

HOLIDAY SUPPORT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rin Tohsaka had suffered through a *very*, very unusual year.

Back before the summer began, she had summoned the Servant she was meant to summon to participate in the Holy Grail War. At the time, it had been her intention to summon a *very* powerful Saber that could help carry her to victory and, in a way, she had at least succeeded in that summoning. Or, at least, the woman she had summoned was *supposed* to be a Saber had the summoning not gone oddly awry.

At the time? Rin hadn't realized that she had actually summoned a *Rider*. She had been far too perplexed by the fact that the woman in her home had been summoned in the nude, and that was without even mentioning that she had fox ears and a tail. Her name was Suzuka Gozen, a figure in Japanese mythology that was fairly renowned. It *should* have been the Master's big break.

But she made a *generational* flub. Desperate to get the fox woman to cover up, she'd utilized a Command Seal in the moment. One thing had led to another, and it had backfired *stupendously*, in turn transforming Rin into the racing suit that Suzuka would end up wearing until *November*. The Holy Grail War came and went without them even *participating*, and Rin had spent the entire time as an article of clothing, clinging to the fox woman's voluptuous body.

“Ugh, this is so *frustrating*!” It had now roughly been a month since Suzuka had changed her Master back and it was now *Christmas Eve*. It was fortunate that she lived *alone*, because she hadn't even been able to attend *classes* for a good chunk of the year, much less fight in the Holy Grail War. She had spent all of that time as a sentient outfit that was

worn *every single day*. She'd been pressed up against the fox's warm, sexy body to the point that she had practically understood all of the woman's bodily indentations, mounds, and crevices as her own.

And that was *exactly* what was so frustrating! Rin clicked her tongue after splashing her face with cold water; a tactic to help cool herself down that she had developed over the course of the past month since she was reverted to normal. **“Those four months did more damage to my mind than I thought... BUT WHAT THE HELL WOULD I EVEN TELL A THERAPIST!?”**

Even though their contract had been broken, Suzuka had insisted on staying with Rin in the end. Rin was forced to see her every single day, which was a *big* part of the issue. She'd spent so long as a piece of clothing that had been worn by the Rider that her mind had been fried in a very particular way. It made sense because she'd been trapped in such an intimate position for so long, but the Master had been left *wanting* her Servant.

When she kept it repressed it was little more than an innocent crush. She'd find herself gawking at the Servant here and there, but if her gaze lingered for too long... She'd be reminded of how *hot* she was and get a little overwhelmed. *That* was what had happened in the instance that led to her retreating to the bathroom. She'd ended up getting too hot and bothered. It was becoming a *really* big issue. She could hardly get anything done!



“Merry Christmas! I got you something!” Hours later, Rin had been surprised to find Suzuka shoving a gift box into her face. It felt like a very *Suzuka* thing to do to randomly give her a gift, and the Master had been a little taken aback since she hadn't gotten the Servant anything. It was still around lunch time on Christmas Eve day; she'd planned on going out to pick something up before the evening but had been intercepted on the way out.

She paid her thanks to the Servant and opened the box. **“You didn't have to— WHOA!?”** The very moment the lid was removed from the box, she was *overwhelmed* by a very powerful scent. A perfume that she knew well, because it was the same one Suzuka wore. Not only was a bottle stuffed in the corner, but there were clothes neatly folded both beside and underneath it. It looked like a Santa costume? A very *revealing* Santa costume, at any rate.

“You’ve totes had me on your mind lately, right? So, what’d be a better gift than *me*!? But I’ll, like, give ya some privacy now that you’ve opened it! You’ll probs need it!” The Rider had a bad habit of saying *whatever* she wanted to say and then running off. Which was *exactly* what she did here, leaving Rin with only questions in the main hallway of the Tohsaka homestead as she dashed out the front door.

