

# MOM-STER MASHU

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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For all of the holidays that Chaldea celebrated, both Mother’s Day and Father’s Day alike weren’t exactly ones that they highlighted. The number of Servants that were parents, much less had their children summoned along with them, could be counted on two hands. Even among the ones that *could* be counted, there were cases like the many iterations of King Arthur and their child Mordred, which weren’t necessarily the types to celebrate these holidays either.

**“Huh? What’s this? Some kind of Saint Quartz variation?”** Case in point: it was Mother’s Day, and the best Mashu Kyrielight could come up with was fetching a gift for da Vinci, even though her body was currently that of a child. It was certainly complicated, but the fact that she’d raised the Demi-Servant in a way wasn’t something that could be denied regardless of her being a backup body or not.

She’d been sorting through their warehouse of items imported by Shion into the Wandering Sea – something that was no small feat considering the fate of the world at present – and she had told Mashu that she could part with a gift for the appropriate price. What she hadn’t expected to find within was an entire pink gemstone that was shaped like the Saint Quartz she was overly familiar with. Da Vinci was something of a collector of them, so maybe this would work!?

With that thought in mind she plucked the stone from the many shelves of the warehouse, only to stumble back and drop the gem after she felt a strange power jump from its surface and into her body. **“Ah!?”** Her body began to shiver as a result, and Mashu? For but a brief moment, she was fairly certain she could hear a voice calling to her.

AH, THE STATE OF THIS WORLD IS SO SAD. IS THERE NOT ONE TO EMBODY MOTHER NATURE'S ETERNAL EMBRACE? IF NOT... HM. YOU HAVE A PECULIAR BODY, MY DEAR. PERHAPS YOU...

More had been said, but the Demi-Servant had been rendered incapable of understanding. “**What-!?**” She was quick to try and call out to it, but before she could, she found herself catching herself on the shelf. Something felt *off* with her body, and it was a difficult feeling to place. The feeling itself wasn't unpleasant, but something about it was unsettling. The fact that it almost felt *good*.

There had clearly been something supernatural about that voice, and Mashu was quick to realize she'd merely heard it in the back of her mind, but... Something about it was comforting. She didn't really get the impression that it meant her any harm either. How could something that made her feel all warm and comfortable like this be bad-

“**H-Huh!?** **What am I thinking...? Something's happening to me, isn't it?**” Almost like the warm embrace of a mother figure, the feeling had lulled her into a false sense of discomfort – one her training had thankfully allotted her the good sense to snap out of. There was a strange presence, one that was being internalized within her... Had it seized the Saint Graph that laid at the core of her soul!?

Remembering she'd dropped the pink Saint Quartz though, she bent over to pick it up. Mashu was the type of girl that cleaned up her messes even if they might have done something to her... No, wait! Shouldn't she have been avoiding touching it at this point? But while she thought she was resisting the influence that had spoken to her, in actuality she was still being guided without realizing.

Once she'd leaned forward enough to grab the item, however, a loud sound tore through the silence of the storage room, one that immediately stained her cheeks crimson. “**Wh-What was that!?**”, she asked even though she could feel the cause. Her leggings had just torn around her butt!? Not only that, but she could feel the back of her skirt being propped up as well.

The cause? It wasn't immediately apparent to Mashu herself, but if you'd had a rear view of her as she'd bent forward, it would more or less make sense. A jiggle had plagued her cheeks in the beginning, the slightest bit of weight finding itself into her rear – at least enough to stretch her black tights a little – but this had grown in an abundance at the peak of the girl's lean, her ass absolutely exploding with a growth

that saw cheeks ripple, nylon tear, and plain panties floss uncomfortably between her cheeks.

**“N-No way!”** By the time she returned to a standing position, gem in her left hand, she could feel the weightiness of her rump tugging her backwards. Her free hand reached back to caress the extension atop her skirt, and she could feel the air teasing the bare skin of her cheeks where nylon nor undergarment covered her any longer. **“Did... Did my butt grow!?”**

Of course it had, and she could feel that fact with her own fingers. Without meaning to, they had even dipped beneath the skirt and were rubbing bare, fatty cheeks. Had they always been this sensitive? Perhaps because her skin had been stretched so thin? Now peering over her shoulder, she could see that this ass had practically tripled in size, and it wasn't particularly perky.

**“Ah!?”** After a moment more, her knees buckled, and she was forced to catch a shelf with her fingers to prevent herself from falling. Her posture was irreversibly altered thanks to her hips pulling themselves wide – allowing her cheeks to settle a little more naturally and creating a platform for more of her lower half to fill out.

Mashu was so distracted in general that she'd hardly taken notice of the fact that her entire frame had sprung up. It was only a few inches, hardly noticeable in even her clothes considering the damage already done to her leggings, but it was extremely helpful regarding what plagued her thighs in the coming moments.

*Fat.* Fatty tissue that stretched her skin in a manner similar to the egregiously large booty that now protruded from her backside and rendered the hold of her leggings even more moot. As flesh swelled, the nylon couldn't contain them, and milky flesh ultimately poked out here and there where it didn't burst out completely. Even with widened hips, the flesh of either leg had no choice to press up against each other.

