

IN GOOD HEALTH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s already almost flu season. Is Chaldea prepared? No. Absolutely not. We need more help.”

If anyone were to pass the Berserker class Servant, Florence Nightingale, in the hallway late that night they *likely* would have been confused, if not straight up *concerned*. The Berserker put the health of others ahead of *everything* else as an unfortunate side effect of her summoning in that particular class, and as a result when it came to matters *of* health? She wasn’t always especially sensible in her actions.

She was right. Flu season *was* upon them. They had to vaccinate everyone, and care for anyone who got sick, and yet the Chaldea Security Organization had surprisingly few doctors. Probably because Servants didn’t traditionally get sick, but again, Nightingale wasn’t really thinking straight. Her thinking was *so* off kilter that as she muttered to herself, she had been pushing a small crate filled to the brim with Saint Quartz. Towards the summoning room.

That she had taken without permission.

This Chaldea had two Masters. Two *siblings*, in fact, and the sister of the two was Gudako. While Nightingale was off utilizing the summoning system without permission, *she* had just finished taking a shower in her own quarters and was walking about her bathroom with only a towel wrapped around her waist. **“Farming tomorrow, huh? Well, might as well give it my all.”** It was already around 10pm at night, so she was in the process of thinking about the day that followed.



Her next plan of action was to get dressed, but she soon found herself *very* distracted by an assault on both her senses *and* her balance. “**Whoa!?**” Out of nowhere, her bathroom had begun to shake. Not so intensely that she couldn’t adjust her balance to accommodate it after a moment, but it had *definitely* taken her off guard at first. “**An earthquake?**”

That *had* been her first assumption, but there was a second onset condition to this low rumbling. She could feel it in the air. The saturation of mana was thickening at a rapid pace. So much so that she began to see golden particles of it that began to rise upwards. In a way they reminded her of the particles he saw when summoning a Servant, but this was her *bathroom*.

No, they definitely *were* from a Servant summoning.

A chill ran up the young woman’s spine all of a sudden. “**What was that?**” She was speaking of the chill at *first*, but there was something *else*, too. She felt oddly *heavy* out of nowhere. It was just that... she could *tell* she was heavier somehow, even though this weight wasn’t anymore burdensome than her previous weight. Gudako had failed to put two and two together that, internally, she had just instantly become *very* different. Rather than a regular flesh and blood human, her innards had been warped into something *artificial*. A pseudo mockery of the human body. One with a skeleton of steel and data for memories.

An *android*, more plainly speaking. She could tell her weight had changed due to censors that were now feeding her data in a subconscious sense. She didn’t know where that information was coming from, she could just *tell*. In fact, the heightened information gathering protocol came in handy as she found her eyes feeling... heavy? “***That’s odd! Why am I keep my eyes so wide?***” Ultimately, she didn’t even *rationalize* it as her eyes being too heavy. She felt like they were just better off *closed* for some reason. Like she was *used* to it.

So that was what she did. She closed her eyes, just barely able to see through the slightest slit. This somehow didn’t affect her perception of her surroundings at all, either. Though it *did* shield the fact that the golden coloring of her eyes had changed. Her irises weren’t the *only* part of her eyes that ended up changing though, so there was at least *something* to observe around the same time. Well, other than the Command Seals on the back of her hand seemingly fading away.

Was it Gudako's skin color? While that *did* pale a shade or two, it was hardly as noticeable as what was going on *above* her closed eyes. Whether it was within brows that appeared a little thinner somehow, or in the hair atop her head, the bright orange color that she had been born with darkened at an almost alarming rate. This hair was all just a synthetic copy of real hair at this point anyways, but that didn't justify just how quickly the black color spread from her roots to her tips. Much less the *length*, which ended up lengthening to the center of her back, while her bangs crossed over the center of her forehead.

“This shaking is odd though, isn't it? But it's strange...” Not only could she not recall what she had been doing *prior* to when the shaking began, but did her voice sound a little *strange*? Too deep? Too *mature*? **“It must be my imagination!”** The inconsistencies even extended to her *behavior*, which was becoming just as mature as she sounded. Though, with her lips swelling larger, her face growing longer, and her closer eyes becoming slimmer? She definitely *looked* like an older woman. One in her *late twenties* rather than her earlier ones. And there wasn't a single trace of her previous self in that appearance.

