

1001 NIGHTS

JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Senpai! Senpai!?”

The saga of Agarthia had thankfully reached its climax, leaving all of those whom participated absolutely exhausted and relieved at the same time. There were those that fought on the front lines and those that fought their own battles in Chaldea, but either way they could all say they were thoroughly tired of that messed up place.

So... of course Mashu could only wonder *why* she was stepping foot in it after the fact. Chaldea’s systems allowed recreation of lands they’d visited prior, thus making it possible for Ritsuka to farm the foes for supplies needed to ensure future successes with the help of their Servants, but Mashu really didn’t *want* to visit. She didn’t have the stomach for the type of corruption that ran rampant in these lands, but her senpai had asked her regardless and she couldn’t help but agree.

It had been a mistake, and in the port side town she’d gotten separated from everyone else. A tragedy? Most certainly. Mashu was quite courageous despite appearances, but she became a little less sure of herself when Ritsuka wasn’t beside her. It was difficult when the thing you wanted to protect most wasn’t right at your side for some. More pressing, however, was her new solo exploration venture in this realm of degeneracy. If she came across the wrong pirate or amazon she was in for a rough time to say the least.

She had yet to wander too far from the extraction point, a small shop on the outskirts of the port town that saw little traffic and had a number of intricate backrooms for them to access, and so Mashu turned her attention there. Surely once Ritsuka had noticed she was missing they’d return to find her; not to mention it was far safer than a young girl wandering the streets of such a place alone.

Perhaps upon entry she should have noticed that something wasn't quite as they'd left it only an hour or two ago. The shop's lobby was vacant, wares unattended as the woman behind the counter that had been there before was missing. 'Maybe she's using the bathroom', Mashu thought as she just moved to the room they'd been renting as a base of operations. It was the farthest room in the back, one of almost ten. They were generally used for storage but this one had been outfitted with basic amenities were there a need to stay the night.

Things were as she recalled them. The unnecessary items had been left in the locked room, window closed and latched to prevent any thieves from picking at their food and water supplies. Two beds were tucked in either corner of the boring, brown walls – one for senpai and one for herself since she could exactly enter spirit form.

If anything were to seem awry it was the room's scent. It was subtle, but it smelled of jasmine and amber. They weren't uncommon smells in Agarthia, Middle Eastern scents that the women that walked the streets decorated themselves with. How had the smell wafted into the room? It was an important question at first, but upon noticing a small vent at the end of the bed perhaps it made some sense. Perhaps the shop keep was freshening up in a nearby room?

Accepting this explanation, she ultimately laid herself down upon one of the crudely made beds, eventually falling asleep after placing her glasses on the nearby window ledge. Who knew how long it would take Ritsuka to come back?

What awaited Mashu in her sleep was about as comfortable as the bed itself. Brow furrowed mid-slumber, she dreamed of things she'd never dreamed of before. A far off kingdom in the Middle East, a man standing tall over the seemingly endless corpses of disposed women. His gaze, directed at her next. A sense of panic. A desire to survive, no matter the cost, even if she had to show cowardice.

Falling... Falling...

THUD!

Right off of the tiny bed and painfully onto her side. While falling, her fingertips had caught the window ledge as well as her glasses, sending them flying into the ground and cracking sharply. "**Ow...**" Laying on her side, eyes fluttered open to reveal they weren't possessed by their usually violets, but rather an uncharacteristic turquoise as if a pair of matching gems, though naturally Mashu herself couldn't see this very evident change.

The scent that had been so subtle in the room before had grown much stronger, so much that the girl couldn't help but cough once she'd become aware of it. The air

was thick, color tinted an unnatural sapphire. **“What happened...?”** Her body in a cold sweat from the nightmare, she struggled to her feet against a heavy feeling that weighed down upon her. The Demi-Servant couldn't really identify the origin at first, something that would plague her in the near future. The weight was her Saint Graph becoming corrupted, the source of the change in her eye color.

