

# MIKON ME PRETTY

## OCTOBER REQUEST STORY

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The Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki had finally entered its penultimate phase, and as a result the remaining Masters were making their final preparations. But one Master had been taken out early on and he wasn't the sort to so easily accept defeat. Shinji Matou stood within the living area of his family's estate, summoning circle erected in the center with all of the furniture pushed aside to make room.

He was tired. Tired of being seen as second to his adopted sister. Tired of being cast aside by fate. Tired of losing to Shirou Emiya. He was the most popular guy in school! All of the girls should have been falling for him, not Emiya! He was going to get his revenge one way or another and so he'd designed a way to summon a Servant all his own. It should have been impossible -- not only because all of the Servants for this war had already been summoned, but because Shinji didn't have the power needed to be a proper Master on his own. There was a way however. A summoning concept he'd found buried in one of his ancestor's books.

The circle came alight with sparks of blue as the air in the living area began to swirl, tossing pillows and shaking framed pictures mounted on the walls. It was working! *It was working!* He'd show Shirou Emiya! *He'd show him!*

"**Huh? Shinji?**" But in the aftermath of a beam of light shooting up from the circle's center there stood an issue of sorts, one that almost made the purple-haired youth cry out in despair. He hadn't summoned a Servant he had summoned... **SHIROU EMIYA!?** His emotional anger had brought forth a sacrifice unknowingly but he didn't know that this was how the workaround was designed to function. The existence of Pseudo-Servants was a well kept secret at this time after all.

From Shirou's point of view he'd been getting ready to retire for the night when a beam of blue energy had snatched him up like a tractor beam. The next he knew he was standing here, Shinji only a few feet away with a look on his face that screamed *'I'm about to spontaneously combust'*. The boy had made his feelings about Shirou abundantly clear over the course of the War, and surely he felt even worse about it after losing Rider.

**"H-HOW!? WHY ARE YOU STANDING IN FRONT OF ME!? I WAS SUMMONING A SERVANT TO KILL YOU! NOT SUMMONING YOU!"** The Matou boy's frustration boiled over however, ultimately confirming the Emiya boy's assumption that whatever was happening here had been done out of ill intention. Was he really so pressed to get rid of him at this point? What kind of life had Shinji lived for him to fall so low?

But Shirou wasn't about to let Shinji make another move. He wouldn't kill him, just as he hadn't before, but he likewise couldn't afford to not defend himself. **"Trace On!"** Boldly he tossed hands to the side, expecting to formulate the two blades he'd witnessed Rin's Archer wielding with magecraft. Expectation, though, did not beget reality. Instead of two swords taking shape, two blasts of energy were fired from his hands at the ground. The first was a blast of flames, the other a blast of ice. **"What!?"**

**"E-E-EMIYAAAA!?! Did you really get that strong in such a short period of time!?"** Shinji had just witnessed an untrained magus fire off a pair of super strong spells simultaneously and so he'd taken a few steps back from the scene as he noted the two beam-sized holes his rival had left in the ground. Should he run? He totally thought he should run!

On the other hand Shirou seemed completely baffled by his unintended display. Raising hands in front of him smoke wafted off one and cold air emanated from the other, though those weren't even the two strangest things about them. *They weren't his hands.* They were his hands, they were attached to his arms but... *they didn't look like they should at all.* Digits were smaller and accented by long, manicured nails that weren't painted with color but a precarious polish. Any sign of overwork -- callouses, scars, had faded leaving soft porcelain flesh that he might expect Rin's hands to look like.

**"Look Shinji, something wrONG here."** He didn't have a clue about what was happening, he just knew it couldn't be good. Mid-sentence his voice had even cracked briefly before returning to its normal sound. There was a sinking feeling in his gut that told him this was going to get worse, and even with limited experience the redhead knew something had compromised his body.

His Magic Circuits, for example, had lit up with an intensity he didn't expect any human to be able to tolerate. Mana welled up from within, reaching to every aspect of his body and supplying a strength he *absolutely* shouldn't possess under any circumstance. At times it fluctuated -- at first it had been more concentrated in his

hands, but as it grew more prominent through his arms he could feel hairs stand on end and witness the sleeves he was wearing deflate as less mass existed. **"I think I'm beCOMing a SERVant!"** The way his voice rose and fell was almost like someone had a dial they kept turning back and forth.

Shinji paused his retreat at this assumption on Shirou's part. He could see how his rival's body had begun to withdraw, the hands he had outstretched, the way his voice kept popping higher into a woman's tone. So then... was Emiya becoming the Servant he'd summoned? And clearly a woman as well! Wasn't this perfect? A Servant was at the full command of their Master, he could humiliate Shirou by doing this and that as a woman. He could have his way with her new form!

