

MADE IN ABYSSAL

OCTOBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



What happens when contact is made between that which shouldn't touch the realm of man, and invaders that seek to destroy it? Surely this would be a question hotly debated if scholars had known of this meeting, a union of evils in a world whose seas were dominated by the invasive entity known as the Abyssal Fleet.

Their quest for power drove their drones to the deepest depths of the sea, tirelessly questing for anything that even remotely resembled a weapon that could be used in their battle against the land dwelling humans. But while they hadn't found a weapon, they instead found *it*. A great and ancient evil that drove the sane to insanity that was by known by a very particular name in the human tongue.

Cthulu.

The Abyssals could only vaguely communicate with the monster, but once they had it had allowed for a partnership of sorts to blossom. The deity of insanity was largely sealed, its powers weakened. There were many keys required to release it, its tentacles leeching into world after world, dimension after dimension. The keys were likewise distributed throughout these worlds.

But Cthulu made the Abyssals an offer: lend it a fragment of their power, for they were compatible, and it would spread their influence to other worlds in exchange for those multidimensional sects taking time out of their schedule to seek these keys. The uppermost officials in the Abyssal Fleet agreed, and so Cthulu extended its tendrils across space and time itself to shape an Abyssal fleet in each realm it could touch.

It was fortunate that, in one such realm, it already had a being with close ties to its powers.

“Where did toto-sama get off to? We have so many deadlines comin’ up and I’m not about t’get ‘em all done myself.” Oei Katsushika had spent a busy day on her various art commissions, as was fairly standard of her at this point. Halloween was fast approaching and it seemed the season had inspired numerous, haunting concepts. Mister Blackbeard had asked for a horror manga where a magical girl gets trapped in a haunted mansion that slowly corrupts her, Master had asked her to try designing some unique Jack-O-Lanterns, and there were numerous more she hadn’t even started!

Her father, the octopus Hokusai, was *supposed* to be helping her with the workload and had agreed to as much, but it was already 10pm and she hadn’t seen him *all* day. Even worse, her productivity had constantly been plagued by momentary chills and bursts of fatigue. Was she getting sick? Servants were supposed to be typically immune to disease. But at the same time she hadn’t even considered her father’s disappearance and her off-putting physical condition might have been related.

And so Oei took leave of her messy room. In part because she wanted to look for the floating octopus, and in part because she wanted to wash up before grabbing a snack from the cafeteria. The bathing area wasn’t a very long walk from her room, but to her surprise things were eerily quiet inside. **“Huh. Usually this place is pretty full this late. Weird the lights are bein’ all flickery too. Ah well!”** It took a lot to phase Oei, clearly.

That wasn’t going to serve her well in the minutes that followed.

Within seconds the Foreigner had stripped free of her kimono and hung it on the back of her assigned locker. All of the floral hair pieces she wore tended to be a little difficult to unravel, but she managed to get them off in roughly another minute. But as the decorations were removed something troubling was revealed not to Oei, but the audience: the tips of her typically dark hair was, in places, a ghostly white that added to the unacknowledged, eerie allure of her current predicament.

Completely naked and vulnerable, it was then that an unforeseen opponent suddenly saw it as the opportune moment to strike. What was left of the lighting in the room suddenly flickered out, and as the orange emergency lights came on Oei realized the room had filled with a pure white, cold mist. But it hadn’t caught her attention as quickly as that presence had. Not even five feet away from her there were a pair of

orange eyes glowing there, hovering up and down. That would have been enough to spook any woman her age, and yet...

“Toto-sama? What’s goin’ on with your eyes? Ya got an infection or somethin’?” The presence was immediately, 100%, recognized as Hokusai, Oei’s father. He’d been turned into an octopus after his exposure to an Outer God’s power what felt like an eternity ago, which had granted him basic abilities like levitation aside from the more powerful strengths they shared. She knew the shapes of those eyes anywhere.

But Hokusai didn’t respond to her. He *typically* did. Instead, he began to hover closer to his daughter. As he did so the reason his levitation was so sporadic in height was immediately made clear: his tentacles were embedded in something it shouldn’t have been. A hat? Actually she recognized this style! It was a French beret, white in color with a black rim. **“Oi, Toto-sama... how’d you get all stuck in that thing?”**

Again, no answer... and instead, Hokusai settled himself atop Oei’s head, beret and all. The gesture certainly seemed harmless enough on paper, but it wasn’t. It was calculated. For the moment the hat had set itself down there, it was almost like something had taken root in the young woman, like a diabolical seed with twisted intent. Black patches on the side of the beret began to glow an orange on par with Hokusai’s eyes, and that *very same glow found itself spat from Oei’s own*.

