

PROVING GROUNDS

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Hmm? Are you willing to do anything to convince me of this strength of yours?” Atop Olympus, prior to the events of Atlantis, an argument had broken out between two Servants of allied but different factions. The speaker here had been Koyanskaya, a woman that was closely related to the alien gods that had enlisted the help of the Crypters that guarded the Lostbelts, a cunning and untrustworthy ally that bore deep resemblance to a mischievous fox.

The one being berated was a proud warrior goddess of Olympus, Caenis. A Servant summoned by the Crypter of this Lostbelt himself, she was a proud individual even before that. One whom had faced much hardship in life, only to be corrupted by the Lostbelt itself. The argument had erupted because Koyanskaya had questioned Caenis’ ability to challenge the Master of Chaldea that so readily threatened their plans. Of course, Caenis had insisted beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was capable. It was just...

Koyanskaya enjoyed playing with her food.

“OF COURSE I CAN! WHAT ABOUT YOU MAKES ME THINK I CAN’T!? I’LL COMPLETE ANY CHALLENGE YOU THROW AT ME!” That was exactly what Koyanskaya wanted to hear. She’d had a fun little game in mind for this one, her uppity personality more than a little amusing to a being that could crush her with her pinky finger.

“Alright then!” The pink-haired fox jumped out of her seat with glee, launching herself at Caenis with the speed one might expect of a Servant. She pulled something free from her cleavage and stuck it to the goddess’ navel, and just before a bright light shone from the object Caenis could make out that it was a charm or

seal of some sort. But once the light cleared... the paper was gone. **"If you're so strong, let's see how you handle... these!"**

Caenis had been left largely stunned by the entire exchange, the actions Koyanskaya had committed hardly registering before a weird tingling sensation began to spread through her body from the point the talisman had struck her. **"The fuck did you do to me?"** A valid question.

Although one the fox choice not to answer, instead staring up at the sky while feigning the idea that she hadn't even heard the goddess. This just made Caenis all the more furious, but before she could cry out for an explanation once again that tingling gave way for a different sensation. A pressure around her chest. Now, you see, Caenis was a Servant that did not like to be seen as a woman. In her legend she was abused by Poseidon and changed into her man so that she may never be wronged like she had been that day. She did not loathe the femininity of her Servant form, and yet she did not want it accentuated either.

So for this pressure to build beneath her bosom? It distraught her greatly. Eyes that shone like the sunlit waves of the ocean were cast downward, taking in the tanned flesh of her bosom just in time to see it bulge forward. It was just a little at first, a gradual process, but before long the skin of her inner boobs was found peaking over the black-hemmed restraints of her vestment, nipples clearly protruding into and against the white fabric as the vest was slowly pushed upward and away. **"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO!?"** Ire was turned back to Koyanskaya, eyes dancing from her breasts to the fox and back again.

They continued to bulge, and Koyanskaya continued to play ignorant. The next Caenis looked at her tits they looked to have grown two cup sizes, but more than that as the skin stretched around tender, fatty flesh, the rich tan of her skin tone seemed to be strained as well. Tan was fading away for a cream colour that seemingly wafted both towards her neckline and down towards her navel simultaneously.

With all her supposed strength, Caenis stumbled forward as the weight of her tits became gradually too much to bear. The vestment that had kept nipples obscured was eventually forced open all the way, and white and milky breasts bounced free to slap against an increasingly paling stomach. Even the red markings across her body began to fade as her skin tone crept to becoming clearly European Caucasian, something that likewise upset Caenis just as her heft, cherry-nipples tits did.

"FUCK!" Struggling to cope with the weight of her no mammeries was no small feat, particularly as the muscle mass across her body began to deteriorate thanks to a changing Saint Graph. No longer did she have the physical qualifications to suit her Lancer summoning, but instead her shape was reforming into that of an Assassin that relied on tricks instead of body strength to win her kills. The muscles in her arms and legs, when kissed by the pale that eroded the rich color of her body, deteriorated as additional victims of this incident, and as back turned pale the

muscles there, too, slackened which only made her tits all the more hefty. Before long her fingers were burrowed into the ample bosom to try and keep them upright as she adjusted to their weight, the contrast of tan fingers to white breasts completely erased in a manner of moments as fingers too became pale, nails longer and properly manicured.

Knees buckled, stature diminishing slightly as once-muscular thighs were given a new slack to match what had happened to her arms. To say these thighs weren't more enticing now would have been a lie, because they were both soft and round in every direction. The flesh of either leg bit into each other, Caenis not even able to take a step without inner-thighs rubbing sensually up against one another. The more and more she changed, the more and more aware of the fact that her body was not suited for typical combat she became.

Ass accompanied her thighs not long after hips slid painfully outward to give her a child-bearing set, and she couldn't help but issue a grunt of displeasure even as she likewise attempted not to moan from how much she was touching her tits to keep her from slouching all the way over and giving Koyanksaya the satisfaction of being right. She wanted Caenis to admit that she couldn't handle this and thus she couldn't handle Chaldea, but she'd prove that bitch wrong! Her ballooning rear pulled the already incredibly tight pair of black panties she wore into the expansive crevice that was now nestled in a canyon composed of two white and swollen cheeks, and that strain pulled the front against and almost into her pussy as she cameltoed.

Strands of brown hair could be seen poking out from beneath this strain, her pubes already shifted to stand out against her pale pelvis and rosy pink pussy, but that very same brown was soon found permeating through her head of hair too. Animal-like ears flattened atop her head as white fur and hair alike was painted an average chestnut, and a pair of new humanoid ears emerged on either side of her head to restore hearing where it had been lost momentarily.

Caenis' face had flushed much like the rest of her form, but cheeks were burning red with embarrassment as her body felt like it had crumpled under its own weakness. Who had a body this weak and carried tits of this size around? Maybe with the right outfit to give support, but as things stood she didn't have such a thing on! **"Y-You think this will break me!? Try again!"** Even as the goddess mocked the fox's attempt to demean her, the woman's voice softened much like her lips had. Eyes widened but retained their color which ultimately made her more expressive in the meantime. All in all, from head to toe she looked like a Caucasian woman trying to wear an ill-fitting Caenis cosplay. She couldn't help but contemplate how heavy her pieces of armor were now. Breasts aside, her entire body felt like it was pinned downward.

That wasn't quite right though. Koyanskaya had merely embedded another Saint Graph over Caenis' own. Enough to change the woman's body but not her soul. Enough to turn her into a weakling that would surely have other uses, but not as a

warrior on the front lines. It was the body of the Assassin-class Servant, Charlotte Corday.

"Break you? Right away? Oh no, no..." The fox's tone was mocking, knowing full well she'd received permission from Kirschtaria to play with the weakling Caenis as long as she pleased. She tiptoed forward and smacked one of Caenis' hands away from her tits, the flesh bouncing like a pendulum and smacking her torso again as she remained leaning forward. Caenis was taken off guard by how strong Koyanskaya seemed now. That had hit like a truck. Even so, her attacker reached in and gave one of Charlotte Corday's breasts a sensual squeeze, a look of depravity across her face.

"I know it'll take more than this to make you admit you're too weak."

Another hand reached behind Caenus and smacked her ass.

"So by the time we're done here..."