

# QUETZALCOATWO

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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**“Hmm? This isn’t the Demonic Battlefield, Babylon.”** The Rider class Servant, Quetzalcoatl had resolved to get a little training done that day. By using the virtual training room it was possible for Chaldea’s facilities to reproduce any battlefield they had fought upon in the past, even recreating powerful foes for the sake of building Servant strength and tactical knowledge.

That was how it was supposed to go, but the space the room around her had shifted into didn’t look quite like Uruk. Quite the opposite. It looked like it was someone’s bedroom. Judging by the small bed, the toys, and the general decor, Rider could best surmise it belonged to a young boy. Had someone allowed Musashi Miyamoto to toy with the machine again? She was a Saber that had some very peculiar tastes. Or it could have been as simple as creating an environment where the child Servants could act as regular children did?

Quetzalcoatl was impossibly tall and impossibly strong, so it went without saying that in such a small space she was practically forced to crouch. Calling off the simulation would make the most sense, but it seemed none of her calls to do so were properly functioning. **“¿Hola? Rider to Chaldea?”** Still no response. The deity had begun to pace as she attempted to contact her only method of escape, but in doing so she’d become distracted from where she was putting her feet.

An important misstep was made. It was largely hidden by old clothes so she couldn’t see, but there had been a crude-looking summoning circle in the middle of the floor. It was interfering with the simulation, and once Quetz put her foot down on it, it began to interfere with *much* more.

It produced a light in a pale green color, and from that light an energy ran up through the Servant's body from her toes all the way to her scalp. The feeling wasn't an unpleasant one, and yet she couldn't deny it was extremely invasive.

It was at this moment she recalled a conversation she'd had with that da Vinci Caster a short while ago. She'd spoken of the Lostbelts, of the possibilities that alternate versions of oneself could exist. There were already Servants like that in Chaldea after all. But Quetzalcoatl had wondered about meeting one of her own possibilities. Da Vinci had assured her that she would add a feature with this in mind to the simulator for the next time Rider used it. Was this what that was? Was the magic circle taking read of her identity or something of that sort?

Were that only the case. She was right in assuming this was part of da Vinci's orchestration, but the moment the behemoth of a woman had stepped on the circle she'd fudged the process. She was supposed to channel some of her mana into it, but through touching it brazenly energy was flowing into *her* from her alternate self.

Although the woman herself was about to write it off as a non-issue, at least up until the point that she heard something fall from below her lip and clack onto the wooden flooring beneath her. "**My piercing?**" The emerald gemstone that typically hung from her face was on the ground, and tracing where it should have been fixed beneath her lip led to the discovery that the piercing hole had filled in. Several more objects clacked against the ground as her earrings followed a similar pattern.

This was all very alarming, but a much more violent sound was made as Quetz's headpiece was launched from atop her head and into the nearby wall. Rider hadn't even touched it, but she didn't need to. The reaction had stemmed from a pair of very painful eruptions from atop her head, a pair of flat-tipped horns busting out and curving upwards in the headpiece's place. "**Yowch!**" It hurt like a bitch and her hands ran up to touch them, but while such a pain might have broken a human it was still far less than she could endure.

The glowing light of the summoning circle only intensified, and while she'd smartly parted herself from its touch the connection had already been established, inviting more of her alternative self into her vessel. She dipped towards the child's bed without even thinking, a groggy thought interrupting her concerns as it was voiced. "**I wonder if Kouta will be home soon?**" Of course, Quetzalcoatl didn't know any Kouta. Or at the very least *this* Quetzalcoatl didn't know any Kouta.

She'd gotten a little too comfortable too, slouching back like she'd done this before. It took another moment of dwelling on this Kouta's whereabouts before it finally clicked. "**Huh? Who's that?**" It was definitely a point worth considering in detail, yet perhaps through the whims of fate, or perhaps merely just as a means to distract the Servant, hands sinking into the mattress behind her with new vigor demanded attention. It wasn't quite that they were sinking though, but the cause of it.

Only a few possibilities could lead to this phenomenon. The first being if Quetz was pushing down on the mattress herself. *She wasn't*. Which led to the second outcome: for some reason her weight was increasing. Rider was, of course, a hefty woman as she was. She was tall and muscular after all. But to add to this weight there was an obvious area of attack. *Her bosom*. It was already weighty, though her traditional wear did much to hide her breasts.

