

SHE SPAS-ED OUT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’m... not so sure that she was right about *this one*.”

Ritsuka Fujimaru felt a little bit exasperated. It wasn’t really *anyone’s* fault but her own at the end of the day, but the level of fatigue she had been feeling as of late was certainly *real*. When there wasn’t a world-ending threat to be dealt with her responsibilities as Chaldea’s sole Master still kept her extremely busy.

Whether it was undergoing tests to make sure that she was still in perfect health, *improving* that health through training, or helping with odd jobs around their base; there was always *something* for her to do. The young woman’s days off were *definitely* few and far between. Even then... Ritsuka was very kind. A little *too* kind. Because even on her days off, if someone asked her to do them a favor? She would likely agree without hesitation.

That was what had happened in this specific case. Chaldea’s Master had awoken that morning with the hopes that she could have a nice relaxing Sunday off. Have a good breakfast, maybe clean up her room a little, and then play some games or watch some movies to unwind. Oh yeah! And then have a *really* long soak in the public bath. Her muscles had *really* been bothering her lately. Probably from the very obvious lack of rest she had been getting.

But then *Quetzalcoatl* had knocked on her door before she had even gotten dressed. She had expressed concerns about Tezcatlipoca’s presence as an ally of Chaldea and *had* been expressing those concerns ever since he’d arrived. Ritsuka at least *understood*. Those two had a history together, and to top it all off Tez had been one of their greatest

enemies in the seventh Lostbelt. But in this case the Rider had believed that he was plotting something and she gave her Master some coordinates to check out. Coordinates that required a rayshift.



The Master was confident that she'd be fine on her own. She wasn't suspicious of Tezcatlipoca at all and even if he *was* up to something? She could just summon a Servant to help her. The words she'd uttered had left her mouth when she had finally arrived at the coordinates Quetz had given her. Because, well... **"There's nothing suspicious about this place at all. Well, aside from the food."**

It was the type of place she'd expected Tez to frequent. A shooting range of all things, hidden within the depths of a jungle. It seemed to be well used, and even had a defense course for those... learning to *dodge* gunfire, perhaps? Ritsuka couldn't imagine ever trying to dodge a bullet with her human reflexes, but she could see why a Servant would want to try and train against that type of attack. The place looked very *used*, and yet she couldn't see the Servant she was looking for at all.

Maybe he was still back at Chaldea after all?

Seeing little else she could do, Ritsuka walked over to a picnic table *covered* in food. It was the one part of the firing range that her brain had *immediately* registered as at least a *little* odd. The table was *covered* in tasty snack but none of them were healthy. Cookies, chips, even hamburgers done up with all of the fixings. The smell alone was enough to make Ritsuka's tummy rumble – she had skipped breakfast to follow Quetzalcoatl's hunch after all. Just as suspicious was the gun propped up next to the table, but she didn't understand firearms well enough to recognize this SPAS-12 for what it was. **"That's an odd shield beside it though."** Maybe it was for the dodging range?

Unable to help herself, the woman eventually picked up a burger and took a bite. She chewed quickly and swallowed, exhibiting absolutely no guilt in the process. As far as she saw it? It was partially Tezcatlipoca's fault for acting suspiciously in the first place that she'd come all of the way out to this place, so he at *least* owed her a hamburger so that she didn't go hungry. **"Is he really going to eat all of this though? I wonder if he's training someone out here..."** Hopefully *not* an entire militia.

She took another bite of and swallowed more hamburger, having decided to wait and see if Tez would show up. The food was warm so it must have been made recently. So naturally the implication was that he was nearby and, if not? *Someone* must have been nearby that could answer any questions she had. But by the time she had finished the entire burger? She became acutely aware of a rumbling in her tummy. Or was it more like it was *gargling*?

“I hope I don’t need to use the bathroom...” The shooting range *did* have a small building attached, but it looked like it was locked. Thankfully she didn’t end up feeling sick but, instead, *hungrier*. **“I guess another one wouldn’t hurt...”** But Ritsuka didn’t realize at all that even that first burger had already begun to cost her, and her growing appetite would only continue to make things *worse*.

