

FAIRY TRICKS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“No good. There’s no way we’ll be able to pass like this. Not with that spell active.”

It certainly wasn’t *unlike* the operatives of the Chaldea Security Organization to end up in a life-or-death situation without any warning or time to prepare. In fact, when they had first stepped foot in that place, it hadn’t been a Singularity at all. There had been warning signs that one might *develop*, and that was why Ritsuka Fujimaru and Kadoc Zemlupus had been deployed along with a few Servants.

But it had been too late. It had grown into a fully formed Singularity before they could find the grail at its center, which meant that someone must have made use of that grail to put their plan into action. Almost immediately, it became clear that whatever was happening, the one behind it was very *anti-human*. Likely because they had caught wind of Chaldea appearing in the first place.

A spell had been activated in the sky that was scanning *for* humans, meaning that it was perilous for Ritsuka and Kadoc to venture out. If they were detected, the monsters that had been summoned would swarm them, and they weren’t equipped to fight that money. **“Ah! Well, I have a solution if you’d like to hear?”** Among the Servants that had come along, Lady Avalon was one of them.

She was a mysterious woman that *certainly* wasn’t Merlin in any conceivable way. Of course, there were people like Ritsuka that suspected the contrary, but they didn’t push her on it. Regardless of the truth behind her identity, she was the perfect Servant to have in a situation like this one, and the solution she had was... interesting. She

offered to help disguise the humans in their party *as* Servants using magecraft and grabbed Kadoc and Ritsuka to start her work. As they were led elsewhere, however? They could overhear Mashu mentioning:

“We may have to conceal my Shielder Saint Graph as well!”



The Singularity had been based around a modern-day Tokyo, so Kadoc hadn't felt all that out of place when Lady Avalon ushered him into an equally modern bathroom. It was spacious, but he didn't need to use it or anything. The Servant had just shoved him there because... **“Why am I going to need *privacy* for this?”** That had been Lady Avalon's excuse.

One explanation made sense to him, and it was that the disguise would involve something like enchanted clothing that would trick the detection spell that had been cast over the city. All of the other humans had up and *disappeared* well before they had arrived, so there must have been a reason the one behind it all didn't want them there beyond Chaldea's intervention. **“When is she going to... *Oh.*”**

Even though there was no reason for her not to communicate when it was happening, Lady Avalon hadn't said a word. He just felt a magecraft suddenly begin to influence his body.

As already stated, his expectations at most were that his clothing would simply change at most if it wasn't as simple as being enchanted by some temporary spell. And while he could *feel* magic at work? He didn't initially notice any differences otherwise. **“...Is it a *slow working spell?*”** That would have been a fair conclusion to come to, but the issue was more along the lines of the young man being incapable of *seeing* what was happening.

He was, after all, dressed head-to-toe in white and black. He even wore gloves, so the only skin that was exposed was above the neck. He couldn't gleam anything to realize that *his skin was softer* or that the unnecessary body hair that had already spread across it had been trimmed away, with even his armpits now nice and shaved. Kadoc didn't really notice that anything was wrong with his body until something more *extreme* came along, and well...

“...Huh?” The man had felt it. A strange twitch of his cock that had felt... *alarming*. It wasn't painful or anything – just *wrong* – and it happened again, and again, and again. Each time, however, it felt like it had less movement despite it *not* being hard, and the twitches felt... less impactful? Even though he was in the privacy of the bathroom, Kadoc wasn't about to fumble with his belt and zipper to try and drop his pants. Either way, the twitching eventually stopped... just as it felt like the skin was *parting* underneath where his dick *should* have been. **“Wait.”**

The ex-Crypther didn't like the conclusion that he had come to. No, the issue was more that it was an issue that *she* had come to, because as bizarre as it was, she couldn't fathom an explanation that wasn't her *sex inverting*. **“Why would she...!?”** No. She didn't know Lady Avalon well, but she was clearly a little *eccentric*. It didn't feel like it would have been out of character for her to go *above and beyond* when enacting a plan, and she'd been vague about how that plan would work in the first place.

“How far is she going!?” The detection spell in the sky just picked up their humanity, right? There should have been no reason to alter her appearance to such an extent? But even though she held onto that rationale, she couldn't do a thing about the fact that matters were *worsening*. Kadoc's attire had been fairly loose so that she'd have a free range of motion, but it had begun to feel tighter in, well... the places you'd expect a woman's body to have difficulties with clothing.

That was to say more plainly that... her womanly figure was developing. Right off the cuff it was clear that she was going to grow in abundance. Her pants grew tight around her hips as they flared out, forcing a temporary buckling of her knees before weight bubbled up in the surrounding area. Her thighs nearly *quadrupled* in size, which led to the seams on the sides of her pantlegs *bursting* so that flesh could peek through. Meanwhile, her ass burgeoned to make use of her widened hips, giving her a fat, juicy ass they protruded almost seven inches out past her back.

