

BRIDES OF CHALDEA

JUNE 2022 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Mother's Day had come and gone without so much as a whimper.

And that was exactly what was pissing Minamoto no Raikou off! She was Chaldea's *ultimate* mother, and yet neither of the Masters nor Mashu had given her any Mother's Day wishes back in May! In the end she had thought she had gotten over it, what with a full month having passed, and yet it had ultimately evolved into a petty grudge that had resurged with the vengeance some time later. **“How could they not wish me a happy Mother's Day?”** It had all but consumed the Berserker, which wasn't actually all that hard to do seeing as she was, well, a *Berserker*.

But she also didn't know how to communicate that to her Masters without coming across in a way that would make her hate them! Oh, it was such a dilemma from her point of view! She wanted to be appreciated, and yet not if that meant pushing her dear children farther away! She lamented this cruel twist of misguided fate, one without a clear solution in mind. Yet there was also someone that had been observing her struggle for some time now. Someone that approached with an offer.

“Would you like to teach them how it feels to be a mother and bride?”

It was nearly the end of June, which meant that Chaldea had become a fairly busy place. With anticipation about what the newest summer showing might bring, everyone was off in good spirits. Some Servants perused da Vinci's workshop in search of swimwear, while others made plans with each other for the months to come. It was honestly nice to see

everyone in such high spirits. Or at least that's what Gudao, the male Master of Chaldea, believed.



Everyone was still reeling from the events of Traum and the loss they had suffered, so the fact that everyone appeared to be in slightly better moods? Well, he couldn't really complain about that. Even Gudao had begun to start going about his business with a smile on his face again once more. Even if, upon returning to his quarters, he was confused by something that was resting on his deck.

“Huh? Whose glasses are these?” With thick, dark blue frames that didn't cover the tops of the lenses, they were glasses that appeared to belong to a woman. In fact, they almost looked a little familiar to him? Even if he couldn't immediately place *who*. There were plenty of Servants and staff in Chaldea that wore glasses these days, so it could have been literally any of them. But regardless of *whose* they were, *how* did they end up in his room?

Being a good Samaritan, the boy reached out to grab the glasses so that he could return them to their owner. But the moment his gloved digits grasped one of the frame's arms? Their weight disappeared from his touch, and he suddenly found his vision impaired. **“What the—!?”** The vision impairment was accompanied by an additional weight upon the bridge of his nose.

The glasses had teleported onto his face?

Common sense immediately had him reaching up to pull the glasses off, but evidently it was all done to no avail. **“They're stuck!? Why won't they come off?”** It was almost as if the frames had become glued to his face, and he didn't like that one bit. As he pulled, though, he found his grip on them becoming just a little more awkward, and his gloves a little uncomfortable. That is, at least, until those gloves eventually slid off while pulling.

It left the young man stunned, and his eyes blinked open and closed from the shock of the sudden series of events. Unbeknownst to him, however, the eyes through which he was blinking did not look as they should have. For one? They were wider, rounder, far *less* Japanese by design. But his lashes had grown longer, and the colors of those eyes were mauve as opposed to their usual sky blue.

What actually *had* noticed were his hands, though. It made sense why his gloves had slid off, seeing as how his fingers were longer and thinner than he remembered. Not to mention his fingernails had been cut long, perfectly manicured. Like a girl's. Or a woman's. **"That's... not right."** Neither was the color. They were paler than he recalled, and that paleness had seemingly swept through his complexion in its entirety.

Something was *obviously* wrong here, so was the cause of it the glasses? Should he get help? He naturally should have, but deep down there was something akin to a reassuring voice suggesting he not make a peep about it, even though his hands were unlike what he remembered. **"What should I do?"**

All Gudao's lollygagging accomplished, ultimately, was enough time for the situation to worsen though. His facial features had rapidly been becoming fairer, with his chin shrinking, his cheek bones rising, and in turn his more effeminate eyes appeared less out of place than they had before. So too did his lips inflate, teeth within correcting to perfection while his nose took a sharper point. With brows thinned, ultimately there was no denying his face best resembled that of a woman slightly older than himself.

