

# BOGIE OF BIG BERRY

BIWEEKLY STORY #119

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Big Berry Circus.

It was the most famous (see: *only*) circus in the city and this wasn't the first time that Maya Fey had been to visit. Nick AKA Phoenix Wright had worked a case there the year prior, and Maya herself had returned unintentionally at one point due to an unfortunate kidnapping incident from an assassin. She was friends with the people that worked at the circus, including Regina Berry, the daughter of the ringleader who had unfortunately been the victim in last year's murder case. Her dad, not Regina.

Unfortunately she wasn't at the Big Berry for a casual visit on this occasion either. Not only had Max been arrested *again* but he had requested Nick as his defense attorney. Fortunately, the case wasn't a murder incident, but maybe a string of disappearances wasn't better? Girls who visited the circus for shows were seemingly going missing after the shows had ended, and with Max's flying gig he had been accused of whisking them away.

**“Ah— N-Nick!?! Don't leave meeeeeee!”** Some new developments in the case had required Nick's attention back at the precinct, but Gumshoe had told her that she couldn't come. So she'd been left at the circus with the prosecutor who was working on the case. Which was the problem since it was... *Franziska von Karma*. After helping Nick and Edgeworth with the Dahlia Hawthorne and Godot incident she had decided to hang around for a while. Nick seemed to trust her, but... she still scared Maya a little bit. She was intimidating!



Fortunately von Karma didn't appear to be in her immediate line of sight, and so Maya dipped into the circus tent by herself. The sun had long set and Regina had returned to her room. No one else was inside, so wasn't it the perfect time to investigate by herself? She'd show Nick that she could be useful! ...Though she was forgetting that this was a case where women were being kidnapped. Being by herself probably wasn't the *best* idea.

The girl wasn't acting rationally. “**What was that!?**” It had sounded like something had been knocked over in a dark corner of the tent. Rather than showing even an iota of caution, she ran into the darkness towards the sound's source. But... there was nothing there, at least on the ground. Raising her gaze she found something *else*. A mask.

Just *floating* in the air. It had two different halves, one black with a squinted yet menacing eye, while the left was white with a black teardrop. There was an unsettlingly wide smile across it.

“**How is it floating there...?**” Was it dangling by a fishing line or something? Maya wasn't afforded the time to check, because the mask suddenly spun in the air so that the back was facing her face, and then— “**MMPH!?**” It attached itself directly to her face, muffling her voice and obscuring her vision. She had no choice but to try and yank it off, but she couldn't!?

## ***THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP!***

Maya's heartrate jumped from something normal to a sharp pounding in a matter of seconds. The mask's fastening had heightened her anxiety of course, but her heartbeat was still incredibly unnatural. “**MPH!?** **MMMPH!?**” She was still having problems breathing through it which didn't help. But her grip *on* the mask? It was becoming clumsier and slipperier, and the pulsing of her heartbeat? She could feel it *in* her fingers and palms almost like they were... *swollen?*

The teen didn't have any means of confirming that this was the case though. The only opened eyehole on the mask was the left one, and it wasn't fully aligned in that moment because of her attempts to pry it off. She couldn't at all made out the sight of her fingers swelling not only to the size of ten sausages, but *beyond* that thickness while her palms became cartoonishly large in kind. The nails on each finger sharpened into black claws, which contrasted hands that had *lost* all of their color. They were *much* whiter than the rest of her body! ...For *now*.

“**AH!?**” At the climax of the changed to hands that were now twice the size of her face, one of these new claws had dug into the mask and accomplished the *opposite* of what Maya had set out to do. That is to say that instead of getting it off... she’d accidentally slid it *entirely* into place. The creepy smile aligned with her mouth fully and her left eye slid correctly into the relevant hole. But it was strange. She could recall the one side of the mask had a big smile on it, but beneath the mask...

Why couldn’t *she* stop smiling in the same way?