**"AHAHA! HAAAA! OF COURSE! YOU'RE BECOMING MY SERVANT, EMIYA SHIROU!"** He could feel the Command Seals taking shape on his hand! This was perfect! More than he could have ever hoped for!

***"Absolutely not."***

**"Huh?"** A woman's voice came from where Shirou was standing. It didn't match his body at all, though Shinji could see how his hair was beginning to lighten to soft pink. Emiya's eyes seemed, likewise, rounder than they had before and they possessed an eerie golden shine that stood out in the barely lit living space. **"What did you just say to your new Master? You barely even look like Shirou Emiya anymore!"**

It wasn't merely an issue with appearance either. That moment of rejection had been so bluntly stated by Shirou's twisting ego as he played victim to the formation of a Saint Graph overlaying his very soul. Somehow Shinji's broken demeanor was becoming less and less tolerable to the Servantizing human, like it was becoming even less compatible with his morals than it had before. Never wanting to kill in his life, for some reason he had the overwhelming desire to smite this mortal where he stood.

A soft layer of fuzz began to line to boy's ears as they crept up and alongside his skull. The higher up they became, the furrer they grew as shape distorted into a pair of vulpine triangles with soft, white tufts protecting their entryway. The moment they peaked, fluffy and brown, Shirou became aware of each and every sound in the room. The creaking of the floorboards from his unintended attack on them, Shinji's shallow and excited breathing.

Likewise, he could perfectly hear the sound of his trousers tearing as two tails erupted from behind. Big and fluffy, there were clearly reminiscent of a fox's, falling in line with his ears and the set of fangs that poked out from soft and swollen lips. **"You may be my new Master, *Shinji-san!* However! I will not be following you!"** Honorifics were applied as Shirou's voice held a newly found pep, the higher pitch now consistent with what had been attempting to overtake it earlier.

So much of the boy's frame had diminished that his uniform looked to be practically falling off of him. Fingers held pants up at first, but as hips suddenly popped outwards any room between the hem and his flesh was made absent and he was forced to withdraw so that they didn't get pinched in between. Thighs swelled, pushing the amber cloth to its limit as it attempted to contain an abundance unsuited for men's pants, and likewise his rear exploded in such a way that bolstering cheeks peeked over the edge of the pants just below where the two tails had erupted.

**"Ah, my manhood is next huh?"** Shinji was still flabbergasted, but Shirou pressed on. He was taken things in stride, a side effect of the fox's personality that was replacing his own. Dick slurped away, leaving the front of her pants free of any bulge that wasn't thigh decadence-induced. The Servant snapped her fingers and Shirou's clothing erupted into a sea of golden particles, leaving her chest exposed just long enough for Shinji to catch sight of her blossoming bust.

It was very quick, but almost like his rival's chest had a mind of its own it began to bounce forward, flopping around like an unknown force was kneading and playing with it as two orbs took shape. Each was larger than the fox woman's head, bounce inevitably subsiding as shining particles danced around her form and clung to her body.

She was left in an elegant blue kimono with detached, flowing sleeves. Her abundant breasts were on full display thanks to the kimono's low cut, and thighs likewise left little to the imagination thanks to strategically placed thigh highs. There was something elegant yet sexy about her design, and Shinji couldn't wait to get his paws all over her.

*Literally.*

Wait. Literally? Raising his hands, he found a pair of big, fuzzy animal paws that had no place on a human body. They completely obscured his vision, but when he lowered them he noticed 'Shirou' pointing fingers at him like a peace sign. **"Like I said~! I'm not gonna be your Servant! Since you like changing people so much I figured why not do the same back since I'm a powerful Caster and all? ❤️"** She'd cast a spell on him? When? What was it doing?

And why was it getting so hard to think?

**"Wan did you do to nya!? Huh!? Why'm I talking like this? Uh... Who... am I...? Wan wan!"** The Caster smirked as Shinji's form balled up into one that resembled her own. Her Master had sought to humiliate her, and so that intent was being paid back in kind. It was a shame that the target form resembled herself so closely, but there was no denying this Berserker form was a humiliating one. Dumb as a rock, completely naked short of an apron... And Tamamo had even made sure to make it so she could only talk in animal sounds.

The alpha fox smirked as her form began to disappear, entering her spirit state to escape. **"Enjoy your new life, *Master-san!* I wonder how long before you decide you want to mate? Kukuku..."** And just like that she was gone, leaving a Tamamo Cat where Shinji had been standing.

**"Nya!? WAN!? WOOF!?"**

Needless to say, the Fifth Holy Grail War took a very different turn from this point on.