

MOTHER KNOWS BEST: REWRITTEN

BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ibaraki-Douji was *not* amused.

She'd been on something of a chocolate pudding kick lately. Having sampled some after dinner one night roughly two weeks ago, the blonde-haired oni was constantly wandering into the kitchen in search of more. The issue? She was eating so much of it that she was depriving other staff and Servants of a treat that was one of the most popular desserts in Chaldea's kitchen. So it was only a matter of time before someone ran interference on her snacking sessions.

But did it have to be *her own Masters*, of all people? Late the night before, she had bumped into both Gudao and Gudako guarding the kitchen doors and they'd both turned her away! Apparently, she was expected to share. *Ibaraki!* An *oni!* 'Sharing' wasn't even in her dictionary! Actually, could she even read? Debatable.

This intervention had pissed the oni off, however, and that anger had led to her buying into another Servant's mischief. Stumbling upon Ibaraki in a fit of rage, the Caster Tamamo-no-Mae had offered the girl a nondescript manner of vengeance. And the oni's mood was just foul enough to enact it!

“Training was *rough* today. I know I agreed to let Scathach help me, but she's pushing me waaaay too hard.” It was late in the evening on the very next night, and Gudao had returned from a long

day of personal training. His body ached, his muscles were exhausted, and he really just wanted to lay down. That was why he had returned to his room, but he hadn't realized that someone had snuck into his room before him.

In fact, she was hiding under his bed at that very moment. Tamamo-no-Mae had gifted Ibaraki-Douji with a pair of enchanted talismans that she claimed would '*inflict a temporary revenge*'. Hearing such a vague description, someone with common sense would likely have asked her what this entailed exactly. Ibaraki, though, had no common sense. It didn't even cross her mind that Tamamo might be lying midst this description – which she was, about the *temporary* part.

Now, it was simply a matter of awaiting her male Master to step into the range of effect of the charm, which she'd tucked in one of the dresser drawers beside the main entrance. And after lingering in the doorway for a moment? He finally did!



From Gudao's perspective, it didn't take long for him to realize that something was amiss. Be it magic or curses, he had suffered at the hands of them before in some capacity or another. "**Someone was in here!?**" Servants weren't even supposed to harm each other under Chaldea's roof, much less their Master, so the boy was naturally alarmed. Common sense suggested running to da Vinci-chan as quickly as he could before it was too late, but the moment he stepped out of the talisman's range he was plagued by weakness.

He wasn't allowed to escape. He had no choice but to sit there and take what was dealt to him.

Of which, at first, was just a little bit of strangeness in terms of outfit. "**H-Hey! Hahaha! That tickles!**" The boy practically keeled over at a feeling that struck him from head to toe, like something was tirelessly squirming across his skin. It provoked him to look downward, and in doing so he realized that, well, *that was exactly what was happening*.

It wasn't just anything squirming about, however, but rather his own clothes? Or at least that was how it looked to him, all of the blacks and grays had swirled together, and everything about his ensemble had

practically turned to a rubbery glue as it lost its shape and moved to re-cover him with a different consistency.

Across the bulk of his body, the rubbery texture maintained itself while tightening around the boy's skin. It hugged his chest so tight that you could make out the bulge of his muscles and the shapes of his nipples, while taking a light purple color that was so different from the black of his jacket. This rubbery coating became a skin tight bodysuit that only spared his hands, feet, and above his neck.

Additional plumage shaped atop it in parts, from detached, purple sleeves that tied beneath his neck upon a popped collar – sleeves puffy and interlaced with spiral indentations. Black, fingerless gloves with guards covered from his hands to these sleeves, while toeless heeled boot of black lifted Gudaο slightly off the ground. **“Huh? Doesn't this look a lot like...?”** Like Minamoto no Raikou's costume? It was missing the many ropes and accessories that usually covered up more than this, but there was definitely a strong resemblance. **“Why?”**

Whywhywhywhywhywhywhywhy!? No one was asking themselves this question with an intensity like that of Ibaraki-Douji, as she now saw her Master was wearing Raikou's garb? Why? Was this part of Tamamo's charm's effect? For how much she loathed that woman, who killed Shuten so long ago, even seeing her clothes was enough to give Ibaraki a visceral reaction. But if this was enough to make her angry, what continued to transpire was enough to make her stomach churn.

