

***** October 17, 2022 *****

“Hmm? You want to do something for Halloween, Abby?” With the spooky-themed holiday fast approaching, Ritsuka was preparing for the inevitable call to action to repair a minute singularity with Elizabeth Bathory involved in some way, shape, or form. Seasonal events follow a pattern like that, and yet everything had been a bit too quiet.

Nodding her head enthusiastically, the young, blonde Foreigner smiled up at him. “It doesn’t look like Elizabeth-chan is going to do anything this year, and Da Vinci-chan said she hasn’t detected anything yet. If we don’t do anything with the Elisa Particles gathering, something bad could happen, right? So, I want to use them to decorate for Halloween!”

“*Another* highly specific type of particle, huh?” Smiling through a weary sigh, the dark-haired Magus placed a hand on her head and ruffled her silky-smooth locks. “Just make sure you ask for help if you need it, okay? Also, go get the Director’s permission.”

“Okay! Thanks, Master~!” Hugging her gentle, kind Master, Abby took off down the hall.

“Don’t push yourself!”

“Kay~!”

Despite the Servants of Chaldea being the defenders of humanity and fighting alongside them for so long, the portly, mustachioed mage from a noble lineage just couldn’t help but fear certain Heroic Spirits. Most notable were the inhuman Servants, like the oni of Mt. Ooe, Divine Spirits, and notorious Anti-Heroes, but there was no entire Class of Servants that scared the Musik family head like the Foreigner Class did. Of the six Foreigners Chaldea had encountered, Ritsuka had somehow managed to *not* summon the one who appeared to be the safest, the Heroic Spirit of the Voyager space probe. Putting the Servantverse Foreigner, Mysterious Heroine XX, aside, all the Foreigners in Chaldea were so terrifying, that he had to ban the use of their third ascension form just for some peace of mind... except for the newer, swimsuit-wearing Abigail Williams who’s first ascension was closer to her Outer God.

And yet, standing on the other side of his desk was Chaldea’s first, and if the others of her class are to be believed, most powerful Foreigner asking for a ridiculous favor.

“A-A Halloween party, you say?” Composing himself as much as he could, Goredolf could barely think straight as, it wasn’t so much the party she was asking permission for, but to be allowed to use her third ascension to set it up. Perhaps in a misguided attempt to demonstrate that everything would be fine, or maybe she wanted the assertiveness that came with it, the young girl had switched to her banned form after entering his office to discuss the matter. “And you want to do so i-in that form?”

“Halloween usually generates enough magic to fill a Holy Grail after all. So, to prevent someone else from using it, I’ll need to be able to control and contain it all.” Nodding, the lanky, grey-skinned girl summoned some tentacles to use as a seat. “And I’m sure this form can control it the best. Of course, I’ll give any excess magical energy to Chaldea. So may I, Goredolf-oji– no. Goredolf-*oniisan*?”

“Don’t think you can butter me up with compliments, young lady. You’re decades too early to go head-to-head with the Indomitable Gordy in political manipulation.” Puffing out his chest, though his words denied her flattery, the smile on his face told another story. “Well, I’d feel better letting a Caster handle such potent concentrations of magical energy, but you are one of the most responsible of the children Servants in Chaldea, so I suppose I can allow it.”

“Really?!” Instantly shifting back to her most innocent form, dismissing all the tentacles that were filling the room, Abby ran around the large desk between them and hugged the older gentleman’s arm. “Thank you, Goredolf-ojisan~!” With permission granted and so much to do, she took off out of the room as abruptly as she arrived, her giggling echoing as she went.

Fixing his uniform, Goredolf cleared his throat and wiped the sweat from his brow. “I’m still in my twenties, thank you very much.” He grumbled, pressing a button on his intercom. “Technical Advisor, I have authorized Foreigner Abigail Williams the use of her third ascension until November 1st, 2022. If you detect her…”

***** October 24, 2022 *****

There was more work involved in organizing a Halloween party than she originally anticipated. Thankfully, there were more than enough Servants and staff willing to help her after finding out what she was trying to do. Her friends, the nice grown-ups, Mash, and of course, her Master were all willing to lend a hand if she needed it. However, even with everything she was doing, there was a noticeable lack of Elisa Particles to fuel her magic as she conjured *safe* eldritch decorations of writhing tentacles, blinking eyeballs, and gaping maws around the base.

