

(BAKING) CABIN IN THE WOODS

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Is no one here? But EMIYA-san told me to meet him at this time...” Mashu arrived at Chaldea’s kitchen at 6am on the dot, the time that had been specified to her the night before. She’d been looking to improve her baking skills so that she could impress Ritsuka come their birthday and to those ends had sought a personal training exercise with one of the cooking-inclined Servants, and the Archer had accepted more easily than she’d imagined he might.

But he was nowhere to be seen. The lights had all been off, and even after waiting ten minutes there hadn’t been so much as a peep. But Mashu trusted him and decided not to go to his room to check. In the meantime she’d merely gather all the ingredients for the apple pie they were planning on making.

So what was first? The dough ingredients! Flour, sugar, and salt could all be found among the shelves of the pantry, but the eggs and milk were in the refrigerator. Well, that was the hope. The last time someone left all the milk out all night there had been a reckoning from Tamamo Cat. Shielder had a checklist with all of these ingredients but she didn’t really know the way to prep the dough. EMIYA was supposed to be helping with all that, and so she could only do what she could in the meantime.

With everything set out on the counter she’d intended to just wait, but the longer it took her help to get there the more impatient she became, and before long Mashu was mixing ingredients in a bowl without instruction even though she’d never done it before. This was odd in itself,

but the girl didn't really seem to notice on her own. With the flour, sugar, and salt whisked together Mashu had already begun to knead the butter into the mix with her washed hands.

The fingertips very quickly dirtied by the actions, it was difficult for her to notice that her nails were both long and sharp. She normally kept these nails short so that they wouldn't get in the way in battle, it was a personal preference. They kneaded with increased precision and intensity as the fingers themselves became smaller and more agile, the many callouses and scratches that she hated because they made her look worn down becoming soft in the process. An egg was cracked open with ease, the yolk settling in the bowl's bottom before she continued to mix it by hand.

“*Ah!?*” The mixing procedure was suddenly interrupted as something flew into the dough from outside, and the squeak of surprise Shielder had made in response was far softer and more reserved than was typical of her. What was sitting in between her small hands in the mixed dough was a black button from the button-up shirt she'd worn that morning beneath her usual hoodie. “**Oh no, the batch is ruined...**” Technically it could still be served, but she couldn't do it in good conscience. What if people got sick?

With a gentle sigh she removed her hands and set the bowl aside, not even looking to see why the button had popped off in the first place. It was because her tits were bigger, rounder, bulging against the material of her blouse with the firmness one might expect from an eroge character of all things. They were straining her bra and flesh was peeking out from the crevice the popped button had made, but from Mashu's own point of view nothing was really wrong.

She'd have to pour the contents of the first bowl down the disposal drain first, and so she made her way towards the sink on the other side of the kitchen. It should have been an easy enough task but was promptly interrupted as the toe of her right foot got caught beneath a wooden floorboard that was sticking up. “*UWAH!?*” Mashu flew forward, and her foot jumped out of both shoes with a little too much ease. The bowl of dough landed right side up thankfully, but Mashu herself fell breast-first into it and the runny contents splashed across her neck, face, and right down her cleavage. It was a sloppy, lewd looking mess by the time she sat upright, particularly with her boobs even more pronounced to the point that a second button had popped.

But the Demi-Servant should never have gotten her foot stuck beneath a floorboard in the first place. *Literally nothing in Chaldea's kitchen was made of wood.*

The girl's head was ringing as she pushed herself up and out of the doughy mess. For a moment she thought she'd heard the chirping of birds outside, but the kitchen was so far deep into Chaldea's base that such a thing was impossible and she wrote it off as hearing things at first. "Oh... I'm all messy..." Her fingers were messy too, so it didn't really help as she used her hands to try and wipe the egg and flour from her breasts, even unbuttoning the rest of the blouse so she could have easier access to her tits. Some had definitely slid down her stomach and so she just ended up opening it all the way, and her big, round tits bounced out with nipples erect since they'd become too large for her bra to contain, forcing it to sit way lower than it should.

She continued to wipe her boobs off with her bare hands, each stroke pushing them down and seeing them bounce up again erotically. If someone had walked in at that moment they definitely would have gotten the wrong idea, and the second that thought entered Mashu's mind she shot a glance at the large oaken door. No one was there, phew...

Had that always been an oaken door?