And, not to be outdone... **“Ugh...”** Kadoc had been struck with the realization a little too late that she had to unbutton her jacket, and her bosom *ballooned* with so much force that everything above the belt *blew* off instead. **“Wh-Whoa...”** In tandem, the new woman had stumbled forward from the additional weight. They weren't just big, they were *huge*, lifting her undershirt until you could see that her belly was entirely bare between the folds of her coat. And that belly was... more ripped than before, but she couldn't see with her new *G-cup* tits in the way.

But shockingly, this wasn't even their full size... *yet*. And the muscles she hadn't noticed beneath them were just the beginning.

A tingling washed over her face, prompting the woman to raise her hands to touch at it. She could feel the tug of her jaw's shape shifting, giving her a much stronger jawline. That said, her fingers were far more focused on her lips, pulled down against them as they thickened so that they jiggled when they returned to their original position. They must have tripled in weight with a fresh coat of gloss, and the rounding of her nose continued to add to her femininity... as did the shapes of her eyes narrowing.

Eyelashes lengthened around them, but Kadoc was none the wiser. "**My wips...**" She was still playing with her lips after all, and she was so focused on them that her voice, both deeper and more womanly simultaneously now, didn't catch her attention. This ignorance wasn't *entirely* her fault though. While the changes to her body, like one of her eyes turning red and the other an icy blue, were much more *obvious*, there had been changes slowly happening to her under the hood as well. Memories were being planted that weren't hers. Or, well, they weren't *Kadoc's*. They were memories that included her voice *always* sounding that way.

"I really am I woman... But I still don't think any of this was necessary." That said, she also accepted that on some level she didn't *actually* know if that was true. Things had felt so foreign at first, but aside from the restrictive design of clothes that clearly weren't designed for a body of her size, she felt more and more at home in her skin. She barely even bat an eyelash at the sensation of her short, white hair growing longer and thicker, cascaded down her back like a fluffy waterfall while equally fluffy bangs crossed between her eyes. They reached all the way down to the backs of her legs where, for a time, it almost seemed like the woman's body would not change any further.

And yet... "**Guh!?**" Her heterochromatic eyes went wide as an immense and borderline painful pressure built at the top of her skull from *two* points, one over either eye. Small, black nubs emerged from them at first, but as that pressure built? They soon grew out about *five* inches as a dark energy began to leak from them, their fronts a mixture of purple and blue. "**What the...!? My curse!?**" Her *curse*? What curse? She knew that she had one, but she certainly hadn't had one before.

Either way, this 'curse' stimulated one final wave of changes throughout her body, and it was a doozy. Lengthened hair that *had* reached the back of her knees lifted higher and higher as her jacket was lifted up to show off her belly. Her sleeves tore off from widening shoulders, and her belt *snapped* because her already impressive hips *flared* out to double that

girth. She was growing significantly, and there was *no* way that what she was wearing could keep up.

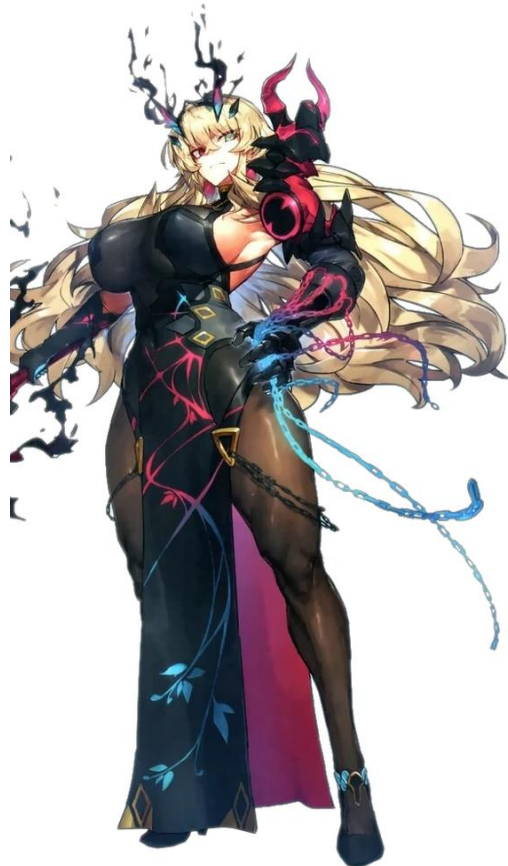
Case in point? Her massive tits had barely been contained by her shirt before, having taken up *all* of the room inside, but as weight pooled *further* into them, they end up ripping it down the front from the neckline as each breast swelled *larger* than her head. **“This is a little much...”** She muttered as she felt her boxers and the backs of her pants splitting from the added weight there. Her thighs showed an underappreciated side of things though. While a lot of this excess weight was fat, *muscle* rippled in her legs while her thighs exceeded her weight in size. Her arms became ripped, and some of the ‘size’ of her bosom came courtesy of hardened pecs.

