

# GSSR

## COMMISSION STORY

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Fate / Grand Order was a notoriously terrible game when it came to its gacha system. Not to say every gacha game isn't notoriously terrible, since they're all predatory and designed to thrive on gambling, but with Fate? It truly had to *be fate* for you to roll a specific Servant you desired. They added far too many limited Servants that had banners far too infrequently, so much that for most people? If you wanted to roll a specific limited character you had to bank all of your hopes on one of two times per year.

Twice per year there was a Guaranteed SSR banner – *GSSR* for short. Once at New Year's, and once during the anniversary in late July / early August, you could pick a banner and would be guaranteed a SSR Servant from the selection included in that banner... for real world money. It was still sleazy, but for many it was their best bet at grabbing a Servant they otherwise had no hopes of obtaining.

Many players staked all of their luck on this one moment – and Urban certainly considered himself to be one of those who put all of his hopes into this GSSR chance at glory. Fate / Grand Order's next anniversary had finally rolled around, which meant it was yet another chance for him to get his long sought-after Kama, an Assassin with three distinctly different ascensions, all based on the life of Sakura Matou.

**“Well, here goes *nothing*.”** The man was optimistic, but when it came to gacha games, there was always that much more realistic chance that you were going to get the one character you *didn't* want. Aware of this and accepting of it, he finally pressed the roll button after working up the courage.

One by one, the rolled items came up. Low-starred Servants, Craft Essences – was this really going to be the case where the SSR card comes last!? It *was*, and to make things worse? *It wasn't even the Servant he'd wanted!?* **“Augh!? You've gotta be kidding me!”**

## **HEEHHEEHEE! ARE YOU DOWN ON YOUR LUCK?**

**“The hell!?”** A disembodied voice was enough to take anyone off guard, much less within their own bedrooms that no one else had access to. It wasn't like there was a speaker installed in Urban's room in secret that someone could yell into, and so the shock of it all made him jump from his bed, leaving his game device on the comforter.

Fortunately, or perhaps *unfortunately*, before he could ask who was there, she made her presence known. A Japanese child with cat ears and a pair of twirling tails, just floating there upside down. She had magical powers of some sort, that much was obvious by how her skirt remained down despite her orientation.

*Well... The fact that she was floating was probably more indicative of that fact, truthfully.*

**“Don't you ‘the hell!?’ me! Is this how all boys act when a beautiful, young lady steps into their room!?”** She was fairly sassy for a girl that couldn't be any older than eleven or twelve, and she was clearly trying to push his buttons. So much so that she didn't even let him get a word in before pressing on. **“I'm just trying to be a buddy! A pal! When Hisa comes a knockin'... Er, something, something! Who cares! I'm just here to give you the Servant you want, so enjoy!”**

And then, she just disappeared. That display had certainly been eccentric. It wasn't like Urban had ever expected to see a floating cat girl show up in his bedroom while uttering something so completely nonsensical. **“Uh... What?”** *Case in point.* He was left more or less 100% speechless.

Albeit, also distracted. So much so that even his device's screen glowing intensely upon his bed did not catch his eye. However, what he *did* notice? An electrical bolt that shot from it and struck him dead in the back, forcing him to tumble forward. **“Crap!”** Had something exploded? Just what the hell was that!? Collapsed on his face on his floor, he wasn't sure.

Upon getting up once more, the situation wasn't any clearer. His room was... as it should have been? Had the force that had knocked him over been part of the cat girl's plan? Well, *yes*. But he hadn't quite grasped its purpose – not yet anyways.

Even though he couldn't quite grasp what was happening, that somehow made him *agitated*. *Angry*, even. Which was weird because he wasn't normally an angry guy. If anything he should have been passively befuddled at best. This agitation actually appeared to manifest in a feeling of heat. Or, more plainly put: he was physically overheating, like his body had cranked its internal temperature up to *ten*.

**“Why is it so warm in here?”** There was no shortage of agitation in his voice as he reached up to wipe sweat from his brow, only to find it dry. That wasn't to say he wasn't perspiring, mind you. Rather, despite how he felt, in actuality his body had grown so hot that any perspiration was turning to steam the very moment it felt the cool air of his room.

*He was overheating to an inhuman extent.*

Was it a side effect of this heat that brought about a very noticeable change in his pigmentation? Unlikely, but it was certainly of some relevance. For blotchy patches of white had begun to shine against his natural tan, some bigger than others for a time, all spread without any consistency across his body from head to toe. The splotches did expand and fuse, and before long? His entire body's tone was a much paler color than it had been moment before.

Furthermore, did his skin look softer? It certain was to the touch, but this had several different implications. The next implication was that Urban's muscle mass had been diminishing, leaving his arms, legs, and tummy smooth – and a little trimmer overall, which might not necessarily have been seen as a *bad* thing.

