

# BEACH BABE STATUS

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hue? This display is actually pretty interesting!”**

The Illyasviel von Einzbern from the Prisma Illya universe had been poking around a traditional Japanese art display in the exhibition room of the hotel she had been staying at with Chloe and Miyu at the beachside. Chaldea had put it all on their budget, so it was nice to be treated now and again!

Chloe had gone ahead down to the beach with Miyu, leaving the swimsuit clad Einzbern to get distracted by the pretty colors of the showroom in their absence. From brightly painted murals to miniature building displays, it all seemed to reflect things that had existed in the Heian era.

**“WHA!?”** The girl had been minding her own business and she hadn’t heard anyone else come in, so it was only natural that she’d be surprised to turn around and find someone standing behind her. This display was like an art labyrinth, and she was in the depths of it. **“Oh... Nightingale-san!? Um... did you need something?”** The Berserker in question was staring at her rather intently.

Nightingale, clad in her swimsuit, stared wordlessly for just a moment before muttering something to herself and turning around to leave. **“No, not right...”** was all she deigned to say, and it of course left Illya feeling *very* confused. She was pretty sure she could hear the nurse mumbling something about her memories being strange? But the child was too off put to really react to *that*.



All she could think was ‘*that was weird*’ before continuing into the art show’s depths, remaining largely ignorant towards a tingling feeling that felt to be playing at her skin. It was easy enough to just write it off as getting goosebumps from that rather unusual encounter, at least for a few minutes.

And yet, the tiny Archer was finally forced to give herself pause in the middle of a tunnel painted in golds, yellows, and reds – incidentally the only place in the room that was free from the view of hotel cameras. **“I thought it was nothing, but things kind of feel weird, don’t they? Like when I equip a class card...”** Not that she’d been able to do that since coming to Chaldea. But this meant, typically, that there was some sort of imbalance with her mana.

**“Yeah, it’s *totes* uncanny! Hue? ‘Totes’?”** The girl’s head canted to the side after dwelling on what she’d just said. It was slang she’d heard before, but not slang she’d ever thought about using. Although not long after she’d said it, she slowly began to resemble the type of girl that *might*.

The white-silver hair was concealed beneath the cat hood of her super cute beach ensemble was the first of these telltale signs that something life-changing was afoot, for strands of gold had sprung up intermittently among the child’s usual color. They stood out in how vibrant and pretty they were compared to the almost colorless nature they usually possessed, and their shimmer only became more apparent with time.

They duplicated one after the other, slowly filling the mass of her head while each strand took on additional volume and the scent of fancier shampoos. The mane became shaggier, testing the pink scrunchies that pulled the bulk of it over the front of Illya’s shoulders with a slight perm to their waves. It all glistened so brightly, yet Illya herself didn’t really take much notice of it.

**“*OMG*, why can’t I figure... out...? *SERIOUSLY! WHAT’S WRONG WITH MY SPEECH!?*”** More slang jumped from the child’s lips at the same time as the gold from her hair found roost in not only thinned eyebrows but the irises of her eyes. In fact, the corners of these eyes pinched inward to give her face a much more natural Japanese aesthetic (*considering she was half-Einzbern homunculi beforehand*).

She didn't really know the term to describe just how she was talking at first, but suddenly a short form came to mind. *JK*. Or '*joshi kousei*', which referred to a certain style of high school girl in Japan. Being in elementary school herself, it wasn't really a term the child had been familiar with before that moment – but now? **“I guess that *totally* sounds cute? E-Eh!? No, I don't want to be a girl like that!”**

Not that Illyasviel had much of a choice in the matter at this point.

But things hadn't escalated to that point, at least not yet anyways. Instead, the girl let out a cry as a popping sensation filled her ears, leaving her temporarily deaf. She yelled out in confusion to no avail, reaching up to touch her ears only to find that they weren't there!? It was enough to make her panic for sure, but she finally was able to hear her own whining once another *POP* returned her ability to hear once morning. It seemed off though. Were things a little louder? And it felt more like she was hearing from higher up?

During the time it took her to contemplate this, the hood of her cat hoodie was pushed back and off her head by a pair of somethings that had emerged from the top of her skull. A pair of ears, vulpine by design, decorated with fur in the same gold as her hair with tufts of white in their centers. **“THESE ARE, *LIKE, KEMONOMIMI!*?”**

Almost as if she was trying to be trendy, she used the official Japanese term for beast ears while her fingers fondled the fluff. Fingers that now sported lengthened nails with purple polish brushed across them. This was a trait they shared with her toenails, though.

**“Why do I have *kemonomimi!*? I'm not an animal! But I bet they're *totally kawaii!* N-No! That's not the point!”** Speaking of points, however? One had begun to peek up over the rear of the jean shorts she was wearing on top of her swimsuit bottom. Her tailbone had extended and was *continuing* to extend, stretching out a few feet behind her. As it flicked from side to side innocently, what were at first fine, gold hairs began to sprout from its length – but only seconds later, it was covered in thick, golden fur that appeared very downy and soft.

