

FUCKED UP BEACH DAY

JULY 2022 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Summer was here, and that meant that Chaldea in all of its entirety was clamoring over what would unfold over the course of the summer months. Every year without fail there was some sort of incident that plunged the Masters into chaos, and both of the Masters had been mentally preparing for these events to ultimately ensure. What terrors would they face? Which Servants in swimsuits would make their noses bleed? It really all was a mystery up until the moment that it happened.

But unbeknownst to the pair of them, the events had already begun to unfold in secret. They just weren't at the forefront of them – at least not *yet*. Instead? It was Mashu who would come to deal with the initial ramifications of what was about to unfold. Or perhaps it would have been better to say...

She would ultimately become the source of it all?

Mashu Kyrielight had been keeping to herself, honestly. She knew full well that inevitably something would happen in August or September, and admittedly? She hoped that she would be apart of it. Being left alone at Chaldea while her senpais were whisked away on a beach adventure would have been *terrible*. She wanted to go with them! And so she kept close to them while also keeping her distance, not wanting to look too suspicious.

To those ends she had followed them into Chaldea's storage room that day. It was more of a warehouse than anything what with how big it was, and it was certainly ample enough in space that she could keep close while also not being detected. She just needed to linger around a

different part of the storage room than then – which had proven difficult since the two siblings had ultimately split up in search of some items that da Vinci-chan had sent them in to acquire.

The shelves were lined with items. Some were among the mundane, like spare dishes to be used in the cafeteria if any of the existing set were to break, or perhaps supplies in case of a power failure, but there were also shelves containing more remarkable items as well. Objects that had been salvaged from Singularities, Lostbelts, and everything in between – all probed by da Vinci first to make sure they weren't dangerous, of course.

So nothing on the shelves *should* have been hazardous. Unless it had been placed inside without properly being vetted, anyways. Which ultimately ended up being the case regarding a bright pink stone that had been salvaged from Ooku back in the day. It had remained within the storage room for years, but it had also been corrupted by an exterior force. The same force that had placed it there. This item could have remained in the storage room forever, completely undisturbed, and yet...



“**Ah!?**” While peering around the corner at one of her senpais, Mashu had unintentionally shaken one of the shelves. Fortunately not *much* appeared to fall from it, but the only thing that *had*? It was the pink stone, and it shattered the moment it hit the ground. “**Oh no!**” The Shielder was quick to try and pick up the pieces, but she was more concerned that one of the siblings had overheard the item falling and would come over to check, outing her.

Desperately she tried to scoop up the fragmented stone, paying little attention to the light that appeared to be seeping out of it. Or, likewise, how they felt warm in her hands. Strangely? Their weight seemed to lighten more and more too. Until Mashu noticed the issue. “**Where did they go...?**” They had disappeared as if into nowhere! But that wasn't really the case. She had absorbed them. Or at least? Her *Saint Graph* had absorbed them.

And she very quickly began to feel *unusual*.

It was a difficult feeling for her to place. She felt both tingly and warm simultaneously yet was fairly certain that neither of these feelings could be *good* if she considered the cause was the broken gem. If only she had known just how correct she was this early on, because? Bright pink markings had begun to emerge against her skin. Three evenly sized dots down the center of her forehead, while a big circle framed by two lines

appeared just above her breasts. Not that she could easily see these, for her bangs hid the former and her clothes the latter.

These markings would have been immediately recognized as trouble if she had taken notice, but that hadn't been the case. "**Maybe I should find senpai...**" She'd out that she had been watching them, but if she was in any real danger, then... Escaping her notice even further, her eyes had not only begun to glow a dull gold, but their shapes had narrowed so that they appeared inherently Japanese as well in the interim.

Structurally, this wasn't the only change of significance that could be caught upon her fair facial features. What could otherwise be considered as somewhat 'plain' quickly developed into something more eye-popping, with her lips bloating up and her cheeks becoming slenderer. Even her nose took a sharper hook, and as brows thinned they also appeared to darken to black. This left her face to not only not resemble Mashu Kyrielight's, but it also appeared older as well. Like substantially so, as if she was in her early thirties.

The black that had appeared in her brows was quick to make a resurgence as well, painting the violet hair atop her head in its color and, just as notably, seeing its length grow. Not slightly by any means. Rather, the growth was *substantial*, for it not only spilled down her back but fell as far as her feet. Given time, some of the locks turned to a bright pink, giving her new mane a layered look. And when it came to her bangs? They were parted in the center to show off those new dots on her forehead.