Tapping more into the power of her Outer God, Sut-Typhon, Abby was able to scrounge up the magical energy she needed to maintain her tentacle decor, but doing so came with its own risks. *The whispers are getting louder... I can hear them when I’m awake now too. B-But I need to make sure Master has fun this Halloween... especially with what the other me did during the summer camp.* The voices infecting the dark corners of her mind weren’t speaking in a tongue or structure that she understood, but she was able to recognize it as a language. She was edging closer to Sut-Typhon’s influence, though she was able to resist... for now. *Where are all the Elisa Particles? There should be more here. Is someone else taking them? None of the Elizabeth-chans have been acting up—!? Wait... Where are all the Elizabeth-chans? I’ve seen the Carmilla-oneesans around, but none of the Elizabeth-chans.*

With how busy she had been, Abby neglected to keep an eye on the Heroic Spirit that kicked off the trend of there being an event to deal with each Halloween. Thankfully, Castle Csejte was easy enough to locate with how often Chaldea Rayshifted to it.

If they aren't there, I'll have to ask Master to locate them, just in case. Opening a gate in front of her as she got out of bed, Abby grinned, manifesting her third ascension's appearance as she walked forward. "And if they *are* being naughty, I'll have to punish them... just a *bit*."

***** Castle Csejte *****

It was unacceptable. The first time caught her off guard, but who could have predicted an inverted pyramid falling onto her precious Castle Csejte in the first place? It was too ridiculous.

And then for Himeji Castle to come crashing down on top of the pyramid just added humiliation to her already tarnished reputation. Kicked out of her own castle not once, but *twice*? She couldn't let that happen to her again. She *wouldn't*!

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" The voice of her other, Caster self cast doubt on her mind as Elizabeth Bathory guarded the factory that mass-produced inferior copies of her Mecha Alter Ego in her scarlet bikini armor.

"Trust me, with all the Elisa Particles we're gathering, it won't matter if BB tries to drop the *moon* on us, we'll be ready." Boasting confidently with her trusty sword and shield in hand, the violet-horned girl glanced back at the two mechanical doppelgangers strapped to the cobbled-together generator they all fixed. "Your spell should keep anyone from noticing what we're doing, so just let the Mecha Eli-chans absorb all the Elisa Particles Halloween is generating. After we protect our castle, we'll pop over to Chaldea really quick, kidna—uh, I mean *invite* Koinu to a private, all-night concert and serenade him until he's helplessly and completely devoted to us!"

"You know what? You're right!" Dismissing her doubts, the thought of giving their Master a private, Halloween concert was all that mattered now. *"I'm going to sing my heart out and leave Koinu in tears!"*

"Heh, our singing *always* brings Koinu to tears, but at least you get the point."

"Ahh~ So *this* is where all the Elisa Particles are going." Interrupting their merry mode, the sweet yet menacing tone of a young girl's voice echoed through the factory. "I suppose I should have known. Elisa Particles *would* react more favorably towards you, Elizabeth-chan~" Abigail giggled as she stepped out from a radiantly glowing, keyhole-shaped portal.

"A-Abby?! Wh-What are you doing here?" Pointing her sword at the young invader, Elizabeth's body began to tremble. Dozens of dark, swirling masses of magical energy summoned forth thick, wriggling

tentacles formed behind the menacing Foreigner Servant. “I-I haven’t done anything wrong! This is *my* castle, a-and... and...”

Giggling playfully Abigail surrounded the Fresh Blood Demoness with more gates with a wave of her hand. “Oh, I know, Elizabeth-chan~ You haven’t done anything wrong, *yet*.” Her sweet voice slowly warped and deepened, taking on an eerie, foreboding tone as her three eyes glowed with power. “I can even forgive forcing me to draw so much power from Sut-Typhon for my Halloween party. You didn’t know and were just trying to protect your home. Such a good girl.”

“R-Right? So y-you wanted to h-host a Halloween party this year? W-Well, if you n-need some more en-entertainment, I s-suppose I could free up some time—Hey!!” Pushing through her fear, the scarlet-haired girl tried to negotiate with the white-haired terror, only to be interrupted as a tentacle sprung forth from one of the gates encircling her. Reacting on instinct more than conscious thought, Elizabeth cleanly cleaved the appendage in half with one stroke, spinning to cut down the two that lunged at her from behind and jumped back as a new gate opened under her. “Abby?! What are you doing? Can’t we talk about this?”

“Hmmm... I didn’t think you’d be that fast. Ah, you must be boosting your parameters with the Elisa Particles you’ve collected. Well, it *should* be safe to undo another lock.” Manifesting and thrusting one of her oversized keys into a void in space in front of her, Abigail’s magical power surged as a gigantic gate appeared above the generator the two Mecha Eli-chans were attached to. “After all, while I forgive you for inconveniencing me...” Summoning a powerful, dark appendage to come down and wrap around the battery of potent magical energy, she ripped it from its casing and dragged it back into the space Qlipoth connected to. “...For planning to kidnap Master, you must be *puni*—AHH! AAAHHHHH!” Doubling over and clutching her stomach, Abigail writhed in pain as she cried out in pain. “N-No! No, stay back!! D-Don’t look at me! Don’t!”

