



LIKE A BUNNY...

"Is something the matter O temporary Master of mine? The last of the enemy forces here have already been slain...what's caught your attention this time?"

"I-It's nothing...I just thought I saw something in the corner over there...and uh...thought I'd check things out for myself!"

"In that case, please, allow me. No matter your position, letting you take such a risk is out of the question. I won't be long..."



Heaving a sigh of relief once the stoic redhead had turned the corner and vanished out of sight. The frazzled young man left to stand alone in the middle of an overgrown cave littered with the shredded forms of inhuman creatures could only rub his head in a mix of frustration and uncertainty at the series of events that had led him here; alone in a fragmented portion of a forgotten world...well, not entirely alone...

Because no matter how much he wanted to deny the presence of the erotically dressed femme fatale in his midst, *Ritsuka Fujimaru* had little choice but to accept reality for what it was as the lingering image of a lady's firm buttocks refused to leave his flustered brain; looping the mental recording of heart shaped cheeks squishing together with every step, clad in only the barest of cover offered by fishnet leggings that did more to highlight their owner's alluring figure and stunning physique over protection, biting into supple

flesh and creamy smooth skin, highlighting a perfect blend between health and sex appeal...hardly what one would choose to wear when there was a *battle* to be fought...

But fishnets were a minor gripe in comparison to the overly promiscuous latex suit clinging tight to the woman's upper torso, showing off every last inch of her voluptuous body without tipping the hat all the way over, so to speak.

The rubbery material was tight...almost *too* tight in some places that Ritsuka couldn't help but think it must've been a deliberate act on the maker's part when almost every part of her body was visible 'through' the suffocating material; The toned mounds of firm muscle pressed up tight against a tight navel. Dips and creases beneath hidden armpits outlining ribs and gentle, flowing lines of baby fat. A

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sensual indent indicating the beginnings of a vast butt crack around the back while another dip at the front signals the presence of a tantalizing belly button inlaid between ovoid hips worthy of bearing children with...and a little further down below, little else could be said about the way most of the wearer's privates were left exposed by the woefully thin strap that rides up high into her rump, slinging between a second pair of lips that were just as pert and fat as the ones above...

Little else needed to be said about the curious beauty's 'risque' choice of attire. But at the same time, Ritsuka couldn't deny her strength at the display of precise carnage before his very eyes; Demon Beasts laid to waste in the span of a few seconds...a noteworthy feat that could not be downplayed when a subjugation of this magnitude would've taken her more 'sensible' counterpart a few minutes or so, the reminder of which only made Ritsuka's frown deepen somewhat as he turns his gaze upward from spilt lifeblood leaking from dismembered corpses upon the sound of high heels clacking loudly against the uneven cave floor, barely showing any signs of difficulty navigating such treacherous environs as the spear-wielding warrioress makes her way back over from the dark spot of the cave he had attempted to escape to earlier, realizing it would've been a mistake to do so when his eyes catch sight of the glimmer refracted by light bouncing off the slick trail of more green blood running down the bladed length of the crimson spear...a familiar weapon that only made the unnerving likeness of the bunny girl in front of him to a much more 'kinder' soul all the more unbearable.

The news of a technological breakthrough in Chaldea (or rather, the second rendition of the place Ritsuka once called home away from home) had been welcome information to receive by the foundation's resident brainiac in charge of the technology development division. Now more than ever considering the odds they were faced with so soon after overcoming an impossible adversary. Insurmountable odds they'd never have been able to overcome were it not for the allies who had tagged along for the journey across human history as they worked to fix the damage done.

And among the many familiar faces who had stood by Ritsuka and Chaldea in that fight, one of them had been the famed *Scathach*, warrior lady of Irish mythology responsible for the raising of another popular figure of legend and the original owner of the weapon held tightly before Ritsuka's eyes.

From the many interactions he had with the historical figure, the young man knew Scathach to be a quiet woman, serene at times with a solemn air hanging about her, even during battle where only the most heated of conflicts seemed able to tear her from that silent world she always seemed lost in. Only ever showing the barest glimpse of relatable emotion during moments of quiet downtime.