And the changes that swept next through his hair made that even *clearer*. His spikes flattened out as the length flourished, gloriously spilling over his shoulders with the intention of falling as far down as his ankles. But that wasn't even the whole story, as the color of it brightened into a different color entirely depending on whether or not the layer was on the top or the bottom. If it was the top, it was a very pale blue that almost bordered green. But on the flipside? The underside was a dark, almost navy blue.

"My hair!? M-My voice!?" With his Adam's apple smoothed over, he was just as shocked to hear how soft and womanly his voice was as he was to feel his long, soft hair within his lengthened fingertips. Little had he realized that the pale blue color had swept through thinned brows, and also dyed a puffier bush around his loins. Although... **"Nmnggh!?"**

In the same area, a sudden tugging sensation had promptly forced hands down to *her* crotch. For her dick and balls had been pulled inside of her, leaving a woman's pussy in between her legs instead. **"I'm... a woman!?"** This was very obviously a problem, but upon saying it? A thought deep down seemed to argue with Gudao. *Of course I'm a woman? Valkyries are not men.* **"A... Valkyrie?"** Was that what she was? No, she was a Master, right? But there were no longer any Command Seals on the back of her right hand...

So distracted by the inconsistencies within her memories, she hardly paid much attention to the recurring feminization of her form that followed. Already sporting a pussy, it fell upon her hips to widen to better accommodate her new sex and the growth that would ensue around it. Growth that saw her thighs thicken amply, pale skin stretching around a swelling girth that constricted her pant legs around them – all while her ass engorged so that it was pronounced, enticing, and peaked out over her waistline to show off a generous helping of ass cleavage.

The curvature of her torso deepened, making her hips appear almost childbearing by contrast, while that tummy became even more toned than ever. On the other hand, the peak of her coat soon found itself struggling with its own contents. Her chest had begun to swell, pushing forward the material from within. Nipples rock hard and as big as her nose, they led the charge with breasts bloating to D-cups that forced the zipper of her jacket down some.

“My outfit feels a little tight... What am I even wearing? Aren’t these clothes... Master’s?” No, weren’t they her own? But that couldn’t be because they didn’t fit her at all! With a snap of her fingers the outer layers dispersed though, revealing that her underwear and undershirt had become a white bikini out of sight. Another snap of her fingers saw a translucent, white jacket clad her shoulder, open to show off her tummy, while dark blue guards of feathers and roses adorned her arms and legs.

Through and through, Gudao now made a *very* convincing *Brynhildir*. Her body, lean yet pronounced where it mattered, was on full display thanks to her swimsuit, her blue hair pulled into an attractive side ponytail at the behest of her repurposed outfit. **“Well, I certainly feel refreshed! But my, why am I in Master’s room?”** Cocking her head to the side, the Berserker couldn’t imagine why she would be paying her dearest Master a visit.

Rather, she wanted to find Sigurd and talk to him about some things. Namely whether or not he believed their daughter would ever



make her way into Chaldea. She wasn't sure *why*, but her family was on the forefront of her mind. Almost as if she was being compelled to think about them. Almost like someone truly wanted to understand what it meant to be a wife and mother.

“Siguuuurd!”

And so she practically skipped out the door in search of her dear hubbie.

Gudako was just as unsuspecting of the fact that she was about to fall into a trap as her brother was. With everyone excited about the summertime, she too was looking for the silver lining of some fun and comforting months after everything that had happened. To those ends, she had visited da Vinci's workshop in search of a new swimsuit. While she typically wore a bikini, with all of the scars she had received as of late she was almost debating wearing a one piece this summer just to try and hide some of them.



She hadn't thought much of the day otherwise. What was she going to do after buying a swimsuit? Probably grab lunch and then go farm some QP. Nothing more and nothing less than that. But Gudako certainly hadn't planned on having her entire day pushed off course by an item she had found in the changing room at da Vinci's place.

“A hat?” You were supposed to take all of your belongings out of the changing room when you were done but hanging on the rack in the room she had occupied was a black, lace hat done up in a gothic lolita style. It certainly wasn't something *she* would wear, but she could definitely think of a few Servants that would wear it.

Having a nature just as good as her brother, she had grabbed the hat to bring it to da Vinci to put away. Except when she grabbed it? It disappeared from her hands, and its weight could be felt atop her head. **“Huh?”** How'd that end up there? Unfortunately, she fared just about as well when it came to removing that hat as her brother had with removing the spectacles upon his own face. That is to say, that her gloves ended up sliding off long before the hat even budged.