Without even thinking twice about it she bit into a second burger, chewed, and swallowed. While the first burger hadn’t really done anything *visually* to her, it had laid the foundation to be built upon. It had wired the Master’s mind to crave snacks more than ever – part of a change to her personality that would become more evident as she continued to consume. But by the time she had swallowed a chunk of the second burger? It was clear that there *were* effects that could be visualized.

And they started around the tummy that continued to rumble.

It was just a little difficult to *see* considering the woman was fully dressed, but that didn’t mean that nothing was happening. A tummy that had been steeled with muscles from all of her training as Chaldea’s Master, well... That still turned into *cotton*. The very muscles of her gut had softened until there was absolutely *no* definition around her belly button. That sounded dramatic enough as is, but it actually became *worse*. And what was worse than losing all of your muscle?

The opposite. Ritsuka’s tummy began to *bulge*. Fat accumulated around her navel at first, but it eventually spread out evenly so that her belly shaped into a wider, squishier form that protruded about an inch away from her pelvis. It wasn’t like she had become *fat*, but she had definitely become *chubby*. Like a girl who really *did* love her snacks more than anything. It pushed against her top but she didn’t pay it any mind. Sometimes you just felt bloated when you ate, right?

Not that it stopped her from taking yet another bite. **“This burger is *super* good, actually!”** When was the last time that she had enjoyed having something to eat so much? **“I didn’t know that *Mr. Tez* had it in him to cook!”** These words hung in the air for a moment as the

woman processed what it was that she had just said aloud. She blinked several times, each blink seeing the orange of her eyes redden until they were crimson – and widen in shape until they appeared more *Caucasian* than Japanese. **“Did I just call Tezcatlipoca ‘Mr. Tez’? Huh.”**

She definitely had to consider that *odd*. Was it as odd as the reality that the rest of her body had begun to put on a little bit of weight in *other* places? No. But she also didn’t seem to pay it much mind, now leaning against the table and munching on the burger further. Ignorance is bliss, or so they say, but it didn’t prevent things from happening.

In terms of where that extra fat developed? Her arms did become a little squishier, but the other locations didn’t seem quite as *bad*? Or perhaps it would have been better to say that they were areas where plenty of young women would have *liked* to gain a little extra weight. Her thighs and ass were certainly key areas of growth in that regard. The thighs in particular gave a healthy jiggle. They slowly swelled, almost like dry sponges being introduced to water. They were particularly abundant on the inside, and this weight? It seemed to force her hips apart.

Although those hips *did* gain a push from Ritsuka’s *literal* rear. Her undergarments felt a touch uncomfortable beneath her skirt, namely because as the cheeks of her butt became bigger they were forced to stretch around this swelling shape. Before long they began to wedgie her, and while it wasn’t perhaps the most *sanitary* moment of her life, she used the hand that wasn’t being used to stuff food in her mouth to try and pick it. **“Maybe I need to lay off the food a little bit. I feel like I’m outgrowing my clothes! But it taste’s *shooooo* good!”** She probably *could* have stood not to talk with food in her mouth.

It was definitely *strange*. Strange that the woman wasn’t thinking very much about her weight, or at least acting like being a little fuller figured wasn’t all *that* odd. **“Mm? Even my chest?”** Her voice a tad airier, she hadn’t even noticed *because* her top felt tight but instead because some crumbs from the *third* burger she was eating had fallen down. Her bra definitely felt *way* too tight. It was digging into her shoulder blades!

“Ah! That’s better!” Or at least it *had* been up until the strap had snapped, allowing her tits to generously build up to DD-cups. They were probably large C to low D normally, but the extra meat on her bones pushed them up further – while lifting the base of her top to reveal the bottom of that plumper tummy of hers lipping over her skirt’s waistline. And aside from dropping a mere inch in height? Little else changed regarding the Master’s figure.

