

IN NEED OF SCRIBES

BIWEEKLY STORY #151

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Ritsuka Fujimaru didn't like the looks of things.

It wasn't as if Singularities had a habit of showing up with an abundance of warning, but hadn't this one appeared a little *too* suddenly? There had been no early warning signs that one might be developing, and it had pulled *all* of Chaldea's staff and Servants into it overnight. At least that was Ritsuka's working theory. She had yet to *encounter* anyone else. But she also hadn't had much of an opportunity *to* encounter anyone else.

"It feels like I've been walking in circles. Geez! Why is this thing such a labyrinth!?" It hadn't taken much for the Master to realize *where* she was, at least. The architecture was undeniable, from the sandy stones to the lack of windows. She was *definitely* in an Egyptian pyramid, and it wasn't even her *first* time having such an experience. Thanks to Ozymandias and the other Egyptian Servants, she'd been inside of them plenty of times in the past.

So, was this an Egyptian Singularity? What had triggered it? Well, thinking on Ozymandias... come context clues had led her to the conclusion that he was at the heart of it. At times she could hear his manic laughter echoing down empty hallways for one, but any attempts to call his name seemingly fell on deaf ears. Then there were also all of the *murals*. Many of which featuring imagery that resembled him. Had the pharaoh gotten his hands on a Holy Grail?

All Ritsuka could really do was try and make her way to him, but it really *did* feel like she was just walking in circles. All of the hallways looked the same, and most of the small rooms she passed were more or less

unremarkable. She was close to giving up on the idea of making any progress whatsoever, even though she knew that doing so would be a *bad* idea. The young woman *wasn't* a Servant. She'd die if she didn't find food or water in a timely fashion.



“No food, but this at least looks *different*.”

Until, for the first time in what had felt like *hours*, she found a room that wasn't dark and empty. It was illuminated by torchlight, and in the dead center was a pedestal with what looked to be a scroll rolled up on top of it. **“I wonder if I can learn anything from that? It *must* be important if it's propped up with so much focus.”** Maybe she could find some clues about what was happening in the Singularity?

And so, she stepped into the room and up towards the pedestal. **“Let's see...”** Ritsuka was careful while picking up the scroll. She didn't want to face Ozymandias' wrath if she ended up accidentally damaging it, and she also didn't want to risk damaging any potential information. That was if *any* information had even been upon it, since... **“Huh? It's completely blank!”** Not

a single character was etched onto the paper. But for *some* strange reason, she *really* wanted to do the etching. **“I would definitely get in trouble...”**

In trouble? For doing my job!?

Her job? Even in Chaldea, she wasn't really responsible for recording very much. She had a digital diary she kept, but that was more or less the full extent of it. Sensing that something was *wrong*, the woman put the scroll back on the pedestal where she had found it. Unfortunately, it was already too late to halt what had just been put into motion. Ritsuka had fallen for an extremely obvious trap, but she couldn't have fathomed the *consequences* of said trap.

In the beginning, she wasn't even sure if ‘consequences’ was the right term to use – namely because, while alarming, she didn't even find the initial signs that something was awry particularly *bad*. *ZIIIIIIIP!* **“...Huh?”** The woman had come to two realizations simultaneously that were *directly* related to each other. The first came courtesy of the zipping sound, or *unzipping* sound as it turned out. The zipper of her jacket was slowly being *pulled down* without anyone grabbing onto it.

As it turned out? No one *needed* to grab onto it. Because the other realization the woman had was that she felt somewhat *top heavy* all of a sudden. “**H-HUH!?**” This all guided her gaze downward, and Ritsuka ultimately reiterated her confusion in a far more *dramatic* way because she was subjected to a very *dramatic* sight. A *dramatically* deepened view of her own *cleavage*, for what had forced her zipper down was the size of her breasts themselves.

Since it *was* her own body and she was in a small, private room? She didn’t hesitate to *touch* them, largely because she wanted to confirm that they were real. “**My boobs are bigger? No... they’re getting bigger still!?**” She had cupped them with her palms, trying to get a sense of their weight. The issue was that this weight was *continuing* to grow, her flesh jiggling and puffier nipples rubbing up against the cups of a wire bra that were on the cusp of— *SNAP!*

Never mind, the hooks of her bra finally snapped, releasing the weight of a pair of tits that were now *double* their original size in a way that forced the woman to stumble forward. She’d been cupping her bosom and hadn’t been prepared to fall, so it briefly seemed like she was just going to fall on her face. “**Eh!?**” But Ritsuka squeaked again when that *didn’t* happen, this time in a sweeter sounding tone.

It took her a second to correct her posture, and that posture was helped by back muscles that were strengthening as if they had *always* needed to support such a sizable rack. Oddly, though? Much of her remaining muscle mass softened away, as if she was a woman who didn’t often engage with physical activity. This felt unrelated to the fact that she somehow hadn’t fallen forward, but it did vaguely tie into, of all things, the *weight of her lower body*.