“That’s weird. Why is it on so... tight?” In her pondering, Gudako had brought her right hand up to her chin to gesture that she was thinking. Only to find herself distracted by the sight of her fingers themselves. Since when were they that color? Rather than her usual, healthy color of pink, her skin was almost a porcelain white that looked eerily unhealthy. What’s more, those fingers appeared longer and more elegant than she recalled. She always bit her nails short, but they were long and delicate now. **“How is this...?”**

Despite the fact that it was the young woman’s hands that had caught her attention, they were only one small part of a greater set of changes that had already begun to wrack her body. Just beneath her new, lace hat, the color of her hair had gradually, well, lost that color. Almost as if each strand was being dyed monochrome, the color lessened into it was a pale silver. But the shoulder length of it all was increased as well, practically doubling in reach down her back. The longer the reach, the curlier these strands became – all while her bangs ended up swept to the right.

“What is... My hair? Was it always *THIS* color?” In a fashion that was absolutely unplanned, her voice cracked and rose several octaves for just a moment before returning to normal. She fondled the strands of her bangs between paled fingers, unaware that the same pale had decorated her face and her body as a whole. Her face had actually been adjusting too, not only in design but in apparent age. With lips growing plump and her eyes widening, but also narrowing so that she appeared passively serious, her complexion spoke more of a woman in her late twenties or early thirties than what it had previously.

Her gaze no longer sported any indication of her Japanese lineage, and with orange irises dulling to silver it was as if the monochrome trend continued to seize any unnecessary color from her very being. Not one, but two beauty marks appeared beneath her left eye, arranged vertically against raised cheeks. From the neck up, it was difficult to pin her as Gudako any longer. She looked more like a European woman that was older than Gudako was meant to be.

“This is unusual! I-I-If *HE* sees me like this, then!? ...He? Who am I thinking of...?” The shrill crack in her voice that had waned before appeared to have become the constant now that her vocal chords had adjusted, and the woman found herself panicking over the thought of someone seeing her dressed like this? What was wrong with her outfit? Wasn’t this what she normally wore? *No, it doesn’t suit my style...* She was clearly thinking of a man as well, and one who meant a great deal to her. But there was also no small part of her that wanted to reject him as well.

The more panicked she became over her own feelings, which in turn were responding to adjusted memories, the more her own transformation was spurred along. Her height did not change much, although she did gain an extra inch, and even her figure was altered in only the subtlest of ways.

In terms of her breasts, for one? They *did* grow, but it was only a single size. It left the fit of her jacket rather uncomfortable, yet not so much so that she would be panicked to unzip it to give her girls some breathing room. Rather, in their fullness they did appear a little less perky – no doubt because Gudako was no longer the same age biologically, but a little older.

Pubes of silver were nestled in between thighs that were slightly more pronounced to boot, but the most growth seen in her figure was definitely found in her ass. It had inflated several inches, wedging her panties between her cheeks while another beauty mark appeared on the porcelain of the left. Again, a bit of a sag accounted for her increased age.

“N-N-NO! DON’T COME IN, *SIEGFRIED!*” Just as her clothing had scattered into what seemed like a million golden particles within the booth, she cried out the first name that had been on her mind. The one man she didn’t want to see her like this! But just as quickly she was clothed once more, this time in a gothic lolita dress that matched her hat. One with a big, puffy skirt that disguised her big bottom, and with gloves that neatly fit her larger hands. Makeup even appeared, with thick eyeshadow and mascara goth-ifying her eyes.

“A changing room...? Was I buying a swimsuit? F-F-For Siegfried to see!?” As if her mind was running a mile a second, *Kriemhild* frantically tried to piece together why she was in the room that she was. To be fair, she *was* fully clothed and the swimsuits sitting on the bench were probably a touch too small for her, so was she *not* buying a swimsuit? Coming to that realization, she did manage to calm herself down a little. She wasn’t sure if she was ready yet to do something so bold with her husband!



