

# JUST DESERT

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**“Look! See! *This* spell here!”**

Illyasviel von Einzbern and Sakura Matou were huddled around a rather old looking text in the Matou library that evening, the pair there on a mission. Once again they’d witnessed Rin have a terrible fight with her rival, Luvia, and the two had gone off in a huff earlier that afternoon. It hadn’t even been a *serious* fight! They were just arguing over the value of a certain gemstone in the newest issue of *Magus Monthly*.

But that was the nature of their rivalry. Regardless of how mundane the issue at hand might have been, both women went at it with full force. It was disruptive, but that didn’t really bother Illya and Sakura. It was just... *tragic*. The two had more in common than either of them would have liked to admit, yet they refused to look at the similarities and instead fixated on the differences.

*‘If only there was a way to make them see eye to eye for even a moment’*. This voiced solution Sakura made hypothetically earlier in the day wasn’t meant to solve the problem, but it had absolutely reminded Illya of a spell she’d read in a book once. And that was what had brought them to the Matou manor, with Rin and Luvia requested to visit shortly. Sakura had the book in question, and the spell was there just as Illya remembered.

TO MAKE TWO PEOPLE GET ALONG NO MATTER WHAT.

But once Illya had cast the spell she realized that something had gone very, very wrong. **“Um... Sakura? Why are your cheeks so blue?”**

And they had gold trim. Plus, looking down, she could see her fingers merging together to become a thin, violet cloth. “**Oh no!**”

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Rin had been the first to arrive. Since Shinji no longer lived with Sakura she had no issue visiting, and she wasn't actually aware that Luvia was supposed to show up to visit at the exact same time anyways. Honestly? She was still in a huge huff about what had happened earlier. How dare that Edelfelt girl talk to her like she was an idiot!? Just because her breasts were a little bigger, like a cow's!

But no sooner than she stepped into the Matou estate did she realize something was wrong. *Very* wrong. “**Uh...**” A blue sky was sprawling across the expanse above her, sun beating down at what felt like a million degrees. A floor that should have been tiled? It was covered by hot, burning sand. “**What IS this?**” Looking behind her she could still see Fuyuki at night outside the door, and she thought to maybe make a hasty retreat from what she could only assume was a Reality Marble, but she couldn't.

Sakura and Illya were here *somewhere*. She could sense their mana leaking out. There was no way she could leave them behind! But that meant trekking through whatever *this* was.

If anything, Rin was a persistent young woman that wouldn't back down in the face of a challenge. After making sure the door behind her was closed (*so that no magic-deficient saw a WHOLE DESERT in the Matou estate*), she began to move through the decrepit heat. There was an oasis in the distance and she could only assume that she might find some answers there since it was where the mana signatures of the two girls was coming from. Whether or not she could *make it* that far in this heat? *Debatable*.

“**This is just my luck. I have another fight with Luvia and then I end up in the desert in someone's house!**” Going from mundane conflict to the unimaginable. It was discouraging, but it was also the kind of thing you had to be ready for if you chose to become a magus she supposed.

Walking through the sand was tough in her regular shoes. Moving through the heat was just tough in *general*. The oasis wasn't a terribly far distance away but it certainly *felt* farther. Movements of Rin's legs were growing sluggish as she worried the heat was becoming too intense, but the temperature was masking something. The spell Illya and Sakura had cast was nipping at Rin's soul and body, but through the rest of the discomfort it was a little difficult to sense.

Whether or not the girl realized was irrelevant, for change arrived all the same. At first it was in the form of markings. Tattoos? Paint? Either way no amount of moisture nor rubbing would remove the colors that ended up splattered against Rin's face. Beneath either eye a yellow teardrop shape took form, barely noticeable against her typically pale skin. Well, barely noticeable *at first*.

