

GIRL'S NIGHT IN COMMISSION STORY BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was something of a rare request to obtain an invitation from the hikkikomori, Osakabehime. A Servant of the Assassin class, she spent most of her time holed up in her room in Chaldea. It seemed recently she'd made some more friends, and Musashi Miyamoto couldn't have been prouder, but to earn an invite to a girls night of all things had exceeded even the Saber's expectations. The two were close... kind of. At the very least they'd become friends within Chaldea despite being born of different worlds. The Musashi that Osakabehime knew was a man, but the girl Musashi from another world was so cute that she didn't really mind at all!

"Musashi-chan, just make yourself at home! I'm going to go grab the snacks quickly while you put your stuff down!"

"You say that, but did you clean up at all before I came over?" The warrior raised an eyebrow at the mess that was sprawled across the room. The tatami mat in the center was in pristine condition, but everything around it? It looked like the Assassin had shoved everything that had been in the middle of the room against the walls. But of course her comment fell on deaf ears as Osakabehime had already slid out the door in pursuit of the cafeteria. Of course she has the guts to go outside when there were snacks involved, huh?

It was probably all junk food too. Not that she minded. Musashi was blessed with a metabolism that allowed her to eat as much as she wanted without gaining weight, though surely the training helped. Seemed like there were plenty of half eaten snacks mixed in with all the trash that had been shoved to the side though... and something glowy?

With little to do as she awaited the princess' return she decided to investigate. The room was dimly lit, and so the bright light stood out. She wouldn't be surprised if her friend had left a game on or something, and much to an absence of surprise she was right. It was a tablet left on what appeared to be a spinning gacha screen; of course Hime would leave it there at such a pivotal moment! Though while Musashi knew of games like these (*much because Osakabehime never stopped talking about them*), it wasn't like she played nor had stakes in their mechanics.

"Guess I shouldn't let it keep wasting power", Saber mumbled as she fished the device out of the darkness of the pile, index finger reaching for the power button. By pure coincidence the very moment she'd pressed it was the moment a gold card appeared on the screen, and upon pressing the button a sudden static shock jumped to her fingertip. **"Ow!"** Oh, how cruel technology was! In response to the shock Musashi accidentally dropped the tablet, which fell back down into the pile without any apparent harm. No apparent harm, but with her attention drawn elsewhere she didn't quite see it shrink and multiple, a black bridge formed between the pair as they shifted into a set of thick-framed glasses.

Now it was important to note that Musashi hadn't come to spend a girls night in her usual Servant garb. She'd taken to a crimson tee that sat just above her exposed navel along with a pair of worn, blue jeans. Shoes had already been kicked off, but she found this casual ensemble comfortable enough to spend a night of leisure in. It fit both snugly and leisurely. This information is all very relevant, particularly how snug the outfit was. It was so tight, so perfectly fitted, that even the slightest of inconsistencies with her figure wouldn't go unnoticed.

But the very first change did. Because it was subtle, and it was in a location she couldn't see without a mirror, it completely escaped her notice. And that was the emergence of a red Bindi dot in the dead center of her forehead, hidden beneath her bangs. It was an Indian marking, one that would only speak partially to the true identity of what she'd become.

Yet the very first change that Musashi registered through her own power was a peculiar sensation that radiated throughout her body. Bloat. Perhaps like she'd eaten a lot, or perhaps because she was gassy. Either way, it was an unfamiliar feeling to the Servant that consumed the highest number of udon bowls at ServantFES last summer. **"Ugh... Did I eat a little too much earlier?"** Were it only so simple.

She kind of wanted to sit down so she could shake it off, but until Osakabehime came back she didn't really feel comfortable choosing a seat (*sitting in her hostess' place might come off as rude, and while Musashi wasn't generally too concerned with such things it was important to her that the night went well*). As she deliberated finding a more comfortable posture, a single pink bow appeared across the left of her bangs in a poof of pink smoke.

