

MISPLACED AFFEXIONS

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“MASTER-SAN!?! SO THIS IS WHAT YOU’VE BEEN DOING!?”

The ear-piercing scream of Tamamo-no-Mae was loud enough to be heard throughout the entirety of Chaldea all at once when she stumbled upon a truly terrifying sight. Her Master... he... *WAS LAVISHING ANOTHER GIRL WITH HIS ATTENTION!* Not even just that! This girl... *SHE WASN'T REAL!* Oh, how had her Master been corrupted in such a depressing manner? Fixating on a ‘waifu’ in the video game he was playing on the Switch she’d only wanted to use to check her Animal Crossing town!

She’d been peering over his shoulder long enough to see what kind of girl it was too! A Japanese girl with gigantic honkers all dressed in white! What kind of lewd game was this anyways!?

“Tamamo!?” Of course her scream had taken Ritsuka by surprise, but more than that his behavior was telling in the wake of it. He was trying his best to hide the game screen from view likely because of how inappropriate the subject matter was. He had to admit he’d been caught red-handed, but what he didn’t expect was how the fox would properly react.

With a punishment game.

“Well Master-san, if you like big-boobed girls like that, then why don’t you just *become one!*?” Tears of shame welled up in her eyes, she struck the magus with a talisman she drew from her cleavage

right between her eyes. He managed to rip it off right away, but it didn't matter. The intended curse had already been affixed to his body and he would have no real way to combat it.

He immediately felt very... *cold*. "**Achoo!**" It was impossible to stifle a sneeze as chills took root, and Ritsuka was certainly suspicious that his Servant had just given him a cold as punishment for... playing a video game? Little did he know that it was a much more punishing fate than that, but it might be one he'd be able to have a good time with nonetheless. "**Tamamo what did you do?**" A bare hand came to his lips at the end of his question, voice jumping in pitch to something sweeter with noticeable results. "**I... um... testing, testing.**" His voice was soft but familiar. A little too familiar, a little too like...

The boy's gaze turned back to his video game screen. Where the shinobu Yumi should have been sitting half undressed was an empty, digital room. He'd never seen that before. "**Tamamo... Did you do something to me and my game?**" The fox in question seemed to be looking off to the side while sneaking the odd peak at what was happening to her Master. His voice had become sweet as honey, and his rich black hair was beginning to adopt an off-coloration that was seemingly more gray beyond his notice thus far. Of course he'd probably already caught on, she'd all but said she was turning him into a big breasted beauty.

But it seemed like he wanted an affirmation from her lips.

She wasn't going to give it to him and kept looking over to the side. It wouldn't be long before Ritsuka was too distracted to ask her questions if her own observations were correct, because the transformation was beginning to hasten. It was obvious in his eyes that, while still blue, seemed to become duller while widening as if he was an anime character drawn with a different art style.

Tamamo looked away again, but perhaps it was karma that shot her in the side of the head with a rogue button that had flown through the air. "**Yow!?**" Whipping her head back, it seemed it wasn't quite karma. Unless karma could be described as *'breast-like flesh building on a man's chest to push the second button of his black button-up shirt to pop off'*.

Returning to Ritsuka's point of view, the sudden building of mass in the front of his torso was an event that had brought panic and forced his posture off balance as he kept one arm wrapped around the underside of his chest. "**This isn't funny Caster!**" Flesh bubbled up from a chest that had once been muscular and firm, yet the sensationally round orbs that had popped the button from his shirt and yanked cloth up past his

navel to reveal a softer gut as well saw to it that the tireless training he'd put into giving himself the best body he could for diving into Singularities had gone to waste.

It was a widespread phenomenon that only seemed to build as the size of his chest did. Muscles across the entirety of the male's body spasm-ed as they weren't exactly lost, but instead found themselves better concealed beneath softer flesh design that gave him a gentler, paler glow and invited the idea of touch.

Not only was the boy looking soft though, but it was very clear that he was collapsing physically as well. Well, in most places. Breasts strained against the front of his shirt as they continued to push what could even remotely be considered a physical norm, the button above the one that had popped off the only thing keeping them in place as skin threatened to break even that boundary by lipping over the seams like the top portion of a mushroom. But every so often these tits found a little more room thanks to the fact that his shirt was getting bigger.

It wasn't *actually* getting bigger though.

Perceiving it this way was a simple task when Ritsuka was more distracted by trying to keep his hands off his chest than he was with what was happening to his body as a whole. It was much more evident to Tamamo, who was nursing the red mark on her face from the previous button assault. Her Master's frame was shrinking though, so it wasn't that his clothes were getting bigger. There was just *less* of him to put in the clothes. Except his breasts obviously.

