

POWER OF PRAYER

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY



RITSUKA FUJIMARU (M) -> RULER (SAINT MARTHA)

Christmas had come and gone like it did every year for Chaldea, despite the perils that threatened the Earth. Be they Singularities or Lostbelts, the staff and those that remained always made time to celebrate. Or, well, it was more like there was always a Singularity where something festive was going on. The Santa Servant trend had continued from year to year as the torch was passed from one Servant to another, and with each passing year the choice seemed to be stranger and stranger. Artoria Alter, Jeanne Alter Lily, Altera, and now most recently: Quetzalcoatl.

It was a strange tradition but everyone just accepted it with a shrug. Things were always chaotic with Chaldea and its Servants, so why concern themselves with the hows and whys when the holidays rolled around?

The Wandering Sea, Chaldea's temporary base in the wake of the assault on their history through the Crypters, had been festively decorated by the staff of the organization it had taken in. Sion wasn't particularly offended by such an act, but in the wake of the holiday's end it was up to those that had put them up to take them down. Which was something Ritsuka wasn't really a fan of. He was all for setting up decorations of course, but the Servants had gone a little overboard without permission and when it had been time to clean up it seemed like most of them had conveniently disappeared.

Annoying. But they were always fighting for his sake, the least he could do was help clean everything up, right? With his encouragement he'd thrown together a small cleanup crew and they'd split up across their temporary base. Minutes turned into hours, which turned into a day, and eventually they'd bagged everything up and tossed into a storage room (which the Wandering Sea seemed to have plenty of - note to self: ask Sion why later). When they inevitably left this place, they'd have to move it all onto the Shadow Border but...

Maybe it'd be easier if they used it all for a bonfire.

Everyone had already taken off to do whatever, leaving Ritsuka alone in the crowded storage room, Streamers and cotton snow hung here and there over top the larger decorations like the trees and the many tables they'd used for serving food and drink outside of the cafeteria. But there was one decoration laid out on the table deepest in the room that didn't seem to match. A red wrestling mask lined with white, an ill-matching bell attached to its forehead. It was Christmas-y... in a way, but it wasn't really a Christmas decoration.

Actually, wasn't it the mask Martha had worn during the Santa Samba incident? Maybe he should return it?

The young man reached down to pick up the object, but upon contact a strange shock ran through his body from the point of contact and sent him to his knees. **"What the hell?"** Words flowed meekly from his body as the sensation had left him feeling momentarily exhausted. There was no one to hear his question of course, but sometimes surprise could provoke you into talking to yourself. He shook his head and rose to his feet once more as any discomfort faded, but when he glanced back down at the table the mask had disappeared. **"Weird..."** He could have just left things as is, but maybe it was best to visit the infirmary? He thought, at the least, Holmes or da Vinci might be able to provide some insight into that strange phenomenon.

"Your body is changing, Ritsuka-kun."

"Uh... Could you say that again?"

The trip to the infirmary had been a short one, yet over the course of that short trip some rather bizarre happenings had taken place. To begin with, his hair was almost twice as long as it had been previously and had begun to take on a richer, purpler hue. Chill after chill had racked his body and made it difficult to stand, so being seated on the patient's chair before da Vinci had been something of a relief. Up until she'd begun to deliver the results of her analysis.

"A Saint Graph has taken shape inside of your body. Such a thing isn't normally possible, but perhaps with the power of a Grail... It's very likely this was a trap to remove Chaldea's only Master from the field. As for the nature of the Graph itself? Naturally you've never been acknowledged by the Throne itself, so I can only assume another Servant is being written over you."

His heart sank. So what was she telling him? That in a little while he would no longer be himself?

"Wait... but which Servant? And is it reversible? Turning into a Servant... That's, um..."

"A hard pill to swallow? I agree." The childlike da Vinci raised an index finger high as she contemplated words of reassurance. **"If there's a spell to do this to you, there must be one to reverse it. But who knows how long it might take us to find one and to implement it. You're going to have to endure it for now, Ritsuka-kun."** She leaned across the table and gently pushed growing bangs out of the boy's eyes, flashing a smile.

That's right. Even if he was scared, he wasn't alone. He had friends that could help him through this, like da Vinci.

And right before his eyes she disappeared. As if she'd suddenly been erased from the reality in front of him itself. Panic set in, naturally. She hadn't gone into spirit form or anything like that, so where!?

Ritsuka shot up off the bed, not noticing his hands had become softer and more slender as they'd pushed up against the medical conditions, fingernails taking on a rough manicure that suggested he more often than not made use of his hands. **"Hey... da Vinci-chan? Where'd you go!?"** Blue eyes swung from side to side as his lengthening hair shook from side to side with his head. Part of him said he should leave the infirmary, but there was a small part of him that believed she was still here as well.

If I pray, maybe she'll come back?

His eyes glossed over for a second as this thought surfaced in his mind. What? He wasn't religious, he hadn't prayed a day in his life since coming to Chaldea. The notion that prayer would bring back da Vinci from wherever she'd gone was just plain silly.

If I pray, maybe I'll return to normal?

Unable to resist his own thoughts, he slowly crouched down and rested upon his knees on the infirmary floor, laying feminine palms flat against one another as he lowered his head. A spoken prayer wasn't necessary when he was alone, and so his thoughts would suffice. *'Might da Vinci be returned to me, and might I regain my normal form'*. Earnest, fitting wishes. And yet they only inspired further change in the boy.