Over time however, that icy exterior had broken away the longer she spent time with the Chaldean crew and the myriad Servants that had contracted with him along the way, including more than a few familiar faces that might or might not have played a part in siding Scathach's growth in more ways than one. Going from a stranger to a mentor at times and a sisterly figure at others, guiding from a 'safe place' but

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never overstepping her boundaries. The same could not be said for the clone of Scathach standing before him. Unlike her more reserved self, this rendition of the warrior seemed to have lived a vastly different life under a different Master if what he had been told about the 'machine' was true.

In essence; it was a reality bridging device capable of drawing forth a pre-existing Servant from another time. One that was already in sync with a provisional Master like Ritsuka in league with Chaldea in the hopes of calling upon stronger forces to aid in their ongoing resistance against the Lostbelts and their respective leaders...and Ritsuka could see just how important this technology was after *one* battle against some of the strongest creatures they had faced thus far after being rayshifted to their current location on the request of the 'new' Scathach shortly after her summoning.

Claiming to be interested in observing his ability to command, Scathach had requested for no one to accompany either of them to this desolate cave infested by Demon Beasts, but all she had done so far was act on her own accord, barely giving Ritsuka any time at all to say a single word...but a penchant for violence wasn't what concerned the man...it was her overly sensual behavior...

Every single thing she did was laced heavily with sexual flair...and in the middle of a battlefield where one couldn't be so sure they were completely safe from harm at any given moment, a titillating woman's body twisting and weaving through the air with lustful glances from sultry eyes had proven to be a fitting distraction indeed. Something Ritsuka hoped to be a show or a test of sorts from this copy of the Scottish warrior as a sigh equally despondent as the one he'd vocalized a few minutes ago leaves her soft spoken lips.

"You're too squeamish...the sight of a woman's body shouldn't have you shying away *Master*...it should leave you wanting, not cowering away in the corner...unseemly behavior for a man to be displaying..."

"Well...I agree but...wait, what did you say?"

"You heard me; You're not man enough...in fact, I'm beginning to think you're no man at all...in comparison to my Master, you might as well be a-"

"Cut it with the ideals of manliness or whatever you're trying to prove here, none of that matters in a fight or otherwise...and besides...don't compare me to whoever it is that's had you thinking like that..."

There were quite a few times in the past when Ritsuka, a mere human, had the nerve to stand his ground against Servants and other superhuman beings far above the level of Scathach, but none had ever seen or heard the venomous tone with which he had delivered those words to the haughty warrior in front of

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him he now knew to treat separate from the guiding mentor he was familiar with. They might share the same voice and appearance, but at the end of the day, this Scathach served another, no matter what they said about these powered up Servants being plucked and copied from the employ of other alternate Chaldeas.

But his derogatory words of defiance didn't seem to faze Scathach one bit, in fact, it might've been safe to say that a part of the Servant had been satisfied by her temporary Master's declaration. So much so that a wry smile slowly spreads across her face as the hand that grips Gae Bolg steadily begins to move with purpose, catching Ritsuka's attention as his firmly planted feet immediately begin to backtrack in an attempt to make space between himself and the encroaching woman.

“W-What're you-”

“No need to worry...I'm just interested in testing the strength of your principles...pass my test, and I pledge to you my services. Fail...well, we'll see how things play out now, shall we?”

Before Ritsuka could call for help or dissuade Scathach from trying anything funny, the Servant was already well on her way toward finishing the etching of a celtic rune wide enough to encompass the two of them, thumping the floor of the cave with a reverberant gong from the base of Gae Bolg to trigger whatever it was she had in mind for this test of hers Ritsuka had unwittingly become a participant in as bolts of magenta hued energy streaks across the empty chamber, illuminating the gloom while bathing the various corpses around them in ominous red. Accompanied by the rising whine of primordial magic on a scale far beyond most of what he had seen in his journey so far.

Just as fast as the commotion would rise to a crescendo of incomprehensible noise, the cave would go dark once more with a thundercrack and an explosive release of air, dousing the light before the dust settles, leaving the bodies where they laid and a scorched circle on the floor...the man and woman that had been standing in the middle, gone in the blink of an eye. Leaving Chaldea with the beginnings of a crisis at hand once they realized their all important savior had vanished without a trace, his contracts with the various Servants proving little use in finding where exactly the rogue spirit had whisked him away to...

