

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

CHAPTER 5: AIRHEAD



Black flames erupted from the blade of a katana, narrowly missing the tips of BB's breasts as she was suddenly attacked from the side. **"YOU!"**

Several hours had already passed since her first round of victim had been taken. With some of the more annoying players out of the way, the Mooncancer had been comfortably finishing up preparations for the remainder of her endeavor when another Servant had come for her head, her golden eyes alight with rage. **"Oh? Isn't this an unexpected guest? If I was going to take a guess you came across your Master, didn't you?"** After sidestepping the attack BB twirled around and smiled, eyes directly making contact with her attackers own.

It was the Avenger, Jeanne d'Arc Alter. Or was she a Berserker in her swimsuit form? That didn't really seem to do anything to abate her rage in the end... so did it really matter?

She'd figured it anyways. That eventually one or two Servants would realize there were twins of existing Servants wandering around just like after last Halloween. The Alter seemed to have a love-hate relationship with the maid she'd made of their Master, so it made the most sense that the swimsuit Berserker might have taken notice first. But who else had? She hadn't seen Gudao all day either, come to think of it. Was the French Avenger sent as his envoy?

"Close!" The swimsuit Berserker seemed a little less interested in talking than BB would have preferred. It was fun to get into the heads of others, but considering the katana wielder had merely spun and lunged with a second attack with little to no wordplay this just seemed like it would be *annoying*. Naturally BB sidestepped again. This Singularity was of her own making, she wouldn't be taken off guard by this woman's wild attacks.

BB twirled again to face Jeanne Alter and clapped, the Servant attacking her suddenly losing control of her weapon in response as the katana soared into the sky and landed down in the sand in a completely different form. It looked like a spear? A peculiar weapon with crystallized emerald running around its tip. **"What the fuck did you do!?"** Reaching for a second or third blade at her hip, the fallen saint was left stunned as weapons that had been there moments before were now missing.

"Whatever I want, actually!" BB's eyes had turned red again, seemingly not amused by almost having her tits chopped off in the first attack. She was running scenarios through her mind now, calculating the best way to get rid of this pain in the butt while also making sure it was a fitting form to bestow. Perhaps her exact opposite? Not giving her the form of her Ruler original, no. That would be *too* easy. But maybe take the cunning edgelord and turn her into a ditzy justice freak? Oh! Yes, a Servant had recently arrived in Chaldea that fit that description perfectly. **"Let's do something about that potty mouth of yours first though~!"**

The Jeanne winced as her golden eyes made contact with BB's red. Almost as if she was sending a hypnotic suggestion to her opponent, Jeanne Alter winced as her mind grew foggier and foggier for but a moment. It wasn't hypnosis however even if it seemed that way. Rather, BB was just laying suggestions onto Jeanne's Saint Graph. **"What the heck did you do!?"** Sensing something wrong the Avenger barked again, but was perplexed by her own speech. **"Heck! I said heck!"** She was trying to say 'hell' but regardless of her intent the words just wouldn't leave her lips that way. **"Frick! Butt! What did you do to me, you female dog!?"** It didn't matter which cuss she attempted to throw out, it was stonewalled by her own Graph.

"Dog? I mean you're the one going under behavioral treatm-- Oh! You meant 'bitch', didn't you!?" The Mooncancer clued in a little too late, but from Jalter's perspective the word 'bitch' being spoken allowed made her cringe internally. She'd been so keen on saying it just a few moments before, but now why did even hearing it make her think *'that's not a polite thing to say'*? Since when did she care about politeness!?

She had come here on Gudao's orders and she had anticipated BB might get her too, but the purple haired maiden really was insufferable, wasn't she? This was going to be as annoying as the kouhai could possibly make it. But that was fine. A necessary sacrifice in a way. As long as BB was distracted then there was more time for the countermeasures to be put in place.

