

1002 NIGHTS

COMMISSION STORY

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“**Mashu?**” It had been some time since the group of Gudao, Gudako, and Mashu had returned to Agartha to farm for supplies that Chaldea needed for an upcoming operation. It was pretty routine at this point. After a Singularity was cleared they were able to recreate it from data recorded during the adventure, which ultimately became a necessity as they would come to rely on the drops there for things like increasing the power of their Servants.

Standard trip or not however they’d ended up separated from their dear kouhai while exploring Agartha’s crowded markets. This realm wasn’t exactly the safest of sorts, particularly not for a girl by herself, but at the same time Mashu was a Servant capable of taking care of herself in case of an emergency regardless. She was well-behaved and meticulous about following procedure, so once the two had realized they’d more or less assumed that she’d returned to the shop they had set up as a base.

One of the back rooms rented with coin they’d acquired when they’d first been brought there during the original incident was their destination, and they slipped past the shop keep with a wave before knocking upon and entering the room previously mentioned. But who they found there wasn’t the girl they were expecting. It wasn’t Mashu but another Servant they were familiar with, one that also had ties to Agartha. “**Scheherazade?**”

The Arabian beauty sat in her dogeza position. It was a sign of great apology, but for what? Had she caused some sort of incident again? But... she shouldn’t have been in Agartha in the first place. All of the Servants that had ruled as queens or had otherwise been present had disappeared at the Singularity’s end, and they hadn’t included her in the selection of Servants they’d brought along. “**I apologize, Masters, but to avoid being killed I must...**” Her face rose from the ground, and as

if queued up the door that the two had walked through suddenly closed behind them.

Gudako pulled on it to check, but her efforts bore no fruit. "**Gudao, it's locked with magic!**" She turned back to face him, only to get her first face full of a strange, purple gas. Her brother was already coughing from inhaling it and soon a tickle in her own throat caused the same reaction, both keeling over from its effects.

This very same gas had filled the room earlier that day, not that either Master knew this. Nor did they know that the Scheherazade that had trapped them was actually the Mashu they had been searching for. But it didn't matter. The gas was at a much more potent potency to accommodate two victims, and inhaling it at such a rate was enough to completely knock the both of them out after only thirty seconds.

It was the brother that woke first, the evening sun burning both the room and his gaze orange as fingers twitched against the wooden floorboards of the space they'd rented. Slowly he pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, bones aching and head abuzz. He was no stranger to feeling like this though; he'd likely hit his head when he fell unconscious.

While that was *true*, though, it wasn't really the full story.

Gudao shook his head as he sat upright, blurred gaze dancing from one part of the room to the next to take stock of what the current situation was like. He could remember Scheherazade and some sort of strange gas filling his lungs, but it seemed neither of those things were still in the room. Fortunately Gudako *was* and, despite being unconscious a few feet away from him, based on how her chest rose and fell to indicate breath, probably in about the same condition as himself.

He managed to stand and silently pick his sister up, depositing her on one of the beds in the room so not to wake her. The boy's intention had been to go out and look for Mashu again since they still hadn't found her, but after taking two steps towards the door his body fell over once more. This time the reason was different though. It was like something at the very core of his being on fire, like an energy he wasn't designed to contain was suddenly bubbling up from within.

It was only natural. Unlike Mashu he hadn't been created to house a Saint Graph, nor had Gudako. They had absolutely zero compatibility with such a thing and that was what had taken root in both of them. In cases like these? The Saint Graph would either completely destroy them or completely overtake them, and in the early stages it was impossible to see which would win.

Now however? A clear victor had been decided as indicated by how the boy's body was alight internally. It was an intense pain, one that affected the sleeping Gudako to the point that she grunted and groaned in her sleep as well. Struggling against what felt like pins and needles being jammed into his skin, Gudao managed to push

himself off the floor with his hands before ultimately collapsing again. "**Ma...ster...!**", he cried in an attempt to call out his sister's name. Though all that came out was a title he'd never used to refer to another person before. Generally because it was reserved for a Servant speaking to the one they were bound to.

But had the young man collapsed merely from the pain? At first thought he had, but it had actually been a joint effort between the pain and something else. Body aight, pain overpowered all of his other senses and made concern for other irregularities obsolete. So things like his clothes beginning to feel heavy - no, larger as well? It had escaped his notice understandably.

