

FISCAL RESPONSIBILITIES

BIWEEKLY STORY #165

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“I OWE *HOW* MUCH!?”

That was not a line that *anyone* wanted to recite, and yet Rin Tohsaka had found herself screaming it at the top of her lungs after opening up a letter marked for her from the local bank. She got bills in the mail pretty regularly, but they were never quite *this* high. Something about a property tax for the Tohsaka estate that she hadn't been paying on time? **“Wait, when did they even start *charging* for this? This is the first I've heard of it!”**

...Actually, now that she had said it out loud? Maybe there *had* been some mail from the bank she'd been ignoring just thinking it was her bank statements. But only for the past *year*! **“...That would explain the amount, but... Ugh.”** It wasn't like she didn't have the funds. She was beyond wealthy – but most of that money *wasn't* in her bank account. It was stored in her estate in bars of gold or boxes of jewels, but she only sold them when whatever was in the family bank account couldn't cover her expenses.

The trip to the room that stored all of these monetary resources wasn't a *difficult* one, but only if you knew where you were going in the first place. She had to cast a certain spell on a certain wall to reveal the door; a security system that could fool normies and magi alike. In a sense, it was basically hidden in plain sight and the doorway disappeared into her hallway wall again the second the door closed behind her.

“Wait. How much do I need to sell? It’s going to be a pain in the ass to move it all myself, so maybe I should ask Emiya-kun to help?” Rin knew that he would *definitely* help if asked. Her eyes skimmed the shelves of priceless objects in the meantime. It had been about a year since she’d last accessed the Tohsaka vault, but... **“...Was that always there? I don’t remember us keeping any artifacts down here.”**



What had caught her eye was an object made of gold on the nearest shelf. It definitely looked like it *belonged*, but it wasn’t a gold *bar*. It was shaped like an ancient Middle Eastern lamp – like the ones you saw in movies about djinns and the like. Could it have been there the whole time, and she just hadn’t realized? Well, the only other possibility was that someone had planted it there and *that* didn’t seem very likely.

Rin sighed and walked up to the shelf, where she grabbed the item off of it without much fanfare. It had been up a little higher than she could reach without standing on her tiptoes, and when she lowered it? Her fingers *might* have rubbed against the surface a few times while she adjusted her grip. By the time she was standing flat on her feet again? **“*Eh?*”** The lamp was *glowing*. **“Uh... Am I about to summon a djinn?”**

...In a sense?

The girl hadn’t been *too* concerned about it at first, but she became far more skeptical about it when she realized that her own body began to feel both *warm* and *woozy*. There were times that magecraft could have negative effects on the caster, but did she count *as* a caster in this instance? She hadn’t technically *used* magic, and she didn’t even know if that glow was due to magecraft in the first place! Still, she wandered over to a nearby desk so that she could help support herself without risking grabbing onto a shelf and knocking it over.

“What’s... happening to me?” In the time it had taken her to make that short walk, the few red flags had already multiplied. Rin didn’t really know *how* to describe it, but it was as if something was there in the back of her mind that *shouldn’t* have been, and her body felt strangely *foreign* to her. She felt too light. Too *compact*. **“H-Huh? But I’ve always been like...?”** *Wait.*

She was a little *out of it* because of the shining lamp, but she wasn’t so out of it that she didn’t notice the sensation of *everything* becoming

tighter in differing ways. But what stood out to her the most at first was the awareness that while she wasn't moving, she was continuously being forced to adjust her grip on the desk she was using. Her elbow, which had been bent at first, slowly straightened as well... which was only really possible if... **“W-Wait! Am I getting taller!?”**

That would certainly explain *some things*. Why her shirt was pulling up to show off her belly, why it felt like her leggings were slipping off, and why that meant her thighs were almost *completely* bare – because her skirt was lifting up. Rin was *supposed* to stand at a very average 5'3", but with larger hands wrapping around the edge of the table and her feet feeling far too large for her leggings and boots... before long she stood at 5'8", a full *five* inches taller than normal.

The girl was *still* out of sorts, but she managed to whip her head back to check on the lamp. It was *still* glowing (because of course it was), and she really didn't *feel* any better. In fact, she groaned in a direct response to the shoulders of her turtleneck sweater tearing clean off and the band of her panties digging into her sides, as she'd *filled out* a little too. Even her tummy was broader, and a little softer to the touch as well. Though, that was only *one* part of her body that's fate was to be... *softer*.

“What sort of power is this!? Why make me taller!? But hehe... I feel pretty good! N-No I— MY VOICE!?” At one point during her freakout, she had ended up blurting out some playful words that suggested she *enjoyed* what was happening to her. Her voice deepened in the process, and it remained at that pitch even after she managed to wrestle control back. Why did she sound so much *older*? Well, it was probably because she hadn't realized that her height increase had come with a *side effect*.

She *appeared* older in her face, no longer a teen but an adult woman not in her early twenties, but around *thirty* instead. That said, the changes to her face weren't isolated to her perceived age alone. In tandem with what appeared to a gradually darkening of her skin tone, because her once pale skin was already beginning to display a *tan*, her face ended up transforming to reflect a completely different, *Arabic* flavor. But most of all? Her face became almost impossibly beautiful, complete with luscious lips and smoky eyes of emerald green.