Gudako's build *could* have remained the same and that age would have still been fitting. And realistically, even *if* the Master had aged naturally, she *wouldn't* have grown any further physically. So, it was a little bizarre that she *did* begin to grow as if to suit the maturity of her new face, and in multiple ways simultaneously to boot. The first of which being when it came to her *verticality*.

When you imagined someone 'growing', their height was typically the first thing that would come to mind. And this was very much part of it. Her 5'3" frame stretched all of the way up to a *much* taller 5'7" height, lifting her shirt and revealing more of her thighs, but the point was that it wasn't *merely* her height alone that grew. **“How odd...”** This new verticality did strike the woman as strange, but the cause of it hardly registered in her now digitalized mind.

Her shoulders ended up broadening a little, but their growth *paled* in consideration to what occurred to their lower counterparts. Gudako's hips *swung* out in a way that buckled her knees temporarily between her, extending an added *four* inches and lifting up her skirt at the sides. **“Even odder...”** It wasn't even the oddest thing that she felt in the moment, though.

It was already plenty evident that her body had grown far too big for her Chaldea uniform, but the evidence grew as her body continued to do the same. Although, in this case? It was solely focused on her *figure*. The thighs that were now exposed had been parted significantly thanks to her widened hips, but they now jiggled to life as the skin around them

stretched to encompass their bouncy plushness. They ended up rubbing against each other in the middle, while a heart shaped ass pushed up her skirt and chewed up her panties.

“This is all a little *tight*...” The woman didn’t like the feel of the wedgie up her ass, but her bra straps felt very *tight* too? *SNAP!* Well, okay. They *had* felt tight. At least up until a certain threshold had been reached and the strap snapped right off. The pressure prompted her to stumble forward slightly while the breasts within her shirt and jacket pushed the material that contained them further and further forward. Her undershirt could be heard tearing before long, while the zipper of her jacket was gradually inched down to show off more and more of a pair of *H-cup* tits.

With nipples as huge as her eyes now rubbing sensually against the cloth.

“Oh dear. Was I summoned? But why into a bathroom of all places?” *Mary* believed that she could grasp *most* of her present circumstances. She was a NIKKE, an android created by the humanity of another world to fight in a dangerous war. But more than that? She was a trained *doctor* who always put the health of others before anything else. But at the moment? She had been summoned as an Alter Ego class Servant to serve Chaldea.

She just couldn’t figure out why she had been summoned into a *bathroom*. Or why she was dressed in what seemed to be a man’s uniform? It certainly didn’t *fit her* very well. She was practically exploding out of it what with how curvy she was! Then there were the golden sparkles in the air that— **“Oh!?”**



The next she knew, those particles shone so brightly that the bathroom was consumed. When the light cleared? She was standing in the middle of the summoning circle of Chaldea’s summoning room, now dressed in a formfitting blue dress and a headband. There was a woman dressed in red with a serious expression staring at her. This is where a Servant should give her introduction, right?

“Greetings! I am the Alter Ego Servant, Mary! Do you need a checkup, Master?”



Unlike his sister Gudako, the brown haired brother, Gudao, *hadn't* been spending his evening all by himself. Mashu had invited him over to watch a movie together just the two of them, and he had happily obliged. The two hadn't *meant* to exclude his sister, but Gudako had recently been hogging Mashu because the two girls had begun dating. Mashu felt bad that she wasn't spending time with her *other* senpai, and so this friend date had been set up!

"I just need to use the bathroom quickly, senpai!" Mashu had declared after pausing the movie and scooching off of the bed that the two of them had been both been sitting upon. Gudao had merely given her a little wave of acknowledgement before his kouhai disappeared behind the bathroom door. But what happened next had him jump *off* the bed.

The ground began to shake, and the mana became thick in the air. **"*Huh!?*"** It didn't take long for the same golden particles that his sister had observed to begin taking shape. **"*Mashu!?*"** His first instinct was to make sure his kouhai was alright, but any attempt to get her attention seemingly fell on deaf ears. Making matters worse? The man himself became overwhelmed by a warm, tingling sensation that drew his attention away. Just as the blue in his eyes inverted towards a pinkish red coloration instead.

