

ALL MY SHISHOUS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“And why are you speaking these woes to me, Master?” The soft voice of a purple haired Caster pierced an awkward silence within the room of Master Ritsuka Fujimura within Chaldea. The speaker was Scathach=Skadi, an alternate version of the Lancer Scathach mixed with the soul of the goddess Skadi of Norse mythology. She came to exist through this and that, and ultimately she had joined Chaldea in their efforts to see the world returned to what it once was.

She was speaking to Ritsuka, whom awkwardly took point beside her on his bed. It almost looked like the scene out of a bad harem anime, but he didn't have any intentions to do something to her. No, he'd asked her into his room for a private advice session. Advice pertaining to another Servant. **“I just wanted to know your thoughts. She can be difficult to approach at times, especially lately. Since you're also Scathach--”**

“Scathach-sama.” The Caster was very particular about being differentiated in this manner.

“--Scathach-sama, I thought you might have some ideas.” Truth be told, the Lancer Scathach had been somewhat evasive as of late. While she would normally offer to train him or loom around him, she seemed to be off doing her own thing more and more. Ritsuka might have been little more than a boy compared to her, but he still took notice when something was different with his Servants. It didn't matter who they were how many he had contracted with.

Caster raised her fingers to her chin, stroking it lightly as she leaned forward. **“That other me and myself... We do not speak often. While I'm Scathach I'm also barely Scathach as well, we've led different lives. I can't speak to what she's thinking or why she might be avoiding you.”** The Master had assumed as much. It

would have been too easy to just ask Skadi about the Lancer and expect an explanation, but he'd hoped that at the very least she might have had some sort of clue to fall back on. **"Hm... Well, there is a way but I'm not sure how safe it is."**

"...? Like?" Safety was very seldom an issue for Ritsuka. He was often throwing himself into the thick of it for the sake of humanity's future and for the sake of his Servants. How many times had he been sucked into dangerous dreams or been swept off to moments in history just to abate any anxieties they might have had? It would be no different for Scathach here.

It was merely unfortunate he'd grown so accustomed to worrying that he didn't stop to think that maybe he was making a bigger deal about things than they *actually* were.

Skadi raised a finger to the air and traced it, a peculiar purple emblem glowing in the aftermath. **"Runes. Anything is possible with runes! Surely with this, you can come to understand her feelings as well!"** It was a simple understanding rune, at least as far as she knew. **"Just give me the word, Master, and I'll apply it!"**

Ritsuka didn't even think. He should have. **"Do it."** And that was the last thing he remembered saying before the rune struck his body and he fell unconscious.

"GAH!" He awoke with a start sometime later, the automatic lights in his room flickering on in response to his voice. Gaze drifted groggily from corner of the room to corner of the room, sweat dripping down his neck from what he could only imagine had been a very uncomfortable sleep. **"Skadi applied the rune and... I fell asleep?"** The boy was still fully clothed and he hadn't been tucked in to bed. Perhaps after realizing he was okay she'd scooted off to get ice cream or something (*as she often did*).

Had the rune worked? He'd assumed it would just give him some of Scathach's knowledge or something; bestow unto him her worries so that he might help solve them. But he didn't feel different -- a little warm certainly, but... *Actually, really* warm. Legs fell over the side of his bed as he pushed himself up and onto his feet, dizziness immediately greeting him. Was he sick? Had the glyph come with some sort of adverse effects?

Next time Skadi should add a *'side effects may include'* clause, because there were definitely side effects to come.

The boy's vision blurred as his right hand reached out to the bedside table at his side to find a sense of balance. It was a strange blurring in the sense that while he couldn't deny he couldn't see, short of feeling that warmth he couldn't really identify anything wrong with him that would cause such a thing. But the room before him would eventually come back into proper view with an even sharper image than he was used to. He had to squint at first because everything seemed

brighter, more detailed. Like moving up from a tube TV to an HD flat screen, but it was just his eyes. Irises were robbed of their blues as his vision cleared, a piercing red instead filling the vacancy that was left behind. Ever so subtly, too, the lashes surrounding each eye grew just the slightest bit longer.

