

SINFUL SWITCH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Game night had always been a thing in Chaldea.

At first, it had just been a humble gathering of Servants. But as Chaldea's accomplishments grew and the number of summoned entities grew in kind, it ultimately started getting a little crowded. They had to split the gathered Servants across multiple rooms, and it had become harder and harder to organize. Even so, they always got it to work *somehow*. Typically because BB of all Servants always rose to the occasion.

Perhaps it wasn't *that* surprising. As an AI that loved to mess around, she was naturally pretty keen on game time. Whether it was a traditional board game or a video game, a game was a game and she'd just have fun playing! So long as she was *winning*, at least. She had no real attachment to playing fair. She just wanted to win because the reactions of the losers always amused her.

"I... came in last?" Which was what had made her loss on that particular game night all the more devastating. She'd ended up sharing a TV with two of Chaldea's newest Servants, Metatron Jeanne and Lilith. They *clearly* didn't get along, or at least the slovenly Jeanne didn't like the demon even though Lilith was acting like they were old friends. Regardless, BB had set up a session of an old PS1 game: Digimon Rumble Arena.

Think Super Smash Bros., but with *Digimon*. Jeanne *nor* Lilith seemed to know anything about the game or even the franchise it had been based upon, yet in their best of five 'tournament'? Both of them had beaten her. **"Well! I guess if you want to leave me in last place,**

then that means it's *punishment time*." The Mooncancer summoned an item into her hand that began to glow, and before either of the other Servants could react—



There was *nothing*. An endless void unfolded around Metatron Jeanne regardless of where she looked. **"Uh. This seems like a pain..."** Because she embodied the sin of sloth, she couldn't really find the

energy to provide a stronger reaction to what she was looking at. BB had *obviously* done something using her powers, but what? The Ruler couldn't exactly fathom without any further context. It was likely that she could use her own powers to destroy that prison. **"...All this because she lost a game?"**

Sniff, sniff. There *hadn't* been anything other than herself within the void at first, but an intoxicating scent soon wafted into her nostrils and pushed the girl to look down on the 'ground' in front of her. There was a big piece of meat with a giant bone sticking out of it, all sitting on a plate? It looked almost comically cartoonish, like the kind of meat you would find in Monster Hunter. But it *smelled* real. It was enough to make the Ruler's stomach rumble.

"Maybe just a nibble..."

While she *was* the laziest Jeanne ever manufactured in the Jeanne factory, being a Ruler meant that she still possessed some semblance of *manners*. It took her a moment to lean forward and grab the bone of the meat from either side before slowly lifting it up to examine it. It was *clearly* cooked, but by her own internal admission she probably would have taken a bite even if it *wasn't*, if only because it smelled so mouth-wateringly good. Still, it was almost comically large compared to the rest of her body, with the entire chunk of meat obscuring her upper body.

"Here I go..." It wasn't like she had anyone *to* announce her intent to, but she did so anyways as her teeth sunk into the outer layer of the morsel. Her mouth was greeted by a juicy flavor that was even *better* than she had first expected, much to her surprise. Though she found herself repeatedly forced to adjust her grip on the bone as she savored that first bite. Though with time? It somehow became easier and easier to manage.

That first nom of the meat had zeroed in all of Jeanne's attention on the *food*. She was resolved to swallow what she had before neatly taking another bite. To her? Nothing else was really of *consequence*. Which was likely why she didn't pay any attention to the fact that her loose and leisurely attire was slowly becoming significantly *less* so. The tips of her socks felt overbearingly tight, and her heels *tore* through their backs. Though that was only a *small* taste of just what had begun to occur at the meat's behest.

The underlying cause of all of her initial clothing malfunction, as she bit into the meat slab with a little less restraint than the first time, was her *height*. Her slightly below average, 5' height had been compromised and her limbs and spine lengthened in a way that forced her height to *skyrocket* upwards. Arms pushed themselves entirely through the long sleeves of her loose sweater, revealing fingers that were longer and slimmer than before, while her shoulders and hips widened to dishevel her dress otherwise.

...Not that her widened hips could do much *to* her dress. With Jeanne's height elevating, it was lifted *high* off her hips to reveal that those hips were not only four inches wider, but the panties wrapped around her crotch were *struggling*. It really wasn't a surprise as to *why* that was, though. She crept over the 5'7" mark, and by that point? Her teenaged body had begun to *mature* on top of everything else. The skin around her thighs and ass was pulling tighter around fat that pooled into these regions. Her thighs became thick and supple, while her ass bubbled into a shapely peach that chewed at her undergarments.

