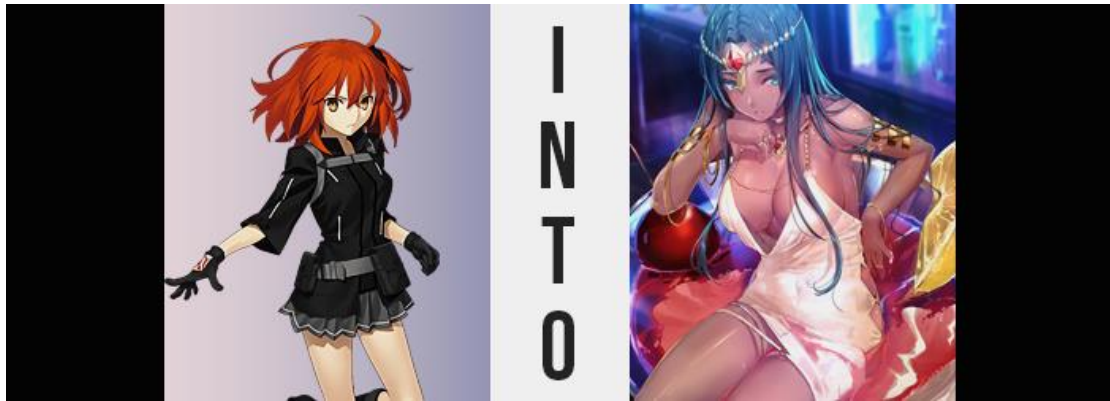


1001 NEW YEARS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had always struck Ritsuka Fujimaru that New Year's was as uneventful as it was.

She certainly didn't *mind* that it tended to be a quieter time – especially when it was always hot on the heels of whatever zaniness had transpired during the Christmas season. But it was a holiday that stood out *because* it wasn't really *that* remarkable. At most, what tended to happen was that a new Servant would be summoned – and that Servant tended to have some sort of significance in the year to come (although this wasn't *always* the case).

There was almost never a Singularity, Lostbelt, or otherwise earthshattering event to have to deal with. Well, there *was* that year where the world was bleached, and the original Chaldea's base was destroyed. But the Master didn't really like to think about that more than was absolutely necessary. It was nice to have this quieter time in more ways than one.

And one of those ways was that it actually gave everyone a chance to *plan* events of their own. It was hard to, say, throw a party if you didn't know if a Singularity was going to emerge and toss a wrench into those plans. Only the heavens knew how many Halloween parties that Elizabeth Bathory's antics had ruined at this point. New Year's felt like a relatively safe time to, say, have a party.

And that was *exactly* what had been arranged for this year. Just a casual gathering in the cafeteria of the Storm Border with good food and drinks. It was just for the sake of enjoying one another's company without the possibility of having to fight for their lives or unravel some

kind of mystery. “**I wish we could have events like these more often...**” Ritsuka could only muse to herself after downing her second glass of *non-alcoholic* punch.

She'd been earnestly enjoying herself. It was nice to experience something that was *relatively* normal for a change, even if the personalities of the Servants in attendance were just as quirky as they normally were. It wasn't an especially high brow event, and no one had really *wanted* it to be.



The Master ultimately excused herself for a moment. *Unlike* Servants, she was mortal and had to see to *certain* needs. Eating, sleeping, *peeing*; it was the lattermost example that had brought her to the bathroom just outside the cafeteria. But while she was in there taking care of business? “**Huh!?**” Something had gone awry. Ritsuka herself couldn't tell what exactly had happened from within the bathroom stall, but everything shook violently for a moment.

And when she stepped *out* of the stall? “**Wait... Where *am* I?**” She realized she *wasn't* in the same bathroom that she had been in before. It was almost *three* times the size, with a marble floor and elaborate sinks. There was a *fanciness* to it that not a single amenity in Chaldea possessed, like she was in the bathroom of an extremely expensive restaurant.

She didn't realize at that exact moment that she had more or less intuited her new location. But she had a funny feeling. “**Am I in a Singularity now?**” That was more or less the *only* thing that could explain such a dramatic shift, right? But if that was the case, then what had triggered it? Someone must have used a Holy Grail somewhere. And they *had*.

...One of the kitchen staff had foolishly been serving punch out of one, clearly having missed the ‘don't touch a Holy Grail’ seminar that was shown as a part of the new staff onboarding program. Evidently, they hadn't been too happy with the *casual* nature of the New Year's event and had wished they were serving at something a little more *high brow*.

Ritsuka cautiously exited the bathroom to find herself in a grandiose hallway. Where the cafeteria had once been? There was now an expansive dining area with marble walls and a red velvet carpet. A dance floor could be seen in the back, but what *actually* concerned the girl the

most was the people in attendance. There were still *some* Servants that appeared to be just as confused as she was.

