

A FATEFUL BEACH TRIP

(Girls to Bikini TF)

(Fate: Grand Order)

It was an unusually slow day at Chaldea. With summer in full swing and barely any singularities to worry about, most servants were content doing their own thing. Unsurprisingly, however, not everyone was satisfied with staying in their rooms all day, it was summer, after all! Even if the base was located in Antarctica, with the level of technology provided, there should be no problem with simulating a beautiful, sandy beach to relax before another big mission!

With most of the servants either sunbathing or swimming in virtual reality, the hallways were completely desolate, except for one roman empress running through the empty facility towards Ritsuka Fujimaru's, (or 'Gudako's' for short) room. It's been much too long since she had a proper vacation with her Master. And who could blame her? All this fighting and saving the world gets tiring very fast, and Nero had just the idea on how to spend the upcoming hours as close to Gudako as humanly possible... Yet, her perfect day was just about to be ruined by another servant. As she entered Ritsuka's room, the Saber was surprised to see one more face than she was expecting. Out of everyone... why did it have to be *her*?

"Oh, Nero, did you need something?" Gudako gave a warm smile while sitting next to Elizabeth Bathory.

"Umu... I didn't realize you had a guest already..." The blonde mumbled as a rosy blush engulfed her pale face.

"You mean Eli? Don't worry, she just wanted me to come to the beach with her, and I agreed, we were about to leave, actually!"

"Oh, I know that look! You wanted to invite Gudako too, right? Well, sucks to be you, slowpoke!" The dragonkin savored the little victory over the blonde.

"I swear, you two are like oil and water... I know you're rivals and all, but I'm sure Eli wouldn't mind if you came along!"

Yes, I'm still in this! The lizard's presence is annoying, but she won't do anything dirty as long as Praetor is in the vicinity, so dealing with her will be a piece of cake... Heh, I might even punish her fittingly! Thought the emperor as she flashed a triumphant grin. "It'd be an honor!"

"Well, I won't object... but don't you even think about doing anything weird, you hear me?"

“Clear as day~!”

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The trio made their way towards what was once the combat simulator. Technically, it still retained that function, but it also included many, many more new ones, making the ‘combat’ part of the name redundant. Thankfully, there was no need to bring any swimsuits or lotions, seeing as the simulation was calibrated to provide these kinds of things upon entering. But what if one were to tamper with the code?

“Hey, Nero, why aren’t you getting in?” Ritsuka asked as the Saber stood beside the console controlling the machine, while she and Elizabeth were ready to be transported.

“I knew it! She was planning someth-” Elizabeth couldn’t finish her sentence, as the two girls were sent into the virtual world.

“I’m sorry Praetor! I’ll explain everything when the time comes!” Nero proclaimed to no one in particular and got to work.

While the blond was a Roman, born and raised, she was still a prodigy when it came to... basically everything, so it was no surprise she’d be able to operate such a complex machine. Well, ‘operate’ wasn’t exactly right - she was no expert after all, but her intermediate knowledge should suffice. Originally, the plan was for her to spend an intimate afternoon with Gudako. The lizard’s company was a tad of a surprise, but, thinking about it now, the emperor was glad it happened, as it let Nero finally show her who’s boss. Yup, soon enough, licking her sweaty pussy would be all the girl was good for.

Just as she was about to leave to meet her companions, however, a lightbulb went off in her head. She already made appropriate changes to the two for their upcoming fun, but maybe she could... spice herself up a bit, too? As much as she was proud of her beautiful gown and stylish hair, her assets were a bit *lacking*, to put it nicely. With a slight blush, the monarch messed around with some sliders, making her virtual bosom and behind a bit more befitting of such an influential figure as she. She’d have to change Gudako’s size a bit to accommodate for these changes, too. As for Elizabeth... she can manage!

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What the- Nero? The master was speechless. What was this all about? She wasn’t scared, per se, she trusted Chaldea’s servants enough to know they wouldn’t do anything that’d put her in danger (well, maybe except for a certain purple-haired gal) but she sure was taken by surprise. Nero was a bit eccentric, but that was weird, even by her standards. Whatever the servant’s intentions, however, at the very least it seemed like she was safe and sound in the virtual world now if the clear, blue sky and the scorching hot sand were anything to go by...

Gudako tried to stand up, only to realize she was unable to. No, that’d be understating it. It’s like her whole body was boneless, in the most literal sense. Her entire form felt flaccid and almost inhuman. By now, Ritsuka knew for sure something was very wrong. Was this a glitch

of some sort? Her arms and legs were very thin, almost like straps, whilst her face was, relatively speaking, enormous. Despite her limbs keeping at least a semblance of familiarity, the girl's head was comically flat, as both halves of it were kept together by another thin string... The master tried thinking of any possible explanations as she realized she heard something - it was barely distinguishable, but there was no doubt about it, these were the voices of the other servants who were on the beach! That's right!