Although, the *shapes* of those eyes began to differentiate themselves from what they were *supposed* to look like as well. Gudao was very pointedly a Japanese man, or at least he *had* up until this occurred. The shapes of his almond eyes widened until his eyelids weren't as pinched in, bestowing upon him a more *Caucasian* appearance that soon spready into the rest of his facial features too. And yet? As he looked more and more Caucasian, he ultimately ended up looking more and more *feminine*. **"*Hm...*"**

As if to corroborate this sentiment, the sound of his voice as he let loose a confused sigh had an airy, effeminate pitch to it that didn't exist prior. And it was communicated through lips that were swollen into fuller, pinker shapes beneath a nose that had shrunk ever so slightly. The shape of his face overall, gradually, softened until it was much rounder, with bigger eyes now featuring longer lashes beneath thinned brows. He looked more like a *young Caucasian woman* than a Japanese man, and the beauty mark that surfaced beneath her lip on the left side furthered the narrative that he wasn't looking much like himself.

“Mmn...” Did even *she* realize that anything was awry, however? She might have had an inkling, but it didn’t even cross her mind that such a strange sound had just crossed her pouty lips because her *sex* had changed. The cock and balls on the front of her pelvis had slowly been shrinking ever since the ground had begun to rumble, but it was only at that point that it had become so small that it instead mended *into* her, forming the lips, lining, and clitoris of a new pussy instead. A pussy beneath a bush of pubes that were unusually *blue*?

Needless to say, Gudao’s sex changing ultimately promoted her flesh to change further towards the feminine, and *fast*. Her hip bones elongated, tightening the grip of her pants before the *seat* of those pants began to feel excessively tight in the *back* too. This was because the one otherwise flat and muscular cheeks of her ass were *burgeoning*, pale flesh ballooning out into a plush peach shape that or so gently peaked out over her waistband. What *didn’t* fit within this rump brought flourish to her thighs instead, bloating them until grey pants were practically strangling her upper legs.

The woman shook her head, not realizing that her short, spiky black hair was now anything but. The spikes had flattened and had already extended past her shoulders, where they continued to inch past towards the base of her back. What’s more, the black had found a little more *color*. From the roots to her lengthened tips, the same blue from her pubes had emerged to even paint her eyebrows. Slenderer fingers tucked some behind her ear. **“I do feel a little strange. Am I coming down with something?”**

Medical knowledge had been flowing into her mind, and yet she couldn’t identify anything that correlated with the ‘symptoms’ she was feeling. Her clothes felt tight, but not in a way that made sense for bloating. Her tummy wasn’t pushing out, and in fact it was narrower at the sides. On the other hand, the zipper of her jacket was being yanked down thanks to the chest beneath it. Once flat, weight had begun to accumulate beneath her nipples to form the beginnings of a pair of breasts. But they were only ‘beginnings’ for so long, as they pushed out with a hearty bounce that pulled the neckline of her top out until you could see the cleavage of what now amounted to a pair of *F-cup* tits.

“Was... I summoned?” The eyes of the newly summoned Archer class Servant, *Natasha*, narrowed as the new reality that had been thrust upon her finally clicked entirely into place. She was a doctor from the small, distant planet of Jarilo-VI. It was a planet that might have even existed in a different *dimension*, and yet she had still been eligible to be summoned as a Servant somehow. **“This isn’t the type of setting I was expecting to be summoned into...”**

There was no Master present, and it appeared to just be someone's bedroom? Perhaps a dorm, based on the layout? **"These clothes don't fit me either..."** They were a woman's clothes at least, but they were *definitely* too small based on how much of her skin was presently showing. She had *other* questions too, but the room soon filled with light, and she found herself standing in a summoning room before a woman in red, and a woman in a blue dress.



And she herself had been reclothed in a layered, white dress that resembled a doctor's coat overtop a brown leather bodysuit that had a steampunk vibe to it. Boots were part of this ensemble, as was a utility belt that had several vials and... a teddy bear? Her long hair was even pulled into a ponytail with a white ribbon.

"Nice to meet you! I'm Natasha – an Underworld doctor. Can I be of service to you?"

It was only then that she realized *another* Servant was standing right beside her.



"Senpai!? What's going on!?" Rewinding time back about five minutes, Mashu had been exposed to the very same quake and increased mana concentration that her Master had at the time. She'd still be in the bathroom, and in a panic had dashed over to the door... only to find that it wouldn't open. Whatever phenomenon was taking place, it was also messing with the electrical circuits in the automatic doors.

