

BOOBS TO BUTT

MAY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Revenge was a dish best served cold. That was a human saying, right? The sayings spun by mortals were of little consequence to Ibaraki-Douji, though she did attempt to understand them from time to time. This saying was relevant for one reason and one reason only: *she was attempting revenge*. Knowing the oni, it wasn't a necessary revenge by any means. She was easily spited, and she held onto that spite for all of eternity. It was that intense attachment to her grudges that allowed her to be summoned as a Berserker after all. But again, this grudge wasn't quite worth it.

She was just really tired of BB tossing her tits around like she owned the place! She was always bad about it, mocking the less defined Servants with her arrogance and, unfortunately, Ibaraki herself had fallen victim to her venom once or twice. And BB had only gotten worse at the beach! Ibaraki had chosen to wear a swimsuit not to be mocked, but to be praised! Sure, she could alter her appearance to give her breasts as big as she liked, but such things were irrelevant to an oni! Shuten's were small and they were fine! Size wasn't everything!

That was why she'd fetched a special swimsuit from Scathach! It looked just like BB's usual one but with an added side effect...! It would shrink her breasts down into nothingness! Then she'd see! She'd have to call Shuten the boingiest babe on the beach!

And so when the Mooncancer was sleeping she did the swap, fully excited to rub it in the next day. She didn't fully understand the item Scathach had given her though. Where it had come from nor that it was a re-purposed swimsuit from another Servant.

YAAAAAWN. "Another night of beauty rest for the bombastic BB-chan!" Wiping uncute crusties from the corners of her purple eyes, a completely naked BB rolled out of the hotel bed she'd been staying in overnight. Each Servant had been given their own place to sleep as a courtesy by Chaldea, and while some had chosen to bunk with others BB appreciated her own independence. Why allow the imperfect to stay with her after all?

Tits, tanned as the rest of her body from a day of nude sunbathing the day before, bounced freely as the AI did a set of morning stretches. Not for any particular reason, but rather for the benefit of the reader! *Bouncy bouncy bouncy bounce!*

She planned on hitting the beach early, evident by the fact that the sunrise was on full display from her ocean-view window. If she could get out there before Master she could set up a few traps. Maybe turn them into something for fun? There were probably already other early rising Servants out there too, but she could probably push them back into the city by being just annoying enough.

BB slid into her swimsuit as she usually did, none too concerned with how much of her body was still left on display even as she tried out that gyaru look. The tanned skin and lighter hair were a nice touch she had to admit. The whole ensemble left just enough to the imagination without leaving much to the imagination at all, from the barely covering purple bikini top to the thong-like bottom, to the gloves and leggings that... wait, *where did her gloves and leggings go?*

She'd put them on. She'd *definitely* put them on. But it was almost like they'd evaporated. And her tan? The tan she'd taken so much care to imprint on her Saint Graph? In the areas her gloves and leggings had rested, it had completely faded (*leaving some strangely designed markings in their wake*). **"Huh? HUUUUH? What happened to BB-chan's perfectly tanned skin? Her carefully picked costume that capitalized on so many fetishes!? And why do I feel all itchy?"**

The sensation began in the paled areas of her flesh and quickly swept throughout her body proper, what remained of her glorious tan reverting in one fell swoop, appearing as if a wave of white had waged war on sunkissed skin. While the gloves had evaporated from BB's hands, the gaudily painted nails she'd been wearing had remained for a time. But that purple paint began to flake off, nails themselves becoming more modestly trimmed as the general shape of her hands seemed to shorten in slight.

It wouldn't be an understatement to say that BB was used to being in control. From the Moon Cell to Chaldea, she was always behind the reigns of the situation. She always knew what was happening. She was always waiting for the correct moment to pounce and see her goals to fruition, but a scenario like this? Where something was happening she couldn't control? A rare expression of panic spread across her face.

A trap? Had she been caught in a trap? Who would be so cheeky as to do something like this? Sure there were a number of Servants that she'd probably offended over the course of her stay in Chaldea, and it probably wouldn't be beyond the breadth of some of their powers to alter the form of another Servant, but...!?

