

AIRBORNE

SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mashu, you don’t know how to pilot a cargo plane, do you?”

“N-No, senpai...”

“So we’re kind of...”

“Yes, senpai, in trouble...”

A beautiful, blue sky was spread out before the Master of Chaldea and his Shielder Servant, a view that surely anyone would be able to properly appreciate for its overwhelming glory in a time when the world had been overwritten with ice and snow. It was a little difficult for the two to appreciate however, considering they were alone on a plane without any idea how to fly it! But how they’d ended up there...

“**Senpai, what is this?**” It was just another day aboard the Wandering Sea. As they’d yet to identify and reach the next Lostbelt, most of the faculty and Servants present aboard the moving base had elected to spend their time doing this and that, and Mashu herself had taken to cleaning out one of Shion’s storage rooms to keep her hands busy. She’d ultimately returned to Ritsuka’s rooms with any treasures Shion had allowed her to keep, and what she presented was a ball that the boy immediately recognized.

“**Oh hey! A Pokeball!**” Of course Mashu wouldn’t know what the apparent toy was. The red top, white bottom, and button in the middle were practically iconic; but because she’d grown up in isolation and away from society it seemed she didn’t

recognize it. **"It's from a video game series where you captured all of these little creatures and made them fight."** It had been popular for a long time, even longer than Ritsuka had even been alive.

Mashu fidgeted with the item in her hand, unaware that she'd pressed the little button on the front. "That sounds a little cruel..."

"Oh no, the message of the series was--" A bright red light suddenly filled both of their eyes, taking them right out of the conversation and tossing them right into--

-- a *cargo plane*, mid-flight. No pilot, no staff, just a Master and his Servant aboard an airborne vehicle without any idea how they'd appeared there or even *where* there was. Looking out to the side they could occasionally see weird creatures in the sky. Birds, but not. They were Pokemon, but Ritsuka's memories on the series weren't vivid enough for him to immediately draw the connection. **"What do we do, senpai?"**

Ritsuka didn't know the first thing about flying planes, but he could read a glowing panel that read *'autopilot enabled'*... despite said words being in a language he'd never once gleamed before. **"I think we're okay? It should be flying itself."** But could it land itself? Because that was a different issue.

Not to mention concerns about their location. Was it a Singularity? How had they been drawn there? His wonders were interrupted by a loud beep from the plane panel as a picture of a plane pointing up could be seen. **"What does this me-!?"** He was given his answer before he could finish his question, the plane suddenly pointing skyward and sending Mashu flying into the back halls of the plane. The door between the halls and the cockpit? It effectively sealed.

The boy on the other hand? He crashed into the wall at the cockpit's rear, tumbling to the ground and only finding himself upon his feet once more as the plane stabilized and the floor returned to its usual angle. "Mashu!?" Of course he'd run to the exit first in search of his closest companion, but despite any attempts to pull it on his part, and from the sounds of things on Mashu's part on the other side, it wouldn't budge.

At the very least she wasn't in any danger, but unless they figured out what was happening with the plane they might be. **"I'm going to examine the controls, Mashu! Hold onto something for now!"** The confirmation of these orders was called in return through the door, and the young man got to work.

Or he would have if his hand hadn't been drawn to his head in response to an unfamiliar weight on the right. He'd been stopped just short of the pilot's seat as gloved fingers grasped when felt like a plastic hair accessory bound to a tuft of his black hair. Which was, of course, *peculiar*. Had it gotten stuck there when he'd fallen? A piece of debris from the ground?

No. There was a balance to be maintained here, and across the world a sky captain and his closest companion were being subjected to a similar phenomenon, all four held captive by happenstance. The two aboard the plane, too, would inevitably succumb to rewritten existences so that they might thrive in this unfamiliar land. But was there a more nefarious hand at work here?

Ritsuka tugged and tugged at the assumed hairpiece to no avail, but he did manage to pull it over his head enough to reveal at least a piece of it. It was sky blue and it looked like the blade of a fan -- a propeller maybe? All of that yanking in the end had only served to agitate the changes to be, and the boy couldn't really see why the propeller-shaped accessory was so difficult to remove.

The hair holding it in place had grown longer. The accessory was bound to a tuft that had been pulled up and over, creating a design that almost looked like an exclamation mark before the tips weaved back down and through the accessory. What's more, the coloring had definitely lightened. Usually a dark color typical of a Japanese youth, the hair bound by the accessory was almost copper in color, and that color was spreading throughout the full volume of his hair.

Thinking something stuck to his head wasn't quite as important as risking death if he couldn't figure out how to land the airborne vehicle, he returned his attention to the plane's dashboard without sitting in the plane. Buttons and lights flashed before his eyes as lashes grew longer without notice, but he couldn't process what any of them actually did without labels.

But he suddenly had an idea. He wasn't sure where it had come from exactly, but something spoke to him about one of the buttons. Sticking a hand out, he didn't really notice that the glove he was wearing had turned a darker blue that complimented the piece upon his head, nor that said glove was growing retroactively thicker and smothering any gaps that might have shown bare skin. If anything had been left to see he might have noticed the subtle tan that was surfacing across his complexion not just on his hands but across his entire body, and he certainly would have been more likely to notice as fingers cracked outward and palms grew smooth.

Pressing the button turned off the AUTO-PILOT and he instinctively hopped into the pilot seat with a "**crap!**". He took the stick with both hands, both now completely smothered in thick blue gloves that almost made each appendage look almost three times larger than they actually were and somehow balanced the plane by pulling back before it could nose dive. How had Ritsuka known the precise level necessary to even it out? He wasn't sure, but the more he sat there the more he felt like he understood the controls.

