

Changing in Hell's Arena 3

Shirou sighed as he went home, keeping his eye on his surroundings as he did. There could be someone watching him with a familiar or something. Ever since the Holy Grail War had started and he had summoned Saber, he had been forced to be more aware and think of how he interacted with people. The revelations he had to deal with and the connections it had with the Fuyuki Fire still rattled his mind and made him wonder what might happen next. While the sun was out, he could breathe a little easier. Once it became night, the War would begin again in earnest, and he had no idea what new surprise he should expect tonight. He had already seen a few of the Servants and other unwelcome surprises, like Shinji being a part of the Holy Grail War and a magic circle being set up at school.

A bright piece of paper taped to one of the street lights caught his attention. Curiosity got the better of him. He stepped closer to get a better look at it and saw it was an advertisement for a wrestling league called Hell's Arena.

Shirou couldn't recall seeing a wrestling league division named that. He wondered what he should do with the flier. His first thought was to put it back, but he stopped. Instead, he looked at the flier again and stuffed it into his bag for safekeeping.

Shirou continued his walk home, picking up the pace to compensate for the lost time. As he walked, he imagined a wrestling ring, two competitors staring each other down and then doing their best to live up to the cheering crowd. More wrestling moves came to him as he walked and imagined them happening in a match. A grin crossed his face at how cool he had seen them those few times.

When he got home, Shirou said. "I'm home, Saber."

Shirou looked around the room but didn't see any sign of her. "She must still be asleep...Oh well might as let her sleep until Rin comes, but what should I do in the meantime?"

His first thought was to try to relax before night came since he was sure Saber and Rin would want to explore the city, but then he remembered the flier. He pulled the flier out and studied it again. His eyes went to the address and bulged when he noticed the location wasn't far.

'It couldn't hurt to look at it and see it for myself.' Shirou smiled. *'Besides, how often does someone get to see a wrestling match in person, especially someone's debut match?'*

Shirou looked at the time and quietly got ready to leave the house. He didn't want any of the others to go out with him. If he was fast enough, he could return home before the others noticed he was gone. If something were to happen, and he ran into an enemy Servant, he could call on Saber with a Command seal. It might not be optimal, but it would be worth it if they could get out of it in one piece.

Shirou ran across town, hoping that his time wouldn't be wasted or that he would run into an enemy servant. It would be a pain if he got there and discovered he had put his life on the line for a hoax.

"What am I doing?" Shirou frowned. He couldn't quite understand why he was putting his neck on the line to see a wrestling show, but the more he thought about it, the more enticing it seemed. Sure, wrestling was a fantastic sport, but that didn't mean he should go out of his way when he was in the middle of a death tournament with his life on the line....Shouldn't it?

Still, the thought of seeing a proper wrestling match made his blood boil in excitement. The excitement and what he could learn called out to him, just like helping others. Then, a faint memory from long ago rushed forward, one where a classmate talked about their heroes and how one of them was a famous wrestler.

"Wrestlers are heroes to some."

More memories of his fellow students cheering and how enraptured they were by the matches and the storylines. It might have been a performance, but to some, it had touched their lives so much that it had inspired others.

Shirou smiled. There was no way that he could afford to let this opportunity go. 'Fuji-nee wanted me to see more and grow as a person. I'm sure she would approve of him going out to a show and expanding my interests.'

He saw a building lit up, with lights moving around. There was a crowd outside, some dressed in finer clothes than others. There was also an address off to the side and a sign lit up that said Hell's Arena.

Shirou entered the building and saw a crowd of people, their voices overlapping each other and resounding with joyous excitement. Their eagerness and joy made him feel out of place. From how they were acting, he would have thought they were seeing more than just a young woman trying to become a wrestler, but a miraculous event instead.

"Wow, this is a bigger crowd than I thought. I hope they have some good seats left." Shirou went up to the ticket booth and quickly got grabbed a seat.

"Thank you for your patience, everyone," a woman's voice came over the intercom said. "The opening match will be starting soon. Please take your seats."

The people around him quickly funneled into the building, and Shirou promptly followed the crowd, hoping he would enjoy himself. Finally, they entered the arena, and Shirou's jaw dropped. It was as if he had stepped into a baseball stadium, and to his surprise, all of the seats looked like leather recliners.

Shirou sat in his seat and smiled. With his position, he could see everything happening in the ring and had a good view of the jumbotron. He relaxed in his chair and moaned in delight. A series of buttons were on the side, and he pressed one, and the seat moved to a reclining position.

"Whoever did the seating went the extra mile. This is the best chair I've ever been in."

The lights dimmed down, and Shirou gulped as he braced himself for what he might see. His stomach coiled in excitement. Everyone else began muttering eagerly. Soft rock music suddenly filled the room.

"GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING TO THIS MATCH! EVERY ONE OF YOU IS A TREASURED MEMBER WHO MAKES THIS POSSIBLE! AS MUCH AS WE UNDERSTAND YOU WANT TO SEE OUR NEW WRESTLER, WE HAVE TO HAVE A GOOD OPENER AND SHOW THAT WE ONLY ACCEPT THE BEST!"

The crowd roared in agreement. Even Shirou could feel his blood heat up. His lips quirked, an eager scream on the edge of his tongue, but he restrained himself.

"TO SHOW OFF WHAT WE LIKE, ONLY THE BEST SHOULD SHOW WHAT WE REPRESENT. SHOWING OFF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A WRESTLER FOR HELL'S ARENA, SHE IS THE PINNACLE OF OUR WRESTLING LEAGUE! THE UNDEFEATED CHAMPION! THE HOT BLOODED HUNTER! YOU KNOW HER, YOU LOVE HER, AND ONE OF THE SEXIEST LADIES IN THE WORLD, NELA SPARDA!"

Smoke came from the stage, and a buxom white-haired woman with bright blue eyes strutted down the stage, much to the crowd's cheer. She wore the smallest and tightest pair of short shorts Shirou had ever seen and a flamed bikini top that did nothing to hide just how immense her breasts were. Her right arm was a reptilian glowing demonic arm, adding more to her exotic appearance.

Shirou blushed and watched Nela strut on stage with a proud smirk. He couldn't help but stare and take in how she moved, the way her immense breasts and massive butt bounced, the sway of her broad hips, and how her short hair moved, all of it caught his attention and made him hard as a rock. Her body exuberated such sexual confidence it drew him and the rest of the crowd with ease, as if she was a goddess demanding attention, even though he was halfway across the room.

Nela blew kisses at the crowd and strolled around the ring with a skip in her step. Shirou's face flushed as his eyes were drawn to how she rolled her hips and the prominent bounce of her bust. She had a bright warm smile that told everyone she was having the time of her life doing so.

“Well, I guess this is one way that they stay open,” Shirou said as he struggled to focus on anything but the enticing sexual bombshell of a champion.

Nela’s eyes landed on Shirou, and her smile brightened. Then, she winked at him, and Shirou’s scarlet face darkened further. She ran her hand through her hair and blew a kiss at him that made him grip his chair.

Suddenly smoke came from the other side of the arena, and Shirou jumped at the sight of what could only be a monster. It crawled into the ring on all fours, chittering like a giant insect. Shirou’s body tensed, ready to leap into the ring to help her, but then he noticed how the people reacted. None of them were shocked or terrified. If anything, all of them looked excited. He relaxed slightly in his seat but kept a vigil in case she needed help.

Nela grinned as she cracked her neck. She turned and got into a fighting stance with no sign of fear.