“T-Toto-sama? Seriously? What are you...” Goosebumps were spreading quickly across her body, internal temperature dropping rapidly and making it difficult for the Foreigner to properly process all that was happening. She’d accepted the mood as it was thus far, but this was the first moment Oei had finally been forced to realize that something wasn’t *right* here, that something *horrific* was happening.

As she received no answer from the octopus again, she finally took the bold step of raising her hands to try and pull the hat off of her along with the octopus. It wasn’t difficult to recognize that the source of her sudden feelings of illness had been born the second the hat had been placed atop her head, and while the struggle to remove said hat had ultimately been fruitless it had certainly put whatever was happening to her body into overdrive.

The white that had taken root in the tips of her hair had begun to seep deeper for example, and in places the full lengths of her strands had been completely bleached. Yet in others the white didn’t seem to encroach upon her darker color at all, largely in chunks of her bangs but some remained in the length that fell down her back as well. And that length? Not in a way that was at all consistent, but it was growing more

ample. There wasn't any consistent growth to the body of hair on the whole, it was more like one strand would grow longer to stick out from the rest of her head until it was joined by another, and another. It was a very unnatural growth that added to how unsettling this whole process was.

While the goosebumps roiled her flesh, the color of her skin was quickly beginning to reflect just how cold she felt. At first it was a splotchy paling phenomenon that seemed to lighten some parts of her skin while leaving others with the usual pink, and yet given time those splotches expanded. It might have been incorrect to even call it paling, for the color was really quite obvious: it was a ghostly, porcelain white without so much of an iota of tint otherwise. It gave her the appearance of one that did not count among the living as humans believed, even freer of color than one her father possessed her body normally.

Yet despite the fact that everything else was lightening, as Oei made her way to one of the full body changing room mirrors there were a couple of key areas that went the opposite route. Her nipples were darkening to black, as were the pussy lips that hung between her legs. By the time she got to the mirror what she saw left her completely dumbfounded. **“Wh-What the hell? That ain't me...! T-T-Toto-sama!? You're lookin' a little odd too. This is all feelin' very... very...”** Thanking was becoming a very difficult task for her. It wasn't like she was less intelligent, but the way she was feeling just made it difficult to properly process information.

Shivering fingers plucked at strands of lengthened hair, most of her mane grown out yet the splotchy growth inconsistency was still all the more apparent. Lips quivering, appearing almost most endowed in volume, she struggled to find the words to finish her thought aloud. She didn't, in the end, instead starting a new one when she looked at her own eyes, glowing a bright orange in the dim light of the room. **“Even my eyes... they ain't right? Since when were they so wide?”** The glowing aside their shapes were wider, more European.

Oei coughed. *“They--!? M'voice!?”* Fingers immediately gently wrapped her neck. She hadn't sounded *right* there. *She'd hardly sounded human.* Her words carried an almost mechanical echo, giving them an empty pitch that almost sounded disassociated from all emotion as much as she conveyed it.

Fingers idly scratched at her breasts as goose bump-ridden flesh became agitated, the fact that her nails had practically darkened into black claws more or less escaping her objective attention as she grappled with her change in voice and a building simplistic nature to her thought process. Her breasts were itchy in the first place because of one such unnoticed

even: the amount of fat that padded them was bubbling up, their sizes jiggling with newly found furor as cup sizes quickly built from standard B's to a pair of firm but bouncy D's in real time. The darkened nipples that decorated them grew as well, doubling in girth and even length when erect.

White and black hair stopped growing just above her ass, but the butt made a compelling case to try and touch them as added volume made its way into her cheeks as well. Hips didn't really substantially widen or anything of the sort, but they were pushed slightly apart as buns built in girth to the point that they looked like they could sink a ship all on their own. This was important, because it paved the way for a sudden, abnormal lengthening of her tailbone.

Now, before this had happened there was already a psychological struggle taking place within the confines of Oei's mind. It had been gradually becoming harder to think throughout, but now she was fighting against what could only be considered a set of instincts. "*N-No... Grr... I don't want that...! Get outta my head... I don't wanna do that...!*" Kill. Destroy. Corrupt. They weren't words that were flashing in her mind, but impulses. Each time she felt it, it was like a little bit more of herself was stripped away... and yet she managed to push these impulses back.