"Why do I feel so...? Did my hair get longer? No, I suppose I'm...?" The woman appeared to be strangely confused about her situation. By all means, she absolutely *should* have recognized the strangeness of her hair for what it was, but something deep down reassured her that it was completely normal. Not only that, but it provoked her to remove her lens-less glasses and discard them nonchalantly.

Before long, Mashu was practically biting her lower lip. Not because she felt *bad*, that most certainly wasn't the sort of face she was making. Rather? She felt *good*, *aroused*, and it was thanks to a combination of the warmth and a growing tightness when it came to her clothes. For one, she had grown just a little bit taller (*which in turn left her hair's length to appear just slightly more reasonable*), but much of the pleasant discomfort radiated from her figure itself.

And the Demi-Servant didn't even bat an eyelash at it. Instead? Fingers got to work poking, prodding, and grabbing at her own breasts and ass. "**Mmm...**" She had very quickly gotten lost in the sauce, so to speak, and

it was very out of character for Mashu. Not so much for the woman whose face, hair, and height she had acquired though. **“Ohh, this feels so good!”**

Her voice deeper now, she had plenty of reason to lean into this arousal. For one, the stronger that arousal grew? The lewder her body became. Fingers sank into the fatty meat of her tits through her black dress, their sizes swelling and practically doubling in the meantime, and this growth lifted her skirt so that her rear end was easily accessible for a second hand.

The growth her ass experienced was similar, distorting her slightly endowed rear until it was as plump as a peach. Excess mass dribbled into her thighs *from* her butt, seeing them become plump as well – and the two regions growing together ultimately forced her hips wider apart, until her figure was that of a sexually appealing woman. One that didn't quite fit into the clothes she was wearing.

Not that this seemed to be a problem for long. Her head glazed over with ecstasy; she hardly questioned the fact that her clothing began to wriggle across her body. Her tights bound themselves to her dress, which largely became just as translucent and morphed into an armless body sock. Otherwise, a black bikini bottom slid beneath over her shaved pussy, and a matching top with the Chaldea symbol in white on her right breast appeared over her chest. There was also the pink tie, and the officer-like hat that now housed hair that was tied into a high ponytail. But she also had fingerless gloves, and soon found a strange baton in her right hand.

“Mmm, now isn't this nice?”

While somewhere, deep down, Mashu Kyrielight still existed? There wasn't any sight of her in the lewd, officer-like swimsuit clad woman that existed in her place. Instead there was only the scheming, sexual *Kiara Sesshouin (swimsuit edition)* holding a pink baton.



This baton was actually composed of the very same material – and magic – that the broken stone was and was throbbing with a pink glow in her hand. It was just the right shape to use as a sex toy, she most certainly couldn't deny that, but... **“Oh, I understand. Fufufu... You still thirst for more, don't you?”**

After giving her tits a little stroke with her free hand, the woman held the baton into the air. And its light? It filled the storage room.



Gudao had been perusing the shelves of the storage room in search of the items da Vinci had sent both himself and his sister to seek when a bright, pink light had temporarily left him blind. “**What the—!?**” And this was *after* the sound of something breaking deeper in the storage space had left him a little suspicious that the two of them weren’t actually alone. Nonetheless, the light had him staggering backwards, almost knocking over things on a nearby shelf himself.

There was something about that light that had left him feeling *unsettled*. But he was all the more so when he realized his boots weren’t resting upon the solid floor of the storage room. No, it took a moment for his eyes to adjust, but... He was outside? On a beach? With no one around? “**WHERE AM I!?**” Naturally offput by this, he looked around frantically. He really couldn’t see anyone else, but this beach had clearly been set up for recreation...

Wasn’t he supposed to be here relaxing?

That thought didn’t make much sense, did it? He wasn’t supposed to be here at *all*, and he’d had no plans of going to the beach just yet. Nonetheless, trying to take in his surroundings, he hardly noticed that the vision through which he was doing so had become much keener than it typically was. Nor that the eyes through which he was perceiving it all had suddenly taken on a crimson color as opposed to their usual blue.

Gudao felt warm, but he had honestly just chalked it up to the fact that he was standing outside in an outfit designed for cooler climates at the end of the day, because that certainly made the *most* sense. But the truth was that it burned because something had been installed within the core of his body. A Saint Graph. A Spirit Core. Things that *Servants* typically possessed, not Masters like himself.