Come to think of it, she was feeling unusually *weak*. The woman was an above-average swordswoman, one many of her own timelines and this one would refer to

as a *'prodigy'*. You could be prodigious and not be able to make use of that talent however, and being a warrior whose body wasn't properly trained was a sure fire way to do it. That wasn't normally an issue for Musashi though, not with her metabolism.

While the bloated feeling was most prominent in her stomach, that wasn't where her clothes felt tighter at first. Peculiarly it was both her thighs and upper arms that began to feel constricted by cloth that had been specifically measured to fit her toned body with ease. On one hand, at first it wasn't really like these parts of her body had really *'thickened'* as much as there had been a release of tension. Toned as Saber's body was, the muscles in her arms and legs were naturally tight and firm. What occurred in the preliminary was that firmness *'letting go'* as the mass of her muscles softened to something more akin to a marshmallow than a tightly bound band.

That alone was enough to accentuate the bloating sensation at first. The sleeves of her shirt and the upper legs of her pants responded by feeling especially tight, so much that she moved either at the risk of beginning to tear them... and that was *before* they began to grow even chubbier. **"Eh? EHHH!?"** Her arms felt weak and her body swayed while proportions shifted, rips that had once been prevented fate to finally take shape as more weight piled onto her limbs.

It wasn't merely newly created fat that accumulated however, and more was donated from her lower arms and legs as bone structure came to grind and collapse. The bottoms of her pant legs began to crumple together as their length was condensed, her body growing closer and closer to the ground.

It was the same for her arms as they grew stubbier, sleeves encroaching past her elbows as fingers went out to keep herself balanced as inertia took hold. Hands, bony and calloused from all of the time spent training, wriggled while fingers bent and shortened. While Musashi didn't grow her nails, they cracked and grew dirtier as a peculiar scent painted across her digits. A sniff would treat one with the scent of potato chips, most likely; perhaps a light fragrance of fresh fruit mixed in.

Feet fared no better. While they'd withdrawn into the bottoms of her pant legs, toes had grown more unkempt and uncleaned, their forms wiggling wildly as bones deteriorated in size and skin tightened to match their new lengths.

"I'm getting smaller? An attack? Am I under attack!?" In Osakabehime's room of all places? She'd never heard of a phenomenon like this, but there were certainly more Servants gathered under Chaldea's roof than she was aware of. Perhaps among them was a Servant with this kind of power, but common sense was that while they were all contracted to the company that they wouldn't cause harm to one another. Had someone missed the memo?

Musashi was a go-getter and always had been, yet in the face of this peculiar phenomenon she couldn't seem to work up the will to go get help. She was in

danger, she knew this, so why did the thought of *'going to get help'* feel like too much of a hassle!?

Meanwhile her body had continued its compression. While weight had yet to pile onto her tummy, it was certainly looking far flabbier between the lines of her shirt and pants in response to muscle loosening and torso pushing closer together from the lacking height. The fat that had remained from her previously tall stature was merely pushed together and gave her the appearance of a slight gut that poked over the edge of her jeans. It was at this point that she finally fell on her bottom, the decreased distance between her body and the ground not gone unnoticed, nor how heavy she felt when she hit the ground. The sharp sound of the butt of her jeans ripping rung out.

The woman's cheeks puffed up, not via air but because additional weight began to set into her body. At the moment she looked, for the most part, like Miyamoto Musashi. It was just she'd lost about ten centimeters of height and was dressed in ill-fitted and torn clothing that clung too restrictively to a chubby form.

She had to get help, she knew she had to get help, but... Osakabehime would be back with snacks soon, wouldn't she? She couldn't help but wonder what they were... *Chips? Noodles? Candy? Fruit?* She wasn't picky in the end, and despite her bloated feeling she was quite hungry. And *lazy*. Despite her clothes feeling all wrong, she could only acknowledge she was too lazy to bother getting changed. Did she even have other clothes here?

