

QOL CHANGE

JUNE 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Summer would always come to an end, but it would always return in the end as well.

For some of the Servants that had been blessed with swimsuit alternates, this brought some difficulties. They could swap between their regular and summer Saint Graphs at will provided they had the right tools available, such as a Command Seal from Ritsuka Fujimaru, but because more and more swimsuit Servants popped up every year, that meant the demand for this treatment was high come late spring.

Ritsuka had limited Command Seals, you see. They couldn't afford to spend all three of them on changing Servants into their swimsuits, and only a single seal would regenerate per day. That meant a schedule had to be made and maintained, and since it was based on a lottery *who* got to change *when* was up to the luck of the draw.

Typically, the Servants that had the worst of the luck were not at *all* amused by this system. And this year? There was a new addition that would not tolerate having to wait until *the middle of July* to get her turn. But Kiara? She had something of a knack for finding shortcuts unavailable to most. She'd fiddled with the hearts of plenty of Servants in the past.

Why not her own?

“And that should do it!” A smirk played upon the nun's face as she opened her eyes and rose from her bed, her Spirit Origin wholly tampered with. For the time being she was still clad in her regular robes, but she'd added a delay so that she would swap over to her Mooncancer

form at some point over the next five minutes. Arrogant as she was, Kiara didn't consider for even a second that she might have made a mistake. Even though she'd certainly made one. Because by accessing the data needed to re-apply her Mooncancer status, she'd accidentally mixed in the identity data from another Spirit Origin entirely.

“Oh, here it comes! Let's see if it worked as intended!” Kiara did not doubt that it would. After all, she was something of a genius when it came to things like these. Fidgeting around with the inner workings of a Servant was no small feat, but thanks to her time in the Moon Cell she'd become something of an old pro—

POOT!

Kiara had felt it all building, the energy that would swap her talents and costume into those the Mooncancer class. But what it had amounted too? Was an embarrassing passage of gas that took her by surprise. **“Oh!?”** Followed by a rumbling in her tummy that coordinated with a bloating sensation. Had she eaten something strange? Wait, *no!* Kiara Sesshouin was many things, but she was *not* an involuntary farter!

“Hmm... Did I do something strange after... *all...?*” The unease in her tummy had not at all subsided, and the woman's assessment grew more panicked as she felt the slits at the side of her gown begin to show off more than intended. But Kiara's movements? They were growing more and more sluggish as her tummy troubles escalated, and with just a few moments more? She could discern the source of all of her problems.

After all, she could *see* it. Past her breasts, she could see her belly protruding outwards. **“I'm *fat!?*”** The fatigue, the stomach churning, the way her clothing had become dishevelled – it all made sense in light of this realization. Her belly was big and squishy, something she confirmed by pressing her hands into it. It became more and more ample much to her dismay, before long her gut containing more fat than both of her breasts combined; it even proper their weight up.

Kiara couldn't fathom how it might have appeared uncovered, which of course made that the worst possible moment for the clothing changing aspect of the process to take hold. She'd been touching her chubby belly through the silk of her nun's attire, but mid-fondle? That cloth had been taken away, and she was then touching completely bare skin.

Her thin, white bikini top and the matching hot pink bottom were all that clad her, the entire ensemble incapable of spawning thanks to the evident malfunction of the tweaks the woman had put into play. **“No,**

no, no! This isn't possible! My belly might as well be as round as hers!" *Jinako Carigiri*. A Master from the Moon Cell that had shockingly been summoned as a Servant in Chaldea by carrying the essence of the Indian God, Ganesha. As a result, she'd become excessively chubby even though most of that weight had gone to her belly.

But, even now, it was clear that Kiara's stomach wasn't the only part of her body softening. Her arms had felt weaker in no small part because the muscle within them had loosened up, and around them the softness of fat had seeded itself as well to make them pudgier. This was likewise replicated in her legs, and her chest – basically if it had once had some strength to it, it was now fairly gelatinous.

The woman was wracking her brain in an attempt to figure out how to reverse this travesty. It wasn't a process she could interrupt without risking doing more damage than was already being done, so she supposed she would have to ride it out to completion. Besides— *I'm so hungry!* Her stomach had let out a growl, and suddenly all she could think about was getting her grubby, little fingers on a bag of potato chips.

And they were *certainly* grubbier little fingers. Their lengths had been shrinking even as the thought of snacking crossed her mind. Her fingernails? Well, Kiara did not keep them especially long, but they frayed and chipped, almost like she was a notorious nail biter. She certainly *wasn't!*

CHOMP!

