

# DRAKE'S SHIP(GIRL)

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Combat simulations were a very useful tool for the Chaldea Security Organization.

By entering a simulation room and choosing from one of the many scenarios available, the Master of Chaldea could enter the digitally constructed space along with any Servants of her choosing to both train *and* farm. In terms of improving the strength of their forces with minimal risk it was probably *the* best way to do things. But at the same time it wasn't like it was entirely risk free either. It wasn't like they were leaving their real bodies behind and diving into a virtual reality.

The simulation room pulled them into the simulated environment in terms of both body *and* soul. Any pain felt in this space was real and any harm would be carried back to the real world with them. It was for that reason that no one was allowed to tamper with its schematics. In a worst case scenario it might have been possible to trap someone within this realistic digital space if not just delete them outright.

**“Senpai~? Don't you think a little more firepower would be sufficient in a situation like this?”** That was why it could be *extremely* dangerous to bring certain Servants into the simulation room unless they were being properly monitored. Among those Servants was *BB* – and for all of the reasons you probably would have expected. She was a high level artificial intelligence who had already had her way with the Moon Cell in the past.

If there was any Servant in all of Chaldea who could *easily* manipulate the system from within it was *her*. And in fact she only hadn't because whenever she was sent into the simulator it was usually with someone

who was specifically tasked with keeping an eye on her. But in *this* case? On *this* expedition? She had been asked to accompany Ritsuka Fujimaru and Francis Drake at the last second. There hadn't been any time for that role to be filled and she had been allowed in on her Master's 'trust' alone.



On the final wave of enemies there had been a little *hitch*, providing BB with her chance to make an 'innocent' suggestion. Because the training exercise had been decided last minute, Ritsuka had only been able to bring in two Servants instead of the usual six. Drake and BB herself were probably enough to avoid anything *too* dangerous and that *had* been the plan with the simulated opponents. But something had suspiciously gone wrong.

The last wave of enemies was far stronger than intended and Drake was struggling alone. This gave the Mooncancer an opportunity to make her proposition so that they weren't defeated. "**Maybe we need a little boost? What about having Drake use her Noble Phantasm~?**" Which on its head sounded like an entirely *normal* suggestion to make. Noble Phantasms didn't need to be sat upon and could be wielded freely, but...

"**Oh, y-yeah. Maybe?**" Ritsuka's intuition was raising a red flag. Probably because it was *BB* making that suggestion. It was only natural to use a Noble Phantasm in a situation like the one they were in, but her enthusiasm for the idea was troubling at best. Was it possible that she really *was* up to something? Could the increased difficulty have been her fault in the first place? The Master was well aware of the possibility but she was *also* aware of her words.

She had invited BB along and told the artificial Sakura that it was because she *trusted* her. What kind of Master would she be if she went back on that because she felt a little suspicious? What could BB even do if Drake used her Noble Phantasm? Logically speaking it didn't seem like there was any reason for that to be a trigger. "**Drake! Noble Phantasm time!**"

**"ON IT, MASTER!"**

**"BB HACKING!"**

The pirate's Noble Phantasm activated, but rather than summon her ship as she was supposed to? At that very moment Ritsuka began to feel a touch *sick*. **“Urk!? What’s happening...!?”** Had BB shouted something at the same time as Drake had activated her most powerful ability? Her head was throbbing and her body was aching – it was honestly extremely difficult for her to concentrate. Drake shouted something back at her, but she couldn't really hear – and in the end the Rider was forced to clash with the gigantic oni attacking them anyways.

But the reason she had come over so ill so suddenly? *Mana poisoning*. Drake's mana hadn't been used to summon her ship as she had intended. *Someone* had redirected its flow so that it recoiled back into Ritsuka's body. The Command Seals on her hand faded as the illness began to fade away, as her body began to *adjust* to the Noble Phantasm-tainted energy that had been surging through her body. But she still hadn't managed to piece any of this together. It was hard to think. It was hard to *move*.

Regardless of what was happening though? She knew BB *must* have been behind it.