It didn't surprise the oni that her Master had not realized, considering it was something that would be difficult to see without a mirror, but the bright blue of his eyes had begun to swirl with purple menace. So too was the tint of his hair shifting towards a familiar violet, never losing its darker nature but still taking on purple undertones. The natural spikes and curls of his mane was flattening, and before long? It began to slowly creep downwards behind him.

“Oh my! ...Huh?” The sensation of his hair's growing length eventually did cause him to cry out in surprise, but the choice of words he'd used to express that surprise had struck him just as much as the shock of pulling forward shoulder-length hair with his fingers. He noted both the purplish color and its softer texture. **“It's still growing?”**

Not only *was* it, but the speed at which it was doing so had hastened. Gudaο could only see the handful he had pulled forward, but in the back, it was falling as far as his ankles, growing incredibly thick and quite hefty in the meantime. Eventually the handful was pulled free of his hands to fall back with the rest, where this ample mass of hair was bound into a ridiculously thick tail by a maroon, cube hairpiece near its

mass. As for his bangs, they had parted in the middle with two parallel strands dangling down the center, sharp edges framing his face.

“This must be a curse of some sort, but I don’t understand? What is the point of— my voice? Oh no, I really sound like...”

Like *Raikou*. The pitch of his voice had shifted while he’d spoken, but that was only a small part of what had shifted at the time. His face? It had been altered to look as much like Raikou’s as his voice sounded.

Lips, as if stung by bees, inflated in size, while cheekbones raised to give him a more natural, feminine beauty. Gudao sneezed briefly, though it was forced by the wriggling of a shrinking nose, and his eyebrows even thinned and diminished horizontally. This certainly helped them in matching how wide and expressive his eyes had become.

“Waith, so am I becomthing...!?” With his lips plumper now, it took the boy a second to adjust to speaking with them. **“Why? What would anyone have to gain from this!?”** Honestly? The Berserker hiding under his bed was wondering the exact same thing. How had Tamamo assumed this might be a good punishment? Had she been duped? Was *she* the one being pranked here!? It just made her mad! That damned fox was going to pay!

Her eyes widened from beneath the bedframe as she observed Gudao’s image changing to match Raikou’s even further, this time with a much greater focus on his figure. Gudao was typically 5’5” in height, just a meager two inches taller than his sister, but he took a sudden stumble as the feeling of his body stretching knocked his sense of balance out of whack.

“Oh my!” He cried out once more like Raikou might, this time throwing his arms out to keep his balance. But these arms had a growing reach, one that was accounted for by clothes that stretched along *with* his body. Both his legs and his spine were among the areas stretching, shooting his overall stature up to an impressive 5’8” that rendered him quite lanky, like a thin, figureless Minamoto clansman.

But he wasn’t figureless for long. **“Oh!?”** He felt incredibly strong out of nowhere, even though his muscles didn’t look it. Instead, the mass of strength around his tummy almost looked weaker as his waistline curved very dramatically while retaining his muscle tone, giving him an arch any supermodel would be lucky to have...

Paired with a bosom that any porn star would salivate over obtaining. **“Nn...”** Without thinking much about what he was doing, fingers that were much slenderer than they had initially been had come to stroke his nipples through the skin tight bodysuit. In fact, Gudao’s mind had been

growing fuzzier for some time now. It was harder for him to *think*, and to *remember*.

Hard nipples could be seen swelling between the tweaks of his fingers, pushing up against rubber that conformed around their shapes while pecs below promptly showed signs of an abundance that wasn't quite created through strength alone. **"Mm... This feels so good."** As fingers began to knead the soft tissue that was puffing up around his nipples, already equivalent to a B-cup bosom in size, he couldn't help but think about how he had never felt a pleasure quite like it before.

...Hadn't he?

