

HEART OF A RONIN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The ever looming threat of the next Lostbelt was naturally something that was always in the backs of the minds of Chaldea's staff. It was something that they had to be prepared for at a moment's notice, that the fleeting moment of peace that they had acquired might be overcome with a life or death emergency. Though to be fair? Sometimes issues arose that were *just* as sudden and *just* as dangerous that weren't related to the Lostbelts that prompted the same concerns.

Of course, while these concerns were in the backs of the minds that worked in Chaldea, they were concerns *shared* by the Servants as well. They had to be prepared at any given moment to protect the Wandering Sea, the Shadow Border, and all of those that worked here. And, of course, protecting the Master himself. These concerns manifested in different Servants differently, of course. Some looked to prepare mentally, not doubting their strength. Others didn't bother to prepare at all.

While others prepared almost exclusively in the most common sense way imaginable: through *training*. Musashi Miyamoto was one of these Servants, and with four Lostbelts under Chaldea's belt, she was more than wary of what was to come. "**Hah! Yah! Aaaand wah!**" She practically holed herself up in the training room of the Wandering Sea for two hours every day, swinging her sword against simulated enemies and stationary targets. Even now she was just as sweaty as the day before.

But even though she had been putting in the work? The Saber didn't feel like she was improving because she wasn't being *challenged*. "**Sigh. If only I had a sparring partner capable of keeping up with me.**"

Maybe a beautiful young man or woman?” Then not only could she be challenged, but she would feel motivated as well! **“I wish someone like that would show up...”**

Although Musashi wasn't aware that someone had *overheard* her wish.



The Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka Fujimaru, was simply enjoying his afternoon after having spent the few days before farming. He'd gotten up, showered, lazed around, gone to the cafeteria to have lunch, and now he'd returned to his room. **“Maybe I could pull up some funny videos on the computer for the afternoon?”** It was nice to relax now and again, and that most certainly sounded like a *great* idea! Considering the world had been bleached and all, new content wasn't being *made*, but the systems there *did* basically have all of YouTube saved to it!

He didn't exactly get a ton of days to unwind after all, and while that fear that *something* might go wrong was still clearly at the back of his mind, the Master had more or less come to terms with occasionally turning off those worries and just enjoying the simpler things. Particularly when he got some privacy because *honestly*? In Chaldea he didn't really get a *lot* of that with how often staff needed him. Servants could even be *more* intrusive depending on the Servant in question.

“Huh? Who put *this* here?” Upon returning to his room however, the young man found a sign of some of that intrusive behavior. Someone, likely a Servant, had been in his room. *Likely* a Servant because he had most certainly locked his door, so a Servant in spirit form, or perhaps using an ability, would have been the only thing able to break in otherwise.

What had tipped him off was the katana on his bed. It *definitely* hadn't been there when he had left, but clad in a black scabbard there it now was. Clearly it was of Japanese make, which might have narrowed down the suspects? But he couldn't imagine *why* someone would have left a katana in his living quarters in the first place!

Ritsuka raised an eyebrow at it. **“I guess I should move it though. What if I want to take a nap?”** He couldn't exactly lay beside a *sword*. But he should probably have made an effort to figure out *who* the blade belonged to more than anything. It was the Master's day off

however, so he would just hold onto it for the time being and search for its owner in the morning.

And so, Ritsuka reached down to grab the blade with one hand. And yet? A shock of black electricity jumped from the scabbard into his hand, painless, yet still surprising enough to provoke him into recoiling. “**H-Huh!?**” He stared at the hand that had been struck. There was no tingling or anything, but that *hadn't* been a regular bolt of static electricity. He could vaguely sense it. Something that was akin to *magic*, but also didn't feel exactly like it, either.

Was it some sort of defense mechanism? No, if that had been the case then it probably would have done much more than briefly shock him, right? So that didn't really make much sense. Still, it seemed to be harmless, so maybe if he just left it alone for the time being? Maybe he could move it while wearing gloves? “**...I'm going to have to get someone to look at it, aren't I?**” He was lamenting about how this was likely going to result in disturbing his much desired day off.

Alas, by touching that blade he had put into motion a series of events that would ruin his day off *regardless* of whether or not he went to seek help, and it wasn't through something as mundane as simply being disturbed by a strange. That would almost have been *welcome*. Yet instead? As Ritsuka furrowed his brows, the face upon which those brows were fastened began to appear increasingly *unfamiliar*.

The brows themselves were actually part of this, for they grew thicker above eyelashes that seemed to lengthen about an inch each. The slants of Ritsuka's eyes then grew sharper, and as irises darkened towards a hazel color? Even they seemed to grow smaller, giving his resting expression a much more *serious* look than was typical of him.

That said, whether or not referring to him in the masculine was correct was rapidly being drawn into question by his face on the whole. Eyes already seemed daintier despite being so narrow, but it wasn't *only* his eyes that had been affected. His nose, for example? It took a sharper point, but all in all the bridge had pushed inward towards his face. There was also the matter of his lips, which had swollen abundantly. “**Whath should I... Huhth?**” They were so much bigger, in fact, that a lisp was momentarily plain as he adjusted to their swell.

“**Whath going on with my lips?**” The boy learned through speaking repeatedly that he could avoid the lisp by moving them slightly differently, but that didn't stop his fingers from reaching up to touch them. Why were they so swollen? Was he having an allergic reaction to something? *Typically* allergic reactions didn't narrow your face nor smooth your cheekbones, rendering your face that of a beautiful young

woman. Not *normally* anyways. “**This is weird...**” Wait. “**...Eh? My voice!?**”

Ritsuka’s hand moved to his neck next, not at all noting how his Adam’s apple had smoothed out. He sounded like a woman. “**Wait, are my lips so swollen because...?**” There was a mirror in the corner of his room, and he quickly dashed to it as the potential cause of his woes came racing into the back of his mind. It shouldn’t have been possible, but how could he deny the experiences he was feeling firsthand?

Even *as* he dashed to the mirror, something had changed. His short and spiky hair had flattened, soon flowing out behind him as length grew longer and its texture all became silkier. Much of it fell to just above his rear in the back, while on the sides tufts fell to his chest and bangs were cut straight just above his brows. This was a fairly classical hime-cut with how straight everything was chopped off.

And it simply added to the experience once he caught sight of his own reflection. “**I... I look like a girl!?**” At least from the neck up, and one that looked to be in her twenties. There was little point denying his long hair or his glossy lips. If you didn’t take into account his build, which was still otherwise masculine, you could easily have mistaken him for a woman. That said, on that point...

In so much shock from his own reflection, the fact that he’d almost face-planted into the mirror didn’t feel all that alarming even if he *did* yelp. But it absolutely *should* have, seeing as it was accompanied by the feeling of his gray pants hugging his hips much more tightly. His knees had buckled inward as a direct result of what had transpired: his hips had swung several inches wider, leaving a significant gap between his legs.

And oh so quickly? That gap filled up. His thighs bloated, imperiling the comfort of the dick housed in his boxers as they swelled closer and closer towards meeting in the middle. “**My... My legs?**” Hands reached down to try and push them in, but the thick tissue that padded them stretched the cloth of his pants to the point where they began to rip with little holes.

This certainly wasn’t helped by what had transpired behind him, with his rear inflating to the point that the peaks of his cheeks had peeked out *despite* the belt he was wearing. His ass was ample, heart shaped, and much like his thighs was built with fat and muscle alike. But it had all made his boxers so tight that his boxers were basically *crushing* his crotch. “**Ngh...!?**”

Unfortunately, the problem wasn't even immediately addressed, though it would be in time. He'd become quite bottom heavy what with how abundantly thicc he'd grown, and now the time had come for some semblance of *balance* to be restored. For a moment it didn't look like that would be the case, as his waistline pinched inward quite dramatically and he was forced to hold his tummy with fingers that, unnoticed, were longer and calloused with long nails.

But balance *was* ultimately restored. It just knocked him dramatically *off* balance first. “**This isn't happening...!**” What else could Ritsuka even *say* at this point? He was becoming a woman, and it was incredibly uncomfortable dressed as he was. This was only highlighted further as once his posture was forced to lean forward, mass amassing in the one place where feminine resemblance had yet to pool.

His chest. And what gathered there wasn't even *subtle*. Nipples grew hard and engorged, almost the size of his eyes when they were finally done growing. Yet their change in size seemed paltry to the size of what took shape beneath them. His once flat chest *ballooned* into a pair of hefty F-cups that exploded through his shirt and forced open his jacket, all transpiring over only ten seconds or so. Bare flesh, abundant yet perky, stood firm after bouncing once or twice.

Should he cover them up with his arm? Touch them? Wouldn't that be indecent? But it was his own body! He was flustered by the sight of them, but fortunately whatever was changing him in the first place had a solution for his problem. Though it didn't start until a sharp tug between his legs finally, absolutely, confirmed what was obvious. *She* was now a biological female. “**Ungh!?**”

She reeled from *that* discomfort, but the uncomfortable fit of her clothing was lifted from her shoulders quite literally – as all of her clothing turned into golden sparkles that left her body and began to dance around the room. They reminded him of *something*, but she was much too fixated on her naked body in the mirror. Her huge tits, her thick thighs, the cheeks of her ass that she could see *through* her own thigh gap. And not to mention her shaved pussy. There was no denying she was extremely beautiful, and even still her body was very fit.

Her gawking eventually subsided, but only because the golden sparkles reconverged on her body. They materialized new clothing. A white blazer with gold trim overtop a white dress shirt and crimson tie, along with white gloves, a frilled white shirt, and black tights that were worn underneath it. Her boots matched her blazer with the white and gold, and a hairband with a white bow had made its way atop her head.

Ritsuka had a very hard time processing what had just happened to her. **“I’m really a woman? Even my clothes? But why?”** The young woman was beyond embarrassed. After all, her chest was so ample, her hips so wide, her ass so round. Even though she was additionally fit and strong, every movement of her body invited an unfamiliar jiggle that prompted her to blush and discouraged any further movements.



Her eyes wandered back to the katana on her bed. If anything could be deemed the culprit, it *had* to be that, right? Her transformation had begun when she had touched it and that bolt of strange electricity had jumped into her. But for all Ritsuka had pieced together, there was still something she *hadn't* realized. She was now a *Servant*. A *Saber*, in fact. But she could exactly know that without being told or at least demonstrating her abilities.

And yet her fingers touched the katana a second time. Maybe, she thought, if she touched it then things would return to normal! In a way they *kind* of did, at least depending on what your definition of ‘normal’ might be. Did that definition involve Ritsuka being returned to her previous form? Or did it involve the woman accepting her circumstances as ‘normal’?

It was the latter case that was true.

“Hm?” There was no shock this time, and instead the woman grabbed it with a little more finesse than she had before... and she slotted it right into a space at her hip as if it was the most natural thing in the world. **“What am I...?”** Her head was swimming, mannerisms changing, comfort with her current physical shape growing. She shook her head. Was she used to wielding this sword? No, hadn't she trained wielding it for a long time? The number of techniques she could make use of with that blade were a product of all of her training.

And had she believed her body to be foreign? No, as the Saber class Servant, *Kagura Mikazuchi*, this was her body in its prime. She was a competent wielder of the blade, and one of Chaldea's strongest Servants. Few could rival her talents with the blade. Aside from, of course, her rival and girlfriend Musashi Miyamoto. **“Speaking of, I suppose she's likely waiting for me to spar.”** The woman spared a glance to the clock before leaving, heading to the training room. **“I'm not even sure why I'm in Master's room.”**

Once she had left, another Servant materialized from her Spirit form. It was none other than BB, wearing a smirk on her face. **“All’s well that ends well, right? But I guess Chaldea needs a Master in this new reality... Hm...”**

With a snap of her fingers, her appearance changed into that of a young woman with orange hair, Command Seals on her right hand.