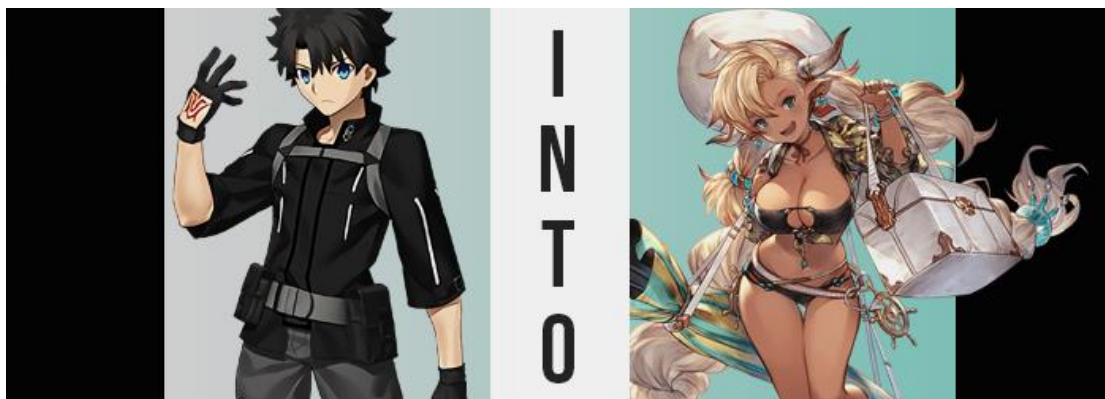


# BIKINI RNG

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It was a pretty pathetic sight. Chaldea's young Master, Ritsuka Fujimaru, sneaking around the summoning room like some sort of crook. But he'd had enough. He'd had his good will shattered far too many times now! He just didn't understand...! *WHY HAD NO SUMMER SERVANTS COME HOME!?* The young man had saved resources all year for the summer season. Summer Jeanne? Tanned BB? These were Servant he needed to have join his Chaldea for, uh... reasons. But he'd emptied everything he had and not a single one of his prayers had been answered.

## *WHO THE HECK NEEDED ANOTHER FIONN!?*

He had been driven to desperation, and that desperation had lead to snatching the book of Scandinavian runes Scathach-Skadi had been using in her discussions with Panhuman History Scathach. The two of them had been sharing information, and among the recorded runes was one meant to elevate one's luck to unthinkable heights. That was exactly what he'd needed, and he was willing to get in trouble for *tanned BB*.

Casting the few quartz he'd scrounged up from free quests, the boy likewise tossed a scrap of paper into the summoning circle as orbs of light manifested and began to spin around rapidly. Sparks of lightning began to shoot from the center of the circle, but suddenly like a claw one of them grabbed the young man by the shoulder and yanked him into the dead center of the summoning procedure. "*WHA--!?*"

Needless to say this had never happened before, and in actuality it was the ill-effect of his rune drawing. There was a reason only professionals

could wield them: even the slightest variation in their drawing could have cataclysmic side effects as the Master was about to find out.

A chill immediately ran up his spine. Down his spine? It was a little hard to tell because it felt like all of the particles in his body had begun to vibrate wildly as three rings of light spun around him at mach speeds. He was unable to free himself from the hold of the summoning circle be it through brute force or whatever magecraft he could access with his currently equipped Mystic Code, leaving him to accept his fate without mobility or even the ability to call out for help.

*Not that anyone could help him even if they showed up.*

Incidentally, though? Someone *did* know. Someone *was watching*. It was Skadi, whom had realized her Master had been snooping through her things. She'd observed his efforts from her spiritual form, hiding as a ghost in the shadows. If she'd identified his efforts as life threatening then she would have stepped in, but the way he'd messed up that rune? Well, she was content with letting this play out. It would be a fitting punishment for him at any rate.

Ritsuka was left stunned in the meantime, energy pouring into him and bringing his blood to an uncomfortable boil. But it wasn't mana entering him, not quite at any rate. What was being summoned here was not a Servant; the rune tampering had seen to that at any rate. But the boy didn't know this as much as Skadi had realized herself.

The first clues quite *suddenly erupted*, and *painfully* at that, from budding pressure at either side of Ritsuka's head. Shockingly not a speck of blood was shed as he felt something extend quickly from where the pressure originated, the weight of his skull growing more intensive to the point that it might have been hard to hold his head up with his own strength if not for the summoning circle keeping him bound.

