

HEART OF A PUPPET

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“UGH! I can’t believe I lost *AGAIN!*”

The anger that the Saber class Servant, Mordred Pendragon, was more than a little evident as she allowed her armor to disappear, revealing her casual attire underneath. She had been sparring with another Saber within a simulated battlefield; with a Servant whose true name was Kagura Mikazuchi. Mordred didn’t really know *when* Chaldea had summoned that Servant, and she didn’t really care. An opponent’s origins didn’t matter to the knight so long as they were *strong*.

“Tch. I’m never gonna get strong enough before this place summons father!” Of course, she couldn’t have been *that* annoyed just because she had lost a simple duel. It was the meaning *behind* the duel that was bothering her so much. Mordred *yearned* for the day that Chaldea would finally summon Artoria Pendragon along with their sword, Excalibur. And Mordred wanted to be strong enough to defeat them when that day came.

The point of these duels was to hone her blade, so that she would be a formidable opponent for her father even *if* she wasn’t able to ultimately best him. **“You’re plenty strong, Mordred. But if you were to ask me what I believe your fatal flaw to be, it would be your *emotions*. You grow too angry in the throes of combat, and that leads to you acting irrationally. You have the strength, but you fail to control it. So, if you could just calm yourself a little...”** Part of the reason for the duel was so that Mordred could get some constructive feedback, and Kagura seemingly had it in spades.

Though, whether or not Mordred *took* that feedback was a different story altogether.

“Hah! Easier said than done!”



“Calm down and reign in my emotions, huh? How would I even *do* that?” While Mordred had listened closely to Kagura’s feedback at the time, she hadn’t really been sure of what to *do* with it in the end. If dialing back her feelings was something so easily done, she definitely would have done it by now. It wasn’t like she could just manipulate her *will* to bend her temperament into becoming calmer. She was much too impatient for that.

Even in that moment, *nothing* about the Saber was ‘calm’. The doors to the rooms used by the Servants were automatic doors, and yet she still gripped the door’s edge and *yanked* it with all her strength so that it slammed into its lock. **“What does she want me to do? Take a yoga class!?”** She was definitely *flexible* enough for that, but that also wasn’t the point! She wouldn’t have been surprised to hear that there was a Servant running yoga classes, though.

Mordred looked around her room. Nothing was out of place, and it definitely *shouldn’t* have been. All Servants were allowed to customize their room however they wanted, and the Saber had certainly taken an approach to bedroom design that was all her own. There was a bed and an unused desk, but those were the only *normal* things about this space. Unless filling your bedroom with *gym equipment* was considered normal home design somewhere.

In fact, because she wasn’t the type to just sit still and take a rest, she ended up *using* that equipment to help alleviate some of her stress. She used the barbells, the jogging machine, the stationary bike – all while sweating her butt off the entire time. As a Servant she didn’t even *need* to work out to maintain her physique. She just *liked* to do it. **“Phew! I feel a little better after working up a sweat.”** From there, it was just a matter of taking a quick shower.

When she finished? Morgan stepped out of the adjoined bathroom wearing only a white towel over her shoulders so that either side covered her small chest. They were *her* quarters and the door was

locked. No one was going to walk in on her naked, and she actually *preferred* to wear less than society typically expected.

She did another scan of her room after stepping out. The steam from her hot shower poured into the room, but that didn't stop her from noticing that on *this* occasion there actually *was* something out of place. **“Hah? Was that there before? I definitely didn't bring it in.”** She hustled over to her desk where she'd noticed this thing that didn't belong. It was an ornament of some kind. An ornate hair clip with a purple flower fixed to it. Was it a *real* flower? It looked real enough, but if it was authentic then wouldn't it die eventually?

“This ain't even something I'd wear. Did someone put it in here when I was in the shower?” Aside from her Master and da Vinci, no one should have been able to enter. They had the keys, and the rooms had barriers to prevent Servants from passing through the walls and doors in Spirit Form. Mordred didn't know *how* someone had managed to bring it in, but she was annoyed that someone had entered her personal quarters without permission. **“I'm gonna figure this—Huh?”**

The girl had reached to grab the hair ornament, but the moment her fingers touched it? It *disappeared*. Or, at least, that was what she thought.