The teenaged girl blinked and looked back down at the contents of the box. **“She didn’t even let me thank here... But what did she *mean* by all that?”** Already having been cursed by Suzuka in the past, she brought the box into her dining room and set it down on the dining room table. **“She realized I’m into her? But how is this gift giving me ‘her’? I don’t like the sound of that...”** Making matters worse, the strong scent of the perfume was making her a little lightheaded.

Or at least that was how she perceived what was *actually* the sensation of important knowledge actually slipping away from her.

She shuddered, the feeling reminding her of that time she was transformed into a racing suit. **“She *totes* better not be turning me into clothing again! That’d be *so* not cool!”** It took Rin a moment to process it. The words that had *just* left her mouth, at least. **“W-Wait, why am I talking like this? It’s so, *like*, vapid! *LOL!*”** Wait! No ‘LOL’! This definitely wasn’t an ‘LOL’ moment! It sounded just like how *Suzuka* spoke.

Her eyes darted around the room for a moment and then down at her body in search of any signs of change. She could tell. That Servant had used the gift to curse her again! And while she didn’t wholly understand into *what* just yet, there *were* clues already in place. She just couldn’t really notice them all on her own with where they were located, at least not without a mirror.

Take those blues eyes of hers that had been dancing around, for example. A rim of *gold* had shone around her pupils and began to expand outwards towards the edges of her eyes. It was a shimmering gold that mirrored the eyes of the woman that had cursed her in the first place, with her lashes growing longer and caked on with mascara in the process as their shapes narrowed to resemble the eyes of a beautiful traditional Japanese woman even more. One that was roughly five or so years older than she should have been.

Those golden eyes narrowed once she *finally* noticed something. It was the back of her hands? No, it was happening *all* over her skin. **“T-Tan?”**

Or so Rin stuttered through lips that had *doubled* in thickness, not only becoming poutier but also becoming painted with a pink gloss that made them appear even fuller. Her face's design was shifting into that of a picturesque beauty, one with thin cheeks and a small nose. And yet even while the sight of her hands had *surprised* her? The girl couldn't erase a playful smile from her own lips that had upturned all of a sudden.

Getting back to what she had *noticed*, however? There very much *was* a tan developing across her body. It wasn't a *natural* tan. Rin wasn't very experienced with those kinds of beauty techniques, but even she could tell that the darkening bronze was *fake*. Whether it had been sprayed on or was from a tanning booth, it didn't really matter. It reminded her a little bit of the tan the Rider Suzuka had, however.

“Like, I need to *totally* wait a moment! Why does it *totes* feel like I’m becoming...?” Rin couldn't even finish that thought before she was led away from it by the sight and weight of her own *hair* of all things, though what she observed continued to contribute to the assumption that she'd *already* come to. Her dark hair had been lightening towards a sandy blonde that *appeared* to have been bleached. But more than that? The length of it all grew and thickened, becoming a messy hairdo that reached the peak of her ass. **“Am I becoming *me*!?”**

Wait, no? That wasn't what she had meant to say? She'd meant to say *Suzuka*, because that was the conclusion she had come to. Suzuka's sexy, attractive body was going to be hers? That stirred something in her loins. She'd be able to feel Suzuka's tits, ass, and pussy whenever she wanted? Her mind had even corrected herself when speaking to align with the new existence that was being forced upon her. **“W-Wait! This isn't good! You *def* need to get your mind out of the gutter, Suzuka-chan! This isn't the time to get *horny as fucking hell*!”**

Not only was she *still* doing it, referring to herself with that new name, but her voice now sounded higher, bubblier, and her more playful. Just like *Suzuka*'s. Not that she could really *stop* herself from becoming horny. Her fingers were twitching as they not only lengthened, but her fingernails were supplemented by long, red stick-on nails that added to her increasingly *gyaru* appearance. She was mortified deep down, but all of the other changes to her body and psyche made it difficult for that to show.

