

PIGGY BANK

MARCH 2022 REQUEST STORY

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It was not often that Ritsuka Fujimaru felt like this. At least not so late at night. But she was very, very hungry all of a sudden. So hungry that she had been woken up from her much needed rest to address that hunger. It all began around three in the morning, at which point she rolled over and groaned after looking at the clock. **“When was the last time I ate...?”**

To be fair to her, the day she had just endured had been a very busy one. As of late, a number of Servants had been asking her to do training exercises with them in the simulator in order to build their synergy were a combat situation to arise one day. Her morning and afternoon had been filled with these sessions, and in the evening? Da Vinci-chan requested her help in filling in some missing inventory for her workshop. More plainly put, she had been asked to farm materials along with the usual Servant team.

As she reflected on this, it all made a lot more sense to her as to why she was so hungry. She could definitely remember eating lunch, but dinner? The Master had been so caught up in the day that it had completely slipped her mind. When she had gotten back from her farming session, one that had spanned well into the night, she had more or less passed out the moment she had hit her bed. She hadn't even gotten changed into her pajamas!

So, inconvenient as it was, maybe the fact that she had been stirred awake by a rumbling tummy was for the best? She could get changed... *after* she'd had something to eat. And so? Out to the cafeteria she went.

It wasn't at all surprising to her to find the cafeteria empty at that hour. The only people who really used it after midnight were Chaldea's night staff, and even then there were so few of them these days that they might as well have been ghosts. The large room was barely lit by the overnight lights, but for the time being Ritsuka wasn't really concerned with the cafeteria itself.



Still a little groggy, she beelined to the kitchen door in the back. There obviously weren't any cafeteria staff working, and so it fell upon her own shoulders to prepare herself a meal in this situation. Well, more like she would rummage around and find whatever leftovers she could. She wasn't exactly looking for something heavy, and she didn't know what had been served for dinner, either.

"...Is that it?" All she could find in the leftovers section was a bowl of porridge though. That said... it wasn't your regular porridge. It was a batch of kykeon prepared by Circe earlier in the day. Due to its unusual properties she had actually been barred from keeping it in the public fridge, but apparently a batch had slipped through the cracks. Ritsuka hadn't even realized it *was* kykeon, because now that it was chilled its unusual color when freshly made had simmered down into something more expected.

Ritsuka was too groggy and too hungry to think about it, however. She just poured a bowl and popped it in the microwave, grabbing a spoon as it heated up. **"Thanks for the meal."** There was no one around, but she was still insistent on using her manners before taking a spoonful and shoving it in her mouth. The taste and texture just reminded her of regular porridge because it had been in the fridge for so long, but unfortunately for Ritsuka? It wasn't regular porridge.

But hey, at least it wouldn't turn her into a *pig*!

She did begin to notice something *strange* rather quickly, mind you. She had been so fixated on appeasing her hunger, but now her mind had begun to wander to a certain individual. **"Ungh, that stupid Odysseus... Eh?"** Why had that Rider suddenly come to mind? And why was she groaning about him like she had some sort of personal grudge against him? Those feelings didn't make sense, especially with what had been going on. But her mouth continued to run, saying things

she didn't mean to. **“And why is this kykeon reheated? I should just make a fresh batch!”**

Wait... Had she just said 'kykeon'? Internally, Ritsuka had tipped over from concerned to understandably panicked. On the *exterior*, she had begun to rummage around for kykeon ingredients as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She just couldn't seem to control her actions and, even worse, the longer this went on the more enthused she even felt deep down to make that barley porridge!

This was all naturally very disorienting for Ritsuka, who without thinking chucked the bowl of *gross, reheated kykeon* into the nearby sink. Was it really a matter of acting without thinking, though? The impulses grew stronger and stronger, and before long she was moving around as if she were in autopilot. A pot went onto the stove to boil water, and she fetched the ingredients she needed from the pantry as if she had fetched the same combination a million times. It really didn't make any sense, but it made sense *to her*.

The truth of the matter was that the kykeon she had consumed was enforcing the existence of its creator on the one who had eaten it. Ritsuka was acting and thinking more and more like Circe, and it had all happened so quickly that she really hadn't been afforded much of an opportunity to dwell on and realize it. Everything that made her Ritsuka personality wise, and even *memory* wise, was quickly being usurped by the things that made Circe, well, Circe.

“Water in the pot... okay!” By the time she had turned the stovetop on, it became clear from an outsider's perspective that these changes were not limited to the woman's mind alone. Strange as it was to see Ritsuka dancing about the kitchen like a kykeon-cooking professional while attempting to suppress thoughts and feelings about a man who just downright grinded her gears, before long she would perfectly resemble the woman who better suited that description as well.

You didn't really need to look any farther than her *hair* to understand that much, ultimately. For among the mane of vivid orange, lighter strands soon made themselves apparent to the naked eye. Closer to the roots these lighter shades *did* appear to be somewhat orange, but near the tips? There was a much more obvious pink that contradicted her original hair color, almost making her look like someone had mixed two flavors of Jell-O.

As she grabbed some more barley from the pantry to add to her brew, the length of the hair behind her soon swelled outwards. It danced far past her shoulders, falling as far down as her thighs – but it was here that it began to seem strange stylistically too. It fanned out to the sides

loosely, which her bangs inherited a straight and soft cut. Overall, the natural waviness of the young woman's locks was erased in favor of a straightness that culminated in an undeniable softness nearest their tips.

None of which was anything that Ritsuka had taken notice of. She was still moving about the kitchen, checking on her pot of ingredients and stirring when needed. **“Okay! Next we just need to wait and keep stirring.”** A higher pitched hum had found its way into her voice by this point in time, and her eyes practically shone with excitement. Oh, no, wait. They actually *were* shining. Her irises had lit up with two colors – a pink to match her hair on top, but it also blended into a baby blue on the bottom halves.

