

OH, DEER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki had arrived, and for one girl this meant the likely end of her short lifetime.

Sakura, adopted daughter of the Matou family, had undergone rigorous biological tampering ever since she had been taken in under the Matou banner roughly a decade prior. It had been torture. Every single day of her life since, she had suffered some sort of physical or emotional trauma. And for what? Only to be sacrificed by this family so that they can acquire the coveted Holy Grail? Was her life not worth anything more? Would she die for naught?

No. That day she had pushed these feelings aside. The war had yet to begin, and there was a task that was required of her first. She had to act as a participant from the shadows, which meant summoning one of the seven Servants that would participate in the war on her behalf – although at this time she did not realize her brother would attempt to pressure this right away from her and into his own hands. In any other timeline that plan of his might have succeeded.

In this one? *Not so much.*

Within the eerie basement of the Matou estate the summoning circle had been etched. It was vacant aside from Sakura herself, though off in the distance the sound of a seemingly infinite hoard of insects could be heard crawling around. It was disgusting from the perspective of an outside, but for Sakura? She had been so broken by them that she hardly even noticed. Just so long as they remained *far away*.

The catalyst had been placed in the circle's center, although the teen herself did not know what it was. She had been told she didn't need to know what it was, that her only job here was to summon her Servant and forge an amicable relationship with it. If she couldn't? She was to subdue it with her Command Seals lest it kill her and render all of the Matou's plans null and void.

While she didn't know what the catalyst was, though? It certainly smelled of fried chicken once the summoning spell was kicked into high gear. Had she been given the wrong catalyst? Had Shinji set her up for failure right out of the gate? Whether or not the summoning catalyst had been a piece of fried chicken though, it didn't seem to deter the process. For what she was told would happen – the construction of a magical body utilizing the mana from the circle – came to fruition.

There seemed to be one, teeny tiny issue though. “**...Santa?**” Sakura was absolutely floored by the appearance of the individual that had stepped out of the circle once all of the dust had settled. No, this clearly wasn't Santa Claus; not the real one, anyways. But at first glance it was the impression the girl had gotten. *She blamed the hat.*

The Servant's gaze, Sakura noted, was quite intense. Her eyes shone gold, glare digging what felt like into the back of the Master's very skull. *What Servant was this?* The Santa dress, those eyes, the pale-blonde hair... not to mention she appeared to be around Sakura's age. The girl took a moment to check her hand just to make sure Command Seals had even appeared, because she had to question if this was truly a Servant. They were, *so she was.*

“**Are you my reindeer?**” In most circumstance a Servant surely would have asked the first human they saw if they were their Master. But in this case? With a voice as chilling as her gaze, the Santa had asked a very peculiar question. Was she her... reindeer? Was that code for something? Sakura was hesitant to even answer, earning the Servant's ire. “**WELL?**”

Perhaps the Matou had misled herself on what a Master – Servant relationship was supposed to be like? She was left a stuttering mess by the strong will of this festively clad maiden whose tongue stung like venom. “**U-Uhm...? A reindeer? That's a strange thing to s—**”

“**Strange? Do you think there's something strange about bringing presents to good boys and girls?**” Was she seriously talking about Christmas? It was *January*, and was Santa even real? But the girl merely sighed. “**Fine. I guess I shouldn't expect a human to do this voluntarily. Well then, how about this? Help me deliver presents as my reindeer and I will grant you any wish**”

imaginable on Christmas Day. That should suffice, shouldn't it?"

Somehow that offer made things even more confusing. **"U-Um... Grant a wish? I still don't really understand what you mean by 'reindeer'."** Was it just a title? Something like an elf that helped hand gifts out? The title itself sounded harmless enough, and if she could get a wish out of it... She might wish to be free. But was this really the Servant she was intended to summon? The girl seemed far too quirky to even be strong. **"If... If it's harmless, I suppose I could. But um... I need a little more information. I don't even know your name."**

The Servant smirked menacingly, betraying her darkly colored Santa costume (*or perhaps complimenting it*). **"Our contract is complete then. Don't worry, you'll understand the nuances of the job once the contract has taken effect. Well, I suppose you deserve my name, all things considered. I am Rider and my true name is Artoria Pendragon (Santa Alter), and you? You are now my reindeer."** Was she even going to bother to learn Sakura's name?

Wait, had she said the name Pendragon? As in the legend of King Arthur? No, perhaps she was a daughter or ancestor? What did all of that Santa Alter nonsense even mean? Sakura had far too many questions, but the most important of all: *what happened when the contract took effect?*

She was about to find out.

"Could you possibly be—OW! OW! OW! IT BURNS!" Sakura had been on the precipice of asking Artoria more about her identity when a painful burning sensation began to emanate from the back of her left hand – the very same place her Command Seals had appeared. The pain was brief, lasting only twenty to thirty seconds or so, but once it had faded? The Command Seals were whiter than even her skin, making them appear more like permanent markings than the temporary tattoos they were supposed to look like.