The monster lunged at her, and with the expert ease of someone who had fought for many years, she grabbed the beast’s limb. She twisted her body and sent her foe flying across the stage into the rope. They slammed into them and then fell onto the floor.

Yet, Nela didn’t let it end there. She kicked the monster off the ring’s flooring, and her opponent bounced into the rope of the arena again. Nela refused to give her opponent a moment to breathe and chased after them. She extended her arm, and her bicep crashed into their face. Before they could do anything, she slammed them against the bar and pinned them. Her foe brought their leg up and tried to kick her away, but Nela avoided the attack without any issue.

Nela’s foe charged, their arms raised, and she rushed forward. She avoided their limbs and grabbed her foe’s biceps. Instead of pushing them back, Nela rolled onto her back and then kicked them off. She recovered and followed up with an elbow drop on their chest, earning a loud pained screech.

Shirou’s jaw dropped. *'She's in complete control of the fight.'*

The way Nela moved was nothing short of spectacular. Every move was nothing short of masterful with how graceful. The power in her attacks could be felt from his seat, and he was sure she could make a Servant reel from her blows. She waited till the last second to dodge every time as if the attacks were moving through molasses. No matter what her foe tried, Nela had an answer for it and retaliated without even a hint of trouble.

The more he watched Nela wrestle, the more he couldn’t help but see a similarity with Saber. The way the two fought differed, like night and day, but the similarities were easy to see for him. Both of them moved with grace and refinement, a certainty in their moves that he lacked.

Shirou was further drawn in as the fight went on, the roaring glee of the crowd making him bounce in his seat. It was as if she was a hero protecting the audience from a monster. It reminded him of some of the cartoons he watched as a kid, where a hero would fight against monsters like in Kamen Rider or Super Sentai. The sheer confidence and the way that Nela, the hero in this match, dominated the fight only further added to the intrigue and majesticness of her battle.

What only served to enhance it was the costume of her opponent was how well it was made. It looked almost like he was watching a real monster fight her. But, no matter how hard he tried to find a zipper or a stitch to tell him how they could take the costume off, he couldn't find it.

Shirou smiled. "They went all out with the monster costumes, at least."

The monster ran forward, and Nela grabbed the beast with her demonic appendage. Then, in a surprising show of strength, she lifted her foe off the ground with one arm and slammed them onto the stage. A sickening crack from the ring made Shirou wince, but the crowd's excitement made him relax. Smoke filled the stage as the monster lay there, defeated after everything Nela put it through.

Nela swept her hair to the side and shot another victorious look at the crowd, who roared in approval as the smoke disappeared. Even Shirou joined in and let out a bellowing roar of approval. When the smoke cleared, there was no sign of the other wrestler, and Shirou relaxed.

"Man, whoever was in the suit, sure is a tough guy. I would have been reeling from that attack if I had been on the other end of it. Happy to see they're ok though."

"Now, anyone who has ever seen a match with me before knows that I was holding back, and this guy wasn't a good fight like Kiriko is. But that should give you all an idea of what we expect from those who join Hell's Arena," Nela said. She smiled. "I have no doubt our new girl will be able to entertain you just as well as Kiriko and me, but whether they are just as sexy is entirely on you."

Nela cocked her hip and placed her demonic arm on. She blew a kiss to the crowd, which earned another cheer from everyone, even Shirou. Shirou's face darkened, unable to tear his eyes off her prominent bust that looked like it would have been able to suffocate a man with ease. He had no idea who this Kiriko was but could assume she was another wrestler for Hell's Arena.

Shirou's eyes all but sparkled now that the fight was over. Everything about that brawl had been nothing short of amazing. The way that she moved, how she fought, all of it was so mystifying that he couldn't help but smile.

It made his mind what he could do to get into wrestling. He was sure his school had a wrestling club he could join and wondered if there was a beginning division he could also participate in. Shirou was sure it would be painful initially, but the fun would make up for it.

“Now, please enjoy a brief intermission to stretch your legs in the meantime,” a female announcer said.

The crowd got up, and Shirou did as well. Before the next fight, he needed to stretch his legs and see if he could find a concession stand to get something to snack on.

As he went through the building, Shirou smiled, recalling Nela’s clash with her opponent and every move she made with excited glee. Coming here had been the best decision he had ever made. If Rin or Saber got angry with him, he would endure their lecture with pride. With how good the opening fight was and seeing how fantastic wrestling was, it was worth coming here and dealing with whatever happened next.

He wandered through the halls, trying to find the bathroom before the next match began. While he didn’t have to go, it would suck if he had to run out in the middle of a fight and scramble to find a bathroom.

“Ahh fuck,” a familiar saucy voice said, getting Shirou’s attention.

Shirou walked in the direction it came from and, to his surprise, saw Nela and a formally dressed red-haired woman. Both of them frowned, and Shirou could only blink at how strange it looked for Nela to have such an expression. It was such a contrast from the happy, playful, and flirty personality that showed on the stage that his heart felt like it was being crushed.

The bespectacled woman said. “What are we going to do? Who knows when she’ll get here with a flat tire, it could be hours.”

Nela said. “I could always go on again, Kyrie. I’m still good for another round. We both know that this isn’t anything I’ve done before.”

“Normally, that might work, but we promised them that a new wrestler would show up tonight. Some might feel like they were cheated since they only got to see you again, even if you are a crowd pleaser.”

Shirou stepped forward. “Could I help?”

Nela and Kyrie turned at once to Shirou, and he jumped at how swiftly they looked at him. He gulped as his eyes were drawn to their large busts as they jiggled, especially Nela’s, and he immediately went hard. ‘Her breasts looked big on stage, but now they look gigantic!’

Kyrie frowned and looked Shirou over. Her expression became more severe as her eyes sharpened.

"Are you sure that you are willing to? Wrestling can be a dangerous sport and shouldn't be taken lightly."

"I haven't wrestled much, but I'm willing to do what I can to help out. There are a lot of people here who came, and it would be a shame if all of them were disappointed and couldn't see a show." Shirou admitted and then turned to Nela. "And you inspired me a little to get into wrestling. I didn't have much interest before, but now you make me want to go and join a wrestling team, to learn more about wrestling, and maybe even make a career out of it one day."

"...I say we let him do it, Kyrie." Nela said with a cheery grin. "He's got the heart of a true wrestler inside of him if he wants to do this for the people. What's your name, kid?"

"Shirou Emiya." Shirou smiled, his eyes sparkling at her compliment. He looked at the other woman, wondering what she was thinking and hoping she would say yes. "There's no way we can let the show end like this. Not if there's any way we can save it."

Kyrie stared at him and then smiled. "...You're a lifesaver."

"This might be my first day knowing the wonders of wrestling, but that fire isn't going to go out while I'm around. I'll put on the best show I can, even if I can't compare to Nela."

Nela laughed. "Aww shucks, kid, you trying to make me blush. Still definitely like your spirit, that's for sure."

"Wait here for a moment, I need to get some papers," Kyrie said and quickly walked away.

Shirou blinked at how swiftly Kyrie moved, despite her high heels. He didn't know that a girl could move that fast in them.

"Thanks for being willing to do this," Nela smiled. "You got spunk, and that's going to take you far in life. Since you never wrestled before, why don't I give you a couple of tips? Any help that you can get will certainly help you out."

Shirou shook in excitement, happy he could get a training session with her. It might not be an entire training session, but getting lessons from a pro wrestler like her would help.

Nela showed him several holds he could do, and Shirou greedily listened to her. As she did, she had him copy her moves. It felt strange to move his body in ways, holding the poses and then going to a relaxed stance only to immediately return to doing the wrestling hold. She told him to be mindful of his posture and to mentally brace himself for anything that might happen during the match since mental strength was just as crucial in wrestling as having a fit body.

