

NINJA FORCE

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“Ugh... Where *am* I?” When Gudao woke up, he was *very* confused. Why? Well, he couldn't really remember going to sleep in the first place, for starters. He felt like he'd been talking to someone one moment, and the next? He had woken up next to a *campfire* of all things, underneath a starry sky while in a sleeping bag he didn't *remember* getting into. **“I'm... outside? How did I get outside?”**

While he pulled himself out of the bedding to stand up, a few realizations hit him. The first was that there was no way he could be outside on *his* timeline. The entire planet had been *bleached*, and that was something that he had been working at alongside his sister and the *rest* of the Chaldea Security Organization. That meant that a forested view like the one he had? That was impossible unless he was in a Singularity or a Lostbelt. And it probably wasn't the latter.

“I guess I could be dreaming, but... *Wait.*” The boy had been looking around as his head cleared, and he *finally* remembered something very important: the events that had transpired prior to him falling asleep. He *had* been talking to someone. A Servant. A very particular Servant. The Assassin, Katou Danzou. She had approached him about arranging additional ninjas for Chaldea's forces.

Why she believed that they needed more ninjas *specifically* he didn't know, but he wasn't able to help her with that. Chaldea's summoning system wasn't very *consistent*. You couldn't pick and choose what Servants you summoned, much less their background. And then Katou Danzou had mentioned receiving an item to use 'if it wasn't possible'. The fact that she'd apparently received it from *BB* of all Servants had been concerning. Evidently, he'd been right to be concerned.



“And *that’s* how I ended up here, huh?” Katou Danzou had produced a shuriken that had glowed brightly... and that was where his memories had cut off, so it must have been when he’d ‘fallen asleep’. **“BB set a trap, and Katou Danzou fell for it hook, line, and sinker...”** Not that it had been very likely in the first place, but that more or less ruled out the possibility that he was in a Lostbelt. It must have been a Singularity instead. **“Based on the trees, this must be Japan. ...Out in the country, obviously. But what time period?”**

If Mashu had been with him then it would have been a *big* help. They could have used her shield to contact Chaldea and get answers. But for the time being? It seemed like he was on his own... which was something else that he was used to from all his other experiences in similar situations. There was only *one* sleeping bag beside the fire, so he was *definitely* alone at the campsite. Since it was so dark, it also would have been a bad idea to leave before dawn.

“Guess I’m stuck here for now. Since BB did this, I can’t imagine I’ll be in any immediate danger, but...” How did this accomplish Katou Danzou’s ‘wish’, exactly? Were there ninjas nearby? Was he supposed to scout them out or something? It wasn’t anything that mundane. In fact, the answer was far more *literal* in a sense. He’d soon begin to understand how... but maybe not so much as to *why*. If BB really was at the center of things, then it was difficult to predict her intentions.

Mind you, there *were* warnings signs. The Command Seals that were visible in the cutout over his right hand were suddenly not so visible anymore, with the crimson markings fading – cutting him off from controlling *any* of the Servants that Chaldea had summoned. But that also wasn’t even the most striking sign that something was *off*. You really didn’t need to look farther than the man’s face, which admittedly...

Well, the issue was that it was beginning to look less and less *like* a man’s face. An absence of masculinity *would* eventually bleed into the rest of his features as well, but at first it was *much* more clearly defined in his face, where that face gradually became rounder and rounder in shape. Gudaou might have vaguely noticed a bit of puffiness, especially when it plagued his swelling lips, but all things considered it wasn’t as attention catching as you might expect.

“**What should I... do... first!?**” What clearly *was* much more attention catching was the ring of his own *voice*, which heightened steadily *as* he spoke. He cocked an eyebrow that was taking a gentler slope above an eye that, while retaining its bright blue color, became much more circular in design while retaining its Japanese flair. The same shaping naturally altered the opposing eye as well, and when those were considered above a nose that had shortened into a cute button shape? “**That’s weird! Why do I sound so funky!?**”

And why did he sound so *excited* about it!?