Urban was so warm that he'd begun to fan his face with his fingers, at first oblivious to something quite noticeable. His whiter skin tone, of course, but other than that? A closer examination of his fingers would reveal them to be gradually shrinking, nails once clipped trim extending past those fingertips while his hands collapsed in on themselves until they were quite dainty.

**“Why the *hell's* it so h— Huh?”** Fingers waved down to fan his face one final time, his eyes finally caught sight of what should have been obvious. **“Do my hands look weird? They look kind of like a *GIRL'S!*?”** Woah, weird voice crack. Although he'd been experiencing them every time his agitation had peaked throughout. **“It's so *damn* pale too, *what!?*”**

Not that it was isolated to his hands alone. His wrists had narrowed, and even his arms had shortened... as had his legs, and his feet had become dainty— **“Am I shrinking!?”** Why, *yes!* Urban certain seemed to be! Not substantially so, but several inches were ultimately shaved off his height to leave his clothes fitting a little looser, but not so much that they fell from his body.

One might have assumed his pants would go no matter what considering how they are typically fit, but there was actually a reason they'd clung on despite his figure's loss. That is, to say, that it wasn't *all* loss in the end. His waistband had caught on his hips, which unbeknownst to him had grown just a little bit wider in the beginning. Not excessively so, but enough to make up for the loss that rendered his pant legs to pool around his ankles.

As if to pay into this, his waistline had thinned as well, dipping in at the sides to present the man's torso with a very feminine arch – one that was attributed to the slant of his back as well. **“My clothes are so loose! I wish they'd just *burn off!*”** Whatever served as the cause for his building anger, it reached a boiling point for a moment as he gave the floor an almost bratty stomp.

Urban hadn't expected his words to take on a literal meaning as they did, for the heat that had been bubbling up from within him? It suddenly erupted with an intensity that would burn any human alive, taking the form of flickering, blue flames that completely eviscerated every scrap of clothing he was wearing while not at all harming his surroundings.

Those flames lingered mostly around his arms and legs even after the danger had passed, but at the time of release? His eyes turned a very menacing crimson, and his hair? From the roots to the tips, a whitish purple shot up to stain the once darker tone in this new coloring. Unfortunately, his signature hat was burned up along with everything else.

**“Now I'm *goddamn naked!*”** While spewing out his newest frustrations, Urban's voice finally jumped up permanently to the higher pitch it had been crackling between all this time – something that occurred in tandem with his Adam's apple finally disappearing. Getting a look down at his body, though? He had more important things to deal with than his heightened pitch, evidently. **“I'm *really transforming?* So did that brat do this!?”**

As the reality of his situation now set in, the man felt surprisingly at ease with it? He was still agitated, but as a consumer of transformation

content himself, Urban couldn't exactly deny that this wasn't something of a fantasy for him. Even now, he was watching his waistline pinch in further, the cut of his tummy softening while the depths of his navel became more substantiated. **"Am I just becoming a woman then, or...? Well, no way, right? If I was just becoming a woman, all of these blue flames...?"** The mood conveyed by his tone had even picked up a little, but... for every positive feeling, something darker weighed down upon him. Almost like something deep down *wanted* him to be angry and miserable.

Around the same time, a tugging sensation at his whitened hair accompanied a sudden and excessive growth. Down behind him his locks fell, far past the arch of his rear. A rear that was, unsurprisingly, growing more splendid as his transformation wore on. Urban had never really considered himself to be a guy with much of an *ass*, but that assertion was tested and *then some*.

His cheeks bounced and jiggled with delight as a weightiness found them, sizing ballooning out and forming a much more significant canyon within the depths of his ass crack itself. One hand reached back to grab a handful of it, long nails sinking into this tush before he leaned forward and gave that booty a shake. **"A nice, big ass..."** He then let go and allowed his index finger to trace around his leg to his thighs, where he then sunk digits into swelling meat that saw his hips part even wider. **"Thick, meaty thighs..."**

Urban let go once more, this time his finger trailing towards his dick, which could feel the weight of these thighs suffocating around them. But before his finger arrived, *her* pussy had already formed in its place, and the index finger probed it with delight. **"A moist pussy..."** Evidently, the woman's mind had been pushed towards depravity, for she couldn't help but focus on just how erotic her body was becoming.

The hand that wasn't rooting around in her groin, on the other hand? It tweaked her nipples, knowing just what to expect next. Those nipples felt engorged, swollen, and the more she played with them the bigger they became until they were finally the size of a pair of quarters. But the main dish? That came from beneath them – jiggling, fatty tissue that saw a once flat chest inflate as if it was a sponge absorbing water.