Toes shrank beneath the material of his socks, the flats of his feet following suite as body hair began to regress all across his body. His calves became leaner and his posture suddenly changed slightly as the knees he was resting upon rounded. As his torso was back from his knees, his upper body quickly rose as change took place in his upper legs. Moment after moment his thighs took on more weight, more fat, more muscle. Lean as they were before, it didn't take long for them to press up against his pants in every direction. The same growth took place in an ass that was usually pretty flat, if not outright muscular, but it burgeoned with fresh flesh as the skin took on a more porcelain sheen.

It was far more comfortable to rest on such a padded lower body, but the changes went unnoticed until he finished his prayer and glanced down just in time to see his pants seeping into the floor below. Only his boxers remained as a powerful *POP* sounded from an expanding pair of hips, the pain forcing him to release a disgruntled screech. A feminine lower body was on full display, and more and more was revealed to him as his boots melted away just as his pants had. And his boxers? They shrank around his thighs and pelvis, his dick pressing up against the smooth material of what he presumed was a swimsuit bottom. It was dyed white, with red frills dancing around the outside. The mass of her ass was barely contained by the fabric, her crack peeking out just above the folds.

"No, I know this..." He recognized his own voice too. These legs. He recognized them. Even if he tried not to ogle his Servants (*that was a sin*), whenever the swimsuit event came around he couldn't not (*like a sinner*). But he'd seen these legs more recently. *Christmas*. **"Martha!?"** The name was spewed out with a voice that matched the name, his pitch having risen in tandem with the sensation of his dick withdrawing into a new, moist clit. The fact that it was moist filled her with a little shame; as being a Saint it wasn't in God's preference to satiate any urges she might have.

"No... That's wrong..." Her fingers clenched her head as a crisis of identity began. Her hair had finished growing and had fanned out beneath her ass and thighs that couldn't seem to stop rubbing together. He was Ritsuka Fujimaru of Chaldea. He wasn't a Servant. He wasn't Saint Martha.

But she was, wasn't she? She'd prayed to return to normal. Normal was the form of a Saint.

Her stomach pinched inward beneath the cover of her coat, attire mismatching the bikini on her lower half tragically. She could feel the curvature of her torso changing to match the breadth of her hips, she could feel her stomach growing flatter and taking on the lithe tones of a woman that regularly exercised.

"Fwhy istsh this happening... Who did this..!?" She tripped over her words slightly as her lips grew thick and kissable, and yet no man would ever embrace them with his own. She had devoted herself to the Lord, not to her own romantic or sexual inclinations. **"O Lord, is this a trial for me to overcome? The carnal urges of a woman's body..."** She blinked and her eyes became more rounded and feminine, Western in shaping as opposed to Ritsuka's usual Asian facial structure. Cheeks grew soft and sweet, lashes nearly doubled in length, and her brow became as gentle as a holy woman should.

Her coat melted away, revealing a black undershirt that pulled itself upward and revealed her new tummy. Any woman with even a little pudginess would surely be jealous of her stomach, which was muscular yet still retained its apparent softness despite the ab crack. The black material continued to rise until it settled just above her nipples, forming into a white and red bikini top to match the bottom. Of course, it merely hung there without breasts to fill the cups, the cute bow in the center dangling sadly. Likewise on her arms, the sleeves of the undershirt had transformed into detached, crimson

sleeves that met a pair of silver gauntlets around her fingers. Had it only been ten minutes ago she wouldn't have possessed the strength to move her arms in such things; but as her arms had become leaner and more muscular, not to mention she now possessed the strength of a Servant, it was merely second nature.

She almost completely resembled Martha now, short of one key feature. And that feature began to blossom as the bikini top ruffled atop her pectorals. They lost firmness and began to soften, fat pooling just around exposed nipples before they were forced into the cups of the bikini. Slowly they rose with further pleasure to test the Saint, to the point where she couldn't even resist running a steel-covered finger across their mass. They felt unfamiliar and familiar at the same time, but the moment they fulfilled the size of the top she felt as if they'd always been apart of her.

Because she was Martha, right? Memories of the past few moments seemingly faded away, leaving a Servant standing alone in an unfamiliar room while clad only in a bikini. **"That's strange, Where did Tarasque go?"** Holding her hand to a large, unused space on the other side of the infirmary she expected her dragon to take form. But instead it was a small girl with brown hair. **"Tarasque?"** This was confusing.

"I'm not..." The girl winced as she rose to all fours, looking as if she was in pain. **"Ritsuka. Get it togetheeeeeAAAAAAAAAAA!"** A name and a sentence Martha didn't understand turned into a full out scream as the child's clothes were suddenly torn as the mass of her body multiplied at an alarming rate. Her features became less human and far more bestial as horns took shape on her head and a tail snaked out from behind her. What was left standing was a familiar monster with six legs. **"Tarasque! So that's where you went!"** Martha couldn't help but run up and give it an affectionate hug from the side. Even if it had one been a tyrannical monster, it was now essentially a pet she'd tamed.

The dragon responded with a troubled groan before Saint Martha had it dissipate. **"Now to figure out where we are... Oh?"** Glancing over at the bed (*that showed signs it had recently been used*) she noticed several items. Her leg straps, her holy cross choker, and a familiar wrestling mask. With a smile, she slipped all of the items on. She'd overcome her momentary lapse of lust as well, which brought an even bigger smile to her face.

"Did you see, Lord? I'm loyal to the very end. Now let's see about spreading a little kindness around this dreary place, hm?"