

GOLDEN GIRLS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was good to get out of the house once in a while.

Saber considered this thought as she wandered the streets of Fuyuki City's shopping district with Sakura Matou. Sakura wasn't her Master. In fact, she no longer *had* a Master technically. The Fifth Holy Grail War had ended nearly half a year ago, and while the girl known as Artoria Pendragon *should* have disappeared, it seemed that her stay had been extended by a mana surplus that her body had absorbed from the grail itself.

She was operating on the assumption that she had a few months left, and she didn't really mind. Her stay in the present would not delay what happened when she eventually returned to the past. And the king wanted to spend more time with— "**Hm? Sakura?**" The two girls had been walking side by side, but it was a Sunday morning and the shopping district had been relatively crowded. Saber had thought the girl was walking alongside her, but she *wasn't* there.

Looking around didn't make the girl's presence apparent, but it wasn't a real issue. Saber could sense mana, and the city wasn't exactly rife with magecraft users in the war's wake. Just as she resolved to set out and find Sakura, though? "**Excuse me, miss! You seem like just the right fit! Take this!**" A man in a suit and suit had blocked the Servant's way, holding out to her a card of some sort.

Saber, both taken off guard and without a reason to be wary about a card of all things, took the object from his hands reflexively.

“What?” Saber was immediately put on guard, summoning her armor *and* sword after her surroundings were significantly *elevated*. She was still in Fuyuki City, but she had somehow been teleported to the top of the city’s tallest skyscraper, now overlooking the city below with a railing in front of her. To just *instantly move her* like that would have required an imposing power, and she was left questioning *what* that power might have been. **“It wasn’t magecraft...”**



She hadn’t sensed anything like that, nor did she sense any mana in the card she was still holding. But what purpose did teleporting her to the top of a skyscraper even *accomplish*? Assuming that the man didn’t recognize that she was a Servant, perhaps it had been some sort of kidnapping scheme? But she could easily just leap down without having to worry about taking fall damage. It was a trap that wouldn’t hold her.

Of course, this operated on the assumption that the man hadn’t known her identity. But she’d been approached specifically *because* she was a Servant. Because the forces at work required one to serve as a base for what they had planned. The moment she had taken hold of that card, that plan had been put into action. And yet she didn’t understand that because its power was a power of the likes of which she couldn’t comprehend. A power from the distant future.

And it was a power that hadn’t bothered to function with any manner of discreetness. **“What!?”** The Servant had *already* been reeling from the sudden displacement when a completely different issue made itself known to her. That armor she had just summoned? It *disappeared*, leaving the king wearing only the royal dress that existed beneath the armored pieces. Her means of defense had been dismissed against her will, and her worst fears were realized when she attempted to summon Excalibur... to no avail.

“Who’s there? You’re watching me, aren’t you?” These things couldn’t be happening without a culprit, and Artoria hardly assumed that it was an automated process. She was being toyed with, or at least that was the best assumption she could make. And while she *was* correct, the culprit did not make themselves known *to* her. Because their plans involved making use *of* her. And what they needed to do to make that possible wasn’t limited to stripping the knight of her armor alone.

Their influence had *already* begun to affect the girl’s *body* after all, just not in a way that had been *instantly* apparent to her. That was because

she had *grown*. Subtly. Only the equivalent of just under an inch overall, but she *had* still grown taller suddenly, something that certainly wasn't possible without some form of power that defied regular science like magecraft. There were other signs that were far too difficult for her to tell from her own perspective as well, though.

“I SAID SHOW YOUR... SELF...!?” But there *had* been an indicator. Saber noticed it near instantaneously the next time she opened her mouth to challenge the force that had kidnapped her. ***“S-Sakura!?”*** Her voice lacked its usual boom. It sounded shrill, yet familiar. Like the voice of the girl that she had gone shopping with in the first place. But it confused the Servant. Why was that voice coming from *her* mouth? It was a question with an obvious answer... at least so long as you could see her *face*.

The girl's European lineage had been directly challenge leading up to the moment where she had opened her mouth. The slant of her eyelids narrowed, their designs promptly forced into more almond-like shapes as their eyelashes lengthened and her lids became hooded. Those eyes already resembled *Sakura's*, which meant they were more akin to the eyes of a *Japanese* girl than a British king. But while her irises lightened to a pale purple? The rest of her face followed suit. Rounder cheeks, swollen lips, a wider nose – all rounding out a Japanese face that bore a near identical resemblance to the face of Sakura Matou.

