

# RIYO'S BIG BREAK

## COMMISSION STORY

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“**Da Vinci... chan?**” Mashu wasn’t sure what she was looking at exactly. It looked like da Vinci, but not the younger da Vinci, but... really short. At most the tiny woman came up to Mashu’s thighs and her proportions really weren’t right. She looked like a tiny cartoon caricature of what the Caster Leonardo da Vinci should have been, with thick beady eyes and an almost comically mischievous face.

This encounter happened in da Vinci’s workshop of all places so she didn’t have any real reason to doubt that this might actually be da Vinci... and yet it very clearly wasn’t da Vinci. The half-pint cartoon caricature didn’t say anything either, it just stared menacingly at Mashu from afar, holding some sort of... *gun*? Mashu tilted her head to the side waiting for some kind of response before finally...

“***FIRE! RIYO BEAAAAM!***”

“**Wha-- AAGH!?**” The tiny da Vinci had jumped into the air and fired off a battle cry along with a beam of rainbow light from the type of her strange looking ray gun, said light colliding with Mashu and coating her with a rainbow glow before the light finally dispersed. The attack had temporarily blinded the Demi-Servant while likewise blinding her; and by the time her vision returned the little da Vinci was nowhere to be seen. “**H-Huh? Where did she go?**”

Was that girl’s presence something to be concerned about? Mashu wasn’t quite sure. She held both her hands before her eyes, turning them to view her palms in order to inspect herself. Was the light that gun had fired nothing important? She might have felt a little tingle when she’d been struck, but other than that... “**Well, that girl did look pretty**

**stupid. It's unsurprising that her beam would be *equally as stupid.***" Sheer condensation bled from her mouth, and very much uncharacteristically so, to the point that she immediately covered her mouth.

It was an arrogance unlike any Mashu had ever possessed in her life. If anything she was always putting herself down, thinking of herself as *inferior*; never had she talked to *nor* about someone like she was better than them. But then again, there was something hollow about her tone in that moment. Almost like it was arrogance that had been knowingly misplaced.

She shook her head as if to knock these strange feelings away. "**She did something to me after all, huh? I guess I need to find my senpais and quick.**" In part so that she could warn them about that rogue, gremlin da Vinci, and in part because she wanted eyes on her in case she had any more weird *outbursts*.

No sooner than Mashu had turned to face the door however was she forced to pause to swipe her bangs back into position. Typically she used them to cover her right eye, but it seemed the segment that was meant to do that had parted and... *turned silver?* "**Hm?**" Even pushing those bangs back into place saw them separating again, tufts of hair also feeling a little coarser to the touch than she was used to. "**That's not right...**"

The coloring *was* a big problem, and a much bigger one than she'd realized. It wasn't merely her bangs that had been afflicted but her entire bob cut, a bright and surprisingly familiar silver shining beneath the workshop's light. But where there was a change in hair color there would always be a change in hair length, and *boy* did that half of that prophecy certainly come to fruition.

It very quickly fell to Mashu's shoulders and beyond, curling out into lengthy layers that would have fluttered were there any breeze in the room. It reached her ass and a little beyond, with a lick on the right side of her head flipping up into a stray pseudo-ahoge. The girl could feel the hair on the left side of her head being tugged away, and her bangs went along with it as they were tied into a neat braid that hung at the side, just behind her ear.

"**Wait... Isn't something fundamentally wrong with the game system here? Er... *game system?***" What was she saying now? And what was up with her voice? Had it not been coming out of her own mouth there was no doubt she would have realized automatically, but since voices sounded different to the person speaking it wasn't as clear as it probably *should* have. The words had just been vomited out

without any real intention on Mashu's part. "**Since when have I been so meta? Meta...?**" What did *that* mean? Why did she feel like she knew things she shouldn't? Why was thinking about Gudako putting fear in her heart?

Her eyes shone a familiar gold from between her bangs, the age reflected in the girl's facial features somehow growing inconsistent with what it should have been. Mashu was meant to be a teenager, coming up on her twenties now with the passing of time; but bags beneath her eyes and an overall more worn visage told another story. Early-to-mid twenties? That was likely a more accurate age range for how her face looked. And it also looked more like the woman she was becoming. An angular face, chubby lips, a pointed gaze with thin, silver brows?

It was a shoe-in for a match with the late director. May she rest in peace.

*She wasn't doing that.*

Those steely, golden eyes were an absolute shoe-in for those of the Animosphere lineage, and piece by piece those memories were beginning to fill her mind. Mashu's inferiority complex only grew deeper as recollections of parental neglect took the forefront of her ego. It was all on course for this history's rendition of Olga Marie, but there was *something else* too. Something that didn't align. Something a little more... *wacky*. She was blushing just thinking about them, the lewd and invasive things she expected Gudako to say!

As fret washed over her, there were clear adjustments being made to both her body and costume alike. The red tie on the front of her ensemble ruffled and shrunk, shape changing to resemble an ascot while the body of her gray sweater became a rustic orange with black sleeves and siding. One, two, three, four, *ten* buttons hardened and emerged from the fibers down the sweater's center on one side, while on the other matching holes were snipped free; yet only the topmost button ended up closed, and *just barely*.

It was the size of her breasts that forced the button to just barely hold on. Mashu's bust was simply too prominent in comparison to Olga Marie's figure -- she didn't really fit within the parameters of her changing outfit. Yet her brassiere soon saw shrinkage, and as wired cups collapsed against her bosom so did her cup size shrink one to properly fit.

Mashu didn't lose the black dress she was always found wearing beneath her sweater, but the fibers *did* catch 'flame' with a pure white that very quickly spread throughout the entirety of the fabric while a ruffled fringe formed across the skirt. Very little physical adjustment was necessary to put her lower half in line with Olga's own short of pubes

dying silver, though it could be said her ass did lose a little of its volume while her black tights dyed red and constricted around her cheeks. All that remained was her footwear, and after just a moment her shoes propped her height a little higher, a pair of black heels born from what was once a set of comfortable runners.

Perpetual blush stickers ended up resting on her cheeks; and these would be the key indicators that this Olga Marie was not the same one from Panhuman History. Mashu's head was swimming, her identity forfeit, but there was an urge. She really, really, really, really...

## **WANTED TO EXPLAIN FATE/GRAND ORDER'S GAME MECHANICS!**

**“I was the Director! How is it I was demoted to a 4koma character that exists only to be bullied!?”** But her complaints merely fell on deaf ears. Why was her body so big and tall? Realistic proportions? Somehow it didn't feel... *right*.

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**“*FIRE! RIYO BEAAAAM MKII!*”**

**“WHAT THE HECK!?”** Not too far from da Vinci's workshop Gudako had just been returning to her room from the cafeteria when a gremlin sized da Vinci-chan had jumped out of a vent and fired a ray gun at her. She'd recoiled from all of it: the gremlin's appearance, the beam blast, and the fact that her attacker had crawled back into the depths of the vents by the time she could proper recover.

The Master ran to the open vent and crouched down to stare inside, but all she really found was darkness. That had been *odd* to say the least. Had someone's Noble Phantasm gone out of control? Her initial theory was that it might have been a twisted construct of Nursery Rhyme's Noble Phantasm, but the Servants were forbidden from using their powers within the Shadow Border outside of emergencies.

**“Guess I should tell da Vinci-chan...”** This was provided that hadn't somehow been the real da Vinci-chan. Fortunately it wasn't, but knowing or not knowing this wouldn't have changed how things progressed. After all she'd already been struck by the *Riyo Ray Gun*, or *Riyogun* for short. **“Maybe I should find *senpai* too just in case this leads to some kind of *maintenance*?”**

A switch had been flicked in her brain thanks to the beam's effect, and like the mysterious circumstances that had seen Mashu transform into a

Riyo-verse Olga Marie in terms of demeanor, Gudako was being made the second victim. She was already exhibiting irregularities in her speaking habits and perception of reality as she not only referred to Gudaao as her ‘*senpai*’ but also made a meta reference of her own to the state of FGO as a *game*. That was just what the Riyo-verse was like; the Learning with Manga setting made all of the characters within it aware of the fact that they were living in a game world.

“**Wah!?**” Gudako couldn’t stifle another shriek of surprise when the top zipper on her jacket was promptly tugged downwards without any physical contact of her own to move it that way. Building pressure around her bosom made the cause more apparent even if it didn’t exactly make sense, but it seemed her breasts had suddenly jumped up a whole cup size on their own, wresting the zipper to create room for them to breath while they dug into the back of her bra. “**What the heck!?**” She understood the middle of the hall wasn’t the best place to grope herself, but no one else was around and she had to be sure her mind wasn’t playing tricks on her. *It wasn’t.*

Her tushy went next and in a very similar fashion, with a sudden burst of plumpness that brought a jiggle to her buns and stirred discomfort with her undergarments since new mass tugged them back and their backside slid a little ways into, well, *her backside*. But it wasn’t just her derriere that was blessed with new weight, and thighs also came to plump up just a little bit not only with fat but muscle mass that arrived right on time because her garb was beginning to grow hefty.

Gudako’s pleated, dark gray skirt had found itself attached to her black jacket by the seams, and those pleats then ironed out and thickened into black steel with a window carved out in the front of the ‘skirt’. This allowed easy visual access to her panties, which darkened and loosened to better resemble the lower segment of a leotard; which would actually extend to her undershirt to form a complete set of under wear.

The sleeves from her jacket detached and slid down her arms as if suddenly loose, only to tighten once more while material wrapped around her fingers in the shape of black gloves with purple decals that stretched all the way up past her elbows. What remained of the jacket around her torso hardened and was robbed of its unique features, the sides of the jacket that had opened from her sudden breast growth reaching around her tits to merge once more as it too became steel; an armored breast plate that flowed into the skirt to make a single, extremely familiar piece of armor.

“**MASHU!?**” There was no doubt in her mind as she blurted out the name with a voice that sounded like Rie Takahashi was her seiyuu. “**I’m dressed like Mashu? Then my proportions, too...? Ah! Senpai**

is going to want to touch them all over, I won't be able to contain myself! Er... Wait? I'm not Mashu, I'm senpai! But I was never as weird as senpai is, so I guess that couldn't be true..." Recollections of the Gudako from the Riyo-verse clashed with memories of her past self, which made her new memories and personality stick far more quickly than they might have otherwise.

While her clothing was now a proper set of armor, it became clear that Gudako's muscle mass was not cut out for supporting such a weight. Her back had arched, body kept upright at all because her legs had already strengthened. Fortunately all of her remaining muscles began to ripple to correct that, granting her an eight pack and bulging arms better representative of all of Mashu's physical struggles. **"Who... am I?"**

As she internally debated her own existentialism, pale purple strands of hair had found their way weaved into her head of long ginger. Like a reverse Chia Pet these hairs were pulled inwards toward her scalp, resting in a neat bob while bangs fell to cover her right eye, and before long all of the hair on her body was the same shade of mauve. Mashu's mauve. She blinked and her eyes were a rich purple, heart growing more certain of her identity as facial features softened to give her more of a baby face.

Right! She was Gudako, not Mashu! She didn't know what was going on, but...!

**"MASHUUUU! IS SHE HERE!? IS GUDAKO-CHAN HERE!?"**

Literally all of the progress ~~Gudako~~ *Mashu* had made in preserving her old identity was completely undone the moment she found Olga Marie Animosphere grovelling with anxiety, clinging to her ankles. Where had she come from!? Wasn't this wrong? Hadn't Olga Marie-- *No!* Just in the game! In her universe the Director was still alive right?

But Mashu was confused. Why was her body so long and her proportions so realistic? This didn't make sense at all... **"U-Um... Director?"**

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**"FIRE! RIYO BEAAAAM MK III!"**

Gudao wasn't even afforded a look at his attacker as a rainbow beam suddenly shot forth from the vent that overlooked the bed in his room. He'd retired for the evening, exhausted from a day of accompanying his Servants into the combat simulator as per their request. He'd really just wanted to rest, and yet...

**“What the hell was that!?”** He’d been laying down at the moment he was struck, but he immediately jumped up into a sitting position with his legs tossed over the side of the bed after being shot. The boy could have sworn the voice yelling out sounded like da Vinci, albeit with a much squeakier pitch; but that didn’t really convince him that she was the culprit. After all how the hell could she end up in the vent!?

With a displeased sigh he scratched the back of his head, not realizing the intensity of his itching was growing more substantial as fingernails lengthened. **“That was weird. Maybe I was just dreaming?”** What he *did* notice was that the back of his head was feeling a lot fluffier than normal? As fingers went against the roots, it even seemed like there was more hair than there had been a few minutes ago. Suspicious, but it didn’t quite register in the way it should have... at first.

Only when ginger bangs interrupted his field of view did he suddenly cry out in exclamation. **“WHAZZAT!?”** And what an exclamation it was. There was so much over-dramatization conveyed in the entire outburst, from how his voice grated into the realm of an annoyingly high pitch to how he threw his arms around like a wacky inflatable arm doll. Gudao froze mid-flail and blinked as if he’d realized something important. **“Hah!? What’s going on with my voice!? Ehehe...!? BLEH! I sound like nails on a chalkboard!”** His words were all over the place, going from ill-placed exclamation to gargled cackling before returning to the realization that this was wrong.

But since he had already fallen into the rabbit hole, it was already too late. The bangs that had been stained orange were just a larger part of a head full of now long, ginger hair with a tangerine scrunchy appearing to wrangle some of it in a left swept side ponytail. An orange glint plagued the sky blue of his eyes, color overtaking more and more of his irises as lashes lengthened and the breadth of his nose diminished. Lips pursed into a perpetual pout, a smaller jaw sported as a trade-off. It was only a matter of moments, but from the neck up he’d come to resemble Gudako.

