

BRIDAL BABES

COMMISSION STORY

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It really wasn't all that unusual for the Chaldea Organization to pick up unwanted items. In fact it kind of came with the territory. They were constantly exploring unknown places, correcting historical inaccuracies or abolishing the Lostbelts that threatened to swallow up Panhuman history. A collection of items will always be returned not only when whatever perilous adventure had wound down, but in the farming expeditions that followed.

And honestly? Very little went to waste. Food and recipes went to the benefit of the staff, trinkets could be resold to bolster the organization's coffers, and materials could be used to improve not only the facilities, but better the Servants and make them stronger. It really was a win-win, even if it ended up becoming a *lot* of work to sort through. But not *everything* was useful, and not always because the item was junk.

Sometimes they turned up items that appeared much too valuable to be sold, or there was something evidently supernatural about them that would have made them careless to use or sell. This is a story that began with one such item. Or, well, two such items that were nearly identical to one another.

“A ring? I guess I can look after it!” The male Master of Chaldea, Gudao, had taken no issue with the task that da Vinci had given him earlier in the day. It seemed like a simple enough job – he just had to guard one of two rings that had been uncovered during Chaldea's last foray into a mysterious singularity.



Apparently there was some level of magical energy bound to them, but with everything else brought in the Rider didn't have the resources at present to analyze them. And she couldn't leave them laying around because, well... There were *all sorts* of characters in the Wandering Sea, and there was always the risk of a mischievous party snatching them up. Those situations could always be dealt with, but since they hadn't identified the magic bound to them just yet? It was dangerous.

But da Vinci had left him with a warning.

Alone at the Wandering Sea's gym – or at least the adjoined changing room – the young man cast a glance up to the small box that held the ring in question on the top shelf of the locker he had been using for his workout. **“I wonder why she told me not to wear it, though?”** The girl had been fairly stern with that warning, but she didn't really supply him with any context which left him to wonder.

Of course he'd *listen*. But he had to open the box to make sure the ring was still there after leaving it for roughly twenty minutes to work out. He'd locked the gym so no one theoretically *could*, but it was honestly better safe than sorry. **“Phew, still there!”** Holding the open box in his hands, he could see the ring still there. It had a thin, silver band with a small, crimson gemstone embedded into it. It looked important, like an engagement ring perhaps?

But the next thing Gudaon knew? He was wearing it on his ring finger. **“H-Huh!? When did that...?”** Had it just teleported there? It almost felt as if he had blacked out there for a moment. But he hadn't, nor had the ring teleported. He'd heard a voice and it had guided him to put it on before releasing its hold. Because it didn't need to control him so directly from that point on.

In fact, there were already observable indicators that something was amiss on the young man's person. And perhaps the strangest initially was what could be seen to be happening with his *ears*. Always rounded as a human's ears *should* have been, the tips slowly crept a touch longer, taking points that weren't excessive but were at the very least notable as they stuck out from beneath his hair line.

Although they weren't alone in that uncanny valley, either. Gazing with confusion still upon his face at the ring that was now on his finger, the blue eyes that stared at it soon swirled with a purple color... before any semblance of the original blue was sapped away, leaving them a crimson

red instead. Even the *shapes* of those eyes came away from it with a different look, with these eyes rounder of shape and longer of lashes. They were gentle in design, but also exuded an air of something that shouldn't have been present in his appearance. An air of *femininity*.

“I need to get this off...! Why won't it budge!?” Having resorted to trying to pull the ring off of his ring finger, it was easy for Gudao to assume that maybe his finger was much too fat so it wouldn't easily move. The reality was that this justification was becoming increasingly improbable thanks to the shapes of his hands themselves. They had actually *shrunk* in size, fingers and all, with the nails upon them neatly manicured. These slender digits were *almost* flawless if not for callouses that had emerged – indicative, surely, of someone that often swung around a tool... *or a weapon*.

It was frustrating, and he *knew* he had to get the ring off of his body! And yet? His attempts waned in intensity as a voice in the back of his mind soothed this mania. It gradually became less and less of a priority and more and more like... *he wanted to keep the ring on*. The boy's expression softened as these thoughts became more prominent, but that softness was helped by facial features that essentially melted to better match his new eyes. His face was soon rounder, softer, and sported traditional feminine features like a small nose and fuller, poutier lips.

Gudao wasn't completely ignorant to the difficulties he was now facing, but he didn't quite seem to be able to grasp the nature of it, either. **“I'm... Don't I need to remove the ring? Something isn't quite right here.”** The voice he attempted to reason this with at this juncture was soft and girlish, much more befitting of the lips it was being spoken through. And the fact he couldn't place his finger on the pulse of the occurrence seemed even stranger considering what was happening to his *hair*.