"Heh. So now what? Are you going to let me walk around unable to swear?" BB was easily caught up in theatrics. As long as Jeanne played her part it was unlikely that her foe would just leave her to her own devices, particularly if she was acting arrogant. BB was a sadist after all, one that loved crushing the wills of others underfoot. **"Oh no. Whatever will I do?"**

BB cocked an eyebrow. This one wasn't a very good actress was she? Something was clearly *up* here but at the same time if there was some sort of plan she wasn't

particularly concerned. She had more power now than they could possibly perceive. **"Hmm. Well, I was thinking about bringing you down to size a little. You must be rather cocky with a chest like that?"** She put her thumb together and held up her index fingers to form a makeshift frame, putting it between the sight of Jalter's bosom and herself. She gradually began to slide thumbs inwards, their movement seemingly having an effect on reality.

Now BB wasn't exactly *right* about Jeanne being confident in her chest. She understood their appeal, yes, but it wasn't like she'd perish if they shrunk. If anything, as fleshy mounds began to sink inward while retaining their youthful perkiness, she was more confused by the healthy glow of skin that spread across them instead. As they grew too small to be accommodated by her bikini top she could catch a glimpse of her nipples. They were pinker, the skin around them no longer the eerie pale that usually plagued Alter kind. Breasts didn't grow significantly smaller and were certainly still larger than average, but they certainly seemed to be perkier than she remembered.

BB snapped her fingers and all at once her bikini top tightened, winding the Berserker a moment as breasts were suddenly yanked towards her chest. Blacks were dyed white and blue, red trim turned gold, and the material became generally thicker than she was used to. What remained resembled a swimsuit but was not one proper. Instead it hoisted her smaller breasts with care, making them seem fuller than they were while golden straps held the presumed brassiere to her chest.

"Argh! I'm going to beat you up!" Seemingly infuriated by the further tampering, Jeanne Alter's threats came across as less threatening not only because her vocabulary had been cleansed but because her manner of speech in general seemed to be deteriorating. Deteriorating in the sense that she couldn't readily find a way to sound threatening. Her attempts rather sounded more like a goodie-two-shoes trying her best to stand up to a bully or something of that nature.

More like something she'd expect to hear from that Santa version of herself.

But Jalter couldn't move anymore and BB knew that -- she was enforcing the freeze after all. How could you play with a doll if it was moving around? Not to mention keeping her bound eliminated the possibility of the fallen saint having some sort of countermeasure that could be applied physically. **"Hmm... Yeah! That color of skin looks good. So the stomach..."** She ignored the Berserker and swiped a finger like she was rubbing it across the girl's stomach.

Jeanne stifled an uncharacteristic laugh, a ticklish sensation spreading across her tummy along with a rejuvenated color not unlike what had occurred to her breasts as a healthy pinkish hue settled in. Even more, said stomach tensed up more prominently with strong muscles, navel digging deeper and giving her stomach a more sensual design. She looked back up to yell at BB again, and yet the Mooncancer wasn't within her line of sight anymore.

"And now your butt. Yeah, I guess it should be a little more like..." BB's voice came from behind, and unlike the last two changes her hands actually came into contact with Jalter's body this time (*earning a "GET YOUR FREAKING HANDS OFF MY BUM!" from the Berserker -- even saying 'butt' felt too indecent somehow*). BB, of course, didn't listen as she poked at the Saint Graph to alter Jeanne's ass beneath her firm grasp.

She was holding each cheek with thumbs dipped into the saint's crack above her bikini bottom, and each thumb inevitably began to surface as they were displaced by hands rising away. Healthy pinks settled into pale fat as the black bottom struggled to contain a more voluminous ass that's increase in muscle mass likewise made it firm and pleasing to the touch. It was undoubtedly the main charm point of the Servant Jalter was becoming and BB knew that.

After all, perverted Servants just *loved* being behind her when she used her Noble Phantasm.

Her fingers still dipped beneath Jalter's bikini, she had fingers trace the girl's thighs and slide into the front. Jeanne was getting ready to lose it. She knew this might be embarrassing but she hadn't received any reports of BB being so 'hands on'. Was she just doing it to get a rise? Not that it would really amount to much. Angry as she was, her expression was telling a different story. Cheeks bright crimson, golden eyes were almost in tears from the shame.

