

# FATE / DOWNGRADE

## CHAPTER 2: STAFF UP

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Just as every other Servant in Chaldea, much like every human staff member, Arjuna of the Archer class had absolutely no idea that the incoming Clock Tower representatives had contained a rat that meant more ill-will than even the worst of them. He had heard rumors that something *might* be amiss, but those rumors were pointed more at the portly man with the moustache and the pink-haired vixen that he kept at his side as a secretary.

But he wasn't all that concerned, really. He would simply follow the rules that had been put in place. It was his duty to do so as a Servant summoned by Chaldea – not his place to go against the will of their superiors. If he were to do so, at worst he could have his Mana supply cut off and the Servant unsummoned, which would not have furthered humanity's cause any.

**“I must admit. It isn't the most exciting of roles to play in the meantime, however.”** Being alone in an empty cafeteria, one he knew to always be full of life, reminded him of what once had been. While most Servants had been bound to their quarters, there were some exceptions that could be made. If it came to helping the staff with duties where hands were in short supply, a Servant was allowed to briefly leave.

Which was what had transpired in Arjuna's case. Human staff still made use of the kitchen, and while none were present at the moment it was semi-busy around the lunch hour. But with all of them stretched so thin with the management changes, there were hardly enough hands to clean up. And so, in exchange for a little bit of freedom, Arjuna had agreed to help with that.



**“That is... everything?”** The Indian Heroic Spirit looked around at the tables. There were no plates nor glasses remaining, nor any scraps of food laying about, which had meant he had completed his task. It wasn’t something that should have gone unmentioned, mind you, that throughout his work the young man had been sipping from a freshly drawn glass of water.

What? Even Servants got thirsty.

Of course, as *we* already know, there was a big faux pas to be

had in consuming fresh water from Chaldea’s supply. It had already been tainted with menace that sought to steal strength from the organization regardless of which future humanity might face. Because in the eyes of their benefactor, with Goetia gone there was precious little to worry about. And such was human folly at its finest.

With his work for the day done, Archer lamented that we would have to return to his room and enter spirit form once again. It wasn’t practical nor engaging, but such was the position of all of Chaldea’s Servants as of now. At least he could savor the walk from the far end of the cafeteria to the exit. Or he had thought as much, at least. But part of the way into said walk, something had struck the man as *odd*.

It wasn’t simply the tables, but the whole cafeteria itself that looked to be bigger than he remember. What’s more, each step towards the exit didn’t seem to carry him as far as he had *expected* it to. Almost like his reach wasn’t... what it used to... be...

Arjuna paused. He had simple personality, but he was no fool. **“I’m getting smaller, it seems.”** A realization that probably *should* have

been stated with a little more shock, and yet he wasn't the kind of guy to show any alarm. He was correct, though. His height had begun to diminish with little prejudice, affecting his torso and limbs in different ways so that while still a normal human by design, they were disproportionately smaller as if to grant him a different frame.

It was something that had just as keenly affected fingers and toes as it had his overall height. In fact his digits appeared to be much slenderer, yet his nails retained their old length – making it seem like they had grown even though they hadn't. Narrowed shoulders and an even narrower waist also highlighted these changes by the time a five inch height loss had been suffered.

**“For what purpose is this occurring? By what means?”** Perhaps his mind was playing tricks on him, but had his voice growing just a tad higher in pitch? Arjuna had nothing but questions and very little to answer them with. In fact he was standing in what felt like a pool of his own clothing, with white raiment after white raiment that had once fit properly bunched up at the ankles and shoulder.

The fit of which continued to differentiate itself from what it had been before. The height loss had absolutely made it looser – teetering on the edge of falling off – but there were areas where it began to fit a little tighter, or at least tight enough that it stayed mounted to his body. One of these key areas were his hips, where dark skin had been stretched across a wider gait.

