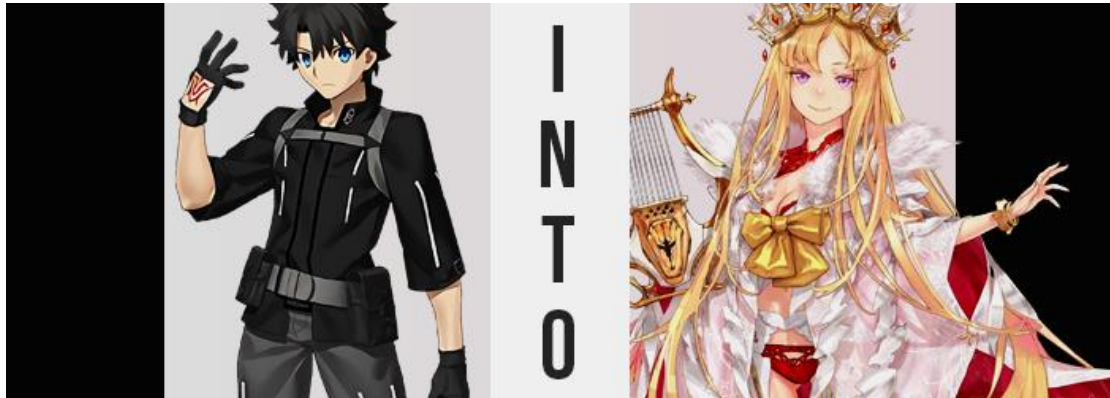


NANOMACHINES, SON

BIWEEKLY STORY 29

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Atlantis Lostbelt had been a tragic one. A series of events that had only just barely been overcome, a victory only secured by a margin, and at the end of it there was merely another obstacle for Chaldea to overcome. Olympus. But before they could proceed there was a short time for reprieve, and so the Masters and their Servants had returned to the Wandering Sea that served as their temporary base to lick their wounds and prepare themselves more fully for the battles to come.

Unbeknownst to Ritsuka, however, both he and his sister had been cursed in a manner of speaking. The nanomachines used by the evil gods that they had challenged planted on their bodies, tasked with the role of completely eliminating the Master candidates entirely. Death was too kind, though, and the nanomachines had many abilities. To just kill the Masters would rob them of their ability to witness the end.

And they would be much better serving Olympus as a pair of corrupted Lostbelt Servants.

When he'd first stirred to consciousness Ritsuka had assumed he was experiencing a dream. A *nightmare*. He was standing in the Wandering Sea's control room at what he was assuming was very late at night considering his last recollection was going to bed, but things weren't as he might have expected. Flames. Things were on fire, and passed out before his feet were people, Servants. Were they... *dead*? He wanted to grieve for them, to make sure they were okay, but the moment he extended his hand to the closest body he froze.

His entire arm was silver. It wasn't made of steel, there was no way that would be possible while still possessing the full range of movement he did. No, it reminded him of a phenomenon he'd witnessed in Atlantis proper: a coating of nanomachines meant to enhance one's power and bring their minds under control. Zeus was utilizing them, and had succeeded in corrupting Charlotte Corday in this manner for a brief period.

But to find them on his arm? This really *was* a nightmare. "**No...**" Protest escaped his mouth, the taste of steel on his tongue all the more apparent now that he was conscious of his own condition. His voice seemed cold and metallic, which led him to wonder: *had he done all this?* If these people were dead... had *he* killed them? When that possibility stunned him, a new sound bubbled up from the depths of his throat. One he'd never make, not normally anyways. "**Ufufu...**"

Nanomachines collided with nanomachines as he suddenly grasped his own neck in an attempt to stifle any other strange sounds from emerging. It was almost the kind of comforting laugh one might expect from a maternal Servant like Raikou, but it was a noise *he'd* made. Ritsuka couldn't make sense of it, but he also knew he couldn't allow it to continue. Nightmare or no, he could feel something worming into his brain. Was it the influence of the nanomachines themselves? If so how long did he have?

The boy's intention had been to keep his hand planted on his throat, but despite his plan to struggle against any additional influence he felt the grip loosen at the hand pull away. He was already losing control!? The arm was instead extended outward, palm pointed to the ground as he suddenly became more aware of the heat of the nearby flames licking his skin... because the skin on his arm, *both arms*, was becoming exposed. The nanomachines having served their purpose, they unraveled across his fingertips and up his arms, but not before twisting and turning in shape... *and twisting and turning the shape of his body.*

He could feel the tiny machines crunch his fingers inward painfully, their erasure revealing that each digit had become cute and slender with emphasis on the cut of his nails. Compression could be felt against his palms and wrists too, and he was forced to watch them crunch inward into daintier forms just as the machines parted to reveal soft, rosy skin beneath. It was of course expected that this phenomenon continued - the muscles of his arms no match for the influence of the external invaders as they were diminished to leave naught but soft and bare arms, their forms relaxed without the nanomachines to bind them. It was painful, and Ritsuka certainly couldn't completely stifle his cry as shoulder collapsed in and towards her torso to indicate that his frame would be far more slender than he was typically accustomed to.

