

# JOINING RED

## MAY REQUEST STORY

### BY CHALDEACHANGE



What was the meaning of a life taken from another? It was a thought that weighed heavily on the mind of a young homunculus in the wake of receiving his second chance. He'd been created - for what reason? A Servant had given up his existence so that he could survive - why? These were questions that didn't have easy answers, particularly not when those that could answer them either weren't nearby or no longer among the living. He could only do his best to move forward with what he had. And what was that? Merely a name: *Sieg*.

He had so many questions and yet, unfortunately, no time to look for any answers. For as soon as he'd been given his freedom, Sieg had unfortunately been knocked unconscious by an unknown assailant.

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Even after he awoke all that awaited him was darkness. It was cold and damp, and he found his mouth had been gagged. The only other thing he could rightfully sense was an unusual fragrance. It was bore a rich, floral aroma. One he couldn't place because he had so little knowledge to begin with. Much like a newborn Sieg was still in the process of learning about the world. And all he knew now was that he felt tired, scared, and hopeless. His first thought was that he'd been captured by the Black faction and tossed into one of their cells. One of their Master's was a real freak, and he shuddered to think what would happen if she got her hands on him. And would he be blamed for that murder? How much time did he even have left were that the case?

His head spun with uncertainty, so much that he wanted to just go back to sleep, but the creaking of a door and bright light that accompanied its opening stirred him to

attention. Aside from this Sieg noted two things: the floral scent had grown more potent with the door open, and the visage of a young man had come into view. Tanned skin, white hair, there was a very supernatural aura about him even as he smiled. No, especially as he smiled. Perhaps it was because the homunculus was still essentially a newborn, but he could sense the cunning behind that smile.

Their exchange was a short one. **“Don’t look at me like that. You should save it for after.”** Was all he said as he reached into what Sieg could now only assume was a broom closet to unravel the boy’s muzzle just enough to force a concoction down his throat. Sieg choked a moment, the taste of the liquid pungent to the point that it burned. Taste? It wasn’t something he had the knowledge to describe, but he knew it wasn’t good. **“I’ll visit you again when it’s all finished, alright?”**

And then the door shut before the homunculus could even make a noise of protest. Just what had happened? The clear assumption was that he’d be drugged, but he couldn’t imagine he would have been tied up first if it had been a mere poison. He could only take solace in the fact that he wasn’t being held in the territory of Black’s faction. He’d only caught a glimpse of it in the door open in the back, but he was certainly being held in a church.

But that was the only moment of relief he’d find before his body began to burn. Muffled groans and attempts to shift around in discomfort were all he could muster in response as the liquid he’d consumed began to turn his short life on its head.

It began in his fingers, which were tied so neatly behind his back so that he couldn’t think to use them to escape. Each digit grew slender, grip firmer as fingernails slid painlessly into a suitable length for a young woman. The complexion of each finger as these changes swept through lightened, which gave his hands an almost supernatural sheen considering he’d already been quite pale as a European homunculus. The overall size of his palms crept inward, and once wrists had narrowed he found the ropes tied around him rather loose. Not loose enough to quite break free yet, but loose enough that he could at least move them a short ways apart from within.

As these changes crept up his arms from behind, his tummy became a more centralized point of the transformation. This was only to be expected considering that was where the potion had gone after swallowing it. His body, new as it was, had been solely lacking in muscle mass up until this moment, when abdominal muscles flared up across his stomach. Sides pinched inward ever so slightly to give feminine design, though in the end this all went unnoticed underneath the rags he’d been changed into after being captured.

Had he been able to hear his voice properly with the gag around her mouth he might have noticed how his voice had already heightened, or that the skin around his throat had begun to pale as his Adam’s apple slipped away. It seemed the effects were hastened in areas of contact, and so even the inside of his mouth had reformed. A smaller tongue, finer teeth, and plumper lips from where he’d been forced to take

the drink '*blessed*' him, and while Sieg could tell something was clearly wrong, he couldn't see nor touch to be able to comprehend just *what*.

And this made him a little *angry*.

Sieg was still new to life of course. He'd felt anger before. And fear, happiness, anxiety. But never anger like this. It swelled up from within his soul and cursed his own fate, so much that he grit his teeth and begun to lash out against his restraints. "**Ngh! MMFGH!**" As he struggled and struggled, vocal protest became more defined even as he knew his voice wouldn't reach anyone. It just felt like the anger at his situation was reaching a peak, as if it were about to boil over. Bangs danced into his eyes as he shook around, the darkness concealing the fact that their color had lightened significantly and length had bolstered.

It took all of his energy, or rather a new burst of energy, to finally push himself up onto his feet. He stumbled, quickly colliding with the wall of the room before falling over to the opposing side -- as he'd thought, it was a closet or similarly sized room. That meant it would be easy to *destroy*.

