

# FATE / DOWNGRADE

## CHAPTER 4: GAL UP

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**“I... am not exactly sure how I even ended up with this job.”**

The Lancer-class Servant and Knight of the Round Table, Percival, was lamenting the task he had currently been assigned. He had heard that Servants could be afforded some time out of Spirit Form if they aided with tasks that needed doing around Chaldea, but he hadn't exactly expected *this*. Armed with a cart filled to the brim with cleaning supplies, he had more or less been put on custodial duties.

In a way, wasn't being a knight custodial work of a manner? That had been the thinking that had gotten him assigned this job in the first place, but he could not help but think this was a severe waste of his talents. Were there not any tasks that required heavy lifting? With a man as muscular as him, *surely* there could have been something else.

Yet there he was, standing in the middle of the women's bathroom with a bottle of blue cleaner, spraying down the mirrors. **“If someone were to walk in right now, I do not doubt they would put me in the same camp as Gawain.”** Even if he *wasn't* in the bathroom in pursuit of lecherous intent like some of his fellow knights might have been, people had a habit of assuming the worst right out of the gate.

With the bathroom practically sparkling, Percival reached for something within his cart that *wasn't* a cleaning supply. A bottle of water that had been afforded to him, seemingly drawn from the tap. He wouldn't complain about the origin though, not with how parched he was. Cleaning was surprisingly difficult work, even if fighting on the battlefield could be much more harrowing.

*GLUG... GLUG... GLUG...*



Finding himself to be surprisingly thirsty, the man downed the full bottle in only a few moments, ultimately letting loose a satisfied gasp when his need for hydration had finally been satiated. **“A little warm, but I don’t have any complaints.”** If only he knew what that water had been laced with though, he might have

held a completely different opinion altogether.

In fact, drinking so much of it over such a short period of time meant that he would just as quickly succumb to its effects, painting his very existence in more mundane colors to fit the goals of the traitor that had embedded itself within the Clock Tower’s forces. Percival, on the other hand, did not so much as notice its presence. Even though it had so clearly already begun to show its influence.

The color of the man’s eyes seemed to be *off*. Not *significantly* so, as they were still blue, but they appeared to be a much deeper blue than the steelier color they possessed normally. It was inconsequential enough that it could easily be handwaved as a trick of the bathroom’s light, yet were he to step outside it would have *still* been just as consistent, ultimately putting a wrench in *that* theory. These eyes also grew wider, and his lashes grew so that they somehow seemed surprisingly *feminine*.

There was also the matter of his silver hair, which was looking, uh, a little *less* silver in ways that couldn’t *quite* be waved away as a trick of the light. With a mirror he could have *easily* noticed, but at the time he was much more interested in putting away the cleaning supplies so that he could move to the next location he had been assigned.

His distraction did not undermine what appeared to be happening though, for not only was his hair growing shaggier by the second, reaching down to his shoulders in the back and past his chest at the side, but strange colors had emerged. At first it seemed likely that all of the silver left in his mane would become repurposed with a paled blonde

sheen, but then the tips in the back took a U-turn towards a completely different color. A subdued pink that was *clearly* the work of hair dye.

None of which suited Percival at all, really.

Considering his body was so big, bulky, and perhaps the antithesis of effeminate— Oh, *never mind*. The curse that had been hidden within the water bottle wasted no time in stripping the man of his robust masculinity, and so the muscles that were highlighted so keenly by his *incredibly* tight bodysuit began to wane. Once so broad that every ripple in his frame was revealed by said black body piece, the taut material earned more and more slack as his frame shriveled up into weak-looking obscurity, jacket white jacket and belt hanging loosely from his visage.

**“Hm. Maybe I’m just imagining things?”** He could *feel* the ill fit of his clothing as things were, but for some reason Percival just couldn’t bring himself to acknowledge it as an actual problem – no doubt for the same reasons that none of the others affected had been able to. He was lucky that he wasn’t wearing any armor pieces that day though, else his now scrawny body would have toppled over. A plausible possibility that wasn’t helped by the fact that his height was regressing, taking him down to a meager 5’3”.

