

KIROVFUL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Is this what you wanted to show me, Ana? It’s just a harbor, isn’t it?” Perhaps it was strange to find Chaldea’s Master spending one-on-one time with Anastasia Nikolaevna Romanova. The two certainly weren’t *distant* with one another within the organization, but there were always so many Servants vying for his attention that it was often difficult for a specific Servant to get a hold of him for an extended period of time, much less within the combat simulator that they used for training.

But it was Anastasia’s birthday and she had put in a special request. Using her memories alongside the simulator, she had wanted to show her Master the Russia that she had loved while she had been alive. The young man hadn’t really understood the significance of it, but he was happy to entertain her on her birthday of all things.

The air was cold and, while the water of the harbor wasn’t frozen over, snow decorated the small town around them. **“It may be just a harbor, Master, but I loved to come here as a little girl. When you were in the political position that my family was, it was nice to feel so close to the ocean. Where you could escape the country at any time if you had the means.”**

Of course Ritsuka couldn’t understand her feelings on this matter – he grew up in a time of peace up until he had joined Chaldea through a fluke alone, in a world without the struggles of her homeland when she had been alive. But it was moments like those down by the water that she had cherished above all. *If only Master could understand.* The thought *had* crossed her mind briefly.



It was enough, though. At least for the digital presence that had long ago occupied the simulator for her own, devilish devices to notice. *BB* had full control over the machine they were within and no one in Chaldea was any the wiser. Which was their mistake, really. Anything that was done or thought within this space was information she could acquire. And anyone who used it? They were wholly within the realm of her absolute control – both in body *and* mind.

“Now, what was the name of that old mobile game with the ships?”

Meanwhile, both Ritsuka and Anastasia had neared the edge of a bridge that looked over the harbor, with a small channel leading to it from the nearby river right below them. Ritsuka had been leaning over slightly so that he could get a better look, when all of a sudden?

“AAAAAAAAAAH!?”

His body fell forward, and he plummeted towards the freezing water below. Had Anastasia shoved him? Seeing as she was so much of a prankster, he couldn't exactly rule it out. And yet as he fell with his back facing the waves, he could see her reaching out in a panic. No, even Ana would have refrained from putting him in such a dangerous situation. Instead, wasn't it more likely that some sort of third party had done it? A force without a name? He'd rather assume that then try to blame Anastasia.

And so he closed his eyes, expecting to crash through the cold waves at any moment. But he *didn't*. **“Huh?”** His butt landed with all of the force of if he were to land on a pillow, yet he could still feel the cold water seeping into his pants from below. The boy's eyes shot open and looked behind him. **“I'm... sitting on top of the water!?”** Whether it was his butt or his feet, he was just standing on top of the waves as if they were solid ground.

Looking back up at the bridge, Anastasia was gone. No doubt rushing down to try and save him before she thought it was too late, even if he *was* fine as is. In the meantime, Ritsuka? He attempted to, and succeeded at, standing atop the water's surface. **“Is it because this is a simulation? I don't see why else...?”** It really didn't make much sense at all for him to be able to rest atop the water like this. He wasn't

under the influence of any spell, either. Even with his low affinity for magecraft he could sense that much.

The water wasn't very wavy, and so it was not difficult for him to maintain his balance. He took a step, and then another, and the results were all the same. The young man didn't fall through. Which left him with something of a pang of guilt. If Anastasia was truly rushing to his aid, then he likely owed her an apology for how much she was most certainly worrying. He couldn't imagine she might be anything but completely panicked. But that side of her was also cute.

She was certainly a princess worth serving.

"...Huh?" Despite the awe he felt at the current miracle he was pulling off, an unfamiliar thought had taken him off guard. It wasn't unfamiliar in the sense that someone else had thought it, but it was more like... *Why* would he think that? He didn't serve Anastasia, as much as she had tried to make that their relationship when she had first been summoned. If anything, the relationship was meant to be the *opposite* with them being Master and Servant.

He shrugged it off and began to walk to the nearest point of shore. It wasn't all that far away, but if he kept stopping due to distraction then it surely would have taken him a few minutes. And after walking a few steps? He had already found plenty of reason to be distracted. How could he not be, what with it dangling against his left eye? Strands of hair that were far longer than he typically kept his bangs had fallen astray, and not only that, but...

They were the incorrect color.

"Silver?" Idly, he reached up to rub strands between the fingertips of his gloves as if to make sure he wasn't seeing things. He *wasn't*, and that just made it worse. Even discounting his bangs, he could feel locks tickling the back of his neck where some pooled before overflowing and spilling down his back. **"My hair is transforming? Yeah, that's not right."**

With a handful of silver, he could watch it growing ever longer. As long as he was tall for the most part, stopping handily just inches away from the water below. His bangs naturally swept to the left now, which was certainly a problem for his field of vision. But then again? That field of vision, or at least the eyes that it was perceived through, adjusted in a manner similar to his hair.

That wasn't to say they grew *longer*. However they did change in general shape, losing their Asian slant in exchange for something rounder and

more Caucasian. In a way they bore a great deal of resemblance to *Anastasia's* eyes in general design, though their colors changed to a golden sheen that almost resembled his sister's eyes in tone. They weren't exactly the same, though.

Slightly panicked, the young man had taken a few more steps across the waterfront only for him to pause once again. His body felt off balance, and not because of the 'ground' he was walking across. It was more like the breadth of his movements weren't necessarily in line with what he was anticipating? Ritsuka didn't have an immediate cause to suspect at first, but given another moment there *was* a little hint.

He could feel it in the clothes he'd been wearing every day since the Lostbelts began. A tightness that didn't make any sense unless you justified it with the concept of '*my body is somehow taller than it was before?*'. For the base of his pantlegs had been hoisted up past his ankles, and his sleeves rested on her forearms now as opposed to his wrists. Toss in that both his shirt and jacket had raised to show off the slightest bit of midriff and you had a very convincing argument.

