

SHIELDER OF VROOM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was tough being alone.

Few people would look at Mashu Kyrielight and believe that she felt this way, however. She was always *surrounded* by people that clearly loved and cared about her. Da Vinci-chan, Goredolf, Shion, Nemo, and *especially* the Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka Fujimaru. While they had lost some important members over the year like Roman and the original da Vinci, they were effectively a family unit that would *never* let anything bad happen to her, much less let her feel alone.

But loneliness didn't always take a consistent form. Sure, the most common sense of it tended to come out when you were isolated and cut off from the warmth of others, but that wasn't the only way to feel lonely. You could also feel it as a direct result of, say, your own *uniqueness*. Being unique could be one's greatest strength and something to be celebrated. Plenty of people saw it that way.

It could also be extremely *lonely* to be unique, though. Case in point? Despite the *hundreds* of Servants that Chaldea had summoned over the years, Mashu Kyrielight remained the singular Shielder class Servant. She only even knew of *one* other, Galahad, but he had withdrawn his support from Chaldea back when the Earth had been bleached.

There wasn't really anyone for her to *connect* with. No one to talk about struggles specific to her class with. It didn't bother her *that* often, but there were times when she wished she had someone she could speak those very specific woes to. She'd been a little down about it as of late and hadn't really opted to talk to anyone about it. But at the same time?

That didn't mean there wasn't anyone in Chaldea who could tell what was bothering her.



One of the two Masters of Chaldea, Gudaou, had made his way over to the summoning room early that Saturday morning. He had yet to *enter* and instead was loitering outside of it as if he was *waiting* for something. He *was*, and it was related to the phone he was fiddling around with in his hands. **“How much longer is she going to take? Don’t tell me that she forgot to let me know...”** His sister, Gudako, was supposed to let him know when she had Mashu properly distracted.

Because the brother and sister Master duo *had* noticed that Mashu had been feeling down lately. She was always quick to hide it when she realized that people were watching, but she often showed glimpses of it on her face. Gudaou and Gudako had spent enough time with their kouhai to know the best way to extract what was bothering *out* of her too. Maybe it was a little underhanded to make her trip over her words until she blurted it out, but...

Regardless of their methods, they had managed to isolate the truth of the matter: that Mashu was feeling down because she was the *only* Shielder. It was definitely a problem that wasn't easy to solve. They had specifically attempted to summon other Shielders to Chaldea time and time again so that all of the responsibilities didn't fall onto Mashu's shoulders alone.

“Hopefully this works...” Regardless of what they had tried, however, the results were the same. A Shielder just *wouldn't* answer their summons. But after confiding in da Vinci-chan about *what* they wanted to do? She was able to offer them some sort of guidance. Apparently, when summoning for Holy Grail Wars? Some summoning rituals used specific catalysts to increase the odds of summoning a certain hero or class.

And da Vinci had managed to prepare one such catalyst. It had apparently been set up in the summoning room, but the siblings wanted to *surprise* Mashu if they could pull it off. If she didn't know, then that also meant she wouldn't feel disappointment if they failed, because they wouldn't need to tell her. Gudaou's phone vibrated in his hand finally, giving him the go-ahead to finally head into the summoning room. **“Phew!”** Gudako was supposedly taking Mashu to the gym, which was

the farthest room in the building from the summoning chamber, so he had roughly an hour before they were done.

His role from that point on was simple enough. Go inside, check the catalyst, and then deposit the necessary Saint Quartz into the correct place. There very much *was* a shield in the center of the summoning apparatus, but he couldn't imagine *who* it was meant to summon. It was black with golden spikes and a boar emblem in the middle. If anything, it looked more like it belonged to a *biker* than a Heroic Spirit. But he trusted da Vinci-chan's judgment on matters like these.

The summoning process was initiated, and the usual lights began to spin around in a circle before converging in a bright light. Typically? When that light faded, a new Servant would be standing in the center of the apparatus. **"Huh? Did something go wrong? Is that a Servant?"** But the only thing present was a glowing orb of golden light. Was it condensed mana? The shield was gone...

Gudao wasn't able to get answers about this, though. Instead, the golden light shot across the room like a bullet – connecting with his own chest with enough force to make him stumble back several steps. **"E-Eh!?"** He spun around, hoping to see the golden light on the other side. But it wasn't there. Had it not passed *through* him? Was it *inside* of him? He didn't even want to think about what *that* would imply if so. But it actually *was* still inside of him.