His fingers stretched around a bosom that continued to swell, softness expanding in a way that allowed hands to dig in more freely. Not only did they fill the boy's palms, but they quickly grew beyond them – firmness and bounciness both present, even as the bodysuit struggled to contain them. Their shapes were retained by the rubber perfectly even down the center, bringing into question just what kind of material it was made of *actually*. Beneath the rubber, both breasts had grown so ample that the skin around them had been tugged incredibly taught, and purple veins could be seen running from the base of his nipples. Each breast was *larger than his head*.

"Oh? Why am I touching myself? And in Master's quarters... Erm, no, isn't this *my* room?" After pulling hands from his breasts, one of them cupped her face like a stereotypical anime mother might. The fog that clouded his mind persisted, though as the lump protruding between his legs against the bodysuit flattened, it became so that it was a fog over *her* mind. Above her pussy, which had seen a great deal of action despite Gudao's previous virginity, hairs grew wilder and bushier than ever before.

This new vacancy between the *woman's* legs was only accentuated as her thighs were tugged wider, leaving a gap between them that was both sizable and brief – a weight bleeding into her lower half not unlike that which had made her breasts so big and sensual. Her thighs were the first to bloat, filling her thigh gap and overcome the firmness of the muscles that lingered there. The bodysuit stretched around them, leaving their sexy sway on full display despite the fact that she was clothed.

Though the same could be said of her ass, which grew just as impressively. A rump that was big and plump, though not as impressive as her tits, gave rise from a buttocks that was once as flat as any teenaged boy's might be. Cheeks swelled with such vigor that the rubber had no choice but to capture even the imprint of her crack, and with

every step she'd take from that moment on would capture the gaze of anyone nearby with how these cheeks jiggled.

Now, from head to toe, she was a perfect match for the Japanese Berserker. Gudao hummed to herself a moment as she looked around. **“Ara ara! No, this is Master’s room. Did I come to meet him here? I’d love to clean his ears! But...”** Something was bothering her. Like she’d forgotten something important? In fact, she could have sworn her body was wrong. Which was silly since she’d always like this! No, there was something else bothering her. Another presence in Master’s quarters.

Beneath the bed, Ibaraki’s mouth hung agape at what she had just witnessed. The charm hadn’t exacted revenge at all! Instead, it had turned her Master into duplicate of *Minamoto no Raikou*! Based on what she could see, it affected the woman’s personality and memories just as it had her body, which led to a big issue when— **“Hmm~? I sense an insect in Master’s room. Now where could it be?”**

A chill ran down Ibaraki’s spine. She was referring to ‘Master’ as a separate entity? This was so not good! Just what had Tamamo given her!? Now her life was in mortal danger! But wait... *Crap!* She’d pre-planted the second charm in Gudako’s room next door, and she should have been getting back from farming missions soon. Two Raikous was already bad enough, but *three?* Gudao aside, she had to prevent a second disaster!

And so, she entered spiritual form, allowing her to pass through the wall into the room next door undetected, leaving Raikou all alone.



“Mm... The feeling is gone! And here I was hoping to protect Master! Oh well, I’ll simply await him and give him a *great big hug* when he returns!”



Much to Ibaraki's horror in the next room, *she was too late*. Gudako had already returned from farming and was sitting upon the bed where the oni had planted the charm beneath the sheets. Rather, Gudako was sitting *right on it!* What should she do? Push Ritsuka off? It was too late though, right? Gudako had stepped out of the area of effect and still continued changing.

While the oni wrestled with this dilemma, Gudako was entirely oblivious to the fact that she was in any sort of danger in the first place. Rather, she was undressing for the night, planning on going to bed early. "**Was my bed always this lumpy? Maybe I made it too hastily this morning...?**" This was about all of the acknowledgment she paid to anything being awry, now stripped down to undergarments (*much to the dismay of Ibaraki's gay mind*).

But by this point? Gudako's transformation had already begun, and with something that actually *eased* Ibaraki's fears.

