

FORMATION DES FRANCAIS

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The light of day shone across the kingdom of QIN as it always did, the sound of machinery whirring in the nation's capital coming on at the usual time as the emperor's experiments began. Shi Huang Di was a ruler that prioritized the evolution of their kingdom, the development of new technology that might give them an edge. Even when their land had been visited by one of the Crypters and her mysterious companions did they turn a blind eye to their visitors and focus on their work.

The day's experiment, overseen by royal guard Li Shuwen, focused on Servants themselves. Or rather more specifically on their Saint Graphs. If it were possible to manipulate these containers, modify the data within them, then it would surely give QIN an advantage over the threats that sought to invade it.

"**Begin the test**", an elder man's voice boomed in the direction of the drones charged with handling the grunt labor. In the center of the room was a metallic sphere that looked quite ordinary, but contained a fragment of knowledge from the Throne of Heroes that their benevolent leader had managed to obtain. This was merely a trial to see if any of that data could be harnessed by their database, nothing more.

Arms crossed behind his back, glasses resting with perfect position across the bridge of his nose, Li Shuwen was otherwise silent as the gigantic machine before him whirred to life. The metallic sphere began to spin and spin, the mounts on both the top and bottom creaking under the strain of its first use. He glanced down at the readings on the analogue screen nearby, taking note of the paper beside it that short and large lines were being drawn on almost like a seismic monitor. It was a device to measure the presence of a Saint Graph. If they could extract one, it would make the following experiments so much more fruitful.

An eyebrow was raised when the sphere began to twirl at an unintended speed however, the whirring growing louder and louder as sparks began to flicker off the orb. "**Halt!**", Li commanded next, though not in time to prevent a full on thunderbolt to erupt

from its surface and strike the Assassin without warning. Accompanying the shock was a strange sensation that bled deep into his body and soul. It wasn't normal to be sure, and the readings on the Saint Graph detector beside him seemed to indicate that something had manifested briefly, only to slip away. Had it been a Servant that merely escaped back to the Throne? Or had it escaped *somewhere else*?

"Hm." Li could only muse aloud as a dull burning could be felt from within him. He kept his posture as he normally would, breathing calm as possibilities ran through his mind. A voice that was not his called at the back of his mind; a phantom looking for a place to roost, no doubt having jumped into him from the device he'd so readily used for the sake of his emperor. But it was silenced. His indomitable will would not be overcome by a banshee prattling on about her beloved. He was strong, and he'd long ago prepared himself for any dangers that might affect his mind.

Yet one could only prepare so much. Protecting one's mind and protecting one's body were entirely different things. They required different preparations, and the possibility that the emperor's device might inflict such a wound upon him had never occurred. But if he could repel the changes to his mind then there was hope; hope that his form could be returned to him.

At first Li could merely feel the changes in the quality of his skin. Tingles washed over his hardened body as if he were surrounded by nonlethal needles that harmlessly poked into his skin all over. There were no such needles of course, merely the mana of his body being reconstructed thanks to the interference of another Servant's Saint Graph overlaying with his own. The martial artist finally removed one of his hands from behind him and held fingers before eyes clouded by glasses. He gave his old fingers a wiggle as the pins and needles sensation ran through them, the worn and wrinkled skin of an aged man given new color and smoothness before his eyes. It was a sensation that he imagined was taking place all over his body, including a face that looked more and more youthful with each passing moment.

He was becoming a younger man, it seemed. Rather that was his first assumption, but the nature of the voice Li had first heard clawed at his assumption. That had been a woman's shrill voice, had it not? It certainly wasn't the kind of voice he'd want to hear regularly, though not as grating as the pink haired guest Shi Huang Di had allowed to stay in their Lostbelt along with Akuta Hinako.

Truly, the first sign that he was not merely regressing into his younger self quickly became evident in the transformation of his hair. He'd worn it a little longer in his youth, having only cut the blazing red when he'd reached an age where it became more convenient to chop it all off. It wasn't red that was finding its way into the color of his hairs however, rather a brilliant blonde that you wouldn't naturally find on any Chinese man (though to say you might find one with bright red hair was something of a stretch as well). The hairs tickled his neck, provoking him to grab a handful from behind and tug it forward only to witness it continuing to lengthen between his fingers. It was soft and unruly, quite unlike the tame silver he'd been maintaining for years now. It only took several moments of observation before he tossed the strands back behind him, the bulk now resting over the arm that he still held to his rear.

Li sighed as he carefully removed his glasses with his free hand and set them upon the desk nearby. He took note of the height his voice's pitch had climbed to, of how different the frames of his eye piece felt between softer fingers. Should he have panicked? Perhaps a little. But that would serve no purpose at the moment and so he would allow it all to pass first.