“**I sound so cute though!**” He certainly *did*, but since when had *that* been a priority? As a man, the ‘cutest’ he’d ever been was when he had been forced to wear a dress in Shinjuku (something that his sister never let him live down) and he hadn’t exactly had the *build* necessary to pull that off properly without any extra *padding*. That said, he evidently still hadn’t figured out that his face had changed so dramatically, and that he looked more like a *girl*. Not a *woman*, but someone younger than that. Someone around *sixteen*. “**Whee!?**”

Whee? Considering what had prompted that noise in the first place, ‘Whee!’ seemed like a strange sound to make. He was *dropping* after all, not because he had fallen but because he was *rapidly shrinking*. He’d so quickly dropped from an average 5’6” all the way down to a meager 4’11”, with his hands and feet not only becoming smaller but *daintier* in the process. His black Chaldea uniform felt so *baggy*, and his gloves even slipped off!

“**I’m tiny! But I bet I look really cute!**” There was a part of the boy that was trying to push back against an enthusiasm that *shouldn’t* have been there. Since when did he care about cute things at all, much less *looking* cute? He should have cared more about how his body had *shrunk*, or how his waist had crunched in at the sides so that his hips could flare a little bit. Well, *those* changes weren’t as easily noticed, and what *had* changed was beginning to feel *comfortable* anyways. Like things *should* have been that way. “**N-No! This is really weight though, right!?**”

His attempts to fight back *were* pretty futile. His hair was in the process of lightening to a pale chestnut that lengthened dramatically, with his spikes lost as it flattened and fell *well* past his shoulders. It felt weird to him hanging *that* loose for some reason, but *she* would soon understand why that— “**SHE!?**” Not even Gudao herself understood why she’d blurted out *that* of all words, but she *wasn’t* wrong. There’d been a bit of a *tug* between her legs, inverting her sex and granting her a maiden’s equivalent as the hair above it lightened to the same shade that her hair was on top of her head.

With her sex changed, the femininity that had slowly been poisoning what had once been her *masculinity* began to work into overdrive. Her baggy clothes obscured most of it, but you could still make out changes like her thighs swelling so thick that the legs of her pants had begun to hug them tightly, or how the back of her pants filled out from her ass's newfound peach shape. Where it was probably the *most* obvious was her chest where, despite her age, a pair of *G-cup* tits burgeoned and bounced beneath her shirt. "**Whoa!?**" Causing her to momentarily stumble forward.

By the time she managed to playfully hop up into a normal standing position again? Those new tits bounced with her cleavage bare – because her outfit was *different*. She suddenly found herself wearing a pastel yellow dress with a *very* low, frilly white neckline that matched the puffy, short sleeves of the gown. White and yellow striped thigh highs slipped up underneath her skirt while also wrapped around her feet by strawberry pink boots – a color that could be found in ribbons ties *around* her dress as well. Her brown hair had even been tied into two *very* thin twintails held by emerald rings (that matched two that hugged her wrists now too), alleviating her disdain for having her hair loose. A headband *also* helped keep this hair in place.

The sixteen-year-old girl couldn't help but stare down at her own cleavage with a playful smirk upon her face. "**Well, these boobies are mine, right? So!**" As if *Minori* had been holding back with all her might up until that moment, both of her hands came down upon her breasts and gave them a squeeze. The feeling was both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time, no doubt because she had mixed memories. Her memories as Gudao and Minori existed side-by-side, but now she was more Minori than man.



"Oh. Well! I'm bored! Are there any snacks around here!?" She energetically and expertly lifted up the sleeping bag with a speed that no normal human would have possessed. But contrary to what her cute, childish, pastel-colored dress suggested... she was a *ninja*, so it made sense that she could move that quickly. "**SQUEE!**" As it turned out, she remembered placing a bag of marshmallows under the bedding. And it was still there! "**Marshmallows are a camping staple, after all!**"

Did she have a mission or something to do? Should she try and change back somehow?

“I’ll think about then when I’ve finished devouring my marshmallows~!”



