

PARTY OF THREE

BIG STORY #16

BY CHALDEACHANGE



This really wasn't the season for dealing with Elizabeth Bathory's antics.

Everyone in Chaldea would have been absolutely fine if her episodes had been isolated to Halloween alone, and truthfully? Many of them would have been absolutely okay with those episodes not happening in the first place. The years where the Lancer hadn't branched into new versions of herself in October had been some of the most peaceful, and so plenty wished for those simpler days.

"Hehehe! Elizabeth Bathory's Summer Fantasy Tour begins now!" And so, naturally? The fact that the idol wannabe Lancer had set up a stage in the cafeteria in the beginning of June had been a warning sign for plenty. She was *up to something*, and it was probably going to end with a concert that would blow out their ears. But what was this about a 'Summer Fantasy Tour'?

If she wanted to simply celebrate the summer season, she didn't need to attach the 'fantasy' label to her stage and set, right? Apparently this had had all come about because one of her many, many alternative versions had started beef with her. The Brave variation, the Saber that had fantasy game roots, had been gloating about how she was the *superior* Elizabeth. She wasn't even the original, how dare she!?

"I'll show her! I'm going to run the best Summer Fantasy Tour ever!" Considering this was the first of its kind, that was *kind of* a low bar, no? But things didn't look promising to the undeluded aka everyone *but* Elizabeth. Despite the fact that it was early evening, pretty much everyone had filed out of the cafeteria once she had realized what she was doing – even though she wasn't even going to perform for a few

more days! **“Okay! Now I need to piece together my party! I wish I knew more about fantasy things, though...”**

The stage had only been *part* of the plan. If she was going to beat Brave, then she had to beat her at her own game, right? And she at least recognized that in fantasy games, the main protagonist (her) had a party of supporting characters! So she was going to ask two other girls to perform on stage with her in fantasy costumes! At least that had been the *plan*, but...

“Mikon! Wish and you shall receive~!”

A mischievous Servant wishing to avoid another Elizabeth concert had overheard the girl’s pleas.



“WAH!?” Elizabeth threw herself up with a start, tossing bedsheets off of herself in the process. Her memories were a little blurry, and— **“Huh? Why am I in a bed!?”** No, she could remember *that* much. She had been in the cafeteria at Chaldea, and the next thing she knew she had woken up in this bed? How did *that* work? Well, magic did immediately come to mind, but she didn’t know why! **“Wait... I know this place?”**

Well, *vaguely*. The view through the nearby window revealed a castle off in the distance. A castle with a pyramid on it, with a Japanese castle on top of that. This could only be the realm where the Halloween happenings always transpired. This was, technically, a Singularity fashioned after her distorted idea of what ‘home’ was like. So this must have been the nearby village? If she recalled, there had been an inn / tavern hybrid there, and this definitely looked like a musty, old inn room.

“So... why am I here? Coming to this Singularity wasn’t part of the Summer Fantasy Tour!” The Lancer threw herself out of the bed and huffed over to a nearby desk, but only because a piece of paper had stood out to her. **“Adventurer party needed? To explore a dungeon found under the town?”** With her limited fantasy game experience, that certainly *sounded* like a scenario taken straight from one.

Well of course, with all of our experience we're the best fit for a job like this.

“Haah?” The sound Elizabeth made at that moment was one clearly born of both confusion and disbelief. Why had she even *thought* that? Wasn't the issue that she *didn't* have any adventuring experience? And who was this 'we' that had come to mind? **“I must be losing it. I need to figure out why I'm here, right?”** But, foolishly, she pushed that thought aside.

Even though a number of strange happenings had begun to transpire when it came to her own body, at first targeting the features that spoke to the dragon blood that ran through her veins? Such as? Well, it was a minor thing to note, but you could certainly see it in the shapes of her ears. Elizabeth's were generally pointed and demonic in design, yet little by little? Those points unraveled, lengths shortening until there were no points whatsoever. Instead they had become a pair of perfectly round, human ears.

“But where should I— *HIC!*?” The girl's face wrinkled as a hiccup brought the lingering taste of alcohol to the back of her throat. **“Eww...”** But wait, when had she had anything to drink? Much less alcohol? She was physically only a fourteen year old girl and didn't drink whatsoever. She didn't realize that the fangs inside her mouth were dulling slightly though, nor that the color of her eyes had changed from a bright teal to a very dull red.

