

BOTTLED FLAMES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... So, let me get this straight? You want little old me to deal with an angry Dragon Witch?”

With her legs crossed delicately, BB was sitting upon a regally upholstered chair within the confines of the room she had been assigned by Chaldea’s management. It was a room she had used for *years* now, ever since she had been summoned in the aftermath of the Moon Cell incident, but it still felt like a rare occurrence to find herself with visitors in front of her. *Especially* her Master. The moments that Ritsuka Fujimaru visited her were few and far between, and it was usually to punish her for something she’d done.

In this case? Her ginger-haired Master was asking her a *favor*? **“Right... Did you hear about that new Jeanne we recently summoned? Something about her has really been agitating Jeanne Alter, and she keeps causing problems. I was wondering if there was something you could do to keep her out of trouble for the time being?”** The fact that she had stooped to asking BB of all people meant that those ‘problems’ were likely violent.

To be fair, from her own experience that woman was extremely easy to rile up, and wasn’t that new Jeanne overly *lax*? It wasn’t difficult to put two and two together in that case. **“I can if that’s what you really want, Master! Of course, I won’t harm her in any way, and if it’s just temporary... Well, I’m sure we can figure something harmless out~!”** She already had a few ideas! ...All of them were amusing, but also extremely unethical!



“That stupid Ruler...! She says she’s Jeanne, but what’s with all that Metaton crap!? Why is she always sleeping!?” Even just walking down the hall, Jeanne d’Arc Alter’s frustration was literally *physically* palpable. When she became angered? The flames she wielded stirred and the air around her body became hot. It wasn’t enough to *burn* anyone, but just standing next to her would have left someone feeling as warm as if they’d been standing outside on a hot summer’s day. Though the Shinjuku Spiritron Dress she wore didn’t really bring any summery vibes.

The Avenger really didn’t understand what was up with that Servant! For her Chaldea, they had only recently begun their adventures through the Lostbelts, and Metaton Jeanne appeared to be one of those irregular Servants that seemed to have some sort of relationship with Chaldea’s future, as if they had simply been summoned to the wrong time. That alone was enough to piss her off, but why did she have to be so *lazy*!?

Her heat was bearable in the moment, but Ritsuka’s problems with Jeanne Alter hadn’t *actually* been due to violence. She kept getting *too* angry and, while she didn’t attack anyone, that anger manifested flames that was causing real damage to Chaldea’s amenities. Da Vinci-chan was losing her mind! **“Whatever! I’m going to take a nap!”** She could cool herself down with a shower first, but her fatigue was another side effect of her annoyance. Creating heat, consciously or not, burned through her mana.

If the door to her room hadn’t been an automatic one, she probably would have slammed it shut behind her. **“Tch.”** A cold shower and a nap. She mentally reminded herself of her plans but soon noticed something *unusual* within her quarters. No one was supposed to have access to her room aside from herself and her Master. Even if a Servant used Spirit Form to enter, they wouldn’t be able to unlock the door from the inside without her mana signature.

And they certainly wouldn’t be able to bring objects inside.

“What the hell is *that*? I didn’t bring it in here.” The interior of the Avenger’s room was designed like a dungeon; that appeared to be her taste in aesthetics at least. There was a regular desk that stood out, but that was normal – it was where she drew her doujins in her spare

time with help from the tablet sitting on that desk's corner. What stood out to her was actually what had been sitting on the desk's dead center: a *bottle*?

It was clear and empty, probably no bigger than a medium-sized ink bottle. It was eight inches tall at most, and about four inches wide with the neck and open top a little narrower than that. But regardless of what it was doing there, it *was* just a bottle. She didn't really have any reason to harbor enough suspicion that she would avoid interacting with it. As it turned out, though? That would end up being a *mistake*.

“So, who the hell left this in here and why? I usually draw my doujins digitally, so it’s not like I need a jar for ink or anything like that.” Pale finger wrapped around the lip of the bottle from above as she hoisted it up to look inside. It *was* clearly empty, but it felt prudent to double check. Maybe there was some kind of clue? A riddle? The biggest riddle was still *how* that bottle had ended up in her room in the first place, though. **“Looks like a normal bottle to me—!?”**

She had been about to just dismiss it as the normal object it seemed to be, when all of a sudden? It *exploded*. Not into glass shards, but into an explosion of mana that permeated through her body. **“What the hell!?”** She recoiled, her body feeling a little strange after the fact. But what was stranger was the fact that the bottle had reappeared on her desk in the exact same place? **“...What?”**

Her body's temperature rose as her agitation grew again, but the funny part about that phenomenon was that the Dragon Witch herself never really *felt* it. If she had, it probably would have just annoyed her further. Even so, she snapped forward to pick the bottle up again. Her fingers wrapped around it, and she went to pick it up with all of her strength so that she could throw it across the room in a fit of rage, but...

