

# SWOLEMAS

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It had been an unusual some-odd almost two years for Gudako. Some time ago her twin brother, Gudao had gone missing. In his place? A swimsuit wearing Saint Martha had popped up, and so theories had spiraled around from that moment on. Had this mysterious Martha kidnapped him? Had he performed some sort of strange summoning and been whisked away in her place?

Unfortunately, not even the Ruler-class Servant had any answers. According to her, she had been summoned to Chaldea and had no memories of a male Master, only of Gudako herself. But throughout that roughly two year period the Master had always kept that Servant close in case she might ever lead to a clue about her missing brother. It was the only lead she had. If it was truly a dead end, then what hope did she really have?

**“Okay, I’m going to help put the child Servants to bed after working out in the gym since tonight is so special. I’ll see you in the morning, Master!”** Already, it had become the second Christmas Eve since Gudao had gone mysteriously missing and the sister’s life had turned into disarray. She had enjoyed dinner with the Ruler Saint Martha, their relationship one of friendship despite the circumstances (*it would be impossible to spend so much time together and not become friends, really*), and now that they had gone their separate way the Master wondered how she would spend her evening.

Usually, she would spend Christmas Eve with her brother. That was the way it had always been since they were little kids. The year before? She’d spent the entire time moping, but this year she wanted to be a little more proactive in grabbing some kind of happiness. She couldn’t mourn

forever, particularly during the holidays when her Servants expected her to have fun and be joyous.

It wasn't as if the Servants themselves weren't conscious about their Master's sadness though, as a card left on her nightstand in her room indicated. A card had been left to her from Tamamo, and within the envelope had been include a tiny Christmas star fashioned onto a necklace.

*Master-san!*

Merry Christmas! Feel free to come visit me in my room later for a little, um... GIRL time! One on one, special girl time! But before that, I had a gift for you. Legend has it that this star necklace has the power to grant any wish on Christmas Eve, to the one that needs it most. So, I thought maybe there was something you could wish for? No need to thank me! Maybe bring some sake when you come visit, actually?

Love,  
*Your Favorite Tamamo*

**“That was sweet of her. Was she really that worried?”** Putting aside the obvious invitation for sex later (*maybe she'd oblige, she wasn't sure yet*) it seemed like a well-meaning gesture focused on improving her mood. But dangling the necklace in front of her? She doubted that a necklace could grant her wish. **“I wish I could be at my brother's side again. I guess that wouldn't work, huh?”** The instructions that hadn't been included, though? *‘Don't make your wish too vague, or anything could happen to grant it’.*

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The next thing Gudako realized, she was in the changing room that was attached to Chaldea's gym. **“Huh!?”** There was a lot to take her by surprise. The changing scenery was one, the overpowering scent of sweat was another. The third? **“Why am I naked!?”** It seemed she had been completely stripped bare, perky nipples standing erect due to the air conditioner in the room brr-ing away and making it chillier than the gym itself.

It didn't even occur to the girl that the star might have granted her wish, because why would her brother be in the gym of all places? And why would that make her naked even if he *were*? More pressingly, she needed to find something to wear so she could sneak back to her room. Though, it seemed her wish was granted without her realizing.

An ensemble of jingling bells filled the air, the girl's body suddenly weighed down by *something*. **“What the heck is all this!?”** It didn't take her long to realize, since all she had to do was look down. Her body

had been forcibly adorned by an outfit that could both be considered festive and exceptionally gaudy at the same time.

The red and green ribbons that had bound themselves tightly around her arms and legs were just a start, considering the five layers of fluffy white bangles that also wrapped her legs and thighs around those ribbons. The main draw of this outfit though, was the red... *bikini*? That was likely the correct term, but Gudako wasn't so sure it was the type you wore swimming. After all, the upper segment had a furred rim almost like a Santa hat, with yellow star decals over where her nipples were nestled. Bells and ornaments had then been stung across her body, adding to the tastelessness of it all. Little did she know that only the aspects of the costume her body could physically be burdened by had manifested, and that there would be more to come later.

Every subtle movement of her body caused at least one of the bells around her hips to ring out. It was very distracting. **“I wanted to be dressed, but this is...? Why do I feel like I've seen this before?”** This costume was so gaudy that it was familiar but seeing it on her own form made it difficult to place *where* she had seen it.

Had she an opportunity to mourn the chance to wear something a little more tasteful and try to remember where she'd seen this clothing before, that had all been taken from her in a flash. A flash of, well, *height*. The unusual sensation of her bones beginning to stretch plagued the girl in a hurry, but it was so uncomfortably enacted that she could hardly do much other than groan as she attempted to comprehend what was happening.

One-hundred and eight-one centimeters. By the time that sensation had faded, the girl was almost six feet tall. Or perhaps it was better to use the term *'woman'* now? Reflected in her face after the fact was a maturity that she hadn't possessed before the stretching phenomenon that had presented her with a tall and lanky frame. She certainly looked like an adult in her late twenties at least, but the lack of meat on her bones dissuaded any certainty *at first*.

