

SHE SAYS BAA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



BB, in all honesty, believed that she had *really* gotten away with it.

A plan that transformed not only her Master, but that annoying kouhai wannabe Mashu Kyrielight into a pair of mindless farm animals! It was the perfect plan, really! Use another Servant, in this case Artoria Pendragon, to bring them along into the combat simulator. It had been easy enough for the Mooncancer to convince her that a *farm* might be an appropriate place to visit, seeing as the Lancer was typically mounted on horseback during combat.

Next? Enact a piece of programming that could trap someone in the simulation described, rendering them incapable of escape at the cost of their humanity. It had been deliciously easy to do something this delectably evil in a digital setting seeing as that such a thing was well within her abilities as a hyper-advanced Artificial Intelligence. Her Master had been turned into a horse, and Mashu? Well, she would be spending the rest of her life as a dairy cow. It had all gone off without a hitch until...

“As the only one who remains that knows of this, I’m afraid I must make you a part of it as well, BB. Now which farm animal would you like to become? Or should I pick *for* you?” *Eh?* What was going on here? Mashu’s transformation had just culminated, and BB had appeared to check up on her while claiming to arrive to ‘check up on the horse that Ritsuka had become’, but no sooner than she had taken even a step into a nearby paddock, Artoria had made such demands of the AI.



BB blinked. **“Know of what exactly, Lancer~? I’m just as confused about how this is happening as the next person! Of course I’ve speculated to you, but...”** None of it had been accidental, not in the least. And she was fairly sure that somehow Artoria had come to realize this.

She *had*. After her Master had been transformed into a horse, Artoria had met with Ganesha. She wasn’t really sure what that Divine Spirit’s history was with BB, but it seemed that there was *something* – that in some capacity they had both hailed

from the Moon Cell. Ganesha knew a thing or two about hacking, and had managed to infiltrate the system while BB wasn’t looking, giving Artoria control over the phenomenon. Even now, both Ritsuka and Mashu had begun to return to their human forms.

Artoria offered no response, and she didn’t need to. BB noticed Mashu reverting in the corner of her eye and immediately pulled up the panel she was using to control all of this. *Only to find that her access had been revoked.* **“U-Umm!?! I don’t suppose you still believe that was all an accident, right? You wouldn’t have a need for vengeance, or to punish me? That would make you just as bad as me, right!?! So of course you wouldn’t stoop to such lows!”**

Her plan foiled, she had been so quick to resort to groveling, even getting down on her hands and feet on the grass to show just how ‘sorry’ she actually was. But Lancer? She was merely tapping her foot against the ground. **“We’ll be returning those two to their original forms, but who knows what kind of mental scarring this experience will leave on them. Do you really think your apologies are enough in this case?”**

“Uh... Yeah? They’ll be fine! I guarantee it! So there’s no need to... Huh!?! Eh!?! What’s with that look on your face!?” Artoria was smirking, because BB had just played herself. Before changing her they wanted to make sure that there would be no permanent damage. Now that they knew that it *wouldn’t*, she had far fewer qualms with punishing the AI using the same process she had utilized to try and dethrone their Master and Mashu.

“That’s good then. Enjoy your time on the farm, BB. At least you’re already on all fours, so that will make it less painful for you.” The golden-haired Servant turned her back to BB and closed the paddock door behind her as control panel appeared before her.

BB was at a loss. **“Weren’t you going along with my plan!? You intentionally made Mashu a victim, right!?”** She called out after the Lancer, but the truth occurred to her all on her own. Artoria had just been playing along with her? Why!? That was so mean! On second thought, it didn’t really make a lot of sense for a woman with such a noble heart to cruelly change her companions so easily... She had been bamboozled!

And now she was going to pay the price for it.

The AI couldn’t be sure, but as she continued to call out to the Lancer, she could tell that it was becoming increasingly simple for the golden-haired woman to ignore her. Was she truly steeled in her act of cruelty, deserved or not? No, as she continued to call out, the reason did eventually click whether she liked it or not. **“BAA!?! BAA! BAAAA!?! BAA!?!”** While from her perspective she had been speaking the human language, in reality she had been bleating like a goat or sheep against her will.