Her growing discomfort aside, though, she took *another* bite of the meat. A much bigger bite, taking with a far more *ravenous* hunger than the bites before. The Servant's face had been so buried in her meal that it was difficult to tell that her *face* had been subtly changing as her body rose. She was at 5'10" now and still had a little *more* height to gain, but what was reflected in her face was the *maturity* of a woman likely around the age of *thirty*. Full lips, a sharper jaw, and narrowed eyes; all contributing to a visage that seemed strangely un-Jeanne-like. Though the significance of this wasn't clear just yet.

Jeanne's ass and thighs weren't the only part of her body that ended up filling out, though. Her chest was provided with added mass, bloating what were B-cups at best into a pair of perky *E-cups* with a fullness that had pulled her cleavage forward. Juice from the slab of meat splashed against it, as her restraint loosened and her manner slowly faded away. "**Mm! This ish good! OMNOMNOM!**" Each of her initial bites had been delicate, but now she was pulling out entire *chunks* of meat like an animal that hadn't been fed in days. A 6' tall animal.

It was certainly no way for a saintess, much less an *angel* to be eating. But wasn't that only a problem if these keywords *remained* relevant to her own existence? And yet, the feathers of the short angel wings behind her were suddenly dyed black and began to *fall* out, leaving pitch black bone that flattened, lengthened, and *tattered* into a pair of long and dysfunctional appendages that spilled out to either side behind her, looking more like the tattered halves of a cape than the wings they were *supposed* to be.

But perhaps this was *intentional*. Her dress soon darkened too, mending to these wings and wrapping around her swollen chest and widened shoulders. It not only tightened *against* her body, but it gradually covered more and more of it too. Everything but her left arm and leg were soon clad in what was evidently a black *bodysuit*, one with a white skull over the right tit, and one that was torn across the left.

"I want more!" Half of the meal had already been devoured, but gluttonous desires bubbled up from within and were growled out through a more menacing voice. You could see the *color* of the woman's body deteriorate in the meantime, her skin's healthy pink tone dulling until it was a colorless *grey* instead. It was a color that also spilled into her hair as it lengthened, cascading in perfectly straight style down past her *ass* in the back.

The black leather from her new bodysuit traveled upwards, covering her neck and wrapping around this hair, likewise covering the top half of Jeanne's face *just* as her eyes began to glow red with menace. There was an *unusual* growling noise from her left shoulder, where a shadowy figure made of cloth suddenly fluttered up, seemingly animated through its own will with glowing, red eyes and a stitched mouth. It had a monstrous looking claw that pawed at a meat bone that was *almost* completely spent.

But the nature of that claw was soon reflected on the woman's body as well. There had been a bit of slack in the right glove of her new outfit, but that was stolen as her fingers lengthened *and* sharpened into claws within. But it was her *left* hand that underwent the more drastic transformation. Her forearm lengthened, and lengthened, and lengthened some more, doubling its length relative to her upper arm.

Another shadowy face of cloth rose from rust below her elbow, and as that cloth spread up to her hand? That hand *swelled*, quadrupling in size as her fingers curled into giant, crimson claws with four silver shackles holding the leather in place up her arm. All that *really* remained was the addition of boots, chains and belts. Some around her right arm, while a leather belt was wrapped around her waist.

While she had begun by eating the *Digimeat* very gently, *LadyDevimon* ultimately tossed aside the bare bone with her elongated arm and then sloppily wiped at her mouth. “**Well that certainly hit the spot. Is there more? I’m still hungry.**” The ghoulish faces that hovered behind the Digimon, essentially *living clothing* in a sense, cackled and grinned through stitched lips as they looked around while their ‘mistress’ did the same.