Her crying out didn't prompt any replies from Gudako either, which made her nervous. That only escalated when golden particles began to drift upwards from the ground. She'd vaguely wondered at first, but now she felt certain. She'd sat in on plenty of Servant summonings, and this felt very similar to what happened when the device was used. **"Is the device malfunctioning? Could that be causing this?"**

In a way, perhaps.

Like the other two, Mashu was immediately struck with the realization that something was awry... yet mixed with an odd acceptance of what was to come. Medical knowledge that she didn't possess was *already* being uploaded into her mind, and an intended side effect of this was a discoloration of her violet eyes. Speckles of a bright green shone through the original color, multiplying rapidly until this green was the *sole* color.

What was perhaps *odder* was what was peeking out from behind the curtain of her purple hair. Tiny, pale points that at first were difficult to identify. But giving seconds more, for they grew longer, you could easily tell that they were her *ears*. Almost elvish in shape. They certainly didn't belong on a human, but then again? Neither did the yellow halo that had begun to appear above her head.

Mashu caught sight of her own reflection in the bathroom mirror and didn't even notice that any of this was wrong. "**Medically, I don't believe anything should be off...**" This was more or less *all* she had to say about her current circumstances, even *despite* the fact that her clothing had begun to feel quite *tight*. Her tights were slipping off her wait and her skirt was lifting higher, indicating beyond a shadow of the doubt that the young woman had grown a couple of inches taller.

This naturally made her heavier since there was more bone and overall mass to her body, but nowhere was this truer than the woman's *chest*. Her tights and panties *had* grown a little tighter to indicate that she'd grown rather *plump* beneath the waist in every meaningful way, but her already sizable bosom took that to the next level as her breasts inflated *several sizes* larger. This had the effect of popping the top two buttons off of the blouse under her dress and lifting the dress higher just in general.

The woman fanned her face, feeling a little warm due to the energy expended by her transforming body. "**Whew...**" Little did she realize that the hair on her face that was tussled by this airflow was growing as she fanned it, its color brightening so that not a single iota of red was left inside of it, leaving it a soft, cotton candy blue instead. This blue spilled well down past her hips and had a very straight cut at the tips, whereas her bangs were left swept to the left.

"**Am I forgetting something important?**" It kind of *felt* that way. Was it relevant to how tight her clothes was? Perhaps! It was likely also related to her pointy ears, halo, and how the shape of her face both seemed to be longer *and* more youthful. There was still a maturity to it, but she definitely looked more like a mature *teen* than a mature young

adult. The woman even found herself shedding her sweater, allowing it to drop onto the floor.

Though Mashu did so subconsciously as a preparatory measure. A pair of *somethings* had lifted the base of her raised dress and was lifting it higher as two new *appendages* stretched out from the bottom of her back. At first they seemed to be two long bones, yet blue *feathers* stretched out in a beautiful pattern until she had a wingspan that was roughly half of her height. She was no bird, but those were clearly a bird's wings.

While the newly summoned *Caster* class Servant had a mature air about her, the truth was that she was still that she was only a seventeen year old girl. *Mine Aomori* was nonetheless a trained medical professional despite her age, just had been the case with the other two. Seemingly, Nightingale had intended on summoning very *specific* individuals with all of those Saint Quartz. And she'll never realize just how that summoning went awry.



“I feel a little odd... I’m certain some black tea could help calm my nerves.” The blue haired girl looked around, but her expression merely turned into a slight frown. **“But I can’t imagine that I’ll find any in a bathroom? Why was I summoned here? What am I wearing?”** It was only natural that she would have the same questions as Mary and Natasha. But she would also meet them seconds later, for her location was changed to the summoning room.

She was standing right beside Natasha, now wearing a school uniform that had been modified to resemble a white nurse's gown with a navy blue breast. The dress skirt reached the boots around her ankles and had a navy blue underlayer, while a nurse's cap rested upon her head, above long hair tied into braids over her shoulder. Once Natasha had finished her introduction, she followed up with her own. Nice and politely.

“I’m Aomori Mine, Remedial Knights captain. I’ve been summoned as a Caster class Servant to offer you support, Master.”

Well, flu season would be *much* easier to handle now!