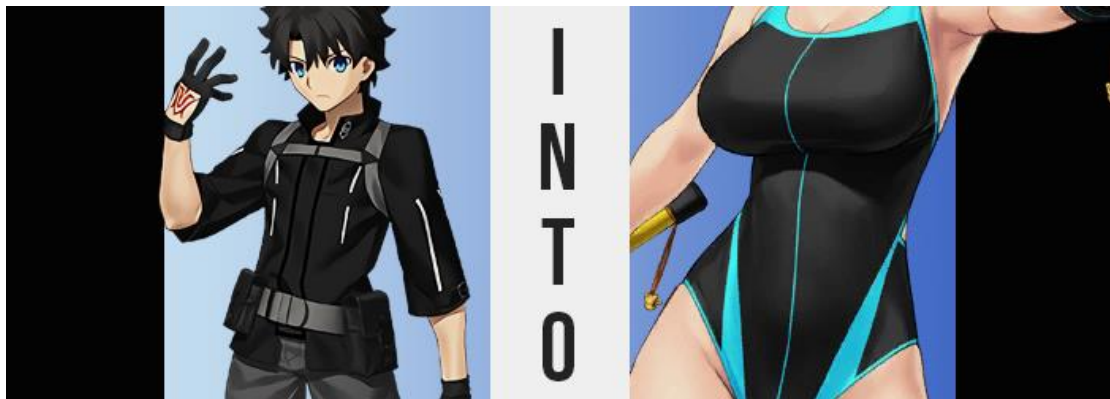


# SSR LUCK

## AUGUST REQUEST STORY

### BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ritsuka couldn't believe his good luck. For almost a week now some of the Servants had been running a raffle of sorts. You know, the kind where you spin the wheel and the ball falls out with your prize (*or lack thereof*)? The prizes weren't going to be dished out until the final draw, but plenty of Servants and staff had won lavishing prizes from the lotto. It was run by Merlin of all people, which naturally brought the integrity of the whole ordeal into question. For example Musashi had won a cruise... but they were in the Wandering Sea, how exactly was he going to organize a cruise of all things? A Singularity? Sion would have his head. Merlin probably didn't care however.

It wasn't until the final day that Ritsuka finally rolled a prize -- incidentally the same one as Musashi. The idea of a cruise sounded nice, but was this really the time to be going on one? There was so much to do, and if an emergency arose while they were away...

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Meanwhile, Merlin stewed over the winners of the glorious prizes he'd given out. The balls had been magic, blessed with a spell to make whichever prize had been scrawled across its surface a reality. The winners had been asked to hold onto those balls for a reason but... That was strange? Did he really give out two cruise balls? Technically speaking they could only fulfill the same prize once; any sequential victors would be subject to the whims of the spell to have them best accommodated in the same scenario.

"**Hm. This could be interesting.**" He could have made an effort to prevent the worst case scenario from being fulfilled, but he also wasn't the kind of guy that would

allow an amusing situation to go untapped. Regardless of the winners' fates, things would all go back to normal once the spell ended anyways so...

What was the harm?

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**"Hey!? What gives!?"** The last thing Ritsuka could remember was that he'd returned to his room after receiving his prize ball. He'd laid down on his bed to take a nap, and yet when he'd woken up he was hanging, suspended by something. If he was to take a guess he was in a closet? Well, no, he knew as much. He could feel items of clothing rubbing up against the parts of his arms that were exposed. The tips of his toes just barely touched the ground as well. In front of him, since the closet was open, he could see a tiny room with a bed and night-side table that was absolutely littered with empty instant noodle cups. The slob-induced display aside, based on how things subtly swayed from side to side... **"Is this a cruise ship?"**

It certainly matched his perceived notion of what a room on one might look like... More pressing, however, was the fact that he was being suspended by something. Reaching a gloved hand behind him found no possible culprit however, instead raising more questions than he ultimately had answers for. Was he suspended by magecraft of some sort? Is that what Merlin's prizes were being handled with? The boy supposed it made sense, and yet it did little to ease concerns about his current predicament.

**"Musashi? Musashi!?"** His backup plan was calling for the other person that was supposed to be on said cruise with him. The wandering ronin, Musashi Miyamoto. The display of cups beside the bed certainly looked like the kind of mess she'd create, so maybe if he got a hold of her she could help him out. Considering the nature of her Magic Resistance, were she to try and help him she'd undoubtedly be able to break him free.

He wiggled a little in place, toes barely touching the ground as he searched for an alternative solution in the meantime. The ronin he was calling for didn't seem to be receptive to his plight; she was likely out of earshot. The more he dangled however, the more tired he found himself feeling. And hot. He just didn't feel right in his black Chaldea uniform for some reason... and he was quickly provided an answer as to why.

Ritsuka was *swelling*. Or part of him was. It began with the sensation of his nipples standing on end and was followed up by the material over his chest beginning to push outward almost like a balloon. No, maybe not a balloon, but he didn't want to entertain the other possibility -- like a pair of woman's breasts. His hands were luckily free, and so he quickly fumbled around with the strap across the front of his shirt so that he could pull the zipper down. He didn't want to, but as the swelling across his chest became more prominent he had little choice in the matter.

The moment he got the zipper down to his navel it all spilled out. A pair of fleshy orbs that had humble beginnings, but now held a hefty weight with his fingers digging into their undersides. They continued to swell, nipples fully erect as sweat dripped down and around the expanding bosom. Without his feet planted firmly on the ground he could feel their weight affecting his balance in full force, upper body leaning forward as they swelled to even greater heights. **"A pair of breasts? That's... not possible."**

If only he knew the kinds of things that happened to him in *other* timelines.

