

# CASINO COINED

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I have to say, I’m surprised that this Singularity simulation is still *active!*”**

It had been a cold and quiet afternoon, and everyone’s *favorite* Mooncancer Servant had decided to quell her boredom through unconventional means... as always. Hardly a week went by where you didn’t hear about *one* of the BBs – whether it was the OG BB or BB Dubai – causing mischief within the walls of the Chaldea Security Organization. Pranks were their bread and butter when it came to person entertainment, which made it all the more interesting that the two *refused* to collaborate whatsoever. If ‘opposites attract’, then it was more akin to like-minded people pushing each other away.

But at first, it hadn’t really been BB’s plan *to* prank anyone. At least not on *that* day in particular. She’d simply wanted to go for a *walk*, and since the bleached Earth outside of the moving contraption that currently served as Chaldea’s base of operations wasn’t exactly the *best* place to do so? She’d turned to the simulation room instead.

Chaldea’s simulation tech was state of the art. It wasn’t as simple as sitting in a device and having your mind beamed into a simulated space. Your *entire* body was sent there, allowing you to not only interact with everything with full authenticity, but anyone that entered could bring stuff back with them as well. It was because of this technology that Chaldea’s Master was able to revisit old stomping grounds to bring back food and materials that everyone needed *despite* the state of the world outside.



**“The sun! The beach! The crowds! This is just what pretty little me needed! Now, if only *senpai* was here!”** While scrolling through the list of locations when looking for *which* place to simulate, BB had come across a listing for Las Vegas. It was the summer Singularity that had been surrounded by water. A land of entertainment beneath the hot sun, with the sands of the desert turned into a luxurious beach. But before long? **“So hot...”** That desert heat became a little *too* much to bear and she retreated into shelter.

It was a *casino* of all things. BB knew who it belonged to – after all, that Servant’s face was plastered *all* over everything. From posters to the slot machines, to the poker tables. It was the casino that the summer Ruler variation of Artoria Pendragon had put up during that Singularity. Fortunately, the Servants that had been present amidst an *actual* Singularity could not be replicated in a simulation – at least not without turning them into hostile, shadowy versions of who they had once been.

**“Which means it’s free real estate!”** Pumping herself up by reciting a meme that she had read online, the young woman *finally* found an outlet for her pranking itch. All of the casino staff were simulated, and there was no one around to give her any *real* trouble, so why not fuck with them a bit? So began an hour of the Servant using her powers to do so in whatever way she could think of. Some were tripped by invisible wires, much to their own confusion, while others were turned into rats under her power. It was all child’s play, really.

But BB began to search for something even *more* exciting. She needed a *rush*, and while poking around in the staff section of the casino, she finally found what she was looking for. **“Well, well! What do we have here? An unguarded treasure chest?”** It was nestled in the back of what she assumed had been Artoria’s office back when the casino had a Servant to maintain it. It was just as big as the Servant was and contained a wealth of golden coins.

The idea of pulling off a *heist* was a pretty exciting one. Carrying such a big chest may have been impossible for a normal human, but it was child’s play for a Servant. Plus, she’d no doubt aggro *every* staff member, leading to an exciting and mischievous chase sequence where

she could pull out all the stops! Even better? She could bring the gold back into the real world and play the hero when she donated it to Chaldea! There was *one* issue though, and that issue popped up before she could even bend over to pick the chest up.

**“And just what do you think you’re doing? Stealing?”**

A strong, mature voice boomed from behind BB, and before she could react? She was *sitting*. At one of the poker tables in the casino? With *Ruler Artoria* sitting across from her. **“One poker hand. If you win, you can leave. If not... I have a fitting punishment for thieves in mind.”** The cards were dealt before BB could even open her mouth. No, she *couldn't* open her mouth? How was this Ruler here? How could she exert such influence over her? ...Why was the hand she'd been dealt so terrible!? **“Royal flush. I win.”** No, it had to be planned! Artoria ended the game without even *asking* to see her hand. **“And now for the punishment.”**

**“PUNISHMENT!?! I didn't even touch it! You can't punish me for intent!”** Evidently, whatever magic had kept her still and quiet had ended when the 'poker game' of a sort had concluded. The Mooncancer stood up and pushed her chair back so that she could freely wag a finger at the Ruler. **“What are you doing here anyways!?! Is that why this Singularity was still listed? Did you have da Vinci keep it listed so you could come back to your casino!?”** She was clearly riled up, but saying it aloud? That made sense. Artoria must have become attached to her new business venture.