It was as if the young Japanese woman had suddenly been given a melanin overdose, for very gradually those teardrop markings came to glow with greater contrast to the skin beneath them. This was because, of course, her skin was *darkening* and rapidly at that. It wasn't splotchy nor limited to a specific area; rather it was more like she'd been hooked up to a skin tone dial in an *MMORPG* and someone had cranked it from pale to a rich, dark brown.

But this wasn't *merely* a change in skin tone, either. That heat that had been utterly unbearable? Well okay it was *still* stupid hot, but somehow Rin felt all the more accustomed to it. No longer did she feel like she was going to keel over at a moment's notice, and no longer did she feel like she wasn't cut out for this climate.

The reason? It was reflected in her *face*. Rin's jaw took on sharper definition while her nose not only straightened but grew notably longer. Her eyebrows elevated, the color of their brown darkening as sharp eyes rounded to a design that better resembled large almonds than the narrower display they'd shown off before. But more than anything? Her lips had grown incredibly plump. Retaining their pink despite the dark tone of her skin (*and in fact her palms and the soles of her feet were also lighter in color*), it was their accentuated size that drew all the attention.

She hardly looked like herself now. Her race had completely changed, and she looked like Rin Tohsaka but if she were a Middle Eastern teen. Even her thoughts were being processed in Arabic now, but words were still spoken in Japanese thanks to what had been installed in her body to cause this change in the first place: *a Saint Graph*.

There was a slight breeze blowing across the desert, and that breeze disheveled her darkened twin tails. Rin hadn't even noticed the fact that she was a completely different race at first, but after tripping and seeing her hand fly forward to catch herself it was finally evident. After all, her hand itself wasn't typically so dark of color. "**Wait!? Just what is happening here!?**" Now hearing her own voice it was evident that it had changed in the process. It was deeper, more sultry and inviting. Almost like it belonged to an older woman.

Rin knew though that stopping here would mean potentially passing out, so even as she tried her best to get a good look at her body by rolling up her sleeves to see dark skin, or lifting up her shirt to see a darkened bellybutton glossed with sweat, she didn't stop walking. She was already about halfway to the oasis, and it seemed to be sloped downward much to her good fortune.

Despite it all though? There was someone she couldn't get out of her head. Something was seriously wrong not only with the Matou estate but with her own body, and yet she *couldn't stop thinking about Luvia!* It was making her agitated, but she didn't grind her teeth together about it like she normally did, nor did she ball up her fists. She was angry but she didn't feel like acting out. It was strange - Rin was never passive about *anything*, much less *Luvia*.

Unbeknownst to the new Middle Eastern girl, each of her steps seemed to cover slightly more ground than the one before. It could have easily been rationalized as an effect of the downward slope she was now traveling across, but there was actually a legitimate reason affiliated with her body structure. The greatest tell of the reason? It was her infamous thigh highs. They didn't quite reach her thighs anymore and instead had bunched up beneath her knees. The nylon hadn't compressed however; her legs had been lengthening.

Not merely her legs though. It was her arms, her torso, even a thinned neck. Rin's body had been stretched taller and, in the process, looked much weaker than it should have been. Believe it or not the Tohsaka girl had been rather muscular, but now it looked like all of that muscle was gone. Even her darkened, deepened navel was now exposed with her top pulled up from the height gain.

The longer limbs and lack of strength made each step rickety, and before long she took notice. **“WHY IS THIS--!? *I mean... Is this really happening to me?*”** She waved her arms around, and it looked like they'd been ejected from her sleeves since her typical, red shirt no longer fit. While she'd went to scream about it at first, she mentally berated herself for yelling and her words almost hushed into a whisper.

She'd managed to keep it together thus far, but Rin was growing... **anxious?** Terribly so. She didn't know where she was, she didn't know what was happening to her, and yet she still couldn't get *Luvia* out of her head. It was like she was looking to her rival for comfort, like she trusted Luvia more than anything, like her feelings boiled down to **lov-** *‘Nope! Absolutely not! Not happening!’*

The oasis was so close now, and both Sakura and Illya's mana signatures were practically within reach. It was just... she couldn't see them. In the

middle of the brush beside the pool of water there seemed to be a pile of what looked like clothes and jewelry? And somehow some of it looked *familiar* even though she couldn't quite place how.