It was a foreign sensation of course. She'd felt her Saint Graph grow in the past but never twist, she couldn't know how such a thing would make her feel sluggish, or how if she wasn't careful it could bend her very mind.

Rear pressed against the bed she'd been laying on as she slowly reached for the window latch. Mashu wasn't aware of what the blue mist in her room *was*, but she could sure tell it was having an adverse effect on her health. Fingers fumbled with the wooden latch in question, fingers tripping not once but twice as they attempted to pull it down. To the girl's credit it wasn't a mistake born of clumsiness, but because the shapes of her fingers were changing.

Mashu's hands... they weren't really an appeal point of any kind. Fingers short and stubby, they were fairly typical of a Japanese youth her age. Nails filed down, fingers calloused from all of the fighting she engaged in, when it came to holding hands with her senpai she was always a little self-conscious that despite being a girl they weren't particularly feminine.

But a composition she saw as almost masculine was becoming undone as she tried to open the window. As fingertips attempted to grasp the latch they'd slip off despite their rough exterior. It was because her tips kept growing farther away from her palms, the lengths of each finger precariously lengthening while her nails became sharper and sharper, a perfect manicure cut across white keratin. Skin grew gentler, years of training washed away from callouses as they turned as soft as a woman that had never raised a weapon in her life.

Were the changes merely fingers perceived as growing longer Mashu might have doubted her own eyes, seeing herself as groggy from her rest and fall, but there was a feature that made her doubt what was happening right in front of her. Her skin was... darker. It was first noted beneath her fingernails, as if she'd crushed her fingers and a bruise had surface, yet that wasn't really the case. The darkness slipped out from beneath her nails, turning their longer, bonier length the same ebony shade like a snake slithering up a tree. It spiraled into her palms, their widths narrowing as the backs of her hands were darker than the bottom, both shades blending into one upon reaching Mashu's wrists.

She had no choice but to give up on the latch as other concerns occupied her mind. Darkening screen continued to progress regardless of these anxieties, however, likewise in areas she couldn't even see.

Shoes had been shed the moment she'd decided to lay down for a spell, and her feet had only been kept within black tights that clung perfectly to her legs and thighs.

Around the same time the skin had begun to darken in her fingers did the same phenomenon slowly soak through her toes. Feet planted firmly on the ground as she sat on the bed and fidgeted with the window, the pulling sensation of cloth stretching around her toes birthed momentary discomfort. The material around them thinner, making it more evident that a pervasive wave of cobalt was ripping through her feet, redefining them with sharper curvature and longer nails. Callouses did not fade but instead redistributed to better represent tootsies that were accustomed to walking not in shoes or greaves, but on elevated platforms.

Ankles thinned around the same time that wrists did the same, change moving unilaterally up both limbs to see their proportions consistent. As richer color progressed across forearms and then upper arms, muscles were redistributed to accommodate a newfound length that made reaching the window a little closer with Mashu's present posture.

Likewise, the heels of her feet could only slide across the floor as the length of her legs was tested, also serving as a litmus test for the quality of the product she was wearing. The bottom pinned beneath her butt and thighs against the bed, cloth couldn't fully move downward and was likewise stretched significantly against growing legs that had added over five centimeters at this point.

Material grew dangerously close to tearing as it was stretched paper thin, darker skin claiming the cream of her thighs just in time to push the integrity of said leggings too far, to the point that tearing did start around legs that saw swift and significant thickening. The gait of her hips grew wide, shifting the skirt of her dress outward as they almost doubled in girth. For a moment they seemed ill-designed for her new, lanky legs, but weight piled on quickly where it mattered.

Thighs turned dark, the skin around them began to poke out of the tears created in the leggings as they grew thicker and thicker. Mashu's position on the bed was forced up in slight as the growth was rounded around the full radius of each thigh, swelling more and more until holes in the cloth grew greater and skin jiggled freer.

Ass swelled naturally as mocha crept up her cheeks, a centralized tear running down the back of the leggings as plain white panties were pressed up against them, effectively pushing the back of her dress outward as well.