But did that mean there would be no further physical changes? Not quite. There had been ongoing *internal* changes that she hadn’t even

had a *chance* of registering. A shift from the biological to the artificial, swapping out her blood, flesh, guts, and organs for mechanical and synthetic counterparts that still made her *functionally* human. But she was stronger and faster than one. **“Woah!”** The only true observable sign from her point of view had been a brief moment where she thought she had blacked out. The truth of it? Her heart and brain had changed and had taken a second to adjust to resuming ‘normal’ functions.

A fourth burger was picked up after she used her sleeve to wipe ketchup from her mouth. **“Okay! Last one! Boy, I was real hungry!”** It was out of character for Ritsuka to feel that way. But it wasn’t so much for the woman she was becoming. Seemingly this woman had a rounder face, seemingly not helped at all by her diet for her cheeks became fuller in their designs. Chapped lips smoothed and her nose hooked a little more notably, until all in all? She didn’t look a thing like the woman who had been her point of origin.

All that had *really* remained was her head of orange hair, and even *that* wasn’t safe. The orange lightened away, not towards a yellow or blonde but instead adapting a pleasant looking cotton candy blue that contrasted appealingly with her red eyes. Her hair did lengthen a touch, but it curled in towards her shoulders from the side and her bangs found themselves swept to the right.

Seemingly out of nowhere she began to giggle. **“H-Hey! Stop that! It tickles!”** Ritsuka didn’t even seem to understand *what* was tickling her. But it was *her own clothes*. Cloth thickened, stretched, and merged so that she became appropriately dressed. Just in a *different* outfit consisting of a navy blue jacket and red skirt over a cute set of pink lingerie. Jacket sleeves and navy blue thigh highs matched it all. And the tie that pulled her hair into a side ponytail? It split into two and tied her locks on either side. It looked more like a military uniform than anything, but it did have a cute and girlish charm to it as well.

“I think that’s enough! I should probably get back to training instead of eating anything else…” With her plush tummy satisfied, *SPAS-12* finally moved away from the table of food and picked up the weapon that shared her name from nearby along with the large shield beside it. Both pieces were *her* equipment, and the fact that she



shared a name with the shotgun was *not* a coincidence. It was closely tied to her new identity and, above else, her new *purpose*.

Deep down, beneath her human appearance, the young woman was no longer a living person but instead a machine. A Tactical Doll or *T-Doll* for short. She was an AI-driven android created for the express purpose of fighting in wars. Which meant that not only had Ritsuka's body become inorganic, but even her mind and personality were now synthetic. This didn't change that she 'lived' and 'breathed' though. She could be hacked but as she was? Her personality and her decisions were her own.

As SPAS-12 at least.

It wasn't the firing range that she moved towards but the defense range. **"Mr. Tez wanted me to practice with my shield today, right?"** According to her memories he was training a whole *unit* of T-Dolls and she was just one of them. But she had also never used the defense range before. She wasn't sure *how* to activate it but assumed that there would be a button or switch or something. That *wasn't* how you activated it. It was much simpler than that.

The moment she stepped over a white line painted on the dirt ground a number of automated machine guns began to spray wildly at her. **"WAAAAAAAAAH!"** She wasn't injured, but she also wasn't able to react *entirely* in time. The bullets whizzed past her and chewed up the entire right side of her uniform, revealing her cute, pink undergarment beneath the tatters that remained. **"Oh no, not again!"** Implying this had happened to her before. Although it had happened on the live battlefield.

Fortunately the shield blocked the rest of it, but she couldn't help but remember something Mr. Tez had told her. That if she kept stuffing her face with snacks and instead didn't work on her speed, this would keep happening. **"I guess he was right, but this has really put me in a bad mood..."** And a bad mood had only one cure! Her gaze crept slowly over towards the table of food once more. That's right! The only cure was some tasty food!

"Well I've already messed up my outfit for today, so there isn't really any harm. Right?"

Tezcatlipoca would certainly disagree if asked. But that wasn't going to stop her!