

ONEE-SAN'S BIG FISTS

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“Ara ara, I just don’t understand why Master won’t allow me to smother him with attention.” It was a meeting of mothers in the Chaldea meeting room that evening. Well, it was a meeting of only two. The first was Minamoto no Raikou, the speaker. While the second? It was everyone’s favorite goddess of mothers, Europa. The two met up time and time again to exchange stories and pointers on how to be a better parent, and this wasn’t the first time this particular complaint came up.

Which was odd, because Europa had no difficulties with the Master.

The goddess seemed lost in thought. **“Perhaps he just doesn’t understand where you’re coming from? It’s not as if a boy his age could recognize the struggles that taking care of someone so affectionately is subjected to? But at the same time I cannot imagine it would be easy to teach that lesson.”**

Europa might not have understood a method to accomplishing this, but Raikou certainly did. After all, she was friends with many of the Japanese Servants and knew a *certain fox* that would be happy to help with such a thing.

A day had passed, and Ritsuka Fujimura was busy following his usual morning routine. Get up, train, then use the public baths that were located on Chaldea’s lowest floor. The first two tasks had been completed which meant it was time for the third, and before long he was lowering himself into the steaming water of the bath.

It was a little strange though. Normally the bath was full of other male Servants at this time in the morning, yet he seemed to be the only one there. Because he'd missed the '*OUT OF ORDER*' sign on the front door. Or perhaps it was better to say he had been misled, the sign made invisible to his eyes only. This wasn't about to be a conventional bathing experience, and by making contact with the water he'd already set things in motion.

He filled a small bucket with hot water from the large bath to dump over his head. *A mistake.* For while his fluffy spikes flattened against his head like they should have under the force of such a moist onslaught, but it would never spike up naturally again. In fact, it was the part of his body that was the most easily tainted, and the raven black strands lightened to a *dark, royal blue* with a natural swerve to the right. The do also didn't even seem as long as it once had been, but that wouldn't really be made clear until it dried later.

Following this trend, his eyebrows and pubes were dyed the *same color* (*though the latter had happened when he'd submerged*) and all of the stubble from his face had been washed away. Lashes were longer now, but the rest of his eyes seemed to be unaffected, while the skin submerged in water was notably softer than the skin that was either dry or had just been splashed.

Evidently, the early effects were provoked by water making contact with the body. Fingernails and toenails drew themselves longer, cuts professionally trimmed while a gentler glow cast itself across his fingers much like it had the rest of Ritsuka's skin. Incidentally every place that had changed so far was a piece of his body composed of keratin. Hair, finger and toe nails, the outer layer of his skin -- it was all keratin based.

Keratin, you see, was the most susceptible material to the magic concoction that had been added to the water brew of the bath, but just because it promoted the *quickest* change didn't mean it was *all* that would change. Contact was needed to administer the dosage to the body. From there on it would seep in, altering both the body *and* the mind. It was already seeping into his brain from the bucket dumped over his head, and his facial features were now gradually softening on the exterior.

Ritsuka loved himself a long soak, but something was tugging at the strings of his mind. '*Maybe I should get out early and make sure everyone else is okay since they aren't here?*'. Not to imply that he was typically selfish, he just hadn't thought of it as a big deal that no one else was in the bath at first. He'd just assumed he'd come at a good time was all.

These thoughts kept going. ‘*Maybe I could help EMIYA and Cat in the kitchen too?*’ or ‘*did they need any extra hands on laundry duty today?*’. His thoughts were growing more adamant in the help others out category. Or maybe it would be better to refer to said category as taking *care* of others?

“**Achoo!**” A sudden sneeze took Ritsuka by surprise, and raising his hand to cover his mouth from the depths of the water gave him an even more surprising shock. “**Huh!? This isn’t my *HAND!*?”** Not only was it certainly not his hand, but his voice was cracking at seemingly random intervals, creating an audio illusion that made him sound like a girl. Was it *really* an illusion though?

His fingers were small and soft. Scars and callouses from his many adventures? Gone, instead leaving a hand that felt strong but certainly didn’t look the part with how long his nails were. His palms were notably smaller as well, as were his wrists, and-- “**My *WHOLE arm!*?”** It ran as far up as his shoulders, almost like they were compressed; that compression had even drawn his shoulders closer together.

Ritsuka stood up with shock, water dripping down the length of his body to reveal what he’d feared from his initial investigation. From head to toe he was shorter? A few inches at best, five or more at worst. It was hard to tell in the water. He could tell his legs weren’t as long, but on the whole it was the soft glow of his flesh that *really* distracted him. There was a literal glow of course, that freshly bathed sheen, but the chiseled look of his body had practically melted away and that had contributed to what amounted to a rather androgynous aesthetic.

