

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

BIWEEKLY STORY #38

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Shirou Emiya and Rin Tohsaka sat in opposite rooms of the Emiya estate, both of them still fuming over the stupidity of a fight they'd had only moments before. Rin had been having a bad day and had tried to force Shirou out of the kitchen so she could do the cooking, but since he was already in the preparation phase of the meal he'd been adamant about rejecting her proposal. One thing had led to another, and harsh words had been exchanged between the newly together.

After the Holy Grail War they'd decided to date and it had been going well! But all couples had fights now and again, there wasn't really any way to *avoid* that. Though this was the first time Rin had called Shirou a "**GIRL**" and him calling her "**INSENSITIVE**" in return. Neither could possibly predict that there could be an adverse reaction in response to those key words, but neither knew they were being monitored by the Clock Tower either. Would they be embarrassed to learn people had been eavesdropping on such childish name calling? Probably!

Special interest had been put into these two as survivors of the Holy Grail War. Servants were, potentially, powerful weapons that would be integral assets to their military force, and if they could somehow obtain some. Using Masters that had already had their Magic Circuits mingling with Servants was one route to take, although the summoning would be rudimentary. Still, as Mana saw influx in moments of intense emotion, the trap they'd set on the premises to further their goals had activated at the height of the conflict.

It was a magical circle concealed beneath the ground, one that spanned the entire Emiya property. Even as it activated the dirt obscured the light, and so neither side of the couple had a fundamental understand

that data from the Throne of Heroes was suddenly being shoved into their Magic Circuits, beginning a process that would overwrite them with Servants to be summoned. They wouldn't be as strong as true Servants, but the strength they'd acquire would still be more than enough to lay enemies to ruin.

It was the middle of summer, and yet for some reason even before Shirou had entered the bathroom he'd found himself combating a bad case of the chills. **“Am I really getting sick at this time of year?”** Kind of a bad time for it, he didn't want Rin and him to make up while he was with a fever or something. He was confident they *would* make up too; it was just a silly fight.

The bathroom was a small one. It had no windows and was narrow, containing only a sink, mirror, toilet, and tub. When there was a change in weather this room had a bad tendency of changing -- it was definitely way too cold in the winter, and in the summer it was way too humid. It was the middle of August, which was why Shirou was confused about something. **“Huh? Why is the mirror freezing over?”**

Ice was slowly inching towards the center of the glass from the edges, and the boy could see his breath. What could cause such a quick drop in magic? Magecraft? Were they under attack? Thinking the worst, and not realizing the freezing was being caused by his own Magic Circuits going out of control, he'd reached for the doorknob. The second his fingers touched it both the knob and the door itself froze solid, and more ice began to creep from them and into the wall. **“What!?”**

He took a step back, not realizing that where he'd stepped on the ground behind him had frozen over either. Shirou's heart began to pound. Was this a trap? He didn't need to try brute forcing the frozen door to know it wouldn't work. But then something caught the boy's eye in the mirror: his own reflection. It wasn't *right*. Naturally if one existed in the cold for too long their body would freeze, lose color, and so on, but...

Did it normally affect your hair too? The healthy tone of his skin had drained right before his eyes, but the red of his hair had also become a sudden and extravagant victim. It bled white, the color from every single strand wiped away until it was essentially an almost tone-less silver. It reminded him of Archer's hair, but the direction his skin had taken was the *polar* opposite.

Were this not all startling enough, his eyes widened as a glint quite literally shone from within them. The orange of Shirou's irises parted like clouds as an icy blue like the sky above the tundra spread across them. They were brighter than even Rin's blue eyes, and somehow he

felt they almost looked girlish. Was it his lashes? Had they somehow become longer?

Even though the bathroom was so cold, and even though he'd definitely felt it at first, why was it he was becoming more comfortable in this icy prison? The slightest thought of how hot it was outside just exhausted the boy even though he preferred warmer temperatures. Despite not really being cold however, he could feel his energy deteriorating. Not in the '*I have no energy to move*' kind of way, but the '*I have no motivation to get help*' kind of way. But he had to get help right? *Did he?* Was he in danger? His body was changing! But it didn't feel... *wrong?*

A wooziness suddenly beset Shirou as the rate his Mana Circuits were twisted amplified. The base amount of integration had occurred, which meant it would be okay for the next wave to barrel in. To act as a host one required a suitable container, and this container was not at all comfortable even with his coloring matching. Any scars were stripped from his body as a result, leaving skin free of any and all blemishes.

The first point of reconstruction was the build. Shirou's form was far too bulky for the personality that was slowly beginning to bubble up from within. The sleeves of his shirt felt increasingly loose as the bulk he'd accumulated through constant training settled into a thin trim of fat, giving them a lanky appearance until they began to shorten along with the crunching of shoulders towards his neckline. "**Ugh...**" It was an unpleasant feeling, one accompanied by grunting that just seemed to hit Shirou's ears wrong.