She couldn't move, but maybe she could call for aid!

Somebody, help!

No, that didn't sound right... Gudako knew for certain that she had spoken, yet the words never left her mouth. It's almost like she was an object or something... no, surely, Nero wouldn't do such a thing, would she? Speaking of servants... where did Elizabeth disappear to? Stuck looking upward, the master was unaware that just a dozen or so centimeters away, the person she was thinking of was in a situation much like her own, although her reaction couldn't be any more different.

That woman! I knew something was up the second she showed up! What did she even do to me? Oooh, just you wait, when I'm able to move again! You're donezo, you damn Roman! The singer ranted in silence while trying to move her body, to no avail. Nero was going to pay! Where even was she? Surely, she wasn't going to leave her like that? Then again, she probably should've if the blonde wanted to keep her pretty face!

"Sorry for the wait, your emperor is finally here!" A voice boomed throughout the area. Nero stepped onto the warm sand in her usual outfit, realizing her mistake almost immediately. Even if this was all virtual, the heat that radiated from up top felt all too real... she needed to put on her swimsuit, and fast. Thankfully, it wasn't too hard to spot what she was looking for, as the girl took off her shoes, definitely not because walking in heels was an absolute pain and she almost tripped three times before finally meeting her companions... although, calling them by that name felt a bit bizarre, given their current form.

"Umu, I guess I should explain... but maybe it'd be better to show you." The two's protests went unheard as they were easily picked up by the now gigantic monarch. While Elizabeth raved, trying hard to bite the fingers she was being held by, Gudako tried to stay optimistic, if nothing else. At this point, both of them were painfully aware that something was done to their bodies, something much more unusual and perverted than a normal paralysis spell. As Nero's walk through the beach continued, both of the captured girls had a better and better grasp of this unusual situation... this flat and nylon feeling, the complete immobility... and they were on a beach for god's sake! Their guesses were soon proven correct, as the trio entered one of the few buildings scattered throughout the shorefront - the changing room.

"One again, sorry for all the trouble, I hope you can forgive me, Praetor!" The royal blushed while undressing, forcing her master and rival to watch as she peeled off layer after layer of sweat-soaked clothing.

Hey, I'm here too! Elizabeth remarked angrily. Yet, with each passing minute, this rage gave way to another feeling - fear. As much as she wanted to fight back, she couldn't. How long would it be till she'd be put on? Which one even was she, the top or the bottom?

Gudako, on the other hand, had a much more mixed feeling about all of it. She was, without a doubt, scared, as anyone would be... but this wasn't the only thing coursing through her mind. As much as she hated to admit it, the thought of being wrapped around Nero's body... it was intriguing, and not completely unwelcome.

"So, who wants to be first?" The empress pretended to wait for an answer before picking Ritsuka up. While it wasn't her usual style, the monarch was proud of the work she did. Normally, she'd wear something more regal to the beach, but the orange-and-pink striped bikini top in her hands wasn't bad either, considering she had limited time to implement these changes - it'd be all for naught, if the girls spawned inside of the virtual world before she altered their appearances, after all.

With utmost care and elegance, Gudako's flat face was met with the blonde's impressive, virtually enhanced bust. She could feel the girl's nipples touch inside of her triangular cups, the pressure only rising as Nero tied the straps that held her in place, until she finally let go, letting her assets sag a bit. "Umu, good thing I made you a bit bigger, otherwise this would be a lot worse..." Commented the Saber while cupping her new bra with glee, the motion filling said lingerie with both pain and pleasure at the same time.

I can't believe it, she really made her boobs larger just for this... I'll need to reprimand her once we're back in the real world...

"I guess it's time for you, then." Nero's expression changed almost immediately, going from a cheerful smile to that of bother, as if looking at an annoying bug that needed squashing. This was supposed to be her time-off with Praetor, but the Lancer had to ruin it! Still, while she made sure the feeling of being worn was pleasurable for her master, that didn't mean she couldn't make Elizabeth's existence tortuous.

But first, she needed to actually put the pathetic-looking thing on, a task which proved much harder than she could've predicted... she really made her ass too fat, didn't she? It wouldn't be until a few minutes later that the pair of panties was nestled tightly against the girl's buttocks and vagina.

Agh! You stupid Saber, you're gonna get me ripped! I don't care what Gudako says, I'm gonna kill you once I'm back to normal, I swear! The dragonkin screeched in silence, deciding not to mince her words anymore. It's not like anyone could hear her anyway...

