

GENKI XL

JULY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Jinako Carigiri, otherwise known by the name of ‘Ganesha’ within Chaldea, was in a bad mood. It was bad enough that no one ever referred to her by her real name, or even *knew* it because of the Divine Spirit Ganesha’s influence on her Saint Graph. That in itself was tiring, but there was the added issue that she was among the chubbiest one percent of Chaldea’s Servants. Pretty much everyone sidestepped making comments about her weight, but Parvati?

Parvati had been riding her pretty hard to exercise lately. Being Ganesha’s mother, maybe it wasn’t all *that* surprising that she would take an interest in her child’s health. For Jinako, though, it was a huge pain. She was always being bothered to go to Chaldea’s gym or to eat less – and she’d already turned herself vegetarian for Ganesha’s sake! It was all exhausting, and she didn’t want to change herself for someone else, but...

One day she had a great idea. **“Parvati won’t bother me if I’m thinner, right? There’s gotta be a lazier way to do it than exercising with all of these Servants here!”** Servants had all sorts of magical abilities, so someone must have had a power or an object capable of turning her thin. And she had a few ideas about who might be able to help her.

Unfortunately, all of her initial queries were for naught. She assumed that a Caster would be her best bet, but she was hit with the extremely disheartening truth that Ganesha’s Magic Resistance made it too difficult for her to be influenced by any magecraft that might be of use to her. It was through the assistance of a Saber that she had finally found a lead.

“Umm, so this talisman is a little special. You just apply it to your head and think about the kind of person you want to become.” Suzuka Gozen had told her after mentioning that its power ran on curses, and so it could bypass her resistance. **“You have a very narrow window regarding what you want to describe though, so be careful.”** Jinako had been so enthused by the possibility that she hadn’t really paid attention to the warning that had followed, though.

That encounter had been earlier in the day, and the shut-in had already returned to her private room and huddled under the kotatsu in the room’s center as she placed the talisman upon her forehead. She’d been super excited to try! Finally, Parvati would be off her ass!



Not at all heeding Suzuka’s warning though, her thoughts went a little off topic. **“It sure was nice of Suzuka-chan to give this to me. I guess that’s what it’s like to be young, and kind. And she’s pretty tall and energetic, too! Everything I’m not, really. Eheh...”** She’d been thinking of Suzuka’s personality and appearance, from her flirty and hyperactive nature to her JK style. During Christmas she’d had nice, tanned skin too...

And without realizing, the time to state her wishes to the talisman had come to an end.

The paper promptly disappeared from Jinako’s forehead without warning, stealing with it the red Bindi mark that she’d gained as Ganesha’s host. **“Huh? Did I even get to the part about wanting to be thinner? I’m fairly sure I did, right? Why *wouldn’t* I think about that? That was the whole reason I got the stupid thing!”**

And, for a brief time, she thought that all was well. Sparing a glance to her tummy, it totally looked like it was getting thinner! The bulge of her belly was receding! **“Hey, it’s working!”** Jinako was elated and jumped up onto her feet, but it wasn’t until the fit of her Indian outfit began to feel awry that she came to realize she wasn’t *actually* losing weight. Her body was *stretching*, and the weight she already had was simply redistributing to look thinner.

Whether it was her belly, or her arms, or her legs; *she was getting taller.*

“E-Eh!? Wait! I didn’t ask for this! I didn’t want to be, *like, tall!*” Through it all, she hadn’t taken notice of the fact that she’d thrown in a word that she didn’t *normally* use. But even though she expressed concern, and the fit of her outfit was tighter around her shoulders and hips, she didn’t really think of being taller as a *bad* thing. She was, naturally, barely five feet tall. With her weight, that given her an incredibly unique appearance. But now? In the matter of roughly half a minute? Her limbs had stretched to around the five-foot-four mark.

The woman was left to marvel at her surroundings, enamored with the perspective blessed to her from an additional *four inches* of height. **“Wow! My kotatsu looks so much smaller now!”** But to obsess over her surroundings was to ignore that the changes to her body had not come to a close and, in fact, were still being processed.

One need not look any further than the dark freckles that appeared to be kissing her pale skin to see that. From her face to her feet, they all sprung up at once. Their coloration was tan, but there was definitely something *fake* about them – like they’d been earned in a tanning booth, rather than being natural or from basking under the sun properly. And this all became much clearer once the freckles began to grow in size, merging with each other to make it Jinako’s consistent skin color; even dyeing her breasts, while leaving a bikini line around her pussy.

Jinako’s hair wasn’t spared from the color-changing phenomenon either, though in its case it wasn’t exactly a falsified color. At least not naturally. A dirty blonde mixed itself among her naturally brown, this much at least an authentic color. What *wasn’t* authentic was the streaks of *red* that hastily bled in at the tips. These dyed strands almost looked to be completely random, like they’d been applied to ‘look cute’ without any real thought for their distribution.

“Huh?” The woman blinked, and in doing so her eyes turned from chestnut brown to a bright blue – her confusion stemming from a ticklish feeling at the back of her neck. The cause was a substantial regression to her hair’s length, raising its base from the tip of her buttocks all of the way to just past her shoulders. These blonde locks were a lot straighter and a *lot* cleaner, treated with proper shampoos and conditioners that Jinako did not usually treat them with.

