

FATE / MORE MOTHERS

CH2: MOTHERS THAT STEP UP

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Much like the first of her Masters to succumb to Raikou's wish, Mashu Kyrielight didn't have the foggiest idea that anything had gone awry.

That said, she might have had more of an inkling than Gudao, namely because she was a little more sensitive to the flow of mana than her effectively powerless Master. It just wasn't alarming enough for her to think that something was *wrong*, especially when she had been walking past da Vinci's lab at the time. Da Vinci often ran experiments in that lab, so it wasn't uncommon to feel the flow of mana distort around it.

Mashu, on the other hand, had intended on meeting up with Ritsuka... the woman sibling that everyone just referred to as 'Gudako' to differentiate from her brother. She knew it was Gudao's day off, so she had made the conscious effort to give him some personal space and help Ritsuka out with her work for the day. She would likely be doing the farming, so why not volunteer to be one of the Servants that went?

On her way there, however, she passed by one of the recreation rooms that some of the staff used. Whoever had used it last had left the light inside on, and Director Olga-Marie had become extra strict about the building's power consumption as of late. **"Don't want anyone getting in trouble..."** She mused as she stepped in to hit the switch. The Demi-Servant had to move in far enough to let the door swing shut so she could *hit* the light switch, but before she even could?

A chill ran down the Servant's spine.

"What the—!?" Gudao hadn't reacted that way because he didn't have the magic circuits *to* react in that way. Because from what Mashu could

tell? The sensation had come courtesy of those magic circuits being stripped *from* her. Her body immediately felt heavier as a result of this. Not unbearably so, but she could notice a difference. It was as if her Spirit Core itself had been torn out. No... Perhaps that was *exactly* what had happened?



But the feeling of weakness was an *issue*. Da Vinci's lab wasn't all that far from the rec room she was in. She could have easily run into it to get assistance from the Rider and possibly stop whatever was about to happen. But because she felt so weak? She also felt *sluggish*. Her body hadn't adjusted to the lack of strength just yet; it was hard enough to just stand, and so she had to rest a hand on the wall beside the light switch.

"I need to get help..." What could have been causing it? It had to be related to the change in the flow of mana that she'd felt before, right? But on Chaldea's base? It couldn't have been a Servant's magecraft, so... **"A grail!? Did someone make a wish!?"** That was part of the reason Chaldea left them under lock and key. Because if a Servant got hold of a Holy Grail, they could bypass the systems that the facility had installed

to suppress Servant powers.

Regardless, it was already much too late for Mashu to do anything about it. She had already been caught up in the throes of the wish, and that began with... *her vision getting blurrier*? **"H-Huh!?"** Now, in her civilian attire Mashu *did* wear glasses. They did nothing for her vision however and were largely just worn as decoration. That's why it was confusing when her vision became a little blurry. Her vision had never been poor enough *to* warrant wearing any, and removing the ones on her face didn't make the situation any better or worse.

Even if there had been a mirror in the rec room, it would have done her no good. Things were *too* blurry for her to even notice that the colors of her irises had been illuminated from purple to a *very* bright green as her vision had worsened, and that there was something about their shapes that ultimately gave off the impression of someone more *mature*. Her eyelids had narrowed a touch, as had her lashes lengthened. Alter the angles of those lids a bit and, with the color change, they practically appeared unrecognizable!

"What kind of wish would make my vision blurry!?" Or change the sound of her voice, for that matter? When she spoke now, there was a deeper hum to her pitch. It couldn't have possibly occurred to Mashu

that the cause was related to her eyes, because that had all been a broader element of what was happening to her *face*. It was her altered vocal cords that had naturally adjusted the sound of that voice, but words were spoken through lips that swelled fuller and poutier, beneath a nose that was a little longer and narrower across its bridge. Her face even narrowed in the sides a little, granting her thinner cheeks and a facial shape that would have led to her big glasses resting oddly even if she had put them back on. It made her look older too, like she was a young adult. Maybe around *twenty-seven*?

