

# BOUKINI

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Really, when you thought about it, Boudica didn't really *need* a bikini.

In terms of Servants that had yet to receive a summer variation, the mother of all mothers (*Raikou pending*) didn't exactly dress herself conservatively overall. One of her ascensions was certainly much more cloaked than the rest, and yet the others, especially her first ascension? She might as well have been wearing a swimsuit at that point, considering how bare she more or less was.

But that didn't mean that she couldn't simply bring her own bikini to the beach! Summer Servants just had special Saint Graphs – wearing a swimsuit was something different entirely! And so she had arrived at the beach with a bikini in tow, excited to spend some time among the waves and sand. That had been the intention anyways, but...

**“Where did it go!? I know that I packed it!”** Within the changing room that all of the women were using, Boudica came upon a startling and anxiety-inducing discovery after opening her bag. Her bikini wasn't there! And after she had already gone to the trouble of peeling off all of her clothes!

Considering the changing rooms were open and another woman could walk in at any moment, perhaps it was surprising that Boudica was fine gallivanting around in the nude. She was simply content enough with her figure that she didn't mind if she was seen, though. That ended up being good, for while startling the Rider, a voice from behind her did not make her self-conscious. **“Oh? It seems you're in something of a pickle! If you're looking for a bikini, I can see an extra one right here!”**



Boudica spun around with a startled squeak, finding her nose only inches away from the face of another naked woman. **“BB!?”** That was undeniable the speaker’s identity, and she was just as naked as Boudica was! Though she was very tanned, and her purple hair seemed to be lighter than usual... Was this some sort of fad? The only parts of her that were still pale with triangular cutouts across her breasts, as well as what seemed to be markings to indicate thin straps and shorts around her crotch. **“You have a spare**

**bikini? Do you think it would fit me?”**

The Mooncancer smirked in a way that could easily be mistaken for a genuine smile. **“Hmm... I mean, the only way to know would be to try it on, right? At the very least I think *you’d* be a perfect fit! So what do you say, would you like to try?”** Boudica, blinded by a desire to spend time at the beach, had blinded herself from picking up on BB’s hints here. Hints that she wasn’t exactly telling the whole truth.

**“Y-Yes! If it means I can spend time at the beach!”**

**“Good~! Let’s get you ready, then!”**

Huh? Get *her* ready? What did that mean? As much as the Rider wished to ask though, she found that she quite literally couldn’t. Her arms pinned to her sides, she had been *entirely* paralyzed from head to toe, incapable of even speaking let alone asking a question. *What? What did she do to me, exactly?* BB wasn’t holding anything, but her eyes were definitely glowing red. Was it a Mystic Eyes of some kind?

**“You look a little panicked! But don’t worry, I’m just going to make some quick adjustments before we head down to the beach~!”** Adjustments? What did she mean, exactly? What needed to be adjusted? BB drew closer and reached a hand up to rest on Boudica’s head. There was an eighteen-centimeter difference height between the two, so reaching up was the only option available to the AI.

At least it had been the only available option at that *moment*. Because after feeling a bit of pressure applied to the top of her head, Boudica suddenly found her point of view lowering until she was sitting at eye level with BB. But how!? She knew for a fact that her legs hadn't been bent or anything like that – she was still standing up straight! Didn't that mean that the only plausible explanation was— **“You're right! I made you shorter!”** Like she was reading the Rider's mind, the Mooncancer cheered the answer aloud. **“But that's not *all* I'm going to do!”**

She hummed to herself a moment after taking a step back, examining Boudica with the same attention an artist might examine their canvas. **“I hate to admit it, but your figure is a little more impressive than mine, isn't it? So I guess once we fix that we're good to go. This might tickle a little, so try not to laugh. ...Oh, right! You *can't!*”**

BB, looking to toy with her food, moved so close to Boudica that their breasts docked while her hands slid down to the older woman's bare hips. With a prompt inward push their width deteriorated, and the Mooncancer was quick in then grabbing the woman's big ass and giving it a squeeze so that it shrunk to a smaller, yet still impressively perky size. She then leaned forward so that her breasts crushed Boudica's own, and slowly their sizes shrunk until they were a perfect match for BB's own in size.

