

LANCE TRAINEES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“...Let’s just be quiet for a little while.”

“Well, you aren’t *my* idea of the perfect traveling companion either! Why couldn’t it have been that *cuter* version of you instead? *Hmph!*”

The sight of these two women trekking down a dirt road really *was* an unusual one, even though on paper there were Servants who would have made far *less* sense to find together. Both Scathach and Medb were Servants of Celtic background, and so in a theming sense there wasn’t really anything wrong with them being together. In fact, they had been seen with the hero, Cu Chulainn, and his Alter Berserker counterpart. But at the same time? Just hailing from the same place and general era didn’t mean that two Servants would be compatible.

Servant backgrounds were more varied than that. The purple-clad Scathach was a noble woman who had acted as Cu Chulainn’s teacher. The barely dressed Medb was an evil queen who cared more about fucking than anything else a lot of the time, even though being summoned as a Servant of Chaldea had chilled her out significantly over the years. The two women were hardly compatible on paper, and that became obvious when Medb began asking Scathach what her ‘*favorite Cu-chan trait*’ was.

“Well, we’re entering a village. Best behave.” The older, wiser Lancer advised as they stepped into what was clearly a small farming village. The entire situation was a mess. The four Servants had suddenly found themselves summoned to this place, and yet they couldn’t figure out *where* they were. It felt very ‘generic fantasy’, and they couldn’t pin

an era or location on it. That was why they had split into two groups. To gather information while awaiting their Master's inevitable appearance.



Medb took issue with the implication that *she* would be the one to cause problems. ...Even though it was objectively correct! Yet, when she turned to argue with Scathach? She found her surroundings were... *different*. “...*Eh? EW!*” No longer was the pathway into the village behind her. She was staring at a *barn entrance*? The scent of manure in the air was *strong*. “**How’d I end up in a *barn*? This is gross.**”

Despite preferring to ride around in a carriage driven by a mount, Medb did not find any joy in being forced to stand within anything akin to a set of stables. And so she had the right mind to stomp through the muck towards the exit. At least until there was a *change* in the air. It caught her attention immediately. “**Hm? Did something disturb the *mana*?**” No, not just the mana in the air. *Her* mana?

This mana disturbance was accompanied by an alteration to the queen's body that *surely* would have made her freak out if she'd been in any position to notice it. Or *them*, technically. But she wasn't. She would have required a mirror to check her own face, to see the pristine pink coloration of her skin had begun to pale considerably. Though *that* wasn't even what would have provoked her outcry.

It was the appearance of *dots*. Small, dark dots not only across her cheeks and nose, but around her shoulders and hips as well. They were significantly darker than the rest of her paled skin, taking on a very rich shade. But they were also a naturally occurring skin pattern in some people. *Freckles*. Freckles had been etched into her skin, and while they were *normal*, that would have been the problem. Medb couldn't *be* normal. She had to be so much more than that.

“**I can't figure out what's going on! *That's a darn shame...***” There was an odd *lapse* in the woman's usual energy that even *she* appeared to notice, raising a brow at what she'd said. But that eyebrow arch only highlighted that she had *more* than a few freckles to be concerned about. Her long, thin, pink brows appeared to be shortening until they were a short, fuzzy pair of caterpillars that didn't even reflect Medb's bright pink hair color. They were *brown* with a vaguely copper undertone. And that very same color made it into her *irises*.

The woman felt a little *dizzy* out of nowhere. Servants didn't tend to *get* dizzy, especially not without being spun around a million times. "**Whoa...**" What she felt wasn't *true* dizziness though. It was the side effect of her brain's subconscious not lining up with her body's size and weight. Like that brain was trying to send signals to incompatible parts. This happened *as* the woman's build began to shift. Take her toned tummy, for example? It remained toned, but not *as* toned as it had been.

But part of the issue wasn't related to her muscular build. Her *height* was actually part of it, namely because her brain expected her to be a little *shorter* than she was. Medb typically stood at around 5'1", but that reach was just slightly too long compared to what her brain expected. It was anticipating her height to be around 5'0" or so – and while a single inch didn't sound like much, it was still quite significant when factored in with everything else her mind was trying to correctly measure. Fortunately for her, that singular inch came right off of her body.

"**Oh darn...!**" Medb squeaked out in a voice that didn't have its usual *oomf*. There was nothing authoritative about it, even though she *always* spoke with confidence under normal circumstance. Rather, there was something shaky and raspy about it that somehow sounded *cuter*? Mind you, the woman's face oddly suggested the very same thing. That the self-proclaimed sexy queen was becoming oddly *cute*, the enemy of sexy overall.

