

SHOWGIRL

SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“For my next trick, I’ll need a volunteer from the audience!” It was a rather peculiar sight, attending a magic show as presented by King Arthur of all people. Perhaps that was wrong to say? No, she was Artoria Pendragon in reality, a goddess in the flesh... *and bunny ears*. Minamoto no Raikou (swimsuit edition) had come to Vegas just as many other Servants had to view the Swimsuit Swordmaster competition, and now that the entire debacle was over and done with all that was left of their time in the Singularity was meant for relaxation.

Casino Camelot had been throwing a big show that night. All of the Knights of the Round Table had been performing including their king, the majestic lion king of Camelot whom even Raikou herself could see as a rival in beauty. The British woman’s mature charm and reserved calm were both very attractive qualities, and so Chaldea’s self-proclaimed mother had thought to attend the show in hopes of seeing some of those traits on display.

After all, the king was far more reserved back in Chaldea, so this might have been a once in a lifetime chance.

“You there!” Dancing lights flickering across the ceiling suddenly found focus on Raikou in tandem with Artoria’s call. The Lancer hadn’t thought to volunteer, but it seemed she had been selected anyways. Well... it wasn’t as if she had any real problem with it, and waving goodbye to her table she pranced up onto the stage where Artoria handed her the microphone and requested she introduce herself.

“Ara ara. I wasn’t really expecting this, but I am Servant Lancer, Minamoto no Raikou.” She took a bow, and the audience’s eyes bowed with her as they watched the woman’s significant bust bounce with the gesture. Despite it all, the Ruler

performing on stage seemed non-surprised by the gesture and took back the mic when her help stood tall once more. Of course it wasn't like Artoria had anything to scoff at in the chest area either. Thanks Rhongomyniad!

Speaking of the chest area, the Ruler stuck her index finger and thumb deep into her own cleavage, hand displacing some of the fat of the tits they dug into before pulling out a deck of cards as if nothing strange had just occurred. "**Pick a card, Miss Raikou. Then look at which card it is.**" Almost the whole deck was fanned out within the king's fingers. She offered no more instruction than this, but without reason to be suspicious the Lancer did as she was told.

Turning the card over she saw a familiar face. Another Servant imprinted on the card's face. Musashi Miyamoto, a more youthful and raucous Japanese sword wielder than herself. This of course raised questions. Was this not a normal deck of cards? Why place Servant faces on the deck? How did this tie in to the trick?

But as she went to return the card to Artoria's hand it disappeared. Vanished, right into thin air. What's more, the space around her was frozen. The audience didn't move, nor did the Ruler that had summoned her to the stage. Peculiar. Was it part of the trick? Were it actual magic, she had Magic Resistance in this class and so it shouldn't be effective under any circumstance. Something else? A curse?

Perhaps that incubus man the king was often advised by had let her dip his hands into his tricks. He'd been behind the Swordmaster competition in the first place, last she'd heard.

Little time was provided to dwell on the cause as, in place of the tiny card that had disappeared, four gigantic cards suddenly enclosed around her. Each pointed the face of one of the four Kings at her, each card taller than herself. Raikou immediately thought it to be a prison of sorts, only to be taken off guard as the mouths on each King began to spew something out. A gas? Thinking quickly, Lancer wrapped the pink and blue, silken cloth she wore around her shoulders around her mouth to prevent inhaling anything.

But it wasn't enough. She fell to a single knee as paralysis gripped her for just a few seconds, the point of origin her Saint Graph. Was absorbing the substance through her skin enough? She exhaled as a sword manifested in her hand the moment she could move once more, and a single swipe enough to cut down all four cards simultaneously.

"**Hm. Now what could this be?**" The woman's left arm was bare, so she almost immediately took note of patches of off-color skin beginning to seep in against the typical pale she'd grown accustomed to. Every spot that darkened likewise gained a lustrous sheen that suggested youthful skin that any woman of Raikou's age would naturally envy. That wasn't to say that the woman's skin was in poor condition, but youthful glow would be lost with age regardless of how well one treated their skin.

More and more patches surfaced, smaller areas merging together as her entire arm was destined to succumb to what was looking more and more like a tan. Not one of those cheap, spray-on ones humans seemed so fixated with, but a natural tan born of a tireless amount of time under the summer sun. It was only of particular concern to the Lancer because not once in her life, neither alive nor as a Servant, had her body tanned nor burned. Yet spots began to develop not only just across her left arm, but likewise the right. A glance downward saw speckles beginning to surface upon her bosom and legs as well, form destined to be dyed bronze before all was said and done.

A quick check of her surroundings confirmed to the woman that time was still frozen. Was this really a trick born of Artoria? The katana she'd been holding dissipated. She had two options here: accept the presumed inevitable, or attempt to shatter this illusion. But whether or not the latter would fix anything? Her Saint Graph still tingled, the damage had already been done.

Idly, fingers drifted to her bosom as a warmth took root alongside the tingling. The Servant was massaging her own breast, engorged nipple tweaked between her thumb and index finger beneath the polyester of her thin bikini for almost twenty seconds before she realized her own transgression. "**A-Ah!? So indecent...**", she chided herself and yet couldn't seem to stop. In fact, a second hand ended up in on her second cow-like tit, both pushed together and needed as she couldn't keep her hand off herself. The arousal only grew, but the same couldn't be said of her own fondled bosom.

