

MATCHMAKING 101

AUGUST 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It was *painfully* obvious to BB that Meltlilith was harboring a crush - nay, *several* crushes. For better or for worse the Alter Ego was essentially her daughter, an existence born from her own. It was a shame that Melt resented her, but the AI also recognized that said hatred was born from how she treated the girl in the past.

But did BB hate Meltlilith? *Heavens to Bessy* no! She honestly wished the best for her daughter, and that honest affection climaxed in a desire to help the girl with her crushes. **“Let’s see! There’s Master... That one should be easy! And then there’s *that* Servant huh? I don’t understand what she sees in him, but getting the both of them to look her way shouldn’t be too difficult.”** This all would have sounded significantly less ominous were she not brewing a dark purple liquid in a bubbling cauldron with a dart gun and a pair of empty darts beside her.

Because as often was the case with BB, nothing about her plan would be conventional or even *effective*. There was an honest desire to help, yes! But there was an equally powerful desire to help so that she could amuse herself at the cost of everyone involved. And so to those ends she filled those two darts with targets in mind. Gudako, and the Counter Guardian, EMIYA.

‘*Mama EMIYA*’ as he was called in jest by some of the younger Servants, had been the last one in the kitchen late that night. Between Tamamo Cat, Benienma, and himself, the three of them had a rotation for cleaning the dishes and putting away leftovers every evening as the main

Chaldea hunger task force. No one ever visited this late, which made it the perfect time to *strike*.

A loud whistling flying through the air predated a sharp pain in the Archer's neck, hand immediately putting down the dish he was putting away to address the issue. Fingers grappled with a dart, and he immediately spun around to the only door in and out of the kitchen. "**Hey!**" It made sense for him to chase the source, yet he only made it two steps before he keeled onto his one knee. Numbness washed through his legs specifically, but a tingling arose essentially everywhere else as his heart began to race. "**...Poison!?**"

No, that was impossible. That attack could have only have been from another Servant of Chaldea, couldn't it? They were under a strict ceasefire not to attack one another regardless of personal grudge, and doing so would be detected immediately thanks to da Vinci's systems. Which led EMIYA to believe he had not been struck by something fatal like poison. That *didn't* ease his worries however.

His breathing became shallow and it took all of his energy to remain upright. Arms flopped at his sides as if they limp, and that wasn't really far from the truth. It would have been a far cry to say they'd grown numb like his legs had, but the feeling there felt numb. Deficient. Particularly as far as his hands were concerned. He could move them a little, but he only knew that because he was observing them in the corner of his eye. They were clumsy, and he couldn't sense any feeling from them short of the dull sensation of joints wriggling.

Additional problems were quickly forming, he soon realized. The bangs he usually kept swept back could be seen flopping in front of his eyes, resting as a neat fringe. What's more, he felt like he spotted a strand of familiar purple. Familiar because he'd seen this specific spectrum of shades a plethora of times both in her past and in Chaldea.

It only served to amplify his unease. What had begun as a single strand jumped to several, then many, and while he could not see behind him he could feel the length of his hair tickling his back. *It was growing?* If it were to only stop at his shoulders that would have been maintainable, but he felt it slip past. Some fell over the shoulder's front and he could only watch as it spilled... touched the ground... and continued to pool there. It was a Rapunzels-worth of hair.

The shade of purple? He knew it because it was reminiscent of the Matou girl. Sakura, a woman from his past. A woman that had found herself immortalized in the digital realm of SE.RA.PH and replicated into different personalities through the efforts of the Sakura AI, BB. "**...BB!**" Of all the Sakurafaces there wasn't a single one twisted enough

to do whatever this was short of the Mooncancer herself. She saw everyone around her as playthings, their lives as games for her to toy with.

He was getting angry. A little angrier than he'd conditioned himself to feel, remarkably enough. Frustration misguided men and led their hands awry, and so as a Counter Guardian he'd trained himself to keep it from spiraling out of hand. But this hatred bubbling up, this disdain... the thought of BB alone was enough to trigger it so violently as if it was a feeling that wasn't his own.

Because it wasn't.

