now! Reaching towards the desk with difficulty, Manuela quickly grasped the pencil she'd used and began to erase all that she'd written maniacally. The eraser passed through the lines of paper quickly, smudging the graphite off the pages little by little. Manuela wasn't very accurate or proficient with how she erased, but considering the situation she was in, it was only expected.

Once the two guilty lines had been successfully erased from the paper, Manuela felt her bosom finally be released from Bernadetta's grasp. The woman let out a sigh of relief, her body still panting heavily from all the shock.

"Alright..." Manuela spoke in a breathless tone. "Bernadetta, please do not do that ever again..."

Bernadetta turned her head sideways with confusion. "Do what again?"

Manuela rose her gaze towards Bernadetta, her eyes narrowing into angry glares. She was starting to get fed up with this... "What do you mean do what?!" She yelled angrily. "You just harassed me!"

"W-What?!" Bernadetta stepped back in surprise at the accusation. "I-I-I didn't attack y-you! U-Unless..." The purple-haired girl gasped. "I-I know what's going on here! T-This is a false accusation! Y-You're planning to blackmail me! You'll harm yourself and say I attacked you, and since I don't have any evidence in the contrary everyone will believe you! Oh noooo, oh Bernie, what are you going to do?!?! I-I don't want to go to jail! W-W-What is it t-that you want? M-Money? I-I don't have a l-lot, but I'll give you everything I have!"

"Oh Goddess, there she goes again..." Manuela rubbed her temple in frustration. "Bernadetta! Everything is fine! I am NOT going to blackmail you! Just take a deep breath and relax."

Just like Manuela ordered, Bernadetta took a long deep breath, not releasing it until her lungs couldn't keep it in anymore. With the nervous wreck no longer panicking and everything back to normal, Manual felt able to sit back on her chair and relax. It felt like this interaction alone had shaved several years off her life. Still, something was not quite right here...

"Say Bernadetta, do you really not remember what happened a few seconds ago?" Manuela asked the girl again.

"N-No, I don't." Bernadetta answered honestly. "Should I?"

Yes, there was something definitely wrong here. The way Bernadetta acted in an abnormal manner, how she knew things she shouldn't, the fact that she'd forgotten it all in a few instants... And it all revolved around the strange curriculum that Byleth had handed her... Manuela turned towards the curriculum, which was still open from before. She stared at the pages deep in thought. A strange theory popped in her head. It was ridiculous, truly non-sensical, but...

Manuela once again took the pencil into her hand. In order to test this theory, she'd have to write in the pages once more. This time, she wouldn't write something completely unorthodox. The sentence this time would be much more grounded and harmless. Something that was observable but wouldn't backfire on her. And Manuela had just the thing. Gripping the length of the pencil tightly, Manuela started to write a sentence out carefully, taking precious care with each stroke of her lead. The graphite slowly carved Manuela's words into paper right by Bernadetta's name, until they spelled out 'Become more confident'. Given how jittery and afraid Bernadetta was, this had to be the best way to confirm things.

Lifting her head with subtle excitement, Manuela looked over at Bernadetta to check if she'd been correct in her assessment. The changes had been immediate. Before her was still Bernadetta as she knew her before, but the aura this purple-haired cutie emitted was entirely different. Bernadetta stood

tall with an entirely straight posture, looking towards Manuela without any inhibition. There were no shakes or shivers anywhere to be found. Not a single nervous tick like nervously grabbing her arm or tapping her foot rapidly. As Bernadetta stood before Manuela's desk, she looked entirely like a... Like a normal girl, for lack of a better description.

"May I excuse myself now, professor Manuela?" Bernadetta asked respectfully.

A creeping devilish smile sparked upon Manuela's face. "Hold just a minute darling, I think I've just found something *very* interesting~"

Manuela turned back towards the book with thrill, her head buzzing with ideas of what she could do with this book. How much could she do with an amazing device? What kind of crazy feats could it accomplish? Manuela simply had to test it further! With an item of such immeasurable power, she'd be daft *not* to use it. Tapping the eraser of her pencil against her lip, Manuela thought of what she could write next. The book *was* supposed to help her students with their educational performance, so it'd make sense for the next change to be something of that caliber. With a few quick swipes of her pencil, Manuela wrote for Bernadetta to learn 'The strongest arrow shooting in the school'.

Manuela's eyes drifted upwards as she tried to think of another perk to give her dear Bernadetta, when the woman suddenly noticed a peculiar detail on the student's body. Manuela's gaze focused on Bernadetta's arms, her eyes squinting just to make sure they weren't deceiving her. Were they... Were they more muscular? Oh sweet Sothis, they were! Bernadetta's arms were totally beefed up to the extreme! Manuela could see Bernadetta's tight muscles bulging through the poor girl's uniform with might. They almost looked like the arms of a bodybuilder, quite out of place in Bernadetta's petite frame. It was as if Bernadetta had trained her arms and only her arms for her entire life!

So... Not only could this book affect her student's abilities and mind, it could also affect their bodies physically?! This was good. *Very* good.

"That's all Bernadetta, thank you so much for your help." Manuela sang happily.

With a quick swipe of her eraser, Manuela removed all that she'd written about Bernadetta, cleaning the girl's slate clean and putting her back to normal. As Manuela thought about what sorts of changes to make with this book, the woman couldn't help but let out some nefarious giggles. No wonder Professor Byleth's students were all perfect A students! With the power to genetically modify every aspect of their lives, there'd be no way they WEREN'T perfect! Manuela began to rub her hands together with a menacing grin. Oh yes, she would definitely enjoy taking advantage of this opportunity~

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When the next day came by, Manuela soon found herself in the classroom, ready to start giving lessons. The bells of the church rung loudly, causing wave after wave of diligent students to flood into the Black Eagles classroom and onto their seats. Manuela's body buzzed lightly for excitement, barely able to sit still. Seeing the unknowing faces of her innocent students filled her with elation. Boy, were they in for a wondrous surprise~

Her eyes drifted towards the magical curriculum, which laid open on top of her desk. For each and every single one of her students, she'd written every little thing she'd wished for them to learn individually. Moreover, right at the top of the page Manuela even wrote things she'd wanted the *entire* class to learn. From now on, every one of Manuela's students was basically a super genius, able to do athletics, magics and sciences at the blink of an eye. However, none of these facts were the reason why Manuela was currently so thrilled. No, that was all because of a little extra tidbit she'd added at the top of the page.

Soon, all the students had taken their seats, dutifully waiting for the delightful Manuela to begin. And as the main central diva of the stage, Manuela wouldn't let them wait any longer "Alright children!" The professor. "Before we start class today, I'd like to do something a little bit different. You've all been doing pretty well recently, but I think your dazzling professor needs some recognition too. So today we're all going to start class with a compliment shower for me~!" Manuela exclaimed haughtily. "So, who wants to start~?"

Instantly, the hands of every student rose high into the air. Not a single member of the Black Eagle house refrained from participating. Not the serious and stoic Hubert, nor even the shy and anxious Bernadetta. All the students in class held a hand in the air with excitement, eager to spouse a myriad of flattery towards their teacher. For this was the result of what Manuela had written in the curriculum. Yes, right after the bits about improving her students and helping them achieve their potential, Manuela decided to have a little fun for herself and make her students learn 'Loving Manuela'. As a single [censored]-year old woman, the poor Manuela didn't get a lot of affection very often. So considering she'd turned all of her students into what were basically mini-gods, a little appreciation felt warranted.