Footsteps broke their little mini-training session, and they turned to see Kyrie. She had a clipboard in one hand and a pen in the other.

Kyrie held out a stack of papers and a pen. "I need you to sign this contract. If something happens to you in the ring, then we will be covering any injuries you sustain, but you can't sue us for any injuries you sustain. This is also proof that you are older than 18. We are not going to just throw some kid in the ring, no matter how desperate we are."

Shirou frowned at the age requirement portion. He was about to say he was too young, but a sudden wave of nausea overcame him. Unknown to him, his body suddenly started getting older. He gulped and shook his head as he grew a little taller, his clothes stretching across his body. His face refined and matured, gaining a sharpness that wasn't there before as he became 22 years old.

"Done," Shirou said and then wondered. *'Why did I get confused about my age for a moment?'*

Kyrie smiled. "Perfect."

"Awesome!" Nela cheered. "If you're going to wrestle then we need to get you an outfit to wear first. The flashy and unique outfits are part of wrestling's charm after all."

Shirou said. "Clothes?"

Nela wrapped her arm around Shirou's and pulled him closer to her. "C'mon I'll take you to the dressing room. Kiriko and I got some spare clothes stored there if we feel like wearing anything else. I know we'll have something you can wear!"

Shirou's face burned like a red sun from the massive mammaries against his arm. He tried to slip his arm out of her hold so that he wasn't pushed against her breasts, but he couldn't. It was as if his arms had been placed inside hardened cement with how little he could move them.

"C-can you let go of me, please?"

Nela giggled. "Nope, got to make sure you don't wander off somewhere before your big debut. So just relax, enjoy the feeling of my boobs against you, and we shall be there soon."

Shirou's face burned brighter, earning another delighted giggle from her. He turned his face to hide it from her, but her gently bouncing bust was at the forefront of his mind, despite his efforts. His eyes were drawn to how her massive mammaries pressed against his arm. He quickly turned away, hoping Nela didn't see.

Nela threw open the door and dragged him into the room. "And here's the dressing room!"

Shirou blinked at the sight of an uncountable amount of clothing. There were so many costumes, clothing, and accessories that he couldn't help but feel like he was in a store instead. He looked over all the clothes, his grimace growing as he imagined himself wearing them. All the clothing here was designed for curvier women and would have shown off the wearer's body remarkably well.

"Don't you have anything a little less...revealing? We can't let people know I'm a guy since this is supposed to be a female wrestling league."

"Sorry, but I know what I got, and I like to flaunt it in stylish clothing." Nela smiled and posed as if she were in front of a camera, making Shirou gulp as blood rushed to his third leg. "Still I'm sure that we can get something pulled together that will look great on you while making sure nobody sees Shirou junior."

Nela and Shirou immediately began looking through her clothes, hoping he could find something that wouldn't be too embarrassing to wear. They immediately threw out the bras and bikini tops, knowing it would earn too much suspicion from the crowd and expose too much of his body. Thankfully they found a blue and black sports bra, a corset, and short shorts that would go well together. Along with two fingerless gloves of varying lengths, one going all the way down his arm and the other to his wrist.

Shirou studied the clothes they had gathered. "Well, this is...better than I thought it would be."

"Yeah, we're spoiled for choice when it comes to clothes. I know this isn't ideal Shirou, but you better get dressed. We're on the clock, and can't keep the people waiting to long."

Shirou went into the bathroom and sighed as he took off his clothes. He stared at the clothes he and Nela had chosen and began putting them on. "Think of the fans."

As Shirou put on the outfit, he never noticed that his skin was cleaning up as he did. As he put on the top, the moles and black spots on his body quickly disappeared. All the hair that lined his upper body disappeared as if it was being waxed off, leaving not even a shadow of hair behind. The same thing happened to every imperfection his lower body might have as he pulled up the shorts. Every ugly little mole, scar, and hair below his eyebrows, on his nether regions, was gone as his new, clean, soft creamy skin shined.

He shuddered at the new sensitivity that his skin had and scrambled to put on the corset. His clothes clung to him tighter and rubbed against his softer, more delicate skin. The cold air went over his body, and he breathed out as he tried to get himself under control.

Shirou moved to close the corset but couldn't. He tried to slip it onto the little hook, but it kept escaping his grasp before it could. After a moment, he opened the door and saw a grinning Nela.

“Nela, could you help me with the zipper? I’m having a bit of trouble getting this one.”

“Sure, not a problem. Now suck it in.” Nela tightened the corset, earning a gasp from him. She got it on the hook and zipped it up, ensuring it would stay in place.

Shirou winced at how tightly the corset was wrapped around her midsection. It hugged his body as if it was trying to choke the life out of him. The top and bottom of the corset roughly dug into his body. A tiny bit of rolled-up flab there poked through the top and bottom. It even made it look like there was a subtle flair to his hips and upper body with how tight it was.

He looked into the mirror and couldn’t help but feel silly wearing an outfit like this. His eyes traveled downward, and he frowned at the noticeable package between his legs. Yet, the more he studied himself, the more he couldn’t help but like it.

“This...doesn’t look as bad as I thought.”

“Yeah, you look good. Now strike a pose, something sexy and confident.”

Shirou put one of his hands behind her head and the other on his hip, awkwardness radiating off him. A tiny thrill went through him, but he knew it wouldn’t have the same effect on the crowd, not with how flat and dull his body was compared to hers.

“You need to work on that energy of yours. You gotta convey a little pride and confidence...Tell me Shirou, what do you want to be?”

“I...I want to be a hero,” Shirou said, bracing himself for ridicule.

Nela grinned. “Nice! I’m sure that if you put your mind to it, you’ll be a real hero. You know, some people have said I’m their hero, and that was a little weird to hear at first, but it felt nice. Do you think I’m a hero, Shirou?”

“Wrestlers aren’t the first group of people I think of as heroes. Not that wrestlers can’t be heroes or anything. It’s just...,” Shirou trailed off.

“It’s cool, don’t worry about explaining yourself, I know what you meant. Wrestlers are a different kind of hero. We are heroes of entertainment. Our job is to pull off all these special feats and tell a story to help people forget what’s going in the world and make sure that they have a good time. Either way, I’m sure you’ll be a nice hero with your go-getter attitude.”

Shirou smiled, his heart feeling lighter than it had in a long while. He never thought of it like that, that wrestlers were heroes and storytellers. Now he could see where she was coming from.

Kyrie brushed past Nero and pulled Shirou out of the stall. She shoved him onto the closest vanity and looked through all the makeup. "Focus, we're on the clock. We'll apply just a little makeup, just enough to make you look more feminine. Hold still."

Shirou's face flushed in embarrassment as Kyrie applied it to him. 'Just think about all of you're helping Shirou, and pray Shinji doesn't find out about this.'

As Kyrie applied some blush to his cheeks, his face softening seconds later. Shirou's jawline softened as Kyrie applied some blush to his cheeks. His cheekbones rose higher, highlighting his facial features. The shape of his skull altered with every touch and became a cute heart shape that accentuated his facial features. Cracking noises came from his nose as it shrunk and got sharper. Kyrie smiled and added a bit of lipstick. His lips inflated into large pillowy lips that added more to his female appearance, completing his face's change into that of a beautiful young woman who should have been on the front of a modeling magazine.

Kyrie placed the lipstick down. "And we're done."

Shirou blinked. "We are? That went a little faster than I thought it would have."

