

FATE / MORE MOTHERS

CH3: MOTHERS OF THE PAST

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Kadoc Zemlupus had been nowhere near the Holy Grail that Raikou had used.

In fact, at that point in time he had *already* passed on in the pursuit of saving the Human Order. It would have been impossible for him to get caught up in its effects in the present, and yet... There was nothing dictating that a wish made upon a Holy Grail could only affect the present. In fact, at times they had been known to alter the flow of history itself.

But that just meant that Kadoc was *not* equipped at all to deal with its effects. No one in the past was, nor could they do anything about it. To him, it was just a regular day aboard the Wander as they waited for the next Ordeal Call to test them. He wasn't even doing anything particularly special and was just eating breakfast in the cafeteria. **"Assuming nothing goes wrong today, maybe I can help the acting director..."**

The man had almost finished his meal. Eggs, bacon, pancakes; a pretty standard breakfast enjoyed across the world. He hadn't been particularly *excited* by it, though. Whoever was working in the kitchen that day wasn't as good of a cook as EMIYA or Boudica, but he also knew that he was in no position to complain. Not when he'd once been an enemy of Chaldea. He was lucky to be *alive*, much less working with them now.

So, the last thing he was going to do was complain about the *free* food.

It was also pretty early in the morning. There was the clatter of whoever was working in the kitchen continuing to cook so that there was enough for everyone else later, but he was the only person in the dining area. It was technically 'Sunday' even though days didn't really work like they would normally if the Earth hadn't been bleached and time passed as normal. A lot of the staff were *probably* sleeping in.



Perhaps, then, that was the reason the Grail's magic had chosen this that particular moment in time to affect the past. If it caused too much of a disruption, then that would have irreversible and unintended side effects when it came to the timeline, and a wish was not supposed to cause problems *that* severe. And so, since Kadoc was all by his lonesome?

That was the perfect time to 'correct' history to better align it with the present.

And so, it begun as he polished off the last bit of the food on his plate. Kadoc was initially *entirely* oblivious to it, but on some subconscious level he might have acknowledged that the food tasted slightly different. Slightly... *better*? But he could easily handwave that as simply getting a better bite. There was no way he could have possibly fathomed that the food tasted better because his tastebuds had changed slight... along with a sudden shift in his flavor preferences mentally.

But none of that was especially easy to *see*. What *was* easy to see was that the swell of his lips was inflating as he chewed the last morsels, taking on a soft a gentle sheen that was enticing in its own way, yet wholly out of place upon a young man's face. But what if his face didn't look all that much like a *young man's* in the first place? The dark circles beneath the man's eyes faded, and those eyes themselves began to *change*.

First by darkening, with the gold of his eyes dulling to a very dark brown first and foremost. But while this was the most striking change to them, it wasn't exactly the most *dramatic*. That came courtesy of their *shapes*, which narrowed while his lashes lengthened so that they no longer appeared all that Caucasian. *Asian*, surely, and more specifically *Japanese*. When paired with a smaller nose and rounder cheeks, it certainly looked more like the face of a *woman* as well, but...

"*Hm...*" Kadoc sighed. He felt a little more *fatigued* than usual. Not sleepy, but *worn out* like his muscles weren't as strong as they usually were. The reason for this could most certainly be seen in his face as well,

for his skin, while softer (and much of his body now hairless), looked to be more worn down. The vague impressions of dimples had worked their way into his cheeks, while very light lines dug into the corners of his eyes. *Crow's feet*. Something that youthful individuals didn't tend to possess, but people who were around the age of *forty* on the other hand...

They could certainly begin to form on the face of a woman *that* old.

The man stared at the finished plate in front of him blankly. Was it because he was tired? Yes. But he also felt a little confused – not necessarily about the plate, but because his mind felt a little *groggy*. At roughly the same time as this problem began, the roots of his silver hair had begun to darken to black, and that color crept out into the tips. These dyed locks didn't necessarily *lengthen*, but they did take on additional volume, with her bangs fuller and fluffier above all else.

His pubes had darkened and grown into a fuller bush too, and they ended up spreading... well, once there was no longer anything dangling beneath them. "***Mmn!?***" Still seated at the table, the *woman's* cheeks burned red and she bit her lower lip as she weathered a *disturbance* between her legs. "**What in the world was...?**" She pushed back in her chair slightly to get a better look at her lap, but the reasoning just didn't click.

The reality that Kadoc's sex had changed didn't even cross her mind! The mental pollution from the Grail's curse had already seeded itself well enough, clearly, well enough that she didn't appear to comprehend that her posture was shifting even as she sat there. She was forced slightly forward because her *seat* was rising, her pants growing tighter and tighter thanks to the combined effort of her ass, thighs, and ultimately her hips.

It was naturally her *ass* that was lifting her up, as fat packed itself into her cheeks until they took an alluring heart-shape behind her. The woman's white pants were quick to strain at the sides, not helped by her thighs doubling in girth. And even then? The combination of both of these things appeared to require widened hips, as their already tight waistband dug into them even further. The front button was forced undone, but... "**Was I getting up? I suppose it's almost time...**"

Time for *what*, exactly?

While Kadoc mulled this over, changes to her torso put the final nail in the coffin of her previous identity. Her waistline smoothed inward almost four inches so that her shoulders felt broader even though they too thinned, while a touch of fat replaced the softened muscles upon her

belly. In terms of fat though, more certainly pooled across her ribs. Where no breasts had been before, a pair bloomed beneath her undershirt and jacket. Her nipples puffed up as mounds bloated into *D-cup* tits that... Well, they weren't all that perky. They sagged a little because of her age.

But by the time she finally pushed herself up and out of her chair? They had all the support that they needed. *All* of her slightly sagging body fat did, because she'd been dressed in something more appropriate. A white, V-neck tee and tight blue pants were worn underneath a knee-length, navy blue apron, while flat, grey shoes rested upon her feet. It was a comfortable outfit that made sense to wear in the *kitchen*, wasn't it?

“*Hm~?*” *Shuuko Komi* looked down at the finished breakfast plate in front of her for a moment. She was still recomposing her thoughts after the transformation, but like the others it wasn't really like she could *remember* transforming in the first place. Had she not *always* been Shuuko Komi? A doting mother that had been hired to work for Chaldea as a cafeteria lady? It had always been a little strange to her. They had offered to pay her so *much*, and she had someone been one of the ones to survive the whole Bleached Earth fiasco?



It was a shame in a way, because she had family back home in Japan that had been erased with everyone else. Not a day went by where the housewife's heart didn't ache for them. But that was part of the reason she continued to do what she was even despite the pain! The people and Servants of Chaldea needed energy to reverse it, and so she would cook for them until they could accomplish their goals!

After standing, Shuuko smoothed down the front of her apron before picking up the plate. “**Now that I've eaten, time to get back in the kitchen to help!**” Of course, *she* had to eat too! She was more human than a lot of the people she served, and speaking of? She could see Miss Tearju entering the cafeteria. She was a relatively new hire, and she was from space!

“**One moment! I'll help fix you up something!**”