

# SERVITUDE GRANTED

APRIL 2022 REQUEST STORY

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The Saber known by the true name of Artoria Pendragon certainly had mixed feelings when it came to being summoned to the Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki. After the unfortunate end that the fourth war had come to, she was naturally concerned about the outcome of the consequent one – largely because she had been participating with a goal in mind.

She had wished to redo the king's selection and thus find a happy ending for her kingdom, and to those ends she had sought the Holy Grail to make that wish a reality. For that reason she had been summoned despite not truly being deceased, and for that reason she had taken up Excalibur for yet another fight.

Yet over the span of a few days, that war inevitably reached its climax. Two Servants remained to vie for the Grail, and one of them hadn't even been a Servant summoned to participate. Much to Saber's dismay, it was an Archer that had been summoned during the fourth war. A man that needed no introduction, and had served as perhaps her greatest rival. *Gilgamesh*.

Throughout their encounters over the past few days it was clear that his goals were not *healthy*. He had developed something of a fixation on the woman king over the decade of living amongst the modern era that he had experienced, and he sought to make Artoria *his*. In what capacity? He most certainly hadn't elaborated, and she certainly didn't want to know.

But inevitably, with the shrine as their backdrop, the two wills eventually clashed. Saber's Master had been incapacitated, and Kirei had long been dispatched of. It was just the two of them with the

muddled mass of the Grail behind them, the night sky turned crimson to the eyes of anyone with sensitivity to Magecraft.

**“Kuhaha! Today is the day I make you mine, Saber!”** Despite the dire nature of the circumstances, the man was fixated on the young woman still. She could feel a shiver run up her spine. It was creepy. But she remained steadfast in her convictions. Regardless of how powerful or disturbing, Gilgamesh was an enemy that needed to be thwarted.

*To obtain a past where she did not become king, and her kingdom was left in better hands.*

Unbeknownst to the pair of them, their desires were so powerful that the mud of the Grail had picked up on them. They were desires that could be granted simultaneously, after all. One need not win out over the other, and so this final test of strength to determine a final winner was not exactly necessary. Truly possessing the power to grant wishes, before the two Servants could even exchange blows? A flash of light struck the pair.



**“What!? Where...!?”** The next Saber knew, she was standing in an unfamiliar chamber clad in little more than a white cloth that fell down her front and back. It just barely covered her breasts and butt, and was bound to her neck by golden chains of some manner. Where had her armor gone? Why could she not conjure it back? That aside, she could not call forth Excalibur either! **“...What just happened?”**

Calming herself so that she could exercise caution, she slowly looked around the room. The walls and floor were woven from marble, with a large canopy bed serving as the only piece of furniture in the room. From one grandiose, pane-less window, a small town of stone surrounded by a wall could be seen. With a boundless desert beyond it. This was clearly *not* Fuyuki.

Her manner of dress was chilly, too. While lit outside, it was only lit by the light of the moon. Late at night, even the room’s interior was illuminated by torches. The comfort of the bed, dressed in white, looked appealing as it was so nippy – but Artoria could not be distracted by

such things. She needed to figure out where she was, why she was there, and how it impacted her goals.

But she would never find answers to any of these things. Rather, over the next few minutes she would find her desires distorted, and yet at the very same time fulfilled. Because at the end of the day? She would not need to worry about the outcome where she was chosen by the Sword of Selection any longer. *She wouldn't even be a blood resident of Britain.*

**“I suppose my first plan of action should be ascertaining where I am, if that is even possible.”** There was no doubt in Saber's mind that this *wasn't* Fuyuki, much less Japan. Figuring out where she was instead would be the first step in finding a way back. But how long would that take? Days? Weeks? Months? And what of what would happen in the meantime? Her goal had been the Holy Grail, which had been in front of her. Now, spirited away to some other place? She had been taken away from it. Once again it would escape from her, and she would have to wait for the next Holy Grail War in hopes that she could gain what she desired. In the meantime, had she just left it there for Gilgamesh to take?

### *The sexy, wonderful Gilgamesh.*

Were she not a Servant, Artoria might have thrown up with how her stomach had churned at such a thought. **“Erm...?”** Where had *that* come from? Never had she seen the aesthetic value in any person, much less found them attractive or not. And for such a feeling to be directed at that Archer, her sworn enemy, of all people? More must have been wrong here than she had initially believed. Things must have been terribly, *terribly* wrong. She certainly wasn't wrong about that, but it did take her a little bit to realize just *how* right she was.