But then her tailbone suddenly burst forth in length, creating an additional appendage just above her big, pale ass. It was thick and black, armored plating decorating it while taking up almost half of her back. It stretched back behind her at roughly eight feet in length, and yet the most haunting thing about it... was the *mouth*. It had a big maw with black tongue and jagged, white teeth. On top of the head of this maw was what looked like a ship deck, speaking to her new nature as an Abyssal craft.

The maw hungered, and her new impulses worsened. "*I... Kill... I... Destroy... I... Corrupt...?*" Her mechanized voice didn't sound sure, but the uncertainty was enough to allow her instincts to take hold. The mouth on Oei's tail growled, and she began to move towards the changing room exit as if possessed.

The Seaplane Tender Water Princess needed to hunt. For food, and for allies.

Unlike Oei who hadn't taken notice of all the strangeness that had plagued Chaldea until it was too late, Mashu had not only noticed but was on high alert because of it. The facility had filled with a strange and menacing fog, and not a sound could be heard short of the wailing of the

icy wind outside against the glass windows of the facility. With the power now completely out it was like something out of one of the horror movies she'd watched with her senpai. Speaking of...

“Senpai!? Where are you!?” Considering the circumstances she could *believe* she hadn't run into any Servants, much less staff. The hallways were too still, and as she wandered through the fog she began to realize it possessed some strange properties. It was very heavy, for one, with most of it sitting below her hips -- but it was also, in terms of temperature, uncomfortably cold like *ice*. That could be chalked up to the fact that the facility's heating was offline with the power, but all of this... Nothing about it felt right. It was wrong. *Very, very wrong.*

And then her worst fears were realized. Something grazed against her ankles, making the Demi-Servant jump. **“F-Fou!? If this is a prank, it isn't a very funny one!”** When it came to tiny Chaldea residents that might have come across her it was the fluffy Fou that came to mind first, but when she went to lift the leg that had been touched... something grabbed her ankle and held it down with an immeasurable strength. **“S- Senpai!? Please! This isn't a funny joke!”** Mashu had jumped from the shock of it all and in doing so her glasses had fallen into the mist ridden floor below.

“L-Let go of...!? H-Huh!? AAAAH!? What's... WHAT!?” She'd been about to cry to be released when a thought shoved itself into her mind without reason. It wasn't a harmless thought, but something twisted that Mashu never would have weighed in a million years. It was telling her to murder everyone here that wasn't part of her 'fleet'. What did that mean!? She didn't understand, and yet her point of view suddenly began to drop downwards. Not because she was shrinking, but it was more like her legs were being pulled into the floor by whatever force had grabbed her in the first place.

“Haaa... I-I-I-I-I-I who? I'm a-a-a-a-a-a-AAAAA?” Her mind reeled and her voice echoed with a mechanical stutter. Mashu's mind was racing, and yet as she tried to piece together what was happening she just *couldn't*. Forget figuring out her situation, she suddenly couldn't remember her name much less a plethora of the human language. It was like she wasn't expected to understand. She didn't need to understand. She was just required to hunt, and nothing else mattered.

It wasn't like she didn't realize something terrible was happening though, and before she completely lost her ability to communicate tears of despair had begun to fall from her eyes. Eyes that were glowing a misty, soulless blue.

No longer could she muster a word, nor could she even reject what was happening to her body. As she sunk lower and lower towards the ground she almost felt more at home. What purpose did standing tall serve? It offered no benefits for a mindless hunter, being that exposed. A white discoloration was finding its way into her skin as she sunk even lower. She was now buried from the knees down, but her thighs reflected a colorless purity that was glistening across her entire body. Those glowing, blue eyes certainly seemed all the scarier against a pure white complexion.

“Kuuuu...” As she exhaled, more of the mist poured from her mouth as if she were one of the sources of it all. Mashu’s head tilted to the side as her desire to hunt grew stronger, and hands reached forward to grasp onto nothing in the process. Fingers cracked, nails becoming pale claws even as the pale fingers themselves lengthened.