It wasn't that the size of his clothing was increasing as much as it was the fact that his body was beginning to deteriorate in stature however. He'd always been the taller of the two siblings, yet cracking bones and twitching limbs accompanied a sharp reduction of prominence that rapidly brought him not only below Gudako's height but set him on a spiral downward even further.

The wrists of his Chaldea uniform pooled beneath his hands as fingers struggled to push himself upright for a second time. He was concerned about his sister, maybe a little more intensely than he should have been, and it was that concern that fueled him even as the shoulder of his jacket slid off on one side to reveal a small, bare arm and black pants slipped off along with his boxers to expose himself to the room.

He didn't exactly look like a miniature man, however. If it had been a simple loss of height then that surely would have been the ultimate result, but there had been significant loss of something else at the same time. *Age*. His skin shone with youthful vigor, muscles he'd manufactured through two years of fighting the threats to the human order vanishing into tiny arms and legs. Fat pooled into his cheeks and tummy, giving him a rounder and more childish look.

Gudao might as well have been twelve or thirteen physically by the time the initial changes had completed. A little boy compared to a teenager that was quickly approaching adulthood.

Once the shrinkage and regression had ended, however, the pain seemed to subside. The boy immediately noticed the world around him seemed bigger, from the distance between himself and the bed he'd put his *Master* on to how big the locked door before him seemed. Even so he staggered up onto his feet, pants and boxers essentially lost as his jacket hung off him like a blanket. He was less concerned for himself than he should have been perhaps, but that was because a bond had been temporarily put in the forefront. He couldn't stop to think about himself when his *Master* might have been in danger.

"**Master... Master...**" Voice chimed like a chirping bird, almost girlish in pitch as small hands shook Gudako's body with intent. It would be unfortunate if she were to perish, more-so if she would never be able to give them head pats agai-- *wait?*

Gudao wasn't sure why such a trivial and childish concern had popped into his mind, nor why his personal pronoun use had suddenly turned plural.

The fingers that dug into the ginger-haired girl's arm from the depth of oversized sleeves began to portray the idea that Gudao's body was far from finished transformation-wise. The fingers of a boy retained their youthful glow, and yet maturity speckled itself across their nails in pale violet. It was the kind of thing one might expect from a little girl pretending to seem grown up, and paired with slightly longer bones it was an illusion sold rather proficiently.

"Master? Wake up and praise us for enduring that pain!" He spoke again, voice even more feminine and verbiage more haughty. His lips pursed with displeasure as he referred to himself in plurality once more, but it wasn't born of multiples as much as it was an archaic way for rulers to refer to themselves. There were several Servants in Chaldea that spoke that way, Servants he was contracted to. Or...?

Maybe not? He paused in his shaking to examine the back of his right hand, finding no Command Seals. Were he a Master he would have had such a thing would he not? Which meant he naturally couldn't be such a thing. Wasn't he actually responsive to them? Making him a Servant...

The tips of his dark hair had begun to brighten significantly, taking on a soft purple not unlike the paint that had spread across his pre-teen fingers. Head of hair overall had begun to substantiate significantly, volume more pronounced and length rapidly progressing both out and downwards as that purple plagued all the way down to his scalp. The most peculiar change to his head, however, was how the bangs parted in the front. It was almost unnatural how they swept to either side like a pair of curtains, framing a soft forehead that practically seemed to reflect the light of the evening sun that still filtered through the window.

He paid no mind to his hair nor how it draped over and past his shoulders, instead taking notice of peculiarity in Gudako instead. The tips of her orange bangs had paled considerably, and that paleness went all the way to pure, brilliant white as it slithered throughout her head of hair. The ahoge atop the ginger's scalp flattened as snow white took it, becoming one with the greater part of hair as he watched it shorten in the back and grow longer in the front. The quality of each strand appeared to be almost supernaturally shiny. Perfect, even. **"Eh...?"** Gudao could only squeak.

"EEEEEEEEEEH!?" But that squeak turned into a full-on shriek as the woman's body suddenly exploded. Not *literally*. She didn't blow up! The sound of cloth shredding all across her body might have suggested that, but it was merely because the contents of that outfit had ultimately pushed the clothing past what it could contain.

What exploded? Pure muscle. Adonis-like meat that modern society might have argued whether it belonged on a fair, young woman, and yet as Gudao watched the

belts around his sister's top snap, cloth beneath them damaged to reveal the interior, he couldn't help but marvel. Her stomach was decorated with lean, rippling muscle one might expect of a woman that spent day and night training herself to perfection. *Or an amazon.* Like that Queen. "Tch." The child clicked his tongue as he reminisced his previous stay in Agartha. What a prude that Penthesilea was! And now they were sharing a room?