**“I wouldn't be surprised if you were thinking ‘Oh my God! She's turning me into a copy of herself!’, and I guess that kind of thought would make sense considering how these stories tend to go!”** Stories? What was she going on about? **“But in this case? No! I'm not giving you my figure so you can keep it. I'm giving it to you so you can become *much* more intimate with this devilish BB-chan~! You should feel honored! And now for the color!”**

Boudica could hardly keep up with what BB was saying much less make sense of it all, but the AI had snapped her fingers after spewing that incoherent mini speech of incomprehensible nonsense. It felt to her like something was changing, and yet without the ability to move her neck she couldn't see what it was. When BB had spoken about color though, she meant it.

Key areas of Boudica's pale skin had begun to change colors entirely – and to colors that weren't *normal* for a human being, nonetheless. Across the front of her breasts a bright purple replaced the white, and yet not even across the full sizing of her bosom. It was only in a triangular shape from the peaks of her tits, wrapping over her nipples

and underneath while the area around them turned into a black trim with golden, stud-like circles. This black reached up to her neck in bands from both tits and even surfaced in another strap all the way around her back. In a way it looked like she'd had a bikini top painted over her skin.

Running down from the peaks of her hips came a purple that was a little pinker than the shade that had claimed her breasts. It formed a pair of straps as if painted by a delicate brush that ran down to, and across, her pussy while also decorating the inner segments of her ass cheeks. It looked like a thong-styled bikini bottom really, but that didn't change that it was just a change in skin color and nothing else.

**“And now, become material!”** All it took was BB clapping to steal that away though, for nipples faded into the purple and the traits of her pussy faded away into the pinkish purple of her loins. The skin there was no longer skin, not as every cell transformed into a fiber interweaving with the next. Even the yellow spots on the black trim bulged outward, become metallic studs as if all the affected flesh had turned into clothing itself. **“And now? For the rest of you!”**

Another clap came, but this one resonated with the Rider far more dramatically than the last. For a moment she could have sworn she was fallen, and it was as if all of the muscles in her body had just given way all at once. Yet a mysterious force held her up and in place, giving BB the perfect view of the disaster she'd enforced.

From the tips of her fingers and toes, Boudica's body was eroding. Golden sparkles were created from flesh and bone that faded away as all of her skin disappeared. After a short while, one her limbs were almost gone, it began around her stomach as well – but never did the clothing-changed skin dissipate like this. Not even as Boudica felt her consciousness begin to faded, since her head evaporated into gold as well.

The golden lights lingered a moment with only a woman's swimsuit floating in the air inside of it. Although with another clap from BB, all of the sparkles were pulled *into* the swimsuit, and it was at that moment that Boudica's awareness returned. *No... I couldn't have? Did I really...? But my vision, and what I can see... And this desire... I really want to be... I want to be worn?*

It was hard for Boudica to make heads or tails of her situation despite the fact that she really *did* understand. Just floating in the air in front of a naked BB wearing a demonic expression, she was both motionless and incapable of communicating. Split into two, she could both see her lower portion from her upper half, and see her upper portion from a lower half.

She was, entirely, an elaborate, purple bikini top with black trim and straps, and a purple swimming thong.

**“There we go! Now you can go to the beach, right? So let’s make sure the fit is correct!”** It wasn’t like Boudica could really protest once her thong portion was snatched out of the air. What surprised her most was how *good* it felt for the AI’s fingers to rub against her fabric – and that was only amplified one she’d been slid up the woman’s legs and snapped against her tanned hips so that her fibers gripped the woman’s pussy and slid between the cheeks of her ass.

She could feel the heat of the woman’s pussy and take in the scent of this snatch, but in the end it only added to what could best be described as ‘arousal’. Obviously, clothes could not climax... and so it felt more like she was on the verge of reaching that peak without ever *actually* reaching it. As BB stepped forward, the feeling built as her lower portion was misplaced between pussy lips and wedged farther into her rear, but things only worsened for her.

After all, BB had moved to grab the bikini top. **“And one... two... there!”** After weaking the purple bikini across her arms, a confident *SNAP* was heard and felt after the Mooncancer stretched the bands and let them slap against her bosom – forcing Boudica to experience what could only be called true pleasure. BB’s breasts were huge, and that weight shook her cups up and down. She hugged them so very tightly that, in a way, she felt like she was supporting them all on her own.



*Though that was the point of a bikini top, wasn’t it?*

**“So now you can come enjoy the beach, isn’t that right? I’ll even do you a special service and not put on the rest of my outfit so you can get the full experience!”** BB dashed to the changing room exit, every step felt through the wiggle of her ass against the thing, or through the bounce of her tits through the bikini top. Boudica’s ego remained, but with so much stimulation she hardly had any ability to complain.

Well, at least not until BB decided to rub her ass in the hot sand.