Before she could properly react to these changes however, a loud knock on the door pushed Mashu to her feet. Unfamiliar with how to walk on these legs, she swayed side to side as freed ass cheeks finally pushed her panties to their breaking point, leggings no longer capable of falling because the areas that had torn had wedged so closely against her skin that they were practically bound in place.

The knock sounded again, this time evoking an uncharacteristic emotion in the Demi-Servant. *Fear*. It was just a knock on the door, why was she so scared? What could be beyond the door? Someone that would hurt her? No, she had fought many powerful

enemies, who would be capable of that? But then it flashed in her mind, the mental image of the king standing tall from her dream, and a shudder ran down her spine.

“I’ll be killed...”, she murmured under her breath, elongated fingers catching herself on the window ledge. Ebony continued up and past her hips, pussy lips swollen and pubes spiraling in the murky sapphire air in the process. It would go unnoticed by Mashu herself with how the scent of jasmine hanging so heavily in the air, but the scent and texture of her own body had been changing alongside its form. Along with a smoky color she was producing a smoky scent as well, one that grew more prominent as the torso of her dress was soon tested by abdominal change.

Tummy pinched inward beneath said dress as if to begin the workings of an hourglass figure. It pulled in from behind, making the slope onto her ass more profound, smoky hues painting her navel black as it stood more defined against her tighter stomach. It didn’t look particularly out of place just yet, but it would soon serve stark contrast to her tits.

Mashu’s breasts weren’t necessarily small, they were actually above average for her age. At least that was the case before her sudden growth spurt, and a dress that had been tailor made for her size already hung almost like it was made for a child off of her larger size. Shoulders were compressed and she struggled to toss off her jacket, all while turquoise eyes were trained on the door that was giving her a panic attack. Eventually the black of the dress tore around shoulders that had broadened, but that tears were only exemplified once the strap of her bra snapped.

Quick frankly? Her breasts had begun to grow at an alarming pace. Dark skin had reached around the mounds, cupping them and coloring them as it centered on nipples, which widened to almost double their size and darkened significantly as they rose sharply into the cups of her underwear. Flesh rose over the sides of the cups, further pressing against her dress to the point that the stress made it difficult to breathe, release finally found once she used her Servant strength to tear it off, breasts spilling free at the size of a D-cup and growing even more vivid in size as they move up and down with heaving breasts.

The moment she’d been hard of breath that thought had run through her mind again. ‘I might die’. She’d ripped off her dress out of a need to preserve her life, a fear of losing everything. It was so intense, more intense than she’d ever felt before. The knock on the door once again made her jump, F-cup breasts smacking against the top of her stomach before settling back into place. **“I’ll be killed... I’ll be killed...”**

She withdrew to the corner of the room farthest from the door, her movements feeling more fluid and natural as the cream of her face darkened. Her jawline narrowed, lashes lengthening, and lips growing thick and pouty as she murmured the same line over and over. All that was left was her hair, which had already grown shaggier and had begun to spill down her back. Raven and straight, it cascaded towards and past her butt, some strands settling in her crack.

Bare ass slid against the ground as the knocking grew louder and louder, knees raised high as Mashu buried her face in them. Yellow, teardrop markings appeared beneath either eye as she did so, body in its entirety crumpled up into a self-serving ball.

Knock. Knock. BANG. BANG.

Her identity slipped farther and farther away with each raucous sound.

Knock. Mashu.

Knock. Masch.

Knock. Mascheherazade.

Knock. Scheherazade.

The cloth that still hung to her seductive body, as well as that strewn against the ground, dissipated into golden particles that redistributed themselves against her form. An elaborate but revealing dress took shape, decorative pauldrons, beautiful jewelry. **“Go away, go away, go away...”** Eyes clenched, tears formed in the corner of her eyes.

And then the voice on the other side of the door spoke. It made a proposition.

“Lead your Master here and you’ll be spared, don’t worry.”

Her Master? Ritsuka? If it might spare her... Maybe she’d hear them out...

...to be continued?