In part it was because his voice was softening. In another part it was more literal. His hair had been growing longer and now readily covered small, pale ears while the section behind him was starting to fall past his shirt. The bar of where Shirou's shirt was resting kept changing too though. With narrow shoulders it hung much looser, and this was accentuated by the fact that his torso was undergoing a similar strain. It arched in gently from the sides, muscles built in his tummy erased and left with a youthful softness. The arch of his back even changed, taking a more pronounced dip into his tailbone.

But where there was loss there was new gain to be had as well. The boy's nipples were already hard from how cold it was, but that feeling was becoming more... *pronounced*. Their erection began to tent the shirt's front, giving it rise as the flesh bubbled up beneath it. He could clearly see this in what remained of the mirror that hadn't frozen over, but as much as he should have panicked, he didn't. Breasts beginning to stick up from his male chest? His body shrinking? Hardcore panicking would normally be first on someone's to-do list in cases like these.

A calm persona was setting in though, one that preferred the gentler curvature of his torso and the humble pair of breasts that continued to poke up from under the shirt. He didn't even bat an eyelash at the contortions of his face as a Western softness swept away its Eastern lean, giving his jaw an otherwise Caucasian slant to match widened eyes and plump, kissable lips. His bangs had grown so long in the meantime that they hung over his eyes, cut with a sharp fringe that masked much of his expression.

Not that he was anything but zen.

No panic even surfaced when an inverse tingling of his loins brought about a reverse change to the emergence of his bosom. His dick shriveled up with haste, collapsing inward into a new orifice that tucked into a womb. It was carried out with an uncomfortable squirming sensation, but the *girl* was left to accept the discomfort as it was while the pubes atop her new vagina dyed silver and shortened.

“Hah... Hah...” It had been an oddly stimulating feeling that was only built upon by the feeling of the back of her jeans filling out to make the arch of her back seem even deeper. Ladylike hips pulled at the waist of the pants, and while legs shrunk and feet became too dainty to properly rest in her socks, the bottoms of the jeans hung loose. **“This isn't my choice of attire, but I can't pull on my Saint Graph's outfit? Hm...”**

She was a young girl that couldn't be any older than seventeen. Her body was clear of filth or scar, skin a sparkling alabaster that matched her long silver locks. Her personality seemed as chilly as the frozen room around her, a Servant's personality and demeanor having taken over but not replacing Shirou's ability to identify herself. Sort of.

While she could remember her old life, how she used to behave, it didn't really seem to matter. The name *'Anastasia Romanov'* trumped the name *'Shirou Emiya'*, and the persona of a mischievous princess reigned supreme. This personality wanted different things, sought different comforts. **“Now where is Viy? I need him to get out of this room...”**

While Shirou had gone off to the bathroom, Rin had remained in the kitchen. She was typically the one of the two to get bent out of shape over fights like these, but the young woman hadn't quite come to understand the fact that she was actually more angry than usual. That anger wasn't her fault. It was the result of the Mana corrupting her Circuits in way that Shirou didn't experience. He'd been fortunate in the

sense that the Servant he'd had overlain with himself had been a human in life.

Yet in Rin's case? She was dealing with a Divine Spirit with an exceptionally hostile personality that would readily overpower her own without an ounce of issue.

She was trying to prepare a simple pasta meal but had been fumbling every step of the way. The water boiled over the side of the pot? She was mad. The pasta wasn't quite cooked yet? *Madder*. She spilled sauce on the ground? "***THIS FUCKING SUCKS! Hya!?***" Until the tsundere was finally startled by her own loud outburst. Anastasia could hear it from the bathroom - not that she was in any position to do anything about it.

"I-I mean... Where did that come from?" Her head was beginning to spin too, endorphins kicking it up a notch thanks to the hot-blooded persona taking root in the very core of her being. Unlike Shirou who'd been subject to an immense cold, Rin's body was beginning to boil so much that she just wanted to take a cold shower immediately. But water made her upset for some reason to. Like she really *loathed* something related to H₂O.

The Servant that was taking root in her heart truly was the antithesis to what had happened to Shirou, from personality to the very changes needed to necessitate the Divine Spirit's stay. While Shirou had paled, for example, Rin was left to do a double take upon noticing patchy spots of tan dancing across her fingers. They spots expanded and merged, ultimately covering her from head to toe as her infamous thighs and even her face were darkened. "**Wh-Wh-What's happening to me!?**" She couldn't resist following this panic up with: "***THE FUCK!?***"

Waves of light ran through her hair from the scalp towards the tips in the meantime. Everything the light touched was bleached white, and any length of hair that might run past the magus' shoulders was immediately eviscerated, which again stood to contrast Anastasia's long, flowing head of hair.

Incidentally the only thing about the girl's color scheme to not change dramatically were her blue eyes, but even then they became a little brighter as the shapes of them opened up to a most Western design that better matched her rich tan. Facial features overall were looking stronger, with a sharp jaw and rigid teeth. Rin's lips were swollen and feminine, yet despite her confusion she couldn't seem to erase a perpetual scowl from it.