And it had established itself as a *Saint Graph Core*.

"I feel... weird. Kind of strong?" He didn't have the knowledge as to *why* that was of course, but considering what had been established within his body it *did* make perfect sense. A Saint Graph Core meant that he was effectively a Servant now, and Servants were *much* stronger than regular humans. So, even though nothing had happened aesthetically to make him *appear* strong? He legitimately had become a number of times stronger than your average person.

The Master was *naturally* concerned about this. Being stronger *was* good, but if it was the product of having a strange glowing light enter his body? Then he couldn't really be sure if it was a *good thing* or not. **"Maybe I should go get help...?"** That definitely *would* have been a good idea. Someone like da Vinci-chan probably could have helped, even though it was unlikely she would have been able to do anything about it.

As this feeling of strength grew more potent, however, signs of physical change began to make themselves known. Early on this could best be observed in the young man's eyes. Usually a sea of deep blue, they

gradually shifted to a green and then a golden yellow as the hues were influenced by his newfound power. But it was also *more* than that. The narrower, Japanese shapes of those eyes was compromised, lids rounding and parting farther so that they looked more like the eyes of someone of *Caucasian* descent. And there was something strangely *feminine* about their designs.

“That’s weird, why won’t my *feet* move— *Ah!?*” Gudao had felt *strong*, but now he was plagued by a *different* feeling. One separate from the strange cracks to his voice that had begun to arise. His Chaldea uniform was *lifting*? **“What’s going on *with* my clothes!?”** He found himself grabbing at the base of his top to try and tug it down, because all of a sudden, his bellybutton was showing. No, it wasn’t *just* that? His ankles were now showing as well?

It was almost like— **“Am I taller— *COUGH! A-And my voice!?*”** It was hard *not* to hear it now. They hadn’t merely been voice cracks, but his voice’s pitch had legitimately heightened. Which *was* distressing even though it hadn’t occurred to him that he was expressing that voice through lips that had swollen *several* times larger. In fact, along with his eyes, much of his face had trended towards the feminine. With a narrowed jaw and a smaller nose, he looked almost like a young *Caucasian woman*.

But he wasn’t fixated on any of *that*. Instead, Gudao cared more about his *clothes*. It was true. He normally stood at 5’6”, which was essentially an average height for a young Japanese man. But now he had risen to 5’9”. His limbs and torso were three inches longer, and it had even affected places where he hadn’t thought to look. Namely his hands and feet. For the former? His fingers were longer and thinner, yet oddly his palms were smaller. And his feet were longer, but they also seemed far more delicate.

“Ugh... I feel so *weird*. It’s a *darn* shame, but I can’t figure it out!” Hadn’t he *just* identified that he was taller though? Well, that slip of the mind was just one sign that something was occurring mentally, just like his use of ‘darn’ was another sign. His dialect was taking a vaguely *Southern* turn, dialect and accent alike, which could only be attributed to changes internally. He felt a little lightheaded... namely because knowledge was practically falling *out* of his head.

Including his talents when it came to reading and writing, most concerningly. He could still do both, but *barely*.

Deteriorating education aside, his own *physical* transformation had shown no signs of slowing down while he grappled with other things. Take his hair, for example. The roots had lightened from black towards

a steely green, which became all the more noticeable as those roots *pushed out*. The Master's hair was growing and *continued* to grow with this new color in mind. It fell out behind him and grew puffier – and messier – atop his head. The rest of the black was painted in the same color just as two 'hair vents' emerged on his head's tip, above a choppy styling that practically reached his ankles in the back.

She shook *her* head all of a sudden. Gudao actually recognized herself as a woman *before* it was made factually correct, and her only reaction to what ultimately amounted to a change of sex was an uncomfortable shudder and little else. Still, her cock had been slowly shrinking for a while now, all that really needed to be done was a moment of *suction* that pulled what remained up into her pelvis, composing the lining and clit of her new pussy.

“Man, I feel kinda stiff though! Like my body— EH!? That’s right! Something was wrong with my body! I’m not supposed to be like this! I’m supposed to be a guy!” The young woman had just felt so *comfortable* that she'd felt like she'd *always* been like that for a short time. Even claiming to be a dude felt wrong. What eventually snapped her out of it was a building of pressure *within* her body. With her sex now that of a woman's, she supposed that it was only natural...