Artoria laughed wryly. It didn't seem *evil*. In her eyes, she was simply enacting justice against someone that hadn't *just* attempted to steal but had also been giving her staff a great deal of trouble leading up to that moment. **“It's fine. Yap while you still can. But that's more or less the case. This works out, though. I was looking for a new game for my guests to play, and you'll do quite nicely...”** Perhaps the *Lion King* persona buried deep within the Ruler was having a little too much fun.

At BB's expense, of course.

The shorter of the two women shuddered involuntarily. **“What the—!?! What did you just do to me!?”** BB didn't have any doubt in her mind that something had just been *injected* into her being. Some sort of magic, or maybe a curse? Either way, the only reason it would be applied to someone's body would be to *do* something to them. It must have been the 'punishment' that the Ruler had been talking about, but what could it have even been?

**“You’ll see.”**

BB grit her teeth at this reply. So, she was going to be like *that*, was she? Well, then she’d just use her own powers as a Servant to—!?! **“E-Eh!?”** No, something was *definitely* wrong, but was it with her Spirit Core, her Saint Graph, or something else? Those were two aspects of a Servant’s being that *made* them a Servant, so if something was wrong with either of them, then her abilities wouldn’t work as she expected. **“I knew it! You did something to my body!”** Artoria didn’t offer anything more than a smirk in response, essentially confirming her suspicions to her.

If that was the case, then the next best thing she could do was... *retreat!* She still wasn’t certain about how the casino’s owner had teleported her to the poker table in the first place, but if she was quick about it then maybe she could get away? She just had to move her feet, and— **CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!** **“...C-Clink?”** Not only did the young woman find that she *couldn’t* move her feet, but the insides of her boots felt *cold* – and the little motion that she could muster brought about that clinking noise; one that sounded like metal smacking against more metal.

**“Oh, right. I suppose with how you’re dressed; it wouldn’t be as obvious. Let’s address that.”** With a snap of Artoria’s fingers, BB felt the draft from the building’s air conditioning tickle her bare skin. Her nipples rapidly grew erect, and her loins shuddered from the chill. But what surprised her more than anything was that the clinking noise grew *much* more abundant for a moment in a way that she could identify. It sounded like someone had just dropped a bunch of loose change on the floor?

And all of a sudden, her body has sunk about two inches. **“Eh!?”** BB had a hard time registering what all of these context clues *meant*, admittedly. If she could just look *directly* down then she might have realized, especially when she saw a gold coin no larger than a quarter roll across the floor from her feet as its point of origin. It suddenly stopped and fell over, revealing... her face? **“Wait, a Servant coin!?”**

She knew what a Servant coin was, of course. Chaldea had been collecting them to help enhance the power of their Servants. They took the form of gold coins with the Servant’s face and rarity on one side. Why? She didn’t really know. That was just how things *worked*. But why had it— **“Kya!?”** She hadn’t *meant* to cry out like that so suddenly, but her body sunk another two inches and more coins clinked about. It was also getting harder and harder for her to... feel her... legs? **“CRAP!?”**

The Mooncancer hastily grabbed her tits to pull them apart, because she was worried that she’d fall if she leaned forward to look past them. What she saw was... unnerving. There were no legs *nor* feet below her knees,

only a pile of golden Servant coins that appeared to be growing in size as more and more of her legs fragmented into little, golden pieces with her face on them. **“You’re turning me into treasure!?”** That was something of a mischaracterization. After all, Servant coins weren’t that valuable.