Perhaps just as startling was what happened to the shapes of those eyes. They appeared to grow fuller in their brightness because their corners pulled a little wider. This left the shapes of her optics to appear far more Caucasian than Asian, speaking to a different racial background that became more and more obvious as her facial features distorted to reflect what her eyes were already saying.

To those ends, her face became *longer*. Her chin pulled farther away from her forehead, and as a result that chin also appeared to be sharper as well. A side-effect of this was that her eyes looked even bigger, and her nose seemed to sit farther down on her face as well. With pink brows thinned, and paired with her hair? Well, there was little point in denying what was obvious. She looked *identical* to the Caster from the neck up.

“That stupid Odysseus... I swear I'll turn him into a pig!” Now that the busywork aspect of making the kykeon was completed, the anger that was pointed towards Odysseus returned to highlight just how far gone Ritsuka had become mentally. There wasn't a single trace of her old self in there, and so it was only natural that she wouldn't find the rest of her transformation strange.

Such as the undeniable regression of her stature. Down and down she shrunk from her 5'3" height, limbs and torso alike collapsing in the process. Her black Chaldea uniform became looser and looser upon a frame that collapsed not only downwards, but inwards, for even her shoulders and hips regressed to keep her size somewhat consistent with the body that was left in mind for her.

The most that actually struck her about it was how she shuddered, and only then it was because with her clothing malfunction she'd felt the slightest bit of a chill. The front of her top seemed to become flatter thanks to her breasts beneath, which lost much of their mass so that they became meager B-cups compared to her usual Ds. And with her

hips thinner? Legs were robbed of the fatty tissue that left her thighs plump, and so a notable thigh gap was left between them. It went without saying that all of her ass meat escaped her too, with cheeks remaining perky... but only for a woman that was 4'9". Oh, how she cursed her lackluster height!

Aside from a few key features, Ritsuka was pretty much a shoo-in for a replica of Circe by this point. **"Oh, I should stretch!"** Her body felt a little stiff, undoubtedly a side-effect of her transformation, and so she raised her arms high in the air. By the time daintier fingers that were painted with pastel pink fell back down to her sides, her whole outfit had changed so that she was wearing what seemed to be a white, sleeveless toga that left her tummy and inner cleavage exposed. It was lain over a matching skirt that was *very* short, bound by a golden band. In fact, from bangles, to a necklace, to a circlet atop her head, there was plenty of gold to be found on her person now. A feathered crown even wrapped around the top of her head.

"Ah, much better!" The new witch bobbed her head, her muscles now feeling much less tense after that quick stretching session. She remained ignorant to the final set of changes that set in, ones that spoke to the fact that Circe was not a human by any traditional means. The cartilage of her ears slowly pulled out to the sides, each ear spanning roughly six inches before culminating into points that came across as quite elvish without being an elf herself.

And then last but not least? They didn't appear from her body, but a pair of falcon wings appeared to conjure across her shoulders. Brown feathers decorated the outside, and the insides were pink. They weren't wings that belonged to her body, but as her new Magic Circuits connected to them, these faux wings became something that she could easily control like any part of her body.

What had begun with her change in personality and demeanor had finally culminated with a change of flesh and clothing. It now made complete sense that she had been so fixated on Odysseus and wielding a fresh batch of kykeon to take her mind off of him – because both in body and soul she had been transfigured into what could essentially be considered a twin sister of *Circe*, the Caster. Even then, 'twin sister' didn't quite fully encapsulate what she had become. She acted like Circe, believed herself to *be* Circe. There was only one with that name as far as she was concerned, and it was *herself*.

"Dunno why I thought about Odysseus so suddenly. It just put me in a foul mood! Oh well, at least I'll have the comforting taste of a fresh bowl of kykeon to clean my palette!" The contents of the pot boiling nicely, it was much simpler for her to keep

stock of her cooking situation now that she was standing in those tall shoes. If she spread her wings in the kitchen there was always the chance some plumage might come loose and fall into the pot and ruin the whole thing.

Yup. This all felt natural to Circe. Clearly she'd had a bad dream about Odysseus or something and had come all of the way out to the kitchen to cook her agitation away! She'd have to make sure to not leave any extra kykeon in the fridge when she was done though... it tended to have some unpredictable effects after becoming cold and getting reheated again! Although come to think of it, had she accidentally left some of yesterday's batch in the kitchen somewhere?



“**Nah, I must be misremembering.**”

Even though the remains were sitting in the sink nearby from when Ritsuka had tasted and discarded it. She had forgotten all about that!

“HEY! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU!?” Drawn in by the scent of freshly cooking kykeon, the voice of a young woman screeched from the doorway. One that was identical to Circe's, because standing in the door with a finger pointed at the cook *was* Circe. Or the original one, at least. She had caught whiff of someone cooking her signature dish and had come to investigate, only to find her lookalike in the kitchen. **“Another me!? Did Chaldea summon another one!?”**

An awkward silence hung over the two for a moment as the pair attempted to process this new information. *Had* Chaldea summoned a second Circe? That wasn't impossible, right? After all, look at how many King Arthurs there were running around! They both considered their next actions carefully. If there were two of them, then that wasn't necessarily a *bad* thing, right? They could get twice the amount of work done, and they could both harbor hardcore hate on Odysseus hardcore. So it was the copy that piped up first. **“Is... this really a bad thing?”**

“Oh, guess not!” The original quickly agreed, the tense situation very quickly melting away. But just as the two of them were about to catch up,

the sound of the water in the pot boiling over distracted the pair of them, who cried out in unison.

“AH! THE KYKEON!”