"Ohohohoho~ You all flatter me so much~" Manuela giggled with bliss, her cheeks blushing just a bit. "Goddess, with so many choices I don't even know *who* to pick! Hmmm... How about... You!" Manuela pointed towards Caspar, who sat in the left corner of the room.

The blue haired fighter quickly rose from his seat with a confident smirk. "Professor Manuela, I have to say you are the greatest professor I've ever had. Usually, I have a hard time getting all that boring theory crap about weapons and magic- The only thing I understand is a good fight and lots of training! But when you're teaching me, I feel like I can understand anything! No type of math or science can beat me down with you by my side."

"Ehehehe~" Manuela couldn't help but let out a few elated giggles. Her smile widened unwittingly, cheeks flushing further. It felt nice to be complimented like that, though it was surprisingly embarrassing. "Thank you so much for your input Caspar~ Now, as for who's next... Ah, Dorothea please!" The professor happily pointed at her student.

Dorothea stood from her seat with elegance and grace. She smiled at Manuela with an expression so bright, even Manuela felt herself a little bit blinded by the splendor. "Oh Manuela, do I even need to say a thing?" The girl cooed happily. "You're caring, always trying to help out those in need no matter how hard or tedious it might be. And you're selfless, showing more care to others than yourself. If it weren't for you, I don't think I would have gotten as far as I did in the Opera. Even though you were so popular and I was a nobody, you always helped me out with anything I needed. And though you can be a bit... *Rough* around the edges, I truly think you are the greatest person I've ever had the pleasure to meet~"

Manuela's cheeks lit up further, her joy diffusing into stronger and stronger embarrassment. The compliments made her happy, of course. But being barraged with a myriad of such earnest and honest praise was just a tad bit harder to handle than Manuela had thought it would be. "I..." Manuela cleared her throat. "Ehem, thank you for the kind words Dorothea, I really appreciate. The next person then would be... I suppose... Erm, Ferdinand please." She weakly pointed at the ginger man.

"Thank you for the privilege, my dearest professor Manuela." Ferdinand sprung up from his seat with sophisticated eagerness. "I remember back when I was a child and saw you perform in Enbarr. Though I was at a young age, I was truly dazzled by your magnificent performance! And even now, I continued to be dazzled by your beauty every day. Many years have passed since then, but you still look like the brightest flower in all of the garden. Your tender beauty knows no match, no comparison. Sometimes I find myself getting lost in your lustrous face while you're giving lecture. I know I can say that with certainty, you must be the most beautiful woman in this academy- Nay-! The world!"

By this point, Manuela was on full-on embarrassment mode. Her hands flew towards her face, trying to block her uncontrollable grin and reddish cheeks from her students. "I..." The woman was wordless. "That's really kind of you all, b-but... I'm just a simple old teacher. D-Do you guys really think that about me?"

"Of course!" Edelgard surged upwards from the first seat in the first row. "Every single student in this house adores and respects you, professor Manuela. Not just as a teacher, but also as a very close friend. It would not be an exaggeration to say we love you. Everything you are, from your looks to your personality, we simply adore it. I think I'm speaking for everyone when I say that we would all be happy to marry you if we could."

An echo of cheers and agreement rang within the classroom the moment Edelgard finished her speech, as the students began to share their affection for Manuela between themselves. The emperor-to-be stood up proudly at the end of her statement, clearly meaning every single word she'd spoken. From all the conviction and excitement each student showed, it was obvious to Manuela that they weren't lying. They all loved Manuela with deep care.

Such a powerful blast of affection was too much for Manuela to contain. The poor professor couldn't help but collapse onto her chair, her hand anxiously kneading through her hair as she tried to think about the situation analytically. Manuela knew that these weren't her students' *actual* feelings. These were just manifestations of what she'd written on the curriculum.

Nevertheless, her heart beat rapidly with bliss. She'd never heard such honey-filled words of eager affection thrown at her like that. Sure, she'd had her many flings with countless men, but nothing like this. It felt like the thing she'd been chasing all this time, the honest words of true love. Sentences of admiration so pure, they could not be possibly faked. Mind weighing heavily, Manuela pondered over whether she wished to keep things this way or not. On the one hand, she felt bad about modifying her students' minds their knowledge. On the other, she didn't know if she'd ever get to feel this way again. Perhaps... Perhaps it was fine to let her students keep loving her. And then she could pick one of them out and-

“Oh, but it would never work!” Manuela muttered to herself, groaning with sadness. “They’re my students! Its wrong! Some of them are girls- And they’re all so young! No, I can’t possibly do this. If only they were all men...” She sunk onto her desk with grief.

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Her head rose from the desk, gaze focusing on the open curriculum before her. No! How could she be thinking of such a thing?! That had to be the most preposterous idea she’d ever had! All this nonsense had started off as nothing more than a little game, a tiny little reward for her! Could she seriously alter her students’ physical bodies against their will for her own benefit?! It was completely terrible decision! Absolutely immoral... B-But... She was so lonely. At this age, her students were all Manuela had. But they weren’t enough. Manuela was an aging woman with her own set of needs. And she needed something more than just students. She needed someone that would stick for her for the rest of time, that would fill her life with bliss and companionship. After so many years of trying and failing, she finally had the tools to achieve her happiness. Could she really give them up without a fight?

The woman gulped loudly, her eyes fully fixated on that damned curriculum. Manuela’s palms began to get sweaty, her whole body shivering in angst. She wanted it, she wanted it so badly. Even though she knew she shouldn’t, a part of herself was clamoring for her to do it. Trembling with uncertainty, her right hand slowly hovered close to a pencil. A big bead of sweat dropped down her furrowed brow. What if... What if she just had a look at what her students would look like as buff hunky men? Just a gander, nothing more than a little taste. She could always change them back, so it should be no problem right!?! Then- Then she could be satisfied and leave the whole thing alone!

With this excuse fully cemented in her mind, Manuela proceeded to grab a pencil and bring it towards the pages of the curriculum. Her changes wouldn’t have any flare or complications. She’d just write for her students to learn to ‘become hunky men’ at the top of the page and leave it at that. Easy peasy. Then just a quick look, and everything would go back to normal. Manuela felt her mouth water as her words were inscribed on the paper, her mind dreaming over what sorts of delicious forms her students would receive.

Once her fingers had finalized materializing Manuela’s desires onto the paper, the professor bolted upwards from the desk with excitement. The first thing she set her eyes upon was the Lady Edelgard, who was still standing up from when she’d given her passionate speech. However, the title of lady no longer befit Edelgard. Instead, a more appropriate surname would be Amazingly Sexy and Buff Lord~ Where the demure feminine Edelgard once stood, was now an extremely buff and attractive young man. He was tall, with broad shoulders and muscular arms. His pecs bulged through his uniform, and a toned six pack was clearly visible on his stomach. The legs underneath his body were titanic, and the huge bulge on his crotch indicated that he was clearly hung as well. Though his face was fairly androgynous and his hair was a bit long, one could easily mistake this magnificent specimen for Edelgard’s younger brother. Strangely, he was still wearing the girl’s uniform. But honestly, that just made things hotter.

Manuela’s gaze then continued to run across the room. Just like Edelgard, every single one of her students had been thoroughly transformed. Boys had been turned into men, growing into massive studs each bigger than the last. And all the girls had turned in their femininity in favor of raw muscle and

manliness. One could not legitimately tell who had been a girl or boy originally at this point, for all of Manuela's students looked like buffed up Adonises. Manuela felt her eyes bulging out of her head from such a beautiful sight. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, heavy pants escaping her breath. She could see how her students stared at her deeply with love and desire. Having so many men lusting over her like that sent Manuela's groin into a tizzy. She'd hit the jackpot! Manuela felt like she'd died and gone straight to heaven.

