

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

FINAL CHAPTER: ENCORE!



“You can come out now, da Vinci-chan! I know you’re there!” BB hissed after Medb parted the rooftop, gaze trained on the exact location she knew the Servant to be. The pool. It was the only hiding place on the building rooftop, though that wasn’t why the Mooncancer was so certain. Da Vinci had made her presence known, and it seemed she wasn’t incorrect.

A single hand became visible as a cloak was tugged off the body of a young girl with brown hair. The child’s forehead shone under the light of the setting sun as she stood atop the water on a pair of roller skates, defying all of gravity’s laws. **“I see you picked up some tricks in that body, but you’re weaker aren’t you? How are you planning on fixing everything like last time?”** As far as BB knew, this Rider was not as strong as the Caster that predated her, nor was she literally the same Servant. She was once again underestimating her opponent, unaware that she would soon be becoming an opponent that would always be underestimated -- *for good reason.*

“That would be the logical conclusion I suppose, but my predecessor left some stopgap methods in place that even I would be able to operate. Turning them all back will surely take a little longer, but when it comes to clipping the wings of one mischievous little AI, I suppose...” Da Vinci raised her right hand into the air and snapped her fingers, but what came next couldn’t wholly be perceived by the intended victim of the spell that had just been activated.

Saber Alter, the automated doll, Bradamante, Osakabehime, and the Medb that was only halfway down the stairs of the hotel at the time. All at once magic crests began to burn on their foreheads, mana being channeled upwards towards the sky. Golden particles began to gather in the center of a swirling vortex of clouds directly above BB, but... *she noticed.* Were they idiots? Of course she’d notice!

Without even giving da Vinci the time of day, the tanned fiend suddenly dashed at high speed through the sky, expecting to get far enough away that whatever came from that vortex could not strike her. She got as far as the beach when a crackling sounded from the clouds above and a beam of golden light sailed not directly downward, but across the cityscape like a homing beam.

BB changed her course, but so did the light, and inevitably she was caught up in its rays. Surprisingly there was no pain from the impact, but every magic particle in her body had stood on end the moment it had hit her, ability to fly suddenly clipped from her repertoire. And, with nowhere to go but down, she crashed into the sand like a falling star.

The beam was transformative of course, but it didn't have an intended form in mind for BB. Instead it was set up to read her memory and give her a form that was both non-threatening and one she would absolutely despise as punishment. Unsurprisingly, it was a Servant she'd had annoying, incessant dealings with in the past.

"Owowowow! What was that!?" Rising from the sand, BB rubbed a gloved hand across her head in an attempt to alleviate some of the pain she'd felt from the impact. She had a feeling though, and it wasn't good. The particles that composed her body were tied to her Saint Graph, which meant they'd decided to give her a taste of her own medicine... again. The last time it had happened she'd become a human shut-in and she still loathed thinking about that period of time.

...could they have come up with something worse this time? **"Huh? Did I get these from landing?"** She was referring to a set of small bumps that seemed to have begun protruding from either side of her head. They were oddly centered on either curve coming down to the side of her head, and there was an uncomfortable pressure beneath them. Touching them was... sensitive.

Likewise there was a third bump, although this one wasn't on her head. After landing in a pile in the sand she'd rolled onto her back and hoisted herself up into a sitting position so BB couldn't really see it yet, but a small bump began to poke out at the bottom of her spine, right above the behind that was now chaffed by the sand she was sitting in thanks to losing her cloak during her fall.

"Ow!" The exploration of the bumps on her head ultimately led to pain as one of the bumps grew a point and stabbed her in the finger. Not enough to draw blood, but definitely enough for it to hurt. **"What the? These couldn't be..."** Gloved fingers began to prod the bumps more carefully. They were growing larger, beginning to protrude farther out of her head. But that aside? They had... *a texture*. It was hard like bone and yet there were grooves upon their surfaces; grooves that slid upward as more and more bone jutted out. **"HORNS!?"** That was the natural conclusion. Their shape, met with the growing weight upon her head certainly seemed to suggest something was growing there.

You see BB was panicked for a reason. The pool of horned Servants was laughably small, and it was largely dominated by monsters and oni. If her fate was to be an oni that would be one thing, but that pool was also made up of five girls that made her skin crawl. Elizabeth, her Halloween variants, and the Mecha-Elis. And boy did she hate all five. That lizard was always bumbling around like a fool, an idiot that prattled on about being an idol like a mindless drone!

Would being an idol really be so bad though?

"YES!" Alone on the beach with the sun having practically completely set on the horizon, the Mooncancer yelling at herself surely would have triggered some red flags if anyone was watching. Well, da Vinci was watching. *Quite comfortably* from far away in fact.

It was around this time that something thudding repeatedly against the sand behind her tore BB's attention away from the horns she was quickly beginning to sport. Without a way to check her reflection she couldn't see that the obsidian points were spiraling atop her head, nor that the purple hairs at their base were taking on such a vibrant, girlish pink, but these things were outside of her control anyways.

She practically gave herself a jump scare as she realized the thing thudding behind her was in fact something wriggling. The shock was enough to make her jump to her feet, but the source of the sensation merely followed her up because it was *attached* to her. Still growing, a scaly, black tail had emerged and snuck out from the hem of her one piece, a pink force at the end flipping from side to side as it grew longer and longer, meatier and meatier. **"No. No! NO NO NO! I'm not becoming that lizard!"** BB was naturally angry, and that anger erupted as one of her hands went to grab the new appendage at the base.