For the bangs of her second Master's bangs had begun to part at the sides. Not because her hair had changed (*yet*), but instead because something had begun to stick upwards. It appeared Gudako herself hadn't even noticed them, still kicking her legs over the side of the bed as she sat there in her pajamas, but a pair of horns had begun to shoot upwards, pulling the skin tight around them as they rose inch after inch until they were roughly eight inches high.

THE HORNS OF AN ONI!? Ibaraki was shocked, even more so by the fact that the horns were an exact match for Shuten-Douji's in size and shape. The tips were even stained in the very same shade of crimson blood, the color dripping five inches down their length. Wait, if Gudako was turned into Raikou, then it couldn't be that Gudako was...

Gudako placed her hands on the bed behind her, using them to support her weight as she tilted her head back. "**Strange. My head feels both kind of heavy and light at the same time. It's getting a little hard to think...?**" The heaviness was obviously from her horns, but the lightness? It was more fundamental.

As she exhaled, the taste and scent of alcohol was overwhelming on her breath. The Master should have found it *strange*, but she really *didn't* –

a testament to how sitting *on* the talisman had a much more prominent effect on the mentality of the one being cursed. Of course, the fact that she was now perpetually intoxicated didn't help her keep her head straight. The girl's cheeks were already burning, the back of her throat parched. "**I could really use a drink...**" But not even she knew if she meant one that was alcoholic or not.

The course of her transformation was laid out a little differently from her brother's. It wasn't like he'd grown horns for starters, but on the whole everything that happened to her happened in an entirely different order. Her height went next, for example, and certainly not in the upwards direction that Gudao's had gone.

Her feet were still kicking over the side of the bed, always meeting the floor when they reached the bottom of their incline *at first*. Slowly but surely, however? They began to dangle off of the floor even after reaching the lowest possible point, toes teeny just as her legs had become. "**Hmhmhmm~!**" Instead of choosing to even so much as acknowledge this change, on the other hand, she had begun to hum to herself in a carefree stupor.

From head to toe her body's height had been sent into a tumble. Sitting as she was, her butt remained the focal point for her balance while everything above and below pulled in towards it. The hands she had mounted on the bed behind her slid towards the bed's edge as both her torso and arms shortened, only to eventually pierce the comforter and finally hold themselves in place as shortened fingers found themselves adorned with sharp and monstrous claws. This counterbalance forced her weight onto the upper half of her cheeks, and slender knees were raised slightly into the air as a result.

"**Oh! Almost fell off the bed there.**" Claws were used to pull her body fully onto the bed now, her altered voice not even registered as Gudako's intoxication grew. Her voice both deeper and wispier, not a care in the world was communicated towards the reality that her height had dipped from 5'3" all of the way down to 4'9".

Both the girl's bra and panties dangled from her miniaturized figure, even though the bulk of her curves remained. Yet, as she scooped herself back up into a sitting position atop the bed, the color of her white lingerie darkened to black. "**Mmn!?**" The human-oni hybrid could hardly stifle an aroused coo, for the black fabric of her undergarments soon tightened around her.

They were changing. Both in aesthetic design *and* in composition. Soft fabric, bands, and wires all melded together to take on a rubbery texture, coverage limiting itself to cover only her neck, nipples and inner breasts

above, and hardly conceal her loins and butt crack below. Both the top and the bottom were connected, as skin tight black lines ran between both segments, it all sticking to her body like it was glued into place. A perfect match for the scanty garb that Shuten-Douji wore beneath her kimono, as Ibaraki noted.

Once the unconventional lingerie's shape had finalized, it tightened around her curves. The size of her breasts had retained their C-cups even after Gudako had shortened, but now, suffocated by the 'bra' of her new ensemble, the excess fat was wrung out, reducing her cup size down to a perky set of As. They stood proud, the points of her nipples plain at the peak of the cones of her bra.

While down below? Her resting seat fell closer to the ground, her once big butt taking a much gentler slope while still remaining incredibly perky for a woman of her height. As the 'panties' tightened around her waist, its collapse left her hips and thighs looking even *more* abundant than normal.