Another hiccup brought another burst of the vague alcohol taste, but this time she didn't recoil as much from it. If anything, her initial reaction served as the perfect mask for a series of *losses* on her part. Elizabeth hadn't really noticed, but her body felt *lighter*? Not because she had lost weight or anything, but because *pieces of her body had been removed*.

Her horns and tail had been instantaneously severed and relocated in the blink of an eye. The horns that had once been on her head, for one, now rested on her desk – yet they were transmuted into a pair of dark blue knives. While her tail, on the other hand? Propped up against the wall behind the inn room door, it slowly shifted into the form of a fancy, steel blade. The type of tools you might expect from an adventurer, perhaps?

Elizabeth rubbed at her eyes. Why was she feeling so *sleepy* all of a sudden? Almost like she had just woken up despite having been awake all day. Sleep wasn't really necessary for Servants, so when was the last time she had felt fatigue like *that*? Nonetheless, while rubbing at those eyes she didn't seem to notice that the pink chitin that had typically

surrounded her fingertips had all fallen off. “**Ugh, what time did I even go to bed...?**”

That wasn't the sort of question she should have been asking herself, but evidently something was in play that prevented the girl from noticing much about what was happening to her at all. Even as the bright pink of her hair gave way for a pastel blue, and that hair lengthened, softened, and fringed her vision with fluffier bangs? She didn't seem at all confused by that hair despite the fact that she could make it out. Did it seem normal, or was she just too tired out of nowhere to care?

“*...Eh?*” Communicated in a voice that felt deeper than it had before, the girl sounded surprised about *something*, but she couldn't piece together just *what* that was. Matching the fact that her voice sounded deeper and more mature, though, the lips through which those words passed had upturned in shape, swelling thicker while her cheeks were raised, and eyes widened. It gave off the impression that she was not a child, but a *woman*. One in her late twenties at *youngest*.

Of course, her childish build didn't exactly match with this. But just as everything else had been, this would soon be changed. It started with a very prompt upshoot in the girl's height. Elizabeth was *barely* five feet tall without her horns, but a lengthening of her limbs and torso soon shot her up to 5'8” – a dramatic increase that saw everything beneath her bellybutton exposed thanks to how her dress was fashioned.

Elizabeth stretched. “**Kinda drafty today, isn't it?**” Her brain simply processed the clothing malfunction in the most mundane way imaginable though, and it didn't get any less frustrating from an outsider's perspective as her body began to *fill out*, jeopardizing the fit of what she was wearing even more.

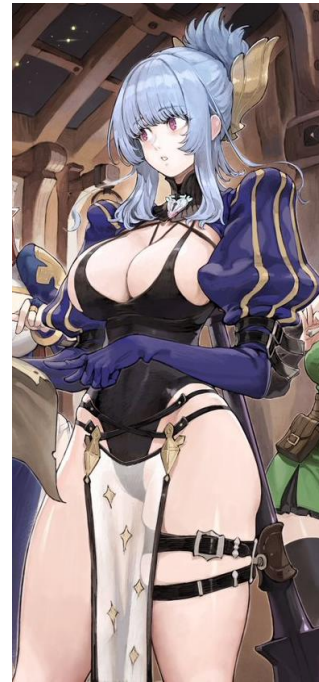
When it came to her panties, they were *already* riding higher now that she was so much taller, but a widening of her hips pulled their waistband into a precocious situation. Their integrity was already limited, and so a fattening of her ass certainly didn't help things. Better suited to a taller, more mature body, those cheeks jiggled and wiggled as the back of her blue and white striped underwear slid further and further into her ass crack until it was practically a thong. Their waistband had long since snapped, but since they were caught between thick cheeks they remained glued to her body. Any weight that was too excessive for this ass bled into her thighs, allowing them to bulge well beyond the width of her narrow waistline.

Not content with giving her a big butt and thick thighs alone, the fashion faux pas that were the straps of her dress which ran across once non-existent breasts were the next area to strain. “**Ugh...**” She could *feel*

it, the fact that those non-existent breasts didn't exactly file neatly under the 'non-existent' category anymore, but she didn't so much as bat an eyelash at the sensation of her chest swelling. It was just a little bit at first, straps pushing against the orbs of soft flesh that formed, yet before long? The sound of fabric snapping filled the air, perky H-cup tits bouncing plainly to freedom.

