

FATE / REINCARNATED

CH7: BEACH BABE

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Things had gone smoothly for BB. Perhaps a little too *much* so in the end. She had been a backup AI for the Moon Cell created by its version of Sakura Matou – and one that contained some of that AI’s most intimate feelings, at that. Through a stroke of what she perceived to be luck on her part, she had ultimately been freed from the prison that was meant to contain her, and BB? She had escaped.

It hadn’t taken her very long to get a handle on things. On her existence, on what it was she wanted to do, and what it was she *could* do. It had taken some time, but she had managed to construct *it*. The Sakura Labyrinth. A new location on the Far Side of the Moon that she would use to accomplish her goals. Yet as it stood? She was also lacking in manpower.

For her to do what she wanted to, some obedient pawns were necessary. Surely she could corrupt some of the individuals from the Holy Grail War into doing her bidding – because what were they all if not pieces of data rife for being infected with viruses? But she needed some pieces on the board that were exclusively hers, too. Pieces that wouldn’t talk back, and pieces that had no risk of a mutiny forming within.

Not that she would mistreat them or anything (*she would*)!

And so she ultimately settled on it. “**Janjan! BB-chan’s Excellent High-Servant Plan is now active!**” It was simple! Mash together some data from herself along with the data from a bunch of Divine Spirits to create superior Servants that would do her bidding without questioning it! Or so had been the plan, but of course she was absolutely lacking the foresight to understand just how difficult that the girls she

would end up creating would actually be. Maybe she *should* have realized seeing as she was so difficult herself, though?

While she was technically putting a piece of herself into their creation, she still needed to conduct the procedure in a way that was similar to a regular Servant summoning – that included the summoning circle, catalysts, and all the works. Although the catalysts were basically pieces of herself, since she could just draw on the memory of the Moon Cell for everything else. **“And. Here. We. Go!”**

Once everything was prepared, BB had wasted no time in putting the procedure into action. Unfortunately for her, she didn’t realize that something had gone very awry until it was much too late. And the next she knew?



She was not anywhere she had expected to be.

“H-Hey! What the hell just happened!?” It was rare to see the AI with a genuine look of confusion on her face, but how could she *not* be confused? No longer was she in the Sakura Labyrinth that she had created, but instead? She was standing in the sand of a beach, with a towel covered in booze and snack beneath an excessively large umbrella a few feet from her. This was, obviously, not where she was supposed to be. What’s worse, none of her authority as an AI appeared to be

functioning either! **“Is this not a digital space...?”** Could she possibly be *in the real world*?

That felt like an unbelievable outcome, seeing as how she was a digital existence. She had no aspirations to be ‘real’, and didn’t have a plausible idea of how she could accomplish that in the first place. Nonetheless, she wasn’t exactly off the mark. This was the real world or, at least, *a* real world. It just wasn’t Earth. And to say that she didn’t belong there would have been an understatement – so fortunately a corrective force was already at work.

Not that the AI herself was aware of its effects. She would have *lost her mind* if she had realized. Yet there was no denying the terrifyingly abrupt change that swept through the woman’s complexion. Considering she was standing alongside the ocean, you might have

assumed that her skin would darken as a result. But it wasn't that. It was, in fact, the opposite. Her pink complexion appeared to be losing its color, pink draining out so that everything was instead left a sickly white. Comparative to how she had appeared before she almost resembled a *corpse*. Which wasn't at all helped by how her nipples blued in slight.

Although they weren't exactly the only part of her body to blue, either. All of the purple throughout the hairs of BB's design found itself compromised by a dark yet still vivid blue. Beginning in her roots they swept completely through not only the hair atop her head, but also her brows and pubic hairs – helping set the idea of an alternative color palette when paired with paled skin.

But that *wasn't* what was happening here, and nothing made it clearer than the style of her mane. BB didn't tend to wear it *too* long, even though she absolutely *could* have. Yet all on its own, that hair of hers was inching longer. Longer... Longer still. Until it hung to her *ankles*. What's more, these blue locks appeared to be thinner and stringier than the voluminous tufts they resembled had they been left alone.