At this thought something bubbled up from the depths of her vocal chords that deeply disturbed her. A noise that she hadn’t intended on making. “**Heehee~!**” A singsong giggle that saw the mouth of the ‘mask’ move. Maya *felt* it move. Because there was no longer anything underneath the mask in terms of her face. The mask *was* her face. “**N-No— M-My heehee hands!?**” Now that she could see through one eye she could see what had become of her huge hands, unaware of the fact that her feet had similarly grown large and had busted out of her geta sandals.

She was shocked, scared, and confused. All negative emotions that should have been properly displayed. “**I-I can’t stop smiling!**” That unsettling overly joyous smile wouldn’t fade. It couldn’t. She literally couldn’t find the strength to move her lip muscles downward almost like they had been fastened in place. All the while? The girl’s human form continued to appear significantly *less* so.

Her hefty hands and the left side of her face were *already* a ghastly white, but the color had gradually been sapped from the rest of her body just in general until it was all the same ghost-like shade. Blood still pumped through her veins and yet this sickly color persisted, nipples and lips a dark purple to coincide with this loss of color otherwise.

The small topknot atop Maya’s head came undone because it was given no choice in the matter. Her hair was creeping longer as she panicked, the odd giggle still escaping her lips and unsettling her here and there. But these locks cascaded with exceptional additional length, falling all of the way down to the backs of her ankles before something became amiss with its color.

“**What now~!? My haaaaair~!?**” She had felt the tug of its new weight but was further distracted by her own voice. It kept jumping up to a bubbly new octave where she was adding playful inflections to everything. Almost like some kind of *clown*. The girl *was* right about something being wrong with her hair, mind you. Much like her face which had now been split between dark and light her hair had done the

same. The right half was a dark purple while the left was a light blonde. It added to the eerie, clown-like aesthetic that was clearly developing.

There was a sudden unsteadiness to Maya's posture, prompting her to clumsily place one of her huge hands on a nearby piece of circus equipment to stabilize herself. "**What now~? I...**" It was getting harder for the attentiveness she had shown to her transformation thus far to remain persistent. Her head felt heavy; thinking was difficult. And the thoughts that were coming to mind? They weren't right. For a girl as innocent as Maya they were too...

### *Carnal.*

It soon became a little clearer as to why that was, and in fact her unsteady posture was *part* of it. She'd been thrown off by her own *height*, which had extended upwards very quickly just as suddenly. Her limbs and torso stretched until she towered over even the body length mirrors that were elsewhere in the circus tent, her flesh and blood reaching the height of roughly 6'5"! Had she remained proportionately the same then perhaps there wouldn't have been any malfunction with her robes short of being a little too short as she had risen, yet unfortunately this *wasn't* the case.

The girl's – no, the *woman's*, for that was what she now was – body had simultaneously ballooned in key areas in a way that could best be described as 'animated'. The cheeks of her pale ass had swelled as had her tits, and in both cases their growths had been accompanied by old timey sound effects. Her pale tits growing forth into sizes to rival her head sounded like balloons being inflated and even made childish sloshing noises once they finally broke free of the folds of her robes. Meanwhile her ass? Farting noises accompanied the inflation of cheeks that chewed up her panties and forced hips wider and thighs plumper.

"**Oh dear~!**" Her smile, of course, remained. Maya's body was tall and buxom now and she was *aware* of that. This awareness filled her with a *hunger*. The inappropriate thoughts that had steadily been filling her mind had a purpose and that purpose was to *feed* her. "**Mmn... I want to feel full~!**" Why had she been fighting this before? It all felt... *right*. Just as right as how long and pointy her ears had slowly become as the rest of her body had changed!

She clearly wasn't *human*. If her face, hands, and oversize feet hadn't already given that away, the bemoaned eruption of a pair of dark, curved horns atop her head would have. They reached back about ten inches, curling upwards in the back while tufts of fluff wrapped around them at their bases to make them resemble the points of a jester's cap. Such was

the theme of her appearance and the clothes that took shape once the monster snapped her clawed fingers.