Would she *really* have minded if someone walked in at that moment?

Had Shielder looked back at her shoes in that moment she probably would have been shocked to find them replaced with thigh high boots, but she was way too focused on cleaning herself up. "I guess I need a napkin..." The infliction of her voice had been worsening. She'd grown a lot more confident over the years since Ritsuka had come to Chaldea, but now everything came across like she was perpetually uncertain.

The wet dough she'd pushed down from her breasts had pooled in her lap, which brought about the realization that once she stood it would all fall down onto the wood floors. That would be difficult to clean up... but she didn't have a choice! It was almost mesmerizing how well contained it was in her lap though. Had her thighs always been so thick that they could hold liquid around her crotch without anything leaking out? Were they sealed?

Truth was, they'd definitely gotten thicker. They were practically double the width around now, so even with the skirt in the way they kept the liquids sealed perfectly. It was a change that had been reflected in her ass: as she sat on her butt Mashu hadn't noticed her seat rising while her rear muffled against the floorboards were redefined volume.

Eventually she had no choice but to stand though and the sound of the semi-solid, semi-liquid dough splashed against the floorboard rang out... except it took both her skirt and underwear with it since they'd

gotten so heavy. It was a little more than that though, since the skirt had already torn in the side because of her abundant waist. “**Embarrassing...!**” It was another hushed whisper, but she made no real attempt to cover herself up since she was alone.

Drip... Drip... Drip...

A little of the dough dripped from her pubic hairs, revealing something that should have been alarming. They were purple like her hair anymore, they were a *pitch black*.

The woman wobbled from side to side the moment she'd stood again. Common sense would have suggested getting new clothes, but there was a comfort that told her it was fine to continue on naked too. Purple eyes blinked, and when they opened again they shone a supernatural crimson. She was in her own home, so did it matter if she was clothed? All that mattered was making the pie.

To those ends she moved towards the cupboards. With the dough a failed project she thought to make the filling, but reaching for the uppermost shelf proved to be a new challenge. At such a height she should have been able to reach with is, but... “**Was it always this high up?**” The girl was leaning in with all her might, sweater and opened blouse still barely holding onto her shoulders as she leaned in and up to try and reach the lemon juice. She wasn't even bothered by how her dirty, huge tits pushed the cans in the shelf below back as she tried her hardest to reach.

Was the shelf actually taller? Of course not. But as Mashu's body had grown more promiscuous it had also shrunk, inches shed from her height. Eventually she managed to grab the juice by standing on her tiptoes, but with the unusual weight distribution of her new curves and height she ultimately fell backwards with a *THUD!* The bottle of lemon juice smacked her square in the face and, in the process, spilled all of its contents against her hair. While this shouldn't have amounted to much more than a greater mess, the purple in her hair was washed out as a black that matched her pubes took precedence.

She laid there defeated and disoriented, the sound of the birds outside even louder than they had been before. Mashu couldn't help but think she should have closed the window before she began baking, that was what her grandmother had always taught her. Her... grandmother...? No, it was impossible for her to have such a thing considering the circumstances of her birth, but at the same time that had such a nice feeling associated with it. It was so easy to get lost in it all as she laid there... and before long she unintentionally fell asleep.

By the time the maiden awoke once more the birds weren't chirping. Instead it was the reckless song of evening crickets that filled the air, a cool night breeze wafting in through a window that shouldn't have existed in Chaldea. The girl, groggy as she was, rose to a sitting position on the wooden kitchen floor and rubbed at her eyes. "**Mm... what time is it?**" Her voice not much stronger than a whisper, it wasn't like anyone would answer.

Shakily she stood, a look of indifference upon her face as she soon wandered over to the window above the rusted sink, closing the latch of the pain so that no more bugs could get in. Her attention then turned to herself. Falling asleep on the floor had been a bad idea but she couldn't really remember *how* it had happened. It was only natural she'd gotten all dusty, and so fingers were swept across the loose-fitting white cloth that was tailored to hold her massive boobs without the support of a bra -- she was fortunate to be so naturally perky!

Hands moved to brush off her red skirt next, and then finally adjusted the hood hugging her head of black hair before fetching her boots from the floorboards nearby. "**What was I doing...?**" It was a good question and she felt like she was forgetting something important. Something *really* important. "**Think, Vermelio, think...**"

But Vermelio really had no idea.