

WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR

FEBRUARY 2019 REQUEST

WRITTEN BY: CHALDEACHANGE



- ARTEMIS TWINNING
- TG / AP / MC

How had it come to this? As he sat alone in the Sparrow's Inn, Ritsuka could only lament his choice in raucous company as a woman squealed while shoving what looked to be a stuffed bear between her gratuitously large breasts on the next bed over. Having been extended an invitation to visit the Sparrow's Inn again, the Master of Chaldea had jumped at the opportunity to take a brief vacation following the ruckus that had been the incident with the cursed books in the library.

It was an invitation that had been extended so graciously to him by Artemis, the second piece of the Servant Orion. Actually... it was the two of them that occupied the bed beside him and were making so much noise. Artemis was a beautiful goddess with long, silver hair, bright blue eyes, and a pair of breasts that probably had their own gravitational pull. And Orion? He was the bear wedged between those mounds.

Their existence was as complicated as their relationship was, with Artemis obsessing over Orion night and day. This had meant to be a couples evening for them, but perhaps because Ritsuka had been looking so tired lately they'd asked him to come along. He was grateful for that of course, but the entire time they'd been loudly goofing off; he really didn't understand the buxom Servant in the other bed at all. She was always fussing over Orion, clinging tightly, calling him 'darling' despite the fact that the bear seemed happier talking to other women.

Were they in love or was it a *hostage situation*?

"**Master!**", the woman chimed, Ritsuka almost shocked by the fact that words had been aimed at him for the first time in hours. Sitting cross-legged on his bed with a book in his lap, he glanced over while being careful not to show any of the concern he was feeling. "**Darling and I are going for a couple's bath! We'll be back soon, okay!?**" Not that she even waited for a reply as the door shut behind her and the scream of Orion could be heard down the hall. *Geez.*

Ritsuka sighed. He was alone in the inn room now, so he wondered if he should just go to bed? He'd bundled up in a pair of white, button up pajamas the moment the sun had dropped from the sky. Glancing out the window at the sky of stars above he could only idly think, *'I wish this trip was more interesting for me'*. If he'd wanted to sit around and sleep, he could have just remained at the Wandering Sea.

Closing the book on his lap and setting it aside, he exhaled again, this time kicking his legs over the side of the bed before wandering over to a pile of pure white towels left in case the visitors wished to go use the baths. There were hot springs at this inn after all, so rather than waste his night going to sleep Ritsuka figured he might as well unwind there instead. At the very least, it was a better use of his time than going to sleep feeling sorry for himself.

As the door closed behind him and he wandered into the connecting hall, one of the stars in the sky that he'd wished to seemed to sparkle a bright blue if only for a moment.

The changing room for the hot spring was what you'd expect, though it was surprisingly empty considering he'd had to bunk with Orion and Artemis precisely because the sparrow at the front desk had told them the inn was essentially booked solid. Wooden, door-less lockers lined the length of the room as wooden benches sat in the middle. At the room's end he could see that the changing room connected into an area of showers likely added so people wouldn't track dirt into the springs.

Ritsuka rubbed the back of his head as he sat the towel down in one of the lockers, briefly walking over to glance into the shower area of the room to make sure no one really was around. He was surprisingly shy about his body despite the fact that he was the savior of humankind. He knew his physical form was somewhat paltry when compared to the chiseled bodies of his many Servants and he didn't think being a boy could simply excuse that.

Preparing to strip, he suddenly collided with a set of lockers after foolishly slipping in a puddle of nearby water. The Master fell backwards and slipped onto his butt on the ground after smacking his head on one of the containment units, and... something soft fell in his lap?

He winced but peeled an eye open. The lockers didn't actually lock, so it wouldn't be surprising if someone else's belongings had suddenly spilled all over the place. In his lap was a stuffed bear. Just a run of the mill, regular stuffed toy you could find anywhere with brown fur and button eyes. It had likely been forgotten there by a child, and Ritsuka intended on returning it to the space it had fallen from, but...

'Darling!?' It was a perverse thought of unknown origin that screamed in the back of the boy's mind. Why did looking at a stuffed bear make his heart beat so fast? There was nothing exceptional or sentimental about it! **"AHHAHAH!"** And then he blurted out laughter unprovoked. *'This isn't Darling!'* Another thought took shape, just as foreign as the first. He was quick to cover his mouth after being startled by his own, baseless, comedic outburst, knees pulled up to his chest as his back rested against the lockers he'd bumped into only a moment prior.

Everything felt uncanny. His heart was racing for one, which likely did no favors to the rest of his health, evident by how quickly each breath came and went. Pectorals pressed up and down against his pajama top as a wave of dizziness overcame him and suggested he remain on the floor.