‘Come now, open your eyes Master...and tell me; what do you see?’

For a moment, Ritsuka had felt himself be thrown across time and space as he usually did whenever he would be rayshifted from one place to another. But this time felt...different. As if there were multiple layers of spherical webs that had been laid out in systemic fashion along the metaphorical ‘tube’ that was the passageway he and the others would tear through time and space to get where they wanted to go.

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With each web he passed, a surreal out-of-body feeling would only intensify as phantom sensations began to crop up all over his body; The brush of cold air in the form of ethereal fingers tickling exposed shoulders despite the medium length sleeves of the uniform he was wearing. A rolling warmth in his core that felt strangely soft and tender to the touch instead of the usual stiffness and strain he'd come to treat as a regular occurrence thanks to the sheer physical strain of what was expected of him on a daily basis. An off-putting weight that tugs hard on his shoulders, and even stranger still...the touch of silken strands running down along the length of an exposed back that seemed far too slender and arched in to be his...all of it, coming and going like the flowing shores of a beachfront.

And as if that wasn't enough, the ghoulish ambience of the infested cave had instantly been replaced by an ear-blasting cacophony of voices ranging from exuberant cheers to irate yelling...all trying to be heard amidst the jingle of slot machines and the hullabaloo of an armada of machinery all catered towards the sinful act of gambling, making it nearly impossible for Ritsuka to pick up on Scathach's disembodied voice echoing from somewhere inside his head, doing as she asked, only to be met with yet another shocking revelation...

“W-What the hell? How is this...p-possible?!”

Heavy breasts sagged forward from Ritsuka's chest, held aloft by slender arms bereft of muscle and body hair. Plump thighs that could never fully close swiveled with uncertainty as they carried the luscious core of a mature vixen with gusto; sporting a shapely stomach lined with supple layers of soft fat and toned flesh. Wide handlebars doing little to conceal the girth of a bubbly ass as it jiggles freely behind her undulating figure...all of it, wrapped up in impossibly smooth skin boasting the texture and hue of vanilla ice cream...except this wasn't *his* body...a recolored bunny suit meant to attract the lecherous eyes of men...long flowing locks of vibrant purple hair...and those bright red eyes staring back at Ritsuka in the glassy mirror before his eyes, feeling *her* body as if it were his own...



“S-Scathach? N-No...*Skadi!* What've you done to me?! C-Change me...back...o-oh..my-*Hngh!*”

Upon the mention of the Servant's name she had been warped into becoming a perfect replica of, a sudden haze of nauseating fog begins to creep into the crevices of her mind, inducing a painful chill

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across her skull as if a terrible migraine was about to make itself known. All while the soft rumble of Scathach's voice echoes once more, seemingly amused by her ailment as the patrons of the bustling casino she was stuck in all on her own continued on their way, barely giving the buxom babe clasping her head with a dainty hand a single glance as if she weren't there at all.

'Ufufu, I'd be careful with the way you address yourself Master...you don't have to worry...for now, of course. It's all a part of the test you see, since you claim the attributes of a man don't matter much at all...I want you to find me, and while you do, the lovely folk of this imaginary space shall treat you like the adorable little bunny you are...and if you happen to lose yourself...well, I think you already know what will happen...yes?'

Twisting her head in defiance of the blurry images steadily encroaching upon her mind, Ritsuka shrugs off the haze and the irritating bite of Scathach's taunting words, reminding herself of who she really was at the core of her ego, finding some measure of satisfaction once reopened eyes are greeted once more with the sight of her original form...save for a few alarming differences with terrible implications...for one, there were small mounds pressing up behind the front of a slightly baggier Chaldean uniform...and his once raven black head of hair was speckled with traces of magenta, accompanied by slightly soother tufts and strands that reached down long enough to tickle the nape of his neck...at least he had his manhood again.

"Impossible...i'm not gonna lose to this test of yours! You won't get your way..."

