

GYARU INGENUITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There had been nothing but a series of headaches awaiting the four girls that had returned to the Emiya household that day.

They had been expecting to find Shirou Emiya home as they often did, cooking away in the kitchen to provide them with a nice meal. But what at least *Rin* had found at the time was a blonde European woman within his own kitchen. She was German, had a huge rack, and didn't appear to remember anything about her past life. This *Beatrix* girl had *definitely* been Shirou, she was certain of it. Whatever magic was at play had seemingly altered reality, but Rin appeared to be strong enough of a magus to at least resist its effects *for now*.

And so did the rest of their little group. As Saber, Sakura, and Illya showed up, they were all met with the same unusual circumstances. Their close friend, and in some cases *crush*, had been transformed into a buxom, blonde European woman who seemed to have something of a proverbial 'boner' for Japanese culture. None of them knew what to make of it, but at the time?

With her mind the most adjusted to this new reality, Beatrix herself was the most confused. Shirou? Who was that? This was the home where she was staying, right? So, why was she being treated like a stranger? It just didn't make any sense to her! To avoid overwhelming her more than necessary, and to try and much more easily get to the bottom of what manner of magecraft had been used to make all of this happen, Rin had proposed that *she* remain in the kitchen to talk to Beatrix alone while the others discuss a plan of action in the dining room.

At first, the conversation between Saber, Sakura, and Illya had been one of concern. All of them were unsettled by what had happened to Shirou, naturally, and they vaguely attempted to discuss what they might do if they couldn't revert Beatrix back to their original form. But something about their conversation became *odd* as it went on, and in a way that they didn't seem to realize.

“She may be inexperienced, but Beatrix is a rather superb Master. I couldn't ask for a better one.” Saber eventually said as if she was speaking from experience. The memories she had now spoke of her time fighting alongside the German woman as Master and Servant, like it had been that way from the very beginning. Did she no longer see Beatrix's existence as *wrong*?

In the end, she wasn't even the *only* one. **“Mhm! Onee-chan is really great!”** Illyasviel had replied happily, now remembering meeting her *well* before this Holy Grail War. Considering she came from Europe herself this actually made a little more sense. But it was still *unusual*, and Sakura appeared to realize... right? The purple haired teenager looked between the other two with vague concern on her face. The magic hadn't entirely rewritten her memories, but she *was* feeling a little dizzy.



“I need to excuse myself for a moment...”

Instead of commenting on what either of them were talking about, Sakura rose from the table and bowed before shuffling off to the bathroom. Not only did she feel a little dizzy, but her cheeks were burning up! She sincerely hoped she hadn't come down with something, especially when she had to worry about... Whatever was wrong with Beatrix? The girl couldn't entirely remember now.

The moment she got into the bathroom; she ran cold water out of the Emiya household's tap. To be fair to her, she wasn't panicking *because* this sort of thing happened from time to time thanks to her *unique condition*. She would burn up on occasion and would become a little woozy as a result. She could typically stave off the effects by splashing her face with cold water and sitting down for a moment.

And she wasted no time executing that plan, feeling some degree of relief as she closed her eyes to splash the cold liquid over her forehead and cheeks without running the risk of any water getting into them. It was such a normal thing to do just in *general* that Sakura hadn't expecting anything to be awry when she opened her eyes after the fact,

but unfortunately? Normalcy wasn't what she opened them to find at *all*.

“Wah!? Wh-What happened to my face?” The light in the Emiya bathroom was *pretty* strong – which made it easy for her to recognize that something had gone very, very wrong between when she had closed her eyes and opened them again. She was used to staring at her own reflection, sometimes lamenting all of the suffering she had been through that had led to her once brown hair turning purple. Sakura Matou truly was a pitiable existence. But that pitiable existence was *subtly unrecognizable* now.

It was because her usual, porcelain complexion... It had been painted over by what *looked* like a spray tan. **“Th-That was just normal water, right? There wasn't anything weird in it? Maybe I should ask Beatrix about it...?”** This *was* where Beatrix was staying, but... It seemed Sakura could no longer recall that Beatrix wasn't who she was *supposed* to be. She was just as caught up in the magic that had transformed her romantic interest, which immediately sealed off the possibility that she might recognize the same thing was beginning to happen to *her*.