Though that freedom was short lived. The woman's outfit was promptly replaced by a black leotard that did little to hide her new tits, complete with a detached pair of puffy, navy blue sleeves and matching gloves. The woman's thighs were rendered completely bare, and her ass was hanging out too – because aside from some belts fastened to her left thigh, she was wearing nothing else short of boots and a silk banner across her pelvis. Fluffier, blue hair was styled up into a bun held by a copper hair ornament as well.

“What a morning... I really need to stop pounding back the pints with the girls before a job.” For as dramatic as her transformation had been, the tall and shapely woman now only rested her face in her hand, shaking her head gently. She perceived everything that had just happened as the side effect of a *hangover*, not really recalling anything changing whatsoever. As for as *Lieselotte*, who went by the nickname *Liz*?



Well, this promiscuously dressed adventurer was *very* experienced. She was almost thirty now, but she was the leader of a trio known as the *Dungeon Angels*. They took deep dives into the depths with their combat and exploration prowess. Seasoned adventurers that were not only talented, but very pretty. They were a popular group that had a bad habit of getting totally drunk at bars the night before they set out.

Liz shook her head one more time before she started to gather her things. **“I wonder if the other two are up? I should probably check on them and make sure all of our supplies are in order. I just hope they didn't stay up *too* late together.”** The three of them were in a polyamorous relationship as well, but that night Liz just hadn't felt like it.

Much like Elizabeth, Mashu had woken up in an inn room bed with a window that faced the stacked up castle. She had immediately realized where she was with a groan. While her Master was typically kinder about



Elizabeth Bathory's antics? Mashu tended to be more openly critical about them. She just felt *defeat* in this instance, though. **"It's only *June* though."**

She couldn't remember exactly *how* she had ended up here, but she could remember what had happened right before. Having gotten back to her room in Chaldea, she'd found a note on her door. '*We have a new job. Tab's on me. -Liz*'. In the moment she hadn't been sure of the fact of whether or not it had been Elizabeth, but it made more sense now, right? But what had that bit about a job meant? And a tab? Not to mention the writing had been much more proper.

Naturally Miss Lieselotte would write that way! She's a mature lady!

"Miss... who?" Mashu had caught onto the fact that she'd just thought of a person she'd never met before. But her mind eventually connected the broken line. *Oh, it's just Liz, right?* **"That's not what Liz is short for, though?"** It was short for, uh... **"W-Wait, why can't I remember?"** This knowledge gap was concerning because it was so minor. It was just a name, so why wasn't it coming to mind?

Lost in her own thoughts, it hadn't really struck the young woman that she *absolutely* had larger things she should have been concerned about. In some cases that was *literal*, too. As much could be noticed around her *chest* now that her transformation had begun. Her bra was more than a touch too tight all of a sudden, and since Mashu's dress was so form fitting? It wasn't hard at all to see how the size of her already impressive bust had begun to swell further.

And yet, they did not swell *quite* to the same extent that the Liz in her memories had. Sure, the base of her dress had been lifted since these tits took up much more room, and the clasp of her brassiere had been left little choice but to unhook from the tension, but the F-cup tits that were now housed beneath her clothing hadn't grown so big that they had torn through any fabric.

On the other hand, that didn't mean that this hadn't happened *anywhere*. **"Why do my clothes feel so...? Oh dear."** She stared down at herself, uncertain. Were her breasts significantly larger than they had been before? She couldn't really be sure even though it was extremely obvious – an effect of the mental changes that were being made along with the physical ones. But even Mashu gasped in surprise at the sound of her tights splitting in the back. Her breaths now carried the scent of booze, albeit vaguely.

She curled her back, trying to get a good look. But even despite the fact that her skirt had been lifted, it was still impossible to make out just what had happened. Though, the *back* of her skirted had been lifted even higher thanks to a related reason. Her ass had swollen into a larger size itself, panties feeding into a wedgie while her tights had been split thanks to its sudden bubbling into a heart shape. This pushed her hips several inches wider, and excess fat from her ass bled down into her thighs so that they became nice and full, prompting smaller tears to form in her tights where bubbles of flesh popped out.

