

CSJETELAND

NODE 1: PHARAOH



Halloween was fast approaching, and with it opportunity for the next Halloween event. The sun set on a singularity that housed a rather peculiar structure: the mysterious Himeji Castle of Japan sitting upon an upside down Egyptian pyramid atop Csejte Castle, the home of the infamous serial killer Elizabeth Bathory. Its unusual composition was the result of Halloween events past, when the base castle's lizard princess had gotten wrapped up in event after event.

But there was one, another whom had repeatedly been caught in that girl's shenanigans, that had finally had enough. *ONILAND* or whatever? Such an event would be poultry in comparison to what she had planned.

"Finally. She's stolen the show for too long, but now I'll have my chance in the limelight. All shall know the true tale of Elizabeth Bathory! The terror or Carmilla!"

Obscenely long finger nails wrapped around a crystal bottle sporting contents with an icy blue hue as lightning flashed in the backdrop. She'd siezed upon one of her younger self's concoctions, an elixir meant to bestow eternal beauty. With it, she'd have no difficulty stealing the show! And yet something created by that gremlin could not be trusted. Tests needed to be performed before she used it on herself. And she knew the perfect organization to send unsuspecting test subjects...

**CHALDEA SECURITY ORGANIZATION (???? -- CURRENTLY TRAVERSING
IMAGINARY NUMBER SPACE)**

It was almost Halloween. It wasn't something most of those aboard the Shadow Border had paid much thought to considering they only had a rough idea of the current date and time, and you know, all of time and space being distorted. It wasn't until an unusual object appeared within the vehicle that anyone even recalled.

"**This is, you know...**" Robin Hood remarked, hand upon his hip as he leered at a scrap of pink paper laid out on a table in the workshop. "**Elizabeth right? I'm sitting this out.**" The sweat drops over the heads of siblings Gudao and Gudako were almost willed into existence by the Servant's honesty. As much as them, he had plenty of reason to not want to jump into anything with that wannabe idol's name on it.

TO THE LITTLE PIGGIES UPON THE SHADOW BORDER! YOU ARE INVITED TO A HALLOWEEN BASH IN YOUR HONOR AT THE HONORABLE CSEJTE CASTLE! THERE WILL BE, OF COURSE, LIVE PERFORMANCES AS WELL AS GOOD FOOD! OH AND I'M NOT TAKING NO AS AN ANSWER!

"**She really can't read the mood can she? We don't really have the time for Halloween parties.**" Gudao was the first to sigh, shrugging his shoulders after reading the letter aloud.

His sister was quick to object as she tapped a finger on her opposing arm. "**This is why you're not good with girls. Or so I'd say but we can't really get there anyways, right? Eli-chan can't exactly summon us there herself.**"

"**Huh? What can't I do, deerlet? I was just off to practice when I heard a tree**", eyes darted to stare at Robin Hood, "**mention my name.**" For a Servant to leave the Shadow Border and come back without authorization, particularly to a singularity, was completely impossible! So how, then... "**Wh-What!? Why is everyone staring at me!? Are you in awe of my beauty!?**"

"**Hardly.**" Robin spat back his rebuttal immediately. "**Is this a prank then? Did you just leave this note here to scare us?**"

Elizabeth was quick to snatch the letter from his hand and skimmed it, tail flicking back and forth behind her. "**This is... PLAGIARISM! WHO WOULD COPY MY WRITING!?**" Wait. "**ARE YOU SAYING ME INVITING YOU TO A PARTY IS NIGHTMARE INDUCING!?**"

"Yup."

"Pretty much."

"Based on experience, yes."

"Uu... You're all so mean!"

THUD!

Their dragon harrassment session came to a quick and sudden conclusion when the entire Shadow Border shook, leaving an announcement to sound over the onboard speakers from Da Vinci.

"It seems we've arrived at Csejte Castle."

"AAAAH!?! WHY IS THERE A ROLLER COASTER RUNNING THROUGH MY PRECIOUS CASTLE!?"

