

TABLETOP REALITY

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Elizabeth Bathory (Brave) had plenty of reason to be suspicious. BB had invited her to play a game along with the other Servants that had participated in the Moon Cell Holy Grail War within Chaldea, and she was acting as a stand-in since apparently her Lancer self was too busy gallivanting around too occupied to join. There was plenty of reason for the Saber not to trust BB. She was a liar. She was a cheater. She would do whatever she wanted to in order to entertain herself.

Even at the cost of others.

“A tabletop RPG? Like that... what was it? Darkrooms and Doggos?” The dragon girl wasn’t even remotely correct on that guess, but she did have the right idea. Everyone had been given what BB called a “character sheet” and sent to private rooms connected to the game room in order to fill them out. When Robin had asked what they were supposed to put exactly, BB had just told them to fill it out with their own information.

Wasn’t that kind of boring? **“It’s a character so I can design her however I want, right!? Plus there’s all of these sections... Like height! If I want me character to be a confident six feet tall, who is BB to stop me!?”** Puffing her chest out with pride, Elizabeth jot down this magical height number that not even Carmilla had achieved.

She continued to fill it out with her dream form in mind. Age? 28! Height? *Six feet!* Breast size? *Suuuper big!* Butt? Also *suuuper big!* But when she got up to the name she was stuck. Should she just call herself Elizabeth like always? Considering how she was trying to spit all over

BB's game however, what she settled on was actually a joke. She wanted to make the others call her something stupid! Something as stupid as 'Elizatit Assory!', to match her character's huge boobs and butt of course!

But as she was busy scratching down her chaotic take on this game, the room around her began to change. Lights dimmed as a chandelier provided candlelight from above, window opening up behind her as the walls and floor all turned into the wooden planking of an RPG tavern, a medieval city opening outside.

BB had meant for this to be more than just a tabletop game, and the sheets were more than just reference pages. "Huh!?" In her stupidity, Liz only even noticed because the pen she'd been using was suddenly a feathered quill. "**What is this!? Where is this!?**" Had she rayshifted? No... She knew how that felt! So this was still Chaldea, right? But it totally *wasn't*!

The girl threw herself up and onto her feet, the cool sensation of her armor clacking against her tiny breasts and her groin shocking her as it always did before she wandered over to the window. This wasn't Csjete, either. But there was a card on the old table beside the window. One very clearly written in BB's handwriting.

Welcome, *Elizatit Assory!* You'll be getting into character now, so just sit back and relax! Thank's for participating in BB-chan's Wild Tabletop Adventure!

"**Geh--!?**" The dragon couldn't help but let a surprised shock squeak out. What did this not mean by 'get into character?'. Like did she have to respond to 'Elizatit' from now on? Was it just some weird acting procedure? Really though, wasn't Elizatit Assory a good proper name? Sure, people made fun of it considering the coincidences, but that was the name she'd been born wi-- "**NO IT ISN'T! THAT'S NOT MY NAME!**" Why had her mind even *wandered* there!?

She'd been stomping around while making a fuss, and with the window a new addition to the space she hadn't noticed at first, but *now*... Wasn't the window sill a little lower? "**Huh?**" She'd set BB's note down there, but it definitely looked to be farther down than where she'd set it. Just a little. Wait... a little more!?! Was it falling!?! Was the window falling!?! Liz stretched out her hands to try and catch the falling window, but reality hit her like truck-kun the moment she got a good look at said hands.

Her hero's gauntlets weren't on right? They usually just slid up her fingers with the crimson armor covering her forearm and black latex running up to just beneath her shoulder, but that wasn't where they

were resting. In fact, the latex had fallen as low as her elbow, and the way the armor was holding her forearms and wrists was *way* too uncomfortable. **“Did these things shrink?”** But reach one arm to the wrist of the other provoked a realization. Nope! They didn’t shrink! Her arms were longer, and the window wasn’t falling! **“I’m getting bigger!?”** Even her voice was a little deeper now, because it wasn’t merely height. After all, she’d written her character’s age as twice her own.

With awareness now a power she possessed, Elizabeth could make more sense of her physical change. For example, her height had shot up significantly. Always a short girl that made due with using her horns to say she was taller than she was, she’d already sprung up into the higher half of five feet and was barreling towards the sixth foot she’d recorded on her character page. She wasn’t just pulling up, but filling out as her growing age was not one meant for a twig-like waistline and thinly crunched shoulders. Both had splurged outwards with an obvious tilt towards the mature.

Hips tested the metal clasps of her armored bikini bottom, as did her butt as it filled the back cup in a way that had never filled before. Honestly the steel, hero’s bikini Brave was was designed for a woman with much larger proportions than her own, but the backside was filling it in nicely. The architecture of her torso followed as her stomach was pulled wider to match the gait of those hips. Navel fell deeper as her gut became meatier not in an unhealthy way, but it was more substantial in the sense that a woman in her twenties would be in a different developmental state than her early teens.