Rin swung an arm back to the stove top when she remembered she was cooking pasta, yet in the process she smacked the handle despite being almost certain she'd been far enough away to prevent that from happening. It quickly became apparent why: her arm was sticking out a little further from her sleeve, the nails on her fingertips a clean white. **“What? When the hell!?”** Though her outburst was quickly interrupted by something else worth freaking out about.

She could say ‘adios’ to her sleeves as the muscles in her arms suddenly tensed up and bulged out, thin crimson cloth of her sweater standing no chance as rippling strength was demonstrated right up into shoulder that popped into a broader gait. It wasn't just her arms however. The stomach of her shirt clenched around ripe abs, navel sinking deeper as it was surrounded and left exposed as her lengthened torso.

And Rin's signature thighs? They exploded into even greater shapes, fitness not a question, tanned flesh bulging to the point of tearing up the upper sections of her thigh highs. The gap between her thighs closed by the sheer sized of them, and her ass blowing up with muscle and fat alike tested the integrity of her panties while pushing up the skirt to reveal more than she would have liked.

Or did she care? Rin wasn't used to being so exposed. She definitely normally would have freaked out. All she could muster here was an **“Eh, whatever”** though. She felt damn strong and she loved it! Though giving a flex just made more scraps of her sleeves fall to the ground. Toes had shredded through the front of her socks of her thigh highs as well, several sizes bigger than they used to be.

A burst of energy struck and she just knocked the pasta pot off the stove with a careless laugh. Who cared about food!? She wasn't hungry anyways! Servants didn't really need to eat unless they'd used Mana!

...Wait. **“The hell? How am I a damn Servant? I'm a Magus, right!?”** She looked down at her body again. Pretty ripped for a Magus. She could definitely recall being Rin, but it was just kind of something she shrugged away. This was way better? **“HAH!?”**

The woman was much less elated to see erect nips pushing up against what remained of her shirt. It was sleeveless and didn't cover her navel nor her insanely wide hips, and her skirt was pushed up so much that black panties cameltoeing the hell out of the front was plenty evident. Rin didn't even wait. She stuck fingers in the neck of her top and tore it off with superhuman strength, sending a subtle ripple through her muscular form.

It was because she knew her tits were getting big. Huge, actually. Dark mocha nipples tripled in size as a normally humble rack surged forward without any posture difficulty on Rin's part. Her back was already rippling with muscle, there was *no way* those flesh sacks were going to knock her forward regardless of how ridiculous they got. What was left was a hefty E-cup, firm while not being fake. Admittedly the once-human had always wanted a bigger chest, but now she was somewhat disgusted by them.

The idea that someone might objectify her absolutely pissed her the fuck off. Gender was suddenly a hot button topic for her, and the last thing she wanted was to be demeaned as a woman might for her body.

Then again, with her current strength she could just kick the ass of anyone that tried.

“Damn it, everything’s groggy! This isn’t who I am, but! My name’s Caenis now? From Greek mythology?” New memories flooded in and, like Anastasia, did not replace her old ones. They were just overpowering them. Eventually a loud battle cry bubbled up from the back of Caenis’ throat, and with it a number of red tattoos lit up. On her arms, her legs, her thighs, and even above and below her breasts. These were extremely apparent, right along with a pair of equestrian ears that had popped up on top of her head. She could hear through them... *kind of*. And what she could hear was a pounding on a door within the house.

THUMP THUMP THUMP

Anastasia’s tiny hands thumped against the door. She knew Rin was still in the house, so there must have been a way to get her attention. Of course, she didn’t know that Rin had been changed too, though the loud yelling had given her an inkling. From what she could tell she was now some bizarre off-shoot of a Pseudo-Servant where instead of occupying a human’s body she had been overwritten, and while she looked and acted like Anastasia Romanov she was still, fundamentally, Shirou Emiya deep down.

A way out was finally given to her. Not through the door, but the frozen wall with the mirror beside and slightly behind her was suddenly crashed through, a tanned warrior Servant rushing in after the rubble. Anastasia wasn’t sure how she knew this. Was it love? But that was Rin, right? Or who was once Rin. Something about the display made her maiden’s heart sing, and something about the woman’s body made her oddly... *excited*.

The shit-eating grin Caenis' made when she looked at Anastasia certainly didn't help. She knew this was Shirou just as Shirou had known she was Rin, and it seemed like their love transcended their new identities. "**I'm here to pick ya up, princess!**" In a single motion she'd scooped the princess up into a bridal carry, bringing the Caster's heartbeat to skyrocket.

"I think... we need new clothes." Anastasia remarked, feeling her ass stick up over her jeans from being re-positioned, and looking at Caenis' shredded outfit.

Caenis had a simple reply. "**Sure! After we fuck.**"

"O-Oh my."