

BREASTS FIT FOR A QUEEN

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Medb was pissed. Then again, what else was new?

She had been flirting with one of the Cu Chulainns in Chaldea as she always did - *she was pretty sure it was the Caster variant but they all bled together in her mind* - when he'd started asking her questions about her relationship with Scathach-Skadi. Something about the others being concerned that she had been fixating on the Scandinavian queen as of late? He'd even shoved a rune onto her and wouldn't explain what it did!

“If I get close to her or her room again I’ll activate the rune, huh!? I’m calling his bluff on that! He isn’t even allowed to hurt me as per Chaldea rules!” It sounded like a fairly harsh punishment for the crime, but in actuality her behavior towards Skadi had been fairly on the problematic side as of late. Medb had devolved into something of a tsundere crush, not realizing that despite her constant yearning for men, she had found a woman that made her feel much the same way.

It wasn't really *harmful* so much as it was *unintentionally creepy*.

Medb was so confident in her assumption that the Caster Cu had been pulling a fast one on her, in fact, that she'd entered Skadi's room unannounced. Only to find that the Caster in question was not present. Plus she'd left her closet open! That scatterbrained woman! But observing from outside the door and stepping into the room were different things according to the cursed rune that had been cast upon her, and the moment her foot was grounded in Skadi's living space...

She was suddenly teleported into the aforementioned closet.

“Huh!? What the hell is this!? Wait... I can’t move!?” Feet grounded on the floor, eyes staring into the bedroom from the closet’s depths, she was right to ascertain a sudden absence of mobility. She could blabber as much as she want, but her body wasn’t responsive in any way otherwise. She couldn’t bend her neck down to look but the queen could *tell* her flesh was bare, and her chin felt like it was resting on top of a wire hanger of all things. **“Okay, so maybe the rune was real. But what kind of punishment is this!?”**

Being hung up in Skadi’s closet in the nude? She’d assumed maybe she would get an electric shock or something minor, not this very lewd and indecent petrification punishment. So what? Skadi was going to come into her room and see Medb strung up like this? But it wouldn’t bother the Rider at all! She was more than confident in her beauty and that went double when unclothed! Was Skadi going to come in and shame her? But then again, *that might not be so bad either...*

“Hah! So this is all that stupid dog could come up with!? This isn’t so... bad?” Perhaps she’d spoken too soon. Not only had she suddenly become overcome by a lightheaded feeling, but something about the rest of her body felt somewhat... *empty*. Sure she’d been immobile, but in the beginning she’d been able to feel her limbs and torso, not to mention the beating of her heart. But now? It was hard to sense much of anything - everything felt cold and numb. **“W-Wait, what’s happening now!?”**

Medb certainly wouldn’t admit to it, but she was beginning to feel a little afraid. She had no way of telling what was happening beneath her chin, but if she could tell she probably would have become all the more scared. Because it wasn’t a matter of her being sick, being cold, anything like that. It was a matter of her flesh, blood, and bone transmogrifying.

Her skin didn’t even hold the color of flesh anymore. Instead, if one were to look close it would be evident that her skin looked to be made of purple cloth fibers, slightly coarse to the touch. It had erased any definition from her ‘sexy’ body from the chin down, with nipples fading and crevices filling. **“Wah!? What the!? Did I fall!?”**

But the inanimate appearance wasn’t superficial. Her body wasn’t only hollowing but shrinking, and Medb couldn’t help but scream out in confusion as this resulted in more of the weight being applied to her chin on the hanger. Yet... her head remained the same size, untouched by the purple fibers.

Arms and legs folded back into bands, fibers both thinning and firming as it became clear the legs that pulled upwards behind the Servant's head were indeed becoming straps. Her pelvis sunk upwards towards her breasts, allowing the straps that had once been her legs to rest on the sides of either 'tit' as their own shapes seemed to triple in size. From an outsider's perspective it was clear what was happening to Medb's body: it was becoming a lace brassiere with a pair of E-cup cups to straddle a pair of tits that were much larger than Medb's own.

The sound of the straps clicking together behind her head only added to the queen's confusion. **"What now!? Someone let me down! I'll be good, I swear!"** What the hell was making noise behind her!? She had no way of knowing it was her own body transmogrified into a purple bra... at least until the upper body finished changing and the cups were hoisted up against the hanger her head was sitting in, positioning them so Medb could just barely see over the cups. **"...Eh?"**

A bra? Just what was happening here? Impulse told her to knock it away, and yet she still couldn't move her body for some reason! Of course, had she known she was now a disembodied head with her body-turned-bra hanging from the hanger around her, she might have been much less concerned about that and more concerned about what was, well, going to *become* of said head.