Or well she'd tried, but even touching the tail gave her a shock of pleasure!? *Was that kid's tail really this sensitive!?* **"GAH! I'm going to kill all of you! The second I change back, I swear I'll KILL--!"** A monumental voice crack brought the woman's screams up to a shrill, piercing pitch, the vibration it created enough to easily shatter glass if there had been any nearby. Elizabeth Bathory was known for her potent vocal breath attack, and so BB's lungs had merely adjusted to accommodate.

But what came next was a whimper. Pushing past anger, acceptance was showing signs of kicking in next. The sound of cloth shredding could be heard as, all at once, the nails upon BB's fingers suddenly erupted not only into points of pink keratin, but that keratin spread across the tips of every finger to turn them into sets of claws. Naturally, the gloves were on so snugly that the piercing tips could only shoot through the cloth, and she was left struggling with pointed fingers to remove what had clung on. **"How do these damn things work!?"**, she huffed again as keratin clacked against keratin, fingers suddenly a terror to use.

The tail behind her had grown long enough to slap against the ground behind her despite standing, a reaction it was giving in response to its owner's mood. Even the

obsidian horns atop her head had reached completion, choppy pink locks replacing the smooth purple hair that had once decorated her head and framed her face. Said face was likewise reaching a point free of recognition. BB the AI was modeled after a Japanese girl, but her eyes had become wide with both shock and natural design as the almond shape left them, purples reflecting the blue of the ocean as their new natural shade. Her jaw had softened, in part thanks to the fact that her body was regression in slight age wise and in part because of her new European lineage, and puffy cheeks just made her all the more expressive as she couldn't help but pout.

"This sucks! Of course this had to happen to me of all people!" Still complaining, those complaints were becoming weaker to say the least. Her choice of words more childish, her insults less insulting, like a kid hurling whatever they could on the playground. BB was also beginning to boil over with selfishness. Not that she lacked any selfishness of her own, but it was growing more intense, to the point that she was losing sight of the problem.

She was more focused on her bad luck now rather than how her plan had failed, but that was largely because said plan was beginning to slip from her memory. In its place? Thoughts of doing a Halloween concert as soon as possible, of how she wanted to do some beach-side vocal training. **"Noooo! THAT ISN'T ME!"**

Arms flailed, body dancing around like an idiot as she found it to be the only way to express her panic. She, sadly, ended up falling flat on her face in the sand again as her sense of balance was disturbed by her own swimsuit. Her body frame, short of losing height, had barely been disturbed thus far, but it seemed the inevitable was about to happen as the cups of her bikini grew cold and firm, ultimately pulling against her heaving breasts to the point that fat had nowhere to go but pool around the metallic brassiere that formed from the accumulation of white polyester that melded together and left her upper body bare.

As the cups squeezed harder and harder her breathing became difficult, then it would ease up, become difficult again, rinse and repeat. The size of each tit was quickly diminishing to keep up with the more restrictive brassiere, nipples chaffing against steel until her breasts could hardly be called such anymore. **"No! My boobies!"** She whined with immature dialect as they sunk even smaller than the cups could contain, leaving the cheap RPG bra dangling freely to the point that anyone looking at her from the side would likely see her tiny, strawberry nipples.

Legs fared no better as cold steep clamped her wide hips into a more reasonable breadth, what remained of her swimsuit crushing her butt cheeks until they were pale imitations of their former selves, freezing metal not only shimmering under the light of the rising moon but chilling the genitals that had nothing between them and the iron. **"Aa!"** It was such a weird sensation that she could do little more than cry out.

BB struggled tirelessly to keep her identity from sliding away. Her anger? Confusion had replaced it, as it had any recollection of falling out of the sky, or turning her

Masters into Servants. She thought she'd come to Hawaii on vacation! To perform! *But I'm BB!* She wanted to frolic with her deerlet! *But I'm BB!* She wanted to sing her heart out! ***BUT I'M ELIZA(BB)ETH!*** Elizabeth... Elizabeth... "I'm... Elizabeth?" It probably looked like a dumb comment since she clearly was - though a very tanned Elizabeth. It seemed the tan BB had earned under the summer sun hadn't left the new dragon child, even as pink diamonds dotted her legs and a tiara took form across her head of pink hair.

She was Elizabeth Brave, more specifically, and since she still hadn't gotten a summer version this was the best she could do! She'd left the pauldrons of her armor back in her hotel room so she could move around in the summer sun, and had decided to put on a performance for the masses at sundown, but...

"WHY DID NO ONE SHOW UP!?" Was it because she was all sandy? Well... She had taken a rather embarrassing tumble on the beach while setting up, and maybe her fans didn't recognize her with this tan!? She'd never really know though, because Eliza-BB would go back to her room disappointed.

Summer came and went and fall quickly settled in. There was a mystery that had hung over Chaldea in the wake of it all. Where had their Masters ended up, and why were Artoria Alter and Medb leading expeditions? Where had they gotten Command Seals? Thankfully, da Vinci had managed to salvage them from the transformed BB in the end and given them to their rightful owners, but at present they were in search of the resources needed to turn everyone back to normal.

It was going to be quite the grind. A whale-ish one, at that.

But BB? They were never going to return her back to normal. Maybe they'd turn her into another Servant though. *There were too many Lizzes in Chaldea now.*