

WRONG ASCENSION

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



“She’s so meaaaaan! What’s wrong with my figure!? I may hole up inside all the time and I may be just a little chubbier than I usually am from all of the snacks, but I’m still pretty, right? *RIGHT!*?” Being her usual, eccentric self, Osakabe-hime stood before the clouded mirror in her room while stripped down to only her underwear. The Assassin wasn’t typically one to waste time putting this much thought into her appearance, but she’d also been suffering at the hand of a string of rude comments from her friend Tamamo-no-Mae, whom had been remarking on her appearance.

Things like *“Aren’t you getting a little portly?”* or *“You should try lifting weights, Hime-san!”*. She understood the fox was just trying to be supportive, but to a recluse like Hime those words were seriously hurtful! She just wanted to lay under the kotatsu and eat her chips, she wasn’t signing up for this emotional abuse!

There was thankfully a way around it. It was just cheating technically, and there was no way Tamamo wouldn’t berate her for it because she had this power as well. *Shapeshift*. A skill that allowed one to alter the appearance of their body at will. A long time ago Assassin used this pretty liberally to scare off people that infiltrated Himeji Castle since she holed herself up in its keep, but these days she only really used it to keep herself presentable in the eyes of her Master.

It was actually one of Tamamo’s comments involving their Master that had finally pushed Hime to this point. *“What will Master-san say if you show yourself to them all pudgy like that?”*

EASY FOR HER TO SAY WHEN SHE HAD LIKE, THE PERFECT FIGURE!

Not that Himeji's Assassin was jealous or anything. Sure Tamamo had a sweet, maternal personality and then was always trim with a big butt and bigger boobs, but...! Okay... *she was a little jealous*. But she also knew Tamamo didn't cheat using Shapeshift. She exercised and ate properly, two things Osakabe-hime couldn't commit to no matter how hard she tried.

“I bet I could earn Master's favor easily if I had a *big bang body* like that! I could outshine every other Servant in Chaldea, that's for sure! But maybe just for now I should start with this...” Fingers pinched at her bare stomach, fat peering over her pelvis evidence in their grasp as she activated the skill meant to rectify her weight issue. She was a cheater in the end with no shame, so it was fine!

As mana warmed her tummy, the pinched fat retreated and slid out of her fingers' grasp slowly but surely until her stomach was completely flat once more. It was by no means fit (*and she'd given up on making herself fit using Shapeshift since it was a hassle to maintain*) but at the very least it wouldn't show while wearing her dress. The heat quickly faded as she deactivated her skill, but thinking back to Tamamo's words again she had a funny thought. What if she made herself a little bigger than Tamamo, just as a prank? As revenge for those mean comments she'd made of course!

“I'll do it!” Hime was alone in her room of course, so she was only psyching up herself. She was already pretty well endowed so she didn't have to amp things up that much, but she was a little shier in her rear. As long as she only applied a little growth, enough to rival that *BIG BANG BODY!* To use that mental description when thinking of how to apply her skill, however, had been a large error. It wasn't quantifiable, and so the skill would work based on the verbiage. 'Big Bang Body' sounded more than abundant. Much more.

But she'd already felt her ass and breasts begin to warm up, the woman anticipating mild discomfort in her undergarments since they were only going to get a *little* bigger. Just a *little*. A *little*.

Growth wormed its way in like loss has subsided from her stomach a short few moments ago. The contents of her light pink brassiere, lacy as it was, very quickly began to feel a bit uncomfortable as her rack came to swell and perk up. Osakabe-hime wasn't all that much smaller than Tamamo when it came to her chest to begin with, but what the Caster

had over the Assassin was shapeliness. The conclave formed by her cleavage narrowed as walls closed in, the foundation of her bosom becoming firmer as straps struggled to contain what she considered to be her most important bounty. There was no denying that her tits were rounder now and probably needed more support than her bra could provide them. Honestly if they'd gotten much bigger than that her underwear probably would have--

SNAP!

"...Uhm?" The center strap of her bra that bridged the two cups suddenly broke, allowing both cups to fall limply to the sides of her boobs in the process. Sure it'd been a little uncomfortable but at Tamamo's size they should have... **"Wait. Nonononono! Stop it!? I didn't want *this* much!"** Hime had no choice but to panic, the cause of her wardrobe malfunction clear: her breasts hadn't stopped growing where intended. The second they were free of her bra nipples poured free and bounced without her bra's support, their shapes engorged and the circumference of their dark spots almost as wide as a narrow glass.