"It's not how much makeup you wear. It's how you use it. Even the smallest bit of makeup can make all the difference."

"I don't know if that holds true when you do it to a guy."

"Maybe in your body's entirety, but I shall let my work speak for itself." Kyrie turned Shirou to the mirror. "What do you think Shirou? Do you still think you look like a boy?"

Shirou jumped at the sight of his altered face and blinked heavily. Then, he raised his arm and saw his reflection in the mirror copy him. "Is that....me?"

He reached out, wondering if the person he saw in the mirror was him or someone else. Every motion that he made his reflection copied the moment he did it.

Kyrie smirked. "Of course, it is. And as you can see, no one will think you're a boy by your face. If they notice your packing they will just think its a trick unless you whip it out."

Nela giggled. "Ain't Kyrie just an incredible miracle worker?"

"Yeah," Shirou said, running one of his hands down his cheeks. "Depending on the clothes, even I would think I'm a girl."

"Now then, let's get you into position. We only got a few more minutes until you have to go up," Kyrie said, dragging Shirou out of the room.

"Once this is over, I'll treat you to something nice and show you around as a big thank you," Nela said. "You're really saving our bacon here and deserve a hero's reward."

"Not a problem and thank you for the lessons!" Shirou cried before Kyrie pulled her out of the room.

The moment Shirou and Kyrie were out of the room, Nela burst into loud giggles. She lounged in the chair that Shirou sat in and smiled. "Hope those wrestling tips help you out in your match. And welcome to the wrestling league Shirou, I'm sure that you'll be much happier with your new lot on the feminine side of life."

Shirou sighed as Kyrie led him to a long hall. Two red curtains prevented him from seeing what was beyond, but he knew it would lead to the wrestling ring. He could hear the crowd eagerly waiting for the next match, and his heart pounded harder. His breathing picked up.

Kyrie said. "Before you go on, Shirou, there's one last thing that we need."

"What is it?"

"You need a different name to go by. I don't think you would be happy if we just went with Shirou for this. Do you have a name you would like to use?"

Shirou bit his lips as he tried to think of a good name. If this was going to be online or recorded for people to see, he needed something to throw people off in case his friends recognized him. "I don't have any ideas."

"Then how about these names, Shirley, Emily, Shirouko, Shirona, Shion, Shizu."

Shirou rolled the names in his mind, trying to think of what sounded the best. He immediately crossed off Shirouko because it didn't sound right and was too close to her original name for her liking. Then, he tossed out the American names. Shizu, Shirona, and Shion appealed to him the most. He hummed as he rolled them over, mentally sounding them out. Finally, he settled on a name.

"It's a little on the nose, but call me Shirona for the match."

"Alright, then I'll let the announcer know to go with that. Just try to relax until it's your time to go on," Kyrie said, smirking. "When you hear your name, Shirona, just walk on stage and enter the ring."

Shirou breathed in and out as he tried to calm himself down as she walked away. Despite this being the first fight he would be in with his life not on the line, his insides continued to twist. "You can do this Shirou. Just think of it like a sparring match."

All of the tips Nela gave him came forward, and he practiced all the holds he had been shown. Doing so was a little relaxing, despite its strange to get into those positions. Still, if he was going to get through this, he needed to be at the top of his game. He wished he had more time with her. Anything else he could have learned before the match would have been a great boon.

Shirou peeked from behind the curtain and grimaced at all the people. His stomach churned further at the thought of going out there but hardened her resolve.

"Remember, you're doing this for the people. It's too late to back out now Shirou, you agreed to help the workers of Hell's Arena. You can't leave them."

The lights dimmed, and Shirou gulped as he braced himself. This would be it. He wiped his brow, careful not to ruin his makeup.

IT IS TIME, FOLKS! THE MOMENT THAT YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! IT'S TIME TO SEE THE NEWEST POSSIBLE WRESTLER TO JOIN HELL'S ARENA! SO PLEASE GIVE A WARM, THUNDEROUS WELCOME TO SHIRONA!

Shirou blinked at the name, wondering who it was, and then remembered it was the name he had chosen. He rushed out from behind the curtain. The crowd thundered at the sight of him and only got louder. He gulped as he walked to the stage with a forced smile. His face burned, and his heart pounded like a war drum as it banged against his ribcage.

'Remember Shirou you're name is Shirona right now.' Shirou blinked as stars filled his vision. He shook his head and breathed a little heavier.

'Don't question if people call you Shirona, Shirou, that is the name you are going by. Don't let your jitters get the better of you Shirona, and remember you got this Shirona,' Shirou thought, unwittingly calling himself by the name he chose.

He continued to call himself by the new name in his head, feeling solace and comfort. The more he thought about himself as Shirona, the more the name settled in his mind, replacing his original name. By the time the feminine boy had reached the stage, as far as he was concerned, he had always been known as Shirona.

Shirona entered the ring, looking at all the people in the stands. A noticeable red flush formed from all the attention he was getting. His fingers and toes curled, and his breathing picked up. Yet, the crowd's roar put him at ease and his smile a little less forced. *'Happy to see they're giving me a chance despite being a newbie.'*

"Thank you for the warm welcome everyone! I hope I can live up to all of your hopes," Shirona smiled nervously, making sure his voice sounded a little girly. The last thing he wanted to do was weird the people out if they heard his original voice.

Shirona's throat burned and suddenly felt scratchy as if someone had shoved sand down it. A hacking cough came out that made him blink. Shirona continued to wave at the crowd with the best smile he could muster, and thankfully no one seemed to realize his plight.

Unknown to Shirona, his Adam's apple was getting smaller as he continued to suck on the saliva in his mouth. The coughs were dying down at an achingly slow pace, but the roughness on his throat eased the longer it went on to his relief. Every grunt and groan from him kept getting higher as he struggled to keep them down, his smile twitching. When it finally passed, Shirona laughed, the pitch of it rising higher as his Adam's apple disappeared.

"So who here is ready for a good show?" Shirona blinked at the new womanly tenor voice that came out of his mouth but paid it little thought. 'It's probably just the nerves getting the better of me.'

"NOW THEN, DEPENDING ON SHIRONA'S PERFORMANCE, IT WILL DECIDE IF SHE HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO STAY HERE! SHE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT OUR INTEREST AND SHOWED PROMISE, BUT TALKING ONLY GOES SO FAR. THIS IS HER PRACTICAL EXAM, AND IF SHE WANTS TO STAY IN HELL'S ARENA, THEN SHE BETTER NOT LOSE!"

Shirona stood up a little straighter. The people continued to smile and cheer for him. His blush darkened at the earnest looks he was getting from everyone, and his posture relaxed while his smile eased.

"YOU'RE SUCH A LOVELY CROWD FOR GIVING HER A WARM RECEPTION, BUT THIS ISN'T JUST A SHOW WHERE SHE SHAKES HER CUTE LITTLE ASS AND GETS YOUR APPROVAL! THIS IS A MATCH, AND IT'S TIME THAT WE BRING OUT HER OPPONENT!"

More smoke filled the other entrance, and Shirona braced himself, wondering what sort of 'monster' he would see this time. A giant lizard humanoid with green scales crawled to the ring as the crowd cheered. Shirona balked as a chittering came from them. The beast got closer, and he wanted to step back, but his legs were locked in place.

His opponent climbed into the ring and stood to their full height, raising Shirona's nerves. The monster stood head and shoulders larger than Shirona and looked like he was built of muscle. Shirona gulped as he stared at his foe. Like last time, Shirona couldn't see anything that told him how the person would be able to take it off of them.

NOW THEN, WRESTLERS, GET READY!