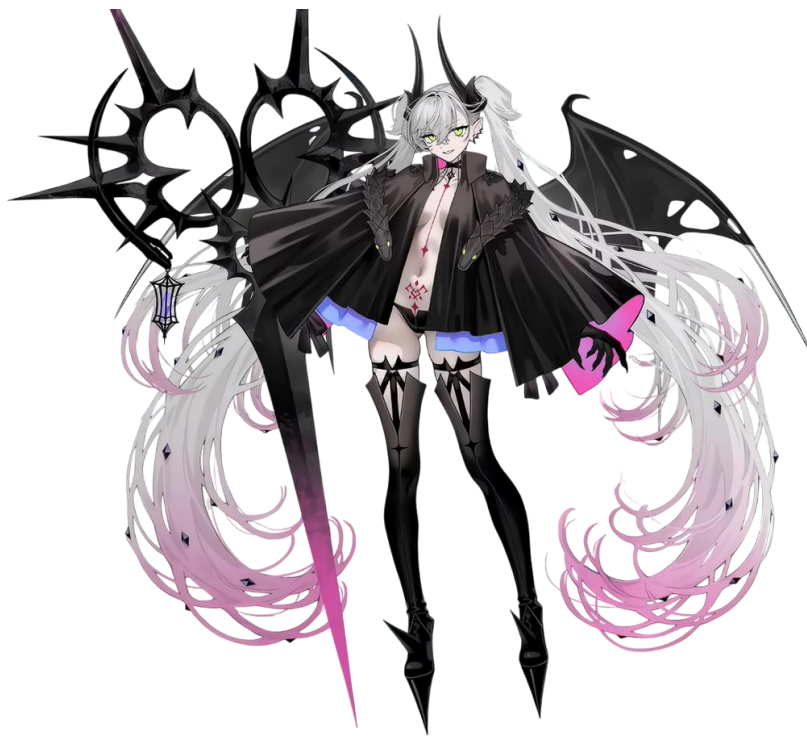
True to form, there was very little that could be seen as ‘proper’ about the Fallen Angel Digimon. She had surprisingly few questions about what had just *happened* to her, namely because she didn’t recognize that anything had changed. This void? It was her home, even though she shared it with someone *difficult* for a demon like herself. That was just the way life had been. Sometimes food appeared. Sometimes she was given a game to play. Sometimes the void shook about.

“Ugh. Could you at least give me some more food before *she* shows up?”

Who was she even talking to?

“**HAH!?**” While Jeanne’s reaction to ending up in an endless void had been more measured, Lilith had practically shouted at the top of her lungs. “**LIKE, WHERE THE HELL AM I!?**” The demon hadn’t known BB like at *all* before that night, so she couldn’t have imagined she’d go to such lengths just because she *lost*! Well, that was kind of a lie? She gave off some pretty nefarious vibes that Lilith had been into. She’d been right on the money it seemed, but she’d been hoping the two of them could scheme or ~~kiss~~ together later. Not whatever *this* was!

What was she even *standing* on? It was like there was no floor, but there was also a floor? She didn’t really want to know what would happen if she suddenly fell *through* it, honestly. “**Huh? My wings...**” The demon attempted to fly, but found they felt a little too *heavy* was there something about the air? It was a conundrum worth pondering, but she was soon distracted by a *delicious* smell that lingered in the air.



“Huh? This is so a trap, isn’t it?” A familiar piece of giant meat with a bone through it sat on a plate on the ‘ground’ in front of her. Lilith was correct to zero in on its nature. In a situation like this, yeah... BB probably *wanted* her to eat it. She understood as much, but her stomach was rumbling

something *fierce* all of a sudden, and it just looked so *tasty*. **“Maybe... Like, a single bite?”**

That said, a ‘single bite’ for a demon like Lilith wasn’t a tiny little nibble. She tore *into* that bitch, ripping off a large chunk of its meat with no regard for how messy it looked once her monstrous, black hands had managed to get themselves around the bone. Was a fate in store for her that was similar to Jeanne’s? In a way, but it was also somewhat *opposed*. Perhaps it was because she’d eaten so much more at first as well, but her own transformation seemingly happened in *reverse* in a sense.

Lilith herself didn’t notice, but the very thin layer of black fur that wrapped around her beast-like hands thinned until it was erased entirely. Its claws shortened into normal human fingers, as their thickness regressed until they were far daintier. In the meantime? Her *horns* began to crumble as if they’d instantly become so frail that they could no longer support themselves. Black pieces fell too her sides, leaving her without anything atop her head at all.

It felt a little miraculous that she didn’t notice these pieces crumbling in the first place, but she was *much* too fixated on the meal she was sloppily eating. In no time at all she’d devoured *half* of the bone’s meat without stopping to think about *why* she’d eaten so much of it so quickly. It was *clearly* sapping away her demonic energy, though. White feathers were now sprouting from wings that had always been *bat-like*. Once they were entirely covered, they ended up stretching to nearly

double their width; a size comparable to the wings of her third ascension.