But there was a final bounty to be bestowed upon the woman before she could step foot in the oasis, one that would bring the maturity of her body better in line with the maturity of her height, facial features, and even hair since the length of her twin tails had fallen as far as her ankles despite the mere 9cm height increase. All at once, it was like her body had exploded into ample softness.

At first it was most noticeable in her bosom. Hardly contained by her top as is, dark nipples had hardened despite the discomfort of the height and had been formulaically pressed into the cups of her bra as the mocha flesh beneath them swelled like squishy balloons. The bottom hem of her shirt was pulled up even higher, revealing that her tummy was also gaining some weight while remaining shapely, flowing into rich hips that bounced to almost twice their typical gait.

**“Ngh...!?”** Taking another step, she felt her panties flossed between her ass cheeks and wedged between the lips of her pussy, for the upper straps had been yanked to the side *from* those hips and the back of the panties? They didn't stand a chance against quickly thickening cheeks. They expanded with the same vigor her breasts above were, the arch of her back contorting from both the weight up top and the new angle it had to meet at the bottom.

Tears formed in Rin's shirt as breasts reached a size that could not, under *any* circumstance, be properly contained by what remained. The hook of her bra snapped, and F-cup tits jiggled free from the cloth of the shirt where they could. It amounted to thin lines of fiber binding her breasts from place to place, but big, erect nipples stood bare against the heat of the sun. Thighs, now as ample as her ass and breasts, jiggled with equal measure as she finally stepped into the shade of the oasis a changed woman.

**“My... chest?”** She wanted to yell, to take an appropriate response to the fact that she now had a pair of massive honkers, yet as she massaged them with elongated, delicate fingers and did her best to free any of the bound portions her response was unexpectedly *measured*. Even as she could feel the desert breeze tickle her pussy, for her potently sized ass her tugged the hem of her skirt all the way up, she found she couldn't properly convey any agitation or anger.

It was actually more like she was *afraid*. The anxiety she'd felt earlier had grown, any confidence she'd had as a Tohsaka had waned, and now she could only think about the one person that could ease her fragile

heart. Where was *Luvia*? No, she hated Luvia! Luvia was her rival! That stupid, arrogant, **kind, calm, encouraging young woman**. “**Where is Pharaoh Nitocris...?**”

Wait, what had she just said?

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Little did Rin know that Luvia had entered the home only *thirty seconds* after her, but instead of being thrown out in the same end of the desert Reality Marble, she'd turned up on the opposite one with the oasis in the dead center. Of course she'd had the same concerns as Rin upon entering, but she wasn't quite as close to Sakura and Illya as Rin was.

Her desire to make any effort to find them was largely built on her pride as a magus, not any real personal investment. “**An Edelfelt should not complain. An Edelfelt should not complain.**” Traversing the sandy terrain, she repeated this mantra to herself over and over as her posture slouched. This dress was not one designed for traveling in such an environment, and fair-skinned as she was Luvia could not stand even a little heat much less *this*.

The circumstances of the transformation that would claim Luvia were similar to how they were, simultaneously, happening for Rin. But when and how they manifested would end up being a little different. For example? Her mental fortitude was compromised much earlier. Luvia had told herself she was pressing on to find Illya and Sakura (*and it was certainly part of it*) but for some reason all she could think about was finding *Rin*. Was Rin even *here*? She didn't know, because their respective mana signatures had been jammed by their transformations. It was like an intuition. Like she was worried about he--

“**Who would be worried about that monkey woman!? Not I, non!**” She crossed her arms as she quickened her pace. Each step though? Became a little harsher. The muscle she maintained in case she ever needed to get into a fight was quickly slipping away, robbing Luvia of the potential to engage in a melee brawl or, say, a wrestling match. She'd been unknowingly left fragile, with a physique better meant for having others fight in her stead.