"Is everything alright professor?" Edelgard asked Manuela with a glowing smile and a deeper, baritone voice.

"Ah!" Manuela gasped, eyes wide and bright like a kid in a candy store. "Y-Yes I'm-" She couldn't find the words to describe her feelings. Manuela was totally breathless.

Fully overcome with emotion, Manuela's legs gave out and the professor gently floated down onto her chair. Goddess! Was this real life?! Manuela couldn't believe she wasn't in a dream right now. Usually she'd have woken up by now. Thinking that this really was Manuela's reality filled the professor with an ethereal sense of satisfaction. All the pain and heartache, it had all been leading up to this. And it had been worth it.

However, as Manuela's eyes hovered over the curriculum, an existential pit of dread formed in her stomach. She was supposed to change them back. She'd promised she would only take a look, one look and then give up. It was the right thing to do, as their teacher and a morally upstanding person. But how was a man expected to eat regular food after tasting the delicious ambrosia of the gods? Manuela's mind had been tainted. After today, the prospect of a perfect marriage was completely ruined for her. Manuela knew that if she indulged in these pleasures any longer, she wouldn't be able to turn things back ever again. And so, this was Manuela's dilemma. To be a proper professor and return her students to their regular state, or to be a selfish woman and keep things as they were. It was a very tough decision. But in the end, Manuela knew she had to do the right thing.

'Every student of the Black Eagles house is currently romantically involved with me.'

'All of my students will listen and do anything I say!'

'The uniform for the Black Eagles House is a tight red micro thong and nothing else!'

Darting onto the table like a wild feral animal, Manuela quickly wrote her final desires into the pages of the curriculum. Any sort of regret and remorse was quickly thrown out the window as the idea that Manuela could finally cure her loneliness entered her mind. Having an army of kind sexy hung knights follow and love her without question was too amazing of a concept for Manuela to willingly pass on. If that made her a bad person, she didn't want to be good.

With these commands written down, now Manuela had everything she could have dreamed of: A group of incredibly sexy studs who would love her for the rest of her life. From fucking, to cuddling, to just being with her, they would happily do anything Manuela said. And with uniforms that could only barely be considered as clothes, Manuela was free to ogle their buff bodies at any moment she wished. This truly had to be the best thing that had happened to her~ Drool dripping down from her lip, Manuela excitedly rose to enter her new paradise.

“Alright everyone!” Manuela exclaimed, extending her arms to welcome this new fantastical reality. “Please stand up so that your professor can get a good look at you~”

Just as Manuela commanded, every single student instantly stood from their seat and faced towards Manuela. There was a literal sea of abs and muscle sparkling before Manuela’s sight. All around her, the toned and muscular bodies of her students flooded Manuela’s visions, as if she was living inside of a porno mag. The professor’s eyes were pried so wide open with excitement and interest, were they to open any further she’d be unable to close them ever again. Her groin exploded with arousal, beating a thousand miles a second. But Manuela was so overcome with astonishment, that the poor woman was unable to do anything but stand there in awe at the magnificent sight she’d created.

“Ummm... Are we going to have any class now?” A student cried from inside the room, though Manuela was so distracted, she couldn’t even tell who it was.

“I- Um- Er- We-” The words would literally not come out of Manuela’s mouth. Her mind had become a pure whirlwind, any and all rational thought replaced with pure lust.

“Hmmm... Oh, I know what’s going on here~” Edelgard suddenly cried out from the center of the room. He shot Manuela a knowing devious expression, before he began to proudly flex his tight body. Manuela let out a sigh of exhilaration as she watched the boy’s muscles bulge and shift. They were so packed and hard, Manuela just wanted to slather her tongue all over them. “Enjoying the view professor?” Edelgard asked cockily.

This time Manuela couldn’t even produce actual words. All that came from her mouth were garbled gasps and moans. It did not take long for the rest of the students to realize what Edelgard was referring to, and soon the rest of the class was proudly presenting their bodies to Manuela. Throughout the entire room, the sound of manly bulging skin rang like a magnificent orchestra, filling Manuela’s ears with pure bliss. It was a multimedia attack on Manuela’s senses, as her eyes and ears feasted on the spectacle before her.

“Hey professor, professor!” Caspar cried from his corner of the room. “Look at this! Hrrnnnggg!!” Arching both of his arms downwards, Caspar began to flex his abs with intensity. The boy groaned loudly, using all of his power to make his pecs twitch madly. From the way his body moved, Manuela couldn’t help but let out a thrilled moan. The way it looked like he was trying so hard was both cute and attractive at the same time.

“Please!” Ferdinand shot back with disdain. “If you want to see some *real* noble muscle, then take a look at me!” With a sideways turn of his body, Ferdinand lifted one arm while lowering the other, flexing his entire back with finesse. Unlike Caspar’s rough movements, Ferdinand was clearly much more refined and more regal. Combined with his precious untouched face and his long ginger hair, the man was most definitely a snack in terms of attractiveness. Manuela hungrily bit her lip, idolizing Ferdinand in ways she never thought she would.

“Eeep!”

But before Manuela could further admire the mighty bodies of the rest of her students, the woman suddenly found her train of thought broken as a firm hand wrapped itself around her hip and pulled her back. Manuela turned her head towards the culprit, looking up to see it had been none other than her

previous opera student, Dorothea. The singer was much taller than he had been before, towering two heads above Manuela now. And though he possessed the same equally toned and bulky body the rest of Maneula's students had, he was definitely the most feminine of them all. His face was almost exactly the same, and his brown flowing hair was longer than Manuela's. The professor could even see traces of makeup on Dorothea's face, making him shine with even more brightness. Nevertheless, Dorothea was still clearly a man now, as was evidence from the huge tree trunks for arms he had, along with the muscular form and enormous cock bulge coming through his tight underwear, which looked like it was ready to burst at any second.

"Oh Manuela, you little minx~" Dorothea cooed in a soft yet firm tone, with a voice so silky smooth it sent shivers down Manuela's spine. "Stopping class just to satiate your greedy libido~"

Dorothea cupped Manuela's chin tenderly, lifting her face towards him. The two stared into each other's eyes for a few seconds, pure unfiltered lust oozing from their tight gaze. Then, without any warning, Dorothea leaned down towards Manuela, pressing his soft lips against hers with passionate force. Manuela's eyes flew backwards, her spine tingling madly as Dorothea's tongue usurped Manuela's mouth. Dorothea's kiss was so delectable Manuela felt her life force was being sucked out by a creature of lust.

Every second their mouths remained connected, Manuela could feel her mind slipping further and further into madness. It was marvelous, without a doubt the greatest kiss she'd ever had. The way Dorothea combined a feminine tenderness with manly brutish force was immaculate. Before long, Manuela could no longer sit still, so she began to reciprocate Dorothea's deep loving kiss with arduous force. Loud smooching sounds filled her ears, saliva swapping from one mouth to another as Manuela's unwitting moans escaped her breath. The two continued smooching for what seemed like an eternity, until Dorothea had felt like he'd finally gotten his fill and gently pulled away.

"Its alright though." Dorothea whispered sweetly, little lines of saliva still drooping from his lips. He lovingly blew a puff of cold air into Manuela's face, making Manuela melt into Dorothea's arms. "You're cute, so I forgive you."