“Huh!?” She had picked it up once before with *ease*, and yet even as she applied a Servant's strength to the task? The bottle would not budge, nor could she apply enough strength to shatter it; a task that should have been beyond simple enough. **“Why won't this thing move!?”** While it was true that the bottle should still have been easy enough to pick up, and a force *was* holding it in place? The difficulties were also inspired by a different issue.

Jeanne Alter had *weakened* dramatically. Her physical strength wasn't where it should have been at *all*, but the fact that she was interacting with an object that should have been so light that even a normal human could lift it had distorted her perception. **“Move, damn— ...Huh?”** She'd been about to put all of her 'strength' into yet another yank when something *finally* occurred to her.

Why... was the top of the desk so high up?

It wasn't a trick of her imagination. Jalter used that desk practically *every* day, so she knew she stood almost three feet taller than it. But now it was only *two* feet? And why was she struggling to wrap her hand all the way around the bottle now? It was almost like... It wasn't the desk that was *bigger*. "**Am I shrinking!?**" That conclusion was finally enough to push her to let go of the bottle and step away.

Her dress felt looser now that she had the idea that she was shrinking fresh in her mind. The skirt *normally* reached the tops of her thighs, but now? They had crept down to just above her knees and appeared to be intent on slipping farther. It wasn't just a *vertical* loss, either. Her shoulders and hips both narrowed, and it wasn't long before her undergarments slipped off, much to her dismay. "**Is that stupid bottle doing this!? The hell!? Why!?**"

Funnily enough, the flames that flickered off her body weren't burning as hotly nor as brightly as they would have before this all began. Was it because she was growing *smaller*? Regardless, she *must* have dipped below the four-foot mark now and was rapidly dropping so that she was eye level with the desk. For all she appeared to be losing, and with a consistency that kept her body's proportions similar?

Those similarities soon *diverged* in perhaps the most bizarre manner imaginable. Her dress had grown *much* too large for her very quickly, but she was soon made privy to the sight of the loose robes around her chest... *inflating*. "...**HAH!?**" Jeanne Alter certainly wasn't very shy when it came to her own body; not like she *needed* to be shy when she was in the privacy of her own room. And so? She didn't bother to stop herself from clutching at her own bosom.

As her tinier fingers pressed against baggier cloth? They *immediately* dug into flesh that was certainly much *ampler* than they should have been. "**My tits grew!? Why is that the part of my body that's growing!?**" It *definitely* didn't make any sense. She had dropped below *three* feet now, making her nearby chair look more like an obstacle to climb rather than a place where she could comfortably sit. And yet? How simple would climbing *anything* be with the weight of her tits being *twice* what they had been before.

And they'd *already* been D-cups! Were they Fs? Gs? It was hard to say when she was so short. "**And they're still growing, too... Damnit...**" The skirt of her dress was now pooling on the floor beneath her, with the rest of her body seemingly poised to just slip out through the neck hole. But Jeanne Alter remained defiant, forcing her arms

through baggy, oversized sleeves as she continued to grab at, and attempted to support, a pair of tits that despite their perkiness were now *much* larger than her head!

She had also been incorrect in her assumption that it was *only* her tits that had been cursed with growth. In a less dramatic sense of the word, her own *ears* had been growing. They pulled out at the sides of her head until they were pointy like an elf's – but no elf would stand at a height that was now shorter than *two* feet. She was practically swimming in her dress, making them look more like the ears of a goblin or, maybe... a *fairy*?

Either way, between her tits and her ears in terms of intensity, it was actually her *ass* that's swell sat in the middle. It was a little more difficult for her to notice since it wasn't directly under her nose, and her dress being so big in the first place gave the young woman some degree of plausible deniability. Nonetheless, the cheeks of her ass bloated until they extended *six* inches out behind her, with the excess fed into thighs that *doubled* in girth. Her hips even had to widen slightly to accommodate all of the extra mass!

“Ugh. Time to face the music.” As the Servant finally dipped below the one-foot mark, her sleeves had become far too big for her arms to weave through unless she kept them bent, and so the very moment she let go of her tits? The remains of the dress slipped *right* off of her, leaving those breasts to bounce free with nipples that were larger than her eyes while standing erect. **“This is so embarrassing...”**

The Avenger *continued* to shrink, but the process had slowed a great deal. So much so that she mistakenly assumed that it was over, and that the worst was already over. **“What am I supposed to do now? My body looks ridiculous! It... Eh?”** She was forced to swallow her incorrect assumption not even moments later, after raising one of her hands to try and push away her tits.