One by one, the golden curls of her hair frayed and unwound, straightening with impossible vigor all while an extremely evident dark purple hue began to turn their sun into night. Everything in the back ended up hanging loosely as it was entirely assimilate by straight purple, with a length on either side still separated thanks to the blue ribbons Luvia could always been seen wearing. Incidentally this created a hairstyle that was still very similar to that of the woman she was slowly becoming.

Her eyes shone an otherworldly glow of purple as she continued to press forward, mind still absent to the fact that the spell was toying with her physical form if only because she'd been so distracted by how it was reshaping her mentalscape. From time to time it was like she was being crushed by a fear of disappointing someone. *Someones?* It was almost like how she sometimes reminisced about the magi that preceded her in the Edelfelt family, the desire to uphold the honor of their name. But she also got the vibe that these someones came after her chronologically.

### *Pharaohs.*

While off-putting, these feelings weren't what were causing her any woe. It was this new fixation on Rin Tohsaka that she could not shake! Why was she suddenly so concerned about her own rival? She hated that girl! Absolutely, positively! Yet her tired feet hurried across the sand because *she couldn't stand the thought of letting her down.*

No, Luvia remained ever ignorant to the fact that anything was happening to her body at all, at least until she'd rounded the midway point in her oasis adventure. Because the advent of a pair of nontraditional growths bouncing upon her head were a little difficult to ignore. **“Are there insects out here as well? Disgust... ing?”**

Thinking it a pest investigating her assumed golden locks of hair, she'd reached up to weakly swat at the insect. But it wasn't an insect at all, and what's more she could feel whatever she'd hit bouncing from side to side, attached to her own head. **“What!?”** At the moment she had cried out, change had taken her vocal chords and escorted her voice into a more mellow tone. But Luvia hadn't noticed, and she certainly couldn't be expected to. After all, her hands had gripped onto a pair of soft, velvety extensions that jutted out of her hair and pulled them down in front of her eyes. **“EARS!?”** She had also noticed her hair, but as a concern that was secondary.

While they looked like long animal ears with purple fur on the outsides and golden fur on the insides, she quickly realized she couldn't *hear* from them. That wasn't to say they didn't help in sensing anything though, for the moment they'd popped up she'd had a much better sense of the flow of mana around her. Were they receptors of some sort? They weren't an accessory, a painful tug made that clear at least.

Her head spun, thoughts no longer being conveyed in the Japanese nor English she was familiar with but the more ancient form of the Coptic language: ancient Egyptian tongue. **“How could this...? What's? But I cannot stop moving, I need to find Ri-- NO I DON'T!”** Despite rejecting the notion she continued to move forward. It wasn't much

farther now, and she felt as if she could make out a silhouette standing among the oasis. A rather tall Middle Eastern woman that wasn't at all familiar, but also struck her with the thought of '*this is the person I'm looking for*'.

Red stripes soon formed on the sides of her cheeks like bars, cutting off as they ran inwards, and around them Luvia's perfectly pristine skin began to become unusually patchy. Dark spots that, at first, looked like freckles before they began to expand. It was a phenomenon that, while beginning around the red facial markings, very quickly sprouted up across her body from head to toe. Before long she was completely covered in this splotches, and their high melanin doses dyed her complexion to the point that she certainly didn't look European any longer.

It was a much browner dark than Rin's complexion had become, and for a brief moment it just looked like Luvia had been dyed a different color. But it was only natural that accompanying racial features would bleed in to put her body more in line with what her head was already telling her in terms of language; that is to say she was becoming *Egyptian*.

The bridge of the young woman's nose collapsed, yet nostrils flared larger. Her lips, now slightly lighter than the tone of her face, grew only slightly but likewise reflected a much more natural, glossy look than they had before. Her sharp chin softened and purple eyes widened, lashes dyed the same glittery purple as her hair and, before long, she no longer resembled a European girl in any capacity much less Luvia Edelfelt.