He was sweaty, though he didn't know why; in reality he felt like he'd just ran a marathon. But this was all merely the side effect of something taking root in his core. Ritsuka wasn't a particularly skilled magus so it didn't take much to overload his Magic Circuits, and yet they'd been strained to the max by something foreign: *a Saint Graph*. Ritsuka himself couldn't recognize this, nor could he recognize that the muscles he'd gained from venturing through Singularity after Singularity had begun to melt away. There had been clear definition in his arms beneath the cloth of his pajama top, but that definition was practically absorbed into his body proper while leaving soft, smooth skin in its place. Even his skin tone seemed to soften to a creamier color that you could practically drink.

“Eh?” Usually the quiet sort, he let out an uncharacteristic sound of surprise as he each breath he heaved seemed to allow a little less space between his chest and the knees he had pulled against them. It was the first of the physical changes Ritsuka noticed and for good reason. He lowered his chin and looked at where his flat chest should have been; *should have been*. The Master could already see that something was terribly awry here, what with the fact he could no see down into a dark voice between his nipples as milky flesh pressed up against the fabric of the pajama shirt. It was already straining the upper button, pressure threatening to pop it off at any mom--oh, no, *there it went*. “EHHH!?” The sound of surprise, again, was so uncharacteristic of him in its volume and the length it was drawn out.

It wasn't just Ritsuka's pajama top that was at risk though. While he was focused on the expansion of his chest because it was what he could see, the contents of his pants were making it difficult for them to rest comfortably as well. They'd grown increasingly tighter as time passed, his seat having risen several inches as milky white pooled in the expanse of his butt. Cheeks began to poke out over the top of the pants, ass cleavage more and more apparent as the material was forced to slide farther and farther downward.

It didn't take long for a loud *RIP* to split the button-less pants at the sides as his hips expanded suddenly and rapidly, the immediate change sending a ripple through his body that jiggled his still growing breasts and thighs that has begun to poke out from beneath the new pant rips as their softness started to muffin over the edged of cloth.

Streaks of silver had taken root in his hair a short while prior, but as the hair grew and snaked down past his shoulders the best they could while his back was still to the lockers. It became more and more unruly the longer it became, prompting some of the growing mane to tickle shoulders that were now largely bare as their reduced size allowed more space.

A single hand pawed along the ground beside Ritsuka, fingers thinner and more feminine each time they touched the tiling, and eventually with each touch the sound of a manicured fingernail tapping against the ground could be heard. Eventually he found it: the teddy bear that had fallen on him. He held it close to his heart even as the continuing expanse of his tits popped the second button off of his shirt. For some reason the bear was comforting; rather it didn't feel quite right, but it reminded him of someone *important*. That wasn't to say what was happening filled Ritsuka with any anxiety, rather it was the opposite. He was feeling giddier and giddier, the changes less and less bizarre and more and more desired.

His shirt growing even tighter, expanded areola became more defined in shape beneath the white of the cloth as nipples shot straight up, hard as diamonds. Of

course they merely poked into his legs, which had grown thicker and thicker with the passage of time. Much more and he'd have to pull them off.

His face began to look less and less Eastern, taking on Western features as his blue eyes grew wider and his nose smaller. The blue of those eyes, for but a single moment, glowed bright as their color was changed in the slight to an icier shade of sky.

A burst of energy suddenly excited the Master, and he finally jumped up to his feet with the stuffed toy on tow. The weight of a chest that now exceeded a perky D-cup bounded with the jump, knocking two of his shirt's lower buttons off in the process to reveal the top of his stomach beneath. It had grown soft but firm, its arches more defined to match the curvature of his ass and hips. The mass of his body on the whole was more apparent as he now stood, thighs bouncing free as his torn pants suddenly slid to the ground and his ass behind him free to jiggle as it pleased.

It should have all felt foreign. Even as his erect penis slid inward to form the caverns of a new, moist pussy *she* couldn't see it as *wrong*. Her mind was being rewired in accordance with the Saint Graph that had been installed, the identity of Ritsuka Fujimaru slipping farther and farther away as a new one emerged. "**Darling!? You're not Darling!**" She eventually noticed the plushie in her hand and stomped with a cute pout upon thick lips, tossing the toy back into the lockers as she looked around.

Actually, why was she there? This thought idly correcting itself, fingers reached down to pull off the few remaining buttons that fastened an ill-fitting shirt to her body before casting it off to allow fully grown breasts to bounce against her stomach, each larger than a JJ in size. Artemis ran a hand through her silver hair next, its volume thick and luscious as it cascaded down her back past her ass.

Here she was naked... hadn't she been planning on going to the bath with Orion? Right! They'd been staying with Master, but had gone off without him! She felt a little bad about it, but she wanted to at least do some things as a couple with her dearest Orion!

Artemis' heart raced as she thought about her fuzzy lover. So cute, so warm, so strong, so brave. She rested fingertips against her left breast and closed her eyes, savoring the thoughts of the things she loved most. "**Oh! He went ahead!**" But those eyes shot open when she remembered he'd gone in first, and so she skipped towards the showers as all of the fat in her body bounced with each skip. How she yearned to hold him close to her breast in the water!

But when they'd eventually return to their room, they'd find their Master had gone home early. Had they been a little too overwhelming?

Artemis didn't really understand Ritsuka.