

DEMI-MATOU

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Parvati? I wonder if she’ll answer my summons if I try.”

Upon arriving at the Indian Lostbelt, one thing became very clear to the staff and Servants of the Chaldea Security Organization: they were very clearly lacking in manpower for the dangers that were to come. They had been met with resistance no sooner than they had arrived, and the King of the Lostbelt seemed to be far more formidable than *anyone* had anticipated.

Naturally that meant attempting to summon new allies. Most of the divinities within the Lostbelt had already been swallowed up, but there was a slim chance that Chaldea might be able to call upon a version of one of them from Panhuman history. To those ends, they had managed to sneak Ritsuka back to the Wandering Sea for a brief respite thanks to some tinkering by da Vinci-chan.

He'd been given a mission. Try and summon Panhuman history's Parvati. Being a Divine Spirit it was more than likely she would come out as a Pseudo-Servant, but based on the legends she was one of the ancient divinities that would be most likely to respond to Chaldea's call.

After putting forward the appropriate amount of Saint Quartz towards Chaldea's summoning device and making his intentions known, the young man only hoped that she might answer his call. There was no guarantee, and more often than not a different Servant would respond. Nonetheless he needed to have hope, even if there was no correlation between desire and the Servant that might respond.



And yet... Therein lied the primary issue. No Servant had responded. The rings of light faded and yet the chamber was empty. No Servant, no Craft Essence, not even a trace of the Saint Quartz he had used to begin the ritual in the first place. **“Uh... Hello? Did something go wrong?”** The Master was naturally uncertain about what had happened – since never in his countless number of summonings had the process resulted in the appearance of *nothing*.

In the end, he made a mistake. The mistake of stepping foot into the chamber without making sure it was okay to do so. To be fair to Ritsuka, it was tradition to step inside to greet any new Servants that were summoned to aid Chaldea upon arrival, and with Craft Essences? Well, there was absolutely *no* harm in dealing with their presence. But in this case there was an unknown variable at work because the summoning had *seemingly* failed. The equipment might have been on the fritz.

And it was.

“Was no one really summoned?” By the time he reached the center of the chamber, Ritsuka had turned himself around several times to make sure they weren’t hiding in the corner, or weren’t a Servant that was *very* small, or *something*. But there really *was* no one there, it seemed. **“I should probably tell da Vinci-chan about this...”**

Just as he seemed to be set on reporting the incident, however? The orbs that formed the circles of light promptly reappeared and began to spin... with Ritsuka at the center. **“H-Hey!? What’s going on!?”** Common sense would have been to bolt out of the summoning chamber before it was too late, but he wasn’t able to take a step. The energy from the device passed through him, temporarily stunning the young man so that he was incapable of *making* that escape.

“Argh!” He fell to his knees before pushing himself back up again. It wasn’t painful, but the feeling of this energy reverberating through his flesh, his bones, and his magic circuits certainly wasn’t a comfortable one. That was why he let loose a much needed sigh of relief once the spinning lights faded and the pressure that had limited his movements came to fade. **“What was... that? I need to tell... *senpai*.”**

...Huh?

Why had he said that? Senpai? It wasn't a word that *he* used with anyone in Chaldea, much less the person he had been thinking of when he had said it in the first place. Chaldea's Master had *always* just referred to da Vinci-chan as simply that, and considering the current one was a miniaturized Rider, it certainly wasn't a title that made sense for him to use to refer to her. **"Did that summoning scramble my brain?"** In a way? Yes. Not literally, but there was undeniably something in the process of transpiring.

Ritsuka gave his head a shake and began to walk towards the exit, only to give that decision pause once something a little *peculiar* caught his attention. It wasn't something so easily noticed by an observer (yet likely could with the right pair of eyes), but for a young man that lived with his body every single day, even the most subtle of changes to his point of view was readily apparent, particularly within a room he knew so well.

"That's... not right." Several factors working in conjunction with one another had made him aware of it. The fit of his clothing was what he had noticed after the first, because it felt a *little* looser than what he was accustomed to. What he *had* noticed first was that his steps were not carrying him the same distance that they usually did. It was a subtle change, but again? Because he was so used to walking everywhere, he caught on very quickly.