Why did she feel like she was saving herself for someone? Rugg... *Who?*

But all BB did up front was graze her pubes, silver strands curling into a brilliant blonde that she'd set in motion in the Berserker's hair after giving it a sniff. The brilliant coloring exploded and practically took her whole head in moments, the volume of each strand grander and softer than before.

"**Thighs too!**" The Mooncancer chimed as she slapped the fallen saint's ample enough thighs with her fingers before finally pulling herself out of Jalter's bubble. Jalter could feel the vibration from the slaps ripple through her thighs, but as the rippling came close to subsiding it started up again by supernatural means. Vibrating as if being massaged, much of the fat within each leg began to firm as additional fat slipped in to add more and more volume to their size.

Each thigh looked unnaturally thick for a moment, basically inhuman, but it was quickly evened out as creaking and cracking of her bones saw her point of view rising. Three centimeters, four, five... "**Don't mind me, just making you the right height!**" BB's singsong voice called from behind, fingers in another frame and being pulled up to indicate she was making Jalter grow. The growth seemed to redistribute the fat and muscle in either leg, each glowing seductively with a freshly waxed sheen and complimenting her thick and firm behind.

Jeanne just wanted it to be over, but the more she thought about it the more she wasn't sure what she wanted to be over. Her thoughts felt slower and they were certainly less pointed. Why was BB touching her all weird? Had she done something to warrant some kind of punishment? She couldn't even withhold a high-pitched, feminine squeak as the black bikini she'd been wearing suddenly fit even more snugly against her, blacks turning white and blue just like the top and the cut revealing that the blonde pubes had fallen, leaving a fully visible and defined pelvic cliff in the front as well.

BB was putting a lot of effort into Jeanne's costume now. Gloves filled with white and lengthened into a pair of attached, detached sleeves sporting the same color scheme as her bikini top and bottom while the actual sleeves of Jalter's swimsuit grew heavier and fluttered out behind her into a coat that was warn more like a mantle, covering her up from behind.

Jalter's anger was melting away. Her personality was softening and her memories slipping. Even critical thinking was becoming more difficult, mind like cotton candy as thoughts of revenge and violence were melted into dreams of righteousness and *love*. Bleh! Love! She might have been sharp as a Servant, suspicious of all. But now? She could barely even doubt BB's intentions despite her *clearly* doing something to her.

"Okay! Now just the face and..." A tingle forced Jeanne to twitch her nose from side to side, its shape growing rounder alongside her cheeks. Golden eyes glittered now with blues as brilliant as the sky above. **"And... twintails!"** BB parted hands and, along with them, the single ponytail Jalter sported split into two and ran down either side. The tails were somewhat unkempt and wild, but their golden blonde coloring was unmistakable.

"Uh... don't I always have twintails? What do you mean madame BB?" What was left of the Berserker was little more than a stunned Lancer in her place. BB had gotten enough of the changes correct, but left her bare-footed as opposed to granting her Bradamante's boots. They weren't really suitable for the beach were they? It seemed her mind was all but gone as well, which was fine. The French Lancer wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed by a long shot.

"Hm? Oh nothing~! I was just talking to myself! By the way Bradamante-chan, did you need something from me?" She'd just play this off as a chance encounter. After all she was kind of interested to see what the Servant would say.

'Bradamante' as she now was rose a finger to her lip to ponder a moment. That was weird! She felt like she'd definitely come to BB for some reason, but had she really? **"I'm not sure... Was I looking for Ruggiero again?"** Her husband from history. She was sure he'd be summoned as a Servant at some point, she just had to find him!

For BB? This was perfect! An easy way to get rid of this one. **"Oh my, is that so? You know I heard some new Servants were just summoned back at Chaldea!"**

Maybe you should go see?" If she was out of the Singularity she'd cause no further issues to be sure. But was Bradamante gullible enough?

Apparently so. With a thank you and a nod she was on her way, leaving BB almost stunned by how easy that was.

Now to deal with that *other* presence.