An exasperated groan spewed from her lips as she staggered over to the mirror atop the room's dresser. She pressed knobby fingers against the glass as she observed her own reflection, from the absence of her tan to the apparent lightening of her hair. It was looking less and less purple by the moment, as if someone had run it through a vibrant filter and turned the settings way down.

Yet as strange as they was, what actually struck her the most was her own manner of dress. She always made a point to present herself in a way that would shock other. BB was anything but reserved after all, and the overwhelming confidence in her body was always on full display. But looking at herself now she could only think: *'am I showing too much?'*. An insecurity born of shame flickered in her mind and was unable to be extinguished.

Hair that flowed to the ground like Rapunzel's had already taken the opportunity to creep towards the middle of BB's back as the weight on her body began to redistribute itself. The excess fat that made her thighs and ass so soft and supple grew trimmer and trimmer as the slightest amount of length was lost from each leg, somehow creating the illusion of a stubbier pair as she lifted one leg up and down uncomfortable. But the fat did not leave, instead becoming firmer and leaving muscular lines more apparent beneath her skin as her thighs were clearly more fit than they had been a moment ago. They were built for utility, not to turn heads.

The same became of her ass, which tightened up against hardened muscles while retaining its overall definition. Compared to BB's usual, bouncy buns it might have been lacking, but it would definitely serve as her remaining charm point as the shorts around her thong-like bottom lightened from black white and merged with the thong beneath, the overall surface spreading to modestly hug her cheeks while digging into them in slight. The white properly covered her pelvis as those bones became more defined beneath the material, a pair of blue ribbons holding the ensemble together on either side as any excess accessories on her lower body melted away into the void.

Hair reaching her shoulders now and taking on shades of blonde, BB smacked her cheeks with her hands as the colored orientation of her eyes jumped from violet to turquoise. Under the touch of her fingers she could feel her own cheeks narrowing, her lips losing their plumpness. Her lashes shortened and became less defined as eyes widened and became more eurocentric in design. **"AAH!? My face!? BB-chan's beautiful face!?"** Even her voice had gone, it's high pitch deepened into something barely feminine as she pulled cheeks downward. She knew this face. Arturia Pendragon! **"Whoever did this is going to pay!"**

Could it have been that blue fox? The red emperor? She really didn't have the foggiest idea who could even do something like this to her.

But the changes did not wait for her to figure out. Transformation rippled through her tummy, its softness growing hard to accommodate new muscle while its width narrowed to match less defined hips. If not for the fact that she was clearly a woman she might almost have been considered boyish.

She still didn't like her swimsuit. The bottoms looked better. She was worried about showing too much, which led her gaze to her breasts. She was almost embarrassed seeing them hang out like that, and that new shame manifested in an alteration of her top. The white of her bottom began to seep into the purple, the area of each breast covered increasing as the white spread and a light blue trim appeared across its top. The tie in the back thickened and took on the very same blue as the ribbons around her thighs, the design almost the exact same.

But it also grew increasingly tight. The mass of her gigantic breasts was squeezed and bulged around the edges of the bikini as it pulled inward. Yet as time went on it grew more comfortable, and that could only be for one reason. **"No no no! Not my boobs! What am I going to show off without my boobs!?"** It might have been just a little comical to see a big-titted Arturia yelling the word 'boobs' without context. Blush passed across her cheeks at the very thought of showing herself off.

It was conflicting. She didn't want to show her body off, it was embarrassing. A thought that contradicted BB's core personality so intensely, and yet BB's identity and personality otherwise was retained.

Flesh conformed to the bikini top containing them as the bulging subsided to leave a pair of small yet perky boobs upon BB's chest. They were fortunately not as small as Meltlilith's, but proportionately they bore a size resemblance to Kazuradrop's... which still weren't very desirable.

Blonde hair that had stopped at her shoulders tied up into an elaborate bun, a tall-reaching ahoge shooting up from the top of her head. Eye for an eye, she couldn't deny the embarrassed girl in front of her was both Arturia Pendragon in a swimsuit and herself, BB. **"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO!?"** Would Master even believe this? She didn't even want to go down to the beach looking this way! Absently, she tugged at the modest swimsuit to pull a wedgie out of her ample cheeks.

"THIS IS BB-CHAN'S GREAT LOSS!"