

# QUEEN FOR LIFE

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I don’t understand why she left me in here alone.”**

Hakuno Kishinami wasn’t speaking to anyone other than herself as she perused the contents of a storage room beneath the school that served as the base of the Moon Cell Holy Grail War. Her Servant, Nero, had suddenly dragged her there that day, claiming to have commandeered the space for storing her ‘personal treasures’ and that she needed her Master’s help sorting them.

Looking at what was down here though, it looked more like a junkyard. Nero’s tastes were varied, and sometimes she saw masterpieces where others did not. Well, arguably, anything specifically beautiful had already been propped up in their shared room anyways. This all just looked like the excess her Saber had deemed unfit to lavish their sleeping space.

Mirrors, weapons, accessories, art pieces... **“When did she have the time to gather all of this?”** The question was a fair one. They were always together, so it wasn’t as if Nero had plenty of time to be alone. Then again, she was absent right now. And come to think of it? The emperor did have a weird habit of disappearing for handfuls of minutes at a time.

But hadn’t she been gone a little too long? Well, it wasn’t like anyone could attack her seeing as this was still on school grounds, and so to kill the time Hakuno had begun to start sorting. Gizmos and gadgets lined the walls and floors, and so she started sorting them by apparent use. Weapons went together, art went together, so on and so forth.

**“Jewelry...?”** Holding what looked to be a prickly, white tiara, Hakuno wasn’t sure where to put it. She hadn’t started a jewelry section yet, but she also supposed that she might as well. Instead of placing it in its own pile, however? She found herself sliding it onto her head before lowering her hand to her side. Almost as if she had been in a trance, awareness suddenly kicked in. **“Huh? Why did I...?”**

Because it was atop her head, the girl could not perceive that this tiara was glowing, and as it did? A similar white began to wash through all of her clothing, stealing away its reds and blues while also changing its shapes as well. Everything was completely bleached within what seemed like a matter of moments, and Hakuno had no means of taking notice until the cool chill of the underground storage room began to tickle her hips and navel.

She certainly *shouldn’t* have been this cold, so she wondered absent mindedly if her shirt had gotten stuck the last time she’d bent over, and the lower part of her belly had been exposed as a result. Instead, where Hakuno assumed she would grab onto her shirt, she instead contacted... *nothing?* And her cold hand came up against a tummy that was both soft and cold. **“...Ah?”**

Once she looked down, that sound of confusion grew louder. **“Ah!?”** Her outfit was altered in its entirety, not only her shirt – which was now little more than a sleeved shoulder wrap with short, frilly sleeves at that. Her torso was otherwise completely exposed, her breasts struggling to stay within the container that was a white brassiere that matched the collared top. The bulk of her shirt’s sleeves had been eviscerated, but in their place, she found herself wearing white gloves with a black-lace trim that clung just before her elbows.

Down south, her skirt, once dark blue and pleated, was both ruffled and layered, the skirt itself somewhat flirtatious in length with how it brushed up against the peaks of her thighs while a bare tummy rested above. Otherwise, short of the tiara, there were only a pair of white, heeled boots that came up halfway towards her knees accentuating the ensemble, but much of it?

...Didn’t really quite feel like it *fit*.

The bra was tight, the shoulders clenching her arms, both the gloves and boots seemed a little too tense. On the other hand, the frilly skirt felt a little loose, and that included the undergarments beneath it – although she dared not check to see what undergarments she had adorned, for they felt far too breezy.

Hakuno's face was flushed. This was far too revealing for her reserved nature. "**How...?**" At best, she wondered if this was somehow Nero's doing. That girl was always trying to make moves on her, was this some kind of out-of-the-way attempt at getting something to happen? But then again *that* didn't really make any sense. She trusted Nero enough to think that she wouldn't do something of this nature.

But as the girl pondered the cause of it all, that which had affected her clothing had begun to seep into her biological makeup. Not only that, but something was growing within her. Not within her body, but within the depths of her soul. Born of great magical power, it was the birth of a Saint Graph. Yet, as an AI, Hakuno was not meant to possess such a thing. Only *Servants* should have come equipped with something like that.

This Saint Graph aside, however? One needn't look much farther than the girl's hair to see that more than her costume was amiss. This hair was typically long and brown, straight for the bulk of it but curling slightly near the ends. Those ends, though? Slowly but surely, they were unwinding to become just as straight as the rest of their length. Though... these ends also were becoming increasingly lighter in color, the dark brown ultimately paling in a way that was pulling it away from chocolate tones and towards something much more blatantly *strawberry*.

And it certainly didn't stop with the tips. The light pink tone swept upwards, encompassing all of the girl's hair before finally settling into her roots – but it wasn't merely a change in color. The quality had grown silkier as opposed to how fluffy it had once been, and as the slight breeze wafting through the storage room tickled the strands, each appeared a little longer, bit by bit, until it fell past her ass.

Still confused about her costume though, Hakuno had wandered over to a dusty mirror stashed in the dimly lit room's corner. Reaching forward with some difficulty considering the fit of her clothes, she wiped it off to reveal her appearance. "***Seriously?* What is happening? My hair as well...?**" The girl as usually so passive, and yet she gripped her hair and spoke with more aggression than she typically did before flipping it over her shoulder as if she were some stereotypical diva.