But there were also Servants that stood out. Beautiful women dressed in long, fancy dresses. Like wasn't that the Lancer Artoria? And there was Yu Meiren! But neither of them had attended the party originally. Not to mention that some of the original attendees *were* missing. There wasn't enough information for her to piece together the truth of this situation, but she didn't want to agitate the circumstances while there still wasn't any danger present. And so? She retreated back into the bathroom.

“There must be a Holy Grail somewhere... I need to figure out where it is.” That much was obvious. She couldn't get into contact with Mashu or da Vinci, so she'd likely have to flag down one of the Servants that also seemed to be aware that things had changed. A threat wasn't present just yet, but that didn't mean there *wasn't* a threat. Based on past experiences, any seemingly harmless Singularity could devolve into chaos at a moment's notice.

But she wouldn't feel that way about *this* one for long.

Before acceptance would come shock, however. Well... *More* shock? Actually, shock and a bit of a *breeze*. **“*Eh!?*”** Because Ritsuka realized that her outfit felt rather *airy* all of a sudden in places that it didn't typically. Her legs were generally exposed, so she didn't really notice it so much there. But her *arms* and more prominently her *chest* had caught her attention. They felt cold, and her nipples immediately defaulted to standing erect.

“*WHAT THE—!?*” The Master almost cried out a full sentence, but remembered she was trying to be at least a *little* covert. She *definitely* felt like that outburst had been warranted in the end, though. After all, her Chaldea uniform had been utterly *erased*, and she was left wearing a short, white party dress with a V neck that reached down to her *bellybutton*. That meant that about 90% of her bust was exposed, as were her shoulders and arms since only a golden chain wrapped around the back of her neck to support it. The dress was *completely* backless.

But it was also too long? She could tell the peak of her ass was bare above the skirt, and the front hung a little too low. It was like it was designed for a woman who was probably taller *and* curvier than she was. Which might also explain why her new *thong* felt like it was at risk of falling off at any possible moment. Or why her matching, white heels were so hard to stand in. There was too much room!

The gown reminded her of the dress she had seen other Servants in the restaurant wearing. The kind you'd wear to a fancy party, and the one

she was wearing in particular seemed to be fashioned for a woman who didn't mind showing a little – or a *lot* of – skin. “**Did I not meet the dress code or something?**” Unsure of what was happening exactly, Ritsuka defaulted to cracking a little joke to lighten her own mood.

Yet she cried out again, this time because she almost *fell*. She was fortunately able to catch herself on the nearby counter. “**Stupid heels...**” It would have been for the best to just step out of them if they were too big, right? So, she tried to do just that. Based on how she'd felt a moment ago, her feet should have just slipped out with ease. Yet, when she lifted her right foot? “**Huh?**” The high-heeled shoe went up with it. As did the left one when she tried to raise it. “**D-Do these fit now? Did they get smaller?**”

Yes and no. In that order.

It wasn't so much that the heels had gotten smaller. It was the feet *inside* that had adjusted to the shoes. Her toes had grown, and her foot widened a little in size, whereas her own heel raised a bit until they fit the molds of the fancier footwear. Ritsuka had been fixated on her feet, but moments later the *full* extent of what was happening finally clicked with her. Because her posture while still holding the counter had changed. She had to straighten her elbow almost like her shoulder was... *higher?*

“**No, I'm growing?**” The woman had been exclaiming and groaning all of this time, so to hear her calmly come to this realization felt a little out of place. There was a growing skepticism in the back corner of her consciousness that was steering her away from any shock. It was almost like a barely hidden *acceptance* that would soon grow stronger and stronger. But there was also the matter of her own personality shifting into something that was both calm and quiet.

None of this discounted the fact that her realization had been on the nose, though. The gown that had so clearly been too big on her at first had slowly been tugged up on her body. The skirt rose to fully cover the crack of her ass in the back, but just barely, while the neckline was pulled up and across more of her breasts. Ritsuka's height was an average 5'3”, but— “**I'm almost 5'7”?**” That wasn't a guess. She somehow *knew* what her height was, like it was an indisputable fact.

Even though she'd grown four inches, and the dress appeared to fit *much* better, it was still painfully loose around her upper and lower halves. The Master finally recalled that there were mirrors in the bathroom and turned to face one, yet the face that greeted her when she finally looked? It *wasn't* her own. Or at the very least, it was in the

process of taking an extravagant departure from what she should have recognized.

The scent of vanilla, amber, and blonde leather begin to fill the air – a Middle Eastern fragrance that wafted off her own skin and gown. This aligned with her changing facial structure, for her Japanese features were slowly traded in for those of a Middle Eastern beauty. One with a long, slender face, with lips so swollen that they almost appeared bees-stung below a lengthy nose. Her eyes narrowed too, lashes soon thick and long, with irises that came awash with a bright blue instead of an orangey gold.

“Is this my face?”, she asked with that very same calm once more. At first, she couldn’t *wholly* be certain. Did it not seem much too pale? And yet it eventually came closer to what she could *now* recall, for the melanin in her skin increased at a rapid pace. It went from pale to a tan, to a rich brown befitting of the Middle Eastern woman she now recognized herself to be. A gorgeous bombshell with yellow teardrop markings painted under her eyes. If Ritsuka didn’t recognize it as her *own* face, she surely would have recognized it as the face of one of her Servants.

That similarity only grew thanks to her orange strands of hair darkening and straightening once her face, complexion, and scent had all been taken care of. Every strand darkened to black with a vaguely blue tint, everything slithering in length over both the front and the backs of her shoulders. Bangs were parted so that her forehead was left bare, and the hair that *framed* her face even grew as far down as her belly. At the very least, all that dead space on her forehead was covered by a bead headdress with a ruby gemstone in the center.

The bush between her legs had grown into a thick, black forest too.

With a slow tilt of her head, the woman seemed to remain fixated on her own reflection. **“This still isn’t correct.”** This she was certain of, but *not* because of how much different she looked. It was that parts of her form that *hadn’t* changed that struck her as ‘wrong’. Her figure was the predominant aspect. She was the right *height*, but what of her *curves*? Her issues with this were quick to become set right, with her hips soon jutting out several inches to the sides, stretching the sides of the dress and lifting them to show more of her thighs.

Those thighs were revealed even more as the skirt was once again jolted *up*. It was courtesy of her *ass* now, for her cheeks bubbled with the swell of maturity. Accumulating fat pulled browned cheeks outward both in terms of width and depth, and they jiggled within the confines of the dress skirt as her thong dug into the correct locations. Her rump was full

and heart-shaped in the end, and its gains were passed onto her now exposed thighs. They were so plush that they rubbed up against each other passively between her legs.

Ritsuka appeared to be satisfied by this. Satisfied enough that her blue gaze traveled upwards until they rested on her chest. As a Japanese woman, she'd always seen her C-cups as rather large – even though they paled in comparison to plenty of Chaldea's Servants. But now she was being 'blessed' by one of those Servants, receiving her beauty, body, and mind to completion.

Those C-cups soon amassed a new weight, skin pulled around hills that soon stretched into *mountains*. The white cups of her dress, because she wore no bra underneath, were pushed farther away to reveal more and more of their bare skin just as her chocolate colored nipples swelled several coin sizes larger, still erect. Their weight was excessive. F-cups? G-cups? No, in the end they were probably *H-cups*. Yet their weight didn't bother her in the least. They felt *right* at home. Like they had always been a part of her body.

The sound of jewelry jangling signalled the end of her *assimilation* into the Singularity, for golden bands appeared on her upper arms, and various other gold chains wrapped around her wrists and neck.

A long, slender finger reached up so that the party dress-adorned *Scheherazade* could tuck a strand of stray, dark hair behind her ear. **"Hm... Events like these are rather interesting. I suppose they might make for a good story?"** Unfortunately, Ritsuka's desire to solve and undo the Singularity that she was now trapped within had been lost to her new identity, new personality, and new motivations; largely in part because she couldn't *remember* things even changing in the first place.

As the sexy, elegant, Middle Eastern woman saw things? She had opted to attend this party of her own volition. She had no ulterior motives with how she had chosen to dress herself, but she *did* believe that her revealing white dress provided her with a certain *allure*. It was technically more than she *usually* wore in the first place! Content with her appearance in the mirror, the sound of her heels clacking on the floor filled the bathroom as she exited.



No time was wasted as Scheherazade rejoined the party, finding herself surrounded by even *more* beautiful Servants clad in equally beautiful dresses. Whether they were Chaldea's staff or pre-existing Servants, plenty of others had been assimilated into the Singularity while she herself had been changing. **"What a great party. I wouldn't be opposed to experiencing it for another 1,000 nights!"** She eventually remarked, referring to her 1,001 Nights work.

But that... was actually the true nature of this Singularity. When this night ended, it would immediately loop. Over and over and over, with everyone experiencing the same New Year's Eve party again and again, oblivious to this fact as they bonded more and more with their new identities. Did that mean that after the 1,001 nights that they would return to normal, and the Singularity would finally end? It was certainly a possibility.

But it also wasn't *guaranteed* in any way, shape, or form.

Not that Scheherazade would mind *regardless* of the outcome.