

LOVE THEFT

COMMISSION STORY

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It had been a few days now since Shirou Emiya had *accidentally* summoned a Servant for the Holy Grail War that he hadn't intended on participating in.

While an alternative, perhaps even 'proper' history would have seen the young man summoning a Servant of the *Saber* class, something had gone awry during *this* summoning. He had ended up summoning a *Berserker* that had managed to chase away the Lancer that had been attacking him at the time, and by all appearances, and based on what he'd learned of her after the fact, it had been surprising that they had managed to do even that.

At a glance, there was nothing especially intimidating about this Berserker. She was a young girl that was only teetering on the beginnings of her teens, and she didn't look especially strong physically. If there was anything about her that stood out? It probably would have been the three-pronged, white horns that curved out from the backs of her head. Shirou had refrained from touching them at her own invitation several times. She still hadn't even given him her *True Name*.

But while Shirou was a little bit skeptical about this arrangement? The Berserker herself was through the moon. **"He's *just* like Anchin-sama! Like Anchin-sama was reincarnated and I was returned to his side! It must be fate!"** Because *Kiyohime* really was a peculiar little lady. She was a woman from Japanese mythos that had fallen head over heels for the monk, Anchin, who eventually betrayed her. She pursued him with such wrath after the fact that she became a *dragon*.



Yet, even as a Servant, she was still obsessed with her previous lover. She would project that affection onto any Master that summoned her and obsess over them instead. Shirou had been a little wary, but he was actually pretty receptive to her feelings (or so she had deluded herself into thinking)! **“So, I need to get rid of this little *problem*.”** To those ends, the Berserker had hidden away in one of the spare rooms of the Emiya estate.

She held a paper talisman in her hand, one that had a spell scribbled on it. No matter how hard she tried to win over Shirou’s affection, there had been *another girl* in play. A mage that spent a lot of time at Shirou’s place named Sakura. She could tell how he looked at her. It was different from how he looked at Kiyohime. He had feelings for Sakura! Kiyohime, being an odd one, had decided to lean into an equally odd solution.

“Perfect! This should work! Soon Anchin-sama will be all mine!” With this bold declaration stated? She took the talisman and applied it... to her forehead? The Berserker looked a little silly for a moment as it hung between her eyes, but it soon began to glow and then, eventually, it disappeared. But not without squeezing a ton of magic into her tiny body. That, of course, had been the intention. Kiyohime had crafted the spell inside the talisman to act in a specific way.

And that behavior went into effect immediately. It ran not only through the Servant’s recreated flesh, blood, and bone, but it reverberated through her Magic Circuits and Saint Graph as well. Most notably? She could feel those latter aspects weaken dramatically, with her Saint Graph specifically weakening until it had faded altogether. Her status as a Servant had been *revoked*, and by her own will at that.

It was necessary to *convince* others of her scheme’s authenticity.

Because her Servant status had been lost? Her horns soon crumbled atop her head. Pieces of white flaked off, only to disappear into golden particles that floated away bit by bit until nothing was left at all. And simultaneously? The gold of Kiyohime’s eyes dulled and then *darkened*, incidentally becoming a dull purple that would have complimented their original colors had they retained them.

“My horns are gone, but areas that I can’t really see must be changing now... Oh! What about my hair?” It might have been useful to seek out a mirror before casting the spell, but so long as it worked then it probably didn’t *matter* all that much. She had the right sense of things by reaching one of her hands back over her shoulder to grab a bunch of hair, though. By the time she could gaze down at it, some of the strands of what should have been a light teal weren’t that shade any longer.

The eyes that watched them *matured* in shape somewhat, and as Kiyohime smirked? Her lips became both fuller *and* wider beneath a nose with flared nostrils. Her face, in fact, inevitably became leaner overall. It made her look a little *older*. Around sixteen, actually. It would have been difficult to identify her *as* Kiyohime at this point, especially with how even the hair she was holding was changing before her eyes. Only a few strands had darkened to *purple* at first, but it quickly spread throughout her entire mane, shortening what had changed until it only just hung past her shoulders.

“Good! Soon Anchin-sama...” Hearing the change in her voice (which indicated her vocal chords had already adjusted) she decided to change what she had just said mid-sentence. **“Soon senpai won’t even be able to tell the difference.”** Because from the neck up, and from the sound of her voice? She looked and sounded *identical* to the girl that was always visiting her Master. Ex-Master? She technically *wasn’t* a Servant anymore, so maybe thinking of him that way was wrong?

Even though parts of her body appeared identical to Sakura Matou, it still wasn’t *enough*. Shirou would have had no problems telling the difference between the real Sakura and this fake. After all, Kiyohime’s body was still a little too... *youthful*. Of course, the spell had been designed to address that issue as well, but it seemed to wait until the temperature of her body’s skin tone had warmed a little but so that it wasn’t quite *as* pale as the ex-dragon woman’s skin color had been naturally.