Broader shoulders tugged at the clasps of her steel bikini top, pulling the cups against her tiny tits... or they should have been tiny, but said cups quickly filled up and then some. It didn’t take long for age progression to give her a more mature rack, one that she looked down at in awe, but much to her dismay it didn’t quite reach the heights of Carmilla’s. **“Hey! We’re the same person! Why did it stop there!?”** Elizabeth’s voice certainly wasn’t as squeaky as it used to be, but clearly growing older had done nothing for her personality. It had given her a more mature face though. Lips were surprisingly thick and pronounced, and her eyes were no longer so wide, settling for a narrower design that better suited a leaner face.

The way her steel boots clenched around larger feet was a problem, as was the way her pauldrons no longer sat properly on her shoulders. From an outfit point of view this was a disaster, but... **“Am I really older though? A young woman with a nicer figure! It’s not ridiculous, but surely master would take notice of me with a**

body like this!” That would be a plus. Well, if she ever got off BB’s wild ride. There was no way her Master could ignore *Elizaitit Assory!*

WAIT, THAT STILL WASN’T HER NAME!!!

Liz was forgetting about the rest of the character form though. Namely the measurements for her womanly figure. Appealing as she was now, they surely didn’t live up to the level of ‘*suuuper big!*’.

At least, not until her body was forcibly knocked forward, the dragon almost crashing into the wall in the process. “***HYA!?***” Her chest had begun to throb uncontrollably with the beat of her heart. Each thump only served to make standing upright harder, and reaching a clawed hand down to her top brought reality to the situation. The metal hands that held the cups of her brassiere in place were creaking and moaning as tension pushed them to their limit, because the mass of her tits beneath was growing exponentially abundant.

Elizabeth’s nipples were held in place by the cups, which had become incredibly warm as arousal struck and sweat began to formulate across her body, but just because they were pinned did not mean more growth couldn’t occur. Creamy flesh pushed with increased tension against the steel, their mass still growing more with each beat of her heart -- a heart that was growing increasingly more panicked by all that was happening. When it became clear that the clasps would not break, the flesh had no choice but to start crowing around the cups, bubbling over and outward as each sack became uncharacteristically swollen. “***NO! WHY ARE YOU SO BIG! I CAN BARELY... BREATHE!***” The dragon was trying to stuff them back into place to no avail. JJs? Ks? Just how big were they!?

Were this embarrassing discomfort only present in her bosom, maybe she could have dealt with it until she made BB reverse it, but the bikini bottom that had fit more comfortably before was also under a great deal of pressure as ass cheeks bloated. The front of the steel bikini bottom was pressed painfully into the front of her groin, rubbing against her adult pussy with an unbearable pressure as cheeks pulled the front back by stealing all of the covering’s attention. It didn’t take long for her ass to become bigger than metal could contain, and it slid down a little to leave ample ass cleavage poking up over the top with her tail, now longer and thicker, smacking around over-top.

Nothing about her figure looked fake. These weren’t implants, it was *all* natural and so the effect of gravity did make things sag a little. But their weights posed a big problem for Liz. Her body felt sluggish: moving to the side saw those cow tits sloshing around, each step sent an arousing ripple through ice and thighs that teased her genitals. “***What am I***

supposed to do...!?” All she could muster was sitting back down on the wooden chair she’d started on, but her fat ass could barely rest on the seat without some flesh lipping over the sides. **“BB!”**

“Oh, you finally called? I wondered when you’d try?” As if on cue, the mischievous AI’s voice rang out as she appeared beside the wooden desk, back to the wall. **“That’s a nice look for you. Were you going for ‘living hourglass’? I suppose you’re going to ask me to change you back?”**

“Yes!”

“Nope~! What you wrote on that sheet is reality now! Well... unless you win this game session! I wouldn’t count on your odds though, not when there are so many athletic sections and you look like running might end up with your own boobs smacking you in the face. Haha!”

Elizabeth wasn’t buying it though. **“You’re joking, right? This is just one of your authorities! Change me back!”**

But BB knew she’d be persistent. It was fine. It was easier to break the Saber this way. **“Okay! But only if you can tell me your true name!”**

Was that all? It was easy enough! **“I’m *Elizatit Assory*, duh! Uh...”** No, that was the name she’d written on the sheet as a joke! **“I’m... *Elizatit... Assory...? Elizatit! Of course I’m *Elizatit Assory!****” Every attempt made to correct herself was met with her mind accepting it with newly found ease.

BB just giggled and clapped her hands.

“That’s right! You’re *Elizatit Assory!*”

GAME OVER