Try as BB might, she wasn’t able to shake this. *That damned Artoria... Or was it Ganesha!?! I knew I shouldn’t have lent that shut-in the power of a Mooncancer!* Either way they had targeted her most powerful tool first: her voice. The purple-haired woman honestly believed that she could talk herself out of any situation no matter how dire, and yet that had been stolen from her.

“BAAA!” Out of sheer desperation, she attempted to push herself back up onto her feet so that she could give chase. Voice stolen, she still knew how to communicate via sign language! Maybe she could hack the terminal and steal it back from Jinako somehow!?! But all of these hopes fell just as flat as her hands did against the grass once more, no sooner than she had tried to stand up in the first place. Why!? Was her balance off? No, her body’s proportions had yet to change, she could see that looking back! But... *no*.

Given little to stare at other than her own two hands, the woman’s violet eyes were pulled wide at the sight unfolding before them. The tips of her fingers appeared to be *strange*. It wasn’t difficult for her to piece together just what these signs, consisting of hardened, black tips, entailed, seeing as she was already bleating instead of talking. But *knowing* didn’t make the idea any less terrifying. That she was becoming some kind of *animal*.

It was karma at its finest, and while BB knew this it just pissed her off *more!* Why did her plans always backfire at the last minute!? She could curse her luck all she wanted though, that wouldn't change what was happening to her hands – and what in fact had already happened to her feet (*leading to her instability in the first place*).

Her fingertips now fashioned with hard, black keratin that poked out of her gloves, they had absorbed her fingernails into their own bodies as the skin of her fingers continued to harden downwards. She was robbed of her ability to bend them at her joints for the joints themselves stiffened to become one with the hard keratin, and before long those fingers began to bend together – with her middle and index fingers fusing with her thumbs, while the other two split off on their own to create a V-shaped chunk. The sides rounded as they then merged with her palms, creating the irrefutable image of, well...

Hooves. And with their completion, her gloves were left in tatters.

BB shuddered at the sensation of feeling them hollow out on the undersides, but strangely enough she could not bend her elbows in a way that would be easy for her to examine this. “*BAAAA!?*” She could only assume the worst, and was wary of trying to move with her limbs now, evidently, changing just as her hands and feet had. In fact, the woman almost buckled without taking a single step.

The cause? The joints around her elbows had shifted, almost appearing more swollen than they should have been. While the joints *had* engorged, they had also swung around backwards so that her elbows were essentially inverted – meaning her arms could now bend in a manner similar to her legs. It didn't really help the fact that, standing as she was on all fours, her ass was hoisted unreasonably high into the air though.

It was an uncomfortable posture to maintain, which was why it was almost comforting to feel that posture slowly correct itself. But this was only possible because her arms and legs alike had begun to shorten. Her point of view grew closer and closer to the grass patch she was standing on as a result, and while her limbs weren't of even length *before* their regression, they certainly were now.

Am I seriously becoming some kind of farm animal!? This is seriously pissing me off! She couldn't exactly say it was undeserved though, but that didn't stop her anger from escalating once she lifted her front hoof and noted just how *strange* it all felt. The lack of working hands certainly came to be an issue not long after, for her entire body began to burn with an itch that quickly became unbearable.

Because BB was still clothed, it wasn't difficult for her to identify the cause. Not only had a light, white fur begun to spread up limbs that were growing bonier and bonier with each passing second, but beneath her leotard, skirt, and cloak? The fur that was growing wasn't as subtle. She could feel every nook and cranny of her outfit being stretched as a soft, yet very voluminous wool grew from her skin. It peeked out from every available crevice her clothing allowed, making her torso look rounder and rounder as it swell.

Until finally? Her clothing began to rip and tear. It wasn't the fault of the wool alone though – and in fact that wool didn't have the integrity on its own to do much more than force the odd strand out from between the fibers of the binding cloth. “**Baa!?**” No, BB could tell the cause more significant and had to do with the broadness of her torso's figure.

