

TO SEDUCE A... HORSE?

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Shirou Emiya had been suffering through a *very* bizarre evening.

It had started normally enough with him returning from school. Sakura Matou had been missing from classes for a few days now, but that was the most exciting thing that he could think of. But when he finally returned home? There had been a strange woman sitting at his kotatsu. A European-looking woman with silver hair and a *very* big chest. She called herself Artemis and claimed that she knew him but couldn't remember *how*.

One thing led to another and before long? He'd made her dinner and was feeding her. He didn't really have a *choice*. He had to get to the bottom of who she was and how she knew him. This was all *exceptionally* weird, but it still wasn't the *strangest* thing to happen. Not long after they'd finished? They'd been *attacked*. Apparently, Artemis was one of these things too, but they claimed to be 'Servants'. She had given him the rundown over dinner for *some* reason.

Before attacking, they had introduced themselves as Brynhildr and Sigurd – much like Artemis, seemingly being heroes from history and legends themselves. It was fortunate that Artemis was there, because she drew Brynhildr away and left Shirou with Sigurd. Even then, the boy had been backed into a corner. He was no Master; he was hardly even a *magus*. With nowhere else to go? He'd run into his shed to shield himself.

This was all already written. Shirou Emiya was *supposed* to be attacked and end up in that shed. It was where he would *normally* summon Saber there. And while he *was* still pushed onto the back ropes and

managed to summon a Servant... the one he *had* wasn't that Saber. It was something far more monstrous in appearance, and not even a Saber in the first place. The Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki City had become so messed up that he'd ultimately summoned a Berserker.



A man who was... half horse? He was a hulking centaur of a man whose very summoning had destroyed half of Shirou's shed, but he *also* managed to fend Sigurd off for the time being with little difficulty. It wasn't until the dust finally settled that Shirou managed to catch his breath. **"Uh... Thanks! Berserker, was it?"** He had a rudimentary understanding of what Servants were now, but he couldn't place this giant man's real identity at all.

Being a centaur would imply maybe he was of European origin, but that wasn't the case. His eyes were clearly Asian, likely Chinese. **"Correct. But do you really not recognize me, my wife?"** Well, he was certainly *polite*. Shirou thought that someone with a title as scary as 'Berserker' might have been more improper, or perhaps have a wilder nature. While this was a pleasant surprise, how the Berserker had *ended* that sentence brought about a different kind of skepticism.

"Your wife? I don't think I am..." Did he need to say more than that? He'd never met this man before *to* marry him. Even if he had, he wasn't a *woman* to be a 'wife' in the first place! It just felt like such an extraordinarily odd thing to say. **"But I'm your Master, right? You said that when I summoned you."** And the Command Seal on the back of his hand appeared to confirm that.

"Well, yes. But can you not be my Master *and* my wife?"

That isn't the problem here, idiot.

Idiot? Why had he added that to the end? It felt like a very *Rin Tohsaka* way to react in the grand scheme of things. But it was still weird. *He* felt weird. Shirou wondered if he should try and get in contact with Artemis again in case there was something he was missing. While they were technically enemies, she had still come to his aid in the end. **"Excuse me for a moment... Uh, sorry. I don't think you'll fit in the house."**

The Berserker nodded with understanding as the boy scooted back inside. Shirou was *hoping* that Artemis had returned and was just waiting at his kotatsu like she had been when he had first gotten home from school. But unfortunately? She *wasn't* there. His house was

completely empty, and even calling her name several times yielded no response. Well, she did say she had to 'find her hubbie' later. Apparently, he'd run away.

“Well, I guess this means asking Artemis is out of the question for now. I wonder if he’d tell me his true name... But that wouldn’t explain why he’s calling me his ‘wife’.” The young man didn’t like that he felt his cheeks flush and his heart skip a beat when he recounted the moment when he was referred to that way. **“...Maybe something is wrong with me? Tonight’s probably taken a heavy toll on me...”** Well, he *had* almost died.

