

# FATUI ROLED I.

BIWEEKLY STORY #182

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**“I can’t believe this! All of this Mora *and* a bonus!?! I really hit the jackpot with that job!”**

Mona Megistus, while she was in the comfort of her small and fancy Mondstadt home, was prattling on and on by something she had received in the mail that day. *All* of the payment she had accumulated on a recent job, and that job hadn’t even been related to astronomy or the Adventurer’s Guild. Of all people, she had been hired by two of the Hexenzirkel witches to help with an event during Windblume that had been rather... intriguing.

Alice and Nicole had arranged what was perhaps the most Hexenzirkel thing imaginable: a retelling of the Traveler’s arrival in Mondstadt told within a storybook world crafted by the witches. They had needed actors and actresses to fill some of the... less important roles, and Mona had taken them up on an offer to work two roles within the same section. In both cases? She was playing a Fatui agent.

While she hadn’t gone to the effort of dressing up, she *had* taken it upon herself to *elevate* her roles even if they were just in the back of her head. There had been no reason *not* to if it helped her get into character. The first? She had imagined herself as a Cryo Cicin Mage, while in her second performance she had imagined herself as one of the Fatui’s Mirror Maidens. They were tall, beautiful, and mysterious older women, but...

That was besides the point! Mona had taken the two pouches that Alice had sent her to the little safe where she kept *all* of her Mora. It had a mouth she could open, upon which she could pour the coins and then

push them in where they would drop in with the rest. But when she pulled the tray back out to make sure everything had fallen in?



Well, that was when she had found her 'bonus'. It must have been mixed in with the coins in one of the pouches, but there had been a small golden emblem that was about twice as large as a coin of Mora. She recognized it. It was one of those emblems that high ranking Fatui carried, but without a member of the Fatui attached to it? She could resell it for a high price to a collector in Mondstadt.

Logically speaking, Alice had probably tossed it in as a joke. **"All of those witches have a sense of humor like that... the old hag included."** Lest Mona forget that one of those witches was her own teacher. **"Well, I'm not going to complain. With a little extra Mora... maybe I'll be able to travel to Nod-Krai sooner than I thought!"**

She ended up placing the emblem *beside* the safe to sell later and turned to leave, eventually entering her bedroom.

...Entirely none the wiser to the pale blue glow that the golden emblem had begun to emit.

It was only the middle of the day, and now that she had been paid? Mona had become keen towards the idea of taking a content little nap. That was why she had returned to her room in a hurry, because she *was* feeling pretty tired. But by the time she reached her bed, she ended up a little... distracted. **"Uh...?"** Seemingly out of nowhere, she had been burdened by the sensation of her *nipple* slipping.

The young woman's outfit had been tailor-made to suit her body now that she had reached what she assumed to be her full size. She wasn't going to grow any taller, nor were her curves going to increase in size. At least not until she became *significantly* older and things began to, well... grow heavier and saggier. Nonetheless, her perky B-cups should have been the heft she would be dealing with for the foreseeable future, and their smaller size hadn't really bothered her.

**"Wh-Why are my breasts...!?"** That was why it had been so shocking to her. In a sudden burst of flesh, her small breasts had gained a full size and her nipples had slipped up and over the cups of her leotard, forcing

the golden star that dangled across her collarbone to push slightly forward as well. Was it the result of someone's Vision-fueled power? But the fortune teller had never heard of a power like that, and what would be the use of inflating someone's cup size!?

Part of the issue was that it wasn't *just* a single cup size. "**H-HOLD ON!?**" Since her tits had already escaped their bindings, there was nothing that was really stopping them from growing... and growing... and growing some more. Their firmness rapidly deteriorated as they swelled and her nipples became puffier than her eyes. Before long though, the tits themselves had followed similar pattern and usurped her *head* in size as they sagged significantly. "**These are huge!**" H-cups? *I-cups*? She couldn't be sure without measuring them.

But she also soon came to the realization that she had more to worry about than her merely her *tits* inflating. As they hung against her belly, they were ever so slightly pushed forward by her straining leotard and the black, translucent body stocking that she wore underneath it. The fabric of the stocking specifically began to fray, pulled tight by *fat* in her tummy as a plump and squishy weight saw that tummy jiggle. Mona had been hands off with her tits out of respect for decency, but she *did* paw at her belly, shocked by her fingers sinking into the sort of weight you'd expect to find on someone... a little *older*.

"**I-I'm fatter!?**" Equally as concerning was how it all *felt*. There was no denying that her clothing was too tight for what was happening to her body and that wasn't improving at all, but that wasn't the only sensation bothering her. She felt strangely *aroused*, or perhaps it wasn't *that* strange. Her breasts were aching with need, and the tingling in her loins was only growing more intense.

To be fair though, those loins could hardly be blamed when the area surrounding them became burdened with a weight similar to her belly and bosom. The tights of her body stocking were tearing all over, and the bottoms of her leotard were *lifted* by her hips swinging wider – when she had already believed her hips to be more abundant than most women. The growth of those hips wasn't a side effect of anything so much as it had been a *necessity* though.

Because the weight below was targeting her ass and thighs, similarly, bestowing her with an abundance that looked like at one point in time it had been perky despite its abundance. And yet? It jiggled with a looseness that only age could provide, and because her thighs grew so thick, there was a *lot* of jiggling as lingering fibers from the stockings dug into them. Her ass fared no better, of course, almost rivaling her tits in size as they made short work of the material behind her.

