

SWORD SPIRITS

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Ever since Ashiya Douman had been summoned to Chaldea, things had been very *awkward*. Their appearance had come at the end of the Mandala Hell incident, of which Douman was the perpetrator. The Caster summoned to Chaldea feigned ignorance about that issue, but there were Servants among Chaldea's ranks that felt they had it on good authority to believe that they were lying about their supposed amnesia.

But of course, Douman was lying. They had infiltrated Chaldea after all that, and while they no longer held any allegiance to the Alien God nor their aspirations, that did not mean the Servant would not bring about chaos at the first foreseeable opportunity.

And that opportunity finally arose in the form of a tournament hosted by the swimsuit-adorned Katsushika Hokusai. Apparently, she had wanted to relive the tournament of a summer past, but many of the Japanese swordsmen Servants that were housed within Chaldea were too busy at the time. Desperate for participants, she had reached out to Douman to try and convince some into joining.

They'd obliged, but it was something they would do from the shadows.
Their *own* way, for a laugh.

Gudao had heard about the tournament, but as he wasn't a swordsman nor a Servant, it wasn't like he had any real investment. He was aware that the young Hokusai had approached his sister to ask if she would serve as her Master during the event, but otherwise he hadn't been asked to be involved by anyone else.

Which was for the best, honestly. He was on warehouse duty that day. Every other month, a Chaldea occupant was assigned time in said warehouse in order to organize and take stock of the inventory. Doing so properly was a lot of work, and could take several days, so even the slightest of setbacks could have him engaging in this work even longer than he'd originally planned on.

“Huh? Was that there before?” There was honestly so much in the warehouse that he couldn't be sure, but after cleaning up one of the corners of the room, he'd spared a glance back to it to find a sheathed katana. Some Servants did leave excess weapons in here, but...? Had he really missed it when he'd first organized this space?

Its hilt was long and done up in dark purple, the sheath itself a glittering gold. It also looked very heavy, but Gudaο knew he had to suck it up and move it else da Vinci would give him a real earful later. **“Alright. One... Two... Three... Yah!”** He grasped the sheath with both hands and lifted, but the sword did not budge. Rather, a dark energy swirled around it even after the boy let go and stumbled back, before the energy flew right into his chest. **“Crap!?”**

A shocking development to be sure, but what came after was likewise just as alarming. Almost like the energy had been a clothing-eviscerating bomb, everything he had adorned was obliterated, and the boy was left completely bare within the storage room. If anything he was glad that he was alone in there, but that small assurance wasn't exactly comforting enough to help here.

Gudaο wasn't even afforded much time to take solace in this one piece of good news, for he felt something stirring within. **“Ngh!? What the... This is... awful!”** Difficult to describe properly, it was like his ego had just come face to face with an unyielding darkness. Feelings of inferiority and rage swirled around without focus, and without anything specific to cling onto, they were directed towards the one person the boy felt any kind of envy towards. His sister. **“Damn her...! Is this her fault!? Because everyone sees me as the lesser Master...!”**

These accusations had no real merit and were only excuses being channeled by the hatred that had begun to burn inside of him, but that hatred was likewise having an aesthetical effect on him as well. Glossing over his lips was a dark purple lipstick, darkening their color significantly, while an equally goth choice of eyeliner wrapped around his bright blue optics. But... they did not remain bright for long.

From their centers, around his pupils, a bright red did glow. It did not swell to encompass his irises in their entirety, but in the end the blue on the outskirts turned into a bright purple – leaving those eyes eerily two

toned. Try as Gudao might, he could not wipe a perpetual scowl that had formed across his facial features either, bringing attention to the fact that he was looking less and less like himself from the neck up.

The structure of his cheeks was narrower, giving his face a more mature aesthetic as the purple-painted lips of his became more pronounced. Gudao's eyes, already changed in color and intensity, opened ever wider as well while lashes grew longer both from a mix of natural length and mascara. His eyebrows, on the other hand, pulled back into his forehead, and in their absence purple paint was brushed upon her diagonally above either of his eyes to mimic brows of his own.

