

# GILFES GIRL

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a long time since the Chaldea Security Organization's last lottery event.

But perhaps describing it that way was a little disingenuous. Doing so suggested that it was the Chaldea Security Organization itself ran these events, but that was hardly *ever* the case. These event, which allowed them to collect a great deal of money and various other resources, wouldn't have made much sense to be run by Chaldea themselves. After all, what good would it have been to reward *themselves* with resources? No. Instead, it tended to be a matter of *Servants* affiliated with the organization 'donating' supplies that they had hoarded through some sort of competition – typically involving combat.

They didn't happen frequently, but there had been one consistent benefactor: Gilgamesh. The Servant of gold was perhaps the best equipped to provide glamorous rewards, if not from his own vast collection then through 'asking other Servants nicely' to help him collect them beforehand. His generosity was boundless! ...Or at least that was what *he* would say about himself. But if he was parting with those rewards in exchange for a show of combat, then wasn't it just technically a *payment*?

**"Kuhaha! Perhaps this year is the perfect year to bring Gilfest back!"** The man blustered loudly within Chaldea's cafeteria late at night. He would have been alone if not for the pink-haired, fox-eared woman sitting at the table in front of him. She was Koyanskaya of Darkness, and she was sitting there with a sly smile on her face. **"Bigger prizes! More beautiful women! A longer duration! Can**

**you help me with this, pink fox!?”** Had he even bothered to learn her name? Either way, her reply would have been the same.

**“Absolutely, my excellency~!”**

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Artoria Pendragon didn't understand *why* she had been asked to meet out where she was in that moment. It had been roughly a day since Gilgamesh's conversation with Koyanskaya, and while the Saber didn't know about that conversation nor the Archer's plans at *all*? It was about to come into play. The King of Knights had been sent a card that had been written and signed by her Master, Ritsuka, asking her to meet her at the indoor pool.

But that pool was vacant. It *was* late at night, but Ritsuka was extremely punctual normally.

**“Hm... There's no doubt in my mind that it was Master's handwriting, but...”** Thinking about it, there was definitely a chance that the letter could have been forged. Didn't her Master usually send text messages anyways? What a blunder on her part. **“But if she didn't send it, then who would have summoned me out here at such an hour? For what reason?”**

Fair questions. Servants weren't just banned from harming other Servants within Chaldea; da Vinci had created measures that made it *impossible*. So, at best, someone had called her out to the pool to talk. And— **“Saber-chan~? How would you like a job?”** Evidently, she didn't need to *ponder* it for much longer. The ringing of a voice from the nearby door drew her attention towards it. Where she saw the fox woman-shaped Foreigner.

Saber didn't know much about the Koyanskayas, but she also wasn't oblivious to their existence. They had caused everyone a great deal of pain before being summoned, and there were plenty of staff and Servants alike that did not forgive them for their sins. Artoria didn't necessarily have any strong opinions of her own. It didn't matter *which* legend served as their foundation; all Servants had made terrible mistakes at least once in their lives. Everyone trusted by her Master deserved a second chance.

**“A job? Is that what you summoned me out here?”** The girl was still a little cautious, but she didn’t show it. **“I suppose if it isn’t too much of a time investment and doesn’t go against Chaldea’s rules, I have some free time available.”** It wasn’t so much an ‘acceptance’ of the offer as it was a pending one depending on the terms. Because of Koyanskaya’s affinity, she was still a little cautious about her intentions.

Unfortunately, the Foreigner just ran with it. **“Oh~! Perfect! Gilgamesh will be so happy to hear that he has another girl for the Gilfest party!”** Gilgamesh’s name was enough to trigger Artoria’s fight or flight response. The two of them had a *complicated* history. He wasn’t the type of man that she necessarily wanted to do any favors for. Her intention had been to voice as much, but the moment she opened her mouth to protest?

**SNAP!**

Koyanskaya snapped her fingers and Artoria found herself *frozen*. **“Ah, ah, ahhh~! You already agreed... *Technically!*”** That ‘technically’ was doing a lot of heavy lifting, actually. **“So, we need to get you *work ready!* Some new clothes. A little of this and that... An attitude adjustment! Don’t worry, you’ll be perfect for the job in no time!”** She snapped her fingers a second time, but on this occasion? Saber felt rather *cold*. She had *been* standing there in her dress, but now she was standing there in a golden bikini that was much too big for her. **“I’ll come back and check on you shortly! Tata~!”**

She gave a little wave and exited the room. The moment she did? Saber found herself able to move once more. **“What!?”** She immediately found herself needing to pull on the bikini strings to cover her small nipples. She was *not* big breasted enough to fill it out, and the bikini *bottom* seemed to be in danger of slipping. Two factors that, when combined, made it a little difficult to chase after her. She also felt very *off*. **“...What did she do to me?”**

It didn’t really matter if Saber hesitated or not, the results would have been the same. Even if she’d had no shame and had bolted towards the door that Koyanskaya had just passed through, she would have become very *fatigued* and stopped to catch her breath before she had even reached it. She already felt oddly tired *standing still*. Like her body felt... heavy? Like she wasn’t as strong as she was *supposed* to be. For better or for worse however, her body was almost entirely exposed...