While he was distracted by the hair, further change was awash in areas he'd previously been paying attention to. With the feeling in his hands so subdued it wasn't a simple feat for EMIYA to even feel the bumps run across his fingertips while they regressed, the tan he'd earned from overexerting her Magic Circuits late in life complete erased as fingertips returned to a stark pale. Palms diminished in kind as well, hands and soon wrists better suited for a young girl than a man of his stature. Incidentally the hands seemed rather... *inept*. Feeling would not return to them completely even after his transformation finished, and the unkempt but long fingernails suggested maintaining them was a difficult ordeal. Maybe it would be better to contain them with long sleeves?

Tiny hands certainly looked out of place among his muscular arms, which was exactly why those big muscles of his began to deflate like a bunch of balloons. It even sounded just like a bunch of balloons leaking air! Okay, it *didn't* sound like that, but since BB is involved you suspended your disbelief long enough to actually believe it for a brief moment didn't you?

Though shrinkage was a *universal* affair. From head to toe his form was diminishing, muscles and length of limb alike. Shoulders collapsed, creating an uncomfortable circumstance where he was forced to realize his clothes were beginning to hang off of him like a tent. “**What did she do to me...!? I hate you BB!**” Grit teeth did not muffle the fact that the pitch of his voice was rising and fast, while in tandem his Adam's apple smoothed out across a neck that had halved in thickness.

EMIYA was still immobile and so he couldn't even squirm as he felt a tingle run through his stomach and a gurgle accompany a sudden inward swoop from both sides that left his belly arched yet toned. It's design was quite feminine and more reminiscent of a maiden in her early teens than an adult male, which was more or less on par for the course. A tingle rippled through his chest as well, but while a plumpness

did plague it in line with a woman's body, the growth of breasts was so unsubstantial that he might as well have had none at all. Archer shouldn't even have breasts and he knew it, yet once the fact he'd grown itty bitty titties dawned on him it somehow left him angrier about that in particular like he had actually been hoping for a *larger* pair.

Porcelain cheeks burned crimson with shame and embarrassment, his perpetual scowl softening for facial features could hardly support such a firm ruggedness like it once had. Softened cheeks, big eyes dyed an ocean blue, tiny but thick lips that naturally curled into a pout beneath a tiny nose. It would be hard to look intimidating with a face like that. *A face so reminiscent of Sakura Matou.*

“I'm becoming a Sakura but which one...? Feh! Isn't it obvious? Meltlilith of course!” He answered his own question immediately, and with a misplaced pride that suggested his mind was becoming more and more far-gone as physical change spread into his loins. Or, well, *her* loins. It didn't take much to snip away his man bits since they'd regressed alongside the rest of his body. Increased youthfulness had done a lot of the heavy lifting, the sex change merely plucked away the little bit was left. In its place a pair of lips formed; the entryway to *her* new womb.

This was jarring enough on its own, but... **“EEP!?”** The most feminine and girlish of squeals shot from her lips as something cold and metal suddenly pressed up against her genitals. She could feel metal chains dangling from widened hips beneath her pants, but her clothes hadn't changed otherwise. It was something of a bodywarming gift from BB, whom had been observing from afar. EMIYA's face merely wrinkled as she realized what it *probably* was.

All that was left around her hips was her booty, something that stood out as one of Meltlilith's most prominent charm points. Muscle bled from her cheeks as they actually found themselves reduced in stature, yet what they lost in broadness they gained in *volume*. Each cheek bounced forward, firm and tender. It was the kind of ass that might be fun to give a playful spank... until the owner of said ass stabbed you with her leg. Even better? Her cheeks ended up on full display as boxers and pants finally fell down to her knees, the metal 'undergarment' riding her pussy on blatant display as well.

But speaking of getting stabbed by Meltlilith's legs...

The final changes would not be some that would go smoothly if EMIYA was left on her knees, and so a mysterious force suddenly took hold of her, lifting her up into the air. **“What!? Hey! Let me go! I'll kill you, I swear it!”** ... Much to the girl's dismay. Melt's demeanor was

permeating through EMIYA entirely now. She couldn't keep her cool when being tossed around like a toy. She *loved* dolls, she didn't want to be *treated* like one!