Manuela felt ready to collapse into Dorothea's warm grasp, when she felt herself being forcibly pulled to her left. Quickly switching her vision leftwards, Manuela saw that Edelgard was now standing right beside her, with his arm also tightly wrapped around Manuela's hip. Edelgard towered a whole head above Manuela, having grown from his previous short form. And though he was still significantly shorter than the rest of his classmates, he made up for his height in terms of sheer authority. Standing below Edelgard, Manuela could feel her body writhe at his aura of incredible command. He looked a true-blooded pure-bred natural leader. Despite being the teacher and having a higher standing than him, Manuela felt ready to bend don at his feet at any second.

"Hmm... Professor Manuela, you look a little distracted today~" Cooed softly into Manuela's ear.

Cusping Manuela's cheek, Edelgard pulled Manuela's face upwards and dominantly planted his lips atop hers. Manuela's eyes shot open in surprise, a quick flash of moans slipping from her voice at the shock. Edelgard forcefully pushed his tongue into the deepest reaches of Manuela's mouth, conquering her every inch with commanding strength. Their interaction was less of an equal exchange and more of a one-person domination. But Manuela had no desire to complain. Instead, she happily indulged in

Edelgard's imperative attitude, letting the emperor to do with her as he pleased. The way Edelgard claimed Manuela's body as his own just set the professor's organ ablaze.

Once Edelgard was satisfied with his powerful kiss, he pushed Manuela back into place. "Even though class has only just started, what do you say we take a short little break~?" Edelgard spoke in a critically assertive tone, licking his lips from Manuela's saliva with a prideful smirk.

"Mhmm! Mhmm!" Manuela nodded meekly, fully wrapped around Edelgard's finger.

"Excellent~" Edelgard turned confidently to the rest of the class, standing tall with poise. "You heard the professor everyone! Bernadetta, Caspar, Lindhardt, please put on a show to get our dearest professor in the mood."

"W-What! M-Me?!?" Bernadetta asked with panic in his eyes. The boy shrank downwards, trying to cover himself with his arms in a weakly feminine fashion, which looked very out of place with Bernadetta's hulking manly frame. "Why me?!? P-Pick someone else!" He tried to squeeze himself out. Although as he set his eyes upon Manuela's expecting face, he couldn't help but feel the duty to go with the flow. "Although I guess if its for professor Manuela I can do it..."

"Great! Ferdinand, go outside and stand watch so no one comes in."

"Aw man!" Ferdinand yelped with discontentment. "I have to stand watch outside *again?!?*" The ginger-haired lad was obviously disappointed but knowing that they were all working together in order to please their teacher, he did his part.

As Ferdinand headed to his position and departed through the door, the trio of students Edelgard had called for started walking towards the center of the room. Bernadetta climbed on top of the long desk that was closest to the front, while Caspar and Lindhardt sunk to their knees before him. With a rampant blush and some obvious shyness, the purple-haired boy spread his legs on the table, revealing his sexy cock bulge through his tight red undies for all to see.

"Oh Goddess- Oh Goddess-! This is so embarrassing!" Bernadetta cried out, while covering his face in shame.

In terms of size, Bernadetta had to be one of the smaller boys in the class, both when it came to dick size, height and muscle mass. He was also the most androgynous of them all, not quite manly but also not quite feminine. Still, compared to regular people he was an absolute tank, with a body fit enough to serve as the Emperor's personal guard. Although this wasn't Bernadetta's appeal. No, the fun thing about cute purple-haired Bernie were the adorable reactions he gave, which made him amusing to tease and play with. Seeing a ridiculously buff man shrink and shrivel from every touch made for quite the enjoyable experience.

"Don't worry Bernadetta, we're right here with you!" Caspar responded energetically, leaning onto the table.

Now *this* was the smallest boy of them all. Poor Caspar had been cursed with the smallest height and cock size of them all. However what Caspar lacked in natural talents, he made for in hard work and energy. Caspar was one of the strongest boys in the group, with some of the biggest and tightest muscles. Every inch of Caspar's body was covered with raw power and a light coat of blueish body hair.

What's more, Caspar had the stamina of a bull. With Caspar on tow, one could easily be stuck doing it until the brink of collapse. Plus, his energetic and forceful manner of performing sex made it unable to get excited and into it.

"Bah, sex is so brutish and tiring." Lindhardt complained with annoyance. "But if its for professor Manuela, I guess we can do it..."

On the entirely opposite side of the spectrum was Lindhardt. Lindhardt was beautiful, tall and very hung. However, he did his best to avoid any type of physical exertion. The only reason his body was toned seemed to be genetics, as he also possessed the least muscle mass of everyone in class. When having sex with Lindhardt, one could expect to be doing most of the work themselves. Still, he had quite the large member and the pretty face, so he could end up being quite the good fuck.

With the two boys in position, they began to synchronically work their routine. Each one of them bit a string from Bernadetta's red thong with their mouths, before sinking back and pulling it down. Bernadetta's blush grew fiercer as his thongs slipped off to reveal a thick erect cock. His member twitched lightly in the cold classroom air, throbbing left and right with a cute little purple bush at its base. The two boys then pushed their heads towards it, surrounding the dick by each side. They both closed their eyes, opened their mouths, and begin to lick up Bernadetta's rod like a lollipop without any hesitation or inhibition.

"Oh my~!" Manuela lifted her hand towards her mouth in shock, her smile growing wide and eager. "They can do that~?"

Edelgard leaned into Manuela's ear. "They can do anything you want, professor Manuela." He whispered sweetly, before gently nibbling on Manuela's earlobe.

Manuela's spine shivered lightly at Edelgard's touch, her eyes rolling back before focusing on the fantastic scene developing before her. Right there in the middle of the Black Eagles classroom, Caspar and Lindhardt were now licking on Bernadetta's fat shaft in unison. Their tongues swiped up and down the length rhythmically, covering all of Bernadetta's member with their sticky saliva. Caspar slurped on Bernadetta's cock with swiftness, lapping up his member like a hungry dog laps up a tasty treat. Lindhardt meanwhile was much more reserved, preferring to plant soft smooches and gentle licks on Bernadetta's base.

Though their methods were different, the results were the same: Making Bernadetta shiver with arousal. The purple-haired boy moaned with bliss, feeling his penis being lashed at with soft tender tongues. Though his face was still covered by his hands, his expression had turned into one of pure intoxicated lust. His hips reflexively jolted upwards every now and again, his dick eager to be massaged further by his classmate's tongues. The way he gasped and twitched with every lick was just absolutely adorable, despite the fact he had a body as big and bulky as Raphael's.

Seeing Caspar's furor, Lindhardt felt the need to sigh. "Caspar please be more gentle with him now. Last time you caused him to spurt all over the floor in a few seconds."

"Oh shut it Lindhardt." Caspar shot back. "You of all people should know that I know that I am quite good at sucking dick."

Lindhardt gave a light blush at the teasing comment. "Hmmm, I suppose you have a point." He conceded with embarrassment.

Pushing past Bernadetta's cock, Lindhardt pressed his lips against Caspar's for a quick kiss. The blue haired lad was quick on the uptake, and soon the two boys were making out right next to Bernadetta's shivering cock. Their smooch was passionate and lustful. Half of their mouths were pushed together, while the other half were still pressed against the girth of Bernadetta's dick. Their tongues were both lovingly exchanging saliva with each other and licking up Bernadetta's penis at the same time, sandwiching the purple haired boy's dick between their lips in a loving kiss.