Dark purple tights with white stars wrapped themselves about her thigh thighs, sliding beneath white, heeled jester boots with ominous red eyeballs fastened to them. Those eyes pulsed and moved, but they were also on the back of the white gloves that found her big hands. Maya's tits were largely left bare, with the extremely open and ruffled neckline of her top, which even showed off her bare belly. It was all part of a jacket with extremely puffy sleeves, whereas a frilled collar hid her neck.

While there were no bells on the monster's costume, there was still a pleasant jingling sound that rang with every movement of her voluptuous, six-foot tall body. The mask *was* the *Bogie's* face, that eerie smile entirely her own. She just couldn't stop smiling! As an oni-type monster she was tall, powerful, and sexy – positive traits that had wholly corrupted her down to her very core. She carried herself like a gleeful clown, huge, clawed hands clapping together now and again.



**“Heeheehee! I’ve neeeever felt this good before! I wanna play a game!”** The monster licked her own smiling lips seductively. The games she was thinking of were *all* sexual. She was a beast that fed on the sexual essence of humans, be they men *or* women. But there was also a desire to *kidnap*. Girls were going missing because a Bogie like her had been stealing them away. Unfortunately? The previous one had passed on, leaving its mask behind to be inherited.

Unfortunately Maya was the one to receive this ‘gift’.

The monster's eerie smile appeared all the eerier all of a sudden. **“Now~! How much longer are you going to hide back there? Heeheehee!”** A *human* had been watching her. She had felt the woman's gaze for a while now but had chosen not to ignore it. The woman was powerless to do anything about the Bogie's presence however, so she hadn't immediately addressed it. Should she kidnap

her? Sap her sexual energies? Or hm... Perhaps there was another use for her.

All the while Franziska von Karma still didn't dare make a sound even though her cover had been blown. Having followed Maya into the circus tent, tailing her to keep an eye on her, she'd been privy to the sight of the girl being transformed into the giant clown monster before her. It was a sight she would have rejected if not for the fact that she had been forced to accept the Kurain Channeling Techniques back during *that* case.



Franziska's logic was that if she didn't make any noise then perhaps the monster would believe its mind was playing tricks on it. But unfortunately that *wasn't* the case. **"I guess this works~! A position just opened for a lovely assistant and I think you'll do just fine!"** Despite the Bogie's goading she didn't move, but von Karma was quick to realize why that was. Something had instead fallen on top of her from above.

**"What!?"** Was it a box of some kind? It was spacious, or at least she believe it to be because it was pitch black at first. But a dim purple light soon illuminated the space, revealing that it was just large enough for her to fit while giving her some movement. But where had it come from? That box had *not* been above her prior to that monster speaking to her. **"Let me out!"**

It was an unsettling space to be in. She couldn't hear anything outside nor inside of the box aside from the sound of her own breathing. What she could *feel* was her heart beating quickly. Franziska prided herself in her ability to keep her cool (whip be damned) but that didn't seem to be the case in this instance. To be fair, however, it was an artificial feeling prompted by the magic affecting her. It was her heart responding as her blood and biology was altered into something *less* human.

Unlike with what had happened to Maya however, the fact that her humanity was being robbed from her wasn't immediately recognizable. The prosecutor was forced to reckon with something she hadn't expected. **"Whaaaaaaaat!?"** The pitch of her voice grew almost window-shatteringly higher while her body did... *the opposite*.

The already impressively large circus tent was quick to appear *significantly* larger from the young woman's point of view. That was unsurprising seeing as her body was quickly becoming swallowed whole by her outfit, tights bunching up and sleeves completely obscuring her hands. Gloves fell off and she tripped out of her heels. "**No, no, no!**" ... As her bosom flattened into nothing and much of her body's mature weight was sapped aside from some plushness to her thighs.