Shirona gulped as he got into a loose copy of Nela's stance. He frowned at how awkward it felt. 'My body feels like weights are on them, but I got to try. The people are expecting a good show, and I'm going give it my all to be their hero for the night, even if I look more like a heroine.'

"ALRIGHT, EVERYONE, IT'S TIME FOR THE MAIN SHOW! YOU ALL CAME BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO SEE A NEW WRESTLER SHOW HER STUFF, AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET JUST THAT! SO GIVE IT ALL YOU HAVE, SHIRONA, BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO WRESTLE!"

The demon launched at its opponent, and Shirona immediately went on the defensive. It went to grab his arms, but he was barely able to avoid it catching them. He shoved his foe back, trying to put some distance between them.

Realizing the spot that he was in, Shirona tried to get away since a frontal assault might not work at the moment, but before he could, he was lifted into the air. Shirona inadvertently kicked him in the head and made her opponent let go. The redhead raised his arms and managed to prevent from landing flat on his face and taking the worst of it, but still, his body ached from the rough landing.

"Not the greatest start." Shirona shook his head. He quickly moved before the beast could stomp on his chest. He continued to dodge as his opponent relentlessly tried to grab him before he could do anything else. It was almost as if they were going for full-blown punches with how aggressive they were being.

Shirona raised his arms and tried to divert or block the assault as best he could. Every punch that landed on his arms made him wince, but he refused to give up. He avoided a grapple, refusing to get locked into a hold.

'Just got to hold out for now, Shirona. When an opening shows up, take it!' Shirona thought. His arms were getting heavier with every strike, and he winced. He knew that he would be getting some bruises later. He tried to parry and dodge his attacks.

As Shirou blocked and diverted the attacks as best he could, his arms altered. His defined muscles looked like they were deflating as they were slimming down. He grimaced as it was getting harder to repel the onslaught as his arms lowered. Despite how much smaller his arms were getting, they maintained the athletic tone they had before the transformation began. He struggled to keep his hands closed from how much punishment they were taking, the nerves almost begging to be uncoiled. After a few more strikes, Shirona's arms were half their size but had defined power befitting a wrestler.

Shirona stepped back, avoiding another assault, and then saw the moment he had waited for. He rushed over and put his foe into a chokehold. They bucked in his hold and pulled at his limbs, and he struggled to keep his position. Shirona tightened the hold as best he could and could feel their grip loosening.

A frown formed on Shirona's face at the thought of never entering the wrestling ring again. The way the crowd cheered for a newbie like him, even though he had never entered the wrestling ring before, made him feel warm and fuzzy as if he belonged. His eyes swept over the crowd.

The honest, happy look they had, the excitement they resonated, and the way they watched him made him feel good as if it was okay for him to be happy.

Shirona was so lost in thought that he never noticed the slight relaxation in his grip. That momentary lapse in focus was all that was needed as the monster broke free from the hold, much to the redhead's shock. They wrapped their arms around Shirona's thigh and lifted them like a ragdoll. Shirona flailed his arms and tried to kick him with his legs but couldn't. He tried to curl his body upward, but his foe started spinning before he could.

With how fast they were moving, Shirona was forced back. The crowd was little more than a blur to the boy as he was spun around the room. He tried to curl in himself to get closer to his opponent, but the speed they were moving prevented him.

'Damn it, what am I going to do!'

Suddenly, the beast let go of him, and Shirona was sent flying to the other side of the arena. He instinctively curled and braced himself so his shoulder would take the worst of it. A sharp pain resonated from it when he did, making him hiss as he slammed into the rope. The rope dug into his shoulders, and he knew that would be another bruise for later. He could feel his body stretch the boundaries of the ring before it suddenly rebounded him onto the arena floor.

Shirona winced at the rough pain and shook the daze off as best he could. He grabbed the arena rope and forced himself to stand up as the world continued spinning as if he was standing on a spinning top. A heavy breath came out as he shook his head. Everything felt off, and he felt like he was on a boat in the middle of a storm as he struggled to regain his balance.

"OH, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT? SHIRONA WAS ABLE TO RECOVER ON THE TURN OF A DIME. MAN, THAT WOULD HAVE MADE SOME WRESTLERS REEL FOR DAYS WITH HOW FAST THAT HIT WAS. STILL AS TOUGH AS SHE IS, SHIRONA LOOKS LIKE SHE IS STRUGGLING WITH THIS. SHE BETTER FIND A WAY TO TURN THIS AROUND QUICKLY, AND THE BETTER QUESTION IS, CAN SHE?"

Shirona frowned. "You're right there."

His body screamed at him to move as if an enemy Servant was about to attack him. Shirona's body moved on its own, just in time to avoid a kick to the gut that he was sure would have scrambled his insides if it had connected. Their leg got tangled between the rope, and he saw an opportunity that made him grin.

Shirona raised his forearm and launched himself forward as he curled into a ball. He crashed into his foe's head and could feel his opponent reeling from the blow. They toppled over the rope, but their leg got caught on the rope, and they wound up slamming their chin onto the arena stage. They slipped out of the rope and then slumped on the floor.

Shirona looked over the rope and gulped. He hoped he hadn't wound up giving his opponent a concussion or anything. While he wanted to win the match, he didn't want to put someone in the hospital, even if injuries like this were expected occasionally. To his shock and awe, his opponent got back up. They glared at him angrily as they climbed back into the ring.

Shirona's body took a step back. *'No way! He's getting back up from that!'*

"OUR LITTLE REDHEAD IS GOING TO NEED TO DO MORE THAN THAT IF SHE WANTS TO GET THE WIN IN THIS MATCH! BUT SHE IS CERTAINLY MAKING HER OPPONENT WORK FOR IT!"

Shirona's opponent moved, and again his body acted on instinct. He raised his arms, blocking another nasty thrust of their palm. Shirona stumbled back from the blow. His opponent continued to try and grab him. It was only thanks to his body moving out of the way of his arms that he could avoid getting put into another lock.

His legs morphed as Shirona dodged and ducked like a rabbit, hopping around the wrestling ring to avoid the grapples as best he could. He stumbled as his feet released a low popping noise as they got smaller. For a moment, his boots felt loose, as if he had slipped on a pair larger than usual. That one moment was all that was needed for his opponent to capitalize on and grab him, forcing them into a hold.

"OH, AND WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT! IT LOOKS LIKE SHIRONA'S FINALLY BEEN GRABBED AND PUT INTO A STANDING ARMBAR! CAN THE PLUCKY REDHEAD GET OUT OF THIS BEFORE SHE'S PINNED?"

Shirona gasped and tried to twist his arm out of the armbar, but it proved fruitless as he was pulled forward and slammed into his demonic foe. Before the redhead could try to get away, his opponent placed Shirona's arm behind her and forced him into an arm bar.

As Shirona continued to writhe in the hold he was in, the bulkiness in his legs reduced. His calves trimmed down, losing any excess fat they might have had. Instead, stern muscle took its place, filling them with defined power. With every bit lost, the harder Shirona found it to keep his balance, even with the powerful, defined lower legs he had.

The monster let go of Shirona, much to Shirona's shock and shoved him away. Shirona was so shocked that he couldn't react as the beast moved. Instead, it wrapped its arms around his waist, earning a groan of discomfort from him. They lifted off the ground and then roughly slammed onto the stage. Shirona's foe didn't let go of him. Instead raised him like a trophy. He threw Shirona into the air and moved to the side, ensuring they would be out of the way.

