

DRAMATIC REDUCTION

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Passionlip was excited. She was going to the beach! Well... she was going to a resort. Meltlilith had invited her to a Singularity in the United States. Las Vegas, was it? Her sister even had her Saint Graph changed for the occasion, so she had hopes that she'd receive the same treatment as well. Of course she'd made the mistake of vocalizing that to her mother, BB. You see, BB was... petty. Incredibly so, to the point that she'd stop at nothing to reclaim stolen spotlight. Meltlilith was given a summer version this year? Fine! It wasn't like her body rivaled her own at all. However Passionlip? *Passionlip*. That girl had an unbelievable pair of assets that would undoubtedly overshadow her on the beach.

Did Vegas have beaches? Poolsides, maybe. Regardless!

The corner of the Mooncancer's lip twitched in response to her 'child's declaration. **"Why do you want a swimsuit? You'll just sink you know."** BB did have a point, sadly. Passionlip weighed a full tonne. Yet Lip knew her mother had the full power to alter the Saint Graphs of all of her Alter Egos if she so chose. Getting rid of her hands - the bulk of her weight - was within her power. Not to mention Meltlilith's summer form disposed of her weaponized prosthetics to make use of a more practical set, so why couldn't the same be done for her?

"Y-Yeah, but you could give me lighter ones, couldn't you? I mean if my weight is a problem, making me lighter could be..." Lip's chirps were sheepish and she hid her eyes between one of her gigantic hands. It was adorable in a way, but BB took no notice. Her daughter's words had actually inspired her with a pretty effective idea. If Passionlip wanted 'lighter ones'? BB's shot a glance at the girl's honking boobs. She'd make her lighter alright. But just shrinking was boring, why not take away her individuality?

What kind of form would be good? Something annoying, something inconvenient... She wouldn't change the girl's *mind* of course, because then how could BB revel in her twisted expressions of despair? Was there someone or something Lip didn't really like? Well there were a few Servants, one of which being... **"Okay~! BB-chan will grant the request of her annoying Alter Ego!"** She snapped her fingers and Passionlip practically lit up. Honestly she hadn't really held much hope that BB would go for such a thing--

Actually, at that moment she recalled something. The last time Kingprotea had requested something of BB she'd had her request twisted hadn't she? She'd heard as much from Meltlilith and they hadn't seen Kingprotea as of late... How did that saying go exactly? Hindsight is a bitch? **"M-Mother...? You wouldn't do anything weird to me, right?"**

"Weird? Whatever do you mean? I treat you all with all of the goodness in my heart!" The who in her what? Unless it was Master or Hakuno Kishinami, BB wasn't exactly known for displaying kindness towards much of anyone -- at least not *openly*.

Passionlip wasn't given much more time to voice her concerns, however, a tingle across her Saint Graph bringing her body to a quiver as all of the strength left her body. Her gigantic, artificial hands almost felt foreign with her strength reduced so much, lifting a finger let alone her arms in the first place next to impossible. With the way her body was designed it left her torso slouched against the limbs, weak knees resting upon the floor as Lip's expression suggesting she didn't know what to make of what was happening with her eyes half closed and lips turned into a slight frown of discomfort.

She could not see how the fringe of her hair was quickly draining of its typical lilac to be replaced by a golden blonde, nor that one of her violet eyes had already taken on a shining emerald while its shape rounded from that of a Japanese girl to something more Western.

"E-Eh?", Lip couldn't help but squeak out an expression of concern when there was a peculiar feeling in her arms and hands. It wasn't the tingling that was alarming but rather the fact that she had feeling like that at all. She'd always had basic awareness regarding how to move her hands. If something touched them she'd know, and yet it was never more profound of a sensation than that. Tingling, warmth, cold, she didn't feel those things in great detail even when she'd once been deluded into perceiving her claws as normal human hands.

But they were *very cold*. They felt trapped. Wiggling her fingers did not move the tips of her claws, and yet she could feel them bouncing against a cold metal. Particles began to flutter away from her claws, difficult for her not to miss considering her current posture had the claws right in front of her face. They were

golden and the drifted roof ward, disappearing into nothingness as the mass of each claw began to diminish.

For just a moment she looked over at BB and she could have sworn she saw a smirk upon her mother's lips, but her attention was forced away as the golden particles grew more dense in number and she fell forward. There was nothing holding her up anymore -- the particles that filled the room in its entirety had composed the entire mass of each hand, so the biological part of her body (*aka the rest of it*) had nowhere else to go down. Her gigantic breasts splashed against the ground first, but following them was something that didn't belong. *Fingers*. She could feel the skin of her *fingers* press into the floor. Passionlip craned her neck to the side, trying to get a good look despite her breasts, in their mass, taking up most of her field of vision, and she could just barely make out a flesh finger sticking out on the side.