Bernadetta greedily moaned as he felt his dick squeezed with tight boy lips. However, it wasn't enough. His cock throbbed with arousal, begin for more and more pleasure. Finally, the boy uncovered his face, exposing his blushing lustful expression. His hand wavered onto Caspar's shoulder, where he shook the smaller boy tightly. Feeling Bernadetta's call, Caspar quickly separated from kiss and rose towards Bernadetta. He licked his lip, looking to the other boy expectantly.

"Umm... C-Caspar..." Bernadetta muttered with shyness. "C-Can you... C-Can you d-do the thing...?"

Caspar shot Bernadetta a cocky smile. "Of course!"

Turning back towards Bernadetta's cock, Caspar lowered his head onto the member. He opened his mouth wide into a sultry O-shape, but instead of simply licking at the side of Bernadetta's shaft, the boy enveloped the entirety of Bernadetta's dickhead into his mouth with a single gulp. Bernadetta yelped happily, pure bliss plastered all over his face. His hands flew onto the top of Caspar's head, gripping his blue hair tightly as he began to manhandle Caspar's head up and down his cock. Caspar tried to resist at first, but since Bernadetta was bigger than him, the unfortunate boy was left entirely at the mercy of this horny purple-haired monster. Meanwhile, Lindhardt sunk further down Bernadetta's shaft until he reached his balls. With supple thirst, he began to suck and nibble at Bernadetta's fat nuts. He'd swallow an entire testicle into his mouth and swivel it around with his tongue, his eyes rolling back as the pungent manly stench of Bernadetta's cock filtered into his nose. What had started as a show to make their professor happy had now rapidly devolved into a mission to sexually pleasure Bernadetta.

Manuela fanned herself with her hand, the simmering heat of the situation being too much for her to handle. The thought that these boys loved her so much they would willingly perform homosexual acts for her entertainment set Manuela's loins ablaze. It was clear they weren't forcing themselves too, the pleasure and eagerness they demonstrated was genuine. Manuela panted uncontrollably, her eyes entirely focused on the wonderful gay acts unfolding before her. These boys were all just amazing. The way they embraced each other, lovingly pressing their bodies together in pleasure... Manuela felt like her cunt was about to explode. Her panties had become a sappy messy swamp of arousal. She couldn't hold back any longer, Manuela's arousal had reached its summit. Hand throbbing with hunger, Manuela reached down towards her crotch in order to finger herself.

"Ah ah ah!" However, before her digits could finally slip into her pulsing vagina, she found her hand being playfully swatted away by Dorothea. "Let *me* take care of that~"

Just like Dorothea had indicated, his hands carefully slipped down Manuela's leg and onto her seeping vagina. Without any sort of fanfare or ceremony, his digits pushed Manuela's panties away and parted through her labia right into Manuela's damp pussy. Manuela let out a roaring 'Ooh' as she felt

Dorothea's thick fingers invading her most intimate parts. His digits were plump and powerful, able to force Manuela's canal open with much ease. Nevertheless, there was a soft tenderness to his touch, as his fingers flowed in and out of Manuela's gushing mound with the swiftness and flow of an opera dancer. Manuela's pussy twitched happily, her legs wobbling from all the stimulation. Dorothea was simple wonderful at fingering Manuela's vagina, doing it even better than she could have done it herself.

"Yes, professor Manuela. Please don't worry about a single thing." Edelgard whispered lustfully into Manuela's ears. His hand wavered onto Manuela's left breast, where he gripped it with authority. "We'll take care of everything for you."

Staring deep into Manuela's eyes, Edelgard thrust forward and began to smooch Manuela's lips passionately. Manuela let out a quick moan of arousal, before happily reciprocating Edelgard's loving embrace. The lucky professor felt like her head was floating in the clouds, the way her students gently caressed her body feeling absolutely divine. She could feel Edelgard's hand slipping over her dress, past her bra and directly into the soft supple meat of her left breast. He squeezed onto Manuela's mammary tightly, before slipping it over and free from the constraints of Manuela's clothes. His hand moved in a circular motion, thumb teasingly rotating around Manuela's erect nipple. Though he exuded force and authority on Manuela's body, Edelgard still made sure to treat Manuela with the tenderness and love a beautiful dainty flower like her deserved.

Meanwhile, with his hand still firmly stuck within Manuela's vaginal opening, Dorothea had ducked down towards Manuela and started to lovingly kiss and nuzzle the nape of her neck. He planted soft yet loud smooches, which were noisy enough they filled Manuela's ears with the delectable sound of kissing lips. He blew little gust of air into the wet spots as well, mixing in a delirious concoction of sensations that left Manuela entirely dizzy. And that was without counting the spectacular work Dorothea did on Manuela's throbbing pussy, which was pressed, massaged and rubbed with the delicateness of a queen. Dorothea seemed to be demonstrating a full and total control of Manuela's body.

Feeling the need to catch her breath from the intense heat, Manuela tenderly pulled away from Edelgard's kiss. "Hmmm... You girls are very good at this~" She panted between heavy breaths.

"Girls?" Edelgard asked with surprise. He leaned into Manuela's neck and began to kiss it passionately. "You insult us, professor. The only woman here is you."

Dorothea blew a kiss into Manuela's ear. "And you're absolutely breathtaking." He whispered into her soul.

Spine tingling with bliss, Manuela tried turning to face Dorothea, when her mouth was assaulted by another amorous kiss. Dorothea sunk his tongue deeper into Manuela than he'd done before, though there wasn't any complaining from the professor. Instead, Manuela simply accepted the kiss with a moan, closing her eyes to reciprocate happily.

With his mouth empty and his professor occupied, Edelgard decided to take a little treat for himself. He sunk into his knees, lowering his head right onto Manuela's exposed left breast and opening his mouth far and wide, only to dig his teeth into Manuela's flesh and envelop her tit into his hungry mouth. Manuela's eyes rolled around in bliss, feeling as Edelgard massaged her fat breast with his tongue. He sucked and slurped greedily, pressing his tongue against Manuela's nipple in a teasing manner. Then, while Manuela's hip was still safely secured with his right hand, Edelgard's free left hand hovered onto

Manuela's ripe right breast. Just as he did before, he gripped the orb meat with his hand commandingly, taking it for himself and pulling it out of Manuela's dress. Now with a breast in hand and a breast in mouth, Edelgard made sure to tenderly caress his professor's most sensitive bit.

It was a full-on double assault on Manuela's body coming from Edelgard and Dorothea. As Edelgard sucked and groped Manuela's tits, Dorothea furiously slipped his fingers in and out of Manuela's tight cunt. His power and speed increased with every passing second, making Manuela's whole body buzz with bliss. Manuela's whole being rocked in a firework spectacle of sensation, every last inch of her body was being massaged by a tender yet hulking man of herculean proportions, both worried about nothing more than bringing her pure pleasure. Soon, Manuela could feel the two rubbing their junk against her body. Dorothea and Edelgard both lustfully pressed their growing bulges against her legs, letting Manuela get a taste of their girth and size. From where she was, Manuela could feel them pulsate and bulge with excitement, growing harder and harder by the second. It was amazing~~~ Manuela's eyes rolled to the back of her head, her mind on the precipice that is climax. This had been her dream come true, her organ pulsed in response. If she were to fare this much longer, she would surely cave into the sweet sugary bliss of relief~

Right before Manuela was on the cusp of orgasm though, she felt Dorothea pull away from her lips. His hands quickly slipped out of her organ, leaving the poor Manuela right on the edge. "Hmm... I think that's about enough foreplay~" Dorothea said with a smirk, licking the saliva off his lips.