*I’m certain cuddling up with my beloved would make me feel better.
Why did I even leave his side—*

Shirou froze up once he recognized it. **“Wh-What am I even *thinking*?”** He’d never been in a relationship with someone to have a ‘beloved’, and even if he had been? As far as he knew, he was *straight*. He was only interested in women that way and had no real attraction to other men (but to each their own as he saw it!). **“Maybe I should try laying down... But I can’t leave Berserker alone either.”** *Then I’ll just stay at his side!* ...Why did he feel so enthused about that all of a sudden!?

The boy had already developed a bad feeling, but now he concluded he had to upgrade that feeling to *very* bad. The way he had been acting ever since he had summoned that Servant had been *off*, so were they related? If he’d gotten more information from Artemis then he might have been able to say, but he also didn’t know that this Holy Grail War was *unconventional* to say the least. In a proper Holy Grail War, a Master would receive a set of Command Seals and that would be the end of any changes to their *body*.

That wasn’t so much the case with this *twisted* war. Normally the summoning system could only summon a single Servant, but by using a Servant’s bond, their *love*, with another, it was possible to summon pairs with the Master’s body used as summoning material. Someone or *something* desired this outcome, and Sakura and Illyasviel had already succumbed to it. Xiang Yu had been summoned because he had someone in his life that he loved with all of his heart.

And that love *would* be reciprocated.

“Ouch!?” While worried about what could have *possibly* been happening to him, Shirou ended up accidentally biting his lower lip with his canine teeth. He checked with his tongue for a puncture wound. **“Huh...”** But even though he had tasted blood for a moment? He

couldn't find a wound. Had his mind been playing tricks on him? It wasn't like the wound could have *immediately* healed, so he put thought aside.

Even though that *was* exactly what had happened. The wound had closed as *soon* as it had opened, and it had only happened in the first place because his canine teeth had sharpened. They were *much* sharper in fact, much more akin to *fangs* than normal human canines. He really *had* tasted blood in that brief moment, too, and its taste seemed to speed up what already appeared to be a transformation into something that wasn't *entirely* human.

The amber pigmentation of Shirou's eyes darkened, and his pupils dilated in a way that led to them taking *slit* shapes for a second instead before returning to normal. His irises ultimately came alight with a *crimson* glow without him noticing, but it was also a little *more* than that. The shapes of his eyes pinched vaguely upwards, not jeopardizing the idea that he was Asian, but he still appeared less Japanese. More... *Chinese*.

"No, something's wrong... Very, very wrong! *Oh, how I yearn to be at his side...*" His body temperature was rising, and it ached dully. He was almost lost to what he compared to a sickly stupor, at least until he registered what he had just *said*. **"I did it again!"** But this time he'd *spoken* his yearning for a man instead of merely thinking it. In the meantime? His spiked, red hair's color was dulling to brown, and it lengthened *excessively*, spilling well beyond his shoulders and even past his ass, whereas his bangs were parted in the center but pulled more to the left than the right.

The boy's expression was a complicated one, but it was also a little hard to *read*. The unusual sensations that plagued his body were growing, leaving him more or less *stunned* by his transformation. His clothing felt loose, but also very *heavy*. This was because his body's developed muscles were diminishing, leaving his body *much* thinner and perceivably weaker than before... at least for a time. His strength eventually returned in *tenfold* because he wasn't technically human any longer, but that didn't alleviate the loosened fit of his clothing.

"Idiot! Calm down!" It definitely wasn't like Shirou to berate *anyone*, but he had suddenly felt compelled to berate *himself*. His crimson eyes blinked as his lashes lengthened, courtesy of his face changing further to match the *clearly* womanly sound of his raised voice. It was *odd*, but for some reason he didn't seem to think as much anymore. It somehow felt *right* in a way that he just couldn't place.

Nonetheless, his face was becoming more effeminate while his body's stature *diminished*. Not significantly so numerically, as he only dropped from 5'6" to 5'3", but its effects were evident in multiple different ways. His hands and feet became smaller and daintier for example, while his head appeared became a little smaller along with it. This was accompanied by fuller, poutier lips, a smaller nose, rounder cheeks, and thinner brows above his big, Chinese-suggestive gaze. But despite being more feminine overall? He looked *older*. Maybe three or four years of age had been applied to his complexion.