“**What’s--**” A cough was forced as the boy’s Adam’s apple smoothed away, and from that point forward his voice was maintained in that girlish tone. “**-- Am I turning into a *woman?*”** It wasn’t a baseless question of course. Arms and legs looked squishier, and there was a little fat gathered around his chest that looked like, perhaps, the beginnings of a pair of breasts. He also wasn’t quite sure, but it looked like the sides of his tummy were sinking in. Or was it instead the width of his hips growing out?

Both, actually. The handles of his stomach were gradually pulling inward as muscle could be seen firming up around his bellybutton like the design couldn’t decide if it wanted to be soft or firm. It gave his tummy a bit of a bulge but not in the unhealthy sense, like poking it would allow the finger to sink in only a little before prodding into stiff muscle. In turn this deepened his bellybutton, which blushed with a bit of red thanks to the heat of the bath.

As for his hips, Ritsuka could feel those bones being pulled apart slowly like someone had gripped fingers around them and had begun to tug. Something popped on either side, indicating the bones were settling into their new places, but in turn his posture was forcibly adjust with legs tilted inward to meet smaller feet with more delicate curves and toes.

It took the boy(?) a moment, but he pulled himself out of the water thinking it was his only choice to prevent what was happening. At least that had been the initial thought, but... '*I should hurry and dry off so I can help around the building*'. The desire to *help* and *care for* was growing more intense, so much that at the rate it was going his old thoughts and feelings would be completely drowned out before he even reached the door to the changing room. Even so, he pressed forward.

As the gap between himself and the door closed, his shortened figure filled out. Earlier theories that the soft spots beneath his nipples were the precursor for a pair of breasts had proven true, and as small, wet feet plopped against the ground the jiggle from each impact found itself rippling through more and more flesh. A little jiggle here, a lot of jiggle there. What began as small mounds saw nipples thicken and stretch, jumping up in fruit sizes from tangerines to full on, G-cup watermelons by the time they were done. Were Ritsuka to jump with tits this big he would have been liable to smack himself in the face with his own bosom.

And *not* to be undone, his rear reached an equally suitable mass. Perhaps not so large that it might have its own orbit like his new breasts, but cheeks bounced and swayed thanks to how his widened hips now forced him to walk. It was just *uncomfortable* to keep his legs completely straight, particularly with the massive weight of his chest to support.

Before long, even walking as was comfortable came with some minor discomfort. Sway of his big ass aside, it was the rubbing of thighs together that was causing new issues. They'd begun as scrawny only to come into full bloom as a pair of strong, chubby upper legs that were enticing in their own way. Even though Ritsuka looked weaker, arms and legs (*arms especially*) were more powerful than they'd ever been.

By the time the changing room was slid open, there wasn't even a point in referring to Ritsuka with masculine pronouns anymore. There was no space for a dick to thrive between those fluffy yet powerful thighs, and as per natural selection it died to make way for the only flower that could blossom: *a woman's counterpart*.

“Ara ara, you really turned out quite splendidly. How are you feel, Yozakura-chan?” The moment she'd walked into the changing room she'd been greeted by a tall woman with ginormous breasts.

Hearing the name '*Yozakura*', it clicked instantly and overrode the sixteen year old girl's memory of her old name, even if she could still remember things like being Chaldea's Master, and all of the adventures they'd been on. It was more like... a switch had been flipped that shifted her perceptions. The Servants were no longer 'close friends', they were '*like siblings*' to her and she wanted to do whatever she could to help them. She and Raikou were alike in this manner, even if the purple Servant's affections were more maternal in nature.

She walked over to her locker quietly as if it was the most natural thing in the world, as if every bounce of her well-formed body was completely normal. Yozakura didn't even answer Raikou until she was dressed in her seafoam green kimono wear, which was conveniently cut off to reveal her midriff, before putting in a pink, floral hair ornament and shoving her arms into a pair of gauntlets that had been supplied as part of the spell. Each gauntlet was almost the size of her body, but she lifted it with ease.

It took her a moment but once this was done she finally looked over to Raikou to give her answer.

"I feel good, but I'll feel better once I've made sure everyone is fed." It was such a *big sister* thing to say, but that was because this Yozakura was the *idealized, hard-working big sister type*.

Raikou merely giggled. **"That's what I like to hear!"**