

Kama's Beach Bonanza, Part 1 (Pooltoy TF, Fate)

Kiyohara-no-Nagiko, pen name Sei Shounagon, winced as the sun caught her eyes. “Ugh!” She tried pulling down her sunglasses, but it didn’t make the slightest difference—finally, she flung them aside with a groan of disgust.

“This is the worst!” Pulling out her phone, she started typing away rapidly, writing up her latest iteration of ‘Things Sei Shounagon Hates’. She was already up to item #200.

Finally, slipping her phone away with a sigh, she strolled on, using her arm to shield her eyes from the sun instead. As much as the glare sucked, this Singularity they’d sent her to wasn’t *all* that bad. In fact, with its pleasant sandy beach and calm waters and palm trees, it was perfectly suited to her new summoning as a Berserker. The only question was, well...

...What was she actually supposed to *do* here?

She came to a stop at the very edge of the ocean, her sandals sinking into the dark wet sand and allowing the wet tongue of the waves to lap at her toes like a degenerate suitor. Standing there, she looked about, left and right and finally up and down, but no matter where her eyes went, she didn’t find anything worth noting.

In the end, she threw up her arms in despair. “Why the hell would they send me somewhere so empty?!” Things Sei Shounagon Hates #201: Being Sent On Wild Goose Chases!

Leaving the ocean behind her, she marched back up the beach and plopped her butt on the hot, scalding sand. Well, if there wasn’t anything she could do here, she supposed there was no harm in taking a break and relaxing until they recalled her, was there? It was their own fault for sending her without clear instructions.

Lying back, she closed her eyes, and slowed her breathing, content to do nothing but lie there and listen to the waves as they rolled in and out... in and out...

Five minutes into this joyful little break, Nagiko heard something else. Something that sounded to her courtesan’s ears as someone trying to sneak about without being noticed. Frowning, she rolled onto her side and opened her eyelids just a crack, wondering if she could catch them without making it obvious. Failing to find anything, she rolled onto her other side, but there wasn’t anything there either. Finally, giving up on her plausible deniability, she sat up, opened her eyes and—

Ugh! That obnoxious sun!

—found herself staring at the silhouette of a woman poised not ten meters away. Had another Servant been sent into the Singularity with her? It was a familiar figure, but not once she could place immediately, though it kinda reminded her of that crazy Kiara person.

With a sigh, Nagiko made to stand. Well, she supposed she’d better go and explain why she was lying down on the—

The spell struck her from all angles at once, like an omnidirectional bolt of lightning. Nagiko froze mid-motion, unable to take even the slightest movement, as every cell in her body struggled and screamed in process. The energy coursing through her set them alight, making her twitch and spasm, her eyes jerking around inside their sockets. She tried to scream, but all that came out was a wild, broken moan as her voicebox bounced around inside her. When she slammed her mouth closed, her teeth chattered. *Wh-wh-what's h-happening to me?!*

The silhouetted servant took a step towards her, sashaying her hips as she walked in an undeniably erotic manner. If they could tell what was happening to Nagiko, however, they didn't seem all that concerned by it.

Even as she struggled to scream for help, Nagiko found herself snatched backward, as if her frozen body were taking a seat in the air. At the same time, her legs snapped together and curled forward, while her arms slammed together over her head and stuck, refusing to let her part them. She squirmed, but she couldn't summon the strength to escape her new pose.

To her immense horror, her legs continued to curl, bending upward till she was certain they would snap. And yet, there was no pain, nor did they reach a limit: they simply continued bending and bending, as if they were flexible as a sheet. Her arms curled as well, bending forward instead, in a furious attempt to meet them, and when her fingers and her toes finally made contact. *Nnnn~!* A spark of pleasure struck her and overwhelmed her, leaving her writhing in delight.

Now a sudden, immense pressure shot through her, circling from her gut through her legs and—terrifyingly—into her arms and down there through her and her chest, repeating the cycle all over. And where it passed, her skin squeaked, struggling to deal with the sudden strain. As her body bulged, blown up like a blimp, Nagiko could only slam her eyes tightly shut and moan, struggling to resist the awful pleasure this brought her. She could feel her nipples and her clitoris twitching—it felt like someone were tweaking them.

Nnnn~! Someone help me! Heeeelp! Make it stooooop!

As her body bulged, her swimsuit grew tighter and tighter, and finally, drawn so tight it could grow no tighter, seemed to merge with her skin outright. Nagiko moaned as it squeezed her.

Meanwhile, her body ceased to expand and instead settled into a new shape, like a melon growing into a plastic mold. With the position of her face, it was hard for Nagiko to tell exactly what had happened, but from the fact she was staring at her inflated groin, she must have curled into some kind of ring.

Finally, the change came to an end, and Nagiko dropped. Striking the ground, she lay there silent and unmoving, stuck on a vacation she had no power to end. *Nnn~!*

With a crunch of sandals against sand, the figure of the other Servant appeared over her. And Nagiko flinched as she recognized who it was. *You!*

“Mmm~, you came out wonderfully,” said Kama, bending down. “Now, let’s see how you feel.” Raising a leg, she slipped it inside her, then the other, and started to pull her up, up, up.

Nagiko screamed as the other Servant’s body filled her. It was like a having a giant rod plunged straight into her cu— *Nnnnn~! Stooop!*

“Perfect,” said Kama, giving her a playful little pinch. “I’m going to love using you this like.” With a smirk, she started to stroll towards the sea, leaving her new swim ring squealing around her hips.

‘Things Sei Shounagon Hates #202: Being Some Obnoxious Bitch’s Swim Ring!’