

FATE / DOWNGRADE

CHAPTER 1: TEAM UP

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There was no denying that the Chaldea Security Organization had become an incredibly powerful force following the defeat of Goetia and the subsequent rescue of the human order. Its renown had grown so much that the Clock Tower and Church alike had sent agents to examine its worth and take it under new direction, and from that point on its worth was weighed even more.

After all, there were so many powerful Servants housed beneath its roof. In the wrong hands it could have been an establishment as great of a threat to humanity as Goetia himself. At least that was how some of the bigwigs back at the Clock Tower saw it. None as much as one in particular that had sent his *own* hands to deal with the problem without authorization from her peers.

It was just a low ranking agent that she'd slipped into the ranks sent to seize the organization, sent with both Goredolf *and* his secretary at the time. Their name wasn't important – the only thing of relevance was the task they had been assigned. Pollute Chaldea's water supply with a special concoction created to dwindle down the organization's strength and have it fall in line with something controllable.

If only they had known about the dangers that were still to come.

With Chaldea under the new management of this new Goredolf fellow, most Servants had been temporarily sealed away pending further review, and those that were allowed to remain were given very strict periods of when they were permitted to materialize so that they could eat and

drink to restore their mana. Such was the time for Artoria Pendragon, one of the strongest Sabers summoned by Ritsuka Fujimaru.

“I wonder how long this will go on? They think very little of Servants if we are to be treated in such a way. A second chance at life is not one worth living if we are not allowed even the most basic of freedoms.” She naturally had her gripes about the situation, but she also knew not to act out of turn for the time being. She didn't wish to inconvenience her Master nor da Vinci, not after everything they had been through.



She carried faith in her heart that their basic freedoms *would* eventually be returned, and as such she just needed to wait for the time being. To those ends, she scarfed down the meal she'd had delivered to her quarters. A sandwich, a salad, and a glass of water. Nothing fancy, but enough to make do for the time being. It didn't take her long to wolf it all down and set the tray aside to be picked up, which meant it was time to return to spirit form once more.

“Hm?” Or that had been the plan, yet she found herself incapable of doing just that. **“That's strange? It should be an ability inherent to this form.”** And if she couldn't manage to pull it off, then she would have to deal with the ire of Chaldea's new management for 'using too many resources' or something to that effect. For good measure the Saber attempted it one final time, and while in this case what happened wasn't the same *nothing* as before, it certainly was *something*.

For a reason the king could not comprehend, the very fabric of her outfit had unraveled into a number of golden particles so plentiful that she could not rightfully count them. It resembled the sparkles that came from a Servant as their final breaths were breathed and the mana was sapped from their bodies. **“Come to think of it...”** She disregarded her present, naked state in favor of fixating on something else entirely. She felt much *weaker*. Mana truly *was* leaving her.

This was *clearly* an emergency, but who was she to tell? Servants were on strict orders not to venture from their rooms barring exceptions that had to be cleared with Goredolf Musik before they could be enacted, and

yet there was no protocol for a situation like this! Even so, the Servant did her best to retain a level head just as she always did. Nothing good would come from panicking in times like these.

Artoria was being given plenty of reason *to* panic, though. For so long she had been self-conscious about her body's muscular design. She was very buff for a girl of her (*physical*) age and was content with hiding that from most with her clothes, because deep down there *was* a part of her that yearned to be seen as a girl. Even so, looking down at her naked self with the golden particles floating idly about away from her, she was overcome by mixed feelings as that strength dwindled away.

Her arms and legs were thinning, once rippling muscles smoothing out to leave the flesh of her body smooth. As a result it left her thighs looking a little fuller, and when it came to her belly it rendered her bellybutton a little deeper – because her tummy itself was left looking a little pudgier instead. **“Yo! What’s *happenin’* here? ...Gods, why am I speaking like this?”** That vernacular had just been spouted out without any intent, and it certainly wasn’t any lingo Saber kept in mind.

The only person she’d ever heard speak in such a way was Sei Shounagon.

In the process, the color of the young woman’s softened flesh had begun to change. Almost like she was fresh dough in the oven, her skin became kissed by a darker tone that *looked* akin to a very light tan. While this was the case, it wasn’t an *artificial* one. It was her honest to goodness skin color. Subtle as it was, Artoria herself paid it no mind, instead remaining focused on how weak she felt and how she was speaking.

There was more to the girl’s palette change than she would have realized even if she *had* noticed her skin, though. Eyes and hair alike came alight with a bright, pastel pink that perhaps might have looked out of sorts on the woman with her previous aesthetic, but paired with her slightly darker skin it just all seemed to *work*. Of course when ‘hair’ is mentioned it isn’t isolated to that atop her head alone. Whether it was the thin hairs that grew from her arms, or the bush above her loins, it had all taken the very same color in the end.

“This is *totally* weird, *word!* I’m a *damn* mortal, *ain’t* I?” Saber didn’t *feel* like an all-powerful Servant any longer, and in fact? Try as she might, she couldn’t even remember how to wield a blade! Not that she possessed the strength to lift one any longer, all things considered. This realization prompted a seldom felt emotion in the king: agitation, and her expression reflected it. Brows pointed downwards, and her eyes themselves seemed almost passively wired to appear unamused. Lashes

upon them grew longer, and her eyelids almost seemed to be perpetually kept closed in part.

When it came to the rest of her facial structure, it was becoming increasingly more difficult to identify Artoria Pendragon *as* Artoria Pendragon. Everything just looked *bigger*, whether it was her nose, her lips, or her cheeks. Even her *hair* took size into account, pink locks swelling to a much more luscious size that melded together like unkempt cotton candy at the sides and back.

On the topic of *growing*, though. She wobbled to and fro all of a sudden, the maiden herself fearful she might fall over. “**What on-!?**” Her height grew taller, a handful of inches in fact, and with that height her voice deepened some. The boost in height saw length not only applied to her limbs and torso, but also her fingers and toes. Hips even slid wider, leaving the gap between her legs more pronounced, and certainly more suitable for what came in the aftermath.

“**Oh? This is feelin’ weird!**” Both her thighs *and* her rear end jiggled to life, buns swelling to make good use of her parted gait at this juncture. While they certainly ballooned into a bubble shape, they didn’t swell to bombastic sizes or anything. They just simply made her appear meatier, and this was true of thickened thighs as well. When looking at her lower half and face together, she looked a little older. Perhaps around eighteen or nineteen physically?

A sudden surge of mass in her chest contributed to this look. “**YOOOO!**” Well, *that* certainly wasn’t the reaction one might expect the once King of Britain to have, but that was the sole reaction she blurted out in response to watching her tanned titties swell from lackluster A-cups to a pair of firm Cs. Hands fondled them a moment before she yanked them away, seldom believing her eyes. Her body was *much* more attractive than it had been, but she was still just some nobody, right?

Huh? Why did she think that?

The golden particles that had lingered in the air this entire time promptly reconverged once her physical form no longer resembled Saber a single iota, and upon doing so the woman found her clad in a different costume. A black top with spaghetti straps with a white X through the torso, white short-shorts that were torn around the legs, black and white socks with matching arm and leg bands, and white sneakers made up the bulk of it. But there was also a black bandana shrouding her face beneath the nose, and a comfy white cap with a pair of black eyes that made it look like a skull around eyes now painted with dark eyeshadow.

Then there was the big, silver necklace dangling atop her enlarged bosom. It sported an emblem that shouldn't have been familiar at all, and yet...

It resonated with the woman's very soul.

“Yo! Yo! How could this happen to me? I'm just a Team Skull Grunt, what!?”

Try as she might to *not*, the woman could not stop speaking with such a strange vernacular. It was almost like she was about to break out into a rap at any given moment, and her words were muffled by the scarf around her mouth. No longer was she a powerful Servant, but a wholly mortal Pokémon Trainer without a single Pokémon within her very short shorts.

It was a strange place to be, mentally. She still had all of her memories as Artoria, but she also had another set of recollections. Of a place called Alola, of this Pokémon creatures. Her loyalty to Britain and her Master was gone, replaced by loyalty to a man named Guzma. **“This is *whack!* What is Team Skull Grunt Amy supposed to do about this?”** Wait, Amy? Her name wasn't *Amy!*



...Was it? That felt right, somehow. Even if it didn't, she wouldn't be able to introduce herself any other way. **“This sure ain't poppin'. I wonder if that dweeby Master can help?”** It was her only option, really.