“If it isn't digital, then...? *Di-gi-tal? ...That's a funny word, where did I hear it?*” Upon uttering the continuation to her earlier speculation, BB immediately found herself confused. The term 'digital' should have been so familiar to her, and yet it sounded foreign. Weird. Strange. Was that really a *real* world? It was, but not in the world she was being assimilated into, that much was clear. The AI's voice had also become deeper and huskier, and she was much less talkative than the usual BB.

The AI was always so prideful and chatty, after all. The perfect balance of cute and sexy! ...Though that balance soon found itself imperiled by a shift towards the latter. It was one that could have, and should have been felt, but BB was unintentionally ignorant to it. Yet the signs had existed long before they peaked, with her nipples sticking out from beneath the white cloth of the leotard that bound her body.

They poked through vigorously, and it didn't take long for weight to amass itself in the already sizable breasts beneath them – but then again, 'sizable' didn't even begin to do justice to just how big they became over the next twenty seconds or so. **“*Oh!*”** She had no choice but to lurch forward as the meat of her tits spilled out of their binding cloth, blue nipples jiggling about while exposed breasts continued to inflate like balloons bound to a hose. Their skin stretched, blue veins becoming apparent flowing from her nipples, and in the end both tits were *twice* the size of her head, hanging freely without any clothing to keep them in check.

By itself, this change should have warranted *some* sort of reaction from the AI. But there was nothing. In fact, she had slowly begun to saunter over to the towel *despite* the huge mammaries that now bounced and jiggled about with each step. Something was telling her she needed the shade of the umbrella. Not wanted it, but *needed* it.

With each step came new heft, mind you, and more sounds of clothing tearing. Because what had happened to her breasts was a phenomenon that in some capacity was now being duplicated in her rear. The cheeks of her ass bloated not-so-nonchalantly, the back of her leotard absorbed into paled mounds that likewise forced her hips to thicken with gravitas. All of this bloating and stretching soon ripped the sides of BB's skirt, while farther down her thigh-high boots found a great deal of difficulty in containing, well, her *thighs*.

Thicker and thicker those thighs swelled, pale skin burgeoning and filling the gap between her legs – yet enough of a gap still remained that you could see the inside of her ass cheeks if you so happened to peer through them. Much like her tits, it was all jiggly and soft; a trait that traveled to her tummy that became thicker but not *fat*, so to speak.

If anything, the following strides she took saw all of this new weight at least appear less absurd, for a stretching of her spin and limbs saw BB's height climb close to the six foot mark. A giantess of a woman by normal standards, she practically grew straight out of the scraps of her outfit that had once remained.

“Hah...” Once she stepped into the shade of the huge umbrella, a sigh of relief escaped her lips. Which, in doing so, revealed that her canine teeth had grown razor sharp. Not that they were easy to see with blue lips that had practically *doubled* in size themselves. Ears at the sides of the woman's head stretched out into long points around this point in time, but beyond that? Eyes grew more circular, appearing less and less Japanese, while a golden glow began to radiate from what had once been purple.

With a blink, the torn, ill-fitted outfit she had been wearing was replaced with something much more appropriate for beachside behavior. A white sunhat, a bikini with straps that ran vertically down and across her nipples (*and nowhere else on her breasts*), all bound to a thong-like bottom that hid her pussy. Strangely she wore gloves, but even stranger were the dark markings that rose on her lower legs and arms. They appeared like tribal tattoos, but in fact they had been on her since she had been born. The markings of her people.

The markings of a *vampire*.

By the time her transformation had reached its peak, there were no longer any questions within the head of the abundantly endowed, pale-skinned, long-eared woman. She had so naturally moved towards the shade offered by the umbrella as she had changed, and she had done so for a very good reason. Sunlight was harmful when it shone on her body directly. But she loved the feel of the beach during the daytime that she went every morning from her nearby castle, nonetheless.

Such were the whims of Countess *Avery Knight*, the local vampire that ruled over this island nudged inside a fantasy world. Shy and quiet, she was essentially the polar opposite in terms of personality compared to the AI that she had once been, but those memories no longer existed. In a world without technology, the concept of an AI would be lost on Avery in the first place.

Not that she cared. She simply wanted to lay along the beach all day while her bad familiars brought her good wine, food, and the occasional saucer of freshly squeezed blood. Freshly squeezed blood from *whom*, you might ask? Well that was a secret, seeing as she hardly spoke to other people.