**“Er... Wait. I wasn't supposed to direct the flow *that way*. Whoopsie! Um... Senpai? Things might get a little weird for a moment? I might have had a *little oopsie!*”** What made matters worse that whatever seemed to be happening? While it *had* been at BB's hand, it seemed that it hadn't even been *intended* by her. Not even the AI herself seemed to know what was about to happen. Instead she ran over and reached a hand down to touch her Master as she tried to help her up, but... Pulled her hand back immediately as a burst of mana jumped from Ritsuka's body and into her own. **“Uh oooooh...”**

The Master had collapsed to her knees in the meantime, her torso swaying from side to side as her body attempted to grapple with the energy swirling within her body. Her head felt like it was *throbbing*, and for a time she thought she had been developing a terribly migraine thanks to a pressure building above both of her eyes on her forehead, but...

***CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!***

**“GRAAAAH!?”** The pressure gave way, but only because *solid mass* was emerging from her forehead. Golden chitin reached towards the sky from her forehead, beginning as bumps and eventually stretching higher with an unsettling cracking noise akin to the sound of sticks being stepped upon. They were *clearly* horns, but the left one stopped growing after only five or so inches. The *right* one? Not only did it grow to nearly

*vice* times longer than the left one, but it branched four times before it finished growing. **“Horns? I have horns...? Why do I have horns?”** Ritsuka had reached up to grab them between labored breaths.

Fortunately for the woman the discomfort that she felt was beginning to dwindle away, but panic and confusion were building now that horns had extended from the top of her head. She hadn't even *noticed* how her canine teeth were longer and sharper mind you, both traits giving her a vaguely *inhuman* impression. Thankfully that was the *most* monstrous that she became visually.

But as she soon realized, *whatever* was happening to her didn't both start *and* end with those horns. The Master could feel her hair tickling her shoulders and reached back with both hands to touch it. **“Uh...?”** Only to find that the hair she was touching? It was straighter and silkier than it *should* have been. She grabbed a handful and pulled it over her shoulder and it was *really* pulled over her shoulder. It fell to her hips before her very eyes. No, it was *still* growing!?

**“BB!?”** Ritsuka whipped her head around to glare at the Mooncancer who was looking off innocently to the side while whistling to herself. She *did* watch her Master in the corner of her eye, but that only made her worry more. After all? The eyes that Ritsuka were glaring at her with were darkening in color until they were purple. More than that? The young woman didn't really look like she was *Japanese* any longer? Her eyes had lost that almost shape and were rounder now. They looked like the eyes of a *Caucasian* woman. **“What did you—? Ugh...”**

Things went in BB's favor and Ritsuka abandoned her attempt to berate and question her as another wave of unease wracked her. This came with another changed to her hair as roots darkened to black, but before long that raven coloring swept all of the way through to tips that would have reached her *ankles* if she hadn't been sitting on her knees.

**“Ara ara~! I really don't... Why did I say that? What...? What's wrong with me...?”** What was she, the big sister character in an anime? She knew that she *wasn't*, but *facially*? She was really acquiring a 'big sister' feel to it all, albeit one that felt vaguely *off-putting*. As her eyes already suggested it would, her face's shape had been conforming to the new idea that she was a European woman instead of an Eastern one. This mean wider cheeks yet a longer jaw. Plumper lips and a sharper nose likewise contributed. But in the end? She looked a little *older*, like she was closer to the tail end of her twenties.

And her resting expression, while passive? There was something about her eyes as she looked around. They moved erratically and she began to *smile* a little despite everything she was going through. Was it because it

seemed so unnatural? No, it was almost like she was spacing out, like her mind was going places no normal mind would go. “*Heehee!*” BB continued to observe her in the corner of her eye, getting more and more uncomfortable about the situation *she* had caused.

“*Urk...*” Ritsuka groaned again, her voice now soft and airy compared to how it had once sounded. While much of the discomfort she had experienced thus far had finally subsided now that the mana had altered her body at its core – with an entire *Saint Graph* erected within her soul – adjustments still needed to be made to her flesh and those adjustments all affected the fit of her uniform.

Her top was being lifted because her *spine* lengthened. In theory she was getting taller, about *four inches* taller in fact. But because she was on her knees? It didn’t fully come across in the same way as if she had been standing. Her skirt lifted a little higher in her lap and her arms jutted farther out of her sleeves, but an exposed tummy best showed this jump in height.