He could only ponder why they were so abundant. You'd find a pair this size on someone like the Lion King. They weren't quite Raikou tier however, much to his relief. The nipples roosted on the tips were thick and engorged, but he mentally resisted reaching out to touch them. Despite everything he didn't feel any less cool, but he couldn't resist holding the pair of sacks up... if only because they were so large they hurt his back when they merely dangled there.

The weight, however, was only a problem for so long. At first it was almost inexplicable -- in the palms of his hands it felt as if all the weight had just floated away. Those plump nipples he'd resisted grabbing, while largely obscured by the angle he was looking at them from, were now looking very peculiar. Their tips had been so healthy and pink at first, but now they were looking... *black*? All of the color had left them, they almost looked sickly! Ritsuka would have moved a hand up from cupping them to check, but he couldn't. **"My hands are stuck?"** Frozen, more like. They'd suddenly felt very stiff, and seeing what he could peek out of his sleeve they looked weird. All of the color had left his skin as had all of the hairs. It almost looked fake. Like a mannequin.

But the darkening of his teats didn't stop even as he struggled with the realization that something weird was up with his arms. Definition was robbed from his nipples as the color bled into the remainder of each breast, spreading like wildfire across each mass. It wasn't merely a change in color however, the texture of his skin turned rougher, it raising to almost look like etched material. A scent became very apparent in the closet; nylon. Because that was what his breasts were *becoming*. The innermost edges of each tit suddenly crept towards one another, forming an eventual bridge that removed the illusion that his bosom was composed of a pair of tits. They now existed as a single entity, the upper area of a sporty, one piece swimsuit. Almost mockingly a single line of bright blue ran up the center, right where both had once been parted.

It wasn't a mere coating though, it was the tried and true reality that Ritsuka was now facing. His body was becoming clothing. A swimsuit at that. And the excess pieces? Like his arms and legs?

A set of resounding *THUDS* echoed through the room as four somethings dropped heavily to the ground all at once. Ritsuka could no longer feel his hands nor could he feel feet to touch the ground with. He could only hang there, body twirling slowly

from side to side. As his head struggled to look at what had fallen. A sinking feeling in his gut more or less knew: his arms and legs. But seeing them laying there on the ground, white as plaster, almost made him want to vomit. But he couldn't. His mouth didn't even feel wet anymore. Should he scream? His voice was lost as well.

Not all of the breasts transformed however. The very top of the cleavage was left untouched, though the bright blue from the earlier stripe now crept up and over Ritsuka's now-armless shoulders to form what would be a pair of straps. The black had continued downward, changing the parts of his body that were still obscured by his outfit. Even without legs his pants had been kept on by hips that had grown wider to better fit a woman with the body he would soon be wrapped around, but they finally slipped to the floor as said hips found themselves coated with the same slippery fiber as her upper body.

His navel rose as the black absorbed it in its entirety, leaving all but an indent to indicate that it had been well worn by someone with a consistent size. His dick? It had been left dangling there at the southernmost remaining point of his body, but one the fiber-y taint took claim of its land it was likewise absorbed into the new swimsuit, pubic hairs and all. Ritsuka's ass ballooned outward as the material slipped into his crack and yanked the gap outward so that it was little more than a subtle indent.

The boy's entire torso was a swimsuit now. It was both sporty and sexy, but still had a physical weight despite having grown lighter overall. But then all of a sudden Ritsuka just felt... *empty*. His stomach, his organs, it was like everything was melting away at once. Starting at his pelvis his body began to collapse inward, the flesh that had been holding his body together ultimately absorbed into the swimsuit's mass and leaving space in between each side. It continued upward and his tummy gave way, though with the huge breast area still inflated he couldn't see either of the earlier collapses. Finally came the tits though, and they quickly sagged inward as any fat and bone within his chest was utterly and completely removed.

A chemical taste plagued the mouth he could not speak with just moments before her was suddenly overcome by the sensation of falling. His body hadn't fallen, of course, but his point of view had suddenly shifted as his head was absorbed by the swim wear's collar. At that moment -- it was crazy. He could see everything around him, intimately feel the sway of his latex form as the ship rocked back and forth. He also became aware, finally, of what was holding him up. His straps had been supported by a hanger.

Ritsuka dangled there for some time, his mind fully conscious despite his unusual circumstances. The longer he was left alone the more unsure he became of his identity. His name? He wasn't sure. Gender? Clothes had no gender, but did thinking of himself as a girl make more sense for a swimsuit? 'It' probably made more sense but she didn't like the sound of that. Most clothes couldn't think after all.

...Or could they?

Hours later the swimsuit found a woman standing before her. She felt like the woman was familiar, like she knew her very well, but the reason? Was it more personal than being worn? No, this was the woman that always wore her. Musashi was her name right? She was fully naked, her eyes locked on the swim wear in particular, which excited the garment immensely. She was going to get worn!

Ecstasy struck the latex one-piece as Musashi grabbed her by the straps and pulled her off the hanger. She was hung out before the ronin as she slid a leg inside of her, pulling the latex about halfway up her leg before sliding the second one in. The one-piece was pulled up tightly, her entire form like a sponge that absorbed all aspects as the Servant. Wedged in the woman's pussy she could taste her warm, dug into her ass she could taste her sweat. As Musashi's arms went through the arm holes the swimsuit found herself encompassing the swordswoman's ample breasts, her nipples poking neatly into the indentations formed from repeated use.

The swimsuit was content. Hugging Musashi like this? It was the best. She wished it could never end, but it eventually would.

And when Ritsuka inevitably turned back, he'd probably be *really* fucked up.

Thanks Merlin.