

FATE / MORE MOTHERS

CH5: ABSENT MOTHER

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Jeanne D'Arc didn't have the foggiest idea about what was going on.

Then again, the Metatron variant of the Ruler-class Servant didn't often concern herself with whatever was going on outside of her room unless she was being forced to go on some sort of *job*. She preferred to hole herself up inside, drawing on her screen, watching videos, or playing games. She was effectively a NEET and a hikikomori, even if she still held onto the *slightest* bit of pride that dictated she leave once in a while. More than anything, however, she was just downright *lazy*.

She was antisocial, it was more like she was social... avoidant. Either way, there was no reason that the girl would have known much of anything about what had been going on outside. **"I don't really wanna do anything today, either. Maybe I should just take a nap for now?"** There wasn't really any reason for her *to* sleep. Sleeping could be used by Servants to help replenish mana, but Jeanne had slept *all* night and most of the day before. If she was going to go back to sleep, then it was basically only for the love of the game.

"...Hm?" But her plans changed a little when, still laying in her chair before her computer, the young lady ended up perking up. Much like Mashu, she was able to sense the change in the mana's flow that lingered in the air. Her curiosity was a little bit piqued by this, but at the same time she also wanted to hope that it wouldn't be *her* problem. If a Singularity was created or something like that, then she'd just be forced to *work*. And she didn't want to do *that*. **"Maybe it'll just leave me alone...?"**

Jeanne could have all of the hopes and dreams about this outcome that she desired but hopes and dreams alone wouldn't protect her from the power of Minamoto no Raikou's wish – not that the angel had any idea about what that wish might



have been. She *tried* to ignore it to the best of her ability by turning her attention back to her computer to look for something to watch. She anxiously tapped her finger on the desk beside her keyboard, hoping the mana flow would just return to normal.

It *didn't*, of course, and the Ruler eventually had to face a certain reality that she'd been trying to ignore. It was beginning to interact with an influence her body. **“What is it doing...?”** Was it attempting to turn her against Chaldea? There were reports of Singularities kidnapping Chaldea Servants and then turning them against the organization by corrupting them. If that was the intention then it would likely struggle with Metatron's protection, so she wasn't exactly *worried*.

Then again, maybe she should have been a *little* worried.

As she usually did, Jeanne was wearing a pair of white headphones overtop her ears. They fit perfectly around her small, round ears, but she eventually found herself pulling them off when they began to feel a little *uncomfortable*? **“What's up with these— OW!?”** When she pulled them off though, there was a tug like her ears had gotten *caught*? After putting the headphones down beside her keyboard, she reached up to massage those ears only to find that there was more *to* them. **“Uh...?”**

Of all the expectations the girl had possessed towards *whatever* was going on, she hadn't once considered the possibility that it would *stretch her ears*, which felt to be the case as she explored them with her fingertips. Their lengths were longer but also pointed... they had to be about five inches long now!? But *why*? What purpose did that serve? **“So much for remaining unaffected...”** But there wasn't much she could do about it.

Resolved to accept her fate, she swung her legs off the side of the chair and sat up straight, turning the table so that it was no longer in her way. Jeanne didn't do this for any *particular* reason, but it just felt more

comfortable somehow? That was a side effect of the Grail's wish magic beginning to subconsciously affect her mind as well. Maybe it was for the best, though. **"I'm growing..."** The Ruler *immediately* recognized that she was becoming less vertically challenged, namely through the sight of her knees lifting higher despite her posture not changing.

She wore loose loungewear, so her attire wasn't overly hindered by this jump in height from 5'0" to what she recognized as a height of 5'6" when all was said and done. But how *did* she know the exact number for this new height of hers? **"Is it affecting my memories too? That's such a pain..."** Had that been a hint of *enthusiasm* at the end of her sentence? Perhaps, but that wasn't *her* enthusiasm.

In the meantime, her limbs and spine hadn't been the only elements of her body that had been lengthening. Her fingers and feet had grown longer, sure, but this was more about her *hair*. Her already blonde locks were fed longer and longer behind her, pooling in her chair but would undoubtedly reach the backs of her thighs if she had been standing. The shade of these blonde locks took a paler, more strawberry hue in the process, while it all became a little curlier near the tips. This was especially true on the right side of her head, where some strands curled up and in towards her head.

"H-Hey now!?" The young woman blurted out in a voice that was both deeper *and* more playful all of a sudden, and she shot up onto her own two feet *off* of the chair in the process. She'd been taken off-guard by a sensation that made her jump, almost like the chair itself had pushed her up and off of it. But that *wasn't* the case, of course. The shorts she'd been wearing under her nightgown proved as much, because she could feel how *tight* they were, almost flossing into the cheeks of her ass.

And if Jeanne's ass had remained the size that it *should* have been, then this definitely wouldn't have been a problem. What she'd felt, and what had led to her new wedgie, was absolutely an increase in size to her ass cheeks. They'd bloated almost *four* inches behind her into a shape that ended up invoking the shape of a heart when paired with widened hips. What couldn't be fit into those hips was soon fed into her *thighs* so that they were much plumper.

The woman had arched her back to try and get a better look in the meantime, but her long, thick hair was in the way. **"Hm~! Well, it isn't like I don't know how nice my ass looks!"** She sounded quite *chipper*, almost *enthusiastic* about a fact that she was stating as if it was common knowledge and not something that had just happened. Then again, according to her changing memories it *had* always been that way. She had thick thighs, a big butt...

Oh! And *big breasts* as well, of course! Practically on cue, the neckline of her dress was pushed forward courtesy of the once small mounds beneath them. Being a slightly younger version of Jeanne, her bosom had been B-cups at best. And yet they quickly filled her gown until they were a pair of *F-cups* that were *worth* being proud of. By this point, however, their size had lifted her skirt enough that her tight shorts *and* her navel were both bare.

“Now, now... Something is *different*, isn’t it?” Was she talking about her own body? She *did* have the frame of a woman that was significantly older physically, perhaps in her mid-to-late *thirties*? Her face was the final part of her to reflect this. Not only did it become longer with leaner cheeks, but her lips swelled, her nose lengthened, and widened eyes darkened to red with eerie, white irises. *None* of this was what she was talking about, though.

Was there not supposed to be some sort of computer behind her? There was just a big, oak desk. The entire room felt slightly *off*, at least for a moment. But so did her clothes, realistically. This came as no surprise, because her pajamas had been replaced by a short, red dress with white cups around her chest that showed off her cleavage’s entirety. It had detached sleeves and a detached collar, with black gloves and white thigh highs beneath small, brown shoes. In a way it invoked imagery of a *witch*, and the hat atop her head – if you could call it that when it was merely a gold frame in the shape of a hat with red ornaments falling off of it – completed that look.

What had once been a dark room illuminated only by the stained glass on Jeanne’s chair and the computer monitor in front of the woman was now a well-lit space where the woman lingered before a desk stacked with paperwork. Of course, the woman lingering there *wasn’t* Jeanne, at least not any longer. Her pointy ears suggested that she might be an elf, but *Alice* wasn’t *quite* one in the traditional sense. After all, she came from a world where that word didn’t even exist.

“Hm~! Da Vinci wanted me to look through these papers, didn’t she?” Administrative work wasn’t Alice’s *favorite*. She would have much preferred to be off teasing one of the other Servants or babying one of the



children. After all, she *was* a mother. It was just a shame that her darling little Klee couldn't cross Teyvat's border with her to visit! Then again, Chaldea's operations could very much have affected her world, even though they were entirely different planets.

The woman sighed while picking up a stack of papers before her oak desk and eventually settled down to sift through them. Relocation requests, debt forms, requisition proposals... there was nothing *fun* in that pile of papers at all! But that was fine! She'd get through them lickety split, and then? She could skip off to have some fun!