“My face has a tan, but what about the rest of my body?” She *had* used her hands to splash herself with the water in the first place, and so she examined *them* for any changes in color. There weren't that she could see, which only left her more confused than she had been in the first place. **“Does that mean it wasn't the water? Was it something else? Like *magic*?”** It was very possible (and essentially the answer) that it had been magecraft. But referring to it as 'magic' didn't line up very well with how Sakura *should* have referred to it: *as* magecraft.

That's silly though! Magic isn't real, duh!

Even though the girl was supposed to be a magus, a practitioner of magecraft – why was it that she would draw that conclusion? She had been surrounded by it for her entire life, so there wasn't a reason for her to dismiss it as some kind of fanciful and childish legend rather than accepting it as something real. *Especially* when she was now a victim of its power. ...Or was she? **“Eh? W-Wait, was something wrong...?”** There definitely *had* been something! But it was like there was a voice deep down reassuring her that she was worrying over nothing.

This muddled her perception of the magic's effects rather effectively. The bronzed tone to her skin hadn't covered her hands *yet*, but it still hadn't been a product of the water's influence, and it was spreading all on its own. Any patches of pale left on her face were filled in, and the

coloring was traveling down her neck and over her torso. And yet, her bronzed face wasn't left alone with *merely* a change in color. "**Eh?**" On a subconscious level, Sakura appeared to notice it and leaned in closer to the mirror a little. Did her face look a little *strange*?

It was more than a *little bit*, but she was hardly at liberty to properly pinpoint what was off with the reassurance promptly soothing her from within. Nonetheless, she still raised a fingertip to trace the edge of her lower lip with curiosity. Now only had it grown a little plumper *under* her touch, but there was a sticky friction thanks to a pink gloss that had spread over those lips.

Without thinking, Sakura pressed her lips together to make sure that gloss was spread evenly across the top and the bottom. "**Mwah!**" She even winked cutely at the mirror when she was done, drawing attention to eyes that were not only painted thicker with mascara and eye shadow, but featured purple in her irises that lightened a little from its original darker shade. The nose between these eyes flared, inheriting a sharper hook shape – but it didn't really seem that strange on a face that had been pulled longer.

The main issue was that it didn't look like Sakura's face at *all*.

"**I'm looking pretty hot~!**" Or so she suddenly blurted out, much to her own surprise. It wasn't just *what* she had said that had surprised her. Her own voice carried a very sensual *hum* all of a sudden, and didn't carry the girl's usual uncertainty. Looking at herself in the mirror, she also appeared to look a little *older*. Around eighteen rather than sixteen. "**But everything looks normal to me! What am I going on about?**"

An urge had been building for a little while now. A desire to, of all things, *toy with her own body*? But Sakura was a polite and proper girl who wouldn't do something like that in someone else's bathroom. Or at least she *had* been someone who wouldn't do something like that. But her bra felt a little tight, and her breasts a little achy. She eventually gave in and began to massage her own breasts. "**What's going on with my clothes? My bra doesn't even feel like it fits right! I'd be better off without!**"

"**Hmm...**" She glared down at her own rack with a mischievous smirk on her face as she weighed unhooking the only support for her breasts. "**OW!?**" Only for the top two buttons of her blouse to suddenly *fly off*, one of them hitting her in the face while the tanned depths of her *swelling* breasts were exposed to her. "**Whoa!? Have my girls always been this big? Nah. Something's still odd though.**"

They're too small? And the young woman wholeheartedly believed this, too.

That was why she pressed her hands into them firmly, the tan now having actually painted her digits – and even seen to it that her nails had grown long, fake, and painted red. The mass of her tits was surging even as she fondled herself, nipples growing plumper in their erect state until the strap of her bra finally let out a loud *SNAP* and more buttons from her blouse and cardigan flew off, leaving her *H-cup* cleavage to bounce visibly unhindered.