**“Why am I getting so... Mmn...”** She bit her lower lip *and* moaned as the sound of flesh being slapped filled the room. Mona had found herself incapable of resisting her *curiosity* any longer and had reached back to grab at her huge, exposed, and loose ass with fingers that were growing longer, with nails that had become sharper. **“Perhaps this isn’t so bad?”** She *did* feel good. She felt *empowered*. She felt... *experienced*.

The sides of her leotard *finally* snapped, allowing the stretch of material around her back to rip all the way around, splitting it into two. This allowed her belly to fully escape, and it actually ended up looking... thinner? Not significantly so, it was more like the weight was being more evenly distributed? *All* of this weight was, because her shorter height was being stretched out. She crept up towards a height of *six feet*, all while her newfound maturity affected all aspects of her appearance that had remained youthful.

It could have already been heard in a voice that had deepened and grown sultrier. There had been a real ‘ara ara’ quality to it that Mona herself seemed to be oblivious to, or at least *accepting* of it. Her face was repainted with the strokes of an older woman so that it better matched this sound, beginning with a swell to her lips that almost made them look bee stung. Her complexion wore down along with the rest of her skin, become drier with the signs of age creeping in. Crow’s feet in the corner of her eyes, dimples, and a slight sag to the skin around her longer nose and narrowed, even icier gaze decorated by thicker lashes.

The older woman, who now looked to be around *forty* or so, simply hummed to herself. All of her concerns had dissipated, not only because she was a little *excited* by what was happening, but because she was beginning to remember... *things*. Memories of training as a member of the Fatui, of being a native woman of Schneznaya, and of having three little girls that she was doing all that to provide for back in her hometown. As those memories became more prominent, a silvery sheen danced through all of the hair on her body. Her pubes, however, were shaved away before long.

If there were any *problems* that the thick and seductively bodied woman could identify, it was that— **“It would be nice if I at least had a change of clothes if I’m to live like this?”** In a way, this confirmed that she hadn’t forgotten being Mona; she just didn’t really *care* anymore. Comfort was a greater priority and, at the very least, she *was* provided that much at her transformation’s end.

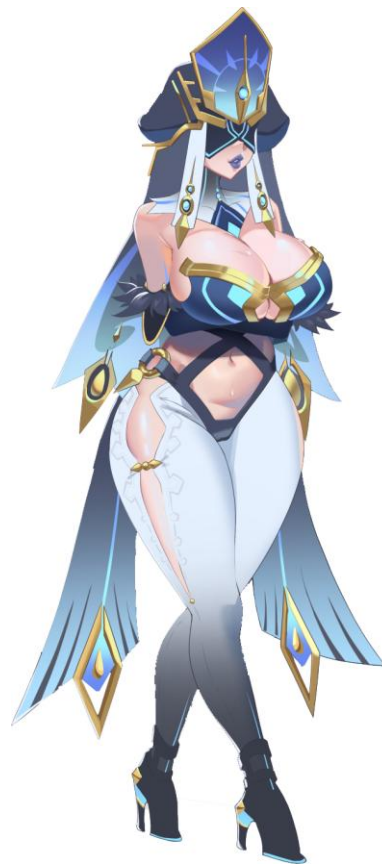
Torn fabric stretched and extended, establishing itself as an outfit of different color *and* design before long. Her swollen legs were soon dressed in white pants that had slight dips down the sides, her bulging

thighs *barely* contained by golden clasps while she found herself lifted by black heels. Her slight tummy sat bare aside from black latex that crossed across it towards the blue and gold cups that now hugged her tits while leaving everything above her nipples bare. Black gloves with fur at the ends reached past her elbows, whereas her silver hair was pulled up under a dark blue headpiece with a split veil and a blindfold... that she could curiously see through.

The thought of *'That's better...'* crossed her mind just as a dark blue lipstick ran thickly across her lips, which pulled into a knowing smirk.

**“Mm... Well, this is quite the conundrum, isn't it? Is this one of that witch's tricks? I understand why the Tsaritsa is wary of the members of Hexenzirkel.”** On some level, the forty-year-old woman that now paced about Mona Megistus's chambers was cognizant of what had just unfolded. Her fate had been remade, and she had now a Mirror Maiden working in the service of the Fatui. Her name? It was *Ekaterina*. And aware of her past self or not, she couldn't find it in herself to identify that way.

It was a curious trick. She had been transformed into an older MILF of a Fatui, complete with her memories? There was only one reason she could think of for *that*. **“Did she just use me to create her own source of information? With all of my knowledge of the Fatui inner workings, I suppose they're hoping I'd squeal?”** After retrieving *her* emblem from beside the safe and the coin from within it, the woman moved towards the front hall.



Mirror Maidens were known for their trickery. Alice had made a mistake. **“Well, shall we slip out now before they have time to find me?”** It was a shame, Ekaterina thought, that she didn't have time for some *recreation*. The transformation had left her rather *aroused*, and she couldn't stop herself from tracing and even grabbing at her curves, tummy included, here and there. It had been agonizing to put the coin and emblem into her cleavage just because of how *sensitive* her tits were. But as mist enveloped her body and she eventually disappeared, she did commit to a secondary option.

**“Perhaps there’s a village out in the hills where I can *have some fun.*”**

She’d just need a disguise!