Shirona tried to brace himself for the rough landing as best he could, but he landed on his back, and his spine cracked. Shirona flinched at the harsh landing but refused to let that get the better of him. He got up again, and a snort of derision came from his costumed opponent.

'If I give up now, that would be a big disappointment to everyone who came here for a good show.'

"AGAIN! SHIRONA IS GETTING UP, SHOWING EVERYONE HOW TOUGH SHE IS! IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU SEE SOMEONE WALK OFF SOMETHING LIKE THAT, ESPECIALLY A ROOKIE LIKE HER!"

Shirona readied to block another strike, but instead, he was shoved back. It broke the guard Shirona had set up, and he grunted as he crashed into the post behind him. He shook his head and saw his foe rushing toward him. They leaped into the air and went for a drop kick. The kick nailed him in the chest, and all the air in his lungs was knocked out of them. Shirona bounced off the post and then stumbled forward onto his face.

The demon went to mount him, and Shirona quickly moved into a kneeling position. He empowered his legs with Reinforcement and shot forward like a rocket. Shirona tackled his foe, and the two crashed into the ring's ropes. Again, he tried to get their arm into a lock, but they were too quick and were able to get him off with ease and then spun him to the side.

Shirona went with the flow of power and almost tripped over his feet but was able to stop himself. He stepped back, needing some space and knowing he would have been overwhelmed in a heartbeat if he hadn't.

As Shirona pondered what he should do, his thighs swelled rapidly. He moaned as a bud of pleasure erupted from them. The tight shorts rode a little higher as his thighs swelled, arousing him more, but he was too focused on the match to notice. A thin shadow of an hourglass figure formed the longer it went on, adding further to the delectable curve his body was gaining. They kept getting bigger, filling with muscle, diminishing the space between them. His thighs finished growing when they became meaty, delectable thighs that added a nice jiggle to his feminizing body.

"MAN, SHIRONA IS STILL GOING STRONG DESPITE ALL OF THE PUNISHMENT SHE HAS TAKEN! ISN'T THAT JUST SOMETHING, FOLKS? SHE'S PROVING HERSELF TO BE THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD!"

Shirona brushed his hair to the side as it entered her vision. It grew slightly longer, his hair curling slightly as it did. It tickled the back of his neck as it did, but he paid it little thought as he focused on the fight before him. It brushed against his cheeks, maintaining the same boyish shaggy style. The red locks shined brighter as they danced across his skin like soft silk. His hair finally reached his shoulders, though it looked a little longer than that with how sweaty and matted down his hair was.

His opponent struggled to get up, and Shirona knew he had to act quickly. He rushed as fast as he could and went for a mount, but they raised their leg, and his privates collided with their foot.

A sharp pain erupted between Shirou's legs as privates entered his body, making Shirona moan loudly. She bit her lips, stumbling back. Her first instinct was to reach down and cup her aching crotch. However, another eruption of pain reminded her of the situation that she was in. Shirona shakily kept her arms raised, trying to focus on the match.

"OH! NOW THAT IS GOING TO HURT! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT GENDER YOU ARE. GETTING NAILED BETWEEN THE LEGS LIKE THAT IS NEVER A FUN TIME! AND YET SHE IS STILL STANDING. WHAT A TANK, PEOPLE! THOUGH FROM HOW HER THIGHS ARE TREMBLING, ITS CLEAR SHE'S HAVING SOME TROUBLE!"

Shirona's mind spun all around the room. She blinked in shock, trying to get her senses under control. The crowd continued to cheer, but she couldn't help but despair with how her foe looked. She forced her legs to stay still, glaring defiantly at her opponent. Her body felt heavy, her lungs burned, but most of all, she felt tired.

Shirona looked down in shame as she thought about her performance. She should have known not to go and pretend to be a wrestler, even with Nela's advice.

'Guess I shouldn't have tried to be something I wasn't.'

Shirona's entire body burned, and her limbs felt like weights were wrapped around them. No matter how hard she tried, her foe had proven her superior. They had taken everything with little issue and got up seconds later.

'How was I supposed to win this?'

"C'mon Shirona you can do it!" Nela cheered. "You said you wanted to be a hero of wrestling right? Well, you got to show everyone why you will be a hero and this is your shot! Are you just going to let it slip by?"

Shirona's jaw dropped at having her say that. She blinked, wondering if she was hallucinating right now.

Someone in the crowd cried. "I know you got more in you! You were doing so well!"

Another person cried. "Yeah get back up Shirona! If you want to be a wrestler then this is the time to show it!"

"I know you can do more! You're way too hot to just let it end like this!" Someone cried, winking at her.

Shirona stared at the crowd, her heart melting at all the cheering. She sniffled, struggling not to break down, crying at all the support she was getting. Even the comment about her being hot

made her heart flutter, though it made her a little embarrassed, considering where she was. Tears welled in the corner of her eyes, but she steeled herself. "What was I thinking? I have to keep going, like a true hero."

They charged at her, and Shirona gulped as she readied her stance. She lowered her stance, strengthening her limbs with Reinforcement, knowing it was the only way she could turn things around. When they were about to reach her, she charged forward and went for a clothesline, strengthening her arms. The speed she moved and the power in her arm collided with her opponent's head and knocked them flat as if she was a speeding freight train. She turned and saw them get up, but before they could recover, she performed a devastating dropkick.

"A true hero never quits!" Shirona cried as she slammed into her opponent. The beast jolted from the unexpected assault and was thrown off balance. She grabbed their thigh with one hand and the other on their shoulder. Suddenly, Shirona threw the wrestler over her shoulder. She turned and watched as her foe roughly landed on the ring.

They got up, and Shirona refused to give them an inch after all she had been through. Not after all of the people cheered for her. The hope that they had for her as their champion. And as their hero, she wouldn't disappoint them at all. She grinned. "Justice never relents! It never surrenders and refuses to give evildoers like you an opening!"

Shirona brought her arms up and trapped him in a full nelson and then immediately followed up by bringing her legs up and wrapping them around his body. She took a deep breath and grabbed their waist. Her Magic Circuits came to life as she moved from her Nelson. She lifted them onto her shoulders and jumped into the air. Her arms moved, making their face slam onto the mat first.

"Justice Buster!"

Shirona lifted them, and they charged backward, and Shirona immediately knew what they were doing. She quickly raised them and managed to get her feet onto the beam. Then, using it like a springboard, she launched off it, forcing them onto the mat. She winced as her arms scraped across the mat, but she refused to let that stop her.

Shirona smiled with childish glee. "Do not underestimate a hero of justice!"

She quickly moved her arms out from underneath him, crawled up, and got them into a headlock. They pulled at her arm, making Shirona wince.

"AND WHAT A SHOCKING TWIST THIS IS FOLKS! OUR ROOKIE MANAGED TO GET HERSELF OUT OF THE TIGHT SPOT SHE WAS IN AND TURN THINGS AROUND IN SUCH A WAY. NOW CAN SHE KEEP THIS HEADLOCK ON THEM AND WIN THE MATCH?"

"Got to stay focused." Shirona struggled against their grip. As long as she could keep this up, then she would win. Shirona's smile grew. "You might have won the first round, but no matter the struggle, the hero always prevails!"

Shirona forced her foe up. She shoved them into the post and threw them onto the stage floor. Her body moved to mount them, but they were already getting back up. Instead, she stomped on their chest and jumped off them to the other side of the ring, almost colliding with the rope. She turned and got into the low stance that Nela had shown her as her enemy got up again.

She circled her foe as she avoided another grapple, and as she did, her chest started to expand. The tiny lumps on her chest swelled like balloons filling with helium.

One person cried. "Now we're close to the climax!"

