

# FAIRY DANCE

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The stay of Artoria Caster in Chaldea had not been a long one – not yet anyways. She held recollections of the sixth Lostbelt, but it wasn't something she really wished to burden others with. Instead, the Caster class Servant had decided to live out her days being a help to her Master, and to do so she needed to familiarize herself with the base that was the Chaldea Security Organization... or, at least, the altered Wandering Sea that had been designed to resemble it.

It wasn't as easy of a task as it sounded. Their home base was quite vast, and even if you discounted all of the rooms Servants and staff stayed in, there was still a great deal of space to explore. Recreational rooms, gyms, and dining areas were some of the more common sights, and they were all marked with letters to designate them depending on where their location was.

Artoria wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed, though. Not to discount her actual intellect, since she was something of a magical prodigy when it came to things like mentally mapping out an area, but... *She was a little lost.* That was why she took special notes of rooms that seemed unique. They usually stood out because they weren't just 'more of the same', and they always piqued her curiosity.

Like the room she'd stumbled upon that day! At first, she hadn't been sure, but she had an inkling about what it was supposed to be used for. **“Is this a dance studio? I suppose there must be some dancers among Chaldea's Servants...”** From the mahogany flooring to the wall of mirrors decorated with a long handlebar, Artoria felt like she'd seen something like this in a movie since being summoned.



Of course, she was no dancer herself, and she wouldn't dream of taking on such a craft. She was far too easily flustered, and it wasn't like she had a dancer's frame in any capacity. Sure, she was a little fit beneath her layers of clothing from traveling, but she didn't have the bod to twist and twirl.

Unfortunately for her, because she was new to Chaldea she hadn't been informed of an important warning. '*Don't enter the dance studio without permission because there's a security system in place*'. In fact, signs were posted to give the same warning, but she'd *completely* missed them. Just as unfortunately, in a sense, the security system was a little buggy and no one had realized as no one had intruded.

The intent was to remove anyone that didn't belong in the studio while the security system was active, but instead of processing it that way? The security magic circle had instead been programmed to 'make anyone who didn't belong into someone that should be here'. Thanks Tamamo, for that sloppy work. Maybe she knew though? Or perhaps she just didn't care?

Intentions of the culprit aside, it certainly didn't change that this poor, little Caster would now be made a victim of the mistake. "**W-W-Wait a m-m-minute!? Wh-Wh-What's g-g-g-going on!?**" She wasn't at all stuttering by choice, nor due to an issue on her end. Instead, the air in the dance studio had suddenly begun to *buzz*, or at least that's how she would have described it. It really was vibrating though, a sign that the magical security system that had been put into place was working its, well, *magic*.

Artoria truly believed that she didn't have a dancer's body, and when she thought of a 'dancer' she thought of a person that was much fitter than herself. But, slowly, that lack of overall fitness evolved past the little bit of strength she'd built while traversing the sixth Lostbelt back in the day.

It was something that would have been immediately noticeable if she weren't already distracted by the feeling of her flesh and bone vibrating

along with the air, but things *were* changing beneath her clothes. Mostly, at first, her muscles were tightening and swelling ever so slightly. It was less prominent in her arms than anywhere else, but when it came to her belly and legs? It was certainly a lot more dramatic.

As far as that belly was concerned, her navel ultimately looked a little deeper because of how the muscles around them thickened and firmed. In the process, the sides of her waist appeared to dip inward to suggest she was a little leaner despite her finer muscle mass. Were she bare, and if she twisted her belly, those muscles would certainly be on full display – and would definitely be extremely appealing to boot.

Her legs were very different beast from her arms and belly though, because with new muscle came a dramatic amount of *thickness*. Artoria was wearing dark blue tights that were form fit to her legs as they normally were, but they had no choice but to stretch over the muscle that swelled and reshaped them. Were it only muscle stretching them though, perhaps her tights would have retained their integrity. But in her legs, or more specifically her *thighs*, the first signs of something more than some muscle growth ended up becoming apparent – even to Artoria herself.