Clad in only that simple cloth of white, most of the girl's body was fully exposed. That made it easy for any onlookers, if there *were* any, to see that something strange had begun to encroach upon the maiden's body. A plethora of tiny, dark spots that almost looked like freckles that were far richer in melanin than they had any business being, but freckles that quickly overstayed their welcome. With arms bare, not even Artoria could remain ignorant to their presence for long.

**“What!? My skin is...?”** Not only did these ‘freckles’ become more plentiful, soon covering her face and even her loins, but as they grew in number it became clear that they were ultimately blotting out the original, pinkish color of her skin. Every single gap of pale would ultimately be overcome with this rich darkness, and before long? Her complexion was that of a very dark mocha, with nipples even *darker*. There were some exceptions to this, mind you, like her palms and the

bottoms of her feet being a little lighter, but all in all? It looked as if Artoria now belonged to a completely different race entirely.

The king grit her teeth. **“How is this possible!?”** Rolling her hands over before her own two eyes, she was left at a loss of what she was looking at. Because she was distracted by her skin, however? She didn’t quite notice how a change of color had begun to permeate through other aspects of her body as well. Such as her eyes, once teal, now shimmering gold. Or how her locks of hair had taken on a raven black that did not so sharply contrast the new color of her skin.

Although there was much more to be done as far as this hair was concerned. It soon lengthened, strands almost crawling like snakes as it all spilled far past her shoulders and down to her butt. Regardless of whether or not her height was altered in the future, it would reach to this point. But it would also continue to do so with the newfound volume it possessed, for black locks earned a fullness that made them soft and full. It would be easy to get lost in a head of hair like that.

Aligning itself with her proposed new race, Artoria’s soft and round facial features were ultimately compromised as well. While she’d originally possessed an appeal that could easily be passed for that of a beautiful boy, that quickly changed as the more feminine aspects of her face were enhanced. Most notably? Her brown lips swelled until a full, attractive pucker that would rest in that position, and her overall facial structure became both thinner and longer, with narrowed eyes and a sharper nose. With her skin and hair, there was no denying that she appeared *Arabic* by modern conventions. But she also wasn’t in a modern world any longer.

And her mature face, which made her look as if she was in her late twenties, did not match the build of her petite body.

**“I need to find a way to stop this!”** For a girl that was notorious for keeping her cool, this level of panic was practically unseen when it came to Saber’s demeanor. But faced with the changes she realized, she had no choice *but* to panic. The issue? She couldn’t seem to move her body, which was in part because she somehow felt much, much weaker than she was as a Servant.

The fact that her nature as a Saber had been taken from her was certainly part of it, but there was more at work than that. After all, the tight and firm, muscular design of her body didn’t... quite look that way anymore. She had always been self-conscious about how buff she was, and how it made her look unappealing as a woman based on the standards of the era she grew up in, and yet all of that muscle had *melted* away, leaving her flesh softer and slightly more ample as a result.

Although things did ultimately even out. **“I’m... growing!?”** Still incapable of walking, she at least threw up her arms at the sight of her height beginning to rise, all while a suitable accent began to plague a voice that was becoming just a little deeper. She grew up to about 5’6”, which pulled the white cloth that had been dragging on the ground up into the air, and left her lanky visage looking quite... abnormal.

**“Ngh!? Now... what!?”** This change in stature was immediately succeeded by a strange feeling that welled up from within her body. She almost felt *bloated*, but she hadn’t had anything to eat and it was a feeling that was far more widespread than just her belly – although the reason for this was rapidly made apparent. **“Ack!?”** The woman almost fell over to begin this phase, because her hips had popped a *handful* of inches wider, giving her a much more childbearing gait.

When it came to the bloating in her belly, that feeling soon made sense. She became a little chubby in the gut, albeit it in a way that couldn’t be seen as anything other than appealing. It gave her belly a little lip in the front, while on the sides it expanded to better fit into her widened hips. Nonetheless, there was still a bit of tone to the tummy – a tone born from being a practiced *dancer*.

If plumpness was the name of the game when it came to the rest of her figure, at no point could it really be seen as a negative when it came to her flesh’s appeal. Though it did create questions as to the point of the white cloth dangling down her body’s center, because in the end it covered so little that it was irrelevant.

Case in point? Her breasts soon swelled, and certainly with no shortage of vigor. Their weight forced the once-Servant to let out an embarrassed cry as she was forced to lean slightly forward from their masses. She had never cared much about the size of her bust, lackluster as it had been before. But before her very eyes each tit grew more ample than the size of her own head, dark nipples erect and proud in the cool night air. She resisted the urge to touch them with hands that were now bigger than they’d been before, and was so shocked that she didn’t even dignify their growth with any response. As for the white cloth? It was wedged right into her cleavage in the front.

