

FATE / MORE MOTHERS

CH1: INTOXICATING MATERNITY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Chaldea knew well enough to keep their salvaged Holy Grails under lock and key.

While unscrupulous in their existence, they were still wish-granting devices capable of turning the impossible into *the* possible. They were something that shouldn't have fallen into the hands of any unapproved staff... or Servants. *Especially* Servants that tended to have unfulfilled wishes from their lives and may have been jumping for the chance to have those wishes fulfilled. It had been proven time and time again that this was a problem, and this had led to a number of summer *and* Halloween Singularities courtesy of Chaldea's own Servant roster.

“I’m tired of being so misunderstood! Perhaps this will allow me to *change* that...” Which meant that it was a worst-case scenario that Minamoto no Raikou had *lucked* upon a Holy Grail that had just been left out in the open! She was down in the dumps after her advances as a mother had once again been rejected. Few minds within Chaldea understood the mind of a loving mother! But with this Holy Grail... Perhaps she could make a wish to help them understand? It had only been her intention to implant this understanding and empathy into their minds, but...

That wasn't exactly what would end up happening.

Ritsuka Fujimaru, otherwise known by most in Chaldea as simply *Gudao* because of the unfortunate naming overlap with his twin sister, had been going about his business as normal that morning. In fact, things had gone a little *too* according to plan. He was still in his room,

only recently having showered, brushed his teeth, and so on. Why was *too* according to plan? Well, usually he was interrupted mid-morning routine by a Servant trying to spend time with him. This was an issue for both Masters since there was only two of them, and yet the Servants now numbered in the *hundreds*.



“Do I actually have a chance to *relax* for a change?” He *had* signed up to tackle the day’s resource gathering, but that wasn’t until the afternoon. He hadn’t been able to have a morning to himself in what felt like *months* now, so if that meant he had some time to sit at his desk and maybe watch the backlog of shows he’d collected since the bleached Earth had been undone finally, then he’d take it. Even though he was *definitely* working with borrowed time.

Gudao started up his laptop knowing it would take a moment to boot and wandered over to his room’s door so that he could peer out through the peephole. He didn’t see any Servants out there, and they were under strict order *not* to hide in Spirit Form. **“Maybe I really *am* safe for a bit.”** The young man headed back to his desk, but upon passing the full-length mirror in his room? He paused. Something had looked *off* in the corner of his eye.

“What’s up with my hair? Is it the lighting? Hm...” The young man had always known his hair to be black, but looking at it in the mirror at that moment? It was a little lighter, like a dark brown? He *had* recently installed a new light, so it was possibly just a trick of the light. But it *wasn’t*. His hair color actually *had* lightened, as had his eyebrows and pubes. He didn’t realize his body hair had smoothed away. But since it wasn’t *that* important? He ended up walking away from that mirror.

Something that ultimately would turn out to be a *mistake*. **“Must be nothing...”** Because *as* Gudao turned away and began to walk back to his desk? The design of his face changed in a not-so-subtle way. His lips rose until they were puffier, his cheeks rounded, his nose shrank, and his eyes narrowed further while changing in color to a dark brown. For a brief moment he almost shared a facial design with his *sister*, only for it to change further. It became *shorter* than Gudako’s face, with longer lashes and a slightly longer nose than he knew his sister to possess.

It left him with the face of a *young woman*, and he still somewhat resembled his sibling, but it was *different* in a sense.

“*Huh?*” He still hadn’t reached his desk before he paused and made that noise. Something had struck him as *strange*, and a voice that

sounded like a sultrier version of his sibling's *own*. Which was naturally an issue when that sibling was a *woman*. It was fitting though, because that was actually what had given *her* pause. **"My... pussy? W-Wait, I don't have one of those! ...Do I?"** Even she couldn't believe what she had just said, but it *was* accurate. What she had felt was the squirming of her dick as it shrunk, balls emptied and shriveled up along with it until it left her crotch completely smooth.

Well, barring the slit that opened up at the base beneath a brown bush that grew even thicker than it had been before. This was a trend that was shared with her armpit hair and even the hair atop her head, though that lengthened the most. It cascaded over her left shoulder in a wavy tail while covering his head's sides and dangling across her nose between her eyes. **"I'm a woman...? Of course I am! HIC!?"**

The moment Gudao hiccupped, things began to make 'sense' to her. It had carried the flavor of *alcohol*, and since she was feeling more and more disoriented? She could only assume she was intoxicated... even though she hadn't consumed any. It seemed strange that she focused on *that* and not the very tangible changes happening to her body, as she began to transition properly into the new sex that rested between her legs.

Her chest and ass burgeoned with equal enthusiasm. Where none-to-little fat had existed before, it soon swelled with abundance as all of her womanly curves swelled in. But even though she was still a Fujimaru at heart, her build did not resemble her sister's. With her muscles softening away in the meantime, the front of her jacket felt incredibly tight thanks to the bosom that was swelling in. A-cups, B-cups, C-cups, D-cups... It was *E-cups* that they stopped at *for now*, and that was enough to pull down her jacket's zipper while the shirt underneath was pulled up her tummy.

Farther down? **"Hehe... Why's everything sho tight...?"** Gudao *had* mistaken the confusion of changing memories for intoxication before, but now she really *was* suffering the effects of intoxication. The front button of her pants popped off, and the zipper was forced down, all thanks to the weight that fattened her ass and thickened her thighs. Widened hips and thighs almost split the sides of her pants, but her ass cheeks couldn't stop themselves from peeking over the back of her pants.

By this point? She looked like a woman entire. A pretty young woman in her *early twenties*, albeit one that was absolutely *plastered*. This wasn't where it came to an end, however. As she stumbled in place, her bodies curves soon became even *more* abundant and the fit of her uniform all the worse. **"I just wanna tear it all off, pfft! Even though it's..."**

was my body always like this?” It hadn’t, right? Or had it...? Either way, it wasn’t like she could *do* anything about it.

The woman’s tits bloated two more cup sizes, opening her jacket the rest of the way to reveal her undershirt could no longer completely cover them. In her drunken stupor, she unzipped the jacket the rest of the way so that these *G-cup* milkers *bounced* free, the shapes of her erect nipples poking through and demonstrating that they were larger than her eyes. Then again, with tits as big as her head? Maybe it wasn’t all that strange.

“Aww, it’s stuck!” Her hands, now thinner and decorated by lengthened nails, met resistance as she tried to shimmy her pants off. She felt hotter the drunker she became, so she wanted to strip for more reasons than just the ill-fit – which had clearly worsened in its own right. The added thickening of her thighs finally led the side seams of her pants *splitting*, and soft, hairless flesh pushed through in a way that was rather *attractive*. Of course, her ass didn’t come away unscathed and split the back of her pants while flossing her boxers, too.

She eventually gave up on pulling her pants down, but only because she felt *tired*. She’d lost muscle mass of course, so it was only natural she might feel that way. But it *worsened* for some reason. Her muscles grew even weaker, but because she was drunk, she didn’t really seem to care. The reason for this could be seen in her *face* though. It didn’t really shift in terms of perceived identity. Her lips had grown slightly fuller, perhaps, but her existing beauty remained.

It was just... *worn down*. The Japanese woman’s skin didn’t appear quite as youthful, with dimples forming in her cheeks and the skin around her eyes dried. She hadn’t developed Crow’s feet just yet, but it was clear that she wasn’t too far off from developing them. Because she had certainly *aged*. She was no longer a young adult, but a proper one. A woman no younger than *thirty-five* years old. A woman old enough to be a parent. A mother.

“Mother... Mother... HIC!?” That thought stuck with her as her surroundings changed. Gudao remained in the same room, but its furniture, decorations, and scent all shifted along with her *clothes*. No longer was she in a proper Chaldea uniform, but instead a pair of *very* tight ‘mom jeans’ and a beige tee with a *very* low neckline that showed off most of her huge tits. It did cover her tummy at least, and she *was* now wearing a lace bra along with matching panties.

“HIC!? A mom? But... Ugh... Did I even have a kid?” *Ria Fujimaru*, drunk out of her mind, was



struggling to comprehend what had just happened to her. She was so *clearly* a thirty-five-year-old woman and considering the new state of her room she was one that *loved* to drink. Bottles of wine, both full and empty, lined the wall along the floor. The place *reeked* of booze, and she couldn't stop herself from clumsily wandering over to one of those *open* bottles and picking it up to take a big swig.

There was no delicacy in those movements, and so some of the wine spilled off her lips and down into the crevice of her exposed, hefty cleavage. Her memories were still jumbled, or perhaps it was just the alcohol at work? Either way, she was set on drinking any of that confusion she felt away. **“HAH! That hit the fuckin’ spot! Bartender! Another! Oh... Right.”** She drunkenly giggled when she remembered she was at home – or the home she'd been given while working with Chaldea and giggled to herself before taking another sip.

Booze was the only thing keeping her sane seeing as how she was working abroad, having been forced to leave her daughter with her husband back in Japan. Whenever she was sad, she ended up drinking herself silly. But then again? Ria would drink herself silly for a *lot* less than that if she was in the mood.