Balloons deflated beneath her needy fingers, their almost ludicrously enormous size dwindling as the same tan that had beset the rest of her body overcame ivory flesh for the most part. Strangely there were bands of untanned skin that ran from her neck and across either breast, but it wasn't a pattern that matched the design of the purple bikini top that now hung loosely from Raikou's shoulders. The flesh of either tit became firmer and firmer as their size became more reasonable, and while hands could not reach all around them at full size a single handful was enough to cover the majority of the front as the shrinkage leveled off into a pair of perky D-cup breasts.

Instinct told her to finally cease the mammary massage, and fingers withdrew just in time for her swimsuit top to tighten around her torso, re-covering exposed nipples. Strangely enough the strings came undone, yet the cloth remained clinging to her body as said strings reached for her neck and thickened, pulling the cups of the bikini diagonally instead of horizontally to perfectly match the shape of the pale streaks of flesh that had remained. A single strap running beneath both breasts held it all in place, squishing either girl together to wholly reveal bronzed cleavage.

"**Eep!**" Raikou let loose a squeak of surprise as change began to strike her lower body as well. In this case it was the sensation of her bikini bottom pulling upward and wedging into her pussy lips and ass crack. It was because the cloth itself was stretching to fit further untanned skin like a fiddle. The very bottom, well, her swimsuit's bottom, dyed itself dark purple as the upper portion lightened to white;

reaching higher upon her hips than it had before. Strangely enough this segment replicated itself twice, forming a bridge between both her bottom and top with purple straps tying it all together, bare skin revealed between each triangle.

Even though her swimsuit was completely different now however it seemed her body still had to catch up. As it stood this outfit was terribly ill-fitting, material strained by the sheer breadth of the Lancer's extraordinarily wide hips and huge, squishy ass. But the arousal returned, this time to make sure the woman saw to her lower body.

Tanned fingertips ran up and down inviting thighs for a moment. She'd usually invite her Master to lay their head upon them, but at that moment she was more compelled to dig into their fat and muscle, which had also been tanned from below the thighs and upward, to tickle her body and subdued the warmth. As she did so the skin there tightened much like it had around her breasts, the gap between her thighs opening substantially as enticing fat regressed but left her legs incredibly shapely.

Sharp gasps of ecstasy escaped her lips as fingers prodded the slit being concealed by her swimsuit. Not wanting to go too far in case the spell of time undid itself, hands instead slid around back to grope her behind. The back of the bikini was not sized for such a big ass, and so before she even explored she had to tug the nylon out of the crack as hands went to work.

In the meantime the footwear she was wearing softened from armor to cloth and began to creep up either leg -- legs that had shrunk subtly. Cloth dyed rich purple reach towards firmer thighs and, tighter than the flesh beneath them, caused rich and tanned skin to peek over the cusp like bronze gelato.

Because the bikini was meant to cover a specific area, space around her butt with its ample size was still pale, but as manicured nails dug into the meat and spanked her own behind, each cheek was yanked inward. No longer did there seem to be an excess of skin that would naturally sag from sheer size, no, and the pale patch was eventually covered properly by the bikini. What was left was a smaller, but still sizable behind that rippled with another spank... before Raikou regained her senses.

"What was I...?" Saint Graph still tingling, the voice that left her mouth sounded more youthful and invigorated than it had when she was gasping from lust. Her mind seemed to remain untouched thankfully, but that appeared to be the only part of her head as final changes settled into place. **"Oh dear!"** Fingers that bore little resemblance to her own caught strands of her hair as she noticed her bangs obscuring her vision. They were significantly lighter purple than she was used to, and the way they swayed suggested a fluffiness that she'd never once been blessed by.

Nose twitched as it shrunk, complexion of her face becoming softer as while her Japanese facial features remained, they became less traditionally defined. The

finishing touch was a sharp change in eye coloring from purple to dark blue, sealing her physical identity as Musashi Miyamoto while retaining her identity as Raikou. It was conflicting. As if to top of her swimsuit ensemble, the armor on her right arm thinned into a lacy, detached sleeve that also surfaced on her left, and furry cloth pauldrons rested on either shoulder, attached to the sleeves.

Then, all at once, time resumed. 'Musashi' was left staring at the bunny Artoria, whom likewise seemed confused as to why the Servant she'd invited to the stage was no longer there. "I..." But Raikou herself was oddly enough, not confused at all. The second the stage lights hit her face a duty popped into her mind. A calling. Fate, if you might. She was on stage for a reason. While she could remember her past self, this calling seemed to take precedent. She was Artoria's assistant regardless of what form she took!

Sensing the king's confusion, her beloved assistant turned to the audience and tossed her hands into the air, perky breasts bouncing as she jumped. "**Hey hey hey! Wasn't Ruler-san's trick super exciting!? Turning an old lady into a beautiful young lady!**" It was clear that aside from Musashi's body she likewise had the ronin's energy, girl bouncing all over the place. And as she bounced around, Artoria seemed to buy into this same reality. That Raikou was her assistant.

From the audience a man with fluffy white hair smirked. He was willing to go to whatever lengths necessary to see Casino Camelot succeed.