She was becoming aroused as well, which caused further problems. Her body just felt so tender down there that even this involuntary rubbing of her thighs warmed her cheeks and loins alike. But her pussy itself? While Mashu was absolutely a virgin, her lips swelled and the fragrance that began to waft from them seemed just a little more pungent. She squirmed again, this time as her insides grew to feel deeper, and the bush of lavender hair above her pussy? It erupted into a rather chaotic shrub that poked out from beneath panties which were practically being flossy between her pussy lips just as they had her ass.

**“Mm... This is so... good! No! This is wrong!? Why is my body... Ohh!?”** With pleasure came mixed messaging from her brain, and every time she weathered an urge to moan her voice ended up sounding a little deeper than it had before. A deeper voice, typically, was associated with an advanced age; something that was reflected in her lower body, as she looked like a woman in her forties from the waist down.

But it was also reflected in her *face*. Arousal had led to a surplus of drool forming in her mouth, and while she could normally control such a thing this surplus had managed to find a way to creep through the corner of her lips and down her chins. Because, plainly put, *her lips were swollen*. Naturally of course, but even now they were inflating, pink slightly cracked from an age that was continuously being applied to her form.

That same wear spread across her facial features, largely seen in a dwindling quality of skin but likewise shown through a newfound weightiness that was largely focused on her cheeks and below her chin. It gave her face a rounder shape, one plagued with patches of worn skin and crow’s feet nestled in the corners of her eyes. Even these eyes themselves seemed to have less of a light to them, almost like the hefty responsibility of adulthood had stolen Mashu’s innocence.

She was absolutely at *least* 40 now.

**“God... I want to touch myself. But if anyone caught me, my little Ritsuka-kun would be so embarrassed!”** Any ability to resist because her changing form was ‘wrong’ was more or less forfeit, and instead something new had sparked in her ego. She was still resisting but was accepting her current state as normal. Instead, she didn’t want to embarrass... senpai? Why was she calling him ‘Ritsuka-kun’ like he was her little boy?

She was leaning against the shelf with her back now, one free hand massaging the huge booty that knocked a few items off the lower shelf, while her other hand rubbed at her chest. Something subconsciously knew what was next, and Mashu certainly would be paid dividends in this area. It could already be felt beneath her fingertips, her erect nipples growing wider and longer, and that was only the appetizer.

**“Ohhh!”** The Demi-Servant couldn’t hold back the moan this time as the flesh of her tits swelled to the point that the front of her top looked like it was going to blow open. The sensual kickback was so much that she pushed her back into the shelf and knocked more contents to the floor (*thankfully it was screwed to the floor*). The sound of fibers fraying was audible enough for a few seconds, before full on tears

stretched out in every direction and her heaving bosom began to reveal cream-colored flesh through the crevices where her white bra wasn't present. Not that the strap of this bra hadn't snapped long before this point.

Unlike her ass which grew rather promptly, the rise of her melon-sized tits was something of a slow burn that spanned almost a minute. They pushed forward more and more, tearing clothes asunder while she groaned, moaned, and even rocked her MILF-y pelvis forward a little. Eventually the front of the top was fully blown open, and breasts bounced free while the bra fell to the ground below her. Both hands immediately sunk into these tits, kneading, and pushing them up against each other.

Mashu was practically purring to herself as the full front of her top opened wide, her tummy gaining a chubby bump that put the final nail in her fashion ensemble's coffin. It was clear she'd become an exceptionally thick MILF, her chubbiness not at all a detractor from her sex appeal.

Almost mockingly, her clothing's tatters soon glowed golden and reformed against her as a pair of mom jeans (*complete with a thong underneath*), a fuzzy, black sweater with a wide open cleavage window,

and even her glasses changed to have a longer bridge and more mature, squarer frames. This meant her masturbation session had been cut off before she could even plunge fingers into the good spot. "*Drats!*"

At the very least, it was a sobering moment that gave her time to self-reflect.

Face burning crimson from the momentary exposure, the *forty year old* Mashu Kyrielight cupped her right cheek with the bony fingers of her matching hand. "*Ara ara, is this really my body? It's so... big!*"



**Voluptuous, even!**” Strangely enough, she didn’t feel at all offput by her enhanced age. If anything, it felt like a privilege because she now understood the cause.

She had been chosen. Mother Earth had chosen her as a vessel destined to spread maternal love. It was a love that would be conveyed to those Mashu herself loved already, which worked out well considering Mashu herself loved so many people. **“I can’t wait to see the look on senpai’s face! Oh!”** Fingers grazed her ample cleavage accidentally as a realization dawned upon her. **“I guess I shouldn’t call him senpai anymore! He’s just cute, little Ritsuka-kun!”**

Mashu couldn’t wait to hug and kiss him, and squish his cheeks, and have him sit on her lap... **“Now I understand why Raikou-san embraces her motherly love so strongly. This feeling, this high! It’s just the best! I’m going to tease Ritsuka-kun so much! And then Gordolf-kun and da Vinci-chan as well!”**

A fresh hell had been unleashed on Chaldea, one that would find herself allying with Minamoto no Raikou as Chaldea’s very first *Mother’s Alliance*.

*Pray for them.*