**“What is happening to me...!?”** Gudako grit her teeth again, this time a bloating phenomenon beginning to bubble up from within from, well, *everywhere*. It was like watching a balloon fill with air as her figure began to grow and swell, but those words took vastly different meaning depending on the part of her that was doing the growing. Her hips, for example, swung wide while pulling the string of bells and the tight bikini bottom even tighter with a chorus of jingles. But on the other hand? **“My butt is getting so... so... *MUCHO!*”**

Strange outburst of eccentrically spoken Spanish aside, she wasn't *wrong*. Peering nervously over her shoulder she could see the sizing of her buns expanding, protruding outwards into more swollen shapes that, evidently, weren't bolstered merely by fat. There was an obvious strength to those cheeks, muscles hardening beneath the softer layer to a point that if someone ever tried to give her anal, she could probably rip off their dick with those muscles alone if she wanted to.

But it wasn't a phenomenon isolated to her butt alone. Rippling muscle beset her entire body, with added emphasis in her lower half. Thighs rumbled as their softness was forfeit in exchange for a fit looking bulk that commanded the gaze of the horny for a completely different reason. '*Thunder thighs*' might honestly have been a fittingly accurate term here, particularly with the ribbons and bangles clenching down even more tightly against their shapes.

**"I feel so *PODEROSA!*"** The power she felt wasn't exactly unwelcome. In fact, it came with a burst of energy that was making her demeanor all the bubblier despite her previous shock. Even now, her abs were tightening into an eight-pack that made her bellybutton appear all the deeper, and her arms were growing wide with a strength not comparable to her legs, but still exceptional in their own right with muscles bulging even in a resting position. **"More! More! *¡Quiero ser más fuerte!*"**

However, she wouldn't become anymore muscular. Her frame was already as ripped as it would grow, and honestly? Some might have thought even that much to be excessive. That wasn't to say that Gudako was done growing though, after all... With all the muscle in her chest, her breasts looked extremely tiny. That just wouldn't do, and with a feeling that was essentially the word '*BLURP*' given form, the front of the red bikini top had begun to fill out.

Did they grow excessively? It was hard to say. They did practically triple in size, her tits perhaps the only part of her body that filled solely with fat that made them rounder and softer, but against a tall, muscular body like what hers was now, they didn't exactly seem as ridiculous as they might have against her original frame. The fatter they grew, though, the more aroused she became, and in the end, she let bellow a moan that had a very *horny onee-san* sound to it.

**"I feel so *buena!*"** So caught up in it all, the woman's now groggy memories seemed to be less of a concern than they likely should have. In fact, she'd hardly even noticed that pieces of her memories had been falling out, slowly replaced by differing recollections of a life she hadn't led thus far. The use of Spanish, for example, came about as her Japanese heritage was forgotten – and that came with physical repercussions at the same time.

While Gudako's face had already matured, her features were growing even more pronounced now. Eyes widened, amber optics sparkling now with a shimmering emerald color as her lashes lengthened considerably. Overall, her jaw became more chiseled and her nose earned both a sharper point and angling as it became all the larger. Then there were her lips – plump as they'd been with her new age, they swelled to practically *double* the thickness. It all amassed to give her face a much more Mesoamerican look, the length of her face likewise contributing.

**“Ow!”** The woman's transformation had been mostly painless, but sharp pinching sensations made her yip. One beneath her bottom lip, and the other in her bellybutton, both locations where emerald gem piercings that matched her eyes had appeared. Her head likewise felt heavier as an elaborate, feathered headpiece was conjured, each feather changing color from red, to orange, to yellow, to green. A pair of elaborately designed wings also extended from her back, matching her headdress. It all looked super gaudy, but with her mental state as it was now, she thought it looked quite good.

With this headpiece fastened, however, the only aspect of Gudako's old self finally changed. A golden blonde spready throughout her head of hair, from her roots to tips that seemed farther and farther away as they grew exponentially, cascading as far down as her ass. Fluffy as can be, the hair was bound into four puffy tails and the back, and two additional in the front, which framed her face. **“I'm... I... I am... I feel... I feel like SAMBA!”** For a single moment she'd seen her own appearance as strange but was quick to embrace the holiday cheer that welled up within and overpowered any doubts she might have had. As if to finish things off, several silver petal-like stars had decorated her body. From her cheek, to her cleavage, to her tummy, to her thighs – the stars decorated all.

Had she been looking for someone? *Quetzalcoatl* wasn't sure.

If she had, the only person that came to mind was... **“Quetz, were you waiting for me?”** From the gym door, an extremely sweaty Saint Martha walked into the changing room and had begun to strip on the spot, steam coming off her body while exposed to the air conditioning. It was a little hot – figuratively *and* literally. But Martha was a saint, it wasn't like she could fairly ogle her.

**“¡Si! I thought we could spread Christmas cheer to the little ones together, SAMBA STYLE!”** This comment earned a smirk from Martha, which warmed Quetzalcoatl's heart a little. The pair of them both felt it, that there was some sort of unspeakable bond between them

that couldn't be explained. That despite remembering one another vividly, it felt like they had been reunited after a long time.

The snapping sound of Martha's swimsuit being put on filled the air before she walked over and did another kind of slap. A slap to Quetzalcoatl's ass. "**Maybe after we put the kids to bed, you could put me to bed?**" Or maybe ogling the saint wasn't off limits after all? Did she feel the same way? Like they were lovers reunited after a long time?

That hadn't been the nature of their old relationship, but they weren't those humans anymore.

They were just Samba Quetzalcoatl and Summer Saint Martha, a pair of swole, sweaty women that were secretly involved with one another. Nothing odd here!

**“¡Feliz Navidad!”**