Every thought of food merely served to increase her bloat and deteriorate her mental state from one of a fit warrior to one of a slothful shut-in. Her stomach had turned squishy when she'd shrunk, but a sudden pressure and popping of the button off jeans that were both too long of leg and too small of waist drew attention to the fact that she'd begun to grow steadily fatter. It was almost like watching an hourglass because, as far as Musashi could see, her ample breasts had begun to shrink before her very eyes as well. "**No, my...!**", she clawed at one of her tits with stubby fingers a moment, before giving up and instead reaching to pat her swelling tummy instead. Her fingers burrowed into the fat even as it expanded into a belly fully swollen from lack of physical exercise, and much of the size of her tits was now composed of that very same weight. Her stomach bulged out despite her red shirt now being oversized, but even then her torso seemed somewhat bizarre...

Musashi was quick to realize why. Attention drawn to her stomach, she hadn't noticed that a second pair of arms had formed beneath her first and ripped her sleeves. "**What the heck!?**" She hadn't been sure how to control them at first, but before long they were all pulling at the flab of her pot belly. "**Why am I so pudgy!? What happened to all of my muscle!?**"

With her belly popping her pants open, black panties could be seen with her typical, silver pubes sticking out. But unseen by the woman (*because she could not see past her stomach without effort*), they began to darken to brown and curl just as she was forced to adjust her seat as her ass thickened with new, loose fat.

Panic beset her once more as her vision blurred. It wasn't the first time this had happened; receiving a blow to the head in battle would undoubtedly cause a similar reaction, but this didn't go away. It was lucky for her that her extra hands seemed to know what to do in this instance and had reached for the pair of nearby glasses that had once been the tablet, sliding them up her nose. **"Oh! That's better!"** Her deep voice was essentially gone at this point, tone higher and shriller. There was very little left of Musashi Miyamoto short of the few facial features, and adorning her glasses sought to change that.

Blue eyes darkened to brown as they lost their energetic brightness, their overall shape rounding and accentuated by brows that became fuzzy almost like caterpillars as they darkened as well. The glasses had been sitting rather unconventionally against her nose, yet its shape was redefined to better accommodate the new accessory. An itch grew very annoying atop her head, and so dully-cut fingernails reached up to scratch a mass that, while one light-colored and silky in texture had been growing brown, untamed, and fluffy under her very touch. It wasn't long before she had a full head of thick, brown hair and a smile that better suited a gremlin than a young woman.

So much of Musashi's spirit had already faded that she'd very quickly accepted the mental changes that ultimately beset her. She fell onto her back, all four arms spread as another jiggle rippled through her stomach and groaned. Her clothes were itchy and uncomfortable and Osakabehime still wasn't back. She just wanted to play some games or something! Gods of India she was tired...

"Musashi...chan?"

"Ah!?"

"AH!?"

A sudden voice calling to her had woken the chubby Servant up, the girl flailing around a moment before her attention focused on the speaker. Oh! Osakabehime was back!

The poor Assassin had walked back in the room to find a Servant she didn't recognize in Musashi's clothes. Was it some kind of prank? But at the same time she kind of felt like this was the same person. **"You're... Musashi-chan, right?"**

"I don't know..." Admittedly, the strange Servant was having a hard time sorting her identity out. She felt as if that name was right, but at the same time other names were muddled in there. **"I think my name is Jinako Karigiri? Mooncancer? Ganesha? Something like that? But I think I might have been Musashi before... maybe..."**

"O-Oh..." Was such a thing possible? A Servant becoming another Servant? It didn't sound plausible, but at the same time it wasn't necessarily outside of the realm of possibility either. **"Maybe we should tell Maa-chan..."**

"No! Don't tell Master! I mean... I'm fine lazing around her, right? I just need a change of clothes and maybe we can eat some snacks and play some games... I really don't want to go out!" Was Musashi-- no, Jinako, a shut-in as well? And she was saying she was okay with it... Maybe it would be okay to leave things, just for now.

What could be better than a pair of hikkikomoris hanging out? It wasn't often the princess found like minded individuals in Chaldea!

She'd best just make sure not to interact with the unusual tablet glowing in the corner of the room...