While he couldn't make out just what had happened, to the watching Skadi it was obvious. A pair of horns had erupted from his scalp, pointing straight to the sides with a slight curve at either end. The base of the bone was white but closer to the ends it became almost a brownish red. These horns served as the patient zero of changes, for the space around them began to transmogrify at a much more quickened pace than anywhere else.

*Ears* for example. Their pale coloration began to darken to a tan; not the kind of tan born from time spent in the sun but born from a natural complexion. But this darkening wasn't the full extent of their change. They were slowly yanked out backwards, round cartilage finding points in either ear as their shapes took a folded aesthetic that were almost

bovine in design, strongly resemble a cross between human ears and a cow's.

The dark hair at the base of these new horns began to lighten, contrasting the darkening of his ears that was slowly beginning to spread into his facial features as well. Strands slid past brown and right into a rich but vaguely sandy blonde, yet more than that their length began to quickly grow. The spinning lights had created a strong wind within the confines of the summoning room which didn't really tax his short hair, but as blonde length reached his shoulders and began to grow down his back, it ultimately swirled around as caught by the wind and some of the length smacked him in the face.

*MY HAIR!?* While he couldn't vocalize his shock, it wasn't hard to tell that the wall of blonde that had just been blown into his face was actually his *own* mane. He could feel it being tugged from the back after all, even if he couldn't properly reach back to feel it. His best guess was that it probably fell down to around his butt were the wind still (*it wasn't*) and the shorter length on top was styled to be wild while swept naturally to the right.

A big issue arose from this wig of blonde blowing in Ritsuka's eyes however: it both obscured his ability to see what was happening in general, and obscured Skadi's ability to witness the change sweeping across his fully tanned face. For a single moment she materialized behind him, casting her wand to still the wind around his body specifically. This allowed the hair to fall down to expose that... *his face had already taken quite a ringing.*

Skadi was surprised. He was already fairly unrecognizable with smaller cheekbones and plumper, poutier lips. Long lashes decorated eyes that could only blink to prevent themselves from watering, and the color of those blue eyes themselves had dulled to a much more washed out shade of the color than the bright, innocent blue that was so typically associated with him. It could be said he hardly even looked Japanese as the slant of his eyes had rounded to make them look cuter and more expressive.

And then Ritsuka felt the sensation of falling. It was the inertia born from a shrinking that plagued him as melanin-rich skin spread across the otherwise deficient body. Hands grew closer to elbows which drew closer to shoulders, and feet drew closer to knees which became closer to his hips. By the time his torso had crunched together as well the boy stood at a meager 132 centimeters, a far cry from his usual height. It brought the black Chaldea uniform he wore to hang off like a tent, and pants and boxers alike had fallen to pool around his ankles.

Ritsuka was struck unabashedly by sudden nausea. The shrinkage had collapsed the capacity of his stomach but that wasn't the cause; in fact in many parts of his body there was an uncanny bloating sensation that couldn't be explained by any such digestive issues. In fact his nausea was brought about by the rearranging of internal organs. It wasn't painful but it certainly wasn't *comfortable*. A slight stinging embroiled his dick and he could have sworn he felt as if he could feel it less and less... *until he couldn't feel it any longer. NO...*

*His dick was gone. Her dick? Either way...*

*Ritsuka was a woman now.*

And the remnants of his lower body, which had already become dyed tan, began to fill out in favor of her new role as the fairer sex. Well perhaps not in the typical sense. At her current height it might have been expected that she was becoming a literal child, but that presumption was very quickly challenged as things began to *fill out*, so to speak.

It began with Ritsuka's thighs, which splurged with tantalizing meat that brought the skin pulled over it to shine from the tension. She'd grown so short that her jacket was covering these thighs for the most part, but the bottoms could be made out from Skadi's point of view as the grew thicker and thicker, which in turn pulled the bottom rim of the jacket slightly higher.

But before long these thick thighs were almost entirely on display not because of the legs themselves but because of what rested *behind* them. Her rear, which had been typically lacking in shape for a teenaged boy, showed signs of *exponential* growth that forced the jacket to pull up to the point where the very bottom of her bare pussy lips could be seen, but not so high that the curly, bright blonde pubes above were visible. Were she to take a step with a bottom half like this there would definitely be a sexy sway to her walk, even more-so as widen thighs and bigger ass cheeks had forced hips to widen.

