

FOR MY NEXT, *NEXT* TRICK

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



No one had expected what had transpired during that magic show to actually happen.

Not even the magician who had brought it about.

But nonetheless, whether or not it had been a believable outcome had not changed that it had actually happened. Somehow, Charlotte Corday had managed to *transform* the Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka, and Mashu Kyrielight into completely different people entirely. Well, *Mashu* had been turned into a different person entirely, having been transformed into the Ruler version of Artoria Pendragon. Ritsuka on the other hand? She had been transformed into an orange Fou.

It had taken some time for everyone to piece together just *what* had happened. After all, the ginger Fou could not speak the human language, and for some reason the new Artoria could not stop acting like one whenever she was in the presence of others. The crew that had been assembled to piece together this mystery had been left baffled more than a few times over the course of the situation unfolding, but fortunately they ultimately came to the correct conclusion.

The special boxes that Corday had used for her teleportation trick had malfunctioned, and through close examination from da Vinci-chan? Well, they had come to the conclusion that it truly *had* been an accident, much to Charlotte's relief. She would have been very upset if someone had used her innocent magic show for a nefarious purpose! ...Even

though the results had been the same regardless. But this also meant that there was a solution! And that had once again fallen on the shoulders of the small da Vinci.

“And done! With these modifications, we should be able to turn you two back to normal!” The Rider wasted no time in guiding the two victims into the very same boxes that had transformed them in the first place, picking up the orange Fou and placing her inside, before shoving the Ruler Artoria into the next. Before the two could properly respond, the doors closed around them and the boxes whirred to life. And the next thing they knew?

They were in their original bodies.

They just weren't in the boxes anymore.



“Huh!? Didn't da Vinci-chan say she set it up so that we wouldn't teleport?” Mashu cried, realizing that she had somehow ended up in da Vinci's workshop. It took her a moment to realize it, but she did eventually come to the correct conclusion. **“Oh! I changed back into myself!”** Not only had her body returned to normal, but her clothes were the very same set she had been wearing when the transformation had occurred in the first place.

She was very thankful for this fact, because not only was the older Artoria's body heavy, but she had been stuck wearing that ridiculous bunny costume everywhere! **“I guess this isn't really an issue? I mean, it isn't like I'm stuck in another box...”** Plus the room they had just been in wasn't all *that* far away, so she could easily walk back. As far as she was concerned, this issue was one that had been dealt with. And life could continue on as normal from that moment on.

But maybe she was jumping the gun with that line of thinking?

While she'd had nothing to do with readjusting the magic boxes themselves, Mashu suddenly had doubts that da Vinci-chan's adjustments had been correct. Not solely because of the fact that she had been teleported into another room, mind you, but because... Well, it was difficult for her to explain, but it felt like she *understood* the device that had sent her here. Enough that she could recall seeing a flaw when she had watched the Rider fidget with it.

“Wait... how would I know that?” Raising her gaze to the ceiling, it really *did* strike Mashu as strange. She had no understanding about things like that. Or at least she didn't have an understanding about those sorts of things *typically*. Yet not only did her new assumptions make sense to her, but it felt like she had a broader understanding of Magecraft as a whole. Like she had studied it. And this confused her.

In a way though? This confusion served as a perfect distraction for the fact that there were more than a few things amiss about this situation *beyond* the sudden advent of previously unknown knowledge. Such as, for example? Strange as it was to say: her *forehead*.

Perhaps that was a little disingenuous, because her forehead itself hadn't *really* changed. It was more the way it was framed... in the sense that her entire forehead was practically on display despite the fact Mashu's bangs usually hung down across it. In this case, though? They had been parted in the middle and pulled to the side by a mysterious force. Although that wasn't *all* that was happening to get hair, because of *course* it wasn't.

Her locks, in fact, grew longer. Not only the hair that now framed her face, which fell forward against her chest and curled about with a newfound waviness, but also in the back. Were this not enough, the color of her natural violet began to darken given a moment as well, taking on a rich chestnut that was far more mundane than the color she had been born with.

Then again, the same could be said of her eyes. At least when it came to receiving a much more *normal* color. Speckles of a sky blue soon surfaced midst the usual purple of her irises, but they eventually multiplied until it was the purple that looked more like speckles midst the blue, until finally? There was naught *but* blue in her eyes. What's more? The shapes of those eyes changed, becoming bigger, brighter, and more expressive. Not to mention much more naturally beautiful.

Taking her off guard, the young woman's glasses suddenly slipped off the bridge of her nose. **“*Huh!?*”** Her reflexes weren't quick enough to catch them and so they hit the floor, but Mashu couldn't figure out what had knocked them loose in the first place. Nothing, technically. But they no longer fit a nose that arched a little more intensely and was narrower along the bridge. There was an attractive softness that washed over her face in general, seeing lips rosy and bloat, and cheekbones rise to perfection. Between her face and her hair, though?

Mashu somehow strongly resembled a *certain famous painting*.

