

CHEEP MEALS

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I see you’re busy as always, Cat-san chirp!” The high pitched voice of what looked to be a child Servant echoed throughout the kitchen of Chaldea as the gaze of the foxcatdog preparing meals for the evening shifted slightly downward to meet the eyes of the girl that had spoken. For all intents and purposes the speaker was not a child in actuality despite her form resembling one. Beni-enma was a youkai and so her form did not speak to her age, and her trip to the kitchen had merely been one of favor on her part.

Regarded as the most talented chef by many, Servants in the kitchen often sought her guidance on how to better prepare their dishes and she was happy to oblige... just so long as they could withstand her scathing criticism. Tamamo Cat, for example, was relatively skilled. More-so than the Servant meant to be her original, for Cat’s feelings were purer and came through her cooking.

“Oh! If it isn’t Beni-enma-sama! Cat has been busy all day, but if you wouldn’t mind sampling some and giving some feedback I would be forever grateful wan!” With all these woofs and chirps one might think themselves in a kitchen at the zoo, but while the formal was a verbal tick, the first was merely a result of Beni-enma’s nature. While the sound seemed to come from her mouth when she talked, it was actually the bird atop her head conveying her words and so the chirping was inevitable.

Beni-enma nodded and glanced at the counter, a number of dishes neatly aligned for mass consumption. If she was to base them on aesthetics alone, it would be best to rip off the bandage and try the one that looked the least appealing. There was a bowl of something or other that essentially seemed like a porridge drink, but on closer inspection it could only be a bowl of kykeon could it not? Bold of Tamamo Cat to attempt to create a Greek delicacy. Its design was plain and texture looked rough,

however that did not stop Beni-enma from tasting a spoonful. A spoonful that immediately knocked her out cold.

That'd be an *F* from her.

The youkai Servant wasn't sure how long it had passed since she'd tasted that kykeon, but she eventually stirred in a room that was not the cafeteria. Raising her head from the bed she'd been nestled on it actually looked to be the workshop that the tiny Leonardo da Vinci used on a daily basis, though the Rider was nowhere to be seen. In fact, things all felt unusually quiet. **"Where is my headgear"** That was her next question, although she hadn't meant to speak it aloud. Actually... **"EH!?"** The shock of it made her cry out. The shock of the fact that she'd just spoken with her *own* voice. Robbed of her headpiece, it also seemed she'd been robbed of the sparrow that was generally perched atop her head. **"How is this possible? I shouldn't be able to..."**

Pushing herself off the bed that was snuggled in the corner of the workshop, the sparrow swayed from side to side after feet touched the ground. Her mind usually clear, her movements generally preordained, she still felt somewhat sluggish compared to her usual vigor. Was the kykeon the cause? If so, she could only fathom the ingredients that had been shoved inside to not only render a Servant unconscious but then leave them physically weakened in the aftermath. Could her new-found ability to speak, too, be seen as the kykeon's effect?

If so, that was a rather terrible discovery and one she'd need to report to da Vinci as soon as possible. Thinking this, the door became her destination in hopes she'd stumble upon a friendly face to speak with, but she only got halfway across the room before two things seemingly occurred in tandem. The first was something black falling down between her eyes, an object she saw as strikingly familiar even as it collided with the ground with a thud. The second was a building pressure on either side of her head that was soon accompanied by an almost blinding pain as it felt like something erupted from her skull. The force of the explosion forced Saber's head down, enough to bring her to stare at the object that had fallen from her person.

It was her horn. The beak-like, black horn that was typically found in the center of her forehead while parting her hair. Seeing something that was a part of her body just laying on the ground like that cursed the bird with some nausea, but for all she knew that unsettling feeling could have been from the pain still pointed on either side of her skull, which felt almost twice as heavy as it had before. Tiny hands reached up with reluctance to feel for blood, but while no liquid was ultimately discovered they eventually smacked into a pair of somethings protruding from her head. Their bases were thick, and as fingers trailed across them they bent and grew upward into a point. Much like the horn that laid upon the ground this was merely a pair of brand new horns, though their feel and design was far different from the one with which she was accustomed.

Even bringing a hand down to her side brought with it new discovery, as fingers smacked right into cartilage that extended farther than it should have. It was the cartilage of her ear, having practically tripled in size and pulled out into long points of their own. **“What is... this *can't* be happening...”** The infliction used on her words was becoming more varied as Beni-enma's very demeanor was slowly falling under the influence of that which had granted her that pair of tusk-like horns and pointed ears. Her whole body felt strangely slovenly as the attempt to reach the door quickly faded and was replaced by a subconscious desire to wait out the rest of what was to come.

The balance brought to her by her wooden okobo sandals was immediately challenged, the tabi socks that wrapped her feet likewise growing uncomfortable and restrictive in their binding. Beni-enma was forced to kick the footwear off, wood clacking melodiously against a nearby wall as she struggled to pull the tabi off. The feet that were freed did not resemble what the bird knew them to be. Toes larger, heel possessing a sharper incline, it was actually the light pink painting of the nails and how dark the skin around them was that captivated her attention. That coloration was spreading, too, a natural tan that wasn't overly dark overlaying her ankles and seeing them slightly broaden as it danced up each leg.