If the freckles had already contributed to making her appear 'plainer', the rest of her face ended up taking thing the complete and total rest of the way. Such as? Well, her narrow and defined nose pressed closer to her face and her nostrils flared outwards, and her lips thinned and became a little bit dry and chapped. The perfect beauty that she strived for was being stripped away from her little by little, and even her *race* was. This could be seen in the woman's *eyes* more than anywhere else. They were already a different color, but now her eyelids pinched in to give her a narrower gaze that resembled one of the many *Japanese* Servants that she was familiar with at this point.

And did she look a little *younger* too?

Japanese Servants? "**But... where have I met other Servants? There was... a place, right? Oh my. I can't remember where that was...?**" Or had that place even existed in the first place? Her origins felt far *humbler*; she couldn't imagine ever having been to such a great place. Especially when *she wasn't an especially powerful Servant herself*. Incidentally, the more time that passed? The truer this became.

Her smaller build was growing fairer, yet signs of excessive toiling became plain too. Her hands were a little smaller and chips were etched

into fingernails that appeared to have been nervously chewed – and this was *above* fingers that now were *very* calloused. Similar wear plagued the soles of vaguely smaller feet to boot (no pun intended). Her knees likewise ended up appearing a little *knobbier*, while her shins *thickened*.

Which *felt* odd since her thighs had done the opposite. They had actually lightened, their sensual padding lessened so they were plush but with very little abundance. These losses could be observed elsewhere in the young woman's body, too. Her butt wasn't as bubbly, and her breasts? Well, Medb had never truly possessed a particularly *large* pair, but they still shrank an inch, nonetheless.

Medb let a cute yawn escape. She almost *never* grew tired as a Servant, so where had *that* come from? A side effect of her growing *inexperience*. Her body had even been affected in ways that couldn't really be *seen*. Her body odor, for example, wasn't very different from the barn she had found herself in. Though the scent of *straw* clung to her more than anything else, almost like she'd been *laying* in it.

“Achoo!” In fact, the scent of straw had become so strong that she sneezed... just as a few pieces of straw suddenly appeared within the hair upon her head. It was all the more visible because of the pink strands that now clashed with her darkened brows... didn't really clash anymore. Her hair darkened but *also* thinned, shortening until it only reached her shoulder as the hair in the back fanned out messily. Her bangs were cut until they were practically nonexistent, showing off way more of her forehead than the *old* her would have liked.

But that didn't really matter to her anymore. Her wild fashion sense even dissipated, paired with the clothing she was presently wearing lengthening and softening into a long sleeved, plain, cream dress that reached her knees, an auburn coat overtop of it beneath an olive cape. She also wore fingerless leather gloves, shoes with auburn half-leggings, a black choker, and a pair of pink flowers were weaved into the sides of her hair.

“Mm... It's already the middle of the afternoon? And I still have so many gosh darn chores to do before I can go and see him...” No longer offput by the sight nor scent of the manure within the barn, the young *Mozu* had fumbled through the mud and straw on the floor to stick her head out the barn door and look up at the sky. A normal village girl on paper, she was really the farthest thing from the



evil queen that she had been before this world's magic had done its work on her.

But while she looked and acted the part of your average village girl, the truth was that Mozu was a *Servant*. A *Lancer* that had been summoned to this world without any aim, or at least that was how she remembered things now. She was a rogue *Servant* that had no place to stay, which was *exactly* why she had chores to do. She had been sleeping in this barn on the conditions that she helped with the farm.

And she had to finish them so that she could go meet another *Servant*. Berserker Cu Chulainn. Shameful as it was, she had developed something of a crush on him, and he seemed to appreciate her strength. **"I suppose it's a good thing he sleeps most of the day on the village outskirts. That gives me some time to finish things before the sun sets..."** She still had to clean the stalls and check on the veggie garden!

But *hopefully*, if Cu Alter was in the mood? He might give her some spearmen ship a few tips! She didn't want to fall behind the other girl!



"...That was close." Observant as she was, Scathach had been alarmed to find herself nearly walking face first into a wall. It had appeared seemingly out of nowhere, but the Lancer found herself re-evaluating that assumption after taking a step back and finding herself in what appeared to

be a small inn room. It was too barebones to be someone's proper *bedroom*, and looking out the nearby window? She could see familiar sights, including a barn off in the distance.

It was the same village that she had been in the process of walking into with Medb. **"I was teleported? She must have ended up somewhere else..."** The *how* was obvious. Magecraft. But the *why* was a little more mysterious, seeing as they didn't know why they had been summoned into this world in the first place. It would be harder to gather information if her location could be changed at a whim.

But as Medb was finding out at that very moment, more than merely their *location* could be altered at a whim.

“**Hm?**” Scathach could sense it immediately, that the flow of the mana in the air was different. Her familiarity with mana and magecraft was far more astute than the grasp that Medb had on it, so she could tell that it was nibbling on her own body’s mana. It was *poisoning* it in a way. “**Surely this won’t amount to anything good.**” She was, of course, *correct*, and the effects of this poisoning were *immediately* made clear to her.