The sleeves of the boy's top crept down his arms while he was distracted by his new-found pilot's knowledge, material turning rubbery to be similar to the gloves around his hand as a blue that was no unlike the color of the propeller headpiece

that sat upon copper hairs. The natural tan emanated by his skin had coated his entire body at this point, but when sleeves merged with the gloves to completely coat his arms there would have been no way for him to tell.

"Elesa are you okay back there!?" Thinking to make sure his companion was fine, the name he spouted wasn't even Mashu's own. Nor was his voice sounding correct to say the least. Pitch had shot up several octaves and he was sounding peppier to say the least. In general Ritsuka felt as if he had way more energy than usual, almost like his body had been rejuvenate.

That wasn't too far from the mark. Tan aside, all of those scars he'd accumulated from years of fighting as the Master of Chaldea? His skin has smoothed and those scars had risen to give him the perfect complexion. Almost like the skin of a young maiden.

Eyes reflected the sky and clouds before him, said eyes bigger than they had been a few moments prior. Ritsuka's nose was smaller too, and he licked his lips in anticipation at the thought of landing the aircraft. Somehow this was all very exhilarating, so much that that he hadn't even questioned how he suddenly knew how to control this steel titan.

Feet buried under the panel it made sense that he couldn't see how his black boots were taking a page out of the book his gloves had apparently read. Soles flattened and all turned blue as rubber permeated throughout their form, quarter rising in tandem while his black pants likewise seemed to regress up each leg. For a while any exposed skin, strangely hairless, was otherwise covered by the riding boots; inevitably though this came to an end as a light blue rim expanded almost comically to top off the boots just below his knees.

But that didn't halt the regression of his pants, which ultimately showed bare knees as they gradually buckled inward. Ritsuka's posture was forcibly changed as his lower bodywear stopped merely growing shorter and its color began to lighten, material cling to his skin as said skin expanded beneath the areas left covered by light blue shorts.

Thighs and behind ballooned together, cheeks firm and round and thigh fat both soft and broad to give them a sexy, womanly appearance. These changes were likewise complimented by a broader set up hips that fit far more snugly in the chair he was resting in... almost like it was designed for that butt to sit in it.

A hum escaped *her* lips as her dick escaped her pants, leaving little but a feminine slit dotted by a tiny copped bush above it nestled just within her new shorts. Darker blue straps had spread across her shorts, but they also seemed to crisscross up her torso almost like a seat belt as a degenerating shirt exposed a navel that was tanned and surrounded by tight skin. Maybe her belly poked out just a tiny bit, but it wasn't from overeating or exercise... Okay, maybe a *little* overeating. But she'd always exercise after!

If she didn't, Elesa would chide her after all. It was hard being such close friends with a model for reasons like that! Speaking of...

"Hup!" Ritsuka flipped the autopilot back on after confirming the cargo craft's stability and pushed her big butt out of the seat. Elesa was getting ready in the back room last she could recall (*even though it had been Mashu back there, and not for such a trivial reason*) so it was probably time to check on her. Arms kind of stiff from holding the control stick however, she reached for the sky so that she could stretch.

This gave the green light for her final, most prominent change to settle in (*short of losing her dick of course*). Black shirt having regressed to just below her chest, leaving her whole stomach exposed, what remained had taken on the thick and rubbery texture as the rest of her outfit. It was mostly light blue, but darker streaks ran across her chest to help contribute to the seat belt-like design. Said chest, however, was flat.

But not for long! Arms stretched in the air, pressure built beneath her nipples as flesh started brimming forward. The rubber of her top could only struggle to contain a spawning bosom as the flesh pulled the material thinner and thinner. As fat built and built, so did the top firm to keep the girls contained, and because of the top's tightness they ended up expanding not only forward but to the sides to be best contained by such a restrictive outfit. By the time the young woman had lowered her arms, a proper pair of respectable breasts had completely blossomed.

They were kind of a point of pride for the girl. After all, Elesa might have been a more traditional beauty, but her own homelier figure sure had it's benefits as well! After all, Elesa certainly thought so!

"What are you doing grinning like an idiot?" The sound of the cockpit door opening was followed by a familiar voice. A young woman about Ritsuka's age strut in with a provocative sway to her hips, eyes bright blue and blonde hair framing her beautiful face. For but a moment the pilot thought maybe she'd seen a speckle of purple among her blondes, but it seemed that had past.

A gloved hand rose to twirl some of the long, copper bangs that framed her own face. **"Elesa! You're ready? I was just coming to check on you."** The model closed the gap between the two and planted a hand upon her breast, eliciting a squeak of surprise as the grabber pouted.

"I know we're going steady but it's unfair, you know Skyla? Did these grow again?"

"H-Hey! Don't get me riled up, okay!?! We're landing in Mistralton City for your show soon!" 'Skyla' rebuked Elesa's advances with a little common sense. Her Swanna should have been trailing after the plane in case of an emergency, but that didn't change that there were real risks to flying.

Elesa sighed and traced fingers down Skyla's thighs. **"Fine. But I'll thank you for picking me up for this show in your hometown somehow. Maybe when the show is over I'll come visit your gym?"**

"S-Sure! That's fine! A-Okay! Just let me land this thiiiiing!" Elesa sure liked to tease her, huh?

But for now she had a plane to land. What came after? Well, she wanted to see Elesa's show first of course!