

The hunt for Mythics - Jalter

Contains Bimboification, Ass Expansion, Breast Expansion, Card Transformation, and WARNING MTG terminology

"You got some guts challenging me,"

Jalter scoffed as she watched in amusement.

This was a strange enemy. The man didn't have the presence of a Servant nor of even a proper Master. No outfit that reminded him of any local mages or even the inhabitants of the place. All he had to him was that deck of cards. Didn't even have the confidence of someone who would pick a fight. She almost just walked off when all he did were toss some cards into the ground and formed what looked like miniature forests and some weak looking green humanoid. Honestly, the long ears reminded her of Medea. Even so, not a single one of them felt threatening to Jalter in any way, with both of the two flinching when she only stepped forward. What did he shout again?

Elvish Mystic and Bonds of Mortality?

"But I'm feeling generous. Maybe you should walk away while I'm still in a good mood,"

There were other things to deal with in this Singularity than some weirdo who wanted to challenge her.

"Does that mean you pass your turn again?"

"Why do you keep asking that?" If it was the other version of her, they might've known a thing or two about the strangeness of this. Still, maybe it's just the way this guy fought. "You know what. Nevermind. I'm giving you five seconds before I crush you."

"Ah! Okay well, I play a Forest and use one mana to remove your hexproof for this turn!"

"What?"

Blink.

It was gone.

Something disappeared from her. An absence of a natural resistance to magic. Something was coming.

“And with my remaining mana, I cast Song of the Dryads!”

Through her instincts alone, she felt the danger from the way the spell flared up. That whatever spell he was about to cast was going to irreversibly hit her. The moment he raised that card, she readied her Noble Phantasm, La Grondement du Haine, while charging at the same time with her blade. Her aim was to kill him before he could cast that spell.

Neither worked.

It was as if her Noble Phantasm didn't even trigger.

“Phew... I thought I had five seconds before you killed me??”

Jalter was frozen, blade centimeters away from striking him. But her feet had already taken root onto the ground. Not a single bit of movement from her form no matter how much she mustered. She gritted her teeth fully aware that only her mouth moved. Even so, barely.

“What the hell did you do!?”

“You can't break the rules, it's not your turn yet! Do you have anything to do with this spell on the stack?” What the hell was he talking about? Shit. This was really reminding her of the frustrating tricks that Casters would play on others. “No response?”

“I'm going to kill you, that's my response!” Somehow even when she could only muster a soft tone, her roar struck fear to the elf and the man.

“Then... Since you're the only permanent on the field, a planeswalker I think, I target you. You are now a basic colorless Forest land!”

“What the hell does that-”

Jalter froze up when she sensed it.

In an instant, all the prana she had disappeared. Snuffed out like a lit candle blown by the wind. Her armor cracked and splintered, turning into wooden bark that she could feel reattach to her body. Jalter's chestplate burst into pieces as she felt a growing mass from her bosom. An immense softness contracted the hardening state of her body as if being refocused into that one spot. Jalter wondered if all the prana she had was used to convert her body into this.

She squeaked as she felt her cloak rustle, the familiar fabric feeling more like leaves. The cape she had always worn through many battles lost any of its magical properties as it simply became the leaves that surrounded her wooden body. Her hips pressed together, perhaps far too much for her liking, and grinded and shifted slightly. Every shifting sensation allowed her to feel her attire rearrange into less of a clothing but more of a hardened carapace that hid and showed

certain parts of her. Yet all the clothing she had below would not be able to obscure the growing full hips below. Even with her new obstructive bosom and stuck stance looking forward, her eyes can catch a glance below of her massive hips. Each one easily double the size of her hips.

“You... bastard.. What did you turn me into!?”

“I told you. Weren’t you listening?” The young man was still nervous, but looked like he was getting confident. Jalter hated that. “You’re nothing more than land now. Lands don’t fight.”

“What?!”

CRACK

To Jalter’s horror it was her arms next. Her limber soft arms began to crack and raise upwards. She didn’t mean to grip her weapon so tightly but as it raised, something worrying was beginning to happen. She had already held La Grondement du Haine on one hand upwards. But her other weapon had already shattered from the growing branches of her arms. She feared what might happen if her transformation continues.