The woman rolled her neck, letting loose another moan as little fangs poked out of her mouth. Gudako's skin had paled considerably, almost making her look sickly (*even though she wasn't*), and she had shrunk so much, yet... Even though she was petite, one look at the girl's face confirmed that she was a *woman*. The mature angles of her facial features, the swell of her lips, and the beautification of the shapes of her eyes that made her look like a much more traditional Japanese beauty than before.

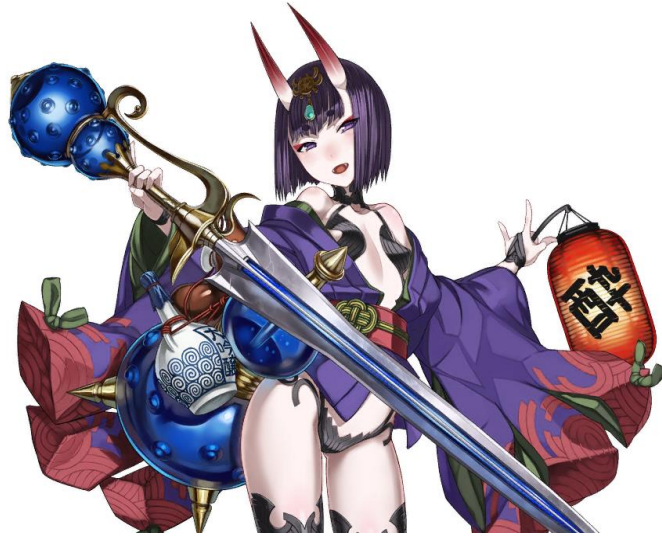
Red paint applied to the corner of her eyes only added to her charm while her golden irises found themselves purple. **"Hmm... Why am I in our Master's room, I wonder?"** Her head rolled once more as she looked around the room. Her drunken stupor had masked the mental changes she'd been subjected to stupendously, and now the oni couldn't even remember being anything but. How could she? She looked like this, acted like this, and her breath smelled of more alcohol than any human could ever possibly handle.

All that was left was her hair, and it succumbed quickly. Her orange locks both flattened and thinned, dangling just above her neck as, one by one, their natural color darkened. It was a rich purple that persisted in the place of this orange, even as bangs were cut just past her forehead. **"That question aside... Fufu."** Guided more by instinct and pleasure than anything now, she took note of a second presence in the room with a laugh.

"Ibaraki? You're there, aren't you?" With a soft and airy voice, the new Assassin, *Shuten-Douji* cooed with desire in the direction of

nothingness. But she knew there was someone there – with a bond like theirs, it was difficult to hide their presence from each other. “**Fufu. It isn’t like you to hide from me. Why don’t you come closer for a sweet, little treat?**”

This left the hidden oni *very conflicted*. The part of her that was fixated on Shuten-Douji with all of her being wished to follow her orders, but that wasn’t the *real* Shuten! Even if she looked like her, acted like her, had her memories... Wait! Weren’t these all things that would make her a *real* Shuten? Morally bankrupt as she was, following this logic she became less bothered that



her actions had temporarily turned her Masters into two Japanese Servants. It was just temporary, right? So why not enjoy it?

...It was permanent though.

“**SHUTEEEEEN!**” Giving in, she entered a physical state once more and jumped into the sitting Shuten’s arms, the pair of them falling back onto the bed where she was *hoping* they would cuddle, or *maybe more?* “**I didn’t mean to hide! I was just thinking some things over!**” She’d say anything to get in the stronger oni’s good graces, even lie. Even though she was terribly at it.

The perpetually intoxicated oni merely hummed in return. “**Is that so? Well, I suppose its fine then. But why are we in Master’s room?**” It really struck her as odd. Her memories for the day were very vague, and she couldn’t fathom why she would have stopped by here of all places.

“**GEH!?**” Was all the reaction she got from Ibaraki. That’s right! That was a problem! Chaldea had just lost its two Masters! People were going to notice! But, with Shuten drawing her close to her bosom, she found herself caring less and less about these consequences.

Tamamo was laughing her ass off somewhere, though.