“A dorm room?” Unlike her brother, Gudako didn’t have *any* context regarding what had happened to her. Katou Danzou’s little item had seemingly affected more than just Gudao, and perhaps it had brought his sister along because of their bond? There was no way for the sister to know to ask those questions, all things considered. She simply woke up on top of a tatami bed in a very traditional looking Japanese building.

She was only *guessing* that it was a dorm room based on how small it was. ...Well, that was the explanation that her subconscious was rolling with. More truthfully, she just *knew* it was a dorm room. There was something very *familiar* about it, and that thought stuck to her mind as she got off the bed to look around the room. **“Am I dreaming? ...It doesn’t feel like that. Then again, this wouldn’t be the first time I was pulled into a random Singularity in my sleep.”**

That theory only checked out if she could *remember* falling asleep, though. Which she couldn’t. Hadn’t she been in Chaldea’s cafeteria at the time?

Everything also felt a little *too* real for it to be a dream. A simulation? That was at least *possible*, but there weren’t any weird visual artifacts or glitches that *she* could see to suggest as much. That said, while it wasn’t technically a ‘glitch’ nor a side effect of a simulation... *Her eyes*. They were supposed to be a golden amber color, yet speckles of an icy blue replaced this shading until even the blacks of her irises had dulled so that they were just a slightly darker shade *of* this blue. Her eye shapes narrowed, making her look even *more* Japanese than she had already been.

But in terms of color change? Those eyes weren’t exactly *alone*, either. If you examined her hair, you could *easily* see streaks of a soft grey beginning to emerge against its otherwise ginger backdrop. That vivid color was plucked away strand by strand until not only the hair atop her head, but also her pubes and brows had received a similar color change. And yet? That hair on *top* of her head didn’t change in length, but instead thinned in quality and found itself restyled. Her bangs ended up

hanging loose but parted in the center of her forehead, with no strand dangling longer than her shoulders.

These were things that Gudako hadn't noticed. In fact, she was hardly paying attention to *herself* at all – much too distracted by the room she was in instead. Mind you, this wasn't a *permanent* ignorance. She was soon faced with a realization that was a little *too* difficult to ignore. One that forced the zipper of her jacket to inch slowly down, and one that led to the strap of her bra digging into her bag. **“Uh... What's going on here?”**

Too fixated on *this*, she didn't notice that the bangs she could vaguely see above her eyes while tilting her head down had changed color. Instead? She was staring at her *cleavage*, which she absolutely *shouldn't* have been staring at considering she wore two layers. **“My boobs are huge? N-No... They're...”** They were *already* bigger than she remembered, but they were growing bigger still. Their weight led to her unintentionally leaning forward.

Gudako's tits had to have *doubled* in size already. Were they D-cups? *Es*? Either way, they continued to inflate so that her zipper slipped down further and the neckline of her tank top was pulled forward even more. Much more than simply *big*, they became incredibly round and perky *despite* how heavy they were, with her nipples engorging until they were even bigger than her *eyes*. Before long they were an astoundingly large pair of *H-cups* that were at risk of completely bouncing free of her clothing.

“Why is my body changing though?” She spoke more broadly than *just* her tits because she could feel her clothing tightening in other areas. It was a shame that because she was so fixated on *these* things that she hadn't been paying more attention to her own *voice* though. Her words were softer, airier, and were spoken through a pair of lips that almost looked *bee stung* in a sense. More broadly, her facial features rounded so that she became prettier *and* cuter, but there was something about her resting expression by the time her eye shapes had drooped.

She somehow looked more... *aloof*? It wasn't a matter of *just* looking that way, either. She was beginning to have a harder time thinking about what was going on. She wasn't *forgetting*... it just felt like she had more important things to worry about. More important than her panties digging into her ass? Apparently. There was a good reason for *that* feeling, though.