Of course a woman's lower half wasn't complete without a woman's upper half to accommodate it, and the loose-hanging jacket was challenged in its position once more as swelling came to bring Ritsuka's nipples to a state of erection. Little did she know that they'd darkened to a rich chocolate color against her tanned pecs, but that wouldn't really matter thanks to how quickly the flesh beneath them suddenly moved to fill whatever vacant space in her undershirt and jacket they could find.

Breathing became very difficult very quickly as she was wordlessly expected to deal with tits rising like baked bread within her oven of an

outfit, flesh not content stopping at a normal size for a pair of breasts but much more intent of pushing the envelope. After a few moments, as Skadi witnessed the orbs straining her Master's clothes and tugging her shirt up to reveal a tanned, feminine tummy, she resolved to help out before Ritsuka passed out. She carefully cast a rune to echo her desires. After all, she'd done all of this to see some swimsuits right?

Ritsuka heaved a sigh of relief as the tightness finally relented and breathing took a natural pace once more, even if her heart was beating a mile a minute. Even without the ability to look down she could make out the ends of a pair of huge tits, each larger than her head, bulging out in front of her and tensing the muscles in her back. But as time passed and the spinning circles came to die out she realized she was seeing more and more of the *flesh* of these tits.

The cloth of his jacket had retreated and the fibers of his black undershirt re-shaped. Without the jacket above what remained of the shirt, of course her tits would be on full display... because the black shirt was now a black bikini top. The jacket on the other hand had been robbed of much of its features, with belts, buttons, and essentially all of its front erased except for the straps that were loosely tied beneath her cleavage. Gone was the pure black color, instead replaced by a camo pattern that sat loosely on her arms with ruffled sleeves.

Southward her boxers had picked themselves up and climbed up either leg, in turn obscuring her pussy and hair with a matching bikini bottom that was accessorized with a loose-hanging belt with a ship wheel decoration dangling to the left. Turquoise gemstones bound the straps of the bikini bottom together much like they did the top. Boots reshaped into a pair of toeless sandals with straw strappings that clung up her lower legs, which left only her pants in tact from her old costume.

Those black pants though? Seemingly turned to a light mush and were caught a wind blown about by Skadi herself. The material was flung high into the air with most of it resting upon Ritsuka's hair, fanning out and thinning into a cowgirl hat with a white rim while the wind seemingly twirled her ankle-length hair into a set of four super thick braids that were ultimately bound by a turquoise gem hair decorations.

Then it all stopped. All of it. The wind, the summoning, everything was still. And Ritsuka fell to her knees. **“What the heck just happened!?”** **Oh my god, everything feels so weird!** Even falling to her knees had provoked a jiggle through all of her now bouncy flesh. Her tits bounced the most, but there was clearly a felt ripple through her thighs and ass as well.

**“Hm? Could it be Master was playing with my runes? If that’s true, please introduce yourself Master so I know it’s you for sure.”** Skadi suddenly manifested physically before the young Draph woman, red eyes peering down. There was one more rune she’d tossed into that awry summoning and she wanted to see if it worked.

Ritsuka looked a little stunned. Skadi had caught her? But she didn’t seem to be sure that she was Ritsuka. **“Huh? Of course I’m Almeida! Who else would I... Almeida? No, my name is Almeida... It’s...!?”** Not only could she not say Ritsuka, there was an urge building inside of her. An urge to plan, to build, to construct. Why did she want to swing an oversized pickaxe so badly!? But wait. Was Skadi smirking? **“Did you do this!”**

The queen giggled. **“You did most of it, I just added a few touches. Almeida, was it? Don’t worry though you’re still my Master, and I think I’ll keep you this way a little while longer as punishment. You shouldn’t take things that don’t belong to you, Almeida.”**

Almeida grit her teeth and checked her right hand. Her Command Seals were still there, so... **“Scathach-Skadi! I order you! Give yourself the same punishment you gave me!”** She’d been feeling a little mischievous.

**“NO!”**

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Not even ten minutes later Almeida left the summoning room, intent on seeking da Vinci-chan’s advice on how to change back. She could still remember her old self but identifying herself as Ritsuka was a problem, and it seemed she had all of this body’s habits and mannerisms. So explaining would be a pain. Yet she seemed fairly content with herself, and the reason for that smugness followed shortly after.

A tanned girl in an equally cowboy-inspired swimsuit ensemble to Almeida’s own. She had fluffy ears, and couldn’t stop talking in a way she deemed ‘funny’. **“I was JK Almeida-chan! Totes wait up! I’m, like, dying XDD!”** Chloe the Erune chased after. Or, well, she’d once been Skadi.