'Then please, do give it your best...I'll certainly be keeping an eye on your progress~'

Setting off into the casino proper, Ritsuka soon finds himself in a bit of a pickle once he realizes how borderline impossible it would be to seek out a woman like Scathach in a place like this when every inch of the carpeted floor was packed with people jostling each other from shoulder to shoulder. Some of whom were also women clad in similar bunny girl outfits painted in an array of different colors, ranging from the same shade of mysterious purple the Servant was dressed while others wore pale white...just like her...

"Oh dear...those thoughts again...this is simply unfair!"

Failing to notice a change in his speech patterns while a growth spurt causes the vague tent in his chest to become a very noticeable mound as fat and flesh inserts itself into burgeoning breasts whose cup size increase from A to C revitalizes the withered nubs set at their tips, turning mottled dull red into pristine pink, swelling to fruition while the vague remnants of a six-pack recede once again, leaving nothing but a soft stomach inlaid with a sensitive belly button that quivers as *something* begins to grow beneath the surface...drawing mass from the effeminate man's lower half as what little of the muscle and flesh that

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had returned steadily begins to vanish again, repurposed and realigned into new positions across Ritsuka's body in the form of pliable flesh to line malleable thighs linked up nicely to rotund cheeks, lining up nicely to the shrinkage down below as emptied ballsacks wither and fade, leaving a tiny wiener hanging in the air, blissfully ignorant to the vanishing of underwear that makes it all the more easier to feel when-

"E-Eep! W-Watch it! Disgusting lecher!"

"Hah! Whatever you say girly~ Can't expect a guy to let a fine ass like you go by without a squeeze eh?"

The degrading 'compliment' should've left Ritsuka angry, but a growing part of him seemed to *relish* in the humiliation as he continues on his search with heavily dilated eyes of orange dart all over the place, sending a shiver down his spine as it arches inward, accompanied by the swift degradation of the sturdy material that made up the Chaldean outfit to expose a tantalizing rear as the fabric and insulating material begins to fade like smoke in the wind, giving those in his immediate vicinity a good show once the supple slopes of petite shoulders come free once the remnants reform into the very familiar shape of the snow white leotard he had been forced to look at in the realistic mirage from a few seconds ago...a fantasy steadily making itself reality once the spacious gap in between Ritsuka's pants tighten before coming apart, squeezing against his groin with moderate force as a result of the ordinary fabric becoming a mix of satin and flexible rubber made for one a few sizes smaller, unwinding themselves into an animate web of white to expose the morbidly beautiful sight of a desolate penis being ushered into a warm, wet blanket of pink, sliding inwards and up until the tiny hole at it's tip seals itself in tune with a puckered urethra widening into existence just beneath the freshly molded clitoris, letting loose a trickle of pale fluids as new muscles did their best to expunge the female's body of a man's seed, mixing useless sperm with womanly nectar in a blob that hits the floor with a sharp splat that few, including Ritsuka, could hear as she continues on her merry way, plump thighs glistening with trails of her vagina's recent 'activity' before the magic roiling over her seals the breach between her legs, forcing an airy breath out of glistening lips once the lower bits of a leotard rides up tight between her ass, giving her snatch a good rub in the process to spur the preparation of a second ejaculation as renewed nerves and freshly grown organs link themselves to her pleasure addled brain, a brain that by now, was steadily beginning to forget her original purpose for being in such a noisy place once the memories that made Ritsuka who she was in the first place began to fragment and fade, discarded to the depths of her subconscious mind in favor of new, entirely fabricated ones that were far more appealing to her new sense of self once the precious bonds with those she once held dear in Chaldea disappeared into the void. Giggling in an airy, feminine voice dripping with sex appeal that matched the one inside her head once an Adam's Apple trembles before popping out of existence, leaving a petite neck untainted and smooth...