"M-Mother!? You gave me human hands!? You've always said that was impossible..." Of course she was quickly realizing a problem with this. Without the strength of her claws she was wholly incapable of lifting her body upright with her breasts so huge. BB merely clicked her tongue in response to the remark. Passionlip had a point. She'd definitely told the Alter Ego in the past that it was impossible, and it *was*. Her Saint Graph, much like Meltlilith's, wouldn't allow the prosthetics to be replaced. Altering the Saint Graph into another Servant however? It made the impossible possible at the cost of her physical identity; something she assumed none of her 'children' fully wanted to lose under normal circumstance.

Even now, the girl floundering around against her breasts was looking less and less like Sakura Matou, distorted as she already was by the goddesses embedded in her. The recoloring and reshaping in her one eye had already rooted itself in the other, Lip's nose both thinner and sharper with a pair of lips that were practically pencil thin, yet more pout-y than they had been. The blonde that had started in her tips and bangs was approaching her roots as well, giving Passionlip the kind of aesthetic that suggested she might '*UMU*' at any possible moment.

She wouldn't of course. BB wasn't going that far. But the boobs were definitely a problem, weren't they? **"I can do whatever I want when I feel like it, Lip. Like those big, attention grabbing boobs of yours? I'll get those out of your way."** Of course that was what BB had been after all along. Whether or not Passionlip would see the reduction as a transgression or not... it was unlikely. But that was why she'd chosen the face of the empress. Lip wasn't very fond of the Servant that had felled her in the Sakura Labyrinth.

"R-Really!?" She seemed almost *excited*, and her excitement was matched with a sinking feeling. Not a sinking feeling born of her gut or anything like that, rather that her body was beginning to sink closed to the ground as the abundant bosom that kept her propped up began to wane.

With the way her tits were pressed against the ground, the flesh had been pooling out to either side to find themselves awkwardly contained within the black top of

her first ascension. Yet the leather band and the nylon guard became looser and looser as Lip's view fell closer to the ground, the contents left hidden by the design of her outfit.

The moment she was able to reach a hand up to her neck however she did so with the intention of having a look for real, tearing the nylon in the center and ripping it downward so that the tender flesh in between was on full display. It was easier to see the skin of each tit rippling, growing loose and tightening once more almost as quickly as its size deteriorated. Her nipples were subjected to the same fate, areola inhumanly large to match the size of each tit before becoming more reasonable in design. Perplexed by her own human hand and a pair of boobs that were now less than half the size she was accustomed to, she couldn't help but reach one of said hands into the exposed slit of the center of her outfit to at least touch one... albeit briefly.

BB's leering gaze snapped her back to reality. "**M-Mother!? Thank y--? You?**" Her voice finally caught her attention. It was deeper than she was used to. She almost felt like she'd heard it before, and she had, but the fact that one's voice sounded different in their head than to an audience stopped her short of just fully identifying the source. In the meantime her leggings had grown looser, the fat of each thigh leaner to pair with an ass that was still pronounced but far tighter in design. She was essentially a shoe-in for the aesthetic role of Nero Claudius now, one that looked as if she was in a badly fit Passionlip cosplay.

She raised her hand against the light, noting the manicure atop her fingers while also catching her first glimpse of blonde bangs bouncing before her eyes. BB snapped her fingers once more and a mirror appeared, and incidentally Lip's eyes were immediately drawn to the golden ahoge erected from the center of the reflection's head. "**Saber!**" The girl barked in the voice of the woman she was rallying against, immediately leaping to her feet as a scowl spread across her face. How much her breasts had shrunk was quite evident now, the rounded cups that had once held a pair of honkers drooping down to her hips as a pair of D's stood proud beneath. "**W-Wait...**" And it seemed Lip had taken notice too. "**Is that me?**"

A wave of an arm saw it mirrored in her reflection, the scowl fading just as she'd loosened. "**Yup!**" BB confirmed Lip's suspicions in a rather sadistic singsong voice. The wide eyed expression her daughter made the one she'd been waiting for this whole time. "**You couldn't go to the beach with that body so this makes sense, right? And I'm sure people are tired of that annoying little empress at this point, so it isn't like you're going to take any attention away from me!**"

"No..."

"Yes."

"**NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~!**" It wasn't a great vacation for Passionlip.