The fabric of her shirt and jacket *tightened* to a degree that almost felt suffocating. In fact, she found herself unbuttoning the jacket before the buttons popped off, all courtesy of her *chest* surging forth with a weight that no man would certainly possess. **“Gosh! I’m growing tits!”** Gudao did her best to avoid touching what was swelling. Even though it was her own body it still felt *wrong*. For now, anyways. It was definitely *hard* to stop herself. They had grown to *G-cups*, and pulled her shirt so far forward that she could even make out her sweat dripping into her new cleavage.

Because she hadn't *expected* it, she did end up groping her own ass as her cheeks began to expand. It wasn't until manicured fingers dug into swelling fat through her pants that she realized. **“Wah!?”** And she quickly pulled that hand away. Regrettably, but only because her boxers had begun to wedgie the heck out of swelling cheeks. They had pushed her hips several inches wider, and her cheeks were now poking up over the waistline of the grey pants. Pants that *tightened* around thighs that burgeoned with their own additional weight.

All in all, giving her a strong hourglass figure. Strong because her muscles hadn't smoothed away. Rather, they might have even *firmed*?

Just as it seemed like her transformation might be completed? Her left forearm suddenly hung loose. **“E-Eh!? Wait...”** It had confused the

part of her that *was* still Gudao, but the part of her that had embraced her new identity could *remember* the reason. She glanced down at the numbed space just in time to see the skin darken and harden, fingers and wrists having their joints hollowed so that they could be moved. Her left forearm was a *prosthetic*, and she could recall vividly the incident that had cost her that limb in the first place. *That's what I get for being a biker.*

Her previous self deep down argued that she *wasn't* a biker, but it didn't matter what *that* voice thought. With a flash of gold, she was stripped naked as what she *had* been clad in danced around the room as familiar golden particles. **"Whoa! I need clothes!"** Looking down, she *was* pretty hot though! Her clothing wasn't a long term issue, however, as those particles converged once more on her body. But they formed a different outfit.

A black, leather, one piece dress that showed her immense cleavage with black bicycle shorts worn underneath the skirt made up its bulk. There was definitely a 'biker' aesthetic to it with the big, studded belts that wrapped around her hips to be buckled by a golden buckle. Armored thigh highs had red trim, and they slipped into white boots with open tops. Black sleeves covered her arms, attached to a jacket with a black fur collar that she wore off her shoulders. Red fabric covered her neck and the top of her chest with a necklace that read *KING*. Otherwise, she had a black hair clip in the front and matching black horn accessories in the back.

"HAH? Wait, I became the Shielder!? That wasn't what was supposed to happen! I was supposed to be a cute guy, not wanting to be with a cute guy!" From the point of view of the new *Shielder* class Servant, *Caesar King*, she could reflect on what had just happened to her with perfectly clarity. She had the beautiful, bouncy, but also *fit* body of an attractive young woman, sure, but the woman's personality and memories had come along for the ride.

Yet, it was still Gudao in control. **"My name? It's Caesar! Er... Nope! It's definitely Caesar!"**



Uh...” But just because her old self was in control seemingly didn’t *mean* anything in the grand scheme of things. She had been trying act like her old self, but her personality kept pulling onto new memories of how she was *supposed* to be acting and what her name was *supposed* to be. So, even though she could remember the name ‘Gudao’? She just couldn’t bring herself to say it.

“Well, *that’s* a problem! But I guess I should try and make the most of this, right? I mean I *am* pretty hot!” Caesar’s confused expression turned into a wide grin at a moment’s notice – an effect of her new, carefree personality. Everything felt foreign, but also *familiar*. She was squeezing at her new curves and even gave her ass a cute little slap. The woman probably would have *continued* too.

If not for the door to the summoning room opening and two familiar young women walking in. Mashu let out a squeak of surprise at the sight of an unfamiliar woman fondling herself, while Gudako was *much* more direct. **“Wh-Who are you!?”** In her mind, this *must* have been the Servant that her brother had summoned, right? So, then where was the brother in question? Maybe he’d run off to find her? **“Is the Master that summoned you not here?”**

Caesar was quick to catch onto what Gudako was thinking, but trying to explain it was a much more difficult task. With cheeks now burning red because, after all, someone had just walked in on her *groping herself*, she quickly blurted out what she wanted to say. **“N-N-No! He’s here! I’m Caesar! Caesar! I’m Caesar! Uh...”** Oh, right. She couldn’t say her old name. So, how exactly was she going to explain this!?

“Right, right. You’re Caesar! So, where is my brother, Caesar?”

Ugh.