In related news, knowledge slowly crept into the back of her mind as things progressed. On the subject of her hair, she now not only knew exactly *how* to properly care for her hair, but there was also a newfound enthusiasm for doing so. Jinako’s general anxieties were slowly drying

up too, taking her from a woman afraid of mingling with other to a woman that was wondering when she might go meet up with friends next.

“This is *totes* weird! My hair’s shorter, right? But it’s so pretty, ‘cause I take good care of it!” Her words came out with an uncharacteristic excitement and a youthful squeal. **“Why do I feel so happy? This is WEIRD!”** The burst of energy, at least. Could be seen in her face. Her facial features on the whole were softening, her poor complexion filling in as it all took a much more youthful glow. While her height didn’t change any further, through her face alone it was pretty plain what had happened: Jinako was *younger* now, likely around the age of *nineteen*.

An age suspiciously close to Suzuka’s own.

“How old am I again?” Hearing how squeaky her voice was made her question this age without seeing any other evidence to her age regression. But strangely? She couldn’t settle on an immediate answer. **“I’m, like, almost thirty...?”** She tilted her head to the side, unsure. **“No, that *totally* sounds wrong! I’m way younger than that! Like nineteen!”** Even though that sounded more right, it still sounded wrong. **“W-Wait!?! Did the talisman misinterpret something!?”**

She had *finally* realized. The talisman had interpreted all of Jinako’s compliments about Suzuka to make her more like her, from the bubbly personality to her younger age. That also explained why her mind kept wandering back to think about *dating*? She’d never been socially adept enough to think about that kind of thing. In fact, all of her poor social skills had been replaced with the boundless enthusiasm of a genki girl. **“Well! At least I’m still *waaaay* thinner!”**

Of course she was still under the impression that she’d at least gotten her weight loss out of this change... but that assumption was *wrong*. Because the talisman hadn’t interpreted her desire for weight loss, it had instead been waiting for her body’s stature to properly adjust before making her body mass index more consistent with what it had been at her old height.

And so, Jinako suddenly felt bloated. **“H-Huh?”** Blue eyes dashed downward, and she then had no choice but to watch the slight bulge her tummy had still possessed jiggle forward. Little by little her tanned skin stretched, pulled taut around the new fat as her bellybutton deepened as a result. **“Oh no!”** Extending several inches over the hem of her pants, hands sunk into this belly fat as panic returned.

It wasn't merely her belly, though – and to accommodate everything else, the clothing on her body promptly dispersed into golden particles and reformed as what felt like an oversized, black gym top and a pair of white and green gym shorts, and her hair was now tied up into two messy buns. Even her glasses had disappeared, revealing 20/20 vision. They *very briefly* felt too large for her body, but the expansion that had affected her tummy soon came for her curves.

“Nn!” The groan that escaped the girl's lips almost sounded sensual as hands that had been playing with her tummy fat soon lifted and dropped the weight of her breasts. Each tit was swelling larger with the added weight, either orb almost rivalling her head in size. The nipples beneath could be seen poking up against her top, for evidently she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. **“My chest is huge!”**

Although not as huge as her *thighs*. The waistband of her new short was pulled exceptionally tight as the hips they rested upon were forced wider by flesh below. Her thighs, bare and tanned, had exploded with a weight that made her *incredibly* bottom heavy. Each thigh was practically six times thicker than her arms, which had become a little thicker with chub themselves. With her ass growing even more bulbous in the rear, the shorts were left so tight that you could see the rolls of her belly tucked within the top, and her thighs bulged well around the legs of her shorts.

When all was said and done, she was even chubbier than she'd been at her old height!

“Wh-What the hell!? This is *totes* not cool! I'm just a chubby JK girl!” One dressed up in gym attire as well when she'd worked so hard to avoid going there! Her head was buzzing, and her energy was overflowing; the once adult woman now a girl in her late teens who spoke and acted like a JK girl. **“This isn't what I wanted! I wanted to be all skinny, but my bulge is all there! Guess I'll have to work it off in the gym...”** Standing, she lifted her tanned gut and let it drop. It caused her breasts to jiggle too, because somehow they'd grown larger through all this.



But that was *weird*. She'd never had the drive to go work out before. On the other hand, now it was *all* she could think about doing. This motivation was courtesy of her new personality –

she'd become something of a go getter. For one very bizarre reason, at least for Jinako. **“No one’s gonna turn their heads lookin’ at me like this! I can’t start dating if I don’t look the part!”** Evidently, she'd inherited more from Suzuka than she had initially realized. Her genki girl energy made her weight an enigma – but as Jinako now recalled, this new version of herself was a super notorious snacker just as her old self had been.

Offput as she was, she'd come to love her new self, nonetheless. And she'd even start dating the Suzuka she admired so much eventually, after they became gym partners! But at the end of the day, Jinako was still a Servant at her core...

Which meant that losing weight remained to be next to impossible.