Ritsuka’s head rolled on her neck in a disorienting way so that she could look down. “**Something else... changed? Am I bigger?**” She was on the right track, but simultaneously switches were being flipped within her mind. Like different memories were being hooked up, and those differences triggered a change in the direction of her question. “**No. I’m not big enough?**” The original question had been posed in relation to her body’s height. The second one?

Her *breasts*. And it seemed that asking that question hadn’t been as odd as it had sounded as the base of her shirt and jacket were lifted higher. Not because she was getting taller *this* time, but because the space *within* her garments was becoming more limited by a swell of weight beneath her nipples. Her tits were growing larger without any consideration for the outerwear that bound them and the victim? She didn’t appear to find their growth all that out of place at all. “**I should make room, shouldn’t I~?**”

Lengthened fingers (that now sported black nails) were shaking from the new stimulation she felt as Ritsuka managed to unhook the straps of her jacket and unzip it properly. Her boobs were already as big as her *head* and spilled out with her black undershirt just *barely* reaching past her nipples by this point. Quivering hands groped herself, stirring a comforting warmth between her legs. As she gasped in elation her breath had been briefly visible, which spoke to just how *hot* her breath had become as tits reached gigantic *K-cups* and sported nipples bigger than her eyes.



Her arousal wasn't at all helped by a similar accumulation of mass beneath her waist. Not as her hips jolted wider to alter the posture she was using while resting on her knees. But that posture continued to change thanks to her ass and thighs alike. Both regions went the way of her tits and started to swell, and with the way she was sitting both regions pushed against each other to lift her natural seat while panties dug into her pussy and crack. "*Mmn...*" Ritsuka licked her lips, no longer thinking about discomfort whatsoever.

But she also didn't have time to pleasure herself as the clashing of Drake with the oni snapped her back to reality just in time for what she was wearing to be stripped away. It scattered into golden particles and allowed bare tits to bounce for a moment without cloth to bind them. Cool air also tickled a bare, shaved pussy. But those mana particles were quick to reconverge in a new form, dressing her in a long, black dress that essentially amount to little more than two thin flaps of cloth overtop tits and a tummy that were otherwise *bare*. A golden amulet hung from her neck and the skirt reached her now bare feet otherwise.

**"Heehee~! Why are you so worried, my dear Drake? Allow your ship herself to deal with this hideous foe for you!"** With the final adjustments made, the *Golden Hind* finally stood up from her knees once more and pointed her gaze at the huge oni that the Rider was fighting with. She presently recognized Drake as her 'owner', but Golden Hind's own nature? She had become a manifestation of Francis Drake's Noble Phantasm contained within the body of a Rider-class Servant herself.

And strangely? Drake didn't even seem to question it – making way for the horned woman to loom disturbingly before their foe. **"Ara ara? It's odd to see you struggle against such a weak looking foe!"** That unhinged quality to the sound of her voice that her permeated throughout her transformation came across as even more unsettling now. Even the giant oni seemed to regard her with caution as she raised slender fingers and pointed them at the monster as if to command *something* to take them down. But those somethings didn't *immediately* appear.



But they would.

**“W-Wait... So I turned senpai into Drake’s Noble Phantasm somehow? But she’s clearly a Servant. And what about that excess energy that had flown into me?”** BB was trying to process what had just occurred before her very eyes. This was bad, right? So she had to tell someone. **“Ith I toldth anthyonth... GRK!?”** And yet the Mooncancer was slurring her own words and eventually choked on her own tongue. A tongue that felt thicker in her mouth and was *wriggling around?*

BB’s eyes went wide as her tongue emerged from her mouth... but it wasn’t a tongue *at all*. It was the tip of a purple tentacle that was growing out of her mouth. No, not *just* there. Her fingers and feet wriggled, her body eventually flopping onto the ground as her body exploded into a mass of wriggling tentacles that were fastened to the ground and eventually disappeared *into* the ground.

They reappeared at Golden Hind’s rear, erupting to grab and impale the oni foe, having grown even bigger than the monster themselves. These tentacles *were* Golden Hind’s Noble Phantasm, and BB had been entirely assimilated into their being. **“Heeheehee! See? So easy! AHAHAHA!”** And now this meant that...

There was absolutely no one who could explain what had happened in the simulation room.

But she didn’t care! When she got back she really wanted to use her tentacles to pleasure herself!

...Poor BB.