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An uncertain posture straightens itself, proudly bearing bouncing breasts as they bob and jiggle freely now that the suffocating cloth of a man's shirt disintegrates into the far more simplistic and pervy cups of a revealing top, bobbing to the sway of hourglass hips swinging like pendulums as the blink of an eye brings with it yet more changes in the form of sturdy high heels that further announces Ritsuka's presence to the world around her as leering eyes and jealous glares begin to lock on to her alluring body. She loved the intensity of the stares for they reminded her of how superior her figure was in comparison to the regular lot. And as that sense of superiority and self confidence overrode any lingering remnants of the fear and hope that brimmed in Ritsuka's heart, it would only serve to hasten the Master's defeat once the last recognizable features of her former self fades under the creeping return of *Skadi's* enchanting beauty as the sleek outlines of her sharp visage breaks free from the shell that was Ritsuka, morphing a broad nose into a cute peak raised between slant eyes and soft lips of strawberry pink. Framed by chubby cheeks and sharp, downward facing locks of vibrant magenta signature to her appearance as the boyish cut vanishes under a deluge of hair pouring down from a revitalized scalp, moving like snakes to tie themselves up into the form of an energetic ponytail held together by scraps formed from repurposed gloves before a refining process leaves them as the unmistakable threads and fabrics of Scandinavian royalty fit for a divine entity much like herself...never to remember the human being she once was as the life of an ordinary youth in Japan crumbles in the face of bountiful history; an absurd level of experience, memories and personal feelings as to be expected of one hailing from Norse mythology. But there was more to it than simple background changes of course.

Without anything to latch on to, the twisted soul within an equally warped vessel roaming the bustling casino struggles to find cohesion. Bouncing back and forth between alien memories that didn't quite line up with those that remained of a young man's journey through various time periods to restore the world to what it once was, one that desperately needed his aid alongside the many other allies strung together along the way under the banner of Chaldea...but this wouldn't be the case for much longer when said experiences began to fizzle and flicker before an entirely new line emerges to take their place. Igniting life within the empty red orbs inlaid into the woman's eyes as her nubile young body begins to tremble and gyrate with uncontrollable vigor...

Taking on a more proactive role, the fledgling spirit now remembered things differently from how this Ritsuka fellow did. She remembered fighting hard on the front with innumerable magics. Awakening within a forgotten world as its sole remaining goddess and the ensuing struggle to keep it alive...before her defeat and eventual reunion with the dashing fellow that had enabled her downfall...as well as allowing her to see her errors for what they really were.

But fighting wasn't all that she had done, for the Master she had ended up in service to, a man going by Ritsuka Fujimaru, was a veritable deviant. A beast of sex whose raunchy nature had come as a surprise to Skadi upon her first visit to her Master's quarters where she remembered seeing her 'other self' laid bare, ready and waiting for her arrival in some perverse ritual she would now partake in on a daily basis. A

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reminder of which comes in the form of excitable hands swooping low to ravish her flower through the shiny material of her rubbery suit, causing her to slow her steps in an effort to allow the overzealous pervert to properly administer to her needs, completely forgetting her vital mission of seeking out Scathach, not when her thoroughly shaken brain could no longer remember the reasoning behind it.



For every moment that girthy finger probes away at her vagina through the leotard, the vivid recollection of Fujimaru's virile cock plunging into her tight innards flashed by Skadi's eyes. Reminding her of the moment she'd been pulled into bed beside her mirror image who had to make do with their Master's dexterous fingers, fighting back the urge to debase herself like Scathach currently did, to make known her wanton desires as she delivered curse after curse, berating the horny man looking down at her, copping a feel for her breast, a warm touch that replicates itself in the here and now as yet another man emerges from the crowd to fondle her left tit, squeezing it like a balloon with a calloused thumb flicks a swollen nipple, an act that drives the goddess mad as she tosses her head back in ecstatic bliss, completely frozen to the spot now that the former problems that plagued her were a benefit to the lustful bunny's woes.