Much like how her tits had swollen, her ass hadn't been far *behind*. Both cheeks burgeoned vigorously behind her, stretching out almost *three* inches farther while her hips were given no choice other than to stretch

several inches wider themselves. “**Wedgie...**” Gudako managed to at least mutter *that much* under her breath while thinking to herself that she would be more comfortable in some new clothes. An outcome that probably wouldn’t have done *too* much for her thickening thighs since she was already wearing a skirt, but they *had* gained a couple of extra inches of thickness themselves.

Her wish, as it turned out, was answered. Gone was her Chaldea uniform, instead replaced with a loose, white kimono with ice-blue trim that did very little to cover up. Her excessive cleavage was utterly bare along with her shoulders, and the kimono was slit at the sides so that her thighs spilled freely. But it was *comfortable*, and that was all she cared about... even though she was now wearing *no* bra and only a white thong for undergarments. A big, white bow was tied in the back of her hair, while she wore white socks over grey-blue sandals.

“**Mmn...**” *Yumi* could remember that she had just gotten dressed, even though she *actually* knew that this wasn’t actually the case and the elegant kimono that she was wearing had only *just* appeared on her body. The memory overlap between Gudako and the woman she *now* was felt a little bit jarring. Now that she was living in the *present* and those memories had converged, however, things were beginning to feel a little easier.



She stretched, and doing so lifted her breasts just for them to bounce when she dropped her arms to her sides once more. “**I’m a ninja, hm? But my body is quite... Well, that would be an unladylike comment to make, I think.**” Yumi was a serious person who liked to give off a very particular impression, and commenting on how *big her tits were* would probably shatter that impression... not that there was anyone around *to* hear her say it.

“**...Anyways. Minori should be back from her mission soon. I wonder if I should meet her?**”

Shouldn’t trying to return to normal have been more of a priority?



“Um...” Mashu Kyrielight couldn’t make *any* sense of what was happening to her. She *definitely* remembered being in da Vinci-chan’s office and had even been in the middle of a conversation with her. But the next thing she knew? She’d groggily awoken in a *very* dark room. It was lit only by candles, and appeared to be a bedroom of some sort? Judging by the lack of light filtering in through the nearby window, it must have been nighttime? And the moon must have been on the opposite side of whatever building she was in.

The Demi-Servant was quick to draw the same conclusions that the two Masters had. That she *wasn’t* dreaming, and that the most likely scenario was that she was in a Singularity. She couldn’t sense either of her Masters nearby though, and she couldn’t really tell *where* she was. No, based on the design of the room? She was *probably* in Japan, and probably in a somewhat modern era considering there *was* a television on the far wall. **“I should probably try and contact Chaldea.”**

It was something that she had done what felt like a million times in the past, but as she crouched down on the floor to set things up? ...It seemed that she *couldn’t*.

Not only could she *not* summon the shield that she needed to make that contact with, but... **“Uh?”** Both by looking around *and* through the sensation of her tights *slipping*, the girl became aware that something was off with her *height* of all things. **“Am I outgrowing my clothes? I shouldn’t be growing at *all* though!”** That felt like the most *obvious* thing to say *ever*. Bodies definitely didn’t just *grow* – at least nowhere near as quickly as *she* found herself doing so.

But as a Demi-Servant, it wasn’t like *Mashu* was positioned to claim that it wasn’t possible at all. She had seen – and suffered from – things that were *just* as strange. It was difficult to deny that she was growing taller vertically, and that the skirt of her dress was being pulled higher and higher on her torso while her tights were pulled right *off* of her ass so that they clung to her upper thighs instead. **“I-Is it going to stop?”**

The young woman had *been* 5’2”, but she’d made about *five inches* of gains overall. The growth had lengthened her limbs, torso, and even her *fingers* until she stood at a much taller 5’7” instead. But wasn’t it also a little strange that her tights hadn’t fallen further? There *was* a reason for that. The thighs that they had been caught on were about as thick as her hips *had* been before the slippage but... *that* didn’t make sense.