"**Now my skin...**" Luvia's aggression had significantly dulled, and instead of marveling at her darkened hand for very long her eyes kept fluttering up to the oasis, or more specifically the woman standing there watching her. She was actually having a much more difficult time finding issue with what was going on.

With her next step she found toes slipping free of her shoe and sock entirely, a bare foot pressing down against the hot sand without so much as a wince in response; almost like she was *used* to it. The foot itself was almost two sizes smaller than it should have been, with a soft heel and tiny toes that definitely wouldn't have fit in what she'd walked into the Matou estate wearing. Even so, it was a subtle change.

And that was what most of the remaining physical changes amounted to in terms of intensity: *subtle*. Her natural figure wasn't actually that significantly different from the woman she was becoming, particularly with her muscle already diminished. She *did* grow taller, but only by 2cm. Her breasts *did* change size, but only shrinking a single cup size so



the front of her dress sagged loosely a little. Her hips *did not* widen, but her ass took on a more bubble-like shape as it pressed tightly up against the back of her skirt. Otherwise, that left her largely supple thighs to find weight piled on to strain against the leggings hidden beneath her long skirt. Curled, purple pubes were all that remained, and she then fumbled bare-footed into the oasis.

**“Lady Scheherazade!?”** Luvia had meant to call out gleefully, but the moment she’d called out she finally took notice of what the woman was wearing. Was that not Tohsaka’s outfit? But it didn’t fit her, and her breasts were hanging out? So did this mean that this woman was... **but did it matter? It didn’t matter who Scheherazade was, she was the woman she was closest to in Chaldea.**

Wait, in *what*?

The other party was likewise having similar struggles. Was she Rin? Scheherazade? Either way she knew subconsciously that this Egyptian woman dressed as Luvia *was* Luvia. She wanted to state as much aloud, but the words just didn’t come out; **she was too meek. Rather, realizing Pharaoh Nitocris was staring at her breasts, she sheepishly used her long arms to cover them. “Ph-Pharaoh Nitocris!”**

It was a shame that Scheherazade wouldn’t mention it, because Luvia’s mind had succumbed much more intimately to her new personality and the light peppering of foreign memories that kept this personality in place. *‘This is Tohsaka, but! She’s also Lady Scheherazade! My most trusted friend, the woman I... l-love!’* Her thoughts were in disarray, and she could not refute them with her will as it was currently. She just wanted to be of service to the storyteller regardless of who she once was, and in service to this desire she finally pointed to the pile of clothes and jewelry in the sand between them. **“Aren’t those our things? We should get dressed...”**

**“O-Oh! I suppose they are... Are you alright changing in front of me...?”** It had served as a good (*or bad depending on your opinion*) distraction for Scheherazade, who turned to look down at the pile as well. It was clear both of them had forgotten about Illya and Sakura, and Sche herself found herself occasionally looking over to smile shyly at Nitocris, cradling a seductive body that could win the heart of any king.

With Luvia, now Nitocris, too fargone to remember who she once was properly, and with Rin, now Scheherazade, too meek to confess to what she knew and risk ruining the mood, the two inadvertently had accepted this new reality for what it was. Two rival magi, now two lover Servants that belonged to an organization known as ‘Chaldea’. The spell had certainly done its trick, they were now *definitely* getting along.

And as they awkwardly flirted, dressing themselves in the cloth and accessories they'd found in a fashion that exposed more skin than their previous outfits had, they didn't realize they were overlooking several items of import.

The first? The Reality Marble was now closed off to the outside world. Both of them were now trapped in this mini Egypt, together forever. The second? Those clothes they were putting on? Those were what was left of Sakura and Illya, with the former making up Scheherzade's garb and the latter making up Nitocris'.

As the two women pressed up against one another to kiss later that evening, their bosoms pressed together along with the clothing they were wearing.

*And, in that way, the four magi would never be separated again.*