

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

CHAPTER 6: PVP



Sparks flew across the beach side. Some of black and blue flames, others of red and pink energy as two Servants clashed at speeds that would largely been untraceable by the untrained eye of a Servant or Master. One of the two combatants was BB, fresh off of changing Jeanne Alter. The other? Another Avenger sent by Gudao, this time Edmond Dantes.

He had been observing BB for a while, all according to plan. Attacking BB once Jalter had been dealt with, too, was part of the machinations of Chaldea's resistance group. Yet it was difficult to accept that the Mooncancer would allow herself to be tied up like this for long. She must have been catching on if she hadn't already. And if she had? That meant she was being overconfident and would serve them well in the end. Dantes himself was willing to bite the bullet in this fight, thinking some time as another Servant might be likened to a nice little vacation. Not being bound by the Avenger skill was something to look forward to as well.

But he wasn't about to give the girl her victory so easily. Feet dug into the sand as blue flame shone all around him, spreading out like an explosion to catch the woman in its fire, but instead she did not approach, instead firing a beam of pink and sakura petals from just above the ocean. It was surely an overabundant spectacle, a true showing of the power of a Servant.

"KUHAAAAH!" The Count of Monte Crisco gave his heartiest laugh as the beam collided with his wall of flames, his own attack serving as a barrier to ward off the woman's own. But she spared him no words as the beam's intensity grew. The attack itself did not pierce the flames, and yet sakura petals seemed to flutter in despite the fire. And Dantes? He accidentally sucked one into his mouth while laughing.

Laughter turned into the sound of the man choking a moment, BB's relentless beam disappearing along with the Mooncancer, her job done. They hadn't exchanged any banter nor had BB seemed intent on hanging around. As expected, she'd caught on, so she was likely heading for Gudao before the sun set. She'd planted a seed in the Avenger and he'd be far less of a risk in a matter of moments.

As Dantes was left to cough, trying to dislodge the flower from the back of his throat, the fact that the pitch of his voice became higher and higher with every attempt did not escape his notice. Was the flower necessary? He wondered. It didn't seem like she'd bothered using such a thing on his fellow Avenger, so in all likelihood it was just the woman playing up theatrics. He didn't know her personally, but she seemed like the type.

"Fufu, so this is my end is it?" He spoke with his usual confidence after finally spitting out the flower, but the confidence was largely a mismatch for a voice that was both girlish and shaky. He could feel BB's influence poking at his Saint Graph, and he already had a strong idea as to the form she'd chosen for him. She'd hastily sought a Servant that wouldn't involve themselves with this debacle out of fear and anxiety, and from observing others he could recognize the voice he was spewing.

Osakabehime, the princess of Himeji. She'd caused a big hullabaloo several Halloweens ago to his knowledge, yet had gone on to become one of their Masters' most trusted Servants... provided she was in the mood to help. A form that prioritized the indoors and resting? There were worse ways to spend an undefined amount of time. The length would merely depend on how successful his master was.

With a sigh he headed for a nearby changing shack, the one named 'The Changing Room' that Gudako and Mashu had been changed in earlier. There were rooms with locks on the doors in there, and it would be best to let things take their course without interruption or raising alarms. For victory to be obtained they first needed to keep the rest of the Servants from panicking.

The lock on the wooden door closed behind him, the Avenger got to work in making sure the transition was as seamless as possible. He set down his hat and glasses upon the lockers in the room's corner, likewise removing his jacket and hanging it from the hooks on the back of the door. He left his trunks on if only to see if the clothing changes would work in the same way he'd witnessed them on Jalter.

All it took was a glance back at the top of the locker to see that his hat and glasses had already changed. In their place was a pair of red-trimmed goggles meant for swimming. A summer version of the princess, was it?

All it took was a glance down at his bare chest to notice that his body was now the subject of BB's conversion. His gray skin was surely a little rosier, but what caught his eye was the evisceration of the many scars that had etched themselves across his chest over the course of his years alive. This wasn't simply true of his chest and

stomach, but the same phenomenon spread across legs and arms alike. Dantes couldn't remember the last he'd seen his skin without blemish, the last it had held the proper rosy glow of a living human being, yet both transitions had set in quickly and perfectly. The quality of his skin likewise improved, softness accompanying a glow that very quickly deprived him of the many muscles that made up his arms and torso, body of a fit man soon deteriorated to the point that it almost seemed androgynous in design.