Nearly identical, anyways. There was something about her face that differed in a very minute way. The purple that her irises had adapted was a significantly lighter shade than the hair of the Sakura she knew, and that color soon spread to— ***“My hair!? Hehehe...”*** Saber raised a hand to cover her mouth as an unintended giggle jumped from her lips. Was there something *funny* about what was going on? She didn't *actually* feel that way, did she!?

Nonetheless, the hair that she had cried out about *had* been a sight worthy of crying out over in the first place. She'd only noticed because it was *significantly* longer all of a sudden, both in the back and when it came to her bangs. But it was the *color* that had alarmed her most, as a pale purple swept through the continuously growing length of it all. ***“This is like Sakura's hair color, isn't it~!?”*** Artoria winced. Why did she *sound* like that!? No, it wasn't *just* sound. Was she... *enjoying* this?

Could that part of her even be considered 'her', though?

As her purple hair's length neared the ground, it parted into two lengths that curled so that they didn't *actually* touch the ground. Having that much hair was *heavy*. ***But for the sake of being the ultimate beautiful***

kouhai, I'll deal with it! Thoughts unbefitting of a king kept slipping into her subconscious. They were challenged at first, and yet slowly she was beginning to accept them as her genuine, honest thoughts. Thoughts that didn't see what was happening to her body as 'strange'. Rather... there was a sense of *anticipation* to them instead.

“Hmhmhm... Well, if I'm beginning to look like Sakura, then that must mean I have a much sexier body to look forward to!” Saber had *never* cared about any of that. She had been subconscious about how muscular she had been, but that was the most concerned she had ever been about her perceived femininity. And even then? Her muscles were melting away in that very moment, leaving her body softer overall.

But that softness certainly wasn't isolated to just her perceived strength. Almost as if she had *expected* it, the round woman arched her back so that she could look at the back of her dress. Well, her *skirt*. **“3... 2... 1... Go!”** She gave a playful countdown that ended just in time for the back of her skirt to *lift* in tandem with the sensation of her undergarments tightening around her pelvis. The cheeks of her ass grew *far* more abundant, widening her hips and pushing her rump into a heart shape while any excess was fed into thickening thighs that completed what seemed to be the lower half of an hourglass.

An hourglass didn't *only* have a bottom of course, and so the woman showed no surprise as its *top* developed as well. **“And right on queue! I have to be devilishly attractive~!”** The neckline of the Servant's dress wasn't *especially* low. Just enough to see the peak of her cleavage. And yet her neckline was afforded no choice but to pull forward. Deeper, deeper, and deeper still. It was fortunate that she wasn't wearing a bra with just how much weight gathered within her breasts. Her tits jiggled and even bounced as they surged.

Until they were massive *H-cups* that would have just flopped against the top of her belly if they'd been allowed to just *hang there*.

Incidentally... **“Hmm! This outfit just won't do! But we can fix that!”** Longer, manicured fingers snapped and the dress she was wearing exploded into a million little particles of gold that lingered in the air around her now naked body. Her giant tits sagged slightly under their own weight as expected, but they weren't lifted up even as the particles reconstructed a black cocktail dress with a golden interior around her body. It was sleeveless and had a slit for her right thigh; not to mention her hair was lifted into tied braid loops at the sides where it was bound by golden ribbons that matched all the new chains around her body.

BB Dubai didn't make any effort to adjust the black cocktail dress she was wearing despite the fact that it seemed like one wrong move could lead to one of her thick nipples spilling out with how loosely it cradled her gigantic tits like a hammock holding a pair of watermelons. "**Hm... So, this is Fuyuki City, is it?**" She stepped up to the railing that was meant to prevent someone from falling off and stepped *over* it in a fashion that briefly showed off her thong – even though her new, black heels should have made such movements a little more complicated.



Once she was comfortably on the other side, she stared down at the road below. There was no fear of falling. She was a *Servant* still, and even if she wasn't? She was a hyper-advanced artificial intelligence that wouldn't be bothered by such a fall. As she was now, and why she had needed a powerful Servant to serve as her base, she was now capable of *far* more dangerous things. "**It won't take me long at all to bring this city under my control~! Not only this city, but all of Japan... No, the entire world will fall into my hands! Hehehe...**"

She just had some *preparations* to make first.



It had only been about five minutes since BB Dubai had been 'reborn', and in the meantime? Sakura had been searching for Saber, who she had suddenly been separated from while shopping. She hadn't had much luck in that regard, even after asking several shopkeepers if they'd seen a young, blonde, foreign girl about. She *really* stood out in a crowd, so it really shouldn't have been *that* hard. But things became *very* strange *very* quickly.

