

# IN-KIRA-BLE

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“What is *this*? You really don’t have any taste, do you Elizabeth Bathory?”** BB, as always, had been on patrol for the sake of causing problems, and the pink-haired Lancer never disappointed when it came to providing situations for the Artificial Intelligence to poke fun at.

Having wandered into the cafeteria, almost one third of all of the seating had been pushed aside to make room for a crude, tackily put together stage that rested against the back wall. It looked like it could fall apart at any second, and to hide that face it had been dolled up in a plethora of gaudy Christmas decorations. Was it that time of years already? For a brief moment the Mooncancer’s mind wandered, wondering if she should trick her Master into going out for a Christmas date.

Well, even though she had asked about the stage, it was pretty clear what the purpose was. The Lancer was dressed up in a Santa dress that was, admittedly, quite cute, and she had an earpiece on. Elizabeth was planning on performing, which also explained how vacant the cafeteria was considering it was dinnertime. Even now she could see Servants grabbing food from the counter before disappearing back into their spiritual forms so they could escape unnoticed with the dragon prepared her venue.

Elizabeth merely rolled her eyes as she continued to bind tinsel to the base of the stage. **“Go away, BB! I don’t need you buzzing around me! You’re just going to tell me I can’t sing again! I’m over all of your negativity!”** Not that she’d really bought it in the first place. Perhaps one of the Lancer’s weirdly endearing traits was her ability to ignore absolutely every piece of negative criticism ever given to her. It

was truly an astounding trait that would have been far more impressive if the fourteen-year-old wasn't also so silly.

On the other hand, BB simply clicked her tongue. **“What!? I would never!”** She absolutely would and had multiple times in the past. Elizabeth was one of her favorite targets to bully, and nothing would ever change about that. **“I was just thinking: I wish there was someone here with some *real* talent!”** Clearly it was just another comment to try and get under the wannabe idol's skin, but the phrasing had resonated with something.

Elizabeth's Santa costume had a golden star decoration dangling from around her neck. Back turned to BB, so the artificial intelligence couldn't see, neither had nor could take note of the fact that this star had begun to glow. Because it wasn't simply some cute accessory the dragon had found in da Vinci-chan's workshop, it was a *legitimate* wishing star. And considering, because of Liz's concert, both the lizard and the AI were the only two in the cafeteria? Her 'wish' would lead to some very unwanted changes.

BB's eye twitched not long after making that statement in an attempt to upset the younger Servant. **“Hey! Are you even listening to me!?”** Usually, a comment like that would have evoked a cry of some sort from the dragon, but it was like she'd been flat out ignored. **“Helloooo? Earth to the worst idol in the world?”** Almost concerned, she reached out to tap the dragon's shoulder... but ended up coming into contact with some kind of barrier. **“What the!?”** What *was* this? Some kind of miniature Bounded Field? Cause aside, it was clear that whatever it was, it was the reason her words weren't reaching Elizabeth.

The Mooncancer's mind kicked up its processing speed as the girl it belonged to did her best to pan out any potential causes for this phenomenon. Was it something she could break free of using her abilities? Was it the effect of some kind of magecraft then her natural Magic Resistance should have dispelled it the moment she'd touched the barrier, yet no such thing has occurred?

But all of her processing power? It suddenly cut out with a loud and surprised...

**“KIRA!?”**

Not only had BB been forced to blurt out something completely embarrassing, but she'd made a strange pose as if born from habit at the exact same time. She'd held out her left hand and bent it at the elbow, holding up her hand and bending in every finger except her index finger,

pinkie, and thumb. Like it was some kind of meaningful symbol. **“What the hell!?”** She quickly corrected it though. The girl had almost felt filthy doing that, like she’d forcibly joined Elizabeth’s little idol club. Really, though? That wasn’t exactly too far from the reality of the situation. She’d wished that someone here had some real talent as far as being an idol was concerned, and since Elizabeth had been established to have *no* potential talent? Well, then there was only *one* other option.

And that option? Her color scheme was being forcibly altered, even if she hadn’t noticed on her own just yet. If BB had noticed, though? She likely would have described it as something like *‘ARE THEY GIVING ME A P2 COLOR SCHEME!?’* – or something along those lines. But acknowledgment or not, the reality of it didn’t quite change.

BB’s eyes were the first to go. Her characteristic purple darkened to a crimson that, well, wasn’t all that unfamiliar. When she was feeling particularly menacing, she could activate those eyes and turn them red normally – but this? It was a permanent affair that could not be changed no matter how hard she tried. It was a change intrinsically linked to her abilities as an artificial intelligence. Or rather? Linked to her losing them. Her digital manipulation grid went down and that? BB certainly noticed. **“Why can’t I connect!? I should be able to... to... What was I...? What?”**

While trying to remember just what she’d forgotten (*she knew it was important, but?*) a wave of color had found itself into her hair. From the tips that dangled to her ass, all of the way up to her perfectly trimmed bangs. This color wasn’t a shade of purple though and wasn’t even the same red as her eyes. Instead, it was a green that felt fittingly Christmas-y considering the theme of the concert being set up in front of her.