Beni-enma did not wear anything binding on her lower body. The skirt she wore stopped just short of her thighs typically, but the gap between this lip and the top of her thighs became more substantiated as skin was continuously dyed dark and the overall length of either appendage seemed to stretch upward with bone that both lengthened and strengthened. The lower peak of her undergarments could be seen poking out from beneath the skirt by the tip growth sought her thighs in a completely different manner. They bubbled uncomfortably, skin stretching as fat seeped in and saw them grow plump and tantalizing. Their tanned coloration shone under the bright lights of the workshop, their shaved sheen the focus of the Servant's attention until she felt her skirt rip behind her.

“Ah!?” It was incredibly hard to move her head with the gigantic horns pulling from her skull, yet she managed to turn around and look behind her to see the cause of the rip. Her legs had grown longer, thighs more fatty and adult, but it appeared her rear had been assigned a similar fate. Ass cheeks had erupted dramatically and could no longer be confused with those of a child. Her plain white undergarments were wedged right in between cheeks that were essentially three times the size they'd been, skin just as tanned as the rest of her lower body had become. It felt uncomfortable to have her panties threading her pussy, and so she pulled them down before the hand that had worked this project grazed her thighs and reached back to give her plump butt a curious squeeze. She couldn't help but gasp. It was so sensitive!

Withdrawing her fingers after that experiment saw that contact with an already transformed part of her body would spread the changes to any area that they'd come into contact with. Caramel had seeped into her fingertips, nails long and painted pink just as she'd found her toes to be. **“It's so strange. I feel like I'm**

becoming someone else. I can barely... How do I cook? Simple dishes come to mind, but uhm... What about super complicated stuff?" Her wit was deteriorating as her Saint Graph faded, a body born of magic particles exchanged for one of plain old flesh and blood. Both hands having come into contact with one another saw both arms growing longer much like her legs had, flesh remaining tender while becoming notably bulkier. It was very clear that she was more muscular now, though there was still something notably dainty about her appearance. Even though her torso stretched with new height, leaving a tanned bellybutton exposed, in the end she hadn't really grown all that much taller. Ten centimeters? Twelve? Only an inch or two at best, really.

Not that she was done growing, it was just that height was not something that would see any further significance in added size. For one, the short crimson hair she kept had begun to tumble down her back as a set of wavy, blonde locks. For two, her tummy was left more and more revealed as her kimono was yanked upward and felt substantially tighter thanks to her... *chest*.

"Chirp!" This was a chirp of the Servant's own volition, and perhaps the last chirp she'd ever make from surprise. Fingers worked quickly at her upper layer as she felt hardened nipples burrow into her kimono to the point that she could see their imprints from the outside, tightness rounding around a pair of lumps that she could only assume had once been her lacking A-cup tits. Finally managing to free them by using the last of her Servant strength to tear away the cloth, what spilled out was a pair of breasts that were easily a D-cup and continuing to rise and round, destabilizing her posture. **"Why are these boobs so big!?"** Beni-enma, surely, would never have been caught using a word like 'boobs'. There just wasn't much left of Beni-enma in her anymore.

Her garb tattered, G-cup tits hanging from her chest as thighs were left supple and completely on display, the woman finally lost the remaining traits that would have made her recognizable as her face conformed. Face did not become plumper as the rest of her body did. It instead became leaner, sharper, with a soft jaw and a pointed chin. Eyes were momentarily forced shut as crimsons gave way for golds, her vision weaker than a Servant's when they finally reopened. Overall her complexion had a much more mature look than the childish one Beni-enma had been cursed with.

But then again, she couldn't even remember that name name. Kumbhira. It was the name she knew herself by. A friend of boars, she'd come to Chaldea... why? Why was she here, and why did her past feel so disjointed? It was almost like her history had been broken up into pieces that allowed her to be here, but at the same time barely any of it connected.

Maybe the answers were on the other side of that door? With a hop and a skip, the clothing that clung unfittingly to her body and in tatters around her exploded into a blast of golden particles that began to spin around the Draph, whom saw it as a normal occurrence. Before long they had reshaped, giving her a costume that accentuated tanned thighs, navel, and cleavage while working to stylishly cover up

everything else. She wouldn't focus on the hows and whys, she just wanted to figure out why she was here.

But on the other side of the door was a surprise. "Oh!" It was practically a squeal of delight as she found an assortment of baby boars waiting for her, their snouts pointed at the door just when it opened. It was interesting, they were all dressed up in cute little costumes! One was clad in a blue dress and armor, another styled like an idol, one more wearing a big hat... they almost looked like little people, just as boars!

...And it would certainly be the last time that Circe was allowed to prepare her kykeon in the kitchen.

It was so potent that she couldn't even turn all those Servants back.