One moment she'd been in the shopping district, the next she was... "**Huh? Where am I!?**" She was standing in the middle of one of Fuyuki's busy intersections, except it wasn't busy at all. There were no cars and very few people. Just a bunch of men in

suits and sunglasses standing across from her on a red carpet that covered the entire intersection.

“CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING SELECTED TO HELP FURTHER BB-SAMA’S AGENDA!” All the men said in unison, clapping *as* they bowed at her. This left the girl naturally befuddled. Who was ‘BB-sama’? What agenda? What had she been selected for? She looked away from the man for a moment, but when she looked back, they were *gone*. Leaving her utterly perplexed about what to say regarding the situation. She had just been teleported, right? Magecraft much have been involved, but...

Sakura would have loved to dwell on the hows and whys a little longer, but she soon became acutely aware that something was amiss as she felt the wind tease her... *nipples*? **“I-I’m naked!?”** If she wasn’t *standing in the middle of the street*, she might not have become overwhelmed with the same amount of anxiety that she had been when she looked down to find herself completely unrobed. She was very much standing there in her birthday suit, with everything on full display to an audience of... Well, the street *was* completely empty.

But that didn’t make the girl feel any better about it. There *could* be people watching! **“How could...!? When!? B-But...”** She used her arms and hands to try and cover what she could, but that still left her ass completely exposed even if she could hide her nipples and crotch. Even so? It soon dawned upon her that something was wrong beyond her lack of clothes, and it was a *far* more different phenomenon than anything Saber had experienced.

After all, she was *shooting upwards*. Not only an inch like Saber had, either. Her height was jumping up rapidly *and* consistently, preserving her body’s proportions as she overtook the six foot mark, then the seven foot mark, eight, nine, ten... It kept going! She’d already well surpassed a height that was normal for a regular person, and in the process the skyscrapers around her began to look less intimidating. She stood taller than a three story building in a matter of *moments*!

“H-Huh!?” If there had been anyone on the street below or even in one of the buildings watching, the teen’s voice would have sounded much deeper because of how big she was. Sakura was *still* growing, and she wanted to cry out for help, but... **“He- MMPH!?”** Something filled her mouth. A taste like... cotton? Or maybe polyester. It tasted like how clothes *smelled*, and for some reason she couldn’t part her lips to investigate. Little did she know that those lips had turned *gold*, and had seemingly been stitched together like both lips were a single piece of... *fabric*?

Sakura's body *continued* to grow. She had to be taller than a six story building now, and the only reason she hadn't crashed into anything was because the intersection allowed her a lot of empty space. She couldn't talk, and little by little she found herself struggling to *move* too. It was strange. Her body felt less flexible, but it had also begun to feel strangely *empty*. That loss of flexibility was affecting her neck though, so she wasn't able to look *down*.

The ability to do so would have immediately made it clear to her just what the problem she was facing was. Because her *lips* weren't the only place where gold had spread. The same sheen had begun to spread across her body in various places and to varying degrees. Take the girl's legs, for example. What was once human skin was etched with golden threads and fibers, but they seemed to be quite thin. In a way, they came to look more like *leggings* – and that became clearer once her toes fused together until they looked like the feet of a stocking.

While the cheeks of her ass took on the same quality of her legs, the inner crack appeared to *rise* slightly as the same color decorated what looked to be slightly thicker cloth. It filled in her ass crack and even paved over her pussy, any pubic hair ultimately pulled into what soon looked like the bottom half of a leotard that was worn *over* the tights that her legs and feet had become. But they were actually *stitched together*.

Either way, more of her torso thickened into a firmer fabric as she *continued* to grow. Her eye level was nearing the roof of the closest skyscraper, and she could only tell as much because her gaze was still forced completely forward. Her bellybutton hardened away until that crevice no longer existed, while her tits not *only* became firmer but appeared to swell several sizes larger as her nipples were consumed by the leotard, and stitching lines ran down across either breast.