“**Ungh!?**” An alarming pain suddenly radiated from the young man’s groin, forcing him to buckle over and grab at his own crotch through the fabric of his gray pants. “**What was... It’s gone!?**” It had been so sudden that it had left Gudao momentarily disoriented, yet they eventually realized something rather alarming. *It* was gone. Or, that is to

say, *her* dick had disappeared, and a woman's pussy had opened between her legs in its place. "**No way!?**"

Had she really just become a woman? *Why? How?* Gudao was shocked and confused, but the heat her body was generating grew hotter and hotter, until suddenly? *Her clothing caught flame.* All of it. Every piece of clothing burst into blue flames that quickly dissipated, leaving her completely exposed and gawking down at the absence between her legs. "**Crap!**"

She reached a hand down to cover her loins, not at all noting how the hand that had down so bore long, purple nails and had become fairer overall. Such was a phenomenon that was plaguing the Master's body in general though, for muscle mass disappeared so that her body was soft and perky rather than toned with strength. This left her arms and legs thinner, although in the lattermost case? They didn't remain thin.

Or at least her *thighs* didn't. Their skin paled slightly as it was pulled tightly around burgeoning weight, and excess hair on them and her body on the whole having already burned away with the flames that had eradicated her clothes. These thighs grew plumper and plumper, and Gudao's red eyes went wide as she observed their swell – and felt her posture change once they forced her thighs apart.

"**I'm growing...**" Somehow she didn't sound quite *as* panicked as she had when this had all began, and watching herself grow more attractive? It left her feeling *powerful* in a strange sense. This was because the sensibilities in her mind were being altered, even if her understanding of who she was had not changed. Lewd things would have typically made Gudao uncomfortable, but watching her thighs rub together now... Well, the sexier she became, the easier it would be to seduce people, wouldn't it?

Distracted by her thighs, she hadn't quite noticed how her ass cheeks had risen in a similar fashion. The depths of her ass crack were now uncharted, and the perky shape of that rear would easily catch the eyes of any gawkers – particularly if she ever chose to adorn a pair of tight pants.

With the woman's hips widened, the curvature of her tummy had already become more pronounced than ever. But in pinched in a little more substantially at the sides, bringing the swing up to her chest to be more defined. Which appeared to be intentional, for slenderer fingers ran past nipples that were far perkier and more swollen than they typically were. This soon culminated in a surge of weight from beneath them. "**Oh...**" A weight that perfectly formed a pair of pale, perky, D-cup tits.

The woman stopped short of fondling herself – and she *was* a woman and not a girl. That could readily be seen in her figure, but if you stole a glance at her face you could easily tell that Gudao had grown slightly older. She better looked the part of a woman in her late twenties, and in the same vein she didn't look like Gudao at all, either. With plumper lips, wider eyes, and a fairer nose... No, she looked more like a *Sakuraface* than anything.

This impression was helped once her hair flattened and fanned out behind her, black lightening to a pale purple on the surface once it fell to her ass. The underside of these locks, however? Magically, they began to reflect the cosmos themselves. A pattern that was also seen in the loose-fitted cloth that appeared from flames born from her own body. This cloth fell *around* her tits, leaving her breasts exposed – yet blue flame not only hid her nipples, but wrapped around her pussy like a bikini bottom as well.

Not exactly the most conventional swimwear.

A hiss escaped the woman's lips as she examined her body. Unlike Kiara, she had not *completely* succumbed to her new memories, although the *personality* of the second half of the matching Beast, *Kama*, had cursed her into the foulest of moods. **“Just what in the blazes happened to me? I've become Kama of all things?”**



She couldn't deny how beautiful she was, clad in a bikini of flames. But this was a bikini meant to woo her Master! But she was also her Master deep down! This was terribly confusing!

Well, she supposed if she applied this knowledge to Gudako, then...

“Actually, where is Master?”

She had meant to refer to Gudako as her sister, though.

The ginger-haired sister had very much found herself in the same situation as her brother. There had been a blast of pink light, and then



she had found herself on a beach in clothing that very much was *not* suited for it. “**It’s so hoooot. But how did I get here? Where is everyone?**” Truth be told, it had been the same case for both Gudako and her brother. They were actually standing on the exact same beach several feet apart from one another, yet they couldn’t perceive each other’s existence for *some* reason. Nonetheless, this wasn’t the full extend of how alike their situations were.