The teen tapped her foot against the ground impatiently. **“Hurry up, now. Let’s get to the good stuff, shall we?”** There was plenty of difference to be made between her own figure and Sakura’s, and so she was excited to *feel* those changes take place. Fortunately for her, she didn’t really have to wait all that long. She could feel that her kimono was beginning to grow disheveled. As were her *thigh highs*. The thighs that were normally wrapped around snugly had begun to burgeon, forcing the bands that held them in place to squeeze around swelling thigh meat, which in turn made the flesh above them bulge overtop.

She giggled to herself. “**Here we go~!**” The sides of her kimono were long and wide enough to provide enough coverage as her hips soon flared out, parting her stride to avoid any unnecessary friction between her thickened thighs, while simultaneously creating the space for the cheeks of her ass to grow in size as well. They ballooned in slight, lifting her kimono’s back ever so slightly and even peeking out from the sides of the flap. She curved her back to look at this bubbled butt but found herself forced to correct her posture due to *another* change. “**Ah, about time!**”

Kiyohime had wished to admire her butt a little longer, but she supposed she would have all the time in the world to do that later. Instead? It was the weight of her chest that had pushed her to stand up straight again. The folds of her kimono were slowly being forced aside as its contents grew, flesh jiggling and nipples expanding just out of sight – or, well, as out of sight as they could be once the kimono had pulled apart enough to show off her new, *E-cup* cleavage. The woman couldn’t help but excitedly grab at them. “**So, this is how it feels to have such a big pair!**”

But the spell’s power faded right after, and the girl’s eyes went wide. “**Shoot! I forgot something!**” She hadn’t taken Sakura’s form 100%. The rest of her body had grown, but her *height* hadn’t changed. Kiyohime wasn’t even a full inch taller than Sakura though, so maybe he wouldn’t notice? She could only *hope*, because otherwise this whole plan would fall apart!

“**Ahem, ahem! How are you today, senpai~? I sound perfect! But hm... Hopefully my height won’t be a problem?**” What looked almost like the perfect doppelganger of *Sakura Matou* murmured to herself in Kiyohime’s place as she played around with trying to act as much like the girl that she had transformed herself into as she could. There *was* an amendment she could have made to the spell to adopt the other party’s personality and mannerisms too, but Kiyohime was a little wary of the risk... at least when applying it to *herself*.

She had to do her best not to draw suspicion, but there was a *slight* problem. The talisman’s spell had replicated everything about Sakura’s body perfectly, right down to the sound of her voice. Everything except for her *height*, which remained unchanged. “**I suppose there are ways around it. I wouldn’t**



be surprised if *senpai* didn't even notice with such a small difference!" *That* might have been wishful thinking. In the meantime, she was going to need to find something else to wear.

It was a good thing she'd tailed Sakura home the day before so she could sneak in and steal one of her school uniforms!



“Strange... Where did that spare uniform even go?” Sakura Matou mused to herself as she stepped into Shirou's bathroom later that evening. She had come to visit him after school for dinner like she always did, fully aware that he had summoned a Servant. But Shirou hadn't *introduced* them yet, perhaps because he didn't understand Sakura's ties to the Holy Grail War just yet. Either way, she had been looking around his house once she'd gotten home with him – and not because she was trying to find that Servant.

She was actually looking for one of her uniforms. It had gone missing from her house all of a sudden, and the only explanation she could think of was that perhaps she had brought it in her archery bag and it had fallen out at some point. Sakura hadn't been able to locate the uniform at *school*, so she thought maybe it had fallen out at Shirou's instead. The bathroom was the last place she had to check, but—

“*Surprise~!*”

Sakura really *was* surprised! The very moment she stepped through the bathroom door, a familiar voice – *her* voice – had cried out from behind it. The girl only had a second to realize that a girl that almost looked *exactly* like her had been laying in wait, jumping out to push a piece of paper onto her forehead before running out of the bathroom and holding the door shut. **“H-Huh!?”** Did she have a doppelganger? It had gone so quickly that she hadn't even noticed she was slightly taller than her. *And* the doppelganger was wearing her missing uniform!

“Wait, magic?” It had all happened so fast, but her copy had stuck a piece of paper on her chest, hadn't she? But it wasn't *there*. Well, it would have been more accurate to say that the magic had already dispersed and the talisman had already been used up. It was at that point that she could feel a foreign magic flow through her flesh, blood, bone, and magic circuits. No, it was a little more than that. Sakura held her hand to her chest. **“What is this power?”**

A *Saint Graph* had been established within her body's depths.

The teenager hardly had a chance to properly process this though, and she didn't really know enough about the inner workings of a Servant to be able to guess that a Saint Graph was what had just been forged within her depths. Her attention quickly snapped to something far more obvious to *her*. Namely that the hand she'd held against her chest was pushing closer and closer to her rib cage, and her bra felt looser...?