She felt *lighter* practically right away, and her crimson gaze was drawn down to where this lightness was most apparent to her: her own chest. Her breasts, above average of size typically, were steadily becoming smaller. But she didn’t really *care*. How ‘sexy’ she was had never been one of Scathach’s priority, so by the time latex had bunched up around what were now *B-cups*? She wasn’t really bothered so much as she was confused.

Confused about why I’d ever think they’d be bigger, actually!

“**...Weren’t they!?**” There was a surprising amount of energy behind her words while, in the meantime, the woman’s wide hips slowly pinched in closer to her waist as well. Without such a wide gait to support the weight of her thighs and ass, plump as they were, the leaned towards becoming *less* so. Not only did the excess fat thin away until they were hardly pudgy at all, but the muscles in them lessened significantly. This wasn’t isolated to her legs alone. Scathach was just becoming *much* weaker overall. Like she wasn’t as well trained... or experienced.

There was an air of growing immaturity to not only this appearance, but in how she was acting as well. She somehow seemed *restless*, which wasn’t normal for a woman who was always so calm and cool. There was an *anxiety* to not only how she looked, but also how she was behaving. But she didn’t know what to *focus* that anxiety on as she forgot that she had even noticed the mana in her body. What was *mana* in the first place!?

“**Wah!?**” Scathach’s eye level dropped a significant distance nearly instantly. She had just shrunk from 5’6” to a mere 5’1” instead, a height that somehow felt more suitable for her less abundant figure. But her bodysuit bunched up drastically around her waist, elbows, and knees, and the gloves and boots *definitely* did fit around shrunken digits. “**My clothes are so big!**” *But... huh. Are they my clothes? When did I put these on?*

She raised her arms, her face contorted into a confused pout as she gave them a childish shake to see the once tight fabric wriggle about. She

couldn't feel how her fingers and heels grew calloused much like Mozu's, and she *surely* didn't have any means to check her own face to see just how dire things had become. The only mirror *in* this inn was in the shared bathroom in the first place. **"Weird... Why do I know that!?"** *It's because I've been staying here a while, right!?*

Scathach furrowed a brow that not only thinned but appeared to be lightening from dark purple to a golden blonde instead. Ultimately this became a trend amongst *all* of her hair, for the dark purple atop her head inherited the same color before long. Yet the dyed hair also didn't remain the same length and *shortened*. Long locks were pulled up into a messy, chin-length bob with bangs that were parted in the center.

Being so much shorter and so much less *sexy*, one might assume that the Lancer had been trending towards becoming *younger*. This was more or less the truth of things, and this was finally confirmed by the *girl's* face. It structurally rounded, presenting her with thinner lips, a smaller nose, and bigger eyes above rounder cheekbones. Her lashes even thinned upon red eyes that lit up with a bright turquoise instead, all more or less giving her the appearance of a cute girl in her late teens.

The girl pouted for a moment. She'd felt so overwhelmed, but clarity was returning to her. **"Oof!?"** She *was* taken a little off guard as the weight of her outfit suddenly bore down on her dramatically, even if she still had the strength to support what was now a set of crimson torso armor with *huge*, matching pauldrons and iron greaves. A white skirt now hugged her waist, and light green thigh highs were bound to her by tiny belts above crimson armored boots. There was now a spear propped up in the corner of the room too.

In many ways, *Amelia* was a lot like Mozu. She was a young girl with humble orphans, being not only a regular villager but an orphan to boot. Nonetheless, she was still one that had chosen to pick up a spear at some time in her life, making her eligible to be summoned as a *Lancer*. Which was where she actually differed quite a bit from the teacher she had once been. **"What time did he say we'd train again? Do I have time to grab lunch first...?"**

While Scathach had been a powerful warrior, Amelia was hardly anything close. Her lance-work was lacking and needed a lot of polish. Summoned into this world as a rogue Servant or not, she didn't feel like



she would be much of a help if anything *did* happen. That was why she was training under the tutelage of the Lancer Cu Chulainn; a change of roles that was ironic in a sense.

“Ah— Do I have time for lunch? I don’t want to get scolded! I’m trying my best to live up to his expectations, after all!”

Apparently Cu saw something in her. Enough to keep training her despite how *normal* she was otherwise. That was why he was helping her pay for her inn room, which *honestly*? It make Amelia feel a little guilty. Poor Mozu was in a situation that was very similar to her own, but she had to sleep in a barn... She’d considered seeing if she could get a room for two, but...

That Cu that was always around her was kind of scary!

Neither girl, nor the two Cus, had realized that reality had been altered so that they now accepted these new circumstances. But the magic that had changed them in the first place was a little more *potent* than that alone. It was seeking new Servants to summon with the intention of transforming them into Servants from another set of worlds. Worlds where medieval warfare was the norm, much like the worlds that Mozu and Amelia hailed from. But who else would fall victim? Who would they be transformed into?

Those were likely tales for another time.