“Wait wait- I’m a Servant! How did you pull this off!?”

Her arms were lifting the flag up, almost mockingly making it more apparent. As if in surrender- did he do that on purpose?! Jalter let out another gasp as she felt her hair shift. The sensation of leaves once more. This time she could feel the near white strands that brushed her ears becoming more irritating and noisy. Even without anything to see her reflection, she could tell that she had become something akin to a dryad, only stationary. She was a fucking tree with massive tits.

“Oh, well, I always struggled with strong enemies so I’ve been using more removal lately.”

“What?!”

“Anyway, I pass my turn.”

None of it made sense. None of his words made sense. All Casters were frustrating and confusing. Yet she could piece together the pieces.

Her Magic Resistance was gone earlier and it didn’t return. She felt its attempt to return earlier but now as a.... ‘Forest Land’ she couldn’t feel any of the naturalities she felt as an Avenger. Only the cold breeze brushing her visible chest. Even right now her face was barely humanoid, only visible thanks to her rage filled glare.

“You’ve been quiet for a minute. Not going to do anything for your turn?”

"I can't do anything because of you dipshit!!"

"Then it's my turn! I'll tap my Mana Dork and two forests to play Marwyn-"

More creatures were forming out of nothing. Each time the bastard would ask her if she wanted to do anything. Now she was realizing just how much affinity he had for the arcane. Jalter hissed, but she wasn't done for. Thankfully Oblivion Correction and Self-Replenishment still existed for her, even if she could just barely feel it. Though it was incredibly muted she could still generate a miniscule amount of mana thanks to her emotions. Magic Resistance must've prevented her from completely being turned into this lewd excuse of a tree. The flag she held up was still there held by both branches that were almost irre recognizable as her other arms. Bit by bit her hatred for this man grew more and more. Bit by bit the prana she developed from that ability allowed her to shift her branches slightly.

She just needed one more minute before she can swing at him full force-

"Alright that should be enough. With my Archdruid, I tap seven untapped druids to steal a land. And there's only one land on your deck."

"Huh?"

Jalter blinked.

As suddenly she found herself right beside the man alongside the vegetation he was growing. If not for her shapely body, Jalter would be easily placed alongside and disappear along them as nothing more than some forestry he built up. But with her being up close and personal this was perfect! She mustered her strength to strike him!

... Yet. Nothing came of it.

She had no control of her arms anymore.

"What the hell did you do!?"

"Oh you never dealt with theft before? It's a combo I like. Anyway thanks for the mana you've been preparing, I'll be using that."

Jalter felt it. He had full control of what she could do. There was nothing she could do as she stood there like a devoted plant that was nurtured by him. Not even when he moved closer to her and kissed her by the lips. A sudden deep kiss. Her fury and hatred almost disappeared completely as the euphoria nearly blasted her mind clean. She staggered back from the kiss, gasping, as emotions she never felt before permeated throughout her body. Lust, desire, and ... love. But no--wait--what he just did--- he took all her prana?

“With the mana you’ve been preparing, I’ll be using that!”

“Huh?!”

“I’ll be using Wild Growth and and Overgrowth on you! You want to create mana so much? Sure I’ll let you!”

It was the same spells that he used before. Once more it was directed to her. More dreadfully was the essence she gathered was all stolen from her.

“STOP THAT-”

Words cannot deter change.

The moment the spells hit, the growth hit her immensely. She was already shapely as the purple Berserker of where she came from. But the moment the two spells hit, her hips and chest further expanded. Her bark armor was already shattered but at least covered her lewdness. Now their purpose was nonexistence, as somehow Jalter’s body further became softer. Soft supple ‘wood-flesh’ jiggled, with tar trickling out from her holes. It was impossible to look down as her view was impeded by the two green orbs, but Jalter can fully feel how massive her derriere has gone.