"Ah!?" Sakura screamed the moment it clicked, and this seemed to amuse the clone on the other side of the bathroom door because Sakura could hear her giggling. She didn't have the time to worry about that though, not when her *breasts were getting smaller!* **"Wh-Why are they shrinking?"** By the time it had registered what was happening, they'd already *halved* in size, emptying her E-cup bra so that her straps felt loose. They were reduced to *A-cups* before long, though the mounds *did* teeter a little towards *B-cups* too. Either way, they hadn't been that small since she'd been like *eleven!*

The girl blushed at the realization that she wasn't *just* grappling with the size of her chest shrinking. **"Eep!?"** Her panties had tickled her thighs, or at least the stretching waistband had as it *slipped* right past her knees. It was far easier to lean forward with her chest so small, so that was *kind of* a benefit? It certainly made leaning forward to lift her skirt a lot easier, though she didn't like what doing so ultimately revealed. That her thighs, hips, and even her butt had thinned dramatically. There was still *some* weight to her thighs and butt, but it definitely invoked a *less* mature impression.

"I... WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?" Sakura was usually *very* polite. *Too* polite, in fact, depending on who you asked. Under normal circumstances, even if she'd found herself in a situation like this, she would have asked nicely. So, even *she* was taken off guard by how she reacted all of a sudden, shouting at the top of her voice and banging her fists into the door before desperately trying to rattle it open. The doppelganger just laughed *harder*.

The girl's eye twitched with annoyance. *I don't want him to see me like this. But I want him to see me! I want him to look at me more than anything! Until he only sees ME!* Sakura's feelings towards Shirou were certainly no secret, but they'd never been *this* intense before. She was so riled up that the girl didn't even notice they were intensifying so much just yet, however. Alas, her transformation hadn't taken a break just because she was freaking out. Her warm complexion had taken the time to cool to a paler shade as she banged about.

Meanwhile? Her hair followed a trend that opposed what Kiyohime had done to herself. The vibrant strands of dark purple were sapped of their color, paling to a light teal that extended in length until it inched well past her shrunken buttocks, and even finding the backs of her knobbier knees before the growth ceased. “*Ugh...*” The sound of Sakura’s voice began to distort, becoming higher as a sudden headache forced her to wince. “**What in the world is happening to me now?**” Even the *way* she spoke was becoming a little peculiar.

The origin of her growing headache must have been the back of her skull, because the tension radiated from two points behind her. She could only distort her expression from discomfort as she waited for it to pass on its own, but that painful expression also gradually became more and more *youthful*. Her cheeks rounded, her lips thinned, and her nostrils pinched closer together. There was something *delicate* and *elegant* about this face, that seemed to belong to a girl around the age of *twelve*, but a gleam of maturity could be found in a softened gaze that had brightened to gold.

“GET ON WITH IT ALREADY!”

Sakura had reached her wit’s end when it came to the pain. Boiling emotions forced her to scream again while lurched over, and doing so... appeared to do the trick? The pain faded, but not before her golden eyes went wide as a direct response to the feeling of something piercing the skin of the back of her skull before pushing, and pushing, and pushing something out of the two points with reckless abandonment. She didn’t need to touch them to understand what had just happened. Subconsciously, she felt like she *knew*. Still, she shakily grasped onto them with both hands.

A pair of white, three pronged horns.

“Wh-Who am I? Or *what* am I? This lovely form... I don’t recognize it...” The girl remembered the bathroom had a mirror a little too late. By the time she turned to examine her own reflection, the girl who looked back at her was much younger, yet there was an ethereal beauty to her that was highlighted by the horns that were very much affixed to her skull. “***Kiyohime...?***” *Kiyohime*. It was a name that she knew from Japanese mythology, and it was one that she’d spoken without thinking. As if her subconscious was explaining to her *who* she was. Which was also why she’d realized she’d grown horns before touching them.

Because she’d never met Shirou’s Servant, she didn’t realize that she had become the Berserker’s spitting image – and even inherited her power. Well, her height hadn’t changed, so she was a little bit taller than the

genuine article. “**What would Anchin-sama think if he saw me like this? Ah, Anchin-sama...**” Her cheeks flushed pink and her head ended up lost in thoughts about Shirou. Until she realized what she was doing.

“**Ah!? Anchin-sama? Why would I refer to my dearest Anchin-sama like that? E-Eh...?**” She couldn’t stop! Try as she might, Sakura couldn’t refer to Shirou by his name. Making matters *worse*, every time she thought of him her mind became all fuzzy and her desires heightened until they teetered on *obsession*. The real Kiyohime had been too wary to alter her own mind, but to keep what she had done a secret it had been *mandatory* to alter Sakura’s so that she would behave like she did – and so that she would be utterly incapable of making it clear to anyone what had happened to her.



“**Well, aren’t you the cutest! You look just like I used to! But hey, it isn’t all *that* bad, right? You get to be a *Servant*! Think of how strong you get to be while I’m fooling around with senpai~!**” ‘Sakura’ finally opened the door and stepped in with an almost eerie smile on her face, giving ‘Kiyohime’ enough information to figure out just what was going on. Kiyohime had been Shirou’s *Servant*, and now Sakura *was* that *Servant*? These were big reveals, but ‘Kiyohime’ couldn’t focus on them. She was annoyed for a different reason.

“**You will not touch *my* Anchin-sama!**”

“**Oh? Senpai is *yours*? You’re a lot more like me now than I intