

# CONTINGENCY PLAN

## JULY REQUEST STORY

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**“Fate? Is something bothering you?”**

Red eyes, which had been staring off into space, focused back on the pair sitting across the table in front of her. The first was a wolf-like individual – Alph, her loyal companion. The second was a girl the same age as herself with brown hair and big eyes. Nanoha Takamachi. The one dazing off into space had been Fate Testarossa, a girl of nine years old, blonde hair tied up into a pair of twin tails that settled behind her with knees tucked within the same tatami mat she shared with the others.

**“No... It’s nothing.”** Quiet as always, she brooded over whether or not that response was the correct one. She and Alph had visited Nanoha today on invitation, a play date of sorts, and yet Fate herself had been far too distracted by her personal goings on that she hadn’t been able to properly enjoy it. She’d been wracked by strange dreams.

*No*, more like nightmares. Memories of her evil, abusive mother that had utilized Fate in her schemes before her life was ultimately taken. Fate had largely moved past the trauma of those days, but as of late memories had begun to resurface and it had tormented her in her sleep as well. Nightmares of her mother Presea, memories of the girl she was cloned from, Alicia, and memories of Presea’s evil plans to bring Alicia back to life no matter the cost.

Fate had been nothing more than collateral meant to serve Presea’s purposes in the end. A puppet designed to live and die for the sake of Alicia’s revival. But the past wasn’t the present, and Fate was trying to forge her own future alongside her new friends and family.

**“You know, Fate-chan, you look a little pale. Do you need to use the bathroom?”**

Nanoha piped up next, a look of concern plastered across her features. Come to think of it she had been feeling a little clammy for a while now, at the very least she could go wash her face? Quietly Fate nodded and rose from the tatami, making her way out the door with Alph and Nanoha watching with worry as she did so.

The trip to the Takamachi bathroom wasn't a long one. It was only a couple of rooms away from the living room they'd been sitting in. Because Nanoha's parents were out for the day, even Alph had been able to take her humanoid form without raising concerns of being found out. It wasn't a particularly spacious bathroom, just enough to fit the basic amenities like a shower, toilet, and sink with a large mirror in front of it.

Upon examining said mirror was the moment Fate understood what Nanoha had meant. She didn't just look pale, or at least it was a more dramatic lack of color than the girl had been expecting to see, and even the short walk to the washroom had seen sweat matting bangs to her face. Was she getting sick?

She ran the sink a moment, splashing water on her face to try and remove the sweat before wiping it off with a towel. She naturally glanced back to make sure she'd gotten it all, but what she saw made her jump back. As if out of her nightmares, Presea's face was staring back at her. Emotionless at first, but eventually it smiled. *'You're mine now, Fate'*. Words weren't spoken but instead she heard the voice in the back of her head, as if it was clawing itself out of some sort of restraint.

The woman in the mirror disappeared, leaving Fate's reflection plain once more. Her heart ached both from shock and the resurfacing trauma, as well as worry about the voice she'd just heard. These worries were only amplified however when she did notice one thing awry with her reflection. Matted to her paler face was a single strand of hair that didn't match her usual golden blondes. It was wavier, far wavier than her typical straight styling, but beyond that the color was off as well. A dark purple that looked as if age had begun to suckle at its vibrancy, a color she knew all too well as the color of her mother's hair.

**“That's impossible...”**, she murmured in awe, plucking the strand out with her right index finger and thumb so that she could gaze up at it. The color and texture were both identical to what she could recall of Presea's, and even then with her hand in front of her she could see that it wasn't merely her hair that was amiss. The nails upon her fingers had grown longer and conspicuously painted themselves purple, color standing apparent against fingers that had paled similarly to her face.

Fight or flight kicked in, but there was no fight to fight. And flight? Quickly running to Nanoha and Alph was clearly the correct choice of action, but something about that idea scared her. Was it actually fear? Yes, but not born of insecurity. The thought of those two in her heart of hearts fed a sudden disdain for the both of them. This was her chance to kill them. Accompanying that was also a different kind of loathing.

Self-loathing. She hated herself... She hated Fate Testarossa... *for not being her dear Alicia.*

Body quivering, her lips quaked as they too were painted purple, their volume notably enhanced by the shading despite the lipstick not the only culprit behind their increased definition. Paired with a worsening complexion, her smooth and childish skin worsening in quality as the paling only increased, her lips had grown just the slightest bit thicker. It was part of the changes that would follow, a progression of age that would see her far beyond the age of nine in a matter of moments.

Fate had come to Nanoha's wearing a simple, pink hoodie and a pleated, white skirt. The sweater was a little baggy, but it was comfortable and that was all that mattered in the end. That comfort was quickly being tested as her body sprung not only upward but outward. Her chin had rested just above the sink at first, but before she knew it her chest was poking up over it. Taller? She was growing taller?

Hands gripped the counter to lessen the possibility she might fall over from these sudden changes, elongated nails clacking with little familiarity against the marble it was composed of. Even as they held on, tiny digits slithered forward, their structure growing bonier and worn even as nails reached the sink proper, her palm fully cupping the ledge when it couldn't before.