But what she saw *wasn't* her normal hands. *Purple*. A light shade of it was spreading not only across the hand itself, but up her forearm until it reached just past her shoulder. She lifted her other arm to see the same thing, and looking *closer*? **“Are these scales!?”** That very much *appeared* to be the case. This purple skin was vaguely shiny, and as it spread across her fingers? Not only did they thicken, but her fingernails hardened and extended into sharp *claws*. **“Like a dragon? I'm becoming a tiny-ass dragon if so!”**

That wasn't *exactly* what Jeanne Alter was becoming, though. The process was simply feeding upon the aspects of her Saint Graph that made her the Dragon Witch, pulling them to the forefront. A similar

phenomenon had actually consumed the woman's legs, turning her feet into a similar shape while the scales crept up to the tops of her abundantly thick thighs. They were just harder to notice with a pair of *gigantic tits* in her face.

“What now!?” The woman's canines soon sharpened within her mouth, but that wasn't what prompted this reaction. There had been a strange pressure building at the back of her lower body. Not *within* her ass, but just above it. All things considered, it certainly wasn't easy to see. She had to curve her back and look over shoulder to even catch a peak, which led to her huge breasts jiggling uncomfortably.

But what she *saw* was something *purple* emerging from where her tailbone rested. She could *feel* flesh elongated there, covered by the same purple scales as her limbs as it pushed out farther and farther, thick at the base but thinning into a fine point as it curled and reached about *five* feet out behind her total (relative to her original size, anyways). Dark purple spines jutted out from the top of this tail, but—**“WAH!?”**

Jeanne Alter was hardly even given a moment to process this before she was *thrown* into the air. No, was 'thrown' even the right word? It felt like an invisible force had just picked her straight up and seemed keen on allowing her to *drop*. How much would landing on the floor from that height at that size hurt? If she landed on her balloon-sized tits, then maybe she could break the fall? Although, as it turned out? She didn't need to worry about anything like that. She just... *stopped* falling. But there was something... flapping... behind... her?

She was almost scared to look, but considering everything that had happened? She was expecting to find a pair of dragon wings flapping there. **“What the— Are these fairy wings!?”** They certainly didn't belong to a *dragon*. Purple, insect-like wings had jutted from their shoulder blades. They flapped at first, but once she got the hang of it she was able to suspend herself through the magic they gave off alone. Not that this alleviated any of her *concerns*.

Well, if Jeanne Alter's mood had been poor before, it certainly wasn't better now. **“What the hell is this!? Why am I a fairy!? Why are my tits so huge!?”** Mind you, while her voice sounded like it was booming from *her* perspective? She was only *six inches* tall even if being able to fly with her wings made her feel bigger. Her voice was barely audible to anyone of a normal size, and even up close it would have sounded like nothing more than a shrill squeak.



Regardless of her personal anger, she had to get *help*! Small flames were flickering over her body, which was just as much a dragon's as it was a fairy's, but even then? Those flames were far less potent than they had been when she'd been a full-sized Servant. She'd still be dangerous if she flew close to something flammable, though. **"I need to go find Master..."** That was the most logical course of action.

"AH AH AH! THAT BOTTLE ISN'T JUST THERE FOR DECORATION, YOU KNOW~!"

This teasing voice was a normal volume... if you were normal-sized. But to Jeanne Alter it sounded like it was *booming*. Her tiny head whipped around. There was no one there? **"Then who... What the!?"** She found her wings flapping rapidly. She *had* to, because there was some sort of wind stream pulling her towards her desk? No... Looking over, it was the bottle? And it wasn't the wind. She was being sucked in!? **"WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!?"**

The suction was so great that she lost control of her posture and fell in through the top's hole head-first. Her tits got stuck on the rim first, and then her ass, but all of a sudden? Something physically pressed down on that ass that was stuck in the air, and she landed face first on the bottom of the glass jar. **"Ugh..."** She was quick to perk up when she heard a cork plug the hole she'd fallen into, though. **"Am I trapped!?"**

It didn't take her long to realize that it was *much* worse than that. A set of *gigantic* fingers wrapped themselves around the bottle with Jeanne Alter inside, picked it up, and then gave it a rather violent shake so that the dragon-fairy rattled around and bounced off the walls so that her tits and ass jiggled about wildly for a second once it stopped.

"CAN'T SET ANYTHING ON FIRE IN THERE, CAN YOU~? BUT THAT'S OKAY. DON'T WORRY, THIS IS ONLY TEMPORARY! ...PROBABLY!"

Once Jeanne Alter managed to recompose herself, she looked past the fingers to see a familiar, albeit gigantic face. It was that Mooncancer Servant, BB! *She* was responsible!? That just made her blood boil all the more! The heat grew hotter and hotter inside the bottle, but once again? Her tiny body only created a small flame that didn't so much as tickle the cork. It didn't really matter. Because her eyes went wide at the end of BB's little spiel.

Though BB couldn't really hear what she was saying.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN “PROBABLY”!?”