“The problem is... My, is there really a problem here?” Something had *certainly* changed with Mashu’s voice. It was gentle, almost like a reassuring and doting big sister. Her physical mannerisms, too, were much more delicate as she cupped a cheek with one of her hands. Hands that were smaller and free of the many callouses she’d had before. They weren’t the hands of a melee fighter any longer, that much was certain. In fact, most of her body’s muscle mass had melted away so that she appeared exceptionally *soft*.

She shook her head as if she were trying to clear some sort of fog that had possessed her, yet in doing so these movements made it clearer that her hair had begun to change. Bangs now parted in the center and swept to either side, not only was the length of it spilling far down her back – all of the way to the base of her thighs – but also darkening from a mauve to a dark, brownish red. The very same color her eyes next took as their shapes became more strongly angled.

Those eye changes were part of a wider, sweeping set of changes that affected Mashu’s face though. Her lips swelled fuller, their natural gloss enhanced by this thickness, and while her cheeks became rounder? Raised bones enhanced her perceived maturity. Add in a smaller nose and she didn’t look much like Mashu and, in fact, looked like a woman in her late twenties just like Liz did.

Except she wasn’t that *young*. That body of hers, despite how youthful it looked, was hundreds of years old. And the reason for that was made plain by what had begun to poke out from beneath her hair on the sides of her head. Her ears had lengthened and gained pointed tips. Not like the ears of a demon, but the ears of an *elf*. A fantasy race that specialized in things like magic and hunting.

And Mashu, as she was now? It was the former that she specialized in. Memories of how to fight with a giant shield had been replaced with the know-how of a spellcaster that specialized in healing with their magics. Not to mention a much needed grasp of how to create many different potions! And to those ends? Her outfit completely changed into a cleric’s

tunic. One that left her cleavage, hips, and thighs revealed, but one decorated with blue and gold.

The second member of the *Dungeon Angels*, *Melodie*, shook her head in a tizzy. **“Oh dear... I suppose I went a little too crazy with the drinks last night. And then...”** Based on how her hips ached, she could only assume that she had fucked someone after getting wasted. Probably not the type of behavior you’d expected from an elven woman with such a calm, gentle, and big sister-like disposition. But she just couldn’t help it when she got together with the other two for a big job!



After running her hands through her long, dark brown hair, she fetched the medical hat that was sitting on the inn room desk. **“Can’t forget this, can I~?”** If it wasn’t already obvious, the busty elf was the healer of the trio. There was little she couldn’t treat with her magic, including injuries and ailments alike. Without Melodie, there was no way the other two would have come as far as they had. Especially not with how hotheaded the other two could be.

“Speaking of~! I guess I should meet them downstairs, hm~?”



Unlike the other two, Chaldea’s Master hadn’t woken up in a bed. There *was* a bed nearby but based on her position and the layout of the messy sheets, it seemed likely that Ritsuka Fujimaru had rolled out of it at some point. **“Ugh... What happened?”** It ultimately took her a moment to lift herself off the floor, but despite the fact that it seemed she had fallen? Her body seemed alright. No bruises, no pain. Had she *actually* rolled out?

“There was a letter from Elizabeth, and then...?” And then she couldn’t remember. She had just woken up in this room instead? The window in this inn room wasn’t pointed to the castle, but it *did* look familiar. Even the view outside... So it was *that* Singularity? Had Elizabeth brought her here? Technically she *hadn’t*, but it was understandable as to why the Master might have thought that.

Elizabeth? That's not what Liz is short for, silly!

Of course it was? What else could it even be short for? *Liz had always been short for Lieselotte in her mind!* Wait, no... “**Is something wrong with me?**” It was honestly a very valid question, all things considered. She'd woken up in a place she couldn't remember traveling to, and now she was having weird thoughts. All signs pointed to her falling into some sort of trap. *But that's silly! A hunter as competent as me would never fall into someone else's traps!* “**I'm... not a hunter?**”

Things had already begun to take a *weird* turn for her physically, though. From behind the orange hair upon the sides of the Master's head, the color of flesh had begun to peek out in tiny nubs. Tiny nubs that were actually the tips of her ears, which were now in the process of elongating into elven counterparts. Each ear was about four inches long when all was said and done, and they looked even larger because, well...