In the dark on the closet, at that moment, only one thing shone. *Sieg's eyes*. Under normal circumstance they were a bright ruby, but with another surge of anger they lit up with an unconventional gold. With this came the sudden ability to see even within the darkness and the lay of the room became apparent. Raised in front of him were his hands, bound but different than what he was used to. He could have spent time dwelling on how his skin had lightened or how the shape of them was unfamiliar, but that wasn't a priority. Escaping was.

**"How dare they lock me in here...?"** Words that shouldn't have escaped his bindings bit venomously at the silence, gasps of breath freed as the rope around Sieg's mouth fell to the ground, blue flames eating at the twine. This same phenomenon occurred around those on his wrists and ankles, the scent of charred nylon overwhelming the scent of flowers for just a moment. The flame had been born from his new anger - nay, *hatred*. The boy wasn't quite sure where this ferocity had come from but his proper consciousness was no longer able to contain it. **"How dare they!?"**

Flames swept forth from his body, the robes he was wearing incinerated from the licks of fire even as they did nothing to harm his own body. In the light of the fire the severity of his changes were more apparent, and yet seeing them only made him angrier. **"What did you do to me!?"**

Arms had grown plump but soft as muscle befitting of a woman warrior had built from the potion's influence. With painful cracks and pops that spurred cries of agony from the boy's lips, bare shoulders closed inward as his neckline softened. There was a similar phenomenon around his pelvis as legs suddenly crackled apart while the gait of his hips expanded, causing him to catch himself on the wall of a room that was seemingly not burning despite the amount of fire tasting its sides.

Not unlike his arms, Sieg's thighs began to grow with additional mass. Muscle at first, enough to move quickly and jump high into the air, but then wrapped in a supple layer of fat that gave each leg a nuanced jiggle as he moved. The only issue was that the two thighs, despite wider hips, were pressing uncomfortably against his dick. It wasn't something he'd ever used (*except to do what all bodies must*), and sexual impulses weren't something he really understood. So of course Sieg didn't know he'd been aroused even as his little guy slipped inside of him as what had passed for his scrotum redecorated as a pair of pussy lips on the surface.

**"Wh-What!?"** Or so she barked at this sudden sensation, nails now painted with black reaching down between her legs to figure out what had happened. She leaned forward to do this which gave her ass the perfect opportunity to bounce outward. Firm and round, but not without the impression that one could dig into her cheeks, there was no denying her seat would be much cushier the next she sat. **"WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING!?"**

Sieg Alter raised her hand into the air to command the flames at her feet, and on cue they rushed the door before her, knocking it to the ground and eating at it as fire did. The woman stepped into the light of the church, her naked body on full display without any real shame for there were no witnesses yet. The crackling of fire trailed behind her, though the building itself did not catch flame in part because Sieg's own will still hung tight. She didn't want to commit any needless destruction... but wouldn't that be *just the best?*

Taking steps down into the church's seating area, with each drop of her body down a stair an added jiggle ran through her chest. Nipples puffed up as areola spread themselves wider and denser, taking on a dark color that contrasted with the snow white of her skin. By the time she'd hit the floor proper, a pair of impressive D-cup breasts hung proudly from her chest. **"Saint! If you don't come out here right now I'm going to burn this place to the ground!"** She spoke, of course, to the man that had drugged her.

This entire situation was because of him. He'd captured her and... and... no, wasn't that it? She'd awoken in that room... wasn't she slipped something? Her body, wasn't it strange? Conflicting perspectives danced in her mind so much that it was dizzying. Sieg? Was that her name? Jeanne? No, she detested that name.

But it was *hers*, wasn't it?

**"I see you've awakened, corrupted saint! But oh my. Wouldn't you like to put on something a little less... *invisible?*"** She'd taken her eyes off of the pews in the room for but a moment, and yet a man's voice signaled he'd appeared there in that short absence. It was certainly the man she'd seen earlier and anger welled inside upon meeting his visage once more. It was just... *he had a point.*

**"SHUT UP!"**, she called back as armor of illustrious black took shape atop a dress that likely revealed far too much for a saint. **"You're the one who brought me here!"**

He waved a hand and sighed, pushing himself up from his seated position as his gaze bore into the back of her mind. **"I did. Your sister is participating in this Holy Grail War you know. Side with us and I'll give you a chance to fight her."** Jeanne Alter clicked her tongue in response as the black flames behind her extinguished. This man knew about her. With her head so jumbled, she was almost sure he knew more about her than she did. But mention of a sister spurred some bad memories. A girl that shared her face, with sickeningly sweet convictions. A pure saint, one whom accepted her death at the hands of the French.

Oh, how she wanted to teach that girl a lesson. Maybe more than anything. More than discovering why she was so dazed, or why her body felt foreign. **"Fine, saint. Tell me your terms, and tell me where she is. But don't count us as friends."** She'd been created to kill that woman.

**"I wouldn't dream of it."**