On the other hand, this gave his body a much womanlier arch – and that arch was quickly capitalized on. The back of now loose-fitting pants rapidly grew... *less than so*, for his cheeks bloated with blissful booty. White material had no choice other than to stretch around this rear, and while it certainly didn't become bombastic, its rounded shape was certainly much more feminine. More akin to Parvati's? Not that Arjuna was one to look at women like that.

The peaks of his pant legs followed suit, tightening around thighs that in turn forced pressure around his loins with their new girth. **“Ah, I see...”** came *her* affirmation of what came next, because her cock and balls had crawled up into *her* pelvis, slightly lighter lips swelling puffy around the newly formed crevice. **“So whatever it is, it means to alter my sex? Me, an... Hm.”** She had been on the verge of boasting about something, but now she couldn't remember what that was.

*Was there really anything all that amazing about her?*

In the meantime, the space beneath her coat seemed to swell vigorously. Dark nipples became puffier than ever and predated a swell of mass

across her pectorals. Yet it wasn't muscle that had come to flourish. It was a much softer, fatter tissue that composed a pair of breasts that were quite ample. Perhaps what would be her defining feature among all of the women that *helped with the workshop*. DD-cups, they had plenty of room beneath the loose-fitting top. But it still wasn't very comfortable without a bra to offer support.

Femininity had arrived within Arjuna's facial features around the same time. Features softened and took a girlish glow, complete with round lips and big eyes. On the other hand, considering his Indian heritage they didn't quite make *sense*. It was like they didn't quite line up racially and bore the curvature of a Caucasian woman.

...Which, based on the white freckles that had begun to scatter across not only his face but his *entire body*, wouldn't really be that out of place for long. This vaguely pinkish pale spread and swelled, with spots ultimately merging together to form a more consistent coating that saw his darker, melanin-rich flesh done up in the colors of a Caucasian woman. It affected her pussy and nipples, making them pinker, and her lips took a brighter glow to boot.

Not to remain unafflicted, the black of her hair was affected not long after. Dark locks turned to a dirty blonde, the style shortening ever so slightly, particularly in the bangs, while the sides were ruffled. This was just as true of Arjuna's eyebrows and the thin bush of pubes around her loins. As for her eyes, after widening just ever so slightly, a bright blue danced upon their colors. All in all, leaving her looking quite Caucasian and nothing like an Indian hero.

**"How could I be Indian? Just look at me!"** She threw her arms about enthusiastically as if making a point, her voice much, *much* more energetic than it had been before, and her facial features expressing that with expressions to boot. **"But wait, I was, wasn't I...?"** On one hand her memories *said* she was, but she didn't look Indian. She didn't know how to fight, either. *Soooo...?*

A girlish squeak jumped from her lips as her clothes suddenly erupted into a plethora of golden sparks, leaving her naked in the cafeteria not long after. She was about to become *very* self-conscious about her new(?) body, but anxieties were quickly alleviated. For those particles had reformed as a white pencil skirt, matching heels, and a Chaldea staff jacket overtop a white tee. Of course, the appropriate undergarments had been applied as well. **"That feels better!"**

Sapped of any power as a Servant and bestowed once more with mortal flesh, the woman blinked and stared at her own two hands. Everything about her, from her general appearance to her sex, to her clothes had all

been irreversibly altered, and what perplexed the woman was that she couldn't fathom *how* it had happened in the first place. Magic? That wasn't her area of expertise. At best she knew how to work on some of Chaldea's equipment. She couldn't remember how to wield a bow, even.

No, *Amy Albany* was just a minor staff member of the organization. She didn't often involve herself with Servants, but if she did... **“Isn't that Karna a little dreamy?”** Without thinking, she was holding the sides of her cheeks and making a dreamy face. At least until memories of her past life kicked in. A crush on *Karna*!? **“N-No! I mean that's be stupid, right!? So stupid! Servants barely even look at us lesser staff! N-No, that's not what I'm supposed to be! I should be a... Um... Huh?”**

What had she been again? What a weird thing to think!