She needed to bend her elbows at different angles arms creaked into longer positioning, hairless limbs showing signs of thin, barely visible hairs sprouting across them. Muscle developed, subtly to say the least, giving arms an appearance that wasn't quite soft but wasn't quite firm either. Because of their increased length and thickness however, the sweater Fate had been wearing strained against her skin, sleeves now only reaching just past her elbows and shoulders clenched incredibly tight, only for the material to rip in the back the moment her shoulder popped into a broader gait.

Downward, legs succumbed to a similar destiny. She'd been wearing children's sized socks of course, but it didn't take very much growth for them to slide naturally down to her toes, whose skin crinkled and hardened as they grew bigger, her heel broader to the point that feet practically ached. As she rose upward because of the length of each leg bolstering her that way, knees popped and hips forced them inward, a woman's maturity taking the figure of a young girl away.

Skirt fanned outward as hips tripled in width, the front and back forced upward to reveal her plain white undergarments beneath them. While it couldn't be seen with the cloth obscuring her pelvis, purple pubic hairs did snake upward, curled much like the hair atop her head was succumbing to. Genitals saw age and wear pressed upon them, her target form a mother that had already birthed a child.

Integrity of the children's panties was inevitably pushed beyond a breaking point as the flesh around her lower body began to swell, promising a fuller figure that Fate would undoubtedly recognize thanks to Presea generally dressing in a way that

showed her thighs off. Removing one hand from the counter, she couldn't help but press a manicured finger into the flesh beneath her hips as thighs grew more prominent, more supple. But much like her face the skin atop of them showed signs of age, which was to be expected as Presea was a woman that had already passed her fiftieth birthday. She'd always done her best to preserve her youth, but at the same time there was only so much that could be done.

Ass responded in kind, size bolstered by the same influx of fat that had taken her thighs. It took only as long as the broken undergarments fluttering to the ground for her butt to expand outward, firm at first but as age set in growing just the slightest bit droopy.

Fate didn't know where to look nor what to do. It was like her mind had frozen, fear and confusion paralyzing her. Her thoughts were washed, stuck between wanting to seek help and a bubbling amusement at her current circumstance. *'It was a good idea to put a fail safe in that miserable girl's body after all'*, one thought spoke to her. *'Now I can still revive Alicia'*, echoes another. Alicia... Alicia... It was an intense desire, one Fate was beginning to share. *Why couldn't I Fate be Alicia?*

A knock at the door disturbed her descent into madness, Alph's voice coming from the other side. **"Fate, you okay?"** So the animal was worried about her Fate? It was to be expected.

**"I'm fine!"**, she hissed back, in a voice perhaps too deep to go unnoticed. Rather, it very clearly wasn't her own voice, and she could hear the dog woman running back to the living room. It was fine. She only needed a few more moments for the assimilation to complete itself.

She had no choice but to struggle to remove the sweater Fate had worn as she felt the final changes begin. Gazing upon her reflection, a tired expression shone upon a face that was a combination of Fate's and her own, though it looked less and less like that clone's with every passing moment. She pursed her lips, little actions intent on helping check if her personality or Fate's was dominant. That girl was still struggling within, holding on to what was left, but she was losing. Fading. From Fate Testarossa a second Presea would be born.

Chest and stomach breathing without the tattered hoodie binding them, her hourglass curvature was on full display in the mirror. It wasn't a full figure, at least not until her breasts grew in, but in the meantime she could see the angle of her stomach better define itself. With age it became inevitable, and tummy saw just the slightest touch of overbite over the skirt that still clung tirelessly to her torso. It looked stupid, so she ripped it off too.

Then came the grand finale, her fingers grazing her nipples as she felt her chest begin to swell. Almost like a water balloon being filled, they surged forth without relent, as if filling pre-made containers formed by loosening skin around her tits. Arousal took her, nipples pointed skyward as one hand tweaked one, before cupping

the tit itself and giving it a hearty jiggle. Presea had to make sure they were as remembered, and as an unusually firm D-cup for her age settled into her grasp she knew her changes to be complete.

Not a single strand of Fate's blonde locks remained atop her head, it all having deteriorated into curly, waning purple that went so far as to obscure one of her tired looking eyes. It sputtered far beyond her ass, almost touching the ground. This appearance was her ideal, and what remained of Fate's spirit had more or less been overcome by her personality as well. That failure of a child... In the very end, at least she served some purpose.

But for the time being? She needed to regroup. It would have been all too easy to kill the wolf and the brat had they not noticed, but footsteps running down the hall proved it was all but too late. The fact this assimilation had worked, however? It gave her a very interesting idea. Why not implement it on her enemies as well? She didn't need to create clones of herself, she could do other things...

Smirking, Presea Testarossa disappeared into thin air the very moment Nanoha and Alph crashed through the bathroom door. Fate was nowhere to be found, short of the scraps of clothing that laid around. They could only expect the worst, but they had their lead.

They didn't know how Presea had revived, but they knew finding her would find their friend.