Not that it had fared any better in the *back*. The cloth there was quickly wedged into a lower point of the woman’s body, into the cheeks of her ass. With hips wider, her already lacking rump had basically flattened. Now? Cheeks swelled with the same energy that her tits had, the crack becoming an ample canyon thanks to the sheer size of her dark mounds. It was an ass that would easily jiggle with how loose the flesh was, and that same boon saw thighs bloat to completely fill any gap between her

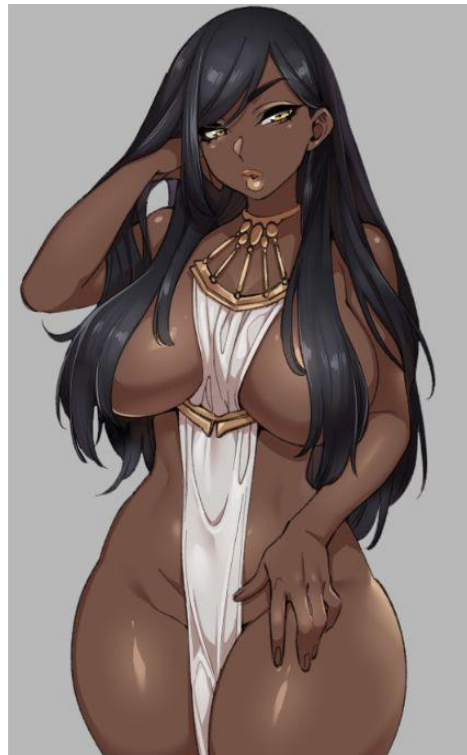


legs. Both sides of the cloth were rubbed between them, and every so often it would slip in the front to reveal both her pussy and the fact that she had shaved above it.

**“No... This is not me, I am not some...”** *Concubine?* She had tried to resist coming to that conclusion, but she was powerless to avoid drawing it based on her voluptuous body and her lacking manner of dress. It was becoming more and more difficult to keep her hands off of herself too, due to one disturbing thing. **“Why can I... not stop thinking about king Gilgamesh!?”** Had she just referred to him as *king*? Well, that was what he was, but he wasn't her king. Or he wasn't supposed to be.

*But was there a more fitting man to rule a kingdom than he?*

Unable to stop it any longer, hands ran down across her dark, bare breasts, and the concubine-adjacent woman could not stop fantasizing about the king that she wasn't sure she served no matter how much or little she attempted to distract herself. She quickly found herself desiring the touch of King Gilgamesh, and to please him was quickly becoming her fondest wish even if she screamed deep down to the contrary. As an individual, could she have mustered a desire that was a little more profound? Perhaps. But for a woman that had been raised as a concubine's daughter to see pleasing her king as the ultimate duty to be fulfilled, she was fine with it being so humble.



Were these *her* memories?

**“I hope his highness comes soon. I'm not sure how much longer I can contain myself.”** She spoke with a sultry tone that indicated just how needy she felt despite how she should have been acting as her old self, her thick rear end plopping down against the white sheets of the bed. She had been able to use the royal bathing room to prepare for this encounter, and that alone was a great honor. To use the same bathwater that her great king did.

Slowly, she unclasped the gold from her neck so that the white cloth, which hardly covered anything anyways, fell to leave her completely bare. Gilgamesh was not a man who fancied undressing his concubines.

That was something she had learned from the numerous times she had shared passions with him over the years.

**“ANATU!”**

The voluptuous woman’s entire body quivered at the sound of a sexy, commanding voice echoing down the adjoined hallway. It was the voice of her king, and he was calling out for her to give warning that he would soon approach. While she had almost forgotten her name, hearing ‘*Anatu*’ reminded her of what it truly was. That name meant ‘pure’ and ‘spotless’ in their native tongue, which was the opposite of how she would be once he’d had his way with her. Hearing his voice boom her name simply sent her over the edge, and she no longer had any qualms with her newfound arrangement.

But Anatu had no complaints. Even if she did, she was a mere concubine. She knew not how to live any other way, and so she would continue to live as she had. It wasn’t as if there was some sort of fantastical world where she could be a queen herself, right? Gilgamesh would sooner kill anyone who dare try to rob him off his position after all.

Pink lips rose into a smile as the king finally stepped into the bedchambers, his glorious body already stark naked. His attractiveness was unrivaled, and the sight of him alone was enough to make her pussy quiver with need. She wanted him inside of her more than *anything*. Nothing else really mattered. And once the two had been properly satisfied?

She knew that she needed nothing else more.