It was beginning to look like Ritsuka had frosted tips as well. Maybe frosted wasn't the right word, but the tips were very well becoming a color dissimilar to his usual dark raven. Either way they were certainly lightening, at least a little, and after a few moments the tips appeared to be a vivid purple that was still darker, although lighter than they had been previously.

Vision returned with new questions and he was able to finally remove a gloved hand from the night side table and stand up proper, but instead of leaving his hand at his side he decided to give his eyes a rub. It was only natural that he couldn't see that they'd changed physically, particularly without a mirror in his room, and the fact that the tips of his hair had become purple? He couldn't see that they were growing longer either. He might be able to feel it in a few moments based on how quickly they were growing however; it wouldn't be long before they were touching his neck in the back.

Because he'd sweat so much in his sleep, his clothing was already stuck uncomfortably to his skin, which made the preparatory shifting of parts of his body a little more difficult to notice than they likely would have otherwise. That feeling when your clothes are all wet and you put the thought into the corner of your mind so it doesn't really bother you? It was like that.

How his gray pants were growing tighter around his thighs as the muscle and fat there began to round, or how arms grew thinner despite more strength beginning to flow into them? He didn't take notice and instead just chalked it up to the strange sensation of being trapped in a moist outfit.

"Oh, Mast-- Master!?" The sound of the room's automatic door sliding open was followed by Skadi's voice, the Caster returning from the kitchen after deciding to briefly leave Ritsuka's side for a snack. She'd expected to return to a boy sleeping but had instead returned to a boy that seemed to be bearing increasing resemblance to... herself. Or, no, perhaps the Scathach of Panhuman history? There was no denying those piercing, red eyes nor a head of hair that was notably more purple and lengthier.

She could see how the definition in his thighs had become more feminine, and note that the the band of his pants seemed to be straining in response to a lower gait that was widening to better support what was to come. **"Mas...ter? Have you noticed what's happening?"** She shuffled to his side and reached to touch his hair, taking note of how silky smooth it was.

"What's happening? Skadi what do you mEAN?" Voice cracked mid-sentence, Adam's apple wiped from his neck in the meantime. **"I feel a little warm but aren't I**

just sick?" After the crack however his voice was notably different. Deep yet soft, firm but calm. Like Skadi's own -- no, like *Scathach's* own. The Caster could see how the surfaces of his lips had become glossier, plumper, and even his face in general began to bear resemblance to her other self in how the cheekbones were slowly rising, jaw narrowing to give him a resting expression that suggested complacency.

It wasn't terribly different but he did grow a little taller; only enough to move the cuffs of his pant legs up so that the bare ankle between his pants and his socks were exposed to the cool air of the room. It felt a little refreshing considering how hot he was from the rune's influence.

Skadi was left to ponder what her abilities had wrought however, bringing the back of her hand to Ritsuka's forehead to take his temperature. He was clearly burning up, but was it really the influence of the rune? As a human boy he could have caught an illness from a Singularity or Lostbelt. But... no. She could feel that the rune was still active.

And so could Fujimaru. The source of the warmth. He hadn't really understood its form at first, yet knowledge had begun to fill him like water into a cup. He retained his sense of self, his identity, and yet he also had an uncanny understanding of things he hadn't just moments before. Runes being one of the greatest offenders in that category. He'd had his doubts about what was affecting him at first, but with this knowledge he could precisely identify the rune magic applied to his body, from its purpose to the total effects it would apply. Among other things like...

"Skadi. You applied the wrong rune."

"E-Eh?" It wasn't merely the assertion that startled the Scandinavian Caster, but the tone of voice used. The way the boy was speaking was almost identical to Scathach's own. It was stern, informative, but in this particular instance it sounded a little... agitated. **"That's impossible! That rune should allow you to experience Scathach's emotions, should it not?"**

Ritsuka sighed, raising a hand to his temple. Bound within his gloves both his fingers and palm were reshaping, digits growing slender as nails pushed forward. **"Well, yes. You were right about that. However this also grants me her 'essence', which will essentially turn me into a copy. It's fortunate that it won't cost me my memories of my old life, but fixing this won't be as simple as merely removing it."** Skadi had to admit that hearing her Master explain runes to her was kind of agitating, but also it must have been the Lancer's knowledge speaking and not his own.