Wait, Eli? Hey, can you hear me? To her surprise, however, a familiar voice did answer - it was her master!

Deerlet! But how's that possible?

I'm... not sure... but you shouldn't talk like that about your fellow servant!

Come on! You can't expect me to dismiss what she did to us! Elizabeth was getting impatient. They needed to turn back fast, but it seemed like Gudako was in no rush! Although... could she even do anything to help them in this state? Ah, but of course, there was something! Master, I have an idea! Maybe you could use your command spells and force her to turn us back?

Heh, funny you mention that... I used up my last slot just this morning... it won't be until midnight that I'm able to use it... But really, it's not that bad! I mean, sure, all this wobbling and pressure from Nero's boobs are a bit annoying, but it could be much worse!

That's easy for you to say, you're not 2 sizes too small! Just as she finished saying this sentence, a realization hit. ...Master, are... are you enjoying this? I never knew you were such a pervert!

Well, I'd be lying if I said I hate it, but that doesn't mean I don't want to turn back, you know? My straps hurt like hell from all the mass I have to carry!

The singer couldn't believe it - she was betrayed! Even with her command spells gone, having someone to wallow in despair together would've been nice!

"Phew, all done! I'd say I'm sorry, but that's what you get for trying to steal Praetor from me!" The giant teased as she snuck a finger inside of the former girl and yanked her laughably thin waistband, the motion making the dragonkin cringe in pain. After taking one of the generic Chaldea-brand towels and a matching umbrella, the trio left in search of a place to settle, which actually proved quite challenging, seeing as the beach wasn't all that big when compared to the number of servants it was frequented by. However, before Nero even started looking for a nice enough place for them to stay, the two pieces of nylon were met with a frightening reality check.

While the fact they were being worn by another being was distressing enough as it were, Nero mostly stood still while putting the tortured souls on. But now, she was casually strutting through the hot and humid shorefront, and with no ability to resist, both Gudako's and Elizabeth's bodies moved on their own, following the giant's lead. The two former girls got quite possibly the most intimate experience anyone ever had with Nero's temporarily curvaceous body. In Ritsuka's case, while she enjoyed bits and pieces of the experience, the novelty wore off after the hundredth or so jiggle, as the master was made to endure what would be, in normal circumstances, a spine-breaking pressure, not to mention all the nasty sweat she had to absorb... and to top it all off, because of their weird telepathy thing the two had going on, there was no escape from Elizabeth's constant ramblings, and ramble she did.

This whole situation gave the dragonkin the perfect excuse to let all of her pent-up anger out in one fell swoop, with no one to hear (*Well, Gudako was there too, but she'd forgive her, right?*). The constant shifting and wedging was only the top of the girl's sweaty iceberg, as she was forced to deal with the fact that her new place in the world was that of a pussy cloth, meaning she was going to get close and personal with the Saber's vagina. At the very least, it seemed like the servant kept her cunt nice and clean, if nothing else. It didn't help much in the grand scheme of things, seeing as the singer was still forced to kiss the increasingly moist hole every now and then, but the Lancer was going to take every small victory she

could, at this point. The two bikini halves were already reaching their limits, and it's only been a few minutes!

With a content sigh, Nero looked at what stood ahead of her. Finally, she had found it! This place was just empty and secluded enough for her to be able to set everything up! It'd be weird if someone overheard her talking to her own underwear, after all. The servant installed the umbrella with relative ease, in part thanks to her superhuman strength all servants were blessed with. To finish it off, the Saber placed her white towel carefully as to not let any sand get on top of it. As fun as the idea of torturing Elizabeth even more sounded, the thought of having grains of sand stuck in her ass wasn't too appealing of a prospect.

"Umu, we're finally done! Ready to relax a bit? Although going swimming does sound fun... Get that nasty sweat off my perfect royal skin..." Without even pretending to wait for the swimsuit's response, the blonde ran off into the sea, diving into the deep blue waters like a bomb. Were it able to talk, the Saber would've heard a simultaneous scream of protest. The sweat was annoying, sure, but the ocean was even worse! Would they even survive? They didn't have lungs anymore, but they also didn't have mouths, and that didn't stop them from tasting all the different liquids produced by Nero's body. Yet, with no way to fight back, there was only one option - hope for the best. Unfortunately, the duo was dealt quite possibly the worst hand possible. They didn't suffocate, but the feeling was still there as if the air in their nonexistent lungs was a second away from running out. Gudako was a bit more fortunate, as she, at the very least, got the occasional handfuls of air when Nero wasn't completely submerged. Although one could argue that this fate was even more cruel, as the time spent outside of the water made the times she was actually drowning all the more painful.