But then they... *tripled*? Pulling apart until one set of wings was *three*, each stretching angelically behind a woman that was *supposed* to be demonic.

“*Mmm...*” Contrary to what had happened with Jeanne, Lilith’s pacing *slowed* once she reached the halfway point. Her bites into the meat chunk were gradually becoming more deliberate, more delicate, more *proper*. The black diamonds amidst her silver hair fell out *just* as that hair began to brighten to a golden *blonde* that undid her pigtails while also shortening to the base of her back. It was a change that went hand in hand with the color of her *skin* shifting to something far healthier: a pink not unlike the shade Jeanne had possessed before.

The demonic energy had almost effectively been *entirely* sapped from her body at this point, and there was a *holy* glow to her entire body that the woman did not notice nor react to. Nonetheless, her transformation trucked on while she gingerly took another bite from the meat. And another. And another. Each bite saw her body *swell* in different ways. Such as her *chest*, where her bosom pushed forward into *E-cups*, or her *ass* that bloated into a heart shape.

Because Lilith’s figure was already relatively full as she teetered on adulthood in that form, she didn’t really get much ‘thicker’. But she *did* get taller. Her body shot up to the same 6’ mark that LadyDevimon had reached, but the clothing malfunction was minimal since... she wasn’t really wearing all that much in the first place. “*Hm... It appears I’m almost done.*” There was a kind maturity to her voice that her old one hadn’t possessed. There were only a few bites left on the bone, but that didn’t stop her from eating them.

This finally triggered the changes in her clothing. Well, it was more like a full *replacement* with how little she’d been wearing originally. Those few scraps were erased, leaving her *mature, thirty* year old body naked for a spell. In a way, the outfit she was bestowed evoked a resemblance to what LadyDevimon had been wearing, though inversed. Its cloth was white, for example, while it was her *right* arm and leg that were left bare.

The bodysuit had a cutout around her tummy to show off her belly, and the cups that held her chest were golden wings above a pair of brown belts. Lilith’s vision was obscured *just* as her irises brightened to a soft pink, all part of the change to her face that matured it in slight and erased any resemblance to who she’d once been, though it was obscured by a silver, winged helmet with a cross etched into its design. A

feathered pink shroud wrapped around her arms and floated behind her, bringing a splash of color to her holy aesthetic.

Contrary to how LadyDevimon had tossed her completed bone into the void without a single care in the world, *AngeWomon* crouched down and gently placed the polished Digimeat bone upon the plate, at which point both items disappeared under the light of a pink glow. “*That was delicious. I only wish that feeding time could happen more frequently.*” It



wasn't like she was always hungry. As a Digimon, her hunger only seemed to flare up when there was something to eat in front of her.

The angel looked around, something that was only obvious because of her head movements since her helmet efficiently hid her eyes. She raised her arms into the air, stretching as her *eight* wings fanned out to do the same. It wasn't exactly the most eventful life, living within the void. But *someone* had been raising her all of this time, and she wasn't *necessarily* alone.

LadyDevimon was probably peeping what she was doing at that moment. Their relationship was both thorny and sweet depending on the demon's mood. She could start a shouting match with the angel or could require intimacy when feeling fragile. “*You can come out, you know?*” But *AngeWomon's* invitation didn't stir a reaction. If she'd also just eaten, then perhaps that demon woman was sleeping? How *slovenly* of her.

The space suddenly began to quake violently, however.

“*Another quake?*”

“Who’s the loser now that you two are trapped in there, you little...!?” BB’s mood clearly hadn’t improved, as she was violently shaking the small object she had summoned just before Metatron Jeanne and Lilith had been pulled into what they had perceived as the void. But what had become a mysterious digital space to them? Was a little prison that the Mooncancer was holding. A toy, D2 Digivice that was essentially a pet-raising game like a Tamagotchi.

She’d turned the two players that had beaten her into her new, digital pets! Pets that were only displayed to her on a *tiny* screen as chibi, black and white sprites. But how long was she going to leave them like that? **“I’ll probably turn them back in a few days...”**, she mused to herself as if to answer the question. At least they *would* be changed back.

...Provided that she didn’t forget before that time came.