A woman in the audience screamed. "I've been waiting for these!"

The crowd roared as they watched her chest swell as she dodged the grapples of her opponent, some recording the growth on their devices as they watched. Her developing bust bounced with every quick motion, and her hooters became more noticeable with every passing second. The stretchy fabric of her top smooshed her bosom down while making sure to outline their girth. It mushed them together and added more to her breasts' ballooning appearance. Her breasts finished growing when they became a large E-cup that would rival the largest of apples.

She leaped back, avoiding another swipe coming at her, her noticeable bust bouncing as she did, grimacing as her body screamed at her. Shirona waited for the opportune moment to strike. She couldn't risk getting locked into a grapple by them, not with how tired she was.

As Shirona continued to dodge, her ass grew larger, stretching against her pants as if they were trying to break free from their pants. She gulped and bit back a moan as her pants tickled her cheeks as they expanded. As her ass ballooned, the audience's cheering did as well.

Someone cried. "Bring on the booty!"

Another cried. "Bigger!"

The audience hungrily watched as Shirona rolled her wide hips. Her pants dug deeper between her cheeks and pressed into her crotch. The outline of her buttocks became more noticeable as the stretchy fabric looked almost like they were about to burst right off her body. It dug between her cheeks, showing where the curve of her butt began and where it ended. Even through the cloth, it was easy to see its tight tone, despite its immense girth. Her ballooning rear end finished growing when she had an enormous rump that stood out like a neon sign behind her.

Shirona continued to roll her hips, savoring every little burst from them, making the jiggle of her enticingly thicc posterior all the more apparent to the crowd behind her. Her pants were taut

across her lower frame and teased every bit of her lower body. "Please no fashion disasters. I don't need that right now."

A silly idea came to her that made her face burn slightly at the mere thought of doing so, but she couldn't deny the validity of trying it.

Shirona quickly turned her body and leaped backward, her butt rammed into their chest, and knocked her opponent onto a post. She landed on her feet, her full cheeks swaying from side to side. Shirona's face matched her hair, and her expression was a little embarrassed as a bud of pleasure reverberated through her body. They stirred, and she knew that this was her only chance.

"This is where it ends!" Shirona rushed forward, putting everything she had into this next attack. Her legs screamed at her to stop, and her back ached painfully so, but still, she pushed herself to. She gritted her teeth as she leaped forward, performing a Cannon Ball with every bit of power she had, curling in the air so her back was to them. Her big butt collided face-first with their chest, earning another scratchy gasp as they suddenly went still.

Shirona gritted her teeth as her shoulder slammed onto the floor. All that mattered to her now was winning the match for those who believed in her. She pinned her foe, bracing herself for the next part.

"1!"

Shirona gulped. They didn't move, and for a moment, she worried that she might have overdone it by using her Magecraft like that. Still, a part of her was happy that they weren't resisting and that the match would finally end.

"2!"

Shirona tightened her grip and held her breath, closing her eyes. Whatever happened next happened, even if her win was torn from the jaws of victory.

"3!"

The moment Shirona heard that she relaxed. All the tension she had, left her body, and she could finally breathe easily again.

"AND WE FINALLY HAVE OUR WINNER FOLKS! IT WAS TOUCH AND GO FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT IN THE END, SHIRONA HAS FINALLY PROVEN HERSELF TO BE THE VICTOR OF THIS FIGHT!"

Shirona jumped as her foe disappeared, almost toppling over. She stared at the arena floor, her body swaying from side to side.

“That was...so much harder than I thought it would be.” Shirona panted, forcing herself to strike a pose. “Still, Justice has prevailed!”



The crowd cheered with her as smoke filled the stage, but Shirona was far too focused on regaining her bearings. As the world spun, her chest bounced with her heavy, labored breathing. She wiped her sweaty brow, her arms feeling like mush.

Footsteps caught Shirona's attention, making her gulp. She slowly turned fearfully, wondering if this was a sudden second round now, but relaxed when she saw Nela's proud smile.

Nela grinned. “Welcome to the wrestling league kid.”

The world went quiet to Shirona, who could only stare at her sempai in awe.

Nela laughed. “C'mon, sitting down isn't something the winner should do.”

“What?” Shirona looked at Nela in awe. Her heart stilled, hoping she heard what she thought she heard again.

Nela beamed with such a warm smile it almost brought Shirona to tears. "Welcome to Hell's Arena, kid."

Shirona's tears returned, and her body shook, but she let them out this time. She wiped her tears. Despite the pain her body was in, she

"Thank you!" Shirona cried as she eagerly shook her hand, absolute joy going through her at getting in. "Thank you for helping me reach my dream of becoming a heroic wrestler Nela!"

Nela pulled Shirona into a hug, one that Shirona happily returned. "Don't worry, I'm just happy I could help you get there."

Unknown to the Shirona, Rodin, and Kiriko had watched the match in the former's suite, Asuna and Leafa acting as their waitresses. Neither said anything as they cuddled and watched the show, one with an appraising eye and the other with bored disdain.

Kiriko said. "Heh, so we got another scrub joining the league. I wondered when you would nab someone else."

Rodin said. "Worried?"

"As if I've got anything to worry about!" Kiriko denied with a cocky smirk. "With the way that she was struggling, it's clear that she's nothing more than a fat assed bitch who barely knows anything about wrestling. I could beat her without breaking a damn sweat!"

"Well then perhaps after she's managed to get a little more used to dealing with some monsters then you could take a swing at her."

"Heh, that sounds like it would be fun. Unfortunately, Nela won't give her a proper initiation, and someone needs to make sure that a newbie like her knows her place. But, I'm going to enjoy playing with that dumptruck ass and showing it off to the crowd."

Rodin snorted, wondering how a brawl between Shirona and Kiriko would go. He was sure that a lovely young lady like Shirona wouldn't go down without a fight. Still, Kiriko had plenty of experience fighting monsters and Nela, even if she never won a match against the second. Either way, a sexy brawl between them would certainly get people going.

"Hey, Rodin. Do you...think that I could handle the next one? I want to have a little fun, and making someone into a horny slut was fun as fuck when I was getting us these cows." Kiriko said, almost looking like a shy wallflower as she pointed at Asuna and Leafa.

Rodin could only chuckle at that. He should have known that after seeing Shirona's transformation, Kiriko would want to get in on transforming someone. "I don't see why not. I already have some targets in mind for who should join us next. All you gotta do is pick from those, and then we can go from there."

Kiriko grinned. "Perfect, let me see the papers, and I'll pick out the perfect dickweed to make into something meaningful!"

"Is that all, or did seeing him transform, also get you aroused?"

"...I could go for a round."

"Well then perhaps later tonight I could help you deal with that little problem you have."

"We both know you're going to be too focused on that damn noob to help me deal with this itch I got. Don't worry about me, I got two thicc bitches here to keep me entertained until then." Kiriko chuckled, looking at Asuna and Leafa.

"Heh, got a point there," Rodin said as he got out of his seat. "I'll send you the files tomorrow and then you can go through them and then pick your target."

"Good, that gives me plenty of time to play with these dumb cows and get the noggin rolling." Kiriko grinned. She whistled and called them over with a smug, hungry, ravenous look.

"...You're making it very hard to leave. I hope you know that." Rodin chuckled. It was almost a shame that he had to leave in what he was sure would be an incredible show, but he had a new wrestler to greet. She was probably a little nervous now that she was officially on their roster, even if Nela was there to help and welcome her. He should show her how welcomed and appreciated she is and let her know if she needs anything, she can come to him for help.