At this point, the only reason the master-and-servant duo was somewhat sane was their shared presence - hearing each other's thoughts made the experience just a bit more bearable than it would've been otherwise. Nero's constant taunts were inadvertently helping out too, as even Elizabeth had to admit that this experience would be much more painful were she worn by someone unaware and treated like ordinary panties.

Yet, even then, all of this didn't make up for the simple fact that... being a piece of nylon wrapped around another girl's asset simply wasn't something humans, or even servants, should be forced to endure, with the constant drowning being only the tip of the iceberg. The salt was everywhere! Their mouths were full of salt, their nostrils, and, more importantly, their eyes! For the girls, being submerged was synonymous with the burning feeling of pain. Although, while the sensation itself didn't fade, their bodies were slowly becoming numb to it. A thing they couldn't ignore, however, was the overwhelming pressure they were under. With every motion Nero made to move or even just to stay afloat, the two could feel themselves be moved along, the pressure making sure they stayed nice and close to Nero's body as her ass and tits jiggled uncontrollably underwater.

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"...ro? Nero? Hey, Nero, wake up!"

"Umu..." Upon feeling a wet, human hand touching her back, the Saber awoke groggily from her sleep. "Wuh... what's happening... Mash?"

“Sorry to disturb you, but we’re closing the simulation for today, it’s already evening!” The demi-servant explained with a gentle smile. “You’re the last person left!” The girl gestured towards the empty beach laid out before the two. Since it was all virtual, there was no visible change - the sun was as high as hours prior when the clock hit noon. Still, there was an iron-clad rule in terms of the VR machine’s usage - nobody could use it at night, to prevent accidents and to keep a healthy sleep schedule, otherwise some servants would spend all their time inside. Well, it’s not like Nero could go against the rules, especially when the person enforcing them was right with her, touching her boobs.

Upon hearing Mash’s voice, the bikini top and bottom were both ecstatic - they were finally going to be free! Granted, the last hour or two weren’t as bad in the grand scheme of things. After her swimming session, Nero dropped dead onto her towel, giving the two some peace of mind while the giant slept like a baby on her belly. Being crushed under her body’s mass and nasty sand getting everywhere weren’t fun, but it was heaven compared to their time spent underwater, not to mention they had apt opportunity to talk with each other, deepening their bond even more.

“Oh, by the way, have you seen Senpai anywhere? I can’t seem to find her...” The pink-haired girl asked as she helped Nero stand up.

“Umu... n-no I didn’t, sorry!” The Saber’s face had gotten red as she started playing with Gudako’s straps. “Ok, gotta go, bye!” Before Mash even had a chance to respond, the blonde was gone, leaving the demi-servant dumbfounded inside of the virtual world.

Nero appeared inside of a white room, one which anyone in Chaldea was at least familiar with, seeing as it served as the lobby of sorts for the simulator. She had prepared herself mentally for all the verbal assault she was going to get from her former bikini, but surprisingly, everything was silent. Slowly, the blonde opened her eyes, hoping to see the familiar face of Praetor, or hell, even Elizabeth’s would be fine, but once again, there was nothing there. She was completely alone, and... awfully chilly. With an audible gulp, Nero looked down on her own body. There was nothing there - not her regal red dress, not even the bridal, white one she wore from time to time. No, there was only one thing left glued to her body - an orange-and-pink bikini she had become more than familiar with over the course of the past hours.

“Why did it not work?! We’re in the real world now, right?” To say Nero panicked would be an understatement. For all she knew, the effects could be permanent! Unfortunately, there was no way to go back and try fixing it, as the machine had already turned itself off, as evident by Mash’s sudden appearance. With a wry smile, the Roman empress had no choice but to wait for the next day to come, and so she did. The thought of washing her once-human friends crossed her mind, seeing as they were all full of dried-out salt, but she wasn’t going to risk it, at least, not for now.

The undergarments had a whole night to wallow in despair over their possible fate, the experience made worse by the fact they were unable to talk with each other. The only thing able to keep their sanity in a somewhat stable state was taken away from them, leaving the

duo to wait for the dawn in complete and utter silence from atop the table they were placed on, hoping to turn back by tomorrow.

Sadly, that never came to be. While everyone in Chaldea looked for their missing master, Nero spent her days trying to understand what went wrong. Was it a glitch, or was she the one to blame? Either way, there was seemingly no hope for the two to return to their usual appearances. As a form of apology, the Saber tried to use the two as often as possible, this time around without any teasing or intentional hostility towards the bikini's lower half. While her intentions were pure, the girl was unaware that the pain caused by being worn made her apology feel more like a punishment to the former girls.

At the very least, she kept her fat tits and ass, so there was that.