Illyasviel's eyes might as well have had cartoonish spirals swirling around within their gold. Her manner of speech had been deteriorating more and more into further *JK* nonsense, while things she'd found strange just moments ago couldn't be further from the front of her mind. A tail growing? She'd hardly noticed, and if she had, her perceptive ability hadn't labeled it as very unusual.

Instead, the things that *were* normal had begun to seem very *abnormal* to her. “**Huh!?** Why am I such a *pipsqueak*? I’m supposed to be **bigger, right? Like a *total babe* or something! Is that right? That doesn’t feel right, but *like* it also does too. Hmm...**” What ultimately came next almost seemed like her words had triggered it all, but in the end it was really just a coincidence.

Because Illya *sprung up like a weed*. “**Whoa!?**” It certainly caused some imbalance in her posture, what with her arms and legs lengthening just as her torso was. Her pink swimsuit top, which once rested just above her navel, hardly covered even her mostly absent chest once she reached a full extra foot of height. At first it seemed the integrity of her outfit would hold regardless, but once her height had almost peaked, she began to fill out horizontally so that she wouldn’t look proportionally strange.

Even when it came to her feet, there was some significant alterations. Extended, purple nails aside, toes lengthened, and the heels of her feet sharpened slightly. It made her posture appear a little more upright than Illya was used to.

“**Eck!?**” The tension around her hips and arms was very briefly unbearable, so much so that she didn’t notice just how much deeper her voice had become with her additional height. The corners of her body wanted to break free of the cloth fibers that struggled to contain them, which eventually led to the shoulderless sleeves of her top ripping away from her shoulders, and her shorts shredding down the center on both sides as a woman’s gait before peeling off along with the bikini underneath... leaving her pelvis completely exposed. “**H-Hey! Nobody gets a free show!**”

The girl— No, the *woman*, for even her face sported a maturity to coincide with her body’s new heft, was acting a little too casual about her situation. Illya was so pure that she would have turned beat red over even her chest being exposed in public, but now she was merely giggling about it while casting manicured fingers in front as if that would effectively hide her pussy and the golden tuft of fur above it.

On the other hand, she *did* receive a spot of help from body fat that soon settled into place in all of the *right* places. Her hips, wide as they were now, had left a pretty substantial gap between her thighs, what with how scrawny her legs were. But scrawniness is only temporary. That’s probably an old proverb somewhere, right?

Almost out of nowhere, the skin around her thighs was pulled taut, for a great weight expunged it outward. Succulent in appearance, a very slight jiggle saw meat ripple around as upper legs inflated. It wasn’t *all* fat

though. Looking at her lower legs or her tummy, raw muscle had tightened the skin there – and beneath the fat of her thighs similar strength could be unearthed. That gap between Illya’s thighs was left spaceless, flesh pressing up against each other and rubbing together thanks to the stimulation the growth had provided.

Because, of course, it wasn’t limited to her thighs alone. She was lucky that her lower wear had already fallen off because the swelling of her ass certainly would have done the deed if not. Once a child’s featureless rump, before long a spark had been ignited that ultimately pulled her cheeks apart from each other before filling them to create a grand canyon of ass crack between two robust buns of muscle and fatty tissue. A seat that would dance around with a slap, an undeniable appeal point.

Last, but certainly not least, the swimsuit top that had held onto her torso by the merit of good luck alone had no choice but to rip and tear loudly, for the bosom beneath erupted with a once unexpected maturity. **“Aha! There’s my tits!”** But Illya now almost sounded like she’d been anticipating this, plump and gloss lips turned up in the corners into a smile while watching pink nipples tear through pink fabric like daggers.

The tatters fell to the floor below as more of them were struck from her top, the breasts below bouncing (*some might say boobily*) into action once they’d obtained the freedom they craved. She couldn’t help but grope them as they barreled past C-cup sizes, nipples rubbing against her palms while she rolled them around. **“Oh, wait! I’m totes in public, bad time for this!”** Until, after peaking at DD’s, she remembered her position.

While the remnants of a child’s summer ensemble remained scattered about the tunnel in scraps, the fully formed purple and red bikini, and purple and white hoodie now perfectly hugged the body of the woman – complete with sandals, sunglasses, and a star necklace dangling from beneath golden blonde hair. The woman in question, *Suzuka Gozen*, could have sworn that something had felt amiss just moments ago, and yet...

**“WTF am I doing looking at some stuffy art display!? All the cuties are *totally* down by the**



**beach, and I need to work on my tan!**” The fox-eared celestial really didn’t understand. Hadn’t she seen enough of this art during her time alive? Why come to the *beach* to stare at it when this was her perfect opportunity to become someone’s *cute, sexy girlfriend!*? That was the JK dream, wasn’t it!?

And so it was an adult Saber that emerged from the tunnel that which only a child Archer had entered, practically skipping along considering the high spirits the thought of finding a ‘*bae*’ had put her into. She had absolutely no plans on going swimming even though she was going to the beach, though. It was all about being an attention whore, to catch the eye of any potential suitors. **“Not like I don’t have the bod!”**

But something was bothering her. She felt compelled to seek a certain someone out first.