But it was also very characteristic of Kriemhild to overthink her relationship with Siegfried. What might have been a big deal to her wasn't a big deal to him. After all, they had undoubtedly slept together many of times in the past. Her cheeks red, yet clutching her chest, the woman politely excused herself not only from the changing room but from da Vinci's workshop in general.

Leaving the Rider very confused about where the Berserker had come from.



Considering it was essentially a day off, Mashu had decided to hole herself up in Chaldea's library for much of the day. Not for research purposes, but because Murasaki Shikibu had recommended some novels she had never read before to finally experience. Summer fever had absolutely washed over most of the members of the organization, but she was content just having a quiet day alone once in a while.

After fetching the pile of books that had been set aside for her, the Demi-Servant headed off to the table that she usually sat at. Since the library wasn't the busiest of locations in the building, it was rare to find anyone sitting in that spot. And today was really no different. But that didn't mean that nothing was out of place. Or, rather, something was there that wasn't *supposed* to be.

“Someone left their jewelry here? That won't do... It looks expensive.” Sitting on her usual table was what looked to be a headdress of golden chain, one with a circular ruby in the center. Mashu could have sworn she had seen it somewhere before, but she couldn't quite remember. Although her view of it had ultimately become obscured once she touched it... and the sound and weight of those golden chains moved onto her head. **“Hey!?”**

She immediately tried to pull off the golden jewelry for several reasons. First of all? It didn't belong to her, and it looked expensive. Second of all? She was unsure of how it had gotten there, and that fact alone was enough to make her wary about the methods behind and purpose for it happening. **“I need to return you to your owner! You can't stay on my head!”**

The chains weren't budging, but that wasn't enough to deter Mashu, so she continued to pull on them, nonetheless. Of course, fixated on the gold itself, she was missing out on an early realization that something

was amiss. You needn't look any farther than her mauve hair to see that, because it wasn't *quite* as mauve as it should have been. In fact, streaks of a dark purple had begun to creep through her locks instead. Those that were 'dyed' (*even though it became her natural hair color*) soon began to creep longer, and as more of her hair was painted in this new color, so too did it extend and weave.

Before long, Mashu took notice of it. How could she not? This hair was softer than what she recalled it to be, and she could not only feel it wriggling against the chains, but the longer and thicker it grew, the heavier it all became. "**Wh-What? My hair!?**" She took notice by the time it was halfway down her back, and even then it fell all the way past her thighs. She grabbed a handful of it and gave it a tug of disbelief. "...**Ow...**" But all that this revealed was that it was very much her own hair.

She'd winced from the pain of yanking her own hair, but in doing so even her eyes had changed. Purple irises, once they had opened properly once more, had revealed themselves to have taken on a teal instead. What's more, those eyes were slightly narrowed... and a red paint had decorated itself around her eyes' corners. "**Wow~! This can't be... Wait, why did I sound excited there?**" Mashu hadn't planned on it, but there had been a hint of enthusiasm in her words. An enthusiasm that had temporarily transformed her voice into something of a mature purr.

Her body felt exceptionally warm, and that fact prompted her to tug at her dress and sweater so that she could cool down. But the heat was actually focused around several key areas, and her breasts were *absolutely* one of those areas. She could hardly believe her new eyes as the front of her dress began to push outward, ultimately lifting her skirt higher to show off the hem of her tights. "**N-No way, my *titties* are getting so huge!**"

Mashu had no idea what had compelled her to do so, but she lifted her torso up and dropped it suddenly, the gesture forcing her heaving bosom to bounce beneath cloth that clearly struggled to contain it. Her breasts had already been sizable enough, yet as fatty tissue saw them bloat, they all but *doubled* in size. It was certainly shocking, but no small part of Mashu seemed to accept and even *prefer* them. At least, how she pawed at them playfully through her dress appeared to suggest as much.

With her dress hoisted up so high, it was easy to see that the warmth was transforming more than just her tits. Her hips were swinging wider, tightening the tights to the point that tears began to form around her waist. But more and more of them ultimately formed as the flesh of her thighs and ass burgeoned, her lower half practically exploding out of these clothes with how full and ample they had become. Her ass was

comparable to her breasts in size, and her thighs? Well, even with widened hips they pressed up against each other between her legs.

It had also revealed, with her panties ground into the deep crack of her ass, that purple pubes were poking out from behind how her panties cameltoed her pussy now.