Any onlookers in the forest surrounding Csejte Castle would be able to hear the dragon idol shriek as she waved her arms up and down in panic, eyes glued to the bright pink structure that looped through not only the castle but the pyramid and Himeji Castle as well. Had Cleopatra or Osakabehime been there, Elizabeth was more than certain they would have been equally mortified.

The investigation party had grown one member, and down the beaten pathway Gudao, Gudako, Robin Hood, Elizabeth, and now Mashu made their way towards the gate. Mashu was notably not on board with this excursion seeing as she was one of many that found Elizabeth's presence to be... *much*. yet enticed by her senpais she was eventually roped in.

"Were you kicked out of the castle *again*?" Shielder seemed a little suspicious considering this was around the fifth time she'd ask a similar question that was met with a sharp **"NO!"** from Elizabeth. And so they could only trek on in hopes that they'd understand once they reached the castle's gates.

But the forest was thick, the air foggy, and easy-to-slay mobs like skeletons kept popping up. The twins agreed that something wasn't right, that the layout was vaguely different then they recalled from their previous visits. **"It might be dangerous so I'll scout ahead with Robin."** Gudao ultimately decided, the two boys leaving the girls to begrudgingly wait in place despite being more than capable of taking care of themselves.

"You sure about that Master? Leaving them alone with *her*?" Leave it to Robin to make a passing jab at the young mistress of the castle they were attempting to reach. Gudao couldn't help but chuckle as he kept watch around them in the meantime.

"Elizabeth means well even if she's like that. You know better than anyone, right? That's why you're always subtly looking out for her."

"Ugh. Does it really look like that?"

"Yup!"

Robin groaned. Even though his Master's assumption was correct, he didn't like admitting it. That girl was *trouble* but in the sort of way that you couldn't just leave her alone. And that thought made him wonder if the girls would be okay even if it was just for a few moments.

"Come to think of it, when we walked through here didn't Elizabeth get caught in a traaAAAAP!?" Always the king of bad timing, Gudao stepped on a pile of leaves that was in actuality a net trap. He was hoisted up high into the trees which seemed harmless enough, but a needle that had been added to the inside of the rope pricked his skin in the process. It wasn't painful enough for him to take notice, but that didn't change that it had occurred.

As quickly as he reached the tree tops he began to fall, an arrow having pierced the rope before Gudao fell into Robin's arms. *Yikes*, embarrassing. He hopped off right away and made an apologetic but thankful bow to the Archer. **"Guess it could happen to anyone."** But it had to happen to him, of course. **"The gate's up that way right? Anything suspicious?"**

"I don't think so. If there are any traps they're probably on that level." Lighting another smoke and taking a puff, Robin gestured at the remains of the rope net beside them. **"We can probably--"** Eyes went wide for a single moment before he dashed to Gudao's side and held out his mantle in a protective stance. Magecraft? No, this was akin to a Servant being summoned. The manifestation of a Saint Graph that had yet to be brought into existence. But where? It felt close, and yet...

"A... Archer?" A pained groan brought the ranger to turn in place before catching his Master mid-fall. The boy had come over feverish, and while that was alarming it was nowhere as concerning as the revelation that soon followed. The source of the magic energy was from within his Master.

From Gudao's perspective he'd just been punched in the gut and set on fire. His nerves all burned uncontrollably to the point that he was unable to even stand without his Servant's shoulder. But it wasn't simply the pain. His mind, as well, came under assault. It would be inaccurate to call what surfaced memories as much as they were *visions*; pictures that told a tale he could barely understand, yet threatened to bury his soul were he to let down his guard.

The Roman Empire, Egypt, rolling hills of sand, the pyramids. The last Pharaoh.

He clutched Robin's arm tightly as he forced eyes, having squinted shut from the pain, wide open. His eyes had always been blue, but at that moment they shone

quite literally, and far more brilliantly in contrast as a marking resembling that of one typically associated with the eye of an Egyptian god.

It was then that the pain subsided, though Gudao found himself feeling less relieved and more alien. His body was as it always was in design and yet it felt like he was living in skin that was not his own. Something pulsed in the core of his very being that assured him it wouldn't be the case much longer.