The expression Gudao wore though? It was depraved. It wasn’t the kind of face the Gudako of this timeline would ever make, for building mischief and arousal combined in the powder keg that was his mind -- reaching an inevitable breaking point at the first sign of his nipples pressing up against the inside of his jacket.

**“BOOBIES!”**

An inappropriate word exclaimed way too proudly boomed throughout the otherwise vacant bedroom, feminized fingers digging in between the folds of Gudao's jacket to rip it off proudly and show off his entire torso before allowing it to fall to the ground. From here they were on full display: his abs jiggling as muscle left to pave way for fat, fat that built the foundation for a pair of small but perky titties than he immediately began to rub like an unhinged maniac while his tongue flickered all over the place. Gudao's mental fitness would probably be a top of debate at this point in time. The Riyo-verse Gudako he was becoming? There was nothing particularly stable about her.

The sides of his stomach pinched inward while he was pinching his nipples, twerking them to stimulate himself. Opposing the inward motions of his belly were his hips, which instead bounced outward in slight to make room for what was to follow. And he knew what was going to follow.

*He had been blessed by the power of meta!*

Everything was clear now! The Riyo da Vinci that had infiltrated this dimension to test her transformation ray, the fate that awaited him, the fact that his friends had already succumbed! **“YAAAH I WANNA TOUCH MASHU'S BOOBIES!”** The rest of his clothes were tossed away in a seemingly impossible motion granted to him by Riyo physics, and he suddenly barreled out of the bedroom at mock speed and into the hallway.

As Gudao ran his breasts jiggled, as did the weight in and around his legs. He earned a more pronounced ass that was small and tight, its curvature nothing to scoff at while simultaneously standing as a monument to the potential to become something greater; while thighs followed after in a meaty glory that didn't rival the rounder, thicker shapes of Mashu but were respectable in their own right.

**“S-SENPAI!?”**

**“GUDAKO!?”**

He turned the next corner and standing there were the stringier versions of Mashu and Olga Marie. They had been shot by the Riyogun, he knew this. Their personalities and memories should have matched the tinier variants from his own world. They looked absolutely mortified to see him nude of all things, and they were *absolutely* within their rights to feel that way.

For Gudao launched himself at Mashu in all of his naked glory, and while airborne he lost the last thing that remained of his old self. More



plainly put: a stenciled outline suddenly flashed around his dick and it the organ disappeared after the third time it cartoonishly flashed, leaving *her* naked groin to dry hump Mashu's leg as she clung to the Demi-Servant for dear life. Even though Mashu was wearing armor *Gudako* had the power to grope her through it. *Terrifying*. **“MHM! MMMHM! AS I THOUGHT! MASHU'S BOOBIES ARE THE BEST!”**

**“S-S-SENPAI! PLEASE LET GO!”** Mashu resisted to the best of her ability, squirming while standing despite the weight of the young woman cling from and groping her body. But something strange was happening from Mashu's point of view. She was thoroughly disturbed by this behavior, yet to receive such affections from her coveted senpai? It felt nice. She was okay tolerating it if it meant she could be showered in love. The luminescent blush on her cheeks began to look more and more animated, almost a perfect match for the constant blush on Olga Marie's face.

And speaking of Olga Marie... **“M-Mashu! What are you doing!? Folding to this weakling's advances so easily! We talked about this, we can't let her dictate our actions... here?”** The Director couldn't even get through her mission statement, for *Gudako* suddenly craned her head back to stare into Olga Marie's eyes with a shit eating grin.

**“Hmmmmm? Did I hear you right, Director? You want me to touch you aaaaall over too!?”** She kept her naked legs wrapped around Mashu but leaned back, reaching with arms towards the silver-haired woman that slowly began to wriggle like snakes, defying the physics of this world much like the rest of her actions had.

**“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”**

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**“Hehehehe...”** In the vents of the Shadow Border the Riyo-verse da Vinci-chan still lurked, marveling at her invention's test results from afar. The intent was to corrupt parallel worlds and reinvent them in the same vein as the Learning with Manga world of Riyo designs she'd hailed from, but it seemed to only function as a half measure.

The *Riyogun* could transform them into residents of her world complete with the stark personality change, but for some reason it wouldn't fold them into the same, super deformed shapes that were common of where she came from. **“Oh well! Maybe with a little more testing!”**

There were a lot of Servants and staff here after all.