But no, BB *didn’t* notice until it was too late. Not until the staggering weight of it all was quite literally lifted from her shoulders after a gentle tug of her head backwards had coaxed her into it. **“Huh!?”** She’d reached back to pull her hair forward to see, but... she’d gotten a handful of air instead!? No! Bringing her hand up a little she finally found it, but it was cut *way* too short. By that point, her eyes had gone cross-eyed. Not because something physically was wrong with her (*well, something kind of was?*), but because she could see her bangs dangling down in the center. **“Green!?”**

Perhaps it was good for her emotional state that she’d yet to notice the softer, yet more *unique* sound of her voice.

The Servant certainly wasn’t wrong though. Her hair had become *very* green. Not only that, it was oddly styled so that it fanned out to the sides

but was short in the back. And, when she became emotionally distraught or excited? Those flaps on the sides seemed to fan up and down almost like ears. Even though they *weren't*.

**“Okay, BB. Calm down. You can... BB? Is that my name?”** She wasn't sure anymore somehow, like it both hit the ear wrong and right at the exact same time. This was part of the greater mental rewrite that turned the unfamiliar into the familiar, and the familiar into the unknown. Forget about BB being an artificial intelligence because she absolutely *already* had. Most of her technological knowledge had already bled out, only to be replaced by knowledge that would be equally important to her in this new life. And yes, that earlier '*kira*' had been part of it.

In the meantime, BB's Sakuraface trait was basically removed by force. Her red eyes? They seemed softer than any expression BB ever would have (*authentically*) made, and that was more of a theme now. Her cheeks, her nose, her lips? They were *all* a little smaller and all the rounder in design for it. There was an inherent adorableness to her face now, the kind of cuteness that would easily provoke you to root for her when paired with a more earnest personality. And, *well?* BB's ego was being gently massaged in that direction.

Then came the inevitable: *the great collapse of 2020*, as no one but this narrator would ever call it. There was nothing wrong with BB's figure from a subjective standpoint, but it wasn't exactly ergonomic nor did her astoundingly ample curves quite match her rounded face. So, the verdict? According to the wish some downsizing would soon be in order.

It began with her breasts, sadly. As if to strip her of the last remaining Sakura-like thing about her body, the two tits slowly began to diminish. They never sagged or anything of the sort, for the skin tightened around either sack consistently as it was brought inwards all of the way into a pair of meager handfuls but considering her costume it definitely left the front of her leotard hanging there sadly, unfulfilled.

And then her ass took a similar approach, right along with the girl's hips and thighs. The back of her skirt lowered little by little as the fat in her rear diminished, leotard bottom ultimately hanging looser until BB's ass was taut but teeny. It certainly didn't demand attention, but it wasn't *nothing* either. Still, it would probably look rather good shaking a poufy skirt. Paired with narrower hips, a more realistic waistline, and thighs that were thinner yet enticingly firm-looking in their own way, and one could safely say BB's appeal had shifted from '*cute but sexy*' to '*simply cute*'.

**“What am I wearing? Why is it so big...?”** BB, or as her mind was now abbreviating her own name, *RL*, was confused. She had chosen these clothes herself, hadn't she? But they didn't fit her proportions at all! Particularly not as her height shrank, and the already immense leotard seemed better suited for a giantess by contrast.

A lot of the finer details of her body had been changed as well over the course of the shift. Her pubes, for example? They'd been dyed green, but it didn't matter since she kept that space silky smooth. There was too much resistance while *dancing* to have them too long, so this was just preferable. Her feet had also shrunken a bit, and the soles of her feet? Despite being a Servant, they'd grown completely callouses from a plethora of rehearsals and shows.

But that didn't really sit right with *RL*. Dancing? Shows? Why was she doing those things? Her eyes were wide, stunned, at least until she set her sights on the pink-haired girl with horns and the stage she was constructing. **“Oh right, I'm an—”**

Before she could even finish her sentence, the girl's clothing began to realign itself with the sense of fashion for the career she was just about to speak of. Her skirt lightened to orange as it fanned out into a number of frilly layers, with a ruffled, creamy yellow layer fluttering out below.

That same yellow made its way into the tightening leotard top, though, since it turned into a loose, sleeveless top held to her shoulders with orange straps. If she moved a certain way her midriff would have been easily spotted, but that was part of its appeal. A small, detached yellow sleeve on each upper arm and red ribbons around her wrist accessorized the ensemble along with matching red ribbons in the back of her hair and on the bottom left of her skirt. Finally, white thigh highs and brown heeled shoes decorated her legs and toes, orange ribbons dangling around her ankles.

**“—idol!”** Yup, she was definitely an idol! Even if she was still relatively inexperienced, she had made waves throughout the universe in such a short time. Her name? The *RL* stood for *Ranka Lee*! *'Kira!'* was her signature phrase! It all made sense now! **“Elizabeth-chan, do you need any help setting up?”** Everything made sense now. She was Elizabeth's idol senpai, and they were running a Christmas concert that night! It was a little unfortunate that Liz was still a little rough around the edges, but even now the room was filling up with staff and Servants excited to watch them perform.

Well, they were excited to watch *Ranka* perform. Some things couldn't be altered by an unintended wish.

*Like Elizabeth's lack of talent.*