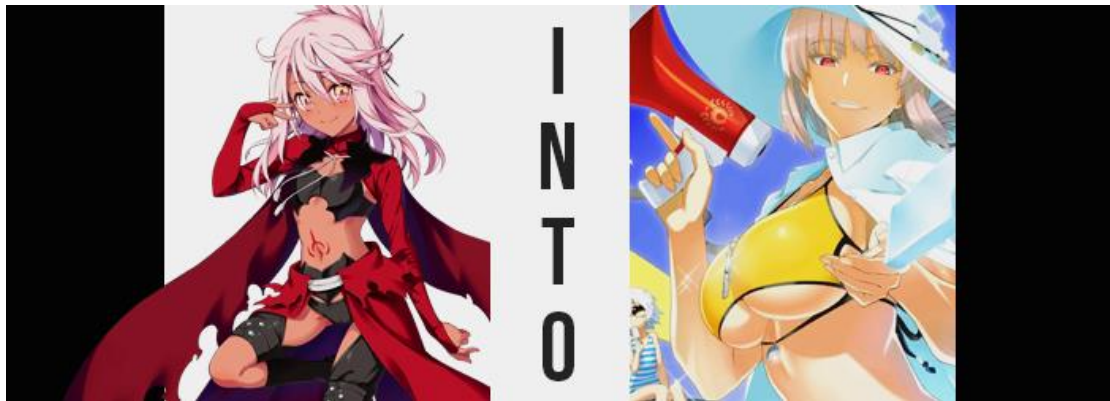


SANITATION STATION

JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Clad in a simple, if not inappropriate for an eleven year old, black bikini, Chloe von Einzbern ran her hands under the cold water at the sink of the beach side lifeguard station in Hawaii. Everyone from Chaldea had come to this island for ServaFES, a sudden but exciting summer festival attended by hundreds of Servants, and naturally the makeshift Chaldea Einzbern family had come in attendance. Irisviel had tugged both Illya and herself around for the first few days, but on the fourth day she'd finally found a chance to escape.

After all, there was something she really wanted to do... Steal kisses, that is. She'd had the perfect plan! If she pretended to be drowning then obviously someone would give her CPR, right? Then she could just say 'thanks for the meal' and consume some of their mana! At least that was how the plan had worked out in her head, but ultimately she'd been foiled the moment she'd swapped lips with Florence Nightingale.

That woman... she was terrifying. She didn't seem to react to much, and just by grazing Chloe's lips she'd known it was all a ruse! To make matters worse she'd been abducted as punishment, being forced to serve as that Berserker's assistant until the day's end. What a waste of a vacation!

Or so she'd thought, but after wandering into the first aid room Nightingale had seemingly disappeared, leaving merely the taste of her mana across Chloe's lips. The kiss had been brief, but she'd still managed to get a sample in the end. It felt all tingly and nice... the lips of an adult were something she longed to have herself, the little imp she was. Yet it was a problematic desire for the Archer. Unlike your typical Servant, Chloe wasn't the record of a deceased her. Her Saint Graph was the copy of a living being, summoned by special circumstances.

So, as much as she wished to reach adulthood, as much as she wanted her behaviour to be seen as typical, it just wouldn't happen. This version of herself, despite desire, would never grow any bigger. **"Ahh... this sucks! Where did that stupid nurse even go? Is she expecting me to patrol the beach all by myself!?"** After drying her hands and shooting a text to Illya, the child wandered around the lifeguard hut just a little more in search of Nightingale. Had she entered spirit form? It was like she'd all but disappeared without a trace.

'I suppose I should start patrolling the beach. Is all of my equipment properly sanitized?' The idea crept into the child's mind and, not thinking too much of it, her body played along. Despite only being in the shack for a maximum of fifteen minutes, she stood on tippy toes to root around in a cupboard in search of a box of gloves she somehow knew were there. Gloves were the #1 necessary sanitation tool in case of emergency, she couldn't imagine getting germs on her--

"Wait, why do I even care?" Pink hair bounced as the child snapped free of her spell and rolled her shoulders with agitation. Was she looking to impress the Berserker or something? There wasn't any need for that! She just needed to get this hell day over with so that she could go back to her hotel room and plan the strategy for the next day's kissathon.

Weren't there like a ton of germs in hotel rooms though? And just kissing strangers all willy nilly was no better, why would she want to do something like that? She stuck out her tongue at the thought of rolling around in what were essentially sheets with someone else's germs, in the process noticing the taste of her mouth was strongly... *wrong*. Not wrong in a bad way really, and Chloe was definitely a girl that practised oral hygiene (*because Iri made her*), but her mouth tasted intensely of mouthwash. It was even a little numb inside as if she'd been swishing it around a little too long that morning.

"Huh?", she practically squawked, noticing this wasn't a phenomenon limited merely to her mouth. Dirty and sand that had accumulated across her body flaked and fluttered off, intense fragrances overwhelming any filth that had remained. Floral perfume danced across her nape, a rich shampoo wafted off hair that seemed to hold a much brighter sheen, the scent of disinfectant soap emanated from his skin. She even felt a lot cleaner, friction between her skin more resistant like she'd just stepped out of the shower.

Yet that, sadly, wasn't all. From the moment she'd been born from the depths of Illya's soul and the Archer class card her skin had held a rick, natural tan. It had been her defining feature, the thing that stopped people from confusing her with her sister. But speckles of white began to form across her arms, legs, tummy, and face, growing and merging together like she'd been laying in a reverse tanning bed or something.

“Hey, what, my skin!?”, Chloe squeaked as she rolled her hands back in forth before her eyes so that she could properly see the extent of the change, box of gloves put back down on the counter. **“What gives!?”** If an outsider might have guessed, perhaps when she’d kissed Nightingale she’d taken a little more than just her usual mana, because her skin tone was a dead ringer for that of the Caucasian nurse that had suddenly disappeared.

That wasn’t the only persevering trait of Nightingale either, hair lightening from a strawberry pink to strawberry blonde as brighter strands weaved within her head of hair, each flattening and straightening as hair quality itself shifted to a head of hair properly cared for by a professional as opposed to the rowdy mess of a child’s style.

Thinking this some kind of weird dream, Chloe pinched her arm and yelped from the pain, finding little had changed in regards to her skin nor scent. Without a mirror in the shack she most certainly couldn’t see the almond shapes of her eyes round, becoming noticeably Caucasian when compared to her lineage that was in part Japanese and in part European. Not only that, but a flaring of nostrils and a thinning of cheeks also went a long way to express that the girl’s ethnicity was now entirely different. Eyes of gold darkened to red as the shine in her eyes deteriorated, leaving her glance empty and dull.

What stood where Chloe did might as well have been the younger sister of the Berserker named Florence Nightingale. She was the spitting image, merely without the adult body and the expected sense of fashion. Chloe herself was stunned, still incapable of seeing the full extent of her changes as she suddenly traced her lip with her finger. It felt weird because it had grown a little puffier with her racial changes, but other than that she couldn’t quite see her face.

Physical alterations aside, her Saint Graph had seen a shift as well. Parameters shuffled to different rankings, class changing from Archer to Berserker in the meantime. The appearance of a Mad Enhancement skill in her repertoire seemingly dulled Chloe’s reaction and amplified her thoughts of health and sanitation that had begun to plague her mind prior to her body changing. For example: the overwhelming cleanliness of her body? She still couldn’t figure out how it had happened, but it brought her a little comfort knowing she was that clean. It meant nothing if the shack itself wasn’t held to the same standards however.

“Something isn’t right here. I feel strange.” The usual pep the child spoke with had seemingly been washed away from her tone. Words dry, sentences short, she couldn’t find the energy to ramble on and on like she might have a few minutes ago. It was almost like her personality had been put on ice.

Awareness of her current manner of dress seemed to detract from her cleanliness obsession a moment. Looking down, the black bikini on the body of an eleven year old just seemed far too indecent. Or was she twelve? Thirteen? As if her mind was a database being updated with new information, the number began to grow and grow; as did her height. The strap on her sandals snapped as toes grew too large to be

contained within them, arch of her heel sharpening. Legs slowly and steadily pulled upward, arms dangling farther and farther down as the length of her torso increased as well. Within a matter of moments her height had rocketed well over 160cm, testing the integrity of the straps holding up her bikini on both the top and the bottom. Chloe fidgeted a moment, her appearance resembling an overly tall child more than anything, but as mental age passed twenty the rest of it began to fill in.

Bikini top could do nothing but snap and flutter to the ground below as her bosom engorged in a manner not so subtle. Nipples poked erect as fat bubbled below them, the integrity of the cloth already strained by a broader torso and shoulders doomed to come undone after pressing into burgeoning bosom only in slight. Her childish curiosity still present, bony fingers traced the size of her growing tits, poking and squeezing them sensually as they boiled up to a size that certainly couldn't be scoffed at. They were hefty and firm, the scent of the antibacterial soap even stronger as they stood tall beneath her face. **"I have big breasts. Like an adult?"** She could hardly believe it as, expressionlessly, she shook her body up and down to make them bounce not once but twice, mass jiggling just a little once she'd stopped herself. **"...This is lewd."**

Her bottom couldn't help but snap next, hips suddenly popping outward to buckle her knees. Chloe had personally always pondered what it would be like to have a thick rear, and she was quickly getting her wish. Leaning into one leg so she could properly crane her neck to see behind her, she was treated to the sight of one displaced cheek throbbing and swelling as fat settled into the necessary deposits. She couldn't help but reach back and give it a crude slap, watching her ass ripple before dipping fingers into the crack to measure the depth.

She immediately had regrets about doing this and shuffled over to the sink to wash her hand, though while she shuffled the girth of her thighs expanded to the point that they began to rub together as she walked, friction causing fat to pool and slide and legs moved against one another.

Incidentally, any anxiety she held now was for the fingers she'd stuck in her butt, not necessarily the fact that she was now the spitting image of Florence Nightingale. Thoughts of kissing strangers or frolicking with the other children were so far displaced that they weren't even a part of her thought process anymore. Brow furrowed as she squirted soap across her fingertips, the age finally settling into her facial features as lips plumped and jaw narrowed, lashes fluttering with new length. **"How could I do something so unsanitary?"**, she murmured to herself, before glancing at the bikini on the ground. It was much larger now, catered to fit her numerous curves while delivering a knock-out punch to anyone that might find her sexy.

That wasn't really her goal though. She just wanted to make sure no one drowned, and that if anyone was harmed she could operate on them in a sterile environment. Idly, she glanced at a phone buzzing a ways down the counter. It was surely hers, and while the name of the one texting read *'Illya'*, somehow she perceived the name

as '*Medb*'. Was that good for nothing queen going to skip her punishment shift? Not if Nightingale could help it.