"My hands look like a GIRL'S!?" The boy had possessed no intention to exclaim the final word at that additional volume but was given no choice as the skin across his throat grew bare next, but not before he was robbed of his Adam's apple and the pitch of his tone was adjusted. He could feel the nanomachines beginning to peel

away from his chin and face, but without a reflective purpose it was difficult to see what changed were wrought in the process.

Suffice to say his masculine visage was very quickly wiped away as well. Jaw crunched painfully inward as nanomachines peeled away, chin taking on a sharper design as cheeks were left looking plumper. The metallic taste that had plagued Ritsuka's mouth soon lifted, but not before seeing his teeth crunched and rearranged, tongue smaller to contrast the new-found plumpness of his lips which held a natural pout.

It almost looked like a mask of steel was being yanked from his face with the bottom half exposed, but now came the top half. His nose was left more petite, although nostrils flared and shrunk again the moment he could breathe properly with his nose once more. Incidentally it was the nanomachines disappearing from his eyes that brought with them the most pain thus far, and he was left temporarily blind as his retina were augmented and the blues of his irises were stained violet. When vision finally returned he could see with a clarity he'd never experienced, and he felt like he'd be able to see much farther were he not standing in a room of flame and corpses. Long lashes fluttered as they were freed, and left stunned Ritsuka could only utter another laugh.

"Ufufu..."

Although *this* time the metallic distortion was gone and the truest nature of his new voice could be properly comprehended. It was definitely a woman's voice, albeit one that was soft and floaty. It almost came across as scatterbrained, though it would be very easy to chalk it up to him being a blonde as locks that were usually short, dark, and spiking spilled down and over her shoulders: a long mane of golden blonde that was soft and silky, and danced in the breeze created by the flames.

Now that Ritsuka had full movement returned to his neck a simple glance down was enough to reveal that he was completely naked under the suit of nanomachines that existed from his neckline southward. He could even see the shape of his dick with a metallic sheen down below, yet as the microscopic editors fluttered away from his chest he became much more distracted by something else entirely.

"**B... Breasts?**" That sweet voice of his barely managed to choke out the word describing what he assumed himself to be looking at as the steel surfaces around his chest surged outward before the assumed metal began to turn to specks that wafted away. Flesh had suddenly surged beneath their influence, shapes swollen and round and tipped with a pair of nipples that were both erect and engorged. It wasn't until the machines faded that he was greeted with the soft and creamy flesh of his new D-cup tits, not to mention the dark and rosy skin of those nipples. Hardly believing his eyes he reached a hand out to touch one. It was incredibly sensitive and real feeling. What kind of nightmare was this anyways?

It really was just a nightmare... *right*...?

Whether it was reality or not, it did not excuse the fact that Ritsuka had become far more captivated with his own body than he was concerned about the bodies and flames all around him. Any intent to help them he'd felt had all but waned, the effect of the nanomachines on his brain proper. They were actually seeming less like people he'd wanted to help, less like treasured friends and companions, and *more like insects he'd been asked to stomp*.

Still distracted by his bosom though, he wasn't even all that phased by the pain of his hips being torn outward like they were made of putty, nor the reshaping of his stomach that followed as a result as it became wider and flatter. Navel became deep just in time for the machines to wash away, leaving only his lower body wrapped up in Zeus' curse. He was still tampering with the weight of each breast, manicured fingers massaging them as if he were depraved, when a sudden absence in *her* groin brought *her* to gasp. "**Hah!? My dick...?**" But she didn't seem so sure about whether or not she'd ever actually had one. Hadn't she always had this perfectly shaved pussy? The reassignment of her mind and memories had been moving at a brisker pace, and recollections of her life as Ritsuka were seeming farther and farther away.

New ones took their place. Of being divine. Of loving Zeus. Of doing whatever was necessary to save their timeline from being culled.

Ass bubbled outward as the silver sheen left cheeks pale and bouncy, better suiting the girth of her hips as thighs likewise greeted the smokey room of corpses with generous abundance. She almost felt like she liked to keep them exposed because she knew them to be one of her best charm points, and when she was done treating her urges she would undoubtedly clad herself in beautiful robes meant to accentuate both them and her breasts.

Otherwise her legs merely crunched inward, much thinner at the bottom than the top as ankles were left about as wide as her very thin ankles. Euritsuka wobbled too and fro on her tootsies as they too collapsed, heel softening as toes almost halved in size to give them a dainty but erotic appeal that was only amplified by how flexible she was with her feet.

When all was said and done there wasn't a trace of Ritsuka nor the nanomachines, just a woman standing in a room on fire, pleasing herself while bodies lay strewn around. She could remember damaging this place now, killing these people. She'd been asked by the Zeus of her Lostbelt to eliminate them so that they could prosper, so that the Gods could live on. Even thinking of Zeus was enough to make her loins dripped with how depraved this variation of the Servant had become. As was customary, some Servants were corrupted by the Lostbelts they were summoned into, and Europa while retaining her motherly nature had been twisted into something of a horny fiend that took sadistic joy in death and destruction -- all by Zeus' design.

With a snap of her fingers Europa summoned her beautiful garments, crimson panties and supple thighs left exposed by the ensemble, a crown atop her head that was normally gold stained black due to her corruption as an individual. If she could recall, hadn't Zeus sent Pollux here as well? **"Ufufu... I suppose I should find her then, and then we can return home."**

"To report that Chaldea is no more."