

BRIDE OF ABIGAIL

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BB liked to tease.

It was only natural seeing as she was, well, *herself*. BB would never shy away from poking at someone ripe for the poking, at least when her Master wasn't around to bother in Chaldea. She had identified a number of suitable targets within the organization's Servant ranks for her bullying, but she didn't like *calling* it that. It made her sound terrible! Her behavior was more akin to a light ribbing between friends, right? Even if the other party didn't really see it that way like *ever*.

She'd even found a child that was fun to tease! The young Abigail Williams of the Foreigner class! That girl was so gosh darn innocent even though something so *evil* lurked in her shadow. Why, BB could just eat her up! Not literally, mind you, she wasn't exactly into *vore*. But it was really fun to push the child's buttons, seeing as she believed pretty much everything that the Mooncancer had been telling her. BB had just been having too much fun!

A little *too* much fun perhaps, because even Abi had limits before she would get frustrated with someone. It had finally reached that point with BB after one prank too many, with the latest joke having been BB telling her to mix baking soda and vinegar into a bottle to see what happens. The result had been... *explosive*. But that was when another Foreigner, Jacques de Molay, had inspired the child with an idea. **"If she's teasing you its because she doesn't understand you. So why not make her, non?"**

And so a plan had been put into action...

“Hmm~? What’s this? A present for little old me?” BB had received notice that a gift had arrived for her in Chaldea’s mail one morning, which usually meant that another Chaldea resident had sent one to her. She wasn’t in much of a habit of using the mail system herself, but it was certainly nice to receive something for a change! She couldn’t imagine who might have been so kind as to send *her* a gift though, and so neatly wrapped to boot! “No return address? Could it be from a secret admirer?”

Quite the opposite, actually.



Not wanting any unnecessary eyes prying upon the contents (*aka Kiara*), the self-declared World’s Best Kouhai slipped into a rather sizable closet to open her bounty. She made quick work of the wrapping paper and tore open the box, and within? “**What the heck is this? Some kind of bug?**” Maybe a worm? A disembodied tentacle? Either way it was wriggling around slowly inside the box, only growing faster when it caught the AI’s scent, at which point?

“**HEY!?**” It leaped at her and eventually collided with her chest, where she felt it cling to the fabric of her leotard. She was quick to try and wipe it off, but when she brought her hand down to slap it away? There was nothing there, nor was there a hole in her clothing. “**Where did it go!?**” It didn’t look like it was on the floor, either. Which it wasn’t, to be fair. It was *inside of her*, having bonded not with her flesh, but her Spirit Graph.

BB was naturally suspicious. “**That can’t be good, can it?**” Had this whole thing been a trick? A trap? She certainly wasn’t the type of woman to make enemies with others! Oh, who was she kidding? She was *totally* the type. That just left two questions: *who* had targeted her, and *what* was going to happen to her?

...Based on the chills that had suddenly wracked her body, probably nothing *good*.

“Wh-Why is it so cold all of a sudden!?” The temperature of the room hadn’t just changed all of a sudden, and it almost felt like all of the blood in her body had just turned cold despite her heart still beating as intended. It really *was* strange though. All things considered, BB should have felt like she was in danger? But it didn’t *really* come across that way. Like there was a voice in the corner of the AI’s mind telling her to just accept what was about to happen.

And ‘happen’ something most certainly did. For upon every faces of the woman’s body? Her color began to drain away. Whether it was the purple of her hair or the pink of her skin, melanin ended up in *very* short supply over the course of a number of spots and patches. It wasn’t like the woman was just getting paler, either. She was becoming as white as a *sheet*, with each spot turning as white as freshly fallen snow before another spot would appear nearby. And another, and another, until from head to toe she was utterly devoid of any saturation *almost* whatsoever.

Almost, because there were two unusual areas of note. The first being her eyes. While not unaffected by a change of color, their purples had instead taken on the crimson color of the bows in her costume – making them stand out all the more against a face that was the purest of whites. While the other area? Well, strangely enough it the undersides of her hair. There were accents under her mane’s top strands, a very peculiar *orange* that didn’t make much sense for the time being.

Despite how dramatic this all was, though, BB seemed to be none the wiser that her body had changed. Rather she was swaying to and fro, feeling *more* than a little lightheaded. It had just become so hard for her to concentrate! **“What...? Why...? Uuuu...?”** That last sound hadn’t even been a *word*, and sounded much more like the kind of sound an animal might make.

