

PURELY YOG

MAY 2019 REQUEST STORY

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Kiara had grown so terribly *bored*. There was always so much happening and, even when not faced with a Lostbelt, her Master was always taking Servants out to gather materials for the Wandering Sea and to raise them to a stronger point. But despite it all her Master never once invited her out on these excursions. It was like on advice from some of those she'd scorned in the past -- Nero or Tamamo came to mind, but that didn't make it anymore frustrating, nor did it occupy her time.

She could only make so many rounds of Chaldea's temporary base before she lost her mind, and from boredom usually came the inspiration to do things she shouldn't. For example: toying with a child she kept bumping into.

The girl was a Servant, that Kiara knew. It seemed she was of that strange Foreigner class, though the details about her beyond that and her name of '*Abigail Williams*'. So she was the child that had been blamed for the deaths of numerous women after accusing them of being witches? Interesting, though she could vaguely recall an incident a couple of years ago where Chaldea had intervened in an emergency like that.

But stories and uncertainties didn't halt her from toying with the girl now and again, even if it could be frustrating. The girl was so young that she didn't seem to understand the innuendos or sexual references; she exuded a purity Kiara couldn't comprehend. And it was for that reason that she'd found her *raison d'être*. She'd just corrupt this one herself as a joke -- that's how she'd pass it off at least.

And so she'd invited the child to her quarters one eve, the girl unaware of what was about to happen. She knocked the girl out cold before tentacles crept from the void in her stomach, wrapping around Abigail and pulling her within. In her womb she could be remade darker, more corrupt. At least that had been the plan, up until the point the Demon Pillars within had spewed her out. "**What!?**" *That* had never happened before.

And then came the voices. Were they speaking a human language? *No*, it was little more than chattering and screaming in her head. She should have been immune to mental interference, let alone from another Chaldea Servant which only begged the question: *who or what?*

One final scream from the voice sent a reverberation not only through Kiara's body but also her soul and Saint Graph. It was a chilling screech that served as a warning not to cease an action, but a warning of the punishment she'd already accrued through her attack on Abigail. The punishment would be fitting of the crime, the corrupter would become the purified. That was what Yog-Sothoth decreed.

Abigail's body remained restful on the ground before Kiara, whom was still in the process of taking a moment to recover from the sensation that had just racked through her entire being. The Bodhisattva's intents had not changed, of course, and the desire to corrupt the spirit of the youngling before her did not waver. Whatever had launched that attack on her seemed to have failed, and far be it for a woman as persistent as herself to give quarter thanks to what she deemed nothing more than a scare tactic.

Nails reached beneath the center of her breasts, ready to grasp the fundamental ribbon that allowed her to open her womb of Demon Pillars and engulf the girl a second time. Kiara gave a sharp tug to the sensation of absolutely nothing. Rather, her long nails had merely dug into her skin to leave a small scratch. "**Hm?**" A second attempt was made with the same result laid bare. For some reason she couldn't access her Noble Phantasm. "**How peculiar. So did you do something to me after all, little girl?**" Despite the severity of the situation the woman still wore an expression of ecstasy. Being outplayed was getting her hot and bothered, just like *pretty much everything* tended to.

Fingers drifted idly to her breast, a good fondle her intended action as she pondered just what she might have been afflicted with. Her outfit, as always, left truly little to the imagination as what passed for breast support fit snugly, their mass spilling out either side for all to marvel at. But as she went to place an entire breast in the palm of her hand she was met by a peculiar wardrobe malfunction: the white cloth that usually fit

so perfectly was hanging loose in her palm before she'd even touched skin. An eyebrow raised with apparent anger as she realized why: the mass of her tits wasn't what she was accustomed to. Their roundness had withdrawn, areola declined. It was only a few inches of bust so far, but difference was noticeable.

Yet it wasn't a transformation limited solely to her bust. The lustful body Kiara prided herself upon was undergoing substantial change in tandem with itself to prevent a physical upset if one area transformed quicker than another. The earliest signs were more apparent in her womanly figure than anywhere else, and like her breasts above her ass below saw substantial limitation in its size.

Her butt was always so soft and wanting, but fat slipped away little by little until its definition was put into question, thighs following suit as they became subtly leaner. She was fortunate that the design of what counted as underwear below was built into the entire ensemble, and so even though she'd loss mass and the attire had become ill fitting, it was still held up into the correct spot. Though it was beginning to hang closer to the ground as her height was slowly compromised as well.

Was it the loss of mass or something else that had snapped Kiara free of her desire to touch herself? Under normal circumstance such a transformation might have gotten her motor running on overdrive, such a bizarre turn of events appealing to the masochist in her (*though to be fair she was equal parts sadist as well*), but instead she'd pulled hands away from her body entirely with fingers curled in apparent disgust.