"What the-!?" It only had to have been a few inches at best, but it all left Ritsuka's frame to appear lankier than it had just before. **"Is the simulation displaying some kind of error? Maybe we should end it, just in case..."** Believing this, he tapped the air in hopes of bringing up the menu to leave. But it didn't come up. Of course it wouldn't! BB wouldn't allow anyone to escape once she had her sights set on a little fun!

As he continued to tap at the air, he pushed aside what was a rather strange feeling within his black gloves. The truth of it all was that his fingers had stretched a little longer, and that went double for his fingernails. This caused some complications for his handwear, but it wasn't extremely pressing of an issue either. In a similar vein, the boy's feet had likewise become a little smaller within his boots.

Feeling an itch in his throat, presumably from the cold air around him, Ritsuka eventually let out a cough before voicing his findings. **"Why isn't the HUD coming up— Huh?"** What was going on with his voice here? No longer did it bear any masculinity to speak of, and instead contained a feminine hum that possessed some degree of roughness to it. It made him sound older almost, which may as well have matched his current height in terms of context.

Or his face, for that matter. It appeared as an adult version of his original face, albeit only for a moment before misshapeness found its way into those features. The skin of the boy's face smoothed as his cheekbones rose, which when paired with a narrowed jaw gave that face

a much longer appeal overall. But from the fluttering of lengthened lashes to the thinness of his now silver brows, to the petite nature of his nostrils – it was clear that *he* wasn't destined to be the continued pronoun to use for Ritsuka for very much longer.

In fact, *she* found herself moaning unprompted, almost tripping over *her* own two feet in the process as a vacancy opened up between her legs. **“Wait, my... My meat!?”** Ritsuka really hadn't want to shout MY PENIS at the top of her lungs as hands rubbed the inner layer of her pants, but what she'd said in its place wasn't *really* all that much better.

Regardless of how it was said, it didn't change the reality that her dick was gone, and a *pussy* now rested in its place. Adding insult to injury, the young woman was then forced to pull her hands away for they soon found the flesh around them enclosing in around the area – because her thighs were growing *thicker*. Little by little they bulged, forcing the legs of his pants to tighten around them to the point that little tears formed on their surfaces.

The phenomenon only served to push Ritsuka's thighs further apart and buckle her knees, something that eventually knocked herself back onto her ass with a loud RIIIIIP – because the back of her pants had split right open, revealing her boxers stretching around a rump that was becoming far more impressive than even her thighs were. She landed upon the water and could feel the moisture seeping into the cloth of her clothes again, and once that feeling hit her pussy? She shuddered.

“Th-That feels so weird! And yet! What is this I feel? I feel strangely okay with this?” Some might even say she felt *confident*. It was certainly uncanny, because for once in her life she felt this confidence towards her own strength, abilities, and *physical appeal*. Something that was readily exemplified as the front of her jacket began to fill out. **“Crap!”** The realization quickly struck her that she needed to unbind the straps on her jacket before it was too late.

She managed to do so, and even went as far as to unzip the black to reveal the gray t-shirt underneath. Said shirt certainly looked as if it had seen better days though. The imprints of Ritsuka's nipples, now larger than most coins, were plain as day poking up from beneath. And those imprints merely grew clearer as the mass of weight below them swelled into what some might call perfection. A pair of ample, weighty tits that bounced with glee from even the slightest breath on her part.

They somehow felt familiar and foreign simultaneously, and by the time she had rose to her feet on the water's surface once more she had forgotten all about the strangeness. Along with some other things – like her *name*.

As she rose, though, there was another phenomenon. The clothes she was wearing froze over and shattered, and as if manipulated by magic this breakage revealed her to be wearing an entirely new ensemble. Black tights beneath a navy blue, pleated skirt. A white navy jacket with amply open cleavage, as well as white boots, black gloves, and a bucket hat with a mysterious silver emblem resting in the center.

The woman blinked, for everything suddenly clicked into place. Said place was just far different from where it had been before.

“Hm? Where is the comrade commander? Erm... No! Am I not the comrade commander? Hm...”

The woman, still standing atop the water's surface, was perplexed by her own memories. Command Seals still glowed upon her right hand, but otherwise she was a completely different person than the boy who had landed on top of the water in the first place. And yet some of her old self's individuality remained. She still understood what Servants were, as well as her role as Master.

Because not even BB wanted to create *that* much of a headache.

“MAST- HUH!?! WHO ARE YOU!?!”

From the nearby shoreline, a voice that was both familiar and not called out to Kirov, forcing her to look over at the beautiful, young Russian woman that had called her in the first place.



Ah! She knew who that was, in fact. Her memories in that area had remained unchanged as well. **“Princess Anastasia? Who else could I be other than your escort ship, Kirov! Is there nothing more beautiful than sailing upon the open seas?”** As if she were skating, she danced upon the water until she was right before the princess in question, scooping her up and pulling her into her arms (*with an embarrassed cry escaping Anastasia's lips*).

Kirov held her like a bride, oh so close to her large bosom which only served to make the Caster all the more flustered. Who was this woman!? Confused as she was, she at least took some solace in the fact that she appeared to be Russian as well. But where had her Master gone?

Craning her head back, that was when she noticed them. The Command Seals upon the woman's hand. "***M-Master!?***"

Was it possible? Could this woman truly have been Ritsuka Fujimaru? If so, what happened to him!? "**Ahaha! I'd prefer that you call me comrade commander, princess! Shall we embark on our maiden voyage now?**" What? *WHAT?* But before Anastasia could even question it, the woman was skating off into the sea with the Caster in her arms.

“WAIT A MOMENT!”