Were she in her right mind, there was no doubt that the Artificial Intelligence would have been losing her shit over all that was happening. Her bleached color scheme aside, something even more dramatic had begun to grip the figure that she treasured so much. Her big, bouncy, beautiful breasts? Well, the top half of her leotard had begun to empty *dramatically*, their ample, sensual flesh depleted so that cloth gripped only loosely around a pair of A-cups. A-cups that, *strangely*, were robbed of her nipples as they appeared to disappear between folds of white.

It wasn’t even *just* a matter of stealing her breasts, for all of the verifiable curvature that graced her lower half diminished as well. In tandem with each other, her cheeks regressed, her thighs thinned, and her hips narrowed until she possessed a gait more befitting of a *maiden*

rather than a fully developed woman. This left her leotard even *looser*, not that there was much to show other than the small gap within them.

Clothes became looser still, for the woman – *girl's* height took a rather substantial dip. This could obviously be perceived by BB herself, but instead of express any shock? “**Wheeee!**” Her response suggested she thought it was some kind of ride, like her mind had become even more infantized than her body appeared. Which *absolutely* had become the case, but there was more to it than that. Her mind just felt so fuzzy, and her voice? It sounded inhumanly *hollow*.

Inhuman was an important descriptor here, because it was imperative to the next wave of changes that would affect the shrunken, white-skinned maiden. A single look at her crimson eyes indicated that something was rather awry with her pupils. They sported tiny dots in the center before widening to the sides of her irises, almost cephalopodian by design. While in her mouth? Her teeth all sharpened into what could best be compared to tiny *daggers*.

“**Mmm? Something's wrong with... with... um... Me!**” She'd *intended* on using her own name, but couldn't quite remember it. She couldn't remember much of *anything* anymore, really. Like her mind had been given a blank slate, while her body was being given... extra appendages? A pair of nubs sprouting from her tailbone certainly seemed to suggest that.

They swelled bigger and longer, ultimately tearing out the back of her outfit as they flailed about the confines of the closet – knocking over shelves and tossing about supplies. Before long each ‘tail’ was bigger *and* thicker than her actual body, and they become more disturbing once the bulbous ends opened to reveal that, within the whites, were gaping, orange mouths with crimson tendrils. They were massive *tentacles* through which she could *c o n s u m e*.

...Which brought us back to the orange – the very *same* orange that was within her new extensions – in her hair. Her hairs had clumped together and shortened, coming to resemble hair while not *actually* bearing hair at the end. Completely with suction cups on their understands, that which rested atop her head was a series of much shorter tentacles that dangled from her scalp, each possessing a rubbery, almost slimy texture that would inevitably run across *all* of the girl's skin.

“**Huuu... Head... Dizzy... Echo-y...?**” Subconsciously activating a new ability, the snow white girl – who looked to be about twelve or thirteen years old – allowed BB's clothing to phase right through her body so that she was standing completely naked in the closet. That was

what this place was called, right? A closet? She wasn't really sure. She felt like she had seen it all before, but she also *hadn't*?

Behind her, still as if they had minds of their own, the two tentacle appendages that had sprouted from her tailbone were both playing with and voring some of the cleaning supplies and devices in the closet. It all was sent to one of the girl's three stomachs, but none of them were harmful to her. Her *alien* biology could dispose of them, nonetheless.

“BB!”

The door swung open suddenly, and a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes stormed through. She looked familiar. She felt familiar. **“We are... same? Saaaaame!”** If she could still be called BB any longer, she certainly didn't proceed with the same intellect. Her words echoed like a cryptid's might, and her perpetually expression of intellectual depravity was not just for show. She could barely process her own thoughts, and human concepts? They were the strangest of them all.



Even so, she knew what to do in this situation. She could... remember? So she floated over to the girl who had busted in, Abigail, and gave her a big hug. Much to Abigail's surprise. **“Uhh... Huh!? Y-You're BB, right? It was supposed to be mostly harmless, but...”** This girl's crimson eyes reminded the Foreigner of her own. They were innocent, and yet beneath them there was a strange darkness. The gaze of a beast that had come from beyond the stars.

She had given BB that parasite thinking it would just make her a little younger so that they could see eye-to-eye, but she hadn't expected her to turn into an extraterrestrial lifeform! And she could tell that her class had changed! She was a Foreigner now. **“Bee... Bee...?”** The alien pointed at herself after bringing the hug to an end, confused. Did she not register that as her name?

“Um... Actually! No!” She couldn't keep calling her that! It didn't suit her!

“Your name is Migo!”

“Miiiiigo?”

“And you're going to be my bride someday!”

“Briiiiide?”

She totally didn't get it.