Edelgard also pried his mouth away from Manuela's body, cleaning his mouth with his arm. "Yes, I believe you're right." He responded formally, standing up from the floor. "Petra dear~" Edelgard called towards the Brigid prince hovering nearby. "Please come over and show our professor a good time~!"

"Of course!" Petra stepped forward with excitement. "I would be loving to give our professor a time that is great!"

As Petra eagerly approached the trio, Manuela tried to fix herself up. Now that she was free of Dorothea's and Edelgard's lustful grasps, the professor could finally afford to take a couple of deep breaths and cool her head from the steamy encounter. She quickly tidied up her messy hair, adjusting her dress and removing smudges from her face until she felt presentable enough to face Petra. Unfortunately, no sorts of adjustments or fixing up could possibly prepare Manuela for what she saw next.

As the teacher's eyes set upon Petra's form, Manuela's body literally jolted back in pure shock and awe. To say this new Petra was tall would be an understatement. The purple-haired prince was absolutely massive, easily the tallest man in the entire room by at least half a head. His muscles were absolutely bulging and huge too, so much so that one could not be blamed to believe that they were somehow magically enlarged. His jaw was chiseled, his cheekbones were defined, and his Adam's apple was thick as hell. But from the glowing gentle smile on his face, one could tell that this was the same Petra they all knew and loved. Every inch of Petra's body was covered with raw strength, tribal markings, and a light layer of purple body hair. Without a doubt, Petra had become the icon of masculinity incarnate, a true exotic treat of a man.

And that was before even considering the size of his cock. When Manuela's gaze shifted down towards the man's crotch, her eyes almost popped out of her head. His penis was huge! Absolutely enormous!

Every one of her students had been big, but this was ridiculous! The heavy meat python barely fit in Petra's already revealing tight thong. His huge round heaving balls were slipping out from each side, and his shaft was pushing out so far it was basically already exposed.

Manuela's hand unwittingly hovered onto Petra's bulge, rubbing it delicately almost if it was real. "So this almighty..." She whispered to herself in disbelief. "Petra, are you hiding something in there or are you just happy to see me~?"

"That is very silly professor!" Petra gave an earnest hearty chuckle that rocked the room. "I am always happy to see you!"

Lowering his arms towards Manuela, Petra took hold of the woman by the legs and lifted her up from the ground like a prince picking up a princess. Manuela gave a girlish yelp as her body was carried by the massive Petra without the slightest semblance of difficulty. She felt like a tiny puppy in his enormous arms, very dainty and helpless. Looking up towards Petra's chiseled confident face, it was like she'd been lifted out of the pages of a fairy tale book. Manuela was ready to melt into Petra's sexy muscular warm arms.

"Now professor." Petra shot Manuela a coy lustful smirk. "Let us fuck the rabbits~"

Manuela gave a sigh of defeat, the entire aura of the moment dissipated in a few seconds. "Oh baby, I'm going to have to teach you how to talk dirty later, ok?" She rubbed his hardened chin with disappointment.

As Manuela rested securely between Petra's arms, the two slowly walked towards Manuela's desk. Petra carried Manuela with utter delicateness and care, making sure not to harm a hair on her head with his incredible power. He gently laid her face up atop of the desk, wiping any items off the table without care to make way for his princess. His hands gently wrapped around Manuela's thighs, spreading her legs wide open for easy access. With thick sausage fingers, he pushed away Manuela's skirt flap and grabbed onto her panties, before he began to slowly pull them down. Unfortunately, he was too much for the panties to handle, and his mere grip snapped the strips in half, completely breaking the undergarments apart.

"Ah!" Petra cried with worry. "I am very sorry professor!"

"That's alright sweetie. I didn't need those anyways." Manuela tried to comfort him. "There's something else I need instead~" Her hands traveled down onto her crotch, spreading her wet sopping pussy wide open.

Petra licked his lips with lust. "Mmm~ I think I can be of help with that~"

Quickly pulling his bright red thong down, Petra pulled his huge darkened cock out with pride. A thick curly forest of purple pubic hair surrounded his entire shaft, complimenting the tremendous size of his length. The man gripped his cock and began to rub it slowly. With every pump, the member expanded exponentially, growing thicker and larger by the second. Manuela thought it would stop at some point, but Petra's penis showed no sign of doing such thing. The monstrous python increased in size until it was about as half as long as a lance, its thick mighty veins pulsating madly in arousal.

Manuela didn't grasp the magnitude of Petra's lance until she felt the tip of his member press against his labia. His dick head alone was probably thicker than the entrance of her vagina. The professor gulped, a pit of dread forming in her stomach. For the first time in the entire day she started to feel doubt, maybe even a twinge of fear.

"Er- Petra, dear?" Manuela coughed nervously, lightly struggling from Petra's grasp. Unfortunately did this nothing, as Petra had Manuela's thighs tightly secured within his iron grasp. "Maybe this isn't such a great- GUUUHNKK!"

Before Manuela could even finish her thought though, Petra's thrust forward with force, forcefully making its way into Manuela's vagina. The troubled professor sputtered and spat as she felt her vagina being penetrated. It felt like her gut had been punched with an iron gauntlet, all of the air escaping from her lounge. The entrance to her vagina buzzed lightly, her insides crackling with pain. She didn't know how much of Petra had made it inside, but she'd definitely been ruptured somehow.

"Did you say something professor?" Petra asked with total obliviousness.

Manuela tried to muster up some kind of response, but all that came out of her mouth were empty gasps and heavy pants. It was as if all of the force had been drained from her body, making her almost completely unable to move.

"Ah, that is right! 'No talking until you're all inside!'" Petra mimicked Manuela with a silly tone. "I will fix that."

Manuela's eyes shot wide open in shock. She opened her mouth to speak, but it was too late. With a single hip-shattering push, Petra thrust more of his dick inside of Manuela's body. The tip of his cock crushed the entrance of Manuela's womb, making the woman yelp out loudly. This time however, it wasn't from pain. Instead, a little flicker of heat began to resonate from within Manuela's pussy. Her clit twitched lightly, inner walls shifting and morphing. She could feel Petra's dick an enormous cylindrical bulge through her skin, its entire length sunken into her body. The thought of keeping such an amazing piece of cock within her aroused her greatly, so much so that her pussy began to dampen with further lubrication whilst her walls started to relax their grip.

"Hnggg..." Petra groaned uncomfortably. "Your vagina has much more of the tightness than I remember..."

Pulling his body backwards, Petra took a few inches of his dick out, only to slam them back into Manuela's pussy with further force. Manuela choked loudly, her lips quivering as saliva drooled from her mouth. The force Petra had applied was intense, strong enough that Manuela felt her pussy pulsate with pain. But... It also felt good. *Really good.* Manuela took a deep breath, waiting for Petra to pound her once more. And when he did, Manuela let out a pleased yelp. Her inner walls were buzzing with agony, but they were also buzzing with pleasure. Manuela could feel how her pain and her pleasure were melding into one in real time.

Petra continued to smack at Manuela's pussy with force. His movements were mechanical and slow, but the sheer strength he placed in each of his thrusts could crush the libidos of even the most experienced of women. With every single pump, the man panted quietly. He was doing his best to expand Manuela's cavity by force, to make it as loose and comfortable as he remembered. And so he dutifully pounded at

Manuela's mound, tenderizing her meat with his fat meat stick. Slowly but surely, Manuela's pussy was molded into the shape of Petra's titanic cock, her body succumbing to his raw strength.