“Mm... Feels fucking awesome, though!” As the girl's thoughts became cruder? So did her words. Another hand gradually slid down to her ass, taking heaping handfuls of the closest cheek and kneading it – while at other times *slapping* it. All of this transpired as the fit of her panties were compromised similarly to her bra. Her cheeks were burgeoning well beyond the fit of her undergarments, tanned flesh spilling out and lifting up her skirt in the back as an abundant heart shape protruded sexily out behind her. **“Ngh!”** In the end, she was left picking a fat wedgie from between her ever fatter ass cheeks, though.

Sakura clicked her tongue as it dawned on her that she had to stay her hand. **“Damnit, I shouldn't satisfy myself here of all places.”** This was the home of *her crush*, and she didn't want to deal with trying to cover up the smell. Any further and she'd end up dripping between her thighs. Thighs that had *doubled* in girth to become thick and spongey, but also tanned thighs that pushed her hips to widen into a sexier gait.

And so? She finally took her hands off of herself, only using them to adjust the fit of her uniform. **“The fuck's with these clothes, anyways? I wouldn't wear my uniform this prudishly.”** While she was focused on her clothing, the sight of her hair changing went unnoticed. But then again? She probably would have just accepted it as 'correct' at this point anyways. Still, the vibrant purple has lightening to a vaguely terrible blonde dye job, disguising that her natural color had become a standard black. It also shortened so that it was a much more manageable chin-length bob.

What *didn't* shorten was her height. A couple of inches had been added over the transformation's course.

“Aha! That's better! Was it even different in the first place?” Fake fingernails clacked together as the young woman clapped, celebrating that her uniform was no longer as *dumb* as it had been before. It had transformed entirely, her skirt becoming short, green, and pleated – showing off long, supple legs – while her top was just a button

up white uniform top tied above her toned naval with her cleavage fully exposed... along with a purple bra underneath. Even her socks and loafers had changed! It was clear that she was wearing it in an intentionally sexy way.

“Heheh! I really wonder why senpai hasn’t noticed me yet. Especially when I’m so – *mhm* – bouncy!”

As if to make this point to herself alone, *Ranko Honjo* pressed upon both of her massive tits from the sides and pushed them into each other, highlighting her lack of a bra when she let go and the pair of tanned tits just bounced up and down in place. Ranko was a high school student in her final year, and one of Homurahara Academy’s best known gyaru, at that.



But the ‘senpai’ she was talking about, who her feelings for bordered an unhealthy level of *thirst*? It was a woman three years older than her. *Beatrix*. Sakura’s love for Shirou had been transferred to this new life, but it had manifested as Ranko’s love for Beatrix instead. She was just too shy (surprisingly) to admit those feelings. **“Oh well! Time for a new plan of attack!”** Without even sparing a glance to the Command Seals that were still on the back of her hand, she slipped out of the bathroom.

Only to reappear behind Beatrix about a minute later, grabbing the German woman’s own huge tits from behind as she pressed her own bosom against the foreigner’s back. **“Heya senpai! How are your sweater puppies doin’? Do they need a good rub!?”** This lecherous attack was met with giggling and screaming from Beatrix, who evidently hadn’t been expecting this assault.

Rin, still present, watched on with confusion. **“W-Wait, who are...? Are you Sakura!?”** Much like how she’d recognized Shirou, the Tohsaka seemed to recognize Sakura too. But both girls froze in place to give her a look like ‘*Sakura? Who’s that?*’. Which only added to Rin’s concerns. If Sakura had been compromised, then what about Saber and Illyasviel?

That prude, Rin, better not make a move on senpai before I do!

I am really hoping Ranko stops the teasing. But she is making me feel a way...

Rin squinted at the two, who had resumed their goofing off without *actually* commenting on her accusation. She felt like she had *definitely* just heard their voices, but she’d been watching them. Neither had said

a thing! It was almost as if she'd heard their very *thoughts*. But how? Why? Regardless of the reason, she could only be sure of one thing.

“...That probably isn't good.”

It definitely was not.