Fat gurgled as it filled either sack like a balloon, torso left with no choice but to lurch further and further forward as the weight of her chest became more than her weak back could accommodate. They were already larger than Assassin's head, concealing the top of her stomach as they flopped in place. Purple veins became evident stemming from her huge, pinch-able nipples that were practically palm-sized now. **"Aaah! AAAH!"** Hime's gasps of surprise had turned into full on moans as she attempted to contain the growing masses with her hands to no avail. Attempting to hold them back only saw the flesh seeping between her fingers and pushing hands away, and if she dug too deep it only made her more aroused.

Tits were so heavy that she'd fallen to her knees before the mirror, her bra straps having slid down shoulders as she attempted to use her arms to cover breasts up. The growth did eventually slow, but not before each mammary had become triple her own head's size. They were abundant and cumbersome, their perkiness preventing them from slapping against her stomach but obscuring. **"They're so big, this is stupid! Maa-chan won't like these, they'll think they belong to some kind of bimbo!"** Her chin rested upon her own bosom as she was left to slouch forward on her knees, but she wouldn't let them slide past her knees and onto the ground.

"How did they even-- Oh?" Osakabe-hime wanted to complain. She wanted to complain a lot, but as the heat in her chest waned the heat in her rear grew more intense, almost *pleasing* considering how close it

was to her crotch. It was accompanied by a disheveled sensation in her hips, and moments later she found her knees beginning to point inward at one another. **“Whuh!? What now!?”** She knew she’d applied the same expansion to her rear, but why were her hips parting so much? She did her best to turn her head around and over her shoulder to see, but it was pretty apparent why.

Assassin’s ass was filling in at an alarming rate, so much that hips needed to widen to make room for the new cheeks. When she’d caught a glance it had been roughly the size she would have expected Tamamo’s to be, although difficult to tell since her butt was resting over the backs of her legs. The change her was a little swifter than in her chest though, and she could literally see the added weight bubbly against the skin of her behind before settling into place moments after. Her pink panties had nowhere to go but to floss in between her cheeks and cameltoe in the front, and before long it was almost like she was wearing a thong.

The mass of her butt hung over the sides of either leg and, despite the mass of it, did eventually become firmer than one might expect -- at least firm enough that it wouldn’t sag in any capacity. With nowhere else to go some of the fat settled into her interwoven thighs, the inner sections rubbing up against one another while the outer areas rippled and jiggled as she tried to get comfortable despite the fact that her butt and thighs were practically thunderous in design. **“What am I supposed to do...? Oh wait, I can just change them back, right? So...”**

She was still on her knees before the mirror and she couldn’t even look at her reflection without getting embarrassed. She’d seen appearances like this in hentai doujinshi she read, but Hime didn’t want a body like that! Though now that she had one she was kind of wondering how it would feel...

Regardless of any dirty thoughts she had she focused on changing things back to how they were with absolutely no success. **“GYAH!? Am I out of mana? Do I need to recharge?”** Shapeshift didn’t work without a mana pool to draw from. Creating so much mass had probably sucked her supply dry, which meant she had to recharge it. She could do so by eating, but likewise if she...

“Hime-chan, are you okay?” A familiar voice dyed Osakabe-hime’s face deep red as her body began to quiver, looking over towards the door. Standing in it was her Master, Ritsuka, a girl with ginger hair. **“Wh... What’s happening here?”** Truly a fair question, all things considered. When you walk in on one of your Servants with a body like that, with their excessive curves shining with pink under the light... Ritsuka gulped. It was kind of hot.

“MAA-CHAN!?! DON’T LOOK! DON’T LOOOOOOOK!” It seemed the weight of her new curves was no match for the panic Hime had felt in that moment, as she jumped to her feet (*and of course her watermelon-sized melons and jiggly rear bounced rhythmically in tandem as she did so*). She had to get her Master out, out! She ran best she could towards the door, hoping to slam it shut. She was sniveling and her tits swung with every step, and she was just about to get the door when...

She missed, and she fell right onto her poor Master. Ritsuka was smooched underneath the weight of Osakabe-hime’s breasts, and the Servant was absolutely mortified. **“Wah! Maa-chan! I’m so sorry, I just...!”**

BBRRRRRTTTT!

“Hah!?! M-Maa-chan!?! Are you motorboating!?” She could feel the vibrations around her nipples, but her tits were so big it was hard to fully feel it. It still felt nice, and she could feel herself wanting. **“HYAH!?”** The sensation of Ritsuka’s hand grabbing her big ass only made things worse. It seemed Master wanted to have some fun!?

Well, that was *one* way to regain her Mana.