So, looking down past her small breasts she could identify the problem. **“What!?”** It hadn’t simply *felt* like her strength was just melting away.

It was *literally* just melting away, with her defined muscle mass fading into a belly that was soft – maybe a little *too* soft, because that belly began to lip *very* slightly over her pelvis. The issue wasn't even isolated to her tummy. Arms, chest, legs; all of that strength was lost. Both her strength as a Servant *and* as a knight.

As if she was a regular, untrained *human*.

“**Am... Am I *alive*?**” That would have been a funny sounding question if you weren't familiar with what Servants were. They were generally long deceased, mere spirits given form again through magic. But that magic *wasn't* there. She was weak, solid, *fragile*. Like a single knife could do irreversible damage to her. She certainly didn't *like* it, but she also had other issues that had begun to develop almost immediately.

Now, while there *was* a variation of Artoria Pendragon that had properly grown up in Chaldea, *this* Artoria Pendragon had never been afforded the chance thanks to the use of Avalon in life. She was forever in her mid-teens, doomed to never even grow another inch. At least that had *been* the case up until that moment, where it became abundantly clear to the girl that she *was* growing. And quite substantially at that.

At first she didn't even have the words to utter in surprise at the sight of it. “**What... *Like*, what's happening *and stuff*!?**” Her limbs and torso were creeping higher and higher, which was something that *probably* should have stolen her attention. After all, she had *only* been 5'1” just seconds ago, but those few seconds were enough for her height to jump to a *not so lean* 5'8”. And yet? What she was focused on was what she said. It hadn't been her attention to sound so *vapid*. “**Um... I am *not* speaking like this, am I? This is *sooooo* wrong!**” Evidently, that was *not* going to improve.

Saber had shot up so much in height so quickly, and while that alone might have been enough to perceive her as being 'older', that presumption was given even more support by the girl's face. Or, well, the *woman's* face, because its structure certainly didn't fit the profile of a teenager for much longer. Her jaw had widened, although her chin narrowed beneath a pair of lips that bloated *significantly* thicker. Her nose grew longer, and her eyes likewise narrowed while her eyelashes fluttered long. She didn't look anything like Artoria at all.

But she also looked to be around *thirty* or so.

That age range made *how* she was speaking all of a sudden seem even more ridiculous, because it wasn't something you might expect from a fully grown woman. “***Like... Am I older now? Some old hag, or something!? Or... Nah? I'm like... thirty, right?***” She couldn't

make up her mind. Was she *supposed* to be that old or not? Her memories suggested she was around that age, but some of them still suggested that she should have been younger, at least physically. But at the same time? When it came to the *physical* aspect of things, she couldn't look any farther from a teenager.

When she'd grown, it had been mentioned that she wasn't exactly still *lean*. The slight belly pouch that she'd developed prior was definitely part of that, and in fact it had set the stage. Her already soft body had softened further, filling out her arms and legs until they clearly weren't all *that* thin. There was a subtle jiggle to them, but at least when it came to her thighs? They were soon jiggling with even *more* abundance. An abundance that Artoria came to accept as 'natural' the more her mind clearly shifted, and her intelligence obviously dropped.

Awareness nor acceptance changed things, though. Her thighs were bloating more and more, their exposed skin sagging slightly while possessing a sensual jiggle. It all became *so* abundant that her hips were forced wider to accommodate by around *four* inches, but that also provided a benefit. The golden bikini bottom that had been hanging loosely around her hips found its strings resting more comfortably upon them, and moments later? The actual swimsuit portion was both being pulled tight against a now shaved pussy *and* the cheeks of her ass, which had swollen into such an abundant heart shape that the fabric dug into her cheeks.

She found herself picking at the wedgie idly, not even noticing that as she did so, the nails upon her fingers were growing long, manicured, and even found themselves painted in glittering gold. **"The only issue with wearing shit like this is that it totes digs into my ass! Ugh, I'm still talking like some stupid bimbo! Well, LOL! I totally am one, soooo!"** It was *weird*. Clearly there was a part of the woman that vaguely remembered how she had used to be, but this new self bit back with dominance.