As she watched herself in the mirror though, she couldn't help but think: '*do I look a little smaller somehow?*'. The heels of the boots she was wearing were a little misleading, but then again? Considering those boots had been crunching her tootsies before, and yet now they were more comfortable, perhaps there was some merit to her concern?

In fact, she *had* shrunk. Not significantly, but a few centimeters had peeled off her frame, alleviating some of the overall tightness particularly around her shoulders, her gloves, and her boots. It didn't take exceptionally long for the boots to find themselves just below her knees, or the gloves to loop around her elbows. A hand was brought up to touch the bra around her chest as she quite literally observed her tits collapsing upon themselves in slight so that they fit neatly in her bra. **“I am?”**

**“My voice? Why do I sound like this?”** Fingers, her nails now neatly manicured, came up to graze her lips after she realized her voice had deepened. Not only that, but her fingers only grazed her lips because there was more lip to graze; she had not intended to touch them. They had grown plumper, part of a shift that had washed across her facial features in general, stealing away some of her youthful charm to create the impression that she was a young adult instead.

Her eyes had narrowed, and her nose was just the slightest bit wider, but more significantly these changes were more suggestive of a shifting race. Hakuno, her life artificial or not, was Japanese. But she very quickly had taken on a much more European appeal within the natural beauty that had settled in as her body had aged upwards. She sported a natural maturity in her visage, but as her brown eyes lightened in slight, she hardly recognized herself in the mirror.

The fact that her shrunken figure continued to shift did not help. **“Have I always been...?”** Her fingertips patted her belly next, noting all of the excess fat there had been drained away. Instead, her core was completely firm, and you could make out the muscles within – but this was also now true of her arms and legs. Short of her shorter stature and lackluster bosom, some might even call her visage now ‘perfect’.

**“Eep!?”** Hakuno couldn't help but cry as the thong she was wearing beneath her skirt suddenly gripped her nether regions tightly. The cause wasn't the undergarments themselves so much as it was everything they were holding *onto* though. Her hips had widened, and her ass grew several sizes to fill out the back, all making for a much more comfortably fitting skirt.

But the growth made everything below feel unusual, such as how the thong's front dug into the lips of her pussy more intimately. Speaking of, something about it felt... odd. Her pussy, that is. She was a virgin, or should have been, yet now it felt strangely... *vacant*. Like something had been undone, or like it was expecting something to be *inserted*.

**“Mm... Why do I... I don't look anything like myself, and yet...”** The woman couldn't help but rub thickened thighs together as she

grappled with her own reflection, paired with a swelling urge that was consuming her desire to rationalize her circumstances. Quite plainly: all of a sudden, she'd grown *incredibly* horny. Her cheeks were unfamiliar, but they were stained vermilion, as desire provoked her to lick her lips, and her mouth produced more drool than ever. Her breasts and pussy ached, and while Hakuno's mind had largely been innocent prior?

*She couldn't stop thinking about sex.*

Ideas came to mind that she had never once considered before. How would it feel to be the center of an orgy? Taking it in all of her holes at once? She wanted to know, and yet she also felt like she knew *already*. Her memories were telling different tales, and her personality was changing to reflect these differences. Confidence washed over herself, and as it did her expression grew more condescending. **"You're the sexiest bitch on the moon!"**, she suddenly declared out of nowhere, and with it she began to touch herself through her clothes.



*Medb*, the *Queen of Connacht*, needed release. Masturbation was just no good, even after trying by propping her back up against the nearby wall and fingering herself. Matching this queen's reputation, her mind only swam with lust. A lust for power, a lust for pleasure, a lust for everything she could get her horny little hands on. She'd lost herself, or at least who she *used* to be.

The innocent Hakuno was gone, but her semblance wasn't completely erased. Still, one wouldn't know it based on her personality and preferences as she rocked her hips against herself, before finally giving up. She sensed it though, someone was coming. And so she hid herself to see who it was, and if it were someone she could *mount*.

**"Umu! I see you've been doing well with the sorting- MMF!?"** Nero, not expecting anything to be awry, had immediately run back into the storage room while wielding a new collection of goodies in a bag. She'd caught site of the sorted piles, but not of her Master. Medb had been lurking in the shadows, only to jump out and press her body, and her *lips*, up against the emperor's own. The two exchanged tongue

wildly for a moment before Nero pushed away, feeling violated but not as offput as she likely should have.

A beautiful woman had just forced herself upon her, so she couldn't complain! But no, there was something else. A strange familiarity, even though she had never seen this person before. **“Don't look so stunned, Saber! Don't you want to *play* with me? I know you've been wanting to, for so long! There are other Servants here too, right? So why don't we do it? A H-A-R-E-M!”** Fragments of Hakuno were still buried within, but she was fully Medb in the ways that counted.

Nero understood, kind of. Was this not her Master? Then... Surely it would be fine if they...

But Medb wasted no time, dropping her panties to the floor. She leaped at the Saber and straddled her body with her toned legs.

*The storage room, ultimately, becoming Queen Medb's sex dungeon.*