Inhale. Exhale. *Sink*. Inhale. Exhale. *Sink*. Before long her waist fell beneath the floor, and with her gaze closer to the ground she could hardly see through the thick mist in front of her. The half of her that was hidden still existed, but it was warm and safe. It could not be harmed. It had to be preserved. What *passed* for her heart raced and as it did the front of her blouse began to feel somewhat restricted. Her breasts were growing, yet regardless of the discomfort she did not bat an eyelash to the fact that they were expanding.

The clothing of her lower body had all but dissolved once it had been absorbed by the ground, but everything above her tummy would remain above this strange, hammer space-like thresh-hold. In turn, what was left of her dress above the stomach was yanked high as tits grew a full cup size larger, and even that was finally torn from her body in a single motion. Just not by Mashu’s own hands.

As her bellybutton sank below, she let out an almost electronic sounding hiss as glowing eyes looked behind her. There was a tall woman with skin of white and glowing, orange eyes dressed in a European dress. “Kss...” It wasn’t like she knew who this was, because Mashu didn’t know anything anymore. All of her movements and desires were guided only by a hunter’s movements, the mentality of mob-type enemy that had no real autonomy. But she still could tell what that was. An Abyssal princess. One who commanded her.

The Seaplane Tender Water Princess (*once named Oei*) brought her heel down upon the naked monster’s head. “*Once finished... hunt... corrupt... bring the other... women here... into our ranks.*” These were the princess’ orders, and Mashu was wired to immediately respond to them. She hissed again, still immobile thanks to her transformation, and with the princess’ heel upon her head her violet hair began to pour

out in length like a waterfall. It darkened to black, much of it falling against the floor while the bulk obscured her left eye in terms of bangs. She wasn't blinded though. Ever since her eyes had begun to glow she'd grown to be able to *sense* as much as see. All of her senses were sharper, and whenever she clicked her tongue it created a phenomenon not unlike a sonar.

Crouching down to Mashu's level, the princess reached over and fondled her naked breasts. Her nipples were as white as her skin, but they could be seen poking up. Lust built in the monster once known as a Demi-Servant, but she would not act on it. Like a beast it was not necessary, but it built. Instincts told her what this was. It was *incentive*. Do as the princess asks, and the princess will satisfy you. It was a little known fact about the Abyssal ranks. "Kuuu..."

The princess reached into the mist and pulled something out. It looked to be a helmet of some sort, its design twisted and alien. It had grotesque teeth and a cannon mounted on the top. Once she placed it on Mashu's head, it bit until her skull and linked with her brain like some sort of parasite -- eye sockets in the helmet coming alight with the same blue as the Abyssal's own eyes. And then, bubbling up from the void much of her body had fallen into, a pair of black, steel lifeforms surfaced beneath her left arm. It was almost like they were keeping her afloat in a tiled sea, with eerie eyes and mouths of their own. Good for biting. For hunting. These were all apart of Mashu. Of her. Of...

The So-Class Submarine, a grunt of the Abyssal Fleet.

Once the princess removed her heel from the hunter's head, 'Mashu' began to slowly hum as she moved across the ground as if she were swimming just above the water's surface. Any staff or Servants she found, if women, would be dragged into her depths and transformed into an Abyssal themselves. While any men would be nourishment for herself and her princess.

It was the end for Chaldea.

Cthulu's tendrils had successfully been deposited into Chaldea, and slowly but surely it would continue to corrupt the staff and Servants that resided there. Hokusai had proven to be a very valuable asset after all as a means to quickly corrupt that establishment, and the facility provided some technology that would be very useful to both itself and the fleet of Abyssals alike.

But its conquest was not complete. The keys still needed to be found, more worlds needed to be polluted. Not to mention Chaldea? It hadn't

been completely lost. Try as the new Abyssals might, it seemed there had been a small group that had been away in a Singularity at the time of infestation, and when they'd returned they'd had the good sense to mount a counterattack. Would they eventually lose? Or would they repel the threat that was unknowingly composed of their once close allies?

It was a problem, but one that could be solved, surely, with time. Cthulu did not bother with it too much, not when he could send most of the Abyssals there to look not only for the key on Earth, but keys throughout time and space thanks to Chaldea's technology. In the meantime that war would wage between Chaldea's remnants and the Abyssals that were lead by the Seaplane Tender Water Princess.

But perhaps giving her the power to create another princess would serve her well in her pursuit? Cthulu could only ponder. It would see how things played out in the future. After all, the Abyssals there could only hunger for so long before they resorted to desperation tactics...

TO BE CONTINUED...?