Despite it looking like Abigail was incapacitated for some reason, Elizabeth was paralyzed in fear as the eldritch energy oozing from the young Foreigner spiked. The air became saturated in dense, slimy mana that permeated her ether body and muddled her thoughts. *A-Abby? What’s happening?*

Reality warped and twisted around the girl as she flailed in agony. The rampaging tentacles wrecked the underground factory and tore space at the seams. More tentacles invaded through the tears spreading the destruction further.

“My, my... this isn’t good. She’s pushed herself too far.” Walking past the immobilized Saber, another Abigail Williams in a skimpy, dark bikini grabbed Elizabeth by her horns and dragged her closer to the madness unfolding. “Taking the magical energy you gathered must have pushed her over the edge. The Outer God has taken notice of the vulnerable state she’s in.” As she got closer, the writhing appendages avoided slamming into her, clearing a path as she got to her out-of-control other.

“Huh?! I-Isn’t that, like, *really* bad!?” Panicking at this information, Elizabeth still couldn’t move her body well, but somehow being in contact with the version of Abigail their Master brought back from the latest singularity eased the dread overwhelming her. “What’ll happen to the world? To Koinu?! We have to stop her!”

“Hmm? Well, I don’t really care about the world, but I won’t sit back if Master’s in danger.” Crouching down next to her pained other as she fought to resist her Outer God, the swimsuited Abby pulled her into an embrace. “Abby? Abby, shhh. It’s okay. It’ll all be okay.”

Her screams dying down and pain subsiding, the young Foreigner weakly looked up at her doppelganger, sweating profusely. “Huh? O-Other me? I-I messed up... I c-can’t st-stop him. He’s coming!”

“Shhh. It’s okay. As unpleasant as you can be to look at, your love for Master is something we share. I’ll we’ll lend you our strength to protect Master. Won’t we, Elizabeth?”

“What? Er... I mean, y-yeah! Of course. If it’s to protect Koinu, I’ll do it!”

“Good. Now then, Abby, my other self, I’ll merge with you for a bit to help pull your Spirit Origin out of the Madness consuming you, but you’ll need the strength to drag yourself out. So...” Gently laying her pain-wracked counterpart down, the bathing-suited Foreigner held the bikini-armored Saber over her. “...eat up.”

Dangling limply over one Abigail, Elizabeth couldn’t look back at the other one, but she still looked around wildly. “Huh?! Wh-What do you mean! She can’t *eat* me!”

“Why not? You have two *juicy* Spirit Origins fused together inside you *and* your flavor—er, I mean your *power* is enhanced right now. I’m sure you’ll be delici—uh, I mean a *big* help.” Crackling maliciously, even if this version of Abigail agreed to help Ritsuka, and to a certain extent Chaldea, she still harbored a deep hatred of Servants.

Parasitic dreams that feed on the living and ultimately hurt *her* Master. Her time in Chaldea had amended that view to know that not all Servants were so selfish, but a selfish, merciless, self-proclaimed idol? She was not to be trusted.

“B-But Elizabeth-chan i-is too big.” Not rejecting the idea itself, the pain-wracked Abby was more concerned with her physical limitations preventing her from doing so.

“Ab—mmph?!”

Covering Elizabeth’s mouth, the other Abigail smiled down at her other. “Don’t worry, all you have to do is get her into your belly. Our body is more resilient than you might think.”

Nodding, Abby opened a small gate over Elizabeth's head and slowly had long, thin tentacles descend and wrap around her body.

Unable to move or fight back, the young noblewoman watched helplessly as she was pulled through the mass of sickening, mind-breaking magic portal into a tight, dark, slimy prison of flesh. *N-No! This isn't wh-what I think it is... is it?* There wasn't enough room for her to fit comfortably in the constrictive space as more of her body was forced in and it stretched tightly against her. Powerful acids were already stinging her flawless skin, and the armor plating barely keeping her covered was melting quickly. The powerful muscles undulating around her squeezed tightly, painfully, as her body curled up, tucking her knees into her chest as she was fully imprisoned with just her tail left to join her.

"How can Abby fit us in her stomach!?"

"I don't know! Ouch! It hurts! It hurts, Abby! L-Let me out! Please!" Trying to reason with the Abigails, the diminishing surface area of her tail exposed to the cool air counted down the time she had left to do something, *anything* to free herself. But her body refused to listen to her. Instinctually she knew right away: there was no fighting what Abigail Williams was connected to. She could only hope for a miracle. "Please! I'll be good, I swear! Abby! Abby!!!"

Rubbing her other's bloated stomach, the swimsuited Abigail hummed softly as she listened to the muffled cries of the wannabe idol. "Ufufu. What a lovely voice you have, Elizabeth. Sing all you want, your punishment will not be altered. Enjoy your swan song, Blood Countess."

"Ohh~! I c-can feel her. Sh-She's wiggling s-so much. It feels s-so nice~!" Embracing the soothing sensation of a full belly, Abby didn't concern herself with what fate she was condemning her fellow Servant to. Thanks to the mana she was stripping from the Saber, her mind was clearing up.

"Good. Take your time and digest her nice and slowly. Though we come from the same Saint Graph, it'll take a bit for me to match our Spirit Origin." Helping Abby sit up, the other Foreigner sat behind her, pressing their backs together. "Then... we'll have to do something *special* with Master for Halloween, okay?"

"Mmhm~!" Nodding, Abby rubbed her wriggling belly as Elizabeth's voice continued to sing out in desperation. Unlike how she normally sings, Abby could listen to this song forever.

Trying to adjust her Spirit Origin to match her others, when the bathing suit-clad Abigail finally synced up with her others, she was able to properly gauge the damage Sut-Typhon had done. "Oh... This is far worse than I thought..."

*** October 30, 2022 ***

Under normal circumstances, seeing so much eldritch corruption and eerie decor around Chaldea would be cause for alarm. Tentacles writhed in the shadows, coiled around furniture legs and support pillars, and flickered in and out of existence in the corner of one's vision occasionally. Surveillance devices were replaced with disembodied eyeballs, and an innocent girl's ominous giggle echoed through the halls periodically, never more than a whisper, but enough to give the foreboding atmosphere the ambiance of unease and that *someone* was always watching.

But with how open she was with what she was doing, there was no need to actually fear the grotesque hellscape that Abby transformed the facility into. If poked, the tentacle might gently wrap around a finger or arm but never bound anyone unwillingly and released whatever they coiled around without resistance. The eyeballs didn't interfere with Chaldea's security and the hauntingly sweet giggles never distracted someone in the middle of work. Everything was kept within safe margins and had an eerie, unsettling cuteness to it.

Heading back to his room after another long day of hard work, Ritsuka admired all the hard work Abby put into preparing for Halloween. Da Vinci had been monitoring Csejte Castle to make sure nothing was happening under their noses, but it looked like this Halloween would only have the surprises the young Foreigner had planned for them.

I can't wait for tomorrow. Smiling at the wriggling mass of tentacles and teeth surrounding an eyeball that clung to the wall across from his door, Ritsuka's excitement bubbled up inside him. *I've never had a 'normal' Halloween in Chaldea yet.*

"Ah! Master~! Are you going to bed already?" Coming around the corner, the young Foreigner ran up to and wrapped her arms around him. "I worked *really* hard to prepare a big surprise for you tomorrow. You won't be mad if I become a bit of a bad girl tomorrow though, w-will you?"

Smiling down at his affectionate, innocent Servant, Ritsuka patted her gently on the head and hugged her back. "Well, if you go too far, I'll have to scold you, but I don't think a bit of mischief on Halloween is a bad thing. If it comes down to it, I'll go with you to make any apologies you need to—hmm? Hey, Abby? Did you do something to your Spirit Origin? Something feels different about you."

"Huh? O-Oh! Um... I-It's nothing, Master. The other me is helping me out a bit is all." Releasing her hold of the young Magus, Abby waved her hand, and the door to his room opened. From the darkness, dozens of thick, powerful tentacles sprung out and wrapped around Ritsuka. "You just need to go to sleep so we can have fun tomorrow!"

Unconcerned about being grappled and restrained by the eldritch appendages, Ritsuka just nodded and let out a yawn. "Sure, but you rest up too. It'd be a shame if you couldn't enjoy the festivities you worked so hard to set up. Do you need me to do anything special for you?"

“Hmm... All I really want is for you to play with me *all*~ day tomorrow. Would that be too much to ask?”

“Barring any emergencies that might come up, I’ll play with you as long as you want.”

Grinning happily, Abigail jumped up and wrapped her arms around her Master’s neck. “Thanks, Master! And don’t worry, I won’t let anyone but me be naughty tomorrow.” Pulling herself up, Abby pressed her lips against his cheek before releasing him and waving as the tentacles binding him retreated into his room. “Good night~!”

Caught off guard by the out-of-character forwardness, Ritsuka couldn’t even wave back as the door got further and further away from him. “Good nigh-!?” Unable to wave, he wanted to bid her a good night but froze as her innocent smile twisted into a menacing smirk. Her three eyes aglow with power, she cackled as he fell further and further into a mind-numbing darkness as her voice rang ominously in his head.

“And good luck~”

- To be continued...