Sighing as she picked up her fallen glasses, she hardly noticed the airier pitch to her voice that had her sounding a little more mature – just as her new face better matched a woman that was a young adult rather than a girl in her late teens. **“This is why I don’t wear glasses more than necessary…”** That in itself was a strange thing for her to say, because it didn’t really match up with her usual motivations. But Mashu? For some reason, she didn’t even think much of it.

Bent over as she was for a brief moment, another change to her body was temporarily highlighted due to her posture. The skirt of her gray dress appear to slide higher up on her rump as she remained leaning forward, but it wasn’t the fault of the clothing. Rather? The ass it contained had swelled, meat seeing cheeks jiggle and stretch the nylon of her leggings as it not only pushed forward, but also gave her hips no option but to pull wider.

This additional space was put to good use by her thighs as well, as even they became much more ample according to the transformation that was plaguing her. Thicker and thicker they swelled, ultimately meeting in the middle even despite her wider gait, with a plethora of rips forming in her tights in the process. Gifted a more bodacious booty, the Demi-Servant didn’t even bat an eyelash.

“Hmm... So I really am changing again?” It wasn’t that she didn’t realize, but that she didn’t really seem to care. Memories were flooding her mind that left her accustomed to changing her own body, falling more in line with the Servant whose appearance and personality she was taking on.

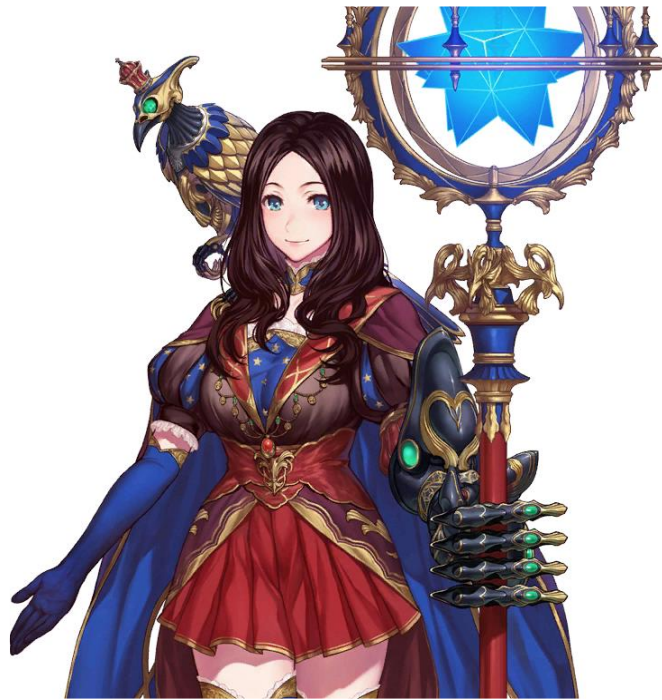
There was just as little of a reaction from her once her skirt was lifted higher, offered no other option by a swelling that treated her already sizable breasts to new life. Their masses surged forth, nipples engorged and trying to poke through the thick material of her dress to no avail. In fact, it became quite evident that the dress was a little *too* restrictive, but as her breasts became several cup sizes larger, with the dress resilient to tearing that jiggly weight simply gathered and distorted uncomfortably beneath.

Relief was only found through her own hands, for with a snap of her fingers? She summoned a new outfit from the depths of her Spirit Origin. A beautiful dress of Italian make, one of reds, blues, and brown that highlighted her thighs and more comfortably held her ample bosom. Anyone who had been in Chaldea back before it was attacked would recognize these clothes, much less the woman who wore them.

“Oh dear! I guess there was a problem with the parameters the littler me set on the device? But this isn’t good…” The wealth

of knowledge that had slipped into the forefront of the *Caster da Vinci's* mind served her well in identifying the situation she had just succumbed to. But this was also a little different from when Mashu had become Artoria, particularly on the mental forefront. Not only had she inherited all of da Vinci's memories on top of her own, but even alone she was acting just as the old da Vinci had.

On some level she even accepted herself as Leonardo da Vinci, even though she identified herself as Mashu just the same. Nonetheless, as a woman who was used to changing herself, that past identity was easily pushed aside as just another possibility she had lived. That didn't mean that she was *okay* with this, but it was a much easier pill to swallow than when she had been that Ruler. At least she was fully clothed, too!



“I suppose I should meet up with the younger me to discuss this, but I wonder if something similar happened to the young Master? I certainly hope not, because if little me did what I think she did...” She didn't really want to entertain this possibility, but it seemed the most likely, all things considered. **“We may not be able to return to normal this time!”**

Ritsuka Fujimaru blinked a moment, but was just as quick to look down at herself. She had hands! She was tall! She was clothed! **“I'm a human again!”** And she could *speak*! Her time as a tiny Fou had essentially been hell, particularly with the *real* Fou always trying to sniff her fluffy little butt. Being returned to her old self, clothes and all, was such a *great* relief to her that she hadn't immediately recognized that something was actually still wrong about this. Given a moment, however? It finally occurred to her.