Even her body had become more Gaea-like, as she could feel a second round of changes. Her belly becoming prominent and fuller, easily outdoing the elephant Servant that she often hassled. Jalter squeaked, blinking as she heard her voice. No longer was it the fierce furious one she was so familiar with, but rather something so soft and docile. Her hair-leaves had grown out too, draping over her body up to her derriere. In a sense they covered up her body, but still in a manner that was so exposed and easy to arouse others.

Such a devastating metamorphosis had shaken her mind so much.

But there was more to it. Thanks to those changes she could feel a rapid development of prana (Why does he insist on calling it such?) she can feel everything within her body. A yearning. Not to mention where was the prana coming from? Her ability was now drained yet she could still feel something. Something ready to be pulled. Ah. She had to steel herself. She had to focus. If she didn’t--- If she obeyed her new owner- her new Master- then there was no going back.

“You--”

Jalter focused, blushing at how soft her voice is. How much of a demure woman has she become?

“You will-”

“-now tap you for mana!”

Her body no longer had prana to take. Her body had become such a vessel for creating mana, being nothing more than something akin to a forest dryad. Yet it had to take from something in order to create prana. So what hasn't changed within her body? Jalter had one moment to be stunned, as she felt something shatter above her. Her Noble Phantasm shattered and turn into leaves as she felt her body give out the energy he so desired. A Noble Phantasm represented a Servant as well as her Identity. It's why it must not be so disclosed.

So if a Noble Phantasm were to be erased into nothing more than energy? It was losing the core identity of a Servant. Jalter's attachment to the throne of heroes had nearly been cut off as the weapon that represented her became nothing more than a resource that her opponent could use. It was euphoric too, as the man kissed her once more. It would piss her off if she wasn't busy nearly blacking out from the bliss. Even when she was converted to a tool her opponent used, he still adhered to the rules of how Servants transfer prana. Still, that kiss was devastating.

The Noble Phantasm of hers gave out mana. But he wanted more. Without any other energy to give, Jalter began to give out her memories. Her skills. Her experience. Everything was being converted to mana as they kissed. Every second of this deep intimate kiss, Jalter felt herself becoming dumber. She was fully aware of it yet she kissed back. Her eyes rolled back as she remembered less and less about who she was.

The culmination of her original life from her relationships, talents, skills, and memories were used to procure a measly singular Green Mana.

Her newfound adventures and where she stood now, including all the monsters she has defeated and her shaky servitude with her Master were converted to another single Green Mana.

Finally, her very identity slipped away from her. She felt the core of her existence waver and shake as it was being converted into a miniscule energy source that her opponent was going to use for this battle. The identity of Jeanne d'Arc Alter, the Avenger summoned by Ritsuka, the one he fought once at the Orleans Singularity and now fought as an ally, was simply turned into nothing more than energy.

The kiss ended, leaving a very dazed Forest 'land' drooling. There wasn't a single trace of her original self anymore. If one were to still remember the concept of Jalter, they wouldn't consider this lewd manifestation of nature as her. But no one will. The identity was fully ripped apart from the Throne of heroes, leaving a very dazed ditz. Only the fragments of where she once was laid as nothing more than a small excerpt.

“Oh! ... Hmm.... I think I can just oneshot you now.”

There was no response from the drooling Forest 'land'.

"Alright then. Overwhelming Stampede!"

She would not even respond to the announcement of her defeat or her attack. The overly voluptuous remnant of the Servant simply giggled as she was kissed once more, before giving out a bright light.

Every summon in the area disappeared as the only thing left was the young man from before, who now held a deck and a new card. On it was a woman of a natural beauty surrounded by the forest.

The Forest of Orleans - Mythic Card
Legendary Land - Forest

Self-replenishing Realm - This land can be played from your graveyard

Upon entry and at the start of your endstep, perpetually place one counter onto this card

Tap - Add 1 Color of any Mana

Tap - Add 1 Green Mana for every Nature counter on this Land

"Orleans was once besieged by dragons by a wicked witch. But once they have been purged, nature would soon recover. The treefolk that grow here would never be as strong or resilient as they once were, but they had a beauty and dimness that many would find hard to match elsewhere.

No one would know what the flag that remained here represents."