**“No, I’m turning you into a *game*.”** Artoria’s retort didn’t carry any sympathy. To her, BB was absolutely getting what she deserved for her mischief. She watched the naked woman’s knees and thighs, where circular imprints were pressed into her flesh as if someone had taken a bunch of tiny cookie cutters to it. These etched-out circles then turned hard *and* cold, and then peeled off to become the part of the pile beneath her. She was becoming *the* pile of coins.

BB *really* wanted to keep yapping, but yapping took brain power and she was beginning to realize something *else* in the meantime. It hadn’t been as obvious at first because she had yet to comprehend that something was going on, but each time another coin fell into the pile? Her mind felt *weaker*, almost like a piece of it had *separated*. It wasn’t gone so much as it felt *fragmented*, but as her thighs were almost completely gone and a single coin rolled away from the pile, it occurred to her.

She was sensitive to that missing piece’s absence. It felt like a part of her had *literally* rolled away. Her memories, personality, and sense of self was being *fractured*, and she must have only been keeping it together so long as the pile *remained* a pile. **“I-I-I-I...”** It was preferable to Artoria that this was happening. After all, it seemed that BB was now having difficulty formulating proper sentences now that her ass had begun to peel away into coins of its own. Not even her pussy had been spared, with the lips almost acting like a slot machine through which coins poured out until those lips themselves became individualized coins.

There was no way for BB to describe how this *felt*, because she didn’t really feel anything at *all*. Her body became cold and hard before the coins peeled off, and since coins were inanimate objects then it wasn’t like there was any nerves through which she *could* feel. Her eyes simply remained wide as the coinification process finally spread up into her torso, where it became less consistent in *where* it occurred. For example? You might have expected that it would spread up to her shoulders *before* spreading, but that wasn’t the case.

While BB couldn’t properly communicate any longer courtesy of her mind’s fragmented state making it too difficult to string words together, she could still raise her *hands* to watch her fingers flatten and deform into two or three Servant coins per finger before they fell into the growing pile below. Because of the height, more and more of the coins

that fell were beginning to bounce or roll a short distance away, and that made it all the more difficult for her to focus.

Much of BB's torso had succumbed no, and the coin pile had to be at *least* two feet tall with its base flowing beneath the poker table. The coin-shaped indentations could be seen spreading around her massive tits, which practically turned gold all at once. Only until... *her boobs exploded*, almost as if they had been a pair of balloons filled with golden coins that were launched all over the table between Artoria and herself. "**Guh!?**" They flew so far that BB's mind lurched, her ego fragmented further.

But it hardly mattered. The process was almost over, finally. Her arms and shoulders became part of the pile, and the moment her neck followed suit? Her head tilted slightly to the side on top of it like a macabre prop. "**No...**" That was the last thing that she was able to say before the taste of gold filled her mouth... and then she could taste nothing at all while coins spilled from it and her skull and even her hair collapsed into added gold pieces. All BB could perceive at that point was *darkness*.

The Mooncancer didn't say a word. How *could* she, when there wasn't even a mouth *to* speak through across the countless *BB Servant Coins* that now sat in a pile on the floor where the Servant had once been. Each one bore her mugshot with four stars above it, but those faces were just *stickers* on one side of the coin. The mouths on them weren't real. But BB was still in there... somewhere. The issue was that her psyche had been split between each individual coin. When they were piled on top of each other like that, her consciousness was strong. But if they were to be pulled away from each other as the rolling and flying coins had demonstrated...



She didn't have ears to hear nor eyes to see, though. She didn't know that Artoria had summoned her staff to pick up these coins. "**Hide each and every one around the casino. We'll make a scavenger hunt out of it and offer a prize to anyone who can find each and everyone one. Well... aside from this one, at least.**" The

servants began scooping the pile up to do as they were told, but the Ruler plucked one of the coins out. BB might have noticed if not for her coins being handled by multiple people simultaneously. **“I’ll piece you back together eventually. Once people stop clamoring for our new attraction.”** Bemused, Artoria gave the BB coin she was holding a little kiss.

Before slipping it down into her cleavage.