Soon Manuela's entire cunt was throbbing with bliss. Every time Petra's cock parted her walls apart, she could feel lightning bolts of pleasure course through her body. A myriad of unwitting sexual tones began to escape Manuela's voice. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, body humping up and down along to Petra's motions. With her acceptance of Petra's cock, her passage became less tight, which in turn allowed Petra to fuck her harder. Every passing second, Petra's movements grew stronger and faster. Her body pulsated with further and further pleasure. This was without a doubt the greatest fuck she'd had in her entire life.

"Excuse me, professor."

Before the woman could retreat to ecstasy land though, her attention was caught by a sudden voice. Manuela looked up, where she could see Edelgard and Dorothea hanging above her, each one kneeling atop both sides of the desk with their erect cock poking out from their crotches.

"Since we took care of you earlier..." Edelgard asked with a light blush, his dick looming right above Manuela's head. "Do you think you could..."

"Give us a hand~?" Dorothea finished with a devious expression on his face.

A crooked lustful smile crossed upon Manuela's face. "Of course boys~! I would love to do nothing more~~~"

Without a single doubt in her mind, Manuela lifted her hands and gripped each one of her student's manhoods tightly. The two men shivered joyfully, their members excited to have Manuela's delicate fingers contain them. It was really incredible to see how these men loved her so much, they would happily shrink from her every minor touch. Even Petra, who looked to be the strongest among them, was greedily fucking Manuela's pussy with need. Despite it looking like they had all the power, in the end, Manuela was the one who possessed all the control.

Her hands moved up and down Edelgard's and Dorothea's shaft rhythmically, carefully rubbing their soft skin with her tender fingers. Edelgard's dick wasn't nearly as big as Petra's, in fact, it was pretty small compared to everyone else in the room. But it was plenty fat, girthy enough that Manuela was having trouble wrapping her fingers around it. Dorothea's dick wasn't impressive either, but it was definitely on the larger scale of things. The remarkable thing about Dorothea's cock was how pristine and beautiful it was. It seemed to be circumcised, which gave it a very soft and clean appearance. Plus, there was not a single pubic hair on Dorothea's crotch. It was as smooth as a baby's head. Though both of their penises were quite different, they were both fantastic cocks that Manuela was more than happy to bring pleasure to nonetheless.

As Petra's constant assault of Manuela's pussy persisted, Manuela's arms moved along to the motions of Petra's thrusts. The class' orgy moved smoothly like some sort of sexual mechanical contraption. Petra would pound into Manuela's whole, causing Manuela's body to budge up and down and giving her arms further motion, while Edelgard and Dorothea also did their part and fucked Manuela's hand on their own. Manuela would have never imagined such an astounding scene in her wildest dreams. She

had a hard time getting together with one man, not to mention doing it with three. This truly was paradise, getting to have such amazing sex with three beautiful men. Could this scene get any better?!

THUNK!!!

Manuela's answer came swiftly, as a loud bludgeoning sound woke Manuela up from her trance. She turned to her left, where her face was filled with a long snaking white cock almost as large as Petra's.

"Professor Manuela." Hubert's emotionless voice rang in Manuela's ears. Manuela turned her gaze upwards, discovering that he was in fact the owner of said massive member. "I apologize for the interruption, considering your hands are... Tied up. But I was wondering, since your mouth is free... Perhaps you'd consider assisting me with my 'Little' problem~"

Eyes open wide in wonder, Manuela hungrily gawked at the form of this new Hubert. The boy's figure was very imposing, like that of a towering titan. His body was tall and lean, with muscles that looked very lean and smooth rather than the typically veiny and meaty fare. Still, the most striking feature of his form was how pristine and white his skin was, so dazzlingly bright it almost looked like it was shining. It was clear that Hubert was a man that dealt in the shadows, because his body seemed to be fully unaffected by sunlight. Combined with his menacing attitude, this gave the boy an aura of both fright and beauty that was strangely very alluring.

Not to mention the enormous python of a cock that hung down from his nether region. Manuela lowered her gaze towards Hubert's cock, feasting her eyes on his tremendous girth and length. Sure, he wasn't as big as Petra, but it was pretty goddamned close. Manuela felt herself salivate at the mere sight of it. The professor knew it probably wasn't a good idea to take such a huge monster into her mouth. Especially since she was already getting fucked so intensely by Petra's titanic cock. She knew that, but-

"Oh course Hubert!" Manuela yelped with a look of pure lust on her face. "What kind of professor would I be if I didn't take care of my students~?" She just couldn't help herself, Manuela had grown addicted to fat thick man-dick.

A sinister smile crept up Hubert's mouth. "Excellent~ Thank you very much professor Manuela."

Dick throbbing with excitement, Hubert quickly climbed atop the table, kneeling right above Manuela's head. He gently lowered his erect member until its tip was just a few millimeters away from Manuela's face, whose eagerness was more than easy to see. The woman thrust her head upward, tongue darting out of her mouth as it desperately tried to get a taste of Hubert's delicious cock, any sort of reason or modicum clearly gone in favor of pure erratic lust. It was as if Manuela was physically unable to keep herself from such an amazing cock.

Not that she would have to wait any longer. With his dick aiming straight into Manuela's mouth, Hubert eagerly thrust his crotch forward, pushing his member all the way down Manuela's throat in one clean blow. The professor choked on the thick slab of meat as it clogged her airway. She felt like she couldn't breathe at all, nothing but the musk of dick travelling down to her lungs. Yet, it wasn't uncomfortable in the slightest. Manuela's eyes rolled backwards, her cunt gushing with arousal. Despite the fact that her jaw was expanding past what should be humanly possible, the woman couldn't help but squirm in bliss.

"Mmmm~ Don't mind me professor~" Hubert cooed, his hands wrapping around Manuela's bust firmly. "I'm just getting a better *grip*."

As Hubert's hands lustfully fondled Manuela's body, his dick began to thoroughly ravage her throat. The length of his massive manhood slid in and out of Manuela's mouth, her tight singing muscles squeezing his every inch with force. His hips propelled his body intensely, prompting Hubert to push more and more of his dick into Manuela's delicious body. The way Manuela's soft tongue caressed the side of Hubert's girth- The way her plump lips kissed his cock as it entered her mouth- Manuela's lewd body was just too much for Hubert to handle, the poor mage couldn't help but go wild as he fucked Manuela's throat. It quickly began to look less like Manuela was giving Hubert a blowjob and more like the boy was taking Manuela's throat for himself.

Hubert's roughness only served to further increase Manuela's arousal though, as the professor's eyes rolled back in pleasure, little tears of joy streaming down her face. The delicious taste of cock permeated in her mouth, dulling her senses, while a big set of sweaty balls pounded against her head along to Hubert's pumping motions. Everything around Manuela was cocks. Cocks in her hands, cock in her mouth, cock in her pussy. The raw smell of pure masculinity filled Manuela's nostrils, intoxicating her mind. This was heaven. Manuela had died and been transported right into paradise. There really was nothing better than this.

Lightning bolts of bliss coursing through her body, Manuela let out a muffled moan as her vagina exploded in orgasm, shooting out vaginal liquid while contracting tightly. Her whole body became stiff in pleasure, every part of her senses becoming purely reflexive and animalistic.

"Ack!" Petra grunted in pain, feeling his cock being firmly constrained by Manuela's inner walls. "P-Professor you're too tight-! Ugh!"