"Master. I need you to remain calm, but there's a Saint Graph taking form inside of you." It was the words of the Archer at his side that stirred the boy from completely succumbing to the peculiar feeling that had washed over him. **"I don't know the cause, but we should get you back to the Shadow Border."** Naturally the changes to Gudao's eyes hadn't gone unnoticed, and Robin himself was doing his very best to maintain his usual calm. The eyes bore into him. Of course they would, he recognized them. Along with his Master he'd come up against them in the past in the very castle before them.

"Do you think a man as run down as you has any right to tell me what to do?"

"I'm sorry?" That had been the last sentence he'd ever expected to bark out from his Master's mouth, in the least likely tone imaginable. Gudao was gentle but firm when he needed to be, but those were the commanding words of a ruler.

Gudao, too, looked confused once his words had been questioned. **"What's wrong with me?"** Distracted by the absurdity of his own verbiage, he'd yet to notice that his demeanor was not the only thing under reconstruction. It was difficult to see with his clothes baggy as they were but beneath their veil his muscle tone had begun to redistribute. His stomach began to pinch inward as the skin across it softened, healthy tone fading only to be replaced by an absence of color that gave it the appearance of an unpainted doll -- beautiful skin that could rival only the great treasures of Egypt.

"You're changing into her." Robin could only scoff at the thought as he grabbed Gudao by the arm and began tugging him towards where the others were waiting. **"That Pharaoh Assassin, Cleopatra. I don't know how, but we need to stop it before it's too late."** And yet he suddenly felt resistance on his pull, a strength that rivaled even an Archer class Servant. Looking back Robin saw his Master with those determined eyes, but also he was now tugging on a wrist that was decorated with snow-white skin and perfectly manicured nails.

"Why would I want to stop it?" Robin Hood practically cringed; not only at that commanding tone surfacing once more, but at the fact that his voice had risen more than slight. Upon closer inspection the boy's lips, too, seemed more pronounced, and the snow white skin had claimed not only his neck -- with a pronounced absence

of an Adam's apple -- but his cheeks and shrinking nose as well. **"To be the most beautiful Pharaoh in all of Egypt... Is there a better feeling?"**

Well, it wasn't like Robin knew what that felt like to make a fair comparison anyways. What *was* disturbing was that aside from his Master's appearance shifting, it seemed he was acquiring the Pharaoh's powers as well. A strength parameter that outranked his own was an issue.

Gudao's mind was a mess. He still identified as himself, but there was something about the changes that enticed him. To live with beauty, wealth, and power... He didn't truly care about things like these, but the ideas wormed their way into his heart. *'Living as Cleopatra wouldn't be so bad'* the voice said.

But of course his body would continue its metamorphosis regardless. While his white coat had grown baggier as his abdomen thinned, it slowly began to push outward beneath the chest as breasts took shape. Cleopatra's beauty was renowned and her figure was not to be scoffed at as the mounds pushed up against the material of the white coat, eventually popping open as its black strap barely held it on. Nipples erect, he could not deny he was becoming aroused by his own beauty.

Simultaneously, black pants began to tighten as his lower abdomen flared outward. Flesh thickened sensually around his thighs, but a widening gait made it so that they never once touched, and behind him his newly formed ass pushed up against the fabric of his clothes - which forced him to remove his belt in conjunction with all of the expansion. Before he even noticed his dick had floated away, revealing a smooth, unshaven clit between her new legs; moist from this whole ordeal.

But she couldn't have this man before her meet her needs, he wasn't worthy. **"Leave me alone so I can attend to myself."**

"Absolutely not." Watching the new woman's hair snake down from the short boys' style it had been before to a dark turquoise that reached far below her waist, Robin wasn't ignorant to the fact that the woman has gone and gotten hot and bothered. **"Who am I even talking to? You look like her and you're acting like her. Hell, do we even have a contract anymore?"** All good questions, but the Pharaoh merely flicked her hair over her shoulder and revealed the back of her right hand. Command Seals shone.

"I'm Gudao of course. But I'd prefer if you called me Cleopatra - Gudao isn't a name worthy of this form." Naturally. **"Shall we return to the others then?"** She was anxious to show off, just a little.

"I really don't want to have to explain this."