It went without saying that by this juncture his entire outfit was on the cusp of falling to leave him nude. Fortunately for him, because Percival wore that bodysuit beneath everything, and his jacket was so darn big, he just looked like a smaller man cosplaying in an outfit that was more than a touch too large for him. Though... was calling him a smaller *man* really *that* accurate?

With his loss of size had come a new softness, one that had rounded out his facial features dramatically. Percival’s embiggened eyes looked even more so against a daintier jaw and rounded cheeks – a maidenly look all held together but a swell in the size of his lips that brought with them an enhanced pinkness. **“Whath wath I doing?”** Not used to them initially, he spoke with a lisp the first time he spoke with them. A lisp that was very much outshone by a sound to his voice that helped give the even greater impression that he was becoming a young woman.

Subtly was basically out the window in that regard by this juncture. With his skin taking on a slightly more tanned color, and the loose bodysuit appearing rather *less* so in a couple of key areas, it was beyond apparent that he was transitioning into the form of a young woman – just as Arjuna had elsewhere in the facility.

There was no greater proof than what rose upon his chest, for they certainly were *not* discreet in their emergence. Nipples had poked up

against the black nylon first, looking much wider and longer than they would have normally, which was bizarre enough in itself. But they were akin to cherries upon a cake, and the cake was, well, the flesh that surged forth from beneath them. The black of the bodysuit was keen to make some use of its ample space, wrapping around a pair of tits that swelled and flourished, jiggling within the fabric's confines as they reached an impressive set of E-cups that looked even *bigger* upon a body that had been shrunken.

Their enthusiasm, in a sense, had become infectious. It was almost like they had triggered the expansion of a related area, seeing his ass swell so that the bottom of the bodysuit wrapped cheeks neatly up like a present. Their surge of mass even drove some of the material in between swollen cheeks, helped some by how his hips protruded more than a few inches out farther than any man would have *liked* his hips to protrude.

The wealth of flesh that had been applied to his breasts and ass graces his thighs as well, and through them good use of the gap left between his legs was made. They expanded like thirsty, vaguely tanned sponges, engorging themselves with a supple roundness that was perhaps a little *too* lewd for a man calling himself a knight. His whole body had become that, really.

What's that? *She* wasn't even calling *herself* a knight anymore? Well never mind!

**“Eek!? What the heckie was that? A weird feelin’!”** Speaking casually, and with a rather thick country accent, the young woman did not even lament the loss of her cock and balls. Instead she just thought the process had been *weird* without paying any real concern for what had been the feeling's cause in the first place. Now wholly a woman, it was only her outfit that was a problem. And so, like previous victims, those clothes peeled away into golden particles so that she was left temporarily nude.

Some very minor aesthetic changes were made before they were reformed, however. A pink tattoo on the inside of her right breast for one, as well as a number of piercing holes upon her ears and bellybutton – all filled just as soon as the golden particles returned to her with silver jewelry.

What she was left wearing certainly took advantage of her new, sensual figure. Black thigh highs that clenched her thighs' peaks tightly so that the flesh lipped atop them, a black top with the hips cut out and her cleavage entirely exposed, and shorts so short and tight that the exposed portions of her thighs were even *more* highlighted composed the bulk of it. But there was also a blue and white coat cast over her arms that was

much too large for her, sleeves eating her hands, and a silver clip in her hair.

**“Eh? What was I doin’ in the bathroom? Must’ve just been checkin’ my hair!”**

Extremely beautiful in looks, the promiscuously dressed woman that had been made of the once proud knight seemed none the wiser to what had just transpired short of the few hiccups throughout the transformation

itself. Light of step and bouncy of breast, she bounded to a nearby sink so that she could examine her reflection more closely – utterly ignorant to any relation to the cleaning cart behind her.

*Marblehead* merely believed that the janitor had just left that thing in the girls’ room or something! Tugging at blonde bangs to make sure they were as straight as she liked them, from what she could recall she was just here on an exchange trip with Chaldea. Being a fleet girl, she could definitely have her uses, right? Even if she totally wasn’t as strong as a Servant. But oh well!

**“Yup, everything totally checks out! I wonder if I can get a cute girl to treat me t’lunch! Ehehe...”** Both flirty and mischievous, after lifting her bosom and allowing it to bounce slightly in its perkiness, she soon skipped out of the bathroom none the wiser.

In pursuit of some attractive prey, of course!