“The point wasn't for it to be funny! You're going to learn an important life lesson!” The more she thought about it though, wasn't turning her Master into a character he found super sexy kind of counterproductive? *Whoops!* It seemed he was too distracted by what was even happening to continue bantering with her, what with how one of his hands was tugging at soft, ashen bangs what the other traced the forming voluptuous curvature of his shorter form with fingers bearing a much more elegant and refined design right down to the finely manicured nails.

Since he was continuing to grow shorter it was only a matter of time before his pants would fall from his hips, leaving only boxers on display with their flex-band holding them in place as the pants themselves pooled around the boy's feet. He wasn't wearing shoes, but one wrong move would definitely see his black socks falling from a soft heel and tiny toes that were a better match for his frame overall.

Any risk of those boxers falling was quite promptly squashed by more predominant changes to the Master's lower body. The band on the undergarments was pushed suddenly as hips became both swollen and tender, those spacious bands inevitably digging into the bone of his hips themselves. Though it wasn't merely the girth of them that forced the boxers into a state of discomfort.

There was a swelling on par with that of his bosom, which still hadn't finished its own growth as the uppermost button finally popped off along with the third one down, allowing tits to spill out and found themselves 'caught' by his hands, not that his girlish fingers could really contain them. Ritsuka tried his best to avoid breathing a girlish moan as he underestimated just how supple his own bosom might be and nails sunk into the fun bags without much resistance.

Regardless, what was happening on the upper portion of his torso was merely an afterthought to the lower in terms of significant change. Boxers already strained at the bands, the cloth very quickly filled like a balloon as flesh gargled up from beneath the firm muscle of his rear, ultimately overtaking it and padding his behind with a comfort that would certainly be felt the next time he took a seat. The ass grew so enormous that even the waistband that was already on its last legs couldn't fully contain it, and butt cleavage prodded up and over the band as it slid down slightly and gripped that rear with renewed vigor.

This all made things very uncomfortable in the front where his dick was fully erect -- something Tamamo had noticed. Boxers were being yanked completely backwards, but that wasn't all. The shorts of the boxers were now clenching down on thigh flesh that had been bolstered by similar girth to his ass, and he couldn't so much as move his legs without inner-skin rubbing up against one another and making his bulge even more uncomfortable.

It was a problem quickly solved, the feeling of sexual tension that made his little boy erect not exactly fading, but it instead found itself translated differently as the bulge in the front of his shorts diminishing until there wasn't even a bulge at all. Instead he just felt *vacant*. And *wet*.

Her entire body quivered, hands pulled away since she didn't really know where to put them. Nothing about Ritsuka's personality had changed but her body was very clearly not her own. From the ashen gray hair to her short figure and voluptuous curves, biting a lower lip that was both glossy and thick served as an additional reminder that her body completely resembled that of the game character she'd been fawning over earlier, Yumi.

Appearance was disheveled, clothing a mismatch. She was embarrassed and angry at Tamamo, but at the same time that tricky fox was now too busy admiring her handiwork. **“Now that that’s done I guess we should get you cleaned up!”** Oh! Her Master was glaring at her! Was it supposed to be scary? It just looked cute and pouty with those big blue eyes of hers! **“Don’t give me that look! Of course it’s temporary! As long as your game is in tact we can just change you back, but for now... we’re going to have some fun in the tub~!”**

Ritsuka was relieved to hear it was temporary. She was less relieved to be yanked away from Chaldea’s gaming room to leave the console unattended even as the fox reassured her nothing would happen.

They eventually returned to the game room two long hours in the bath later. Ritsuka had been given a kimono that was way too tight against her voluptuous body, likely as part of Tamamo’s plan to embarrass her... but hadn’t all of that touching in the bath been enough? She never wanted someone’s finger to ‘accidentally’ slide into her pussy again. Or well... it did feel *kind* of good.

“AH!?” She’d just been relieved that Tamamo would be turning her back to normal now, but all of her hopes were dashed when they walked into the room to find Jack the Ripper looming over the remnants of a Nintendo Switch, her knives out.

“Oh, mommy!” It seemed even with the appearance change Jack could recognize her Master, running up to hug the supple thighs of Yumi without a second thought. **“That box was making weird noises so I broke it!”** The more she looked at it, the more it looked freshly broken. So was she stuck as Yumi now? Well, Yumi looked like Yumi, and Yumi...

“Huh...?” She spoke with Yumi’s soft voice again, confused. Nothing in her memory had changed except a single thing. She could no longer remember her old name. Had Jack breaking the Switch done something? **“My name is... Yumi... I’m... Yumi! No, I’m Yumi! I’M NOT YUMI I’M YUMI! AAAAAAH!”**

Tamamo giggled. **“Yes, Master-san, we know your name is Yumi.”**

“NO!”