It was also hard to not be so aroused when the parts of one's body that often *led* to arousal were changing. **“Eh? Wait...”** Her fake nails were moved once again, this time reaching up to grope at her own chest through the fabric of her usual red shirt. Her tits were *throbbing*, and seconds later she pulled that shirt up and over her long, thick blonde

hair to reveal her bra underneath. This *had* been the right call, because the tanned flesh of her tits had been *swelling*. It pulled the clasp around her back tightly while supple fat pooled over the cups of her red bra.

“Gotta... unhook it...!” Rin’s mind had been adjusting to accommodate her changing form, so even *with* her fake nails she managed to reach back to unhook the brassiere. But without the bindings bothering them any longer? Her now F-cup tits *exploded* forward with nipples almost as large as her eyes. **“I’m sooooo huge!”** And she was a little *too* excited with how her hands sunk into their luscious forms. She could remember being wrapped *around* them as an article of clothing but groping them herself somehow felt even *better*.

All of this tit play made the Japanese woman a little *wet* between her legs. She was still wearing her skirt and panties, and that all hid how her bush had thickened with the same blonde coloring as the hair on her head. But it soon all felt very *tight*, courtesy of a parting of her hips that extended the gait of the woman’s lower body. As it turned out, this widened gait was more of a *necessity* than anything.

Largely because Suzuka Gozen didn’t *just* have big tits. She had a fat ass, too. Rin ended up accidentally *spanking* herself upon bringing a hand down to check, namely because she had underestimated just *how* big they had already grown. **“Whoa!?”** Of course, that only added to her friskier mood, and she ended up groping the slapped cheek. It had to have doubled in size, inheriting a heart shape that shared its weight with now thickened thighs.

She had Suzuka’s build and face in their entirety now but was pulled backwards ever so slightly by a new addition to her body as a whole. **“Oh yeah. Guess I needed that!”** At least if she was becoming Suzuka, she needed the *tail*. The long, fluffy, blonde tail that had just exploded out of her tailbone. Paired with her human ears sliding up the sides of her head and becoming coated with blonde fur as they were pulled into fox-shapes, this more or less completed the woman’s transformation.

Well, aside from the heart made of stick-on, silver stars that was etched into her bare belly, just to the right of her navel.

The tanned skin of the new *Suzuka Gozen* had developed goosebumps over the course of her transformation, and even though it was now completed? They still lingered as the woman herself found herself wholly incapable of running her hands up and down her body with curiosity. It all felt so *foreign*, largely because she still knew she *wasn’t* actually Suzuka. But at the same time it felt *correct*, like her whole life

had been spent in this body. This contradiction was the least of her worries, though.

“O-M-G! I totes can’t believe this is happening!” For one: while the memories of her past life remained, she wasn’t *acting* like Rin Tohsaka. She had developed not only all of the fox’s mannerisms, but also her *interests* as well. Nothing would have made her happier in the moment than showing off her tanned, busty body to a potential romantic partner – a boy would be preferred, but a girl would be fine too!



There was also the troubling realization that while she *could* remember her past life, that didn’t apply to what she had *learned* during that life. Any knowledge that would have been unique to a Tohsaka magus was gone, and she couldn’t even remember who she had been friends with at school. She was mortified and embarrassed by all of this, but— **“JK! I’m so already over it!”** Suzuka’s carefree personality meant that she didn’t dwell on it for too long.

The woman’s blonde tail swished back and forth as she dug into the box, in turn adorning herself with the skimpy Santa costume that consisted of a short, red skirt with a black belt, cute little black boots with a fishnet thigh high solely on her left leg, an open red corset that showed her midriff and cleavage while lined with white cotton trimming that matched puffy, detached red sleeves. As all good Santas did, she also put a Santa hat over her left ear before spritzing herself with the perfume included in the box.

“Mm! I smell so damn good too, hehe!” The *Santa Suzuka* had been thinking about fucking a guy, but she supposed she could settle for a festive masturbation session since she was still so horny now that she had the body she’d been pining over for the past month. **“If I get my summer self to help, that’s still masturbation, right? LOL! Wonder if she’ll be back soon? She’d totes be down!”**

Well, if anything, it would be an *eventful* Christmas Eve.