The desire to return to being a man had been replaced by a lust to *be with* one. The fear of losing her original identity had been reworked in the corrupted annals of her mind into an insatiable hunger for sex as every moment spent in her new form only served to remind Skadi of how untended she was right now; She could feel her pulsating womb, itching for a fresh load of cum like the piping hot batch Ritsuka had shot into her on the fateful night of her summoning. She desired for a herculean being's firm grasp just like the rough hands that threw her around her Master's quarters, feeling for herself just how good and delectable one's fingers could be in place of a girthy dick as the sight of herself piled over Scathach comes to the forefront of her mind, remembering how her irate protestations were immediately broken down into mindless babbling and throaty moans against Ritsuka's daring ministrations as he gives the Irish warrior woman her turn...while making a mess out of her sopping wet pussy as a soiled hole shoots jet after pristine jet of vaginal juices all over the polished mirror-like floors in Skadi's most visited of Chaldea's endless rooms...the ensuing shame only serving to rile the woman up further as yet more hands emerge to caress her trembling body, massaging her stomach, pressing down around her neck, yanking on her ponytail, fingering her mouth with thoughtless abandon...through which only guttural moans and shameless gasps leaked free...glassy eyes rolled all the way up in an orgasmic lull...

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And as if the invisible artist responsible for Ritsuka's metamorphosis sensed a finale to its work, a sendoff in the form of a new shade of color to her pale bunny suit would follow shortly after her surrender as mystifying shades of violet and purple consumes the skintight suit and accompanying headband, lending well to her flowing hair and piercing eye's natural colors. And with an increased number to fishnets biting into her legs couple together with a posh tuft emerging over her stomach, the irrevocable process would finally come to a close, sapping the newly birthed Heroic Spirit of Scathach's enchantment and the memory of her former self forevermore.

The roles had been reversed. Her place in life, forever changed. No longer a part of some doomed existence or a ragtag group of 'heroes', Fujimaru Ritsuka's existence had been claimed by his alternate self. A more brash soul with youthful vigor aplenty and daring pomp that made the other Scathach instantly latch on to him...just like it now made her cling to him. Her new body had felt his touch and was branded by it like cattle, forever consumed by a yearning to be with her Master as the existing Servant contracts made in her previous life begin to vanish, just like the Command Spells that had struggled to remain on the the back of their Master's hands until they were Master no more, empowered just as much as she had been unknowingly disgraced and humiliated; to serve as bedmate and loving companion to another version of herself whose ideals had won out over hers...with a little help from a meddling hand of course.

"My, my, look how nicely you turned out my dear~ Enjoying the patron's company without looking out for your adorable other? Tut tut..."

"Mbah...M-My other...to see me in this state...how humilia-ahn!"

A hand that would show itself as her likeness emerges before her, parting the crowd just as easily as she did to dissuade the men from continuing their perversions as the strong arms that held Skadi down gradually let her go, leaving the embarrassed woman to stand before Scathach in silent shame despite how much she herself was enjoying the deprecating assault. Humbling feelings derived from the new allegiances and loyalties thoroughly seared into her very being.

"Come now, we're needed elsewhere...somewhere I think you'll like very much~"

"S-Somewhere I...you mean Chaldea? M-Master's-"

"Indeed, so wipe that look off your face...and prepare yourself..."

Before she could say much else, the familiar blue aura of a rayshift encircles the two ladies before whisking them away from the artificial recreation of an old casino once popular before the world had

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been bleached, sending Scathach and her newly claimed quarry for a proper ‘orientation’ in the quarters of her true Master after informing him of the circumstances behind her temporary absence while ‘Ritsuka’ fumbled her insurmountable test. With the folks back at the original Chaldea none the wiser to their genius inventor’s mistake at ripping the alternate timeline’s Scathach away instead of making a copy like it should’ve done instead...the consequences of which rang clear to them, but not to the vapid new Servant standing shoulder to shoulder with Scathach, smiling warmly at the man she would now devote her entire being to aiding as she syncs her movements with her twin, loving the heft of her body and the satisfactory sound of Gae Bolg’s base slamming into the ground as the twin ladies exposed themselves without question for the man in front of them; firm legs raised high into the air, quivering slits begging for attention...



With the disappearance of Ritsuka, the future of humanity was bleak, its continued survival an uncertainty without the aid of the innumerable Servants he had contracted with. But that lost hope would at least be consumed to feed the flame of another possibility altogether in the ongoing fight against the Lostbelts...

Just like they had done to the pruned worlds that needed to be gone for theirs to exist...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image Sources

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