Ritsuka’s hips popped. “**Wah!?**” And that once again prompted a confused, yet increasingly *adorable* reaction from the woman. Her attention was finally drawn *downward* to the source of her preserved balance, and was now hit with the sight of her thighs. They were thick. No, they were growing *thicker*. Pale flesh was being stretched, given no choice due to how much fat was being compacted into her upper legs. Her hips had popped wider because they’d been given *no* choice. Even with the extra space, those thighs were still pressing up against each other between her legs.

She’d evolved beyond thick and had move straight into *thicc*. “**I’m huge!?**” Whatever had happened to her voice, it seemed to be a permanent change. Just as permanent as how *energized* she now sounded. But none of this was helpful when you considered each thigh was thicker than her waist, and that her panties were really *struggling* because of it. Because what had bloated her thighs had *likewise* bloated

her ass, and swollen cheeks had practically flipped up the back of her skirt to show off just how fat that ass really was.

“W-Well, erm, maybe that isn’t the correct way to refer to myself. I *have* always been rather... *abundant!*” Wait, *had* she always been that *thicc*? Considering Ritsuka had just been freaking out about it, it felt like a pretty *odd* thing to say. But she could remember how difficult it was to find clothes in her teens, even though as she was a child of *Egypt*, not much could really be worn in the desert’s extreme heat. **“...Egypt!? Am I Egyptian?”**

This felt like such a stupid question, namely because she should have *known* where she came from. But it became visually understandable that she would be confused, because that perceived background of hers was changing in real time. Patches of her pale skin showed signs of darkening. A rich chocolate color was indicative of her melanin levels increasing, like someone had just pushed the dial up to 11. These patches were multiplying, in turn enhancing her tolerance towards the sun’s light and taking on different scents. Saffron, cinnamon, frankincense; like she’d bathed with different soaps and applied a different perfume.

Her darkened skin alone was enough to confirm that her genetics had been altered towards a different nationality, with even her nipples taking on a dark brown. But this was doubly confirmed by her *face*. Her lips thickened yet flattened, while her nostrils flared dramatically. The blues of her irises darkened within a gaze that became rounder and brighter. **“Why am I asking myself such weird questions? Of course I’m Egyptian!”** She certainly looked the part now!

All that really remained of ‘Ritsuka Fujimaru’, because clearly even her mind had been slowly adjusting to this new reality where she was a young, happy, Egyptian woman, was her hair. But that orange was compromised at the very end, with a soft green settling into place as her mind began to wander back to *writing*. Even her sentiments towards Ozymandias changed. She was thinking of him more like a *leader* and *employer* as this green hair spilled all the way down past her thighs, smelling of Egyptian shampoos all the while.

The woman eyed the scroll on the pedestal once more, now with a much more dutiful look in her blue eyes. Had she wondered why it was blank a minute ago? That would have been like asking why she even bothered getting dressed in the morning! But on that note... her Chaldea Uniform constricted against her body in some places, but loosened in others.

Her skirt and jacket bound together, with all layers except her underwear becoming a translucent, white dress that barely reached past

her pelvis. It was clear enough that you could see how ill-fitted underwear had stretched into something resembling a pure white bikini underneath, and you could make out *most* of her tits. Long, white sleeves stretched down to cover her hands, a navy blue sash wrapped around her hips, and she now wore white sandals. Perhaps the oddest aspect of this revealing outfit (that her Pharaoh ordered her to wear) was the golden circlet with a red gemstone alone with the sake, medjed, and Anubis ornaments that sat atop her head.

Her appearance bordered *adorable* and *incredibly sexy*.

“Of course it’s blank! I’ve yet to inscribe the scroll with today’s events!” It perplexed *Anippe* that she had even been wondering about the scroll in her hands in the first place. Was it not her duty as Pharaoh Ozymandias’ most trusted scribe to etch his great deeds upon the parchment? Paper was a rarity, so some could say that her job was one of the most important in the whole desert kingdom! The Egyptian girl took the scroll and slipped it into one of her big sleeves, where it would remain hidden until she needed it.



And so, she *skipped* out of the small storage room. Ritsuka had been so fixated on the scroll when she had found the room that she *completely* missed the boxes of scrolls on a shelf *beside* the door. Anippe, on the other hand, came to that room every morning to pick up the supplies that she required. Then she would happily head up to the main chamber, where her pharaoh’s throne was located, and quietly and happily await his orders.

The woman was content. **“I wonder what great deeds Pharaoh Ozymandias will partake in today? He *has* been speaking of adding to my benefits, and as a career woman I believe I’m due them!”** Not that she would ever *demand* them, she’d never dare do that! **“Perhaps I could convince him to give me a concubine of my own? It isn’t easy working all day and then having all of this pent up... frustration!”** Physical frustration courtesy of her thicc her body was. Even now her thighs rubbed up against each other as she skipped down the hall.

Why, oh why did a scribe’s body have to be so *sensitive*!?