Blue eyes flickered a dark purple as memories became unsure. Wait... wasn't he looking over his Master right now? No... his sister? Neither? This was another Servant wasn't it? Muscle meanwhile rippled through Gudako's arms and legs, definition more than apparent through freshly torn leggings as hips became just the slightest bit more pronounced. Opposing this was Gudako's breasts, which seemed to sink lower and lower with each breath, chest ultimately composed more of tireless muscle in the end. What's more, scarring had become apparent all across the girl's complexion.

While difficult to see, Gudako's face was changing too. Once opened her eyes would be wider, not Asian in the least. Her nose was more pointed, cheeks fairer, and despite her tough exterior she sported a pair of enticingly soft lips.

"To think this one can sleep through such pain when we were torn awake!"

In response to Gudako's final shout, Gudako's eyes seemed to flicker open not to reveal their typical orange, but a golden yellow that contrasted her pale, scarred, rippling body. Meeting his sister's gaze, Gudako was suddenly overcome with a great deal of conflicting emotions... and conflicting information. Gudako? With a face so stern this could only be the queen of the amazons. *Sister?* He'd never have such a relationship with a person like this. To begin with, he was a Chinese Emper--

"Wu Zetian. Empress of China. Why are you watching me sleep?" Penthesilea, still in Gudako's torn clothes, tore Gudako from his thoughts with this question. Left eye twitched a moment as he attempted to process the name he'd been referred to. Was his name not Gudako? And an empress? He was a man, right?

But from Penthesilea's point of view he could hardly be seen as one. Long, purple hair, a childish face with soft Chinese features that had snuck in as he'd been observing. His form covered by an oversized jacket it was left looking fairly androgynous. **"What are you saying about us? We are very clearly empress Wu Zetian! Erm... Wu Zetian! We are Wu Zetian!"** It probably looked like the poor boy was having a hard time with nothing, but he was surely attempting to introduce himself as Gudako!

"How could we not be Wu Zetian? We don't have a penis!" How could I be Wu Zetian when I'm a boy, had been the thought. But it had come out in a declaration that spread to reality as his dick was sucked into a freshly formed pussy, short purple hairs dancing above it. **"Um... And we have a woman's body! We are not a boy!"** *I have the body of a boy so I couldn't be a woman,* once again filtered through

her new mind. **"Our name is... is..."** Eye twitched again, the name of Gudao now entirely associated with her Master and not herself. As if to seal the deal, the fat upon her body found itself redistributed as two small lumps added curvature to her chest, and thighs grew thick with youthful fat to fill in space left by wider hips and a small but perky behind. **"Wu Zetian! We are Wu Zetian!"** And this time she'd *meant* to say it.

The Chaldea clothing that fit both Servants ill shone gold a moment as the proper attire for their first ascension was left in their place. The purple haired Assassin's long locks were bound into childish twin tails as an elaborate and low-cut Chinese dress revealed what passed as the cleavage of a young girl, while Penthesilea was left in little more than a piece of chest armor, gauntlets, and tightly fit shorts... if they could even be called that.

"That we would be housed with the queen of the amazons is unthinkable!" Wu began to chirp now that she was in her proper outfit, delicate finger wagging at the now-sitting amazon. **"Umu! If we are to face this shame then Master shall bestow upon us one million head pats until we are satisfied!"** She shoved her tiny chest in the air, proud of this clearly nonsensical punishment.

"While I disagree with us two queens sleeping in the same room myself, could you keep it down? Just wait until Master comes back and yell at her instead." On the other hand, Penthesilea was completely calm, pushing past the midget and heading to the door to open it. When she did so, another Servant was on the other side. Scheherazade. Caster of the Nightless City. **"Oh, here's Master."** Both the Berserker and Assassin, for some reason, had ended up contracted to this Caster. Considering the immense mana pool of the Caster class it was possible for her to sustain a contract, it seemed.

Wu Zetian jumped and ran over to Scheherzade, clinging to the woman's ample thighs like a child might. An adult in mind, she seldom reflected it in behavior. **"A-Ah... Assassin..."** Nervously, the Caster reached down to pat the Assassin on the head, which seemed to abate her with glee. **"Are you two ready? So that we don't die we need to take it... the gas... we need to spread it through Chaldea."**

"...And erase that organization before the invaders arrive."