***RIIIIIIIIIP!***

**“H-H-Huh!?”** Still stuttering from the vibrations caused by the magic in the air, there was no way that the numbness the shaking brought to her nerves would help with the fact that the sound of her tights ripping rang out. She leaned forward in shock, and on sight she realized that something was amiss. **“WH-WH-WHAT THE!?”** After all, the flesh of her legs was bursting out of the tights in patches wherever it could escape, a surplus of softness having overwhelmed the muscles beneath to make her thighs appear soft and supple while rubbing up against each other between the girl’s legs.

Ripping sounds continued, but it traveled up and behind her skirt this time. The cause? The cheeks of her buttocks, previously tightened once she’d inherited the fitness of a dancer that she once lacked, had been unleashed in a way that pushed her hips to widen (*further increasing the appeal of her previously thinned waistline in the process*) because the cheeks bounced with feminine delight.

Lumps of flesh poked out through the tights, but it wasn’t as alarming of an issue as the wedgie that came about by her plain panties struggling against the crevice of her crack ended up being. **“I-I-I don’t get wh-what’s happening b-but it’s UNCOMFORTABLE!”** She wanted to pluck the wedgie, but Caster really wasn’t sure what was going on here. Casting her eyes over her shoulder, she could absolutely make

out her thickened booty flipping up the back of a skirt that already looked ill-fit with her hips as wide as they now were.

Before things spread to her chest, which they inevitably *would*, the girl was forced to wobble back and forth a moment as the general fit of her outfit appeared to tighten *vertically*. The peaks of her tights were yanked halfway down her thickened ass for example, and her sleeves were pulled up to her elbows. The cause couldn't really be clearer. "**D-Did I just G-GROW!?**" Speaking technically, so much of her had already grown. But in this case? The teen was referring to her height, which had jumped *eleven* whole centimeters. Of course, the skirt of her dress had been lifted up as a result too, leaving the situation with her thighs and rear even *more* obvious.

"**Ugh... why is this h-happening...?**" Shocking as it was, Caster herself couldn't do much about it. She could sense the magic at work here, and while at first, she thought she might be able to counteract it after a bit of thought, that avenue had become an impossible. Because her grasp on magecraft had just *evaporated*. It accompanied another disturbing trend: the fact that she was having trouble remembering her past, much less why she'd come to this room specifically.

*It would make sense if I came here to dance, right?*

"**N-No! I don't even know how to... Y-Y-Yes I do? Wait, since when?**" 'Since when', indeed. But there was an answer. All of her knowledge of magecraft had been replaced with knowledge of dancing, of alluring others, and of assassinations. Were she to put that knowledge to good use though, she was still missing a very key feature for accomplishing that.

***RIIIIIIIIIIP!***

And in they grew, without another second to spare. Artoria, like her similarly aged counterparts, was not typically a girl with much of a figure in general – much less when it came to her chest. But as her thick thighs and big booty now proved, times were changing. Her nipples had grown erect before anything else had begun, and before long a surge of fatty tissue from beneath stretched the neckline of her dress jacket and ultimately tore it down the center, allowing the girls to bounce free and exposing that she didn't wear a bra beneath.

"**AAAAH!?**" The moment her tits broke free, Artoria let out a cry of surprise. But strangely, she was left dumbfounded by her own reaction not long after. *Why would I mind showing off like this?* She was supposed to be easily embarrassed, but where did this confidence come

from? This idea that she didn't mind showing off to strangers? *But if you have the goods, then what's the harm?*

She certainly *did* have the goods now. Since tearing through the fabric, her breasts had opted to grow even larger still. Each tit nearly rivaled her head in size, and despite how big they were there wasn't any notable sagging to speak of. In fact their bounciness was on full display as is, each teat jiggling from the vibrations in the air rattling through them. It was actually quite arousing.