Before she could even ask? Rider had chosen to literally handwave away any of the concerns Sakura might have had. **"That's to be expected. Do not cower – the rest should be painless."** 'Painless', she said. Yet that was not so. Or, at least, the pressure building gradually at the sides of the human's head led her to believe that this wasn't actually so. Fortune shone on her here, and it didn't actually amount to any pain. But what it did amount to? It was so bizarre that she might have preferred something painful and normal, like a migraine.

Her fingertips had been massaging the pressure points on her scalp, but after a short, few moments where the intensity of that pressure had been on the rise, well, a pair of somethings ended up, literally, *on the rise*. “**EEEE!?**” How was Sakura supposed to react to the feeling of nubs protruding from her scalp? Hard, durable nubs that were growing less and less nubby with the passage of time – stretching outwards in a way that she could not see and could only physically grasp. They were made all the stranger by the fact that they did not seem to tear her skin and felt to be just a little fuzzy. She could not see the light layer of brown fur that was sprawling across them as they extended out to the sides, and ultimately branched into different direction. “**What are these!?**”

“**Antlers. What else would a reindeer have on her head?**” The Rider replied so nonchalantly that even the pacifistic Sakura wanted to yell at her, but she couldn’t muster the courage. *Why would she speak back to her master?* Not to be confused with a Master, this belief was tied more to a pet not wanting to disobey its owner. Artoria had been plenty intimidating in the first place, but now her reluctance wasn’t even born of fear. In fact, *she felt like she understood this Servant better than ever.*

“**A-Antlers! Of course! Reindeer have antlers, don’t they? Why wouldn’t I have- N-No! I’m not a reindeer, I’m a human! It’s super strange that I’d have antlers!**” For but a brief moment she had been able to resist the complacency that was plaguing her personality, and she was left stunned by just how quickly she had fallen into line with this nonsensical situation.

Her anxiety was being soothed. She wasn’t sure how, and she wasn’t sure why, but it was almost like a voice whispering alternative truths to her psyche that were enforced on her memories and personality. These truths weren’t so fundamental that Sakura would forget about herself, but it was more like... making her believe she was a reindeer, making her obedient to the Rider, enforcing the Servant’s ideal reindeer personality onto her heart and soul.

“**Wah!?**” Following that logic, the Santa seemed to believe reindeer were clumsy creatures, for with the weight of her now fully grown antlers, Sakura did a faceplant. Her forehead had smacked right against the stone below, leaving a red marking on her forehead once she had raised it. “**Owwie...**” Something about her manner of speech seemed to be simplifying, too. Or perhaps it was better to say it was becoming more *childish?*

The red marking from her fall held Rider’s attention as Sakura struggled to pull herself back up into a standing position (*getting herself as far as*

resting on her butt with her knees in the air) because, well, her forehead hadn't been visible before the fall. Instead, her bangs had parted, leaving the entirety of the girl's forehead exposed as the tips of her purple bangs appeared to muddy in color. A reindeer would not have purple hair, that was what the Santa Alter had decided. No, a reindeer should have hair as brown as fur.

And so, the muddy discoloration began to spread. Not merely from the tips of her bangs, but from the tips of all her hair and the roots they were attached to, color sweeping to meet towards the center of each strand. The rich brown almost resembled milk chocolate – another side effect of Artoria's tastes, in all likelihood – but color wasn't all that came to be altered.

Much like how the styling of her bangs had changed in style, so did the rest of it. Length was a big one, for in the back it fell longer and longer, pooling on the floor behind her as she remained seated in the clumsiest of manners. Hair that had been exceptionally straight since birth now bore natural waves, the volume of it all so exceptional that it was extraordinarily fluffy to the touch. *Oh, how she loved it when her master brushed her hair! Was there anything more relaxing? Even though her gaze was cold, her master was really sweet with her!*

The brown had also bled into her eyelashes, seeing them thicken into a bushiness that might not have had much of an appeal on their own. Paired with her fluffy hair though? They merely exemplified her fuzziness. *“Uwah!? Why can't I see!?”* For a brief moment she had gone blind, but by the time she had even finished her question the side effects had faded, and she could see perhaps better than ever.

The change of vision had come courtesy of a shifted eye color, irises alight with a bright emerald that was made all the more visible by rounded eyes that made her appear less Japanese and more Caucasian like the Servant whose contract was transforming. This ended up more widely reflected across facial features that were narrower and longer, but there was something still surprisingly *youthful* about her glow.

That wasn't to say Sakura was getting younger though. Her age had actually remained consistent. Her body on the other hand? Well, she was becoming smaller for her age. Rider watched on in amuse silence as she noted the reindeer's clothing beginning to get a little baggy against her frame, as the girl's height ended up diminishing until she was roughly five feet tall.

Remarkably, Sakura herself hadn't even *noticed*. Either her perceptive sense had dulled, or perhaps she just didn't really care anymore. *A reindeer should look how its master wants it to look!* That was the

extent of the obedience the contract had enforced on her ego. Though while her height had been lost, nothing about her figure had suffered in even the slightest. Her breasts were still large and her butt still bubbling, now all with the added benefit of being presented against a smaller body that made them look even *larger*. *What?* Even Santa wanted something to look at.