A-cups? B-cups? *No*. Her fingers began to massage them in rotation, not even noticing that she'd begun to passively levitate so that she might masturbate without falling over. Her breasts exploded until either tit was just a little smaller than her head, each entirely perky despite how heavy they looked. And then? She climaxed.

“*Haaaah!*” As Urban let loose her completed moan of ecstasy, the lips it was communicate with seemed to grow soft and succulent, easily doubling in size. A wriggling in her nose saw her nostrils shrink, and her face on the whole became much more effeminate, with a perfectly clear complexion. Perhaps the most astounding change could be seen in her eyes, which narrowed until she looked to be a Japanese woman by birth.

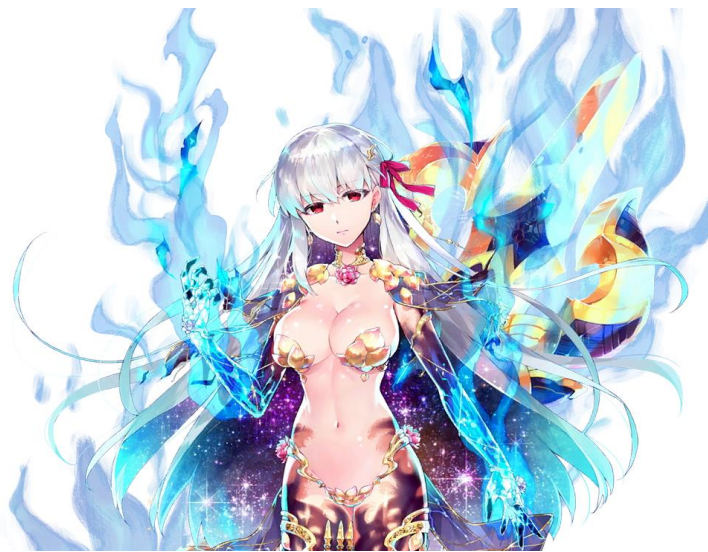
Yet, the name that had taken root in her mind as she’d masturbated?

*Kama.*

*There was nothing Japanese about it.*

“*Huh!?* Since when the hell was my name... I can’t even remember my old one!” Still oblivious to the fact that she was floating, or perhaps she’d already accepted it as normal, her anger flared up once more when she realized his memory was muddled with recollections of her past life, and memories of the Servant Kama at the same time. What had her human name been? *Sakura Matou*? No, that *wasn’t* it! “*ARGH!*”

The woman’s anger? It finally peaked, and with it the heat of her rage quite literally burned away at her body. Her arms and legs both blackened, darkness gripping even her thighs and ass. But among the darkness was a universe of tiny lights, a blueish glow helping illuminate the stars themselves, just as the underside of her hair did. *But this was simply Kama’s nature.* Golden jewelry decorated her flesh not long after, largely concealing her naughty bit and not much else.



Her flames burned with an intensity that was more or less unmatched, and yet not a single thing in the room Kama now occupied was burned at all. This was of her own will, for despite her physical and cognitive shift, she could still identify this space and everything within it as *hers*. “*Tst.*” An agitated

click of her tongue echoed midst crackling flames, toes lifting off the ground.

Was she supposed to be *thankful* for this? Memories of her past had *not* been forgotten, and as a result she could recall the cat-girl that had altered her form just as she realized that she could no longer return to her previous life. How was she supposed to address her family like this? Who would possibly accept a monster like her? She knew full well that this self-depreciation was one of Kama's key personality traits, but it was difficult to differentiate between who she'd once been and who she had become in this regard.

**“Just what am I supposed to do now? That bitch!”** Some choice words had been reserved for Hisa, it seemed. Anyone that would put someone in this type of situation had to be pure evil, didn't they? Not that Kama could talk at all – not when her impulses were growing more and more destructive. She was having less and less reservations about simply blowing out the wall of her room and storming out.

And somehow? That uncontrollable anger, paired with this unbridled power that now flowed through her veins? It brought her some comfort. It made her feel... *good*. **“Maybe this isn't all bad.”** As she thought about what she could get away with using powers such as these, the Beast began to care less and less about the things she'd been worried about just moments before. Family? Friends? **“Hah!”** Who cared about things like those?

*A monster like herself didn't deserve them anyways.*

Flames began to swirl around the room and eventually consumed it. She had to get out of here. She had to leave. She didn't care how – she just knew that if she remained, she might inadvertently hurt someone she didn't mean to. And so? A pillar of flame blasted through the nearest wall before she took her exit. Funnily enough, nothing else in the room was left damaged.

Nothing except the device she had played F/GO on as Urban, which had been melted into oblivion and back. Perhaps Kama's final message was one we could all relate to? **FUCK GACHA GAMES.**

**THIS MESSAGE IS HISA APPROVED~!**