And as she dangled there like a cat being held up by the scruff of her neck, she really was like a specific type of doll: *a rag doll*. Lifeless legs swung like a pendulum and arms fared no better. Paling had already dyed all of her body and legs were no exception... yet toes began to darken. The tops of her feet shone a metallic silver, but the soles? A lifeless black. She was dangling so high that her feet hung almost a foot off the ground, but this was only because the room was necessary. *For the spikes*. A pair of black spikes that shot towards the ground from either foot, the points of contact that she was meant to walk across the floor upon.

Oddly enough, she'd be able to use them flawlessly once control returned.

It was evident they weren't biological, and their artificial nature only spread upward. Delicate molding work saw ankles layer, the outer one on each leg coning outward like a pant leg while everything beneath the knee seemed to harden and stretch. She'd already become much taller with the pointed feet, but as chrome finish shone under the kitchen light it became clear the length of her lower legs had doubled on top of that. The result? *She was technically taller than she'd been as a man*.

Metal spikes, long and huge, shot out of her knees like the weapons they clearly were as doll-like joints replaced her biological kneecaps. Steel guards rose just past the spikes, and their nature would only be made apparent if she bent her knees at all. The point of attachment for these prosthetics was finally made clear: steel fanned out just below the center of her thighs, and the rest remained flesh that was both lean but round, suggestive of a young teen girl.

Emimelt stumbled for a moment when the force lifting her up disappeared. Surprisingly she adjusted to her new, artificial legs almost immediately and after the initial stumble each motion was like a dancing ballerina. Well, a dancing ballerina clad in the upper half of Archer EMIYA's outfit.

Her past life was somewhat vague, but she felt like she could ascertain it a little. It was just... really hard to think at the moment. Why? **“...BB! Why did you dress me up in these clothes!? I hate you so much!”** She could smell her old life on EMIYA's jacket, and it was enough to fluster the Meltlith that held her feelings back, who was tsundere about her crushes. Even though EMIYA was who she used to be, Melt's crush on him still translated to her new personality. Even

though it was weird though? She couldn't help but use her barely mobile hands to lift the collar up to her nose and give a sharp inhale.

But suddenly, she disappeared.

When visibility returned, Meltlilith found herself in a space that looked like SE.RA.PH. No... it was the copy BB could create with her Territory Creation skill. Speaking of the devil, she was standing just a few feet away with... a copy of herself? One wearing a top that completely matched that of her Master, Gudako. She wanted to lash out at BB for transforming her, and for apparently bestowing the same fate upon her Master, yet instead...

“BB! HOW DARE YOU MAKE A COPY OF ME! I’M PERFECT ENOUGH AS IS, I DON’T NEED MORE OF ME AROUND!” What she ended up fixating on was the clone of herself. But wait, she was already a copy of Melt? That was Gudako, not another version of herself. But it was! But...

BB suddenly snapped her fingers, and the moment she did both Meltliliths found themselves completely clad in the outfit of the Alter Ego they'd become. Another snap? Suddenly their legs were locked together in a lustrous bed BB had prepared. **“Hey now! I just gave you two what you wanted! After all, the Meltlilith in front of you is your dearest Master!”** BB was wholly having too much fun. Those words were directed at Emimelt, whose heart began to race the second she remembered the Meltlilith she was now a brush of her lips away from was actually Gudako. Melt had a crush on Gudako, and so in kind... Her lips quivered with anticipating. They were so close. If she could kiss her Master whom she loves so much, then...!

“And that Meltlilith in front of you was EMIYA!” Gudamelt's cheeks suddenly burned red at that realization. Much like Emimelt, she had extremely strong feelings for EMIYA. So the form didn't matter, right? 'Her' crush was right in front of her! Their bodies were already intertwined! So a kiss wouldn't hurt, right? Right...? She couldn't help but lean in, and from that point on both Alter Ego's intertwined even more intensely. With BB watching.

“All's well that end's well!” This was BB's new motto. The two Melt clones seemed happy, so the means of finding that happiness didn't matter, right?

Actually, BB felt a little like she was forgetting something...

In her own room, the original Meltlith was piecing together a new figurine she'd purchased from da Vinci's shop when she got a sudden chill. "**ACHOO!**" The sneeze almost blew some figurine pieces off her desk!

Maybe someone was talking about her?