With one last powerful thrust of his hips, Petra planted his entire length into Manuela's vagina and began to release his seed into her womb, unable to hold back any longer. His virile jizz traveled through Manuela's canal with speed, filling her every hole without delay. Liter after liter he unloaded sperm into Manuela's deepest parts, until a nice round plump began to form on Manuela's crotch from Petra's warm creampie.

"Guhk!" Hubert moaned "P-Professor M-Manuela!"

Just like Petra, the poor Hubert failed to resist Manuela's vicious attack on his cock and promptly began to pour his seed down Manuela's throat. His hips buckled weakly, making his balls plop right on top of Manuela's face. Not that this bothered Manuela, quite the opposite in fact. With a big fat warm man-sack on her face and big fat lollipop plugging her mouth, the professor blissfully slipped further and further into Nirvana as Hubert's manly jizz bulged and coursed down her throat.

Noticing his classmates' climaxes, Dorothea turned to Edelgard with a blissful expression. "Edie!" He cried, face morphed with pleasure. "Let's do it! Let's cum all over Manuela's body~"

Edelgard cocked his hips eagerly, his dick twitching with excitement. "Yes Dorothea! Let's cum all over our dear professor~~!!"

Thrusting their hips out in bliss, Edelgard and Dorothea sang in unison as their cocks began to explode in orgasm. Their urethras bulged with sperm as their powerful seed shot through their length, spouting freely all over Manuela's body. From her bust to her crotch, every part of Manuela was covered in sticky white manseed. The professor's poor clothes would be ruined as they absorbed the two men's powerful

sperm. It was a full on sperm cake, with Edelgard's and Dorothea's love spilling throughout Manuela's body.

The four men stayed there for a bit panting heavily, all basking in the bliss that was pleasuring their dear professor. When he'd recovered from his orgasm, Hubert pulled out his softening cock from Manuela's throat. But even as her mouth was left with nothing more than a few strands of jizz, the professor could barely muster a breath. Eyes dazed, breathing heavy, Manuela panted with an expression of pure corrupted bliss. Oh yeah. She would most definitely enjoy her new life.

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Plap-plap-plap-plap-plap

As the evening sun beamed down on the mountain and the yelling of young excitable students rang out in the courtyard, nothing but the sound of slapping meat echoed loudly within the walls of Garreg Mach's infirmary. There, standing in front of one of the beds was the beautiful Dorothea, holding his dearest Manuela up in the air as he rhythmically slid his cock in and out of Manuela's asshole. In front of him, standing on top of the bed, was Edelgard, who was also pounding away at Manuela's pussy at the same time. Yes, while other professors were out grading, socializing or working on next week's material, Manuela was currently being double teamed by her two favorite students on this relaxed pleasant Sunday afternoon.

It was hard to believe that a week had already passed since Manuela had made such serious changes to her class. Every day since then, she'd had the most amazing sex with every single one of her students, most of the time more than once per day. And though her body had already gotten used to her student's proportions, the sex still felt as fresh as it did on day one. Her legs greedily wrapped around Edelgard's hips, forcing the man to push further and further inside her. Manuela let out breathy sigh. Doing it with the lovely Edelgard and Dorothea~ Yeah, this was bliss~

Oh! There was also Ferdinand, of course. The ginger haired boy was currently kneeling beneath Manuela, serving as support while the two other men fucked her to pieces. He lifted his head and licked at Manuela's privates when Dorothea and Edelgard pulled their massive cocks out. Though he also eagerly licked at the two other men's members, specially at their drooping balls. The job wasn't as important or impactful as the other two, but he still carried it out dutifully.

Knock-knock!

Suddenly, Manuela's feverish daydreaming was cut short as she heard some knocking coming from the outside the room. Without waiting for any sort of answer, the person knocking quickly let themselves in, getting a clear glimpse of the lewd show that was unfolding before them. At first, Manuela would have been afraid to be discovered in such a revealing position. But she soon found out that since everyone else thought that what she wrote was part of the class' curriculum, nobody thought there was anything wrong with it.

As Manuela's eyes dazingly hovered onto the entrance to the infirmary, she quickly realized who it was that had just come in. Leaning against the infirmary's entrance with a devilish grin on her face was none

other than the amazing professor Byleth. The professor didn't say a single word as she watched over Manuela's and her students' fun, instead she just stared with a twisted sense of pride and contentment.

"Ahh Professor!" Manuela cried out in a drunk blissful tone. "I'm so happy to see you~ Ferdinand, be a dear and- UNGH! S-Serve the professor a nice cup of wine~"

Hearing his professor's orders, Ferdinand crawled from underneath her and quickly began to follow Manuela's command.

"Oh, that won't be necessary." Byleth waved the boy off. "I'm not planning on staying too long."

"S-So... What brings y-you to my h-h-hNNGHHH!" Manuela yelled, the fucking of her students feeling stronger than ever. "-humble abode?"

Byleth licked her lips lustfully. "Mmmm~ I'm just here to check up on things. I must say, I really like what you've done with the place~ Perhaps a little uncreative, but very fun nonetheless."

"Hngggg~" Manuela moaned happily. "Thank you very much professor~ I wouldn't have been able to do it without you~~~"

"No problem~" Byleth happily sang back. "Although, I'll have to ask for my curriculum back now."

Manuela's eyes shot wide open with life, dread filling her heart. "The changes-! They won't-?!"

"Relax professor Manuela! I won't erase a thing~" Byleth comforted her. "I just wanna hold on to it for safekeeping, considering it *is* mine."

In an instant, Manuela's entire body relaxed, pleasure flowing back into her system. "Ahhhhh~" The woman moaned drunken on bliss. "That'ssss fine thennn~ Ferdinandd be a deary and g-give the sweeet professorr her boook backkk~"

Without a second thought, Ferdinand quickly did as his professor commanded. He headed over towards Manuela's desk, where the curriculum laid there innocently, and picked it up. He then walked up to Byleth and handed the notebook respectfully, lightly bowing his head in thanks.

"Excellent~" Byleth cooed. "You know, I don't actually use this thing that often, so if you ever want to make some more changes just let me know~"

"Hmmmm~" Manuela gasped as the cocks rapidly plunged in and out of her aroused organs. "Y-You know what, I think I'm goodddd~"

"Ah professor! Here you are!"

Suddenly, the sweet feminine voice of Mercedes rang out from the hall. The girl quickly stepped into the room, but as she entered the infirmary, it was very clear that something was out of the ordinary. Instead of having her usual voluptuous womanly body, Mercedes' head was laying atop of the body of a tall muscled brute. Her breasts were entirely gone, replaced by muscled pecs. And her outfit was very revealing, with nothing to cover her body but gloves, boots, a shirt that didn't even cover half of her upper body and some front and back loincloths. She wasn't as tall or buff as anyone on Manuela's class, but it was clear that she didn't have the body of a dainty healer. Rather, she looked to be a powerful brawler.

“We’ve been looking all over for you!” Mercedes exclaimed loudly. “Annette and I were sparring a ton earlier today, and we wanted you to join us. At first, she was beating me bad with her big ‘axe’. It felt like I couldn’t even land a single blow! But then when my ‘gauntlets’ got all fired up, I was able to pound her into the ground! It was all very fun~! You should join us again!”

Byleth’s smile turned curled and lustful. Her hands drifted down onto Mercedes’ double bulge and gripped it tightly. “Yes, I think sparring sound wonderful about now. Well then professor Manuela, its been a pleasure~”

With that, Byleth waved at Manuela as she left, while pulling Mercedes along with her.

“Oh trust me~” Manuela panted joyfully. “The pleasure has all been mine~~”