“Mmn, this is why I don’t wear clothes like this? It’s more comfortable just to expose more to begin with!” She felt a little dizzy, and that dizziness permitted more pronounced changes to her personality to seep through without her catching on. Like a sudden desire to dress in a much more scantily clad manner, where Mashu typically hated showing off more of herself than necessary.

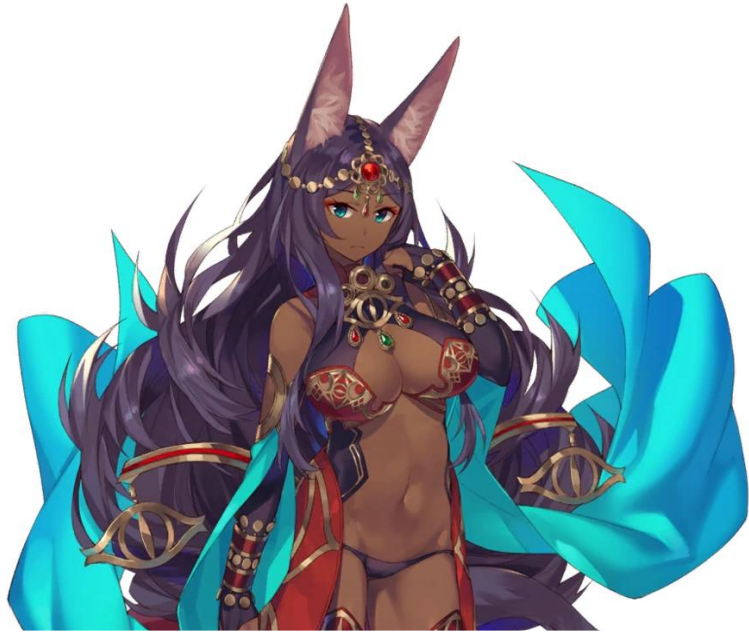
Her lower lip quivered, but only because it was growing thicker – just as her upper lip was as well. With lips that big, and a figure this pronounced, it was becoming evident that she was much older than a girl in her teens. If anything, aesthetically she was better suited for a woman around the age of thirty or so. Her face’s design appeared better suited for a different *race* as well. One that thrived in the hot deserts.

And to those ends? Change swept through her complexion rather speedily. Her skin tone darkened to a very rich mocha, a dark brown that better suited her new features. Her nipples and pussy were even darker still, while her palms and the bottoms of her feet were a tad lighter as they often were.

“Ah, that’s better! I can attract more customers and make more money like this!” Such were the priorities that the woman had after her disheveled outfit exploded into particles and reformed into a black bikini bottom, an ornate top that covered only the outskirts of her breasts, along with matching thigh highs and gloves. Of course, jewelry that matched what rested atop her head added flourish to her new ensemble. As did the long, blue sash that wrapped around her arms and shoulders.

While it seemed like this should have been the end of her transformation, there was still something else. Something *inhuman*. As her fleshy, human ears gradually crept up the sides of her head. The higher they became, the taller and more pointed they appeared. And a purple fur like the color of her hair thinly lined their backs. On the insides, a felt pink lined them, with tufts of white at the bottoms. These were very clearly the ears of an animal. As was the long, and fluffy purple tail that peaked up above her ample ass.

The tall, pointed, and velvety ears of the *Queen of Sheba* twitched in the air as she looked around in a rather chaotic manner. “Hmm~? What am I doing in the library? Was I checking out books for good investments? Of course, camels will always be the way too go!”



Confident in her words, the dark-skinned woman puffed out her chest – which inevitably gave a hearty bounce what with how sizable it was.

While she didn't have any children to speak of, the fact that the Queen of Sheba had once been a wife was undeniable. After all, she had been with the great King Solomon. But it seemed her transformation had missed the mark slightly. Brynhildr had a daughter, and Kriemhild had all but adopted Sieg. Nonetheless, the woman in question didn't realize she had been transformed.

Only Raikou and the Tamamo who had offered her assistance new that. And while Tamamo had played a little prank with this? Minamoto no Raikou was not happy with the end result.

“NONE OF THEM ARE GOING TO VIEW ME AS THEIR MOTHER NOW!”