**"This can't beeeeeee!"** Shortened limbs eventually pulled Franziska free of her prosecutor's attire starting with her head, and that head was... Well, she looked how she sounded. *A lot younger than she was supposed to be.* Rather she resembled herself when she was younger, perhaps eight to ten years old. Much to her further surprise? When she finally freed her maturity-free figure of only four feet tall from her old outfit she was dressed in something *else*. A very tight, light purple leotard with detached sleeves and matching thigh highs. But the shapes of the feet didn't feel right. Were they too big? "**What sort of foolish fool would foolishly make me so cute!?**"

No! That wasn't how she had intended on finishing that sentence! Her intention had been to complain about her new outfit which was, for a girl of her perceived age, much too revealing! Why was the cloth vaguely translucent? Mind you she hadn't even noticed the big, pink bow behind her. Nor the pair of cute little bat wings or the black tail with a fluffy, white tuft that she probably would have mistaken as decorations... unaware of the fact that they *were* real.

The tail was even swishing back and forth behind her. So why hadn't Franziska noticed? Truthfully? Her mind was already largely rewired to accept whatever happened. She didn't so much as blink at the sensation of her once short bob of hair tickling her shoulders as it grew longer, lengths guided into twintails that were dyed a bluish purple with pinkish purple tips. Her ears were colored the same. Not the ones on the sides of her head *because those had disappeared*. Rather, a new pair of very fluffy ones that had emerged from atop her skull, outlining the big purple *ahoge* that had sprouted from the center.

**"Cute... Cute! I'm really cute! I want to be useful!"** The child hyperfixated on just how *adorable* she was. It was important! It was her greatest weapon, allowing her to manipulate stupid... humans? "**No, I'm not some kinda monster! I'm a... a monster? Buuuuut...?**" Franziska's verbiage was even more childlike. All of those big law words she knew? She couldn't remember them! Why would a monster care about the law anyways?

Franziska's pupils dilated but strangely inverted in color seconds later from black to white. The colors of her irises darkened to purple around them, but moments later? The white pupils exploded in size and shape to resemble stars in her irises. Blush stickers also stuck to her cheeks. They could not be removed, nor could the smile that had practically frozen itself onto her lips. But while the cute little monster now looked nothing like Franziska von Karma? There was still one little thing.

Well, *four* technically.

The child stumbled with a cute little squeak. Her posture was *off* and even using her hands to try and stabilize didn't help because they were succumbing to the same phenomenon that caused her imbalance in the first place. Her hands *and* her feet were swelling into larger, more monstrous shapes. In both cases they were dyed purple though her feet were hiding by leggings that soon fit properly, and claws emerged from her fingertips. Accentuating them all were glowing hearts. One on the backs of each finger, and interlocking chains of hearts that floated around each foot.

The four walls of the box that the woman had been trapped within fell down, exposing the tiny figure that Franziska had been diminished into underneath a magical spotlight that the Bogie had conjured much to her own excitement. **"Behold! My faithful assistant! Heeheehee!"** She clapped with her big monster hands, ever smiling as she looked over the form of the *Familiar* that von Karma had become.



Tiny hands of the Familiar clapped in turn. She immediately recognized the Bogie as her 'master' despite a small fragment of Franziska's ego remaining intact and protesting internally. **"Mhm! That's me! Miss Bogie's wonderful assistant!"** The monster, resembling a little girl, gave a little bow as if she was performing on stage. This was the sort of behavior that her master expected of her. **"I feel really great! So happy! Thank you for this gift, master!"**

Maya, or at least the Bogie she had become, danced manically over to the Familiar's side to give her a little pat on the head with her giant hand. The Familiar giggled and did a little twirl. She was beyond obedient, finding joy in every little gesture of trust and affection the Bogie gave her. But that was the nature of her species. She had been



created to serve and she would do that with a smile on her face regardless of her master's nature. **“That’s good! So shall we find our first meal~?”**

She’d chosen the form of a small girl for von Karma for a reason.

**“Just scream like you’re in danger, and I’m sure a tasty morsel will come running!”**

Humans couldn’t resist the sound of a maiden in peril!