But then there she was, nibbling on the length of her index finger's nail without even thinking about it. This was all so anxiety inducing, how else was she meant to cope with it all? "**I really don't like thiiiiis! Gyah!? MY VOICE TOO!?**" As she'd cried out, her voice had become whinier, with much more unintended nasal to the sound of it. Just like... *Jinako's*. The woman's verbal tics had been adjusting too, for Kiara wasn't typically one to cry out so dramatically. *Jinako was*.

Now, regarding her bikini: two vastly different types of clothing malfunction began to happen in quick succession between the top and the bottom.

For the top? The twin, white straps that pulled across her breasts to cover her nipples weren't doing so with the tautness they were supposed to. In fact, the straps appeared to be loosening. This was because there was less breast for them to contain, Kiara's treasured bosom losing

several cup sizes over just a handful of seconds. The weight that remained, though? It wasn't perky. These breasts looked softer and were extremely squishy to the touch – side effects of their sizing being falsely increased by fat born of her increased chub. The bikini top just barely kept her nipples hidden while it hung looser, helped a little by nipples that were now just a little smaller as well.

Down south, the pink bikini bottom that had fit her lower half so snugly found itself wedged between her ass cheeks. Not because they'd gotten bigger (*they really hadn't*) but because all of that firm, sensual weight that they had possessed had loosened up, becoming squishy and soft as had been the case for her entire body thus far. **“Ugh, this is so uncomfyyyy! Why am I wearing this!?”** She tried her best to pick the bottom out of her cheeks, but a newfound clumsiness made it rather difficult.

Her thighs had grown spongier as well, and with the bikini tight as it was down there, it was gripping her groin in a way that was disserviceable to her own comfort. Hairs, wild and untamed, had also begun to poke out from behind the pink – her pubes now a mess. But they were also *brown*.

Just as brown as the color sweeping through Kiara's hair. Her mane, black and silken, had fallen behind her when her clothes had changed. But as this brown swept through, the styling grew thick and erratic. Hairs were messy and went every which way, but the sheer weight of it all increased as well. It didn't look like she shampooed and conditioned it much... but her level of grooming on the whole had deteriorated if the woman's odor was any indicator. She smelled like sweat and potato chips, the scent of a *recluse*.

The gold of Kiara's eyes wore out next, the very same brown that made her eyebrows extraordinarily fuzzy washing through to provide some mundanity. These eyes likewise rounder, but much of her face did. From chubby cheeks, to cracked lips to a small, button nose – she looked every part the shut-in she was beginning to feel like.

“I-It's okay! I can just turn myself back! I can just... if I... AAAAH!?” That scream might as well have been able to break glass. But Kiara stumbled upon a realization. **“I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW TO ALTER MY SPIRIT ORIGIN!?! N-N-No! Not just that! All of the things I know, I don't really know them!?! Who cares about the optimal way to eat a whole stack of Pringles? Wh-Wh-Why do I know that!?”**

She'd become a blathering mess of confusing, her memories adjusted to better match the container that was her body. She couldn't even

remember how to properly fuck!? How could that...!? Was Jinako really a thirty year old virgin?

Well, yeah, I am...

And she'd thought that herself. Finally though, the last remaining step kicked into high gear. Kiara's height plummeted dramatically, right down to an almost perfect five feet. All of that weight she'd accumulated? The tummy? It remained consistent though, and what was left was a short, round thirty year old in a swimsuit that absolutely did not suit her.

As if to add insult to injury, a very nerdy pair of glasses appeared on the bridge of her nose as did a Bindi dot on her forehead. She wasn't just Jinako, but another Jinako that was also Ganesha? **"Th-This can't be happening! My name is... It's, uh... Right, it was...!"** But she didn't say a name, in no small part because every time she went to call herself 'Kiara', something stopped her. *No, that's not my name!* Even though it should have been.

The woman, short and chubby, waddled around a room that was both familiar to her and not simultaneously frantically. **"Why am I in here!? But this is my room!?"** Back and forth, back and forth. Was she Kiara Sesshouin, or was she Jinako Carigiri? She felt so uncomfortable being this tiny and throwing this belly weight around, but at the same time it felt *completely* normal.

Little by little though, what remained of Kiara Sesshouin was drowned out by Jinako's anxiety. Why was she in Kiara's room? Why was she dressed in Kiara's swimsuit? It didn't fit her current figure at all, wedging her in the bottom and hanging loose around her chest. Exhausted, anxious, and tired, the Mooncancer finally plopped her butt down in the corner of the room.

Jinko didn't want to deal with whatever this was. She just wanted to hole herself away. **"I guess this is technically my room, so I'm just going to hide out in here."** But were there snacks? Her tummy was rumbling, and she couldn't resist her munchies any longer.



Swimsuit season or not, there was no point in trying to preserve *this* figure.

**“WHY DID I EVEN PUT THIS SWIMSUIT
OOOOOON!?”**