The truth was that it was now resting in her hair, on the right side of her head.

“Where the hell did it go!?” Mordred wasn't the sharpest tool even in the direst of times, so the fact that she didn't even notice this additional weight on her head. Then again, Servants were naturally stronger than humans in the first place. It probably didn't feel like *that* much more weight compared to normal. The addition of this accessory wasn't even the most shocking thing in that moment, though. It was what was happening to the hair *under* the hairclip.

It was *darker*. The sandy blonde of the girl's locks right beneath the clip darkened to brown but then took a sharp turn towards a less *standard* color scheme. *Purple*. It was a purple that bordered black, but the slightest bit of light revealed its true hue. If this phenomenon had remained isolated to that singular patch? The maybe it wouldn't have been *that* odd. But it didn't and so the sight of her hair became even stranger.

Because the purple spread from that point of origin into the rest of her hair like a drop of dye that had fallen into a pool of water. The more of the Saber's hair it consumed, however, the more obvious it became that

what was happening wasn't *just* as simply as just giving her a magical dye job. The darkened strands began to lengthen, straighten, and *smooth* – completely redefining her usual hairstyle into one that was incredibly long and flat. It reached her *ankles* in the back, while her bangs ended up cut evenly right above her eyes. “...*Eh?*”

Mordred might have been oblivious to the hairclip's *presence*, but she wasn't so far gone (yet) that she didn't notice how her hair was swinging around. Her ponytail had gone undone too! “**WHAT THE HELL!?**” Grabbing handfuls of these locks didn't help her understand what was happening anymore clearly, but the eyes that went wide *did* begin to shimmer with a purple that was slightly paler than the color of her hair. “**Why's my hair look like this!? It's way too damn long!**”

She *hated* her hair being too long, and what was with the color!? She narrowed her eyes in a glare at the purple, but part of that narrowing *hadn't* been done by choice. The corners of her eyelids not only slimmed and pinched in, but they also widened as their eyelashes lengthened, all in all giving her gaze a shape that seemed far more *Japanese* than European. It wasn't even a one-off phenomenon, because as her cheeks rounded and her lips thickened, and a beauty mark even appeared beneath her right eye... she looked more and more like a beautiful Japanese woman.

One who looked about *fifteen* years older than the rest of Mordred's body suggested.

“**Something's—?**” Saber was *already* hyperaware that something was wrong, and so she immediately homed in on the sound of her own voice. It was too *deep* – the only thing that could have even inspired recognition that her face had changed, but it didn't go that far. Instead? “**What is going on? Eh? Wait... Why aren't I riled up?**” Mordred's fatal flaw was that she got too emotional, she had *just* established this. But now, despite what was happening, she was speaking so calmly about it. She couldn't find the energy *to* lash out.

Okay. So, there were a *lot* of problems quickly compiling. Whatever force that had changed her hair was bearing down on her *mind* too. It was stifling her emotions, but more than that? Her brain felt... dull. Her memories were vaguer than they should have been, and memories of a place more akin to Japan than anywhere else gradually became stronger. “**No. I need to push back... I cannot succumb to whatever is happening!**” Putting aside the fact that she had *never* used the word ‘succumb’ before in her life.

No amount of pushback mentally could delay what was happening to her *body*, though. Mordred was a short girl, standing at a mere 5'1”. But

as she closed her eyes to focus on her mental state? Her body began to *stretch*. The fact that she was still naked worked to her benefit, because she simply rose higher and higher. 5'3", 5'5", 5'7"; with the rest of her body growing in varied ways to make certain that she didn't become overly lanky. Her shoulders and hips broadened, for example, though the latter lapped the former by about three inches. In a similar fashion? The reach of her fingers became longer, as did the length of her feet. Still, there was something *stiff* about her posture by the time she stopped growing at 5'9".