“This is bad, bad, bad! But if it's so bad, why do I feel so good? Do... I actually feel that way?” Rin couldn't be certain, but she *was* feeling oddly bubbly about it considering how *concerned* she should have been. Even in that moment, her brown twin tails were lengthening, *thickening*, and *brightening* (a little bit) courtesy of a purple coloring that settled into place. By the time her hair had finished changing in color, her skin had darkened to an almost ebony shade – far richer in

tone than the pale it had been before, and far more fitting for her new racial profile.

It had been mentioned earlier that her tummy wasn't the *only* part of her body to become softer, and while that adjective certainly applied to how fluffy her hair had become? That wasn't *quite* the meaning that had been intended. The woman herself quickly caught onto it, but even as she looked down and noticed how brown her skin was, she didn't *seem* to be shocked. **“Even my complexion is attractive~ And I’m developing well! If I had any interest in selling my body, I bet I’d make a killing!”**

Was now the time to be worrying about money? Somehow, money felt more important than the extremely bizarre situation she was enduring.

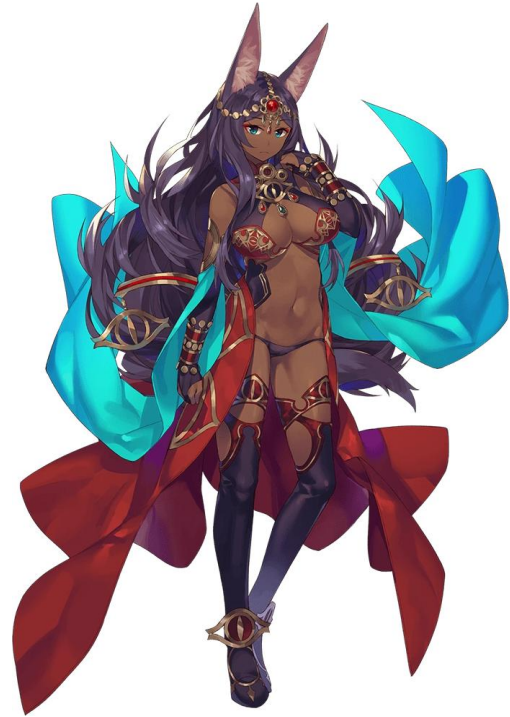
Evidently, she'd realized that something was about to happen *before* it actually happened if she was commenting on her body 'developing'. She was taller, yes, but Rin's small breasts and perky butt had remained consistently small... until they *didn't*. The woman's head had felt clear enough finally to let go of the table again— **“WAH!?”** —only to regret it seconds later as a surge of mass *rapidly* built upon her chest, pulling her forward while a similar phenomenon around her ass and thighs pulled her *back*.

She was blessed with an hourglass figure in a matter of seconds, but this expansion certainly hadn't boded well for her *clothes*. Her already tight turtleneck practically *strangled* what had amounted to a pair of chocolatey *G-cup* tits, her underboob bear and the base of the sweater torn a little to reveal the underside of her cleavage too. Meanwhile? She made a strange noise as she struggled to pick her panties from the crack of her heart-shaped ass before wriggling her undergarments out from the front of her cameltoe as well. Her skirt rested so high that you could see her crotch *and* the purple pubes peeking out from behind overly tight undergarments.

“Clothes... Clothes...” Obviously she needed a new outfit, but she couldn't stay focused on the idea and instead turned her attention back to the lamp. A lamp that felt *very* personal. Its light was finally waning, but before it completely disappeared? A long tail coated with purple fur flicked out from just above her skirt's waistband, and her ears rose to the sides of her head where they stretched into pointed, purple fur-covered alternatives with softer white and pink in their interior. All new traits weren't worth focusing on from Rin's perspective.

Well, how much of her was even *Rin* anymore? A little bit, but...

“Ooh! Ooh! Doesn’t this work out pretty well!?” The *Queen of Sheba*’s words revealed her own mental state in that moment. She fully grasped what had happened to her. That she had been Rin just moments ago, and that she had a debt to pay. The woman’s eyes were practically *sparkling* at the sight of all the jewels and gold in the room. Even though Rin hadn’t had an exact idea of how much each item was worth? The new *Caster* Servant’s eyes were extremely keen, and her mind extremely sharp when it came to things of monetary value.



She giggled to herself as she set *her* lamp back down on the nearby shelf.

“Well, this is one way to teach me some *fiscal responsibility*, I suppose~!” Her fluffy ears twitched and her tail swished as she skipped over to the nearest bin of gems. The woman picked a bunch up and let them fall through her fingertips. **“Should I sell *all* of this? Mm... Nope! I suppose I had the right idea keeping it all to sell as needed.”**

But Sheba couldn’t count her blessings enough! She felt so much *stronger* as a Servant, not to mention she had to show thanks to her *overwhelming* beauty! Her crafty mind moved away from the sale of her treasures for a moment. **“I suppose I need to budget this all carefully? And then I’ll need to inform my friends! Heehee! I wonder how they’ll take it? I wonder if I could *make them fit in a little better*?”** These wonderings were soon sidetracked as her eyes lit up again.

“Oooh! I wonder how many camels I could get in this era for this much money!?”

But didn’t she have something else to worry about?

“Hmm... Maybe I should figure out some clothes first?”