When all was said and done, and with his Adam's apple erased, he absolutely did not resemble a man, at least regarding his face. At best he was androgynous, and had he possessed a mirror, Gudao would have undoubtedly seen how strongly he resembled a certain *Rider*. This resemblance could only be bolstered, and what ended up doing so was a dramatic lengthening of his hair, dark locks spilling out not only to his shoulders, but far down his back as well. It pooled at his feet, and after only one step he tripped over it.

“What the hell!? Why is my hair down like this!? Such a pain in the ass!” Evidently, anger wasn't off the menu. But what was on the menu was unknowingly realizing that something had changed. His hair had never been that long before, so something must have been obscuring his mind from putting two and two together; or at least was making him see this lengthened hair as *familiar*.

Discomfort became widespread, and a number of 'improvements' were made to the shape of the boy's body in quick success. His muscle mass was a big one, or at least what happened to it in the end – for within a moment's notice much of it had seemingly diminished, leaving him looking scrawny to the naked eye. Yet *internally*? He could tell that he was incredibly strong, and that looks were *very* deceiving in this case.

On the whole his body was actually becoming *trimmer*. Without the excess muscle, Gudao's frame had already begun to look quite androgynous; but things soon took a turn. His stomach rumbled with all thanks owed to a mixture of his waistline thinning and his hips flaring out quite dramatically. The boy's gut looked quite well defined despite how thin his arms were, but with these new proportions it was strikingly feminine in aesthetic as well.

“Grr... These feelings are trivial! Why am I being subjected to such a thing!” He couldn't even be sure what he was ranting about anymore, words were only an outlet for the boiling rage that continued to bubble up from within. What could be certain, though, was that his

voice now bore the tone of a deeper voiced woman, a grumbling contralto. Gudao could hardly parse what was happening, and as he sprung up several inches in height out of nowhere? It seemed he never would.

Or *she* never would, as was the case once her cock and balls finally became subjected to the shifting container that her soul was housed within. A moist slit didn't open in their place so much as her male genitalia collapsed into it, becoming once with the walls, and defining the lips while dark and curly pubes hung wildly above it. But even the shifting sex was shrugged off, leaving her no more or less agitated than she had been prior.

Seizing the moment, the woman's curves finally found their definition. Fat blessed her ass, seeing cheeks balloon several sizes to bring a generous arch from her back, while once lanky thighs were ultimately bolstered by the excess that made its way into them. This definition certainly wasn't exceptional, but it did speak to a maturity that Gudao's womanly face now suggested. That she was now in her late twenties, or even early thirties.

Nails, nail and painted dark purple, scratched at her nipples with a "*Tch!*". They were agitated all of a sudden, not that she spared them a glance to see as she paced around, fuming, trying not to trip over her hair a second time. These nips were swollen, they were engorged, and the itching became strangely pleasurable as the flesh beneath them grew more and more tender until it finally began to push outward. A pair of C-cup tits ended up taking shape, large but not so large that they were a hindrance.

Because while physically and mentally, Gudao had changed? She could still recognize herself as a man occupying a woman's shell. Her predicament was very... *unique*.

"I WANT MY HAIR UP!" After tripping over it a second time, the woman screamed out in anger to the point that black flames began to radiate from her body. But strangely enough, these flames also coalesced around her flesh, hardening into an actual outfit. ...If you could call it that.

A single, dark purple pair of panties covered her crotch with an elaborate, golden trim, while dark purple thigh highs latched to a band around her waist. The top half of what looked to be more traditional Japanese armor, dyed purple and gold, decorated her arms and neck, but crimson clouds clung to the tops of her breasts while everything beneath this point was left entirely bare. Finally, much of her purple hair was tied up by a black wrap, while a hat appeared on her head's

dead center. She looked the part of a woman that might take part in a sword fighting tournament, though she certainly didn't possess the *attitude*.



While she wore the skin of an elder Ushiwakamaru, *Taira no Kagekiyo* was not that woman. Not specifically. But neither was she Gudako, that personality burned away by the flames of vengeance that had sparked within during her transformation. Rather, without thinking too much about how she'd appeared here, she snatched her blade from the corner of the warehouse.