Her bones were hardening and bending, transforming her figure from that of a pretty, young woman to that of a bulky, yet slightly smaller in size animal. It was most noticeable in her gut at first, tummy swelling and pushing out the base of her white nylons until a wool-covered surface was left bare, and yet just before her groin something appeared to erupt. Four points emerged at the base of her tummy, pink and rubbery – and those points quickly swelled in thickness and length while bare flesh beneath them rounded into four bumps.

They were teats. They did not contain any milk at present, but they were the teats of an animal, nonetheless. In exchange, as the peak of her torso swelled and rounded, her big and beautiful breasts inevitably deflated until her nipples, and all of the fat beneath them, disappeared into the softness of her new body.

I can't... let this... No! I...! BB soon noticed something else. It was growing harder for her to string together sentences in her mind. Conscious thought was becoming complicated, and her overall IQ was slipping dramatically. Her body was nearing completion now though, so perhaps it was simply *time*.

To those ends, the AI's ass had begun to deflate just as her tits had. There was no real definition to her rump when all was said and done, and instead her asshole and pussy were left entirely exposed in the back. Flies had already begun to collect nearby, but she was soon spared by the emergence of a stubby, fluffy tail that erupted from her tailbone. It was enough to passively swat away any unwanted visitors.

“**Baa!**” BB hadn't noticed it before, but wasn't the grass on the ground in front of her somewhat *appetizing*? With most of her body transformed now, the program finally deleted her clothes to reveal her

sheepish (*literally*) figure. She almost looked like one of those creepy cute things, like Alpacaman. Yet with wool sprouting out around it, her neck showed signs of lengthening in slight, broadening at its base while the purple of her hair not only shortened dramatically but curled into the very same white wool that the rest of her body was.

Without thinking, perhaps because she could hardly muster an intelligible thought any longer, she lowered her neck towards the ground. But her mouth? It didn't reach *at first*. "**Baa!**" A pulling sensation on her face sought to fix that, pulling her nose and mouth forward as a thin, white fur spread across her facial features. Her nose flattened and her lips turned leathery the more it was drawn into a snout, and as a side effect, her eyes were not only forced onto the sides of her head, but they lost their purple until they were only a pair of beady bits.

By the time her teeth were able to chomp down onto some fresh grass, her tongue had practically doubled in length. Her teeth? They were thicker and composed largely of gruff molars that were perfect for rolling the grass around again and again within her mouth. Just munching like this? She felt satisfied. But she was thirsty, too.

Paying no mind to just *when* it had appeared, the AI pranced over to a nearby water trough as if this body was something she was accustomed to – acting only on instinct. And as she lowered her mouth down to lap up some water? The final piece of her humanity was bent, for ears that had been buried in the wool that was once her hair pulled longer, becoming a pair of white sheep's ears that twitched in response to any insects that flew by.

"**Baa?**" The *sheep* bleated nonsensically after raising its mouth from the water trough it had dipped its lips into just moments before, the creature largely ignorant to what was transpiring just outside of her paddock. Her mind was far too simple to think of much of anything, as shown by the fact that she not long after lowered her head to chomp on some grass, chewing it slowly before trotting along to the next patch.



BB held no recollection of her misdeeds nor of the identities of the people outside her gate. She only knew to eat, sleep, and to poop and pee as needed.

She was a very *clean* sheep, however. Her coat of wool was surprisingly fluffy and well-kept, something that might as well be expected of a prized farm animal. In fact, in the settings Ganesha had tripped, she had turned BB into a beautiful, award-winning specimen. The only mercy she would afford the AI that had orchestrated all of this nonsense in the first place.

“I can’t believe I was a horse for a YEAR. I had... I HAD A BABY, DIDN’T I!?” Both Ritsuka and Mashu were naked after regressing back to their human forms, huddled up together under Artoria’s cloak as they observed the sheep with curiosity. Their memories? They were vague, particularly for Ritsuka who had existed within the simulation for a year’s equivalent, even if it was only a day in the real world.

Artoria appeared dejected. **“I apologize, Master. While BB was the mastermind, I still bear responsibility for what you endured.”** Had she not listened to the AI in the first place, none of this would have happened.

“Well, no harm, no foul.”

Fortunately, no one had been turned *into* a foul.