Ritsuka had become a little *smaller*. Proportionally she had remained the same, but her height had taken a sharp dip so that she was just under the five foot tall mark – just a little shorter than Elizabeth had been before she had been transformed. Of course this meant that her uniform was too big for her by a touch, and gloves had already slipped from her fingers. Fingers on hands that seemingly now lacked any Command Seals...

“**I don't hunt, I'm a Master of...**” A Master of what? She felt like it was on the tip of her tongue. “*A master of wielding a bow?*” Almost as if to better suit her shorter height, her voice jumped an octave or two there. Was that what she was a master of? She was also a master huntress, no? ...No? Why did she still feel so unsure?

Her lips were turned into a slight frown as she weighed what was right and wrong, and it ultimately appeared like a mighty pout thanks to her lips swelling to beestung proportions. She may have been shorter, but her face was quickly revealing that she wasn't *younger*. Age more befitting of a woman in her late twenties was etched across a face that lost its Japanese features, instead becoming narrow and more Caucasian in terms of aesthetic merit. Even her orange eyes dulled, instead, to a grey. Longer lashes fluttered as she continued to weigh her thoughts.

And like Melodie, she too was hundreds of years old now.

You certainly wouldn't think it looking at her figure though. She remained just as fit as she had been before, but aside from more pronounced callouses on her fingertips (from using the bow she now recalled having mastery of), any other blemishes were wiped from a

figure that appeared increasingly soft and supple. But not at the expense of Ritsuka's physical fitness.

For one? The zipper of her jacket was in the process of being slowly forced downwards. It *really* wasn't difficult to see why though, not when you considered how she had started leaning slightly forward without realizing. There was simply much more *weight* to her upper body than there had been before, courtesy solely of her *breasts*. Forget being much too big for her snapped bra, they were surging with such mass that not even her jacket could envelope them, her tank top in between sliding up to accommodate those G-cups orbs. Big, round, and bouncy; they really stood out upon her 4'11" frame!

“Why do I feel so weird...” She was tired, sore, and a hearty burp treated her mouth to the taste of alcohol. Had she been drinking the night before? That *sounded* like something she might do? Ritsuka stretched, and in doing so the base of her jacket lifted to show that her tummy was a touch softer than it had ever been.

All the while, the little extra space beneath her skirt that had been afforded from her previous shrinkage was capitalized on. Hips were promoted to widen by the rise of mass in her thighs and rump alike. It didn't take very long at all for both facets to fill splendidly, a peach-shaped ass chewing at her underwear while more pronounced thighs rubbed awkwardly together.

She felt sleepier still, stretching one more time as if that would help. But when she allowed her arms to drop this time? A wave of forest green passed through all of the hair on her body. Hair that stretched to reach the backs of her thighs, bangs thick and swept right. Ritsuka felt like she needed a nap *so bad!*

At the very least her *clothing situation* was taken care of, because short and stacked as she was, there was no way she could walk around in her Chaldea uniform anymore. Instead she was ultimately dressed in a dark green tunic with a skirt. One that showed off the depths of her cleavage and shoulders, barely attached sleeves of black ruffled around her lower arms. She also had on boots and one thigh high on her right leg. Her hair, otherwise, was weaved into a braided ponytail, and an ornament rested on her head.

“YAAAAAWN!” There was no shame in the actions of the short but busty elven woman as she scratched at her own ass through her tunic while stretching. It wasn't a gesture she'd make in *public*, but alone in her



inn room? Psht! *Remy* could care less! While she shared a race with Melodie, this elven archer couldn't have been anymore the healer's opposite. She had a penchant for getting into trouble and starting fights, her scrappy nature getting Liz and Melodie caught up in unnecessary trials here and there.

Remy *really* didn't want to be awake. But despite being the shortest member of the *Dungeon Angels*, she usually drank the most. Looking back at the bed she had slept in; she arched an eyebrow. "**Oh, I must've fucked Melodie last night? Actually, I can kinda remember...**" If that was *all* she could remember then it must've been a good one. It was fortunate that part of the healer's staff could be removed in a way that it could sort of be used as a dildo?

Not even bothering to clean herself up, she grabbed her bow and sauntered out of the room with the downstairs lobby. If Melodie saw her like this she *knew* her fellow elf would help fix her up, so why put in the effort herself?

"Hehehe... Maybe we could even share a bath before we leave!"

Pervert.