Mashu's energy hadn't recovered, and now she was having difficulties seeing. In the end, she was incapable of doing anything to fight her present predicament even though her dress was beginning to feel rather *tight*? But there was something else happening in the meantime. Now that her face had changed, the roots of her lilac hair showed signs of brightening to a golden blonde that soon not only swept through *all* of her hair entirely, but ultimately led to the blonde locks *lengthening*, spilling gratuitously down her back until they reached the backs of her knees, while her bangs evened out so they were swept more over the right than the left.

The base of this hair ended up rising somewhat, but that was related to why the young woman's clothing felt a little tighter. "**What should I do...?**" Her hand had remained on the wall to support her this entire time, but it hadn't struck her at all that she was subtly adjusting its placement every so often because her palm not only kept slipping upwards, but it looked more and more like her palms were a little bigger, which her fingers were slightly longer.

While she had been 5'2", a height that hadn't changed at all during her time as a Servant, it slowly rose four inches until she was standing at 5'6" instead. Her boots ended up feeling a little tighter, presumably because her feet had grown larger, while the skirt of her uniform no longer rested on her hips but instead slightly higher. Fortunately, it was long enough that nothing promiscuous ended up revealed.

And that remained consistent even as her body developed more *to* reveal. The tightness she had felt in her attire was all-encompassing and not isolated to her vertical stature alone. Mashu's hips ended up inching wider beneath her skirt, propelled by additional mass that applied itself to her thighs and ass. Both thighs grew dangerously close to smooshing into each other before her thighs widened, and even then? They still touched in the middle afterwards, whereas the indentation of her ass crack could be seen in the skirt behind her once it had fully bloomed into an attractively buxom heart-shape.

“**What was I...?**” Regardless of how much her body had changed or *continued* to change, however, the woman herself was becoming increasingly oblivious to it. The woman’s attention had shifted to her goals as the weakness that had burdened her before just felt increasingly... *normal*? She didn’t acknowledge that her undergarments were giving her a huge wedgie with her now-enormous ass, nor did she bat an eyelash when her waist widened a touch, or her chest above began to *swell*.

And it wasn’t like Mashu had been lacking much in that regard in the first place. She’d already been the proud owner of a pair of D-cups beneath that dress, and yet soon the straps of her bra that wrapped around her back were digging *into* that back rather sharply. Her breasts utterly *ballooned*, pushing out the front of the dress while helping tug her skirt up a little higher still. It wasn’t long before her bra strap *snapped* and the buttons of the top that were hidden under her tie gave way to allow her *G-cup* cleavage to spell out. An “**Oh!?**” of surprise was all she mustered in response, and only when her bra snapped.

It was enough for the woman to check her outfit, but before she could? It was all just... fixed. The old Chaldea uniform was simply *gone*, replaced with a black suit top over a white dress shirt and lace bra that fit her enlarged tits perfectly. The top was buttoned up and matched the black pencil skirt that reached down to her knees, while black heels sat over black tights and lingerie. Even the glasses she held in her free hand were different, with thinner frames and prescription lenses.

And when she put them back on her nose? She was given
a perfect 20/20 vision!

Tearju Lunatique didn’t struggle with the same weakness that the girl she had been before had, but on the other hand? She also couldn’t really *remember* feeling that way at all. A far cry from the intoxicated mess that Gudaio had become, she was a well put-together young woman that wasn’t actually from Earth at all. She was a lifeform from another planet, and an experienced bioengineer as well. “**Strange... Why did I come into the rec room?**”

The blonde, buxom woman pushed up her glasses inquisitively as she looked around. She was young, but in a way, she was a ‘mother’. She had created lifeforms, and one from her own DNA. While that girl wasn’t staying with Chaldea for the time being, she still had a very *maternal* personality that she directed at some of the organization’s younger Servants while working as an engineer.



Which led into what she had been doing in the recreation room. “**Oh! I remember!**” Tearju was going to teach some of the younger students. Not about anything in particular, but she had some experience as a schoolteacher. Those Servants gathered every morning for her classes, which was why some of the tables were organized like desks. “**Okay, I should set up the chairs before— WAH!?**” On the other hand? The woman was terribly clumsy.

She had tripped over her own two feet!