But there was only one explanation for both of these things, at least when they were both considered together. **"Did I get smaller? Am I getting smaller?"** Maybe it sounded like something worth a little more panic, but coming from a world of magic it wasn't completely unbelievable that such a thing might happen. Considering he'd just been subjected to Chaldea's summoning system accidentally, it would be expected that there might be *some* kind of side effect.

At first it *had* been subtle, but with skin tingling the young man could tell that it was continuing to proceed. Gloves fell from his hands, and much to his surprise when he looked down at one of them, well... It wasn't *quite* the hand he was used to seeing. **"Why does it look so feminine?"** He had a point. Five points on each hand in fact, because his trimmed fingernails had grown an inch past each fingertip and seemed to be meticulously manicured. *Like a girl's*. What's more, while his body was clearly shrinking, there was something a little too fair about his hands. Fingers looked too short comparably, and his palms seemed slimmer overall.

Similarly, in a change that *would* go unnoticed, more room was being allotted within Ritsuka's boots thanks to the collapse of his tootsies. Severe callouses earned from navigating Singularities and Lostbelts

alike were softened off his heels, allowing him to rest a little lower against the ground naturally. And his toes? They all seemed to shrink in upon themselves, each earning toenails that were much better cared for than the broken and splintered ones he had developed thanks to his travels.

Down and down he fell until he bottomed out at five foot one – a loss of six inches which left the state of his current outfit's design in utter disarray. His gloves had already fallen off, and a single step would find feet sliding out of his boots with ease, but everything else looked uncomfortable as well. To begin with, his jacket was much looser. So much so that it had slid down one shoulder while he had to hold his hands out so that they wouldn't be swallowed whole by his sleeves.

It almost seemed as if a miracle alone was holding up his pants, too, but on closer investigation there was definitely something more dramatic amiss that kept them in place. **“I really need to tell *senpai* b-before this gets worse...”** He blinked at his own words. Not only had he referred to da Vinci-chan as *senpai* again, but what was with that stutter? Why was he having problems talking, like socializing came much more difficultly to him?

Ritsuka himself had already made an assumption about what was happening to him, one that he didn't vocalize. From his hands and height alone, he was under the assumption that he was becoming a *woman*. Along those lines, the reason he hadn't lost his pants despite his shrinkage was that while there had *certainly* been loss to his height, there had been the beginnings of gain taking place as well. His hips were the key culprit here, for they had widened two inches so that the pants caught on them.

This was *despite* the fact that his waistline had narrowed. In fact, Ritsuka's stomach overall appeared to be quite different. It had softened because the muscles that had been so firmly built through all of his dangerous experiences had seemingly disappeared (*and this went for those that had padded his arms and legs as well*). Scars and blemishes that had once plagued his tummy faded, leaving this supple skin completely free of any inconsistencies.

“*I-I'm* really becoming one... a woman?” The young man's voice sounded even softer than before by this juncture, and it took him a moment to even get these words out into the open. He was second guessing every action he took, every word he said – and even then there had been a physical obstacle. His mouth wasn't working the way he remembered, or at least his *lips* weren't. The cause was their thickness, which had been enhanced as his biological sex slid more and more

towards the feminine. They were plump and rosy now, and they better complimented a face that was following suit.

Where Ritsuka *was* wrong, mind you, was when he stopped with just assuming his sex was being changed. At first there was certainly no reason to assume that there was more to the situation than that alone, but he was having a much more difficult time keeping up with all that was happening – and so the bigger picture was lost to a brain that, in its own right, was undergoing some alterations of its own.

Going back to the boy's face, it was said face that made it clear he was experiencing more than a simple change in sex. After all, his facial features had taken a deep departure from his genetic makeup in their feminization. Eyes had grown a little rounder, but his smaller nose and rounded cheeks certainly weren't traits common in the women of his family tree. Nor was the color *purple* that so blatantly stained the blue of these eyes, which offered longer eyelashes. These features appeared much more *youthful* as well, as if he were only sixteen or seventeen.

This purple seeped into his hair as well, and as it did? The natural spikes that rose from atop his head gradually flattened. Not content with this alone, it soon began to grow out behind him – first falling to his shoulders, and then dangling slightly past while his bang became fluffier and dangled just above his eyes.