Short and spiky locks had started slithering with the intention of growing longer – and in time it was clear that this length was *tremendous* compared not only to his initial hair length, but even the length of many of the women Servants that had been summoned to Chaldea. As it grew longer the quality changed, becoming rather wavy before ultimately peaking just past his hips. But just as quickly came a sweeping change to not only its color, but the color of all of the hair on his body. An irreversible change towards a silver color that was not born of dye, but was now his original color.

“I'm forgetting something important... This hair is... Is it not right?” Compared to many others that might be subjected to such a change, it actually seemed that Gudao was mentally retaining more of a sense of self than would be expected. With fluffy, silver bangs having

draped just above his eyes, he soon found himself questioning them (even if the newer aspects of his 'self' pushed back). Though the doubts were very quickly disrupted by a strange *yank* in his loins.

Or *her* loins, as it turned out. The tugging had been her sex changing. "*Nngh...? Wait..*" It had been discomfoting, yet somehow simultaneously stimulating – and it felt just strange enough that Gudao's slender fingers reached down as if to check. "*Is something missing?*" It was, but the region between her legs was quickly swelling to become a little more inhospitable for the comforting touch of her fingers, so she soon withdrew them.

That is to say that, well, her gym shorts were tightening around the flesh of her pelvis and surrounding area. Even then, this wasn't the *correct* assessment of what was happening. With her sex changed, it seemed as if the rest of her body's overall build was changing to better suit it. This meant that her hips grew wider and her waistline pinched in so that it was narrower, all for the sake of accommodating the growth otherwise.

The growth of, say, her ass and thighs? Cheeks jiggled to attention as they became fatter, but not in an unpleasant sense. It was more like they were fuller, rounder, and perkier, and these blessings saw to it that her thighs became just as ample in tandem. In turn, this meant that her shorts were much more restrictive, with the flesh of her new curves threaten to burst out.

It wasn't *as* big of a deal when it came to her shirt, but it *was* lifted by what blossomed a little higher towards her neck. Fat had amassed beneath her nipples, and surging to a greater weight the skin around it was shaped into a pair of sizable, perky orbs that were complete with even bigger nipples. Ultimately? Gudao was left with a pair of C-cup breasts that really stood out against her leaner disposition.

She shook her head. Were her clothes supposed to feel this uncomfortable? Was she not supposed to be wearing something more *elaborate*? But what could that be? By the time she had opened her crimson eyes though, that was no longer a concern. Her gym shorts and tee were gone, and instead she had been adorned with a flowing, white dress with soft, blue ribbons. It was strangely shoeless, and just as strangely? While her left leg and right arm had a thigh high and sleeve respectively, the opposing sides were bare.

"I-I'm a... woman? But no, haven't I always been a woman...?" There was plenty that the young woman that now occupied the men's changing room was left confused about, but her own shock at... *herself*... was more troubling than most. It was hard to describe, but everything felt familiar yet foreign at the exact same time. *Corrin* was utterly

perplexed by this, and being a somewhat softspoken individual that could, at times, be overwhelmed? She was unsure of what to make of it. **“Perhaps if I step outside?”**

Part of what left her baffled was that she knew *where* she was. She knew what Chaldea was. She was, after all, a Rider-class Servant in its service. But why was she wearing such a regal gown? Shaking her head, she navigated out of the changing room and into the hall daintily. **“I could have sworn that I’m not supposed to be..”** But her thought was interrupted by the sight of another Servant. Artoria Pendragon, or at least the adult version, walking past her. Something *clicked*, and Corrin forgot what she was thinking about. Because different thoughts had overwhelmed her.



“D-Darling! Wait for me!”

What? She was a happy bride! Just look at the ring she had been given!



Unlike her brother, the female Master of Chaldea, Gudako, had been spending her day out farming with her ring in tow. Not farming in the ‘milking cows’ sense, but visiting past Singularities through the training module to help improve the abilities of some of their Servants. It had been a very *long* session spanning most of the day, and by the time she had unplugged and was left alone in the training room?

She was pooped, honestly, and ready to return to her room. Of course she had kept the ring on her at all times, keeping it stashed in the chest pocket of her jacket it. And she most certainly hadn’t disobeyed da Vinci to put the ring on. Never in a *million* years would she do *that*! **“Okay, I should get back to my room and... Huh?”**

So ready to just go take a bath, Gudako had been hesitant to address the sudden bulge around the base of her ring finger. Had something bitten her and it had swollen? But pulling off that glove, that didn’t seem to be

the case. “**H-How?**” A silver ring with a green gemstone had somehow shown up there. It was the same ring she had been asked to safeguard.

But she had put it on and put her glove overtop of it herself. She had just immediately forgotten.