**“Oh... I feel kind of... good?”** Where had all her shock and fear gone? Looking down at her ripened chest, it felt just like how things should be. Just as the newer, sultry tone of her voice certainly did. While breathing out her words, it was quite clear that the trap was not yet done with her, even though she now sported the idealized dancer's form in more ways than one. The fact that her skin consistently bronzed ever so slightly was among those things.

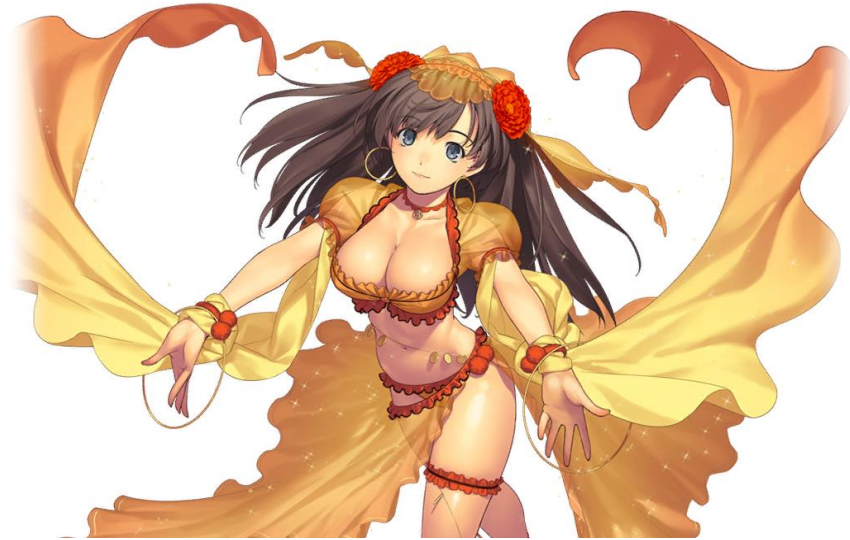
The lips she was speaking through, for example, had become quite pleasantly plump. It wasn't something the girl herself noticed, but they had smacked together a little clumsily in the beginning. The rest was seen more generally in her face's structure, and before long, her child-like Saberface qualities had been completely taken away. In their place, her face actually appeared just a little wider overall, but her cheeks at the same time had a more striking, natural beauty, and the narrowness of her eyes suggested something that was very clear with a single glance at her new figure: she was older now.

She'd gone from sixteen to what was likely her late twenties over the course of her transformation, and it was no clearer now than it was in her face. Her eyes themselves, once a bright green, dulled to a shimmering silver, while the final change finally sprouted from her head – stealing with it the last remnants of Artoria Caster's identity.

It was her hair, and it was growing longer. It cascaded down her back while maintaining its golden blonde initially, and the growth ultimately knocked her hat off of the top of her head (*not that she seemed to notice*). Before long though, the gold of her hair was compromised. All at once, the gold washed away while a rich brown surfaced instead, robbing her of the last remaining trait typical of her identity as an Artoria.



Tatters of 'her' clothes laid scattered at the woman's feet, but unsurprisingly she didn't perceive them as her own clothing anymore anyways. Be it body or soul, the well



endowed, and well-toned young woman believed herself to be the dancer of death itself, *Mata Hari*. With how much her clothes had torn, she might as well have been essentially naked in the studio, but contrasting her old personality, there wasn't much shame to be had there.

Why would a woman as beautiful as her care if she was seen? Dressing up was merely a favor she paid to society. Nothing less, and nothing more. She was a dancer, yes, but also a stripper and an assassin. A deadly combination. Were someone to walk in at that very moment, there was simply no way that she'd be flustered though. **"The matter of my clothes is a little disconcerting, however. Did the security system run amok?"**

The fact that she couldn't recall didn't weigh on her mind *that* much. It was easier just to not worry about a discrepancy like that. But since no one could see into the studio from the other side? **"Oh well! Naked or not, it wouldn't hurt to get a little practice in!"**