His stature was next to diminish. Li Shuwen was an infamous martial artist, a peerless warrior that was the veteran of many difficult battles. Of course he had a powerful and chiseled frame to match such a reputation, but it became increasingly difficult to view it that way. It was difficult to see beneath his crimson robes, which grew baggier and baggier around his person as muscle mass pulled into his body and fat took its place. This wasn't to say he was becoming weak, but rather his strength was being redistributed. Before he had a body meant to capitalize on physical strikes without arms, but now it felt more like his form had been redesigned to wield a weapon. A spear? He knew a fair bit about wielding those as well. Despite his loss of muscles Li had grown in one area: his height. A mere 166cm prior, he'd subtly risen to 170cm.

The Assassin's eyes had grown rounder with the passage of time, a brilliant blue seeping into their irises (though they maintained a look of disinterest). Fingers began to pull at the fastens of his top, allowing the red cloth to rest on the desk he'd left his glasses so that he could witness the full extent of just what had happened so far. A warmer tone of skin than he was used to shone in the laboratory's light, his torso certainly reminding him of how it once had been back in the day. If not for the locks of blonde hair that spilled over his shoulders he might have seen it as exactly the same.

But Li knew it was temporary. Despite having regressed back in age he could tell he hadn't put back on the weight he'd had in his youth. This was likely because his new form had no use for it. The tingling resumed around his torso, focusing on either side of his stomach as an apparent arc formed inward to give it a more feminine appeal. His loss of muscle mass had already given his stomach a tight and smooth appearance, but the curvature added concern to what he already knew: he was becoming a woman.

Perhaps because he'd realized this, or perhaps by sheer coincidence, a swelling sensation began beneath each nipple. It had been so long since they'd last stood upright from arousal, having cast away such things with his age, but Li couldn't deny there was something sensual about the sensation of skin rising from his chest. He arched his back backward in attempt to find more comfortable posture for the transformation, which had quickly taken on speed once the initial nubs had formed. He ran an effeminate finger across the surface of blooming breasts and found himself wracked with giddy pleasure as they bounced sprightly against his torso. The feeling came and went, and when it finally left what remained was a pair of woman's breasts that were heavy but not ridiculously so. He felt the muscles in his back tense up to better accommodate their weight.

There was no moment of reprieve offered to him after his breasts had taken form however. Almost immediately after he could feel his black pants against his skin in a more pronounced manner as thighs mushroomed over their hem. Soft and supple, his legs were quickly fashioned from a pair of young man's undesirables to a pair of alluringly sexy columns that poked out over his pants, their size pushing black down to reveal his pelvis as well. His ass had been dealt a similar hand and ample ass cleavage shot out from beneath his garb, a compact and sensual pair of cheeks wedged in as tightly as they could go. Li had no choice but to pull his pants down, struggling to slide them over the girth of his new rear but eventually overcoming those mounds as pants fell to the ground.

So little remained of his old body. Licks puckered with natural allure as eyes focused on all that was left of his manhood. His dick had returned to the appearance it had possessed in his youth, but before he could even grasp it, it had slunk away into absolute nothingness. A void was left in him. Rather, inside a young woman that had once *been* him. Her mind was still in tact as she kicked pants from her shins to step

out entirely into the nude. Her body was tight, fit, but desirable in its flawless softness. Whomever this body belonged to originally she had spent a great deal of time maintaining its vigor. Perhaps there was someone she sought to impress, or *someone*. Young love was like that, after all, though love itself had somewhat been lost in QIN.

Cool air tickling her nipples and pussy, Li snapped her fingers. If this was the result of her changing Saint Graph then surely some clothing must have been recorded as well. Blonde hair that had pooled at the ground around her rose slightly off the ground as it was rearranged into a pair of blonde twin tails that danced beside her with every step she took, bangs dangling to her annoyance in front of her eyes.

Her steps were suddenly more comfortable as decorative boots encased each tiny toe, a metallic wing sprouting from the outside of her boots that ran up to golden armor at her knees. Li's pussy was soon encased by a pair of battle panties that slid uncomfortably into her pert ass cheeks and a matching brassiere took form and held up her breasts. It was basic clothing, practically armor at all, but it seemed for the moment it was all she could muster. It was all very European, just as she imagined her body to be based on what she could gleam of her beauty from her reflection in the sphere.

"I suppose I should contact the emperor about this." She groaned in monotone as she slid her hand across the physical sensors meant to lock or unlock the room.

An alarm went off.

"Oh, *right*." It seemed she'd have some explaining to do.