She gave her own ass a slap after picking the wedgie, and her round cheeks jiggled from the impact. The old Saber would have been deeply embarrassed, but *this* Saber, if she could even be called that, could only giggle like an idiot. Her ass wasn't even the *only* part of her body that was jiggling – or *growing* for that matter. She'd arched her back backwards slightly to pick her ass in the first place, but as she'd done so? That arch had slowly corrected itself.

Until she was leaning slightly forward, forcing her to correct herself. **"Eh? My tits? Why do they look so big?"** They weren't even *that* big... *yet*. But they *were* bigger, and they were continuing *to* grow. Her lackluster A-cups had grown heavier, filling out the golden bikini top so

enough that they weren't just hanging there without covering anything at all. Yet, before her very eyes, they *grew* and *grew*, inflating like balloons being filled with water – if that water was *fat*, anyways. Her nipples engorged as the heft bounced, and the woman's fingers sunk *into* them out of curiosity.

**“Mmm!?”** Their sensitivity took her off-guard even though they probably *shouldn't* have in retrospect. Tits were *sensitive*, right? Even though her own felt so much *more* so now that her nipples were as large as her eyes and each tit had *usurped* her head in shape and mass. Some muscle strength returned, but only in her back so that she could accommodate her new *H-cups*; a pair of breasts that were so big that even the slightest breath caused them to jiggle passively within the cups that now fit them to perfection.

Artoria got a little *too* into investigating her boobs, as a matter of fact. She was fondling and shaking them like they were a couple of toys, and it was making the thirty-year-old woman increasingly *aroused*. At least until she reminded herself that she was in a *public space*. **“Wait... Like why am I obsessing over my tits and stuff? I can play with them *any time I want*, hehe!”** Her expression was strangely *proud*. *Well, I'm totes hot! Why wouldn't I be proud?* Her line of thinking was something along those lines.

It was only her hair and her complexion that really remained from the little Saber girl she had been before, and both of those things changed in different ways. When it came to her *hair*? Its blonde dulled to a more platinum shade that better matched her bikini in a way. It thickened *and* lengthened, going from her shoulders all the way down to just above her ass in a voluminous mass that looked *very* well taken care of. She could recall having a *very* robust hair care regimen. She spent a lot of money on those products!

On the other hand? Well, on both hands... and her arms... and the rest of her body? Her skin *darkened*. It was clearly *fake* – an artificial copper tan that could only really be obtained in a tanning booth. But it was *comprehensive*. Even if she'd stripped down or spread the cheeks of her ass, there wasn't a potentially visible part of her body that *hadn't* been spread inside the tanning bed to perfect her look.

**“How are you feeling, Amy?”**

**“...Amy?”** The taller, buxom, and tanned woman looked around slowly with confusion, only focusing on the Koyanskaya who had reappeared at the end. That... was the hiring manager for her new gig, right? Right. She was *Amy*. The moment that the golden bikini-clad babe accepted this new name was the same moment where everything else just *fell into*

place. She had been one of the lesser paid Chaldea staff that helped with things on the logistics side. She was kind of a bimbo, and was prone to making mistakes, but somehow, she had escaped getting fired back before the Earth had been bleached. “**O-Oh! Right. Like, duh!**”



Her pay hadn't been *great*, so when Koyanskaya had presented her with an opportunity to dress up in a sexy bikini for Gilgamesh and act as one of his props *and* dancers for the upcoming Gilfest for a *hefty* sum of gold, there was *no* way she would turn that down. “**I feel *suuuuper* good! I look *totally* HAWT in this bikini, *right*? But Miss Koyanskaya? Is this *totes* for real? Is that *yummy* Gilgamesh gonna pay me *oodles* of money!? Just for looking hot and shaking my ass!?” ...Evidently, she had no problem doing any of that.**

Koyanskaya laughed and clapped her hands. “**Wow~! You're far more enthusiastic... and stupid... than I even planned! That works out perfectly!**” She couldn't have Gilgamesh finding out that his favorite Saber had been transformed into one of his bimbo dancers! He might have taken her head! But if she was *this* much of a bimbo? Well, there was certainly no danger of *that* happening. “**I mean yes, yes, you look hot and you *will* get paid! Now give your ass a shake for me? I need to see if you're up to his standards!**”

“***YES MA'AM!***” Amy did as she was told after giving a stupid looking salute, bouncing and shaking until Koyanskaya was satisfied – leading to questions about her personal investment in watching a hot, tanned woman twerking in front of her in a swimsuit. And as it turned out? She was a perfect fit! Well, of course she was.

She'd been remade *to* be a perfect fit, after all.