By the time her height reached 6’3” where it stopped, she was practically dressed in *scraps*. But a glow of gold corrected that, replacing what she was wearing with something much more *fitting*. Black tights underneath a black dress that only hung past her ass and pelvis, reaching down to her ankles with a purple and blue floral pattern across it. This gown *barely* covered her massive breasts and even teased her sideboob, while her right arm wore a black glove and the left was armored with spiky obsidian that had the same reddish-purple and blue as the rest of her fit. Incidentally, the colors matched her leaking horns... and chains that hung from her hip.

At the very least, her body didn’t appear to be changing anymore.

“Hm... Well, I suppose this does the trick.” The hulking fairy woman just *barely* fit in the bathroom without having to duck to avoid hitting her head on the light that dangled from it. *Barghest* didn’t have any complaints about her circumstances, although she couldn’t reason whether or not she felt that way because of Lady Avalon’s influence, or if she was truly at peace with her new arrangement. **“It’s difficult to deny the effectiveness of that enchantment, if anything.”**

She gripped her hands tightly in front of her, tightening and rippling the muscles in her arms. She had very much become a *Saber* right



down to her Saint Graph, which meant that moving amidst the Singularity she found herself in would no longer prove to be difficult. **“At least I can still recall my past self..”** Although it *was* vague, she could remember being Kadoc, but it felt something more like a distant memory.

“Well, I suppose I should rejoin the others...”

So long as she could fit through the door.



It wasn't a bathroom that Lady Avalon had led Ritsuka to in the small home they had been using to hide in, but instead a small bedroom that was a few doors down. She'd told her Master that she was going to 'go get Mashu situated' before casting the spell on the three of them and to just 'hang tight' until then. **“I'm a little curious...”** Ritsuka wasn't exactly *nervous* or anything like that. She knew that she was in good hands.

Would it involve a new Mystic Code? She always enjoyed receiving new ones for her wardrobe, but she couldn't fathom how one might trick a spell into thinking a human was a Servant. **“That must be why she wanted us to have private corners of the home though. I can't imagine a solution without a change of attire...”**

Lady Avalon was probably being respectful of the possibility that they might unintentionally be seen naked.

By the time she had managed to express all these things though, she could tell that a spell had begun to work its way throughout her... body?

“Uh... Wait, is that what Lady Avalon had in mind!?” It *obviously* was, or else it wouldn't be happening. A magus capable of being summoned as a Caster would definitely know what her magic did. But, at least at first, she tried to be optimistic! Maybe it was just changing something about her body's composition so that she could pass as a Servant? ...And it just so happened to have a side effect where it made her skin softer to the touch and paler in color? That had to be it, right!?

There had obviously been a healthy amount of coping involved initially, but that cope could only really take her so far. After all, that 'softness' wasn't limited to merely 'softening her skin', as she soon found out. Not when the fit of her dress-like jacket began to tighten around her bosom. She wanted to think that maybe her clothes *were* changing and becoming a little tighter was part of the process, and yet...

It was not. The woman's attire looked *exactly* the same. But it was *definitely* struggling to contain the heft within them, which had *once* been a pair of C-cup breasts that had been comfortably wrapped in a bra and a black undershirt. Said bra was *digging into her back* and she could tell that her nipples weren't only *erect*, but they were peaking over the upper wiring of that bra beneath a shirt that was *clearly* being lifted under the coat so that there was nothing between the jacket and her tummy.

With no other options available to her, she began to fidget with the belt that was strapped above her chest. "**Wh-Why are they so big!?**" After a few seconds it was finally undone and she felt a *bit* of relief, but she only felt *comfortable* – and only barely – when she managed to unzip the jacket's upper half so that a pair of *G-cup* tits could bounce out, her bra tucked under them and her shirt only covering down past her puffier nipples.

"*Uh...*" Well, if she was going to *rationalize* it... a lot of the women Servants in Chaldea were large-breasted? Maybe it was just to help her fit in? And a lot of them had big butts too, right!? That explained why her hips were swinging wider, and why she could feel her paled cheeks beginning to peek up over the brim of the black spats she was wearing around her waist, right!? ...Of course, while that was the *reality*, it certainly wasn't the *reason*.