As much as she wanted to touch herself, there was something screaming at her in the back of her mind to *not*. Not out of a lack of desire, but more like a fundamental acknowledgement that such a gesture was considered indecent. Yet Kiara had never cared for what was decent or not, she merely cared about pleasure. But was pleasure something that could only be satisfied via lust?

Attention was drawn away from her internal debate as the sound of something cracking could be heard from above. Light began to shine from within the horns she coveted so as they were deemed unnecessary by whatever power was reforming her. Cracks started at the base and quickly traveled up the length of each protrusion, before the completely shattered into gold dust that dissipated towards the ceiling.

She didn't need those anyways. They weren't suitable for a well-behaved child.

Er...

Headpiece of white and gold that had been held up by her horns fluttered to the ground behind her without their pillars there to keep them upright anymore, and in the process, it revealed that the woman's roots had become exceptionally blonde, contrary to the Japanese roots she was accustomed to.

Already eight centimeters of height had been lost, and when she finally found the courage to touch her chest for just a moment, she could help but note just how much smaller they'd gotten. Her tits before had been envied and sought after, a pair of gratuitous mounds that beckoned the gaze of the horny. Now they were no bigger than a high B cup and shrinking, shame only properly covered by an overabundance of cloth that was looking more and more out of place on her shrinking body.

Hands moved to cover her pussy the moment she'd realized it had been left exposed by panties that were now hanging so low that they almost touched the ground beneath her. She grasped the strings that once hugged her so tightly and held them up so that nothing was exposed, from thighs that were almost void of any definition to a butt that had gone from a pair of enormous peach cheeks to a tiny fruit that's firmness only lied in an absence of development.

The trio of purple dots that were seen upon Kiara's forehead began to fade away one after another, leaving face bare as restructuring swept through it. A Japanese beauty once, widening eyes and narrower cheeks suggested a more European appearance even as golden eyes turned the very same blue as the ocean. Hopping up onto the nearby bed so that the clothing around her pelvis wasn't such an issue, this allowed her hands to reach up and squish cheeks that felt both round and unfamiliar, lips robbed of definition. The blonde that had started in the roots of her hair had swept through the entirety of their form now, bangs parted in the center to reveal a gratuitous forehead.

A tiny hand was held to her chest. Not out of any lewd intent, but she'd found a little peace in feeling her heartbeat. To say her breasts were gone beneath was incorrect, rather they'd shrunk down to a state prior to puberty. Her entire body was like that, mirroring the child sleeping on the ground short of how her hair seemed to be slightly curled in comparison to Abigail's straight locks.

From Kiara's point of view everything felt wrong. She could remember what she used to look like and how she used to act, but she had no desire to pursue that lifestyle anymore. As her mind had regressed to better fit her new, younger shell, innuendos and sexual information had practically been knocked out of her mind. She could just recall that it was all very *gross*. "*Hate...*", she murmured to herself in a shriller voice

as she thought of the old Kiara Sesshouin. It was much better being this way, like Abi.

Speaking of... the child finally stirred, pushing herself up onto her hands and knees on the floor before looking around. **“Hm? Did I fall asleep in someone else’s room? Was I being a bad girl again?”** Her musing went unanswered as eyes of blue met an identical pair perched upon the bed in a set of ill-fitting clothes that were quite shameful in design. They had no right to be tossed on a twelve year old girl. And that girl was... Kiara, right? Somehow Abigail felt like that form was wrong, but she also recognized her as a twin sister. She couldn’t quite recall how things were different, and single-minded as she was the very thought was tossed aside.

Abigail rose to her feet and dusted her dress off a moment, hastily skipping over to where Kiara was seated before she fumbled with one of the bows in her hair. Reaching out after freeing it, she placed it in the curly hair of her silent doppelganger, then reaching down to grab the other girl’s hands in her own. **“It suits you!”** Abigail exclaimed innocently.

“Does it?” Kiara’s cheeks painted themselves red as the gesture embarrassed her. These clothes, too, were embarrassing. Maybe that older version of herself would have liked it, but she just wanted to bundle up in something better suited for a child.

“Mhm! Do you wanna go play with the others?”

Her sister was so innocent in nature, but then again wasn’t that true about Kiara’s own nature now? The thought of going to play with other children her age made her heart skip a beat. She didn’t want anything to do with the world of adults anymore. She just wanted to play with her sister and their friends. **“Mhm! But Abi... can I borrow some of your clothes?”** She *really* couldn’t face the public dressed like that, and Abigail had the same size as her.

“Of course, Kiara!” Abi gave the girl a little tug, before reaching down to wrap the headpiece from earlier around Kiara’s waist. **“Let’s go play!”**

“Yeah!”