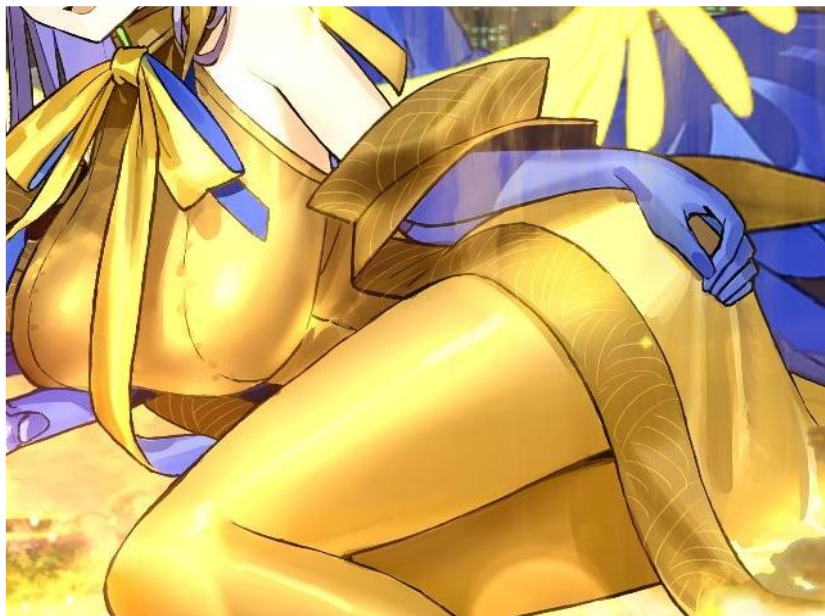
If there was an odd thing out to note about it all, it was Sakura's *hands*. Her skin changed color and softened there as well, but the cloth wasn't *gold*. It was a light violet that was perhaps a shade or two bluer than her hair. It wrapped around her fingers, fusing her nails into them, and that blue traveled up past her elbows where it just abruptly *stopped*. It was almost as if she was wearing a pair of silk gloves. Or as if they'd *become* a pair of *silk gloves*. Which was *actually* the case.

But while the girl looked more and more like an outfit on the exterior, why was it that she had felt *emptier* as she'd grown larger? It had mostly been happening around her torso initially, which was why she hadn't realized because the front was still so *firm*. But the moment it began to plague her limbs? The girl's height stopped rising. In fact, it seemed more like she was *falling* and she didn't understand *why*.

Had anyone been on the sidewalk looking up at the golden giantess though, they would have understood. Her legs almost looked like they were *deflating*, as if the weight of her thighs, knees, and shins was slowly being sucked out of them. This *was* the case, as her innards were erased to hollow the leotard and tights out. If her hair hadn't been blocking her bare back behind her, it would have been simpler to see that the leotard had already been magically hollowed, and eventually? Her shoulders and upper arms faded away as well, allowing the flattened gloves to fall into the pile that was the rest of her 'body'.

In the end? The gold that mended the woman's lips together bled into her neck and swallowed the length of her hair, too. As the leotard fell flat into the pile of *gigantic* clothes she had become, what remained of her face was pulled into a long ribbon that ended up tied around her neck. Her vision went black and she was briefly confused. Until she suddenly became able to see through every *literal* fiber of her being.

Sakura had a hard time making sense of what had just happened to her. Her whole body had grown until it was gigantic and then turned into golden cloth, but... Her vision had gone wonky for a bit so she wasn't certain if her form was



clothing, a blanket, or something else. But now that she could perceive her surroundings, she was even *more* confused. She still towered well above the streets below, her empty, piled up form almost as tall as the nearest skyscraper.

She couldn't scream or cry. She could just see, hear, and feel, completely still. Yet, that allowed her to tell that something was wrong... *inside* of her? It felt like a little bug had crawled within her folds, but of course she was far too large now to feel an *actual* bug. Sakura only became more confused as that 'bug' seemed to... *swell*? More and more space was being occupied inside of her.

Her 'body' began to lift up, not because she was growing again but because something was growing *inside* of her. It didn't make *any* sense to her whatsoever until she felt things begin to stretch within her 'limbs'. Her fabric tightened around whatever – no, *whoever* it was, because she became certain beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was a person that was growing to fit into what must have been a set of golden clothes.

Before long? A head poked up through the neck hole and she could feel her body bend over to pick up and slide on the gloves that her arms had become. **“Phew! Looks like you’re just the right size~!”** Sakura was alarmed to hear a voice that sounded like her own and see a face that likewise looked similar. Even so, something *was* different. It was just difficult to concentrate when she could feel the woman's tits jiggling under her 'skin'. She could feel the warmth of her pussy, and how her cloth was pulled in between the woman's cheeks whenever she moved. It was... Well, she imagined it would have been horrifying.

But instead? It was *arousing*. So long as she was worn, she probably would be lost in ecstasy, incapable of considering any complaints about her new predicament.

“Well, this seems like a sizable power up. You make the perfect Mystic Code, you know?” *Golden BB* spoke to the clothes that she was wearing, fully aware that they couldn't answer back even if they wanted to. Her giant form loomed over the city, not causing panic because she'd already placed everyone living there under her command. Though, there was *one* problem with this. **“Maybe I should shrink back down for now... I don't want to crush anyone!”**