“What a pain. But if they want me to participate in this tournament... Hmph. I will show up all of those bastards!”

Elsewhere, Gudako was both within Chaldea and not at the same time. It was farming day, which meant she had taken a few Servants into the combat simulator to both grow stronger and gather materials that would be needed for future outings. **“I always want to go to the beach after farming here”**, she laughed to herself as her shoes dug into the sand beneath her. These battles were in a beach setting, and she always looked forward to the summer events... even if they pretty much led to dangerous battles *every single time*.

It was part of the reason she'd agreed to serve as Saber Hokusai's Master in the sword tournament later that day. Troublesome as it had been, the Las Vegas Bout had been a real hoot!

Little did she know at the time that *someone* had hacked the system. Not by hand, but through curses, with the intention of targeting her specifically. A ripple of pixels swept through the simulation like a wave, and with it this ripple seemingly removed all of the Servants that had been as Gudako's side, leaving her all alone. **“H-Huh!? What's going on!? End simulation!”** That verbal command *should* have been enough to terminate the process, and yet there was no response.

Stranger still, she felt... *odd*.

The feeling was a difficult one to place. She simply felt hot all of a sudden, like she was suddenly susceptible to the false summer heat raining down from the simulated sky above. But within a moment's notice? That discomfort faded. Suddenly, everything was all the *airier*, forcing her to spare a glance down at her clothes. "**Huh!?**"

Gudako was still wearing *things*, but her jacket and skirt was completely gone. In their place, she was wearing a bikini: red with thin, white vertical stripes against the bottom and the right cup of the top, while the left cup was blue with white and red stars around it. A blue jacket with a popped collar sporting a red inline and matching stripes down the arms was open around her shoulders, while mismatched, fingerless gloves decorated the girl's hands. They were mismatched in the sense that the one on her right hand was normal, while the only one on the left reached all of the way to her elbow.

Her legs were presented with a similar mismatched dilemma, both wearing cowboy boots at different lengths. The right boot came up all of the way to her pelvis, while the left stopped short of her ankle and was otherwise clad in a star-spangled thigh high, American cowboys clearly a key inspiration for this ensemble if the thick, leather belt draped across her tummy was any indication.

There were plenty of issues with this outfit from a fashion point of view, but what was most alarming about it was the fit. The summer attire hung from her loosely, clearly meant for a woman that was both taller and better proportioned. Gudako had to hold up the bikini top to prevent even her nipples from being shown, and even then, the jacket was loose, and she felt like, if she took a step in these boots, she would trip and fall.

Flustered by this clothing malfunction, she was also observant enough to realize she had seen this outfit before. "**Isn't this Musashi-chan's swimsuit!?**" It had been an exceptionally long time since she'd last seen Musashi now, but she felt like she'd recently spoken with her summer version in a dream of sorts. Seeing this outfit now? Her feelings were difficult to explain, but there must have been a reason for it, right?

"**Woah there!?**" As much as Gudako hoped that maybe this phenomenon was a sign that she might be able to see Musashi again soon, she was forced to cry out as something suddenly shifted her balance. She was still standing on top of the sand of a beach, and the boots certainly didn't help, but where these boots didn't fit before she suddenly found her toes pressing up properly within the insides.

The cowboy boots lifted up properly with her as the girl stumbled back to catch her balance, and she winced expecting the taller boot to smooch into the crevice between her inner thigh and pelvis with how tall it was – but that discomfort never came. Rather, the next she looked down the boot was sitting further down her thigh. **“Wait... Am I taller!?”** She had to throw out her arms to make sure, but she *was*! Her arms, her legs, even her torso! She was much lankier than she had been just a moment ago.

This solved several of her clothing issues. The boot was one, although it still sat extremely loosely around her thigh. But with longer arms, the short jacket now fit properly, and her fingers, lengthened, slid better into the fingerless gloves. **“Wow, I must be as tall as Musashi-chan now...”** Hearing it, she coughed and spoke again. **“Testing... Testing...? My voice too? I sound like... Wait! This isn’t good!?”** She sounded exactly like the Servant she’d been pining for, and with this similar height...