Mind you, it didn't make sense if you *only* believed that she was growing *taller*. That *wasn't* the case of course, and if her tights hadn't been *pulled* like they had, then they probably would have dug *into* a set of hips that swung nearly four inches wider beneath a stretched yet softer than normal belly. Those hips didn't grow for naught, but to accommodate the swell that graced both her thighs *and* her ass. Her *derriere* grew into a heart shape that jiggled with each motion, whereas her thighs were nearly as thick as her *waist*.

“Why does this feel so...?” *Arousing?* Mashu didn't finish her thought aloud. She simply stared down at herself in awe, her mind hung up on the sight of her lower body's expansion rather than the increasingly clear sight that her skin was being *drained* of its color. Any pink was sapped away, replaced by a white that was almost comparable to *chalk*. As for why it was *arousing?* Well, the plushness of her thighs rubbing together did her no favors, especially beneath a bush of purple that darkened to pitch black *and* thickened into an unkempt mess above her loins.

Matters in that regard *certainly* weren't helped as her view of her lower body came to gradually be *obscured*. **“My breasts...”** Mashu noted in a voice that was deep but almost *eerily* calm. There was no doubt that it *was* her breasts that were obscuring things though, because she could *feel* the skirt of her black dress lifting higher and higher as the weight of her own bosom took up more and more of her outfit. Her bra? It fortunately snapped before it became *too* burdensome.

I-cups. Of the three that had been warped into that singularity, the Demi-Servant was the one who gained the largest cup size. They were definitely *too* big, and the fabric that clad them was *dangerously* close to tearing by the time they had fully grown. But that *wasn't* an issue. **“Oh.”** All of a sudden? There was no attire-borne discomfort. What she'd been wearing had been replaced with long, black gown with gold accents that gave a *very* generous view of her cleavage *and* her expanded thighs.

Mashu felt somewhat compelled to grope herself while staring down at her porcelain pale heft, which was so heavy that they likely would have been sagging if not for the lace of her gown. Two white, flower ornaments had pulled some of her hair into two short twin tails, but they ended up lengthening. *All* of her hair did. By this point, the woman didn't really react much; not even as her hair, darkened to the same black as her pubes, reached all the way down to her ass in a mess that was both thick *and* wavy.

If anything, she quietly tilted her head to the side once she noticed the weight. Her lips pursed in the process, thickening beneath a longer nose

and eyes that narrowed while darkening to a *black* almost as dark as her hair. Her lashes were longer and her face more angular, altogether giving her a face that looked like it belonged more to an *older* woman. But that was just a trick of the light. She wasn't actually all that much older, and it was still in her twenties.

“This... isn't good. My body isn't supposed to be like this. Nor is my personality...” Of the three, it was a little surprising that *Fubuki* was the one to retain the strongest hold on her common sense after her transformation's completion. Was it a matter of her old personality being stronger than her new one? Not *quite*, it was just that Fubuki wasn't as *silly* as the two girls from Gessen Academy. They had been enemies in the past, in fact, but these days she had come to take a liking to them. Yumi was her cousin too, so there was *that*. **“The others... did something like this happen to the others as well?”**



The ninja was somewhat isolated due to her past misdeeds. Getting into contact with others wasn't easy, and even if she could? How would she find out if any of the other ninja had met a similar fate without coming across as somewhat insane. **“Hm... Perhaps I should save thoughts about this until the morning?”** She *was* quite tired, and thinking on things when tired was probably a bad— **“Erm?”**

But all of a sudden, the woman disappeared into a flash of golden light.

This was the second time that Fubuki had suddenly been teleported within only thirty minutes, but on this occasion? She appeared somewhere familiar. She was in Chaldea's summoning room... from the point of view of a Servant that had just been summoned? **“Answering your call. I am Fubuki, Assassin.”** She hadn't *meant* to say it, but she'd felt compelled to. Wait, did that mean she was a Servant?

“That's one of the three...” It had been hard to see in the dark part of the room, but the small da Vinci must have been there. **“You were Mashu, right? ...We still need to pull our Masters back, and I hope BB's plot didn't leave them in similar circumstances... But I guess since I have to *summon* them, that ship has already sailed...”**

Just what was going on?