...*Her* eyes? Just beneath a push of now-purple pubic hairs, the most fundamental change yet was enacted. Because his balls folded inward into a crevice that seemed to draw his dick within it (*although it was actually repurposed into a clitoris*). “**Nn...! That feels weird...?**” With a voice both soft and girlish, she bemoaned a feeling that she did not understand. Had something just happened between her legs? Ritsuka had lost the plot, and was no longer even aware that she was transforming. Instead she was grappling with memories of a city she had visited once before, with recollections of being a highschooler again.

“**Where... am I? Senpai...?**” Who was she asking for? Not even the young lady herself seemed to know. There just seemed to be someone of importance to her that she referred to that way. Thinking about them, or at least the *idea* of them, served as ample distraction from the finishing touches. Touches that were, undoubtedly, rather substantial.

After all, those widened hips finally found themselves presented with a purpose. One needn't look any farther than the upper legs of her pants to see that. Grey material had begun to tighten around her thighs, for the thighs themselves were bloating *beneath* that material. Thicker and thicker her upper legs became, until they were on the cusp of touching in the middle. While any excess? It saw the cheeks of her ass fill denser,

bouncier, and more appealing. But this embiggened ass certainly put a big strain on her men's boxers.

Of course, her jacket and undershirt weren't left out of the party. Nipples itched for but a brief moment for they had been promptly engorged, almost quadrupling in size with areola and all. And then, from beneath them? Her chest did rise, a once muscular man's bosom expanding into a pair of soft orbs that lifted up the base of her tops. Rubbing up against the underside of his outfit and filling up the excess space left by her height loss with a pair of perky, youthful DDs.

Physically, her transformation was complete. Mentally? She was on the cusp of remembering a name she believed she had suddenly forgotten. But it was her outfit that went next. "**A-Ah!? Nooo!**" The maiden was forced to cover up shyly because her outfit had just *exploded* into magical particles. But just as quickly as it disappeared did they reform into a Japanese high school uniform. One she immediately recognized as *hers*, naturally. And she couldn't forget the red ribbon she loved to wear in her hair!

Sakura Matou was a little confused, and understandably so. Where was she? How had she gotten there? The strangely constructed room and the long, white hall adjoined to it looked so utterly unusual, like they belonged in a science fiction novel more than real life. But this made sense, considering from her perspective she was a young woman that hailed from over ten years in the past. The only thing that felt familiar to her was the signature of the mana that lingered in the air around her. As a magus that had summoned a Servant for the Holy Grail War, she couldn't help that it felt somewhat similar.

"**...Was I summoned?**" That answer seemed to be the most obvious, but she was no Servant. Had she been summoned through a means that were similar to summoning a Servant yet different? But for what purpose would *anyone* have to call on *her*? She was no one special. Just a young mage with the burden of a terrible destiny. Could they have been after her *potential* as a *Holy Grail*? Slender fingers were clutched over her chest as she considered this.

The truth behind her appearance certainly wasn't something that would have occurred to her even if she'd had *eternity* to do so, because



who on Earth would believe they had just been transformed from someone else into their current form? But the summoning ritual to bring forth Parvati *had* worked. Kind of. The machine had gone haywire mid-process, and had managed to pull forth the container most suitable for her to occupy... only to stop short of summoning Parvati's soul itself.

That left the vessel, Sakura, to be summoned without context – gifted upon the flesh of Ritsuka, effectively overwriting him so that he became her. Whether it was body, soul, memories, or abilities, she was the perfect copy. The perfect container for a Parvati that never came. And Sakura herself? She had absolutely no idea that this was what had happened.

Hand still pressed to her bosom, the teenaged girl moved towards the hallway. **“I don't know where I am, but someone should be able to tell me, right? Maybe I'll luck out and senpai will be here too?”** Rather than being worried for herself, she clung to a vague hope that she might be reunited with the man that she loved. Her dearest senpai, Shirou Emiya.

And while she certainly wouldn't find the one she knew in this place, that didn't mean she wouldn't find at least a couple of individuals that *possessed* his face.