No, it wasn’t just her height. But it was a matter of her only noticing it thus far. A steely blue had already claimed her eyes, which were typically a golden yellow, and her hair? A light pink was teasing its natural ginger, sweeping through it and evening out any knots or curls, all while lengthening. On the left side of her head, this hair was pulled into a bun that was wrapped within a red, floral cloth cover, while on the right it hung freely behind her, soft bangs swinging in that direction as well.

A boundless energy was overcoming the girl – or as the age reflected in her facial features deemed, *woman*. Gudako’s lips had swollen dramatically, and as a hunger built within the depths of her tummy, she felt more and more like she wanted to stuff them with food – *noodles*, preferably. Raised cheekbones likewise accompanied a more weathered complexion, and as her eyebrows thinned, it became clear that she looked to be twenty at the bare minimum, if not older. But she didn’t look much like Gudako anymore either, that facial palette, of course, more similar to...

That of Miyamoto Musashi.

“Whoa! This feels weird! Is Musashi-chan always looking down like... this? That’s a weird thing to say? I know I talk about myself in the third person sometimes, but... do I?” While she’d done a stand up job of maintaining her sense of self thus far, as she grappled with her name it was clear that the statute on that resistance was waning. Her height had seemed surreal, but now? She felt adjusted, like it was completely normal.

Perhaps this condition arose not a moment too soon, because all she lacked now were Musashi's more notable features, the ones that would properly fill out the bikini she was now wearing. *Some* help was provided as a foundation was laid. Named in her hips, which pulled to almost double their traditional width; or in her body tone, which saw arms, legs, and most noticeably her widened tummy ripple with the supple strength of a trained warrior.

But the *real* meat came in the form of, well, *the meat*. Musashi possessed bombastic curves, and Gudako was inevitably going to adopt them in all of their sensual glory. This process began with her thighs, which were already shapely enough from her new muscle. But the fat that blessed them in the aftermath? They brought their appeal into the next era, filling the notable gap thanks to her parted hips, so much that they passively touched just beneath the tiny gap between them. They looked tender, like your fingers might seep into them, and this swimsuit choice definitely accentuated that fact with how the thigh high and boot gripped their tender flesh.

She was finally granted the relief for the anxiety caused by her ill-fitting bikini bottom as well. Her ass? It grew and grew, each cheek rivaling the enticing design of the attached thigh with glee. This filled out the bikini's rear as it gripped her buns, and before long it was so snug that her cheeks were showing cleavage over the top of the back, and some of the red cloth was digging itself into her abundant ass crack.

Something akin to instinct told her to pull her arm away from her chest finally, for flesh gathered within her breasts as well. The bikini top had been so loose, and yet within a matter of moments her swollen nipples were gingerly teasing its underside, enticing the material to wrap wholly around a bosom that was growing even greater still. Gudako's posture tilted every so slightly forward as each tit practically doubled in size, and now the bikini top held them snugly. Not content with just that though, they grew further still, until each orb, shining under the light of the sun above, was just a little smaller than the total size of her head.

The woman's figure was now as bombastic as could be, the strange cowboy bikini showing off those curves of hers wonderfully. Her hourglass shape was firm, the skin around it pulled tight. Every breath saw her breasts jiggle, and every step across the sandy ground saw her ass cheeks twerk to and fro. And all in all?

It felt natural to be this way to her.

Miyamoto Musashi blinked as a realization dawned upon her. “**Huh!? This is the simulation room, isn't it!? How'd I end up in here!?**” Idly, a hand reached behind her to pick her bikini bottom from

between the cheeks of her ass. Actually, Musashi shouldn't have been in Chaldea at all at this point. It was... complicated, but not something that needed to be touched upon her.

Even so, Gudako had been transformed into the lovable Musashi-chan in both body and soul. Her stomach groaned with an unsatiable



hunger, so much that she was thinking more about noodles than she was about escaping this simulator. Thankfully, the situation resolved itself, and before long she was standing alone in the simulator room without a single other body present. **“Well... Actually, no time to eat! I was supposed to participate in that tournament today, wasn't I?”**

“Buuut! Maybe I can grab some noodles on the way there!”