"This is seriously messed up, could somefwoone pmfeasme helph mpheee!?" Perhaps the heavens had grown tired of Medb's incessant screeching? For she began to have difficulty talking thanks to the most bizarre of sensations. Her cheeks were inflating; but not in the way you might expect. It wasn't like her mouth was being filled with air, forcing empty chasms outward. No, instead it was the layer between the skin of her cheeks and her mouth bloating, like she'd *very* suddenly gotten *very* chubby.

They grew more and more, inflating to a size they shouldn't have been able to reach while everything in between the cheeks struggled to function. She found she couldn't open her mouth anymore nor could she breathe through her nostrils (*not that she'd needed to breathe for a while now - she'd simply not noticed as much*) and this was because as her cheeks continued to stretch wide, the finer details of her face were being absorbed by the orb-shaped flesh.

The weight in her cheeks sloshed around and overcame her ability to see, although just as suddenly as the inflation began her point of view itself had suddenly been forced downward and onto the round arch of the cheeks themselves. *'Wait what!? Weren't my cheeks just below me? Now they're... Moved. My vision? Moved...?'* The larger her cheeks became, incidentally the harder it was for Medb to think. It wasn't all

that shocking since the insides of her brain were simple transitioning into additional fat for the weight of her cheeks... Cheeks that were clearly not cheeks at all, filled with fat and rapidly pronounced veins.

They were breasts.

Well, breasts as if they'd been severed from a woman's body anyways. The back of her head was just as round as the front, all of her hair slurped up inside what was evidently now two separate orbs as opposed to a singular head. From her point of view she was staring directly into the cups of the bra that had been hanging there, but vision temporarily blurred as it felt as if something was poking up and against the backs of her eyeballs.

That wasn't *quite* what was happening, however. Said eyeballs had darkened and hardened, eyelids swept up in the dark, bumpy texture that encircled what they'd become. Digging up and into the cups of the bra, her once-eyes were now blatantly a pair of erect woman's nipples, her 'body' now completely incapable of movement or talking as they sat as a firm pair of disembodied D's midst the cups of an E-cup bra.

Strangely enough though her vision had returned. She was able to see up and over the bra, as if all of the breast flesh were her eyes simultaneously. Which became extra alarming the moment she saw a pair of red eyes staring at her. '*EEP!? Skadi...!?*' Yet the woman looked to be in a trance of some sort.

Skadi had been struck with one of Cu's runes too, because this punishment would not have worked if she wasn't also on board. The Caster reached for the bra that was padded with Medb in breast form in the closet and pulled it out before pulling the sleeves of her dress down to expose her bare tits. She then turned Medb away from her like she was about to wear the bra, and once the woman's arms were through the straps...

She felt the warmth of Skadi's D-cups press into the back of herself. '*O-Oh! This is good... right... This is what I want... Need.*' Her awareness of the situation was simple, but she was fortunate she had *any* awareness at all since she technically had no brain anymore. It would have been wrong to really classify this as intelligence though, it was more like an *instinct*.

Her flesh bonded with Skadi's, and before long there was no difference between Medb and Skadi at all. She had already unknowingly *looked* like Skadi's tits, but now she was *actually* Skadi's tits. That was all there was to it, really. She could feel the Caster's heartbeat throbbing against the fat of her flesh, a heartbeat she hadn't even realized she was missing

until now. It was stimulating, and so the nipples of the breasts stood erect and needy which enticed Skadi herself to reach down and touch them, still caught up in the rune Cu had cast on her.

“It isn’t like me to feel this way. This isn’t behavior befitting of a queen.” The woman pondered her arousal aloud as she removed the bra she’d only just adorned, exposing her bare tits to the air at a size they hadn’t been previously. Once Medb had merged with them it seemed they’d grown a size - a size befitting of the E-cup bra.

The cool air felt nice to Medb, who was internally revved as she watched Skadi’s hands cover her front. It didn’t take long for the queen to tweak her own nipples and it left her conscious breasts roiling in Ecstasy. *‘Good! Best! Need! Touch more! Breasts want to be touched!’* Things didn’t get much more complex than that, because Medb couldn’t really process anything outside of what she desired as a pair of big, bouncy tits.

As fingers dug into her ample sides she internally moaned in tandem with Skadi’s vocal moan. It was clear that it didn’t matter where the woman touched her, her sensitivity was through the roof. Even from Skadi’s point of view this was more sensitive than she’d ever been. **“Wait, that’s odd. Have I grown? Since when?”** A bead of sweat rolled from her neck and against the cleavage that was Medb, once it did the taste of salt added to her new booby experience. It seems she could see throughout her whole ‘body’, feel throughout her whole ‘body’, and taste throughout her whole ‘body’.

But really? She could remember ever being human. Memories weren’t afforded to her. As a pair of huge tits she could only live in the present. Always wanting, always forgetting, always touch-starved.

At the very least, Skadi had never been happier!