“Wait, is this the director’s office? How did I end up here?” She could recall it clearly, the fact that da Vinci had told them they wouldn’t be warped while inside of the magic boxes this time. And she had heard it clearly because da Vinci had been holding her in her arms like a stuffed doll at the time – something else she had come to loathe about being that small and cuddly.

Was Goredolf not present? He was usually here during the day, but perhaps he was out on lunch? Nonetheless, the Master had hardly ever been in this room when it was empty... because she wasn’t allowed. The director had to be present whenever there was company in this room at all times.

Though she hadn’t realized that the director *was* present, technically.

Common sense would have, and most certainly *did* suggest leaving and heading back to the room where da Vinci-chan had intended for them to stay. But something held her back, and she couldn’t exactly place her finger on *why*. It was almost like there was something nostalgic about the director’s office, and not necessarily only in a positive way. She was feeling things that didn’t really... *make sense*? Like repressed memories had suddenly risen to the surface where none should have existed in the first place. It was disorienting, and it left Ritsuka stunned.

The fact that she was stunned served the spell that had enchanted her well, suggestive of the idea that maybe introducing these feelings first had been done so with the *intention* of having her freeze up. It certainly made the transformation that ensued much less chaotic without the victim lashing out about what she was being subjected to. Though, compared to Mashu? Her transformation wasn’t quite *as* dramatic.

To begin with, it was her figure that was affected first. A couple of inches of height saw Ritsuka grow taller, but it was hardly more substantial than enough to lift the base of her jacket in slight. It lifted slightly more, but because the size of her breasts grew but a single cup size – stretching her undershirt slightly and provoking a slight amount of discomfort in her brassiere, but it was hardly all that alarming.

Even when it came to her ass and thighs, what ensued wasn't all *that* significant. Her ass did swell a little fuller, provoking her panties to wedge ever so slightly beneath her cheeks, and her thighs? Well, they actually became *slenderer*. But there weren't exactly the areas where the most prominent changes ensued.

Ritsuka's build on the other hand? Fair as she was, she was quite muscular. It made sense, seeing as the adventures she went on daily and the responsibilities that had been left to her that she would be a little bulky. But the problem therein was that this bulk was *dissipating*, with arms, legs, and even her tummy becoming soft and slender.

With a change in constitution also seemed to come a change in skin quality. Her complexion paled slightly, but more substantial was the erasure of the many, many blemishes that decorated the Master's skin. Not only did her Command Seals disappear, but so too did the scars she had accumulated over the course of her adventures.

The woman blinked, the orange of her eyes dulling ever so slightly. **“What was I...? How am I here? I...”** Spoken with a voice that was much more serious than it normally was, Ritsuka's eyes danced around the director's office once more before she lowered them. There was something about her aura that had changed. She seemed more serious, and her posture felt more deliberate.

All the while, she continued to grow less recognizable. Her facial features seemed to harden, her face growing longer. But her lips also swelled, and her nose shrank. Momentarily, she bore an uncanny resemblance to a Japanese woman with more Western features – at least until her eyes themselves widened, giving off the impression that she *was* a woman of European descent.

According to her memories, this seemed to be the case as well.

Last but not least, or at least as far as her body was concerned, the orange locks atop her head then paled. It wasn't a slight change in color, but a total bleaching to white that undid the color she'd possessed since the moment she was born. Not only was this wool-like color a far cry from how her hair typically looked, but it also lengthened *dramatically*, all of the way down to her rear end. Thicker, softer, and smelling of rare flowers, if Ritsuka had been in her right mind she might have realized just what was happening here.

All that was left was a change of clothes, which appeared to happen all on its own. The outfit she was wearing was retransfigured, heavy blacks lightening in both color and quality until it was little more than a white dress beneath a black and orange jacket. Reddish-brown tights clad her

legs, while boots had changed into heels that were raised several inches. Even the style of her hair was slightly altered with accessories, for the hair on the left was pulled into a side braid that dangled past her ear on the very same side.

“How is this possible!?” Over the course of her transformation, the woman had naturally gravitated behind the director’s desk at the head of the room, ultimately slamming her hands against it once she fully processed the situation she was now in. Ritsuka Fujimaru wasn’t Ritsuka Fujimaru once more, but instead of a fluffy mascot character? She had become *Olga Marie Animusphere*, the old director of Chaldea who was no longer with them for some exceptionally tragic reasons. **“I became the old director!? No, I am the director!”**

Such was the case with the new da Vinci, the ego of who she had become had evidently overwhelmed the ego of who she had once been. She projected an overwhelming amount of pride, even if that pride was being used to hide some deep seated insecurities about her position. Olga Marie, or at least this one, not only had all of the original’s memories but Ritsuka’s as well. So she could remember how she had met her untimely end.

Which made her fearful of the future.

She also knew that there was a *new* director, but since she had returned? Regardless of the circumstances, she would retake her position. Even if it meant dethroning the man who had been running it in the meantime. **“I suppose there’s no point in worrying about it now. It is what it is.”** Olga Marie didn’t *really* feel this way, but once again she was trying to project some manner of strength.

“I’m sure da Vinci will be able to undo this anyways.”

Even with two of them, though? This would ultimately end up impossible.