A wriggling sensation across the man's chest brought a subdued "**Eep!?**" to cross his lips, the girlish squeal indicative of what was to come for his personality as he felt the Skills that had been imprinted upon his Saint Graph begin to flutter away. No longer at the back of his mind was there the anger and rage his Avenger class provided, his mind clear for the first time since he was summoned. The only issue was that this clarity was likewise being filled up with other things. Fears and anxieties. For a moment Dantes fidgeted sheepishly as he couldn't comprehend where he was, the next his boyish form almost frightened him as his mind told him it wasn't '*correct*'.

But the wriggling would work to correct that fear, the sensation born the moment once-gray nipples stood erect in the air conditioned changing room. Were it mere erection it would have been easy to pass it off as simply a natural effect of being half naked in a cold room, but those conditions wouldn't likewise add volume to his nipples at the same time. His areola became not only wider and puffier, but veins radiating from the nipples became more obvious as their size only continued to increase until they were roughly the size of a quarter each.

The more prominent changes followed soon after. Dantes had studied Himeji's princess and he could recall her figure was rather *well defined*, particularly in the upper area. So it was of course no surprise when the flesh beneath his newly engorged nipples began to rise like muffins baking in an oven. Veins grew darker as they found themselves running deeper to accommodate for stretching skin, fat growing each sack significantly in the place of firm pectorals that had been there prior. As they filled out, he found his posture forcibly changed while his back arched forward while standing, the size of the two tits caught in either hand so he could appropriately weigh them. --*What?* Count of Monte Crisco or no, once in a while surely everyone wonders what it's like to be the opposite sex!

The cutest, feminine "**KUHAHAHA!**" echoed throughout the room as she lifted them up and down like a child with a new toy. It was short lived though, because the changes to his Graph were picking at his mind as well. Curiosity had turned to embarrassment, which had ultimately turned to shame as he let go of his girls -- *mood?* Completely deflated since memories were beginning to pour in that made him accustomed to these new possessions.

Dantes' lips quivered as volume possessed them, size inflated as a narrower tongue tasted them to keep them moist. "**I see her memories are afflicting me! The desire to just remain in this space grows more and more!**" Or return to Chaldea now that

summer was drawing to a close. Regardless, it seemed that it was working as BB had intended.

Hands were quickly guided to his behind, which was concealed beneath his green swim trunks as he felt pressure begin to build around his waist. The band of the trunks was strained as pink flesh expanded to the sides alongside better defined bone that gave hips wider gait and suggested there was plenty of room for growing otherwise. That growth quickly came in clutch, too. Both his rear and thighs began to balloon outward at once, filling out the lanky and androgynous image he'd had down there with haste.

Roll upon roll of fate slid around his legs, each pushing the skin around it tighter and tighter as a jiggle settled in place. They surely weren't the thighs of someone fit though, not with how loose the fat hung there; this was further reflected in how despite the fact that his tummy had been stretched to meet his new hips, there seemed to be just the slightest bit of chub overhanging. Osakabehime was not known for her healthy lifestyle, so of course that was to be expected.

Butt ballooned against the back of his swim trunks and meshed into the fingers that had been grasping those cheeks. Rosy pink flesh peaked out over the top of the swimsuit a moment, but as blacks and pinks began to replace the green material it likewise began to thin and condense. Hips and thighs were left on full display as little more than a few straps were left on either side, a typical bikini design otherwise clasping the man's ass and pelvis, crunching his dick and balls uncomfortably in the front.

A soft gasp merely escaped her lips as comfort was once again returned, even memory of the cock and balls that had slid inside of her dissipating almost immediately as the woman was left wondering why she was grabbing her own butt in the middle of the changing room. Did she really look too big in this bikini!?

"I-I knew it!" Dantehime stuttered, tears welling up in a pair of Asian eyes that were now purple, once green. White hair had been spilling down either side of her head for a while now, bound into two pigtails, but as it stopped just short of the floor color swept through to give her the appearance of a youthful brunette.

She wiped a single tear from her round cheek with a finger that was both slender and well trimmed, casting a glance back to the goggles on the locker and the bikini top hanging from the door. She'd come to the beach to impress her Master, but she didn't have the confidence to go outside after all.

"I told you it'd be fine, get it together hime! Come on! I'm taking you to see Master!"

The Archer practically jumped ten feet, landing on bare and manicured toes as another Servant suddenly crashed through the door, completely snapping the lock.

In came a samurai in a bikini of her own. It was a Servant she knew well. **“M-Musashi-chan!? Were you spying on me!?”**

The swordswoman gave a cheeky grin, tossing the bikini top off the back of the door at her shut-in friend. Truth be told, Musashi had been sent there by Gudao too but Dantes had probably forgotten that. This fix would be a little patchwork, but things seemed to be going according to plan. They hadn't expected Dantes to become Osakabehime of all people but...

All according to keikaku, BB.