A simple grope of her left breast dawned upon her the realization that things were amiss though. She'd felt a warm tingling there and couldn't seem to keep her fingers away. They slid beneath the cloth of her costume and tweaked her nipple with erotic intent. "**Did I get bigger?**" The obvious question was asked as her hand slid underneath the curve of this breast. It definitely felt heavier than normal, and the roundness of both it and its partner were rapidly becoming evident as they bulged out to ridiculous sizes. Rider knew her strength quite well, but something went haywire and she tore the front of her outfit clean off with a single motion of her arm. Almost like the natural inhibitor she could instate as a Servant had been taken off.

Were there an audience they would've been thrilled. Her tits bounced up and down from the stress of having the cloth that bound them pulled away, and since she was still sitting with her back arched they flopped against her stomach while still portraying a firm shape. Her nipples were wide and cherry red. No longer could she see past this cleavage to see her abs -- but the mass of her muscles was quickly deteriorating in tandem to give the woman a thicker appeal to correlate with the sheer *BYOOMF* sizing of her bosom.

An aroused gasp leaped from lips that were astonishingly thick, her eyes beginning to squint not because she wanted to close them but because the expression was seemingly more natural. With her irises obscured it was difficult to see one bright green eye, and one that was becoming an enchantingly eerie, golden glow. Her stomach, not unlike the rest of her body, had its muscle mass revoked as fat took away the visual of her strength. In the process the piercing that was normally embedded in her navel popped out, falling onto the bedspread beside her.

Breasts, big as they were, showed no sign of slowly in growth as they pushed into G-cup territory. She could no longer even keep her back completely off the bed, weight having sunk her further in tandem with arm holding her up that had become soft and fatty in contrast to the thick muscle they were composed of before. Not to be confused: she didn't look chubby at all. There was just a clear vivaciousness to her soft curves. Eventually she just allowed herself to fall straight backwards, head of a straighter, more vivid blonde than it had once been before. This freed up her second hand to sink her fingers into her second breast, lust having caught up to her to the point where she would inevitably reach for her loins after shredding away the elaborately decorated cloth down there as well.

The sounds Quetzalcoatl made defied decency as she tickled her pussy, curly pubes above straightening and recoloring to match her hair in real time, ultimately grazing her wrist. Before she could take the plunge though, the door suddenly opened.

**“Lucoa-SANWHATAREYOU DOING!?”**

It was a boy she both recognized and didn't. Either way the door was shut immediately, forcing her to throw herself onto her feet. **“Kouta!?”** That name again! Her tits bounced against her stomach again, settling at an enormous I-cup equivalent while her thighs shook like thunder in girth. Even as she waddled over to the door her ass grew into a thick and firmer form that was uncharacteristic of her old self.

Or was it her other self?

Who was Lucoa?

No... wasn't that what she preferred to be called these days?

There was very little to be seen of the Servant Quetzalcoatl in her visage, if anything at all. She was still incredible tall, but between her ridiculously overly developed hourglass figure, paler, softer skin, and the fact she was forcing her eyes shut there wasn't any resemblance. Her memories as a Servant had been voided too. Was this even a virtual space anymore? No, she'd been fully assimilated into this new reality.

Lucoa stopped just short of the door. Kouta had walked in on her masturbating of all things, so it probably wasn't wise to run out dressed in... whatever was this gaudy outfit? Knowing she kept a spare change of clothing in the boy's room for emergencies, she fished out the shorts and ill fitting tank top. The hat, too! That was important!

Garbed, she rushed out to give the boy what would undoubtedly be some therapy. But if he was aroused and maybe wanted to cop a feel, maybe she wouldn't say no to that either!

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*Later, in Chaldea...*

**“That’s strange.”** Da Vinci sighed to herself as she ran over the schematics for the training room. It said it had been used, but no one had come out of it according to the records. It shouldn't have been used in the first place -- she'd taken it offline to work on that system for Quetzalcoatl. **“I suppose it must be an error. Ah well, no harm, no foul!”**

It would be much later before she realized Rider was missing, and by then it would already be too late to fish her back out.