Considering this was *her* fault, she'd let it pass. **"I mean... AH! Master!? Don't go showing off my body like that!?"** She was about to make an excuse when Ritsuka moved to unbuckle the strap across his chest, effeminate hand grasping the zipper and pulling it down to reveal the boy's bare skin, glistening with sweat. Now that

he'd grasped the rune's nature, at least, he could make the changes less uncomfortable.

No sooner than he gave his chest room to grow did his nipples soon swell as if stung but an insect. Small and pink spots quickly blossomed into a pair of erect teats that reddened, the areola thick and puffy to indicate the skin below would soon bellow outward. And bellow it did. Not unlike watching a balloon fill up with water the skin surged forward beneath each nip, skin thinning and firming atop them and more and more space was needed to accommodate a bulge of fat that quickly jiggled as it moved up and through various cup sizes. Ritsuka still had his senses so he didn't think to fondle them, but the part of him that was still a boy *really* kind of wanted to.

Knowing he'd be stuck like this a while however? He'd just do it in private later.

Before long they'd entirely filled out the space made available by his opened shirt, nipples just barely obscured by the sides. Cleavage hung wide, so much that Skadi turned a bright red, but even if Ritsuka hadn't wanted to look there was a part of him that just didn't care all that much. Scathach's tastes were blending in with his own and he almost would rather to be wearing something skin tight.

"Stop staring, Skadi. We're going to need to look for a way to reverse this, but we'll probably need Scathach's help." Fingers slid behind his neck to pull away purple hairs that had clung to the sweat there as he spoke. His hair had become quite long and now spilled down his back, but for as wrong as it all felt he also seemed to be at peace with his changing body.

His spare hand loosened the belt around his waist so that it would stop digging into growing hips, their distance much wider than his narrowed shoulders. He would have pulled the pants off outright but he'd give Skadi a heart attack surely, so instead he'd just deal with the discomfort of thick thighs barely being contained by the legs of his pants, the cleavage of his ass crack erupting into plain view as expanding cheeks saw pants and underwear wriggled just a little ways down and over the hump. The way the hem cut into said cheeks created a rather supple and enticing indentation.

He'd expected it, but a pulling in his groin eventually forced one of his red eyes to twitch from sheer discomfort. The woman formerly known as Ritsuka Fujimura let out a sigh as she met the apologetic eyes of Skadi once more. The Caster had meant well, but in the end...

The transformation seemed to be completed and the heat of the rune faded. Longer toenails clipped against black socks below, purple hair was a mess, and she was generally dressed in boy's attire that looked far too out of place upon her supple woman's body. Her face was no longer Japanese at all, eyes rounder and nose sharper, and sighing again she pursed thick lips. Skadi had stopped commenting somewhere near the end, surely out of shame for what she'd done. But Ritsuka didn't want her to worry.

"It could have been worse. I could have lost who I am." She offered words of encouragement as a hand reached out to pat her on the head. That said she wasn't completely herself either. Scathach's knowledge, preferences, and mannerisms had all replaced her own, which was troubling. It was these preferences that told her she shouldn't go by Ritsuka anymore. **"I need a new name, right? Perhaps Aoife. Just to differentiate."** She returned arms crossed beneath her bosom, gaze meeting Skadi's own for approval. The goddess nodded.

"So we should find that other me, huh?" Skadi mused. **"Or I guess that other other me now. But... You should get changed, Master."**

"Hm. I don't think I need to." A snap of Aoife's fingers saw a bodysuit not unlike Scathach's own clench all of her flesh into place, showing off her natural adult curves. The only difference was that the color was pure black. **"Thanks to my sister's knowledge I can do plenty."**

"Sister?"

"Is that not what Scathach and I are now?"

"I mean... I suppose..."

Chest out confidently, heels clacking against the ground, Aoife proceeded past the whirring door with Skadi in tow. **"Alright then! Where is Scathach?"** She needed to find a cure for this.

Sooner, rather than later.