Ritsuka's ass was fattening and her thighs thickening because those were simply traits of the *specific* Servant that she was becoming. It was lucky that her thighs were effectively bare, because as they burgeoned with jiggling weight until they were about 1.5 times as thick as they had been, then only really lifted her jacket's 'skirt' a touch. In fact, while the woman's figure had developed into a perfectly buxom hourglass, she'd avoided *most* of the discomfort by freeing her tits. Her heart shaped ass might have looked like it was being squeezed *out* of her spats a little, though.

Something that went unnoticed throughout it all was the fact that her height had sprung up a single inch however, from 5'3" to 5'4" instead.

"**This is quite the *adventure*, isn't it!?**" That was certainly a *strange* way of phrasing it, and one that sounded a little more *optimistic* than it probably should have, all things considered. What about her body changing was an *adventure*? And even then... "**Does my voice sound different!?**" Higher, bubblier, and much more *excited*? In fact, she was becoming quite restless, and her attention was flying every which way.

Every which was aside from her... her own body. Most of it had *already* changed, obviously, but she had still been herself from the neck up. Her changing voice came paired with adjustments to her face though, seeing her features slim and shrink, aside from her lips that swelled into a more abundant pout. Above a smaller nose, her golden eyes darkened to a deep sky blue with lashes that both lengthened and parted because the shapes of her eyelids had rounded. They didn't look like the eyes of a Japanese woman. They were much more *Caucasian*.

She was practically rocking back and forth on her heels as if she was waiting for something... but the woman couldn't quite remember *what*. **“Was I doing something? It felt like it was important! Well, any job is important for a hero!”** Being a *hero* sounded like a cool aspiration, right? She couldn't wait to wield her strength to help someone! And that desire outweighed any recognition of her hair paling to silver and spilling down to the backs of her ankles, with its sheen framing her eyes and dipping slightly longer above her nose.

The truth of the matter *was* that, all of a sudden, Ritsuka's sense of self had been *lost*. A surge of memories that hadn't been hers had crashed into her mind like a tidal wave, and once that wave subsided? Everything that had made her Chaldea's Master had been washed away. Even the Command Seals on her hands had disappeared! ...Incidentally while the rounded tips of her ears had pulled into long, thin points that looked elvish. Or like the ears of a *fairy*.

In a flash of gold, the woman's attire changed... although it didn't do much for her gigantic tits. In fact, the white bodysuit she'd been dressed in instead was *entirely* open from her bellybutton up to her collarbone, showing off her cleavage and her tummy beneath a golden four-leaf clover. It probably *could* be zippered up, but her breasts would have made doing so a *little* bit difficult. White and gold covered her new boots, her sleeves and armored gloves, and yet her shoulders were left bare. At the very least, her long hair had been tied into twin tails with bund to keep it maintained, with only a gold circlet above her bangs.

“The most heroic of Morgan's knights is on the scene!” With her full range of motion returned after her clothing had transformed, *Britomart* made this bold declaration along with a silly little pose within the confined of the bedroom. Her abundance of energy was plain to see, as she couldn't even hope to stop herself from pacing around the room even after. **“Uh... But what am I even doing here!?”** That energy, as it turned out, was also channeled into her *confusion*.

While her fate had been similar to Barghest's, there was one fairly substantial difference. Ritsuka's mental protection had crumbled much more quickly, whether by Lady Avalon's design or not, and so she didn't remember a *single* thing about who she had been before. There was no recollection of being Chaldea's Master or anything like that, the knight just thought she'd been summoned to the Singularity to... **“Oh right! I was supposed to be helping! Guess I should go meet up with the others!”**



She could feel the presence of several Servants in the living room downstairs, so she'd start there!

“Wow! Miss Barghest is so strong and cool!” After leaving the bedroom, Britomart had immediately bumped into Barghest. The hulking woman of a knight was confused. She must have been Ritsuka, right? Why was she acting with no familiarity? When she tried to bring it up, Britomart just seemed to be... confused. Not to mention she was gradually becoming embarrassed by all the flattery that the newest Fairy Knight was pouring on her as they descended the stairs. **“When this mission is done, you should tell me all about your many heroic deeds!”**

“Lady Avalon...” Barghest was the first to speak when they entered the living room in question, looking directly at the Pretender. **“Your spell seems to have worked, but did you have to go this far? I don't think Britomart is...?”** She didn't manage to ask her question in its entirety, namely because she couldn't see *Mashu* anywhere. **“Is Mashu still not done changing?”**

“Ah, well, you see...” Lady Avalon chuckled a little, which didn't give Barghest a particularly positive feeling about what she had done. The Pretender gestured *to* Barghest? Well, while that was how it had seemed, it took her a moment to realize she was gesturing *below* her, just a foot away. She hadn't even seen her with her massive breasts in the way, but after stepping back someone very small and very pink came into view. *Habetrot?*

“Um... I’m right here, actually!”

Well, whatever worked.