Any panic that Shirou had felt before had been reigned in all on his own. Or, at least, that was how it *appeared*. But could it really be considered 'all on his own' when it wasn't his own personality calming him? His personality had gradually been becoming more composed at the cost of growing more standoffish, and his thoughts of this 'special man' had gain a clearer target. He yearned to be at the side of his gigantic, centaur Servant. Even a name came to mind: "**Xiang Yu...**"

The feelings towards this man that he had once not considered his own, well... *Now he did*. His will and the will of the *woman* he was becoming were overlapping. Though, perhaps it was more accurate to say the 'woman *she* had become' at this point. "**My sex changed. Pheh.**" This dismissive comment and a quick nibbling of her lower lip was the only response that she offered to the sensation of her cock and balls shrinking and, tragically, pulling into the lips of a pussy that *somehow* had the talent to take an entire centaur cock if she so chose. In fact, she could vividly recall having sex with Xiang Yu in the past now.

The part of her that was still 'Shirou' felt upset by this, but her new personality accepted these thoughts as 'cherished memories'.

With her biological sex changed, it only made sense that the rest of her body would finally conform to its implications. The woman's waistline was tugged in to place an added emphasis on a pair of hips that had ultimately extended several inches, but only because it seemed she needed this extra room to accommodate the weight that was applied nearby. Her thighs thickened as hairless skin tightened around their swollen flesh, and this was extended in kind to a pair of ass cheeks that bloated and jiggled into a bubbled shape within pants that still felt at risk of slipping off.

"**Just get on with it.**" Shirou really *didn't* feel any concern about what was happening to her anymore, if anything she sounded like she was annoyed that it wasn't happening faster. *The sooner this finishes, the sooner I can get back to his side.* That was more or less the reasoning behind her impatience. "**These clothes are annoying though.**" They just didn't *fit* her, and she was uncomfortable because of it.

Contributing to this problem *now* was the woman's chest. Her shoulders had narrowed and, without her prior muscle mass, that chest had been sitting understandably *flat*. But as a direct response to her sex change? Her nipples had swollen, becoming puffier and *very* sensitive so that they were rubbing up against her loose shirt. This made her a little *aroused*, but she pushed the thought away and focused on a solution to her clothing woes while fat pushed the skin beneath those nipples to swell into *B-cup* tits.

The woman hummed a single note to herself once she realized she had been wracking her brain for no reason. Evidently, a change of clothing came included with her *change of identity*, for what she'd been wearing scattered into a plethora of golden mana particles. They were stained by the Saint Graph that had unknowingly rooted within her, and when they reconverged against her? They formed a long, black dress with a white fur collar. It had cut-outs to show off her belly button up to the insides of her breasts, her hips and inner thighs, and her collar was basically bare too. Heeled boots, at least, propped her up, and there was a black collar around her neck.

“My beloved Xiang Yu... It doesn't feel strange to say this at all anymore. What an idiot I was being.” The scantily clad brunette's expression barely expressed how happy she felt deep down, but only because her new personality had trained itself to essentially repress her emotions towards most things. *Yu Mei-ren* (or *Consort Yu* as she was known by history) was not a Servant based on a human but was instead a long-lived Elemental that had been fashioned into a Servant later on.

One who was incredibly loyal to the man she had married, Xiang Yu.



Her old identity had fought valiantly against her new one, but Yu had won out in the end. Yet, the defeated 'self' was not gone. The woman could recall her previous life before being summoned, but the very thought of it just pushed her to roll her shoulders in a big shrug. **“Sorry, but I have no intention of returning to *that* life. I much prefer this one.”** Not only because of Xiang Yu, though he *was* a big part of her reasoning.

She was clearly much more powerful now, and the thought of being a puny human man now *disgusted* her. She much preferred being an attractive Elemental woman, and would stay that way as long as it was permitted – and she hoped it was forever. But ultimately this was neither here nor there when her husband was waiting outside. She was in a rush to see him, but she did make a little pitstop first.

“Well, this is technically *my* kitchen, right?” Yu smirked to herself, showing off her fangs as she moved through the fridge. The one benefit to having that boy as her base was that she had inherited his cooking expertise. It didn’t take her long at all to whip up two plates of an Italian dish known as ‘fettucine’, before putting them on a tray and taking them out to the remains of the shed in the backyard. They were to share with Xiang Yu, naturally.

“Never will I let anyone call me a bad wife.”