“Master, is this really what you want me to wear!? Where is my Christmas spirit!?” As innocent as could be, Sakura chirped about her now oversized clothing. Evidently, the sizing wasn’t as problematic to her as the lack of any festive appeal... even though it was January. **A reindeer should always embody the spirit of Christmas!** The ears on the sides of her head wiggled as she spoke, lengths gradually having been drawn outwards into oval shapes decorated with fluffy, brown fur. Three inches long each, they seemed to respond to the deer-girl’s mood.

Rider clicked her tongue at the suggestion. **“I suppose you’re right, let’s get you changed into something more acceptable.”** Now, the contract had been fully enacted now. Sakura’s body would not change any further – not that she even resembled Sakura in the slightest anymore. But part of the contract gave Artoria control over that appearance of hers, clothing included. She could make any alterations to her deer’s form as she wished, but... *SNAP!* A single snap of her fingers turned Sakura’s dress to gold, undergarments beneath stripped along with it as they floated above her naked form.

Artoria just wanted a moment to admire her handiwork.

The reindeer’s pale form was practically aglow even within this dimly lit basement. No longer did she look the part of a Japanese girl, and in fact she had been speaking English ever since her ears had grown in. There was a youthful glow to her body, but it was really just because of her height – the shapes of her curves told a different story, though. She was extremely attractive, but the red spot on her forehead merely served of a reminder that she could be both hot *and* clumsy. Perhaps it would be best just to exemplify both of these qualities while adding some festive flare?

Another *SNAP* of her fingers rang out, and the golden particles that had floated above slowly drifted down against Sakura’s body like gently falling snow. It accumulated where it was necessary, ultimately allowing new clothing to *POOF* into existence based on Artoria’s whims – and those whims sought festivity and sexiness alike.

This certainly wasn’t a secret, because the first thing to poof into existence was a pair of fishnet stockings that clung from her hips to her

feet – underwear clearly not an intended aspect of this ensemble for she was completely nude beneath them. They were soon complimented by a pair of brown snow boots with a fuzzy, white trim that reached to just a few inches beneath her knees. While she was still without underwear, at least her pussy and ass ended up getting covered by the red micro-shorts that firmed up from the golden particles; they didn't offer any coverage to her thighs in the least, and her ass crack stuck up and out of the back even with the green belt that bound it, but? Still better than nothing.

Over her upper body there... well, there wasn't *much*. A black bikini top with golden trim struggled to contain her large tits, so much that they tried to now avail to burst out from the sides. And other than the festive, red capelet that was strung over her shoulders (*and bound by a festive bow above her cleavage*) and fell beneath her long hair behind her? She was practically naked from the waist up. Well, fingerless gloves aside.

Wreathes, mistletoe, and bells all decorated her antlers, weighting them down and startling the reindeer the first time to bell had gone off. "***Uwah!?***" She couldn't deny the festivity of it all though, and it provided her with the motivation to hop back up and onto her feet again – the bell, of course, rang out again. Sheepish as the deer was, it seemed it would startle her every single time. The piece de resistance was a festively red bandaid that was draped against her forehead wound. It was a personal touch on Rider's part, meant to accentuate her clumsy nature. All in all? A very appropriate look for her.

"Wowie! Master, this looks suuuuper cute!" It seemed the childish, cutesy manner of speech had stuck, and it really worked with her cute-sexy appearance and higher voice. Lifting her arms and legs to get a good look at the ensemble, she seemed rather pleased.

"Hmph." Artoria was acting indifferent, but Sakura knew that was just how her master was! "Now, a name..." *Wait*, a name? Didn't she already have a name? Her name was Sakura, wasn't it? But if her master wanted to give her a new name, that was kind of exciting wasn't it? She hoped it was something cute! **"I'll call you 'Cute Deer'."**

"...A-Ah?"

"That's right. Your name is *Cute Deer* now." Her master had a poor naming sense, it seemed. But far be it for her to go against her wishes. 'Cute Deer' merely nodded sheepishly, a little uncertain about this naming scheme. **"We have a long way until Christmas, so let us make this place our base of operations. Go get me some fried chicken."**

“*Uh...?*” What did fried chicken have to do with making the Matou estate their base? But her master was glaring at her, so she’d best oblige. “**R-Right, I’ll be on my waysies then!**” A bonus gift for her new reindeer role was a pair of special abilities. The first was the ability to fly, which she showed off as she floated slightly off the ground. The next was the ability to teleport short differences – and she did, reappearing outside.

This left the Servant alone in the Matou basement. No, she wasn’t alone. That was why she cleared the deer out. For her own safety. “**Come at me.**” It was a challenge issued to the darkness, one immediately taken up by the hoards of insects that lurked within the shadows. Rider would kill them all. She’d kill Zouken as well. And Shinji? She’d turn him into another reindeer. All so that Sakura Matou could find some semblance of happiness in this timeline.

Santa Alter as she was, her core was still Artoria Alter. She hadn’t forgotten what had turned her into an Alter in the first place, and why. She would protect that girl’s feelings even now.