Idly, because she was confused, the young woman rubbed her fingers together – only for that action to confuse her even further and turn her hand over. The skin had been grinding together much more roughly than normal, and now that she had a visual it was easy to see why. “**What happened to my fingers!?**” The tips of them, and even her palms, were *extremely* calloused. What’s more, had her fingers always been that long? And she knew for a *fact* she hadn’t had her nails done recently, yet they were perfectly manicured. They didn’t look like her hands at *all*.

And she hadn’t even noticed that her Command Seals were gone.

There was an understandable feeling of dread that had seized Gudako, what with her hands not resembling what she knew, and even her other glove had slid off in the confusion. But her problems were far more widespread than her digits alone – and that included feet that had changed similarly. Much of it was initially focused near her head, however.

Almost making her look like a pumpkin, streaks of a dark green had begun to appear against the orangey ginger of her locks otherwise. But what began as something that only looked like a haphazard dye job quickly overtook the orange as a whole – and this forest green ultimately bled into the color of her eyes as well.

With her mane entirely fleshed out with this color, and it was now very much her *natural* color, the length and style grew out as well. And not just a *little* bit. The side ponytail that she had her hair done up in was quick to unravel, the scrunchy holding in place disheveled by just how quickly and how long her hair was becoming. Strands smoothed and straightened while approaching her rear end, but they also looked thinner in terms of volume as they inevitably reached the back of her shins.

“**My *hair?* How *could this be!?* *Even my voice!?*” In a way it had almost sounded like her vocal chords were short-circuiting, flipping back and forth between her real voice and a voice that was a touch deeper, but in the end it seemed to *stick* with that new sound. That said, it did seem to better suit her somehow. Though this was an assertion that could only be made because her face had been changing.**

After her eyes had turned green, for example? Their shapes had widened until they no longer bore the natural shapes of a Japanese individual, and on the whole? Her facial features dramatically shifted towards something much more Caucasian. This ultimately amounted to a face that was, on the whole, longer than it had been before. She had a sharper chin now, thinner cheekbones, a pointier nose... In fact, Gudako didn't look nor sound much like Gudako at all by this juncture.

And this was a trend that worsened with time.

“Or did my voice always sound like this? What a silly thing to wonder about. Am I not feeling well?” The Master's psyche seemed to be finally biting back against the skepticism that she had been showing, and it was certainly making great strides in getting her to accept all that happened – and the changes to her physique that still *needed* to happen. While it seemed minor in the grand scheme of things for example? A slight change in her height, an increase of a mere *two inches*, had been applied.

And the changes to her physique overall? They honestly weren't *that* substantial since Gudako was already a woman. They just worked in tandem with each other so give her a completely new look. Such as how her muscles grew even stronger and tighter, making her abs stand out all the more. Or her hips expanding a couple of inches wider to make her waistline seem thinner.

When it came to her curves? Everything *grew*, but in no case was it excessive. Her cup size essentially jiggled and bounced a single size larger, leaving her jacket to feel a touch tighter. Her thighs were plumper as well, and her ass? Well it might have gained the most mass of all so that her panties were yanked gently in between her cheeks. But in terms of clothing malfunction, it was hardly as notable as what had happened to Gudao.

So a change of clothes didn't seem necessary... but it still happened. A beautiful bridal gown took shape around her, shoulderless with detached sleeves and cute boots. Golden trim lines it with blue cloth laced around her hips – not to mention the jewelry around her neck and the veil-like headband that pulled green hair into a high ponytail. She was quite beautiful, admittedly.

“Did I come here to train!? Seems a little unlikely dressed like this, I guess...” Her voice full of pep and eyes wide at the bridal gown she was adorned with, *Lyndis*, short-formed as *Lyn*, kept looking both around and then again down at herself. She couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious. Did such a toned body look nice in such an elegant dress? **“But I could have sworn... Something isn't right about**

this, is it?” Much like her ex-sibling, she had a very vague awareness that something had changed.

But otherwise? Lyn wholly believed herself to be a Servant of Chaldea. She was slotted into the Saber-class, even though she could just as easily have been summoned as an Archer considering her proficiency in that area. **“Right! Am I supposed to be someone...?”** *Else?* That was what she had meant to end her sentence with, but the training room doors suddenly swung open and a tanned woman with pale lines etched into her skin stepped through. Lyn *immediately* forgot what she had been thinking of. **“Oh, my dear Altera! Are you here to pick up your new bride?”** How uncanny that she had gotten married on the very same day as Corrin!



It was certainly a good thing that there were no more of these rings about if they held the power to transform people into blushing brides from other worlds. But the next returning expedition had been due back any minute now. And with them?

An assortment of additional rings.