Just as Gudao had, the feeling that she was *supposed* to be on this beach for some reason were plain. She got the strange suspicion she was supposed to be relaxing? But it also wasn’t in her nature to do such a thing. What’s more? She had a strong desire to *play*, almost as innocently as a child. *Almost*.

She’d been on the verge of dismissing these strange feelings entirely, but a strange warmth had begun to radiate from the depths of her soul. Gudako immediately recognized this for what it was, or at least it’s nature. “**That can’t be good...**” Between being warped onto an unfamiliar beach and a strange feeling welling up from within, just what was she *supposed* to assume?

She quickly realized she was right in her assessment though. “**Hey, wait!?**” Because once that warmth had reached its peak, the world around her had suddenly begun to grow bigger. Or perhaps that wasn’t quite the case, so much as it was a case of her getting *smaller*. Almost as if she was being treated like fruit in a dehydrator, her height and figure alike began to unravel, and the former led to her dipping below the five foot mark.

Which, naturally, wreaked havoc on the fit of her Chaldea uniform. Her arms were all but swallowed by the sleeves of her jacket, her gloves fell off, and her boots had slid all the way up to her knees. This was without mentioning her gray skirt, which ultimately slid off her waist – because there was no mass to her lower body to keep it in place. Her ass and thighs had both lost all of their maturity, and in their place she now had what could be counted as the beginnings of puberty. Although, on the other hand? The same could be said of a chest that was now little more than a pair of A-cups.

“**I didn’t just get smaller... am I younger too!?**” Smaller as she was, her voice was also shriller. But even then, it didn’t quite sound like *her own* voice either. She held out her hands, examining them with

confusion. Her skin seemed fairer and much more youthful, and if she considered how waifish her figure had become, then... How old was she? Probably not even a teenager yet... But staring at her fingers? She also noticed that her nails were painted with a pink color that she would typically decorate them with. In fact, they didn't really look like *her* fingers at all.

While she couldn't see her own reflection, if she had been able to? She would have immediately understood just why that was. Not only did the shape of her eyes change, but her orange irises had deepened to a dark red as well. Structurally, thin lips and rounded cheeks were altered so that she no longer bore any resemblance to a Master of Chaldea, but to a young girl of a different background. In fact? She looked like the younger counterpart of the woman that her brother had become.

Gudako's hair even inherited the same pale violet, although her hair did not grow but instead shorten into a bob. In the end, she looked like a young Sakura Matou. Albeit one possessed by a Divine Spirit. **"This is stupid. I'm..."** Not one to typically complain, her heart felt plagued with agitation now – almost like it was inherent to her character. **"I can't even move in these stupid clothes!"**

Once this agitation reached its boiling point, the clothing she *was* wearing was quick to scatter into golden particles, which in turn reformed against her body. Because these clothes were a part of the Spirit Origin she had unknowingly received. In the end? She was left clad in a two-piece swimsuit decorated with tropical flowers, a matching flower crown, and an innertube that bore the same pattern.

Seeing her clothes, her identity clocked into place.

Well, at the very least her desire to play about as a child certainly made sense now, seeing as she couldn't be much older than *twelve*. **"Oh!? Why am I... Why am I Kama?"** It was undeniably true. That she was the youngest ascension of her swimsuit Spirit Origin, short-cut hair, floatie, and all. She could still remember her past life, but the more playful persona the young Kama presented with had completely painted her personality now.



She hardly had much of an opportunity to think on it though, even as she flexed tiny fingers before her hand. It

wasn't something only *she* felt, but the older Kama that was standing invisibly on the same beach felt as well. There was like a strange *pull* that not only took hold of them physically, but also spiritually as well.

“WHAAAAAAAAAT!?”

Until the pull reached such an intensity that the pair flew through the air at each other, eventually colliding into a burst of bright light. When that light cleared? There was only a singular Kama. A teenaged Kama in her swimsuit, looking around with confusion. **“Why do I feel like I was just hit by a truck?”** She held her head and clicked her tongue as if to try and dispel some manner of spell that had been placed upon her. **“Didn't I come here to get away from that stupid nun...?”**



The swimsuit-clad Kiara had been a real thorn in her side lately, and after being invited to the beach by her Master, Kama had seen it as a good chance to escape. But these memories... They made something clear. Any remembrance of being someone else was gone, and both of the other ascensions had been blended in to a singular existence. There was only one summer Kama now, and she saw herself as herself alone.

Kiara was actually nearby, watching from behind a rock.

“All's well that end's well? Fufufu...”