"That's the plan. And you better let me know how that is later!"

"Will do, Kiriko, will do."

"So is there anything else that I need to know?" Shirona said, sitting across from Nela in the champion's lounge room. "Is there a set training schedule or anything?"

"Oh, there isn't too much of one. You'll know when the fighting you got a fight coming up, but as for training, that's on you. We also have a modeling gig as well so some time will be set aside for that as well, but aside from that we have plenty of free time to do what we want."

"Wait, modeling gig?" Shirona squeaked as her face darkened. "I didn't know you guys model as well."

"Of course we do. We got the goods for it, so we might as well flaunt them outside of the wrestling ring. You're not weirded out or nervous about that part, are you?"

"Well...no, but it seems a little much to give a rookie like me. I doubt people will care if I'm in them, especially since you're already in them."

"Aww, thanks little miss humble, but don't sell yourself short. You're quite the beauty too. Don't worry about it, I'm sure you'll have your fans. Either way, it's entirely optional, and you aren't forced into it or anything. If you don't want to do it, then just tell the boss man, and you won't have to."

Shirona explained awkwardly. "Oh, I don't think that I'll do that then, the modeling I mean. I don't feel comfortable enough doing that."

Nela laughed. "C'mon girl you have a nice body too. You might not be as big as Kiriko and me in the bust department, but you're still a beauty and make up for it with that butt of yours. Oh, should warn you now, Kiriko is a little rough on the edges and has a bit of a mouth on her, but don't let that stop you from talking to her. Show her some spine or else she'll just play with you like a life-sized doll."

"Thank. Is there anything I need to know?"

"When it comes to your off time, feel free to do what you want. Kiriko is a streamer and plays games when she's not busy, I like to build stuff and go monster hunting when I'm not exercising or modeling. What do you like to do?"

"I like cooking."

"Then perhaps you can start a cooking show or something. I'm sure that you would get quite the crowd. If it wouldn't be any problem would you be willing to have me on as a taste tester?"

Shirona laughed. "I'm sure that something could be arranged."

A man said. "I see that you're helping our newest wrestler feel right at home Nela."

The two women turned, and Shirona blushed at the sight of a tall, handsome blonde man. Her heart pounded in her chest, and she shimmied where she sat. She puckered her lips and imagined what it would be like to have a hunk like this play with her body.

Shirona thought. 'Suddenly, the idea of becoming a model doesn't seem so bad.'

Especially if it would get Rodin's attention. The more she looked at him, the more her loins raged. Her fingers curled, wanting to rip off her clothes and let him have her way with her.

"Rodin!" Nela leaped at him. She wrapped her arms around him and hungrily kissed him, pressing her immense jugs against his chest. His arms wrapped around her body, making her shiver in delight. One went down the small of her back, while the other squeezed her enormous luscious rump. Finally, the two broke apart and turned to Shirona. "Shirona this is the head of Hell's Arena, our wonderful and hunky manager, Rodin."

"Oh...nice to meet you, sir," Shirona said as she stood up, struggling to hold her disappointment back.

Nela noticed the disappointment that Shirona had and couldn't help but laugh. She moved away from Rodin and patted Shirona's back with a smile, earning a questioning look from her. "Oh don't worry if you want to go a round with Rodin you're more than able to do so. Kiriko is also dating Rodin as well, so if you want in jut say so. Hell, sometimes our wrestling matches are to see who gets to have the next date night or something."

Shirona stuttered, her face darkening immensely. "S-Seriously?"

"Oh yeah, trust me, Rodin is more than welcome to it, and he will make you feel right at home."

Rodin whispered in Shirona's other ear. "She's right you know."

Shirona relaxed and let out a saucy moan, her mind becoming little more than mush as he massaged her rear end. She snuggled against him, her hands caressing his broad, muscular chest.

"You might be the smallest of the girls in terms of boob size but I can tell that your ass is the biggest." Rodin squeezed and played with Shirona's buttocks, ass flesh spilling between his fingers. He groaned. "And what a mighty fine ass you have."

'Well, if everyone else was willing, why shouldn't I participate?'

Besides, if Rodin could please the two of them, then she could only imagine how skilled he was, and she was sure that Rodin could teach her a few things. And a little friendly competition would help her improve, especially with a prize like Rodin on the line.

Epilogue

Shirona beamed at the happy looks she got from the people. She wrapped her arm around another patron and posed for another picture. For a moment, she winced in pain before she became accustomed to it and relaxed, making sure to keep the smile that she had up. It was a good thing the league had magic to heal her. Otherwise, she would have been on the mend for over a few weeks.

"I think it's time we head back now," Rodin said.

"I can go for just a little longer," Shirona said. Again another throb came from her upper back that made her wince.

"You don't want the people to see their hero hurt do you? Besides, even heroes need a break after a hard fight."

Shirona opened her mouth to deny him but closed them after a moment, her smile dying ever so slightly. Her eyes roamed over the crowd. She waved at them, her smile returning to its previous peak. "Thank you, everyone for coming, but it's time for us to head back. I'll see you all after the next showing! This is a hero's promise!"

The people cheered and smiled at her, making her heart flutter in glee. *'I have lived up to my duty as their wrestling hero.'*

Shirona let Rodin lead her to the back, savoring the warmth coming from his body. She ran her hands over his impressive muscles, admiring the hardness and envisioning what she would do with them later. Thankfully, she didn't have to deal with Nela and Kiriko tonight.

"Hope when the next date night is up in the air I can pull out a win somehow when I go up against Nela...and Kiriko," Shirona muttered, saying the latter's name with a little less enthusiasm.

"As if you stand a fucking chance."

They looked and saw Kiriko standing down the hall. She was dressed in her wrestling garb and had a cocky smirk.

Shirona breathed through her nose. "Kiriko. What do you want?"

"I just wanted to see Rodin and how you newbie was doing after your match. You look like you were having some trouble there rookie. Was that ass of yours proving to be too much handle? Had trouble with that wide load?"

"My butt isn't an issue. My opponent was just that good."

"Oh please, they fucking sucked. I would have crushed them in seconds, just like how I'm going to crush this gnat." Kiriko caressed Rodin's cheek and then kissed him on the lips.

Shirona tightened her grip, glaring at Kiriko. Kiriko chuckle. "Oh, stop it. You couldn't intimidate a damn puppy. I'm just taking a little good luck before my match, though if Rodin wants to after, I'm more than game for a bit of fun in the sack."

Kiriko sauntered off, swaying her hips as she went to enter the ring. “Now watch me prove why I’m the best.”

“You’re record with Nela says otherwise!”

Kiriko stumbled for a moment. Then, she flipped her off, making Shirona smirk.

Her interaction with the dark-haired girl had been negative, no matter what she had tried. Even now, Kiriko was the same abrasive...bitch she had been since they first met.

She seemed to ease up only when she had her cooking. Since then, she had kept it away from Kiriko while making it for herself and Nela. Seeing her get so frustrated and try to steal her food was a little amusing, if annoying.

A smack on her butt brought Shirona out of her thoughts. She squirmed as her nether regions ached for attention. Her butt pushed against his hand, begging him to grab it again.

“Relax, you’ll have your shot at Kiriko soon,” Rodin said, which earned another smile from Shirona. He chuckled. “Now then let’s get you healed and then head out somewhere nice. I got a wonderful five-star restaurant we can go to in mind.”

“Cancel that reservation, I’ll handle the cooking,” Shirona said, and her glee grew at Rodin’s smile. With her cooking, they would get to the fun part sooner. Truly, joining Hell’s Arena was the best decision she had ever made.