"Hm?" It took a moment for the woman to open her eyes again. **"Have I grown taller? Or was I *always* this height?"** She calmly wondered aloud. Subconsciously? She *knew* the answer, but her shifting memories pushed back. *I was designed with this height in mind, was I not?* Designed? People weren't *designed*. But what if she wasn't *actually* a person? What if beneath her skin, her innards were being altered to become synthetic, almost robotic counterparts?

That certainly *didn't* help clear things up, but she wasn't nearly as bothered about the implications as she had been prior either. She didn't even bother to check *why* the weight distribution of her body seemed to shift. Why, despite the artificial material that now ran beneath her skin, some of that skin was pulled tautly as *fat* of all things pooled within. If she was supposed to be some sort of *puppet*, then why was synthetic fat even *necessary*?

Nonetheless, it continued to pool within. Mordred's chest had always been small. It bothered her, but apparently it had been due to a mix of her young age and her genetics. Regardless of *how* she had felt about it before, however, it had begun to *swell*. It forced the towel that was hanging over her tits to push away, cloth eventually revealing nipples that had enlarged to a size just a touch smaller than her eyes. Her breasts jiggled as that weight was forced into them, and inevitable? They swelled into a respectable pair of perky *DDs*.

But she didn't care. She had also fallen rather quiet. She didn't care about her hair, nor about the size of her tits. She certainly didn't care that the previous parting of her hips had provided ample real estate for the girth of her thighs to swell, pale skin pulled until they shone from just how stretched they had become; *tripled* in size. Nor did she feel all that perplexed by a rising of her ass cheeks, for they eventually fulfilled a gracious heart shape behind her that would surely jiggle as they rose and fell with each inevitable step.

The Saber *also* hadn't thought much of her nudity, and so in the same vein it didn't click that her body had suddenly found itself covered up again, either. A short, purple kimono had wrapped around her torso,

exposing her thick thighs and deep cleavage. It had detached sleeves that were worn over black sleeves, while she wore geta sandals over purple thigh high tights below. That long mass of hair had even been tied into one, long braid, and a thick obi hugged her waist.

“Mm? What was I...?” If it had been Mordred’s emotions that had been holding her back, the form that she had now had perhaps overcompensated for that flaw in the most extreme way possible. The woman she was now, the *Raiden Shogun*, didn’t show much in the way of emotion whatsoever. That was because she didn’t *feel* emotions, much had she been programmed with the means to *express* them. That was because she was a *puppet*, a doll that was more akin to a robot than anything else.



She had been created by the Archon of Inazuma, Ei. Not that it mattered anymore. Summoned as a Servant, those ties were no longer consequential. Her programming could not be modified anymore, and so she proceeded as a rare *hybrid class*. She was a Lancer on paper but turned into a *Saber* when utilizing the Noble Phantasm that she pulled from between her tits.

Unsure of what she had been doing, but knowing there was nothing to do in her room (it was now empty aside from a bed and desk), she decided to leave in order to take a stroll around Chaldea. Her plans were deterred the moment she stepped out into the hall, however, and she bumped into a girl. Another Servant. She knew this one... her name was *Kurumu*? **“Miss Shogun! Could I hide in your room for a moment? Please?”**

The Lancer nodded and let the teen slip into her quarters. She wasn’t sure *why*. There was just something unusually *familiar* about that girl. She didn’t need to wait long to figure out what Kurumu was trying to hide from, either, as a big-bosomed Berserker appeared next. **“Excuse me~? Have you seen my child— I mean, Kurumu around**

here?” Ah, this was the one that liked to play ‘mom’. Had she been too clingy again and driven the child away?

She just shook her head so that the Berserker eventually left and then knocked on the door once the coast was clear. Kurumu stuck her head out a few seconds later. **“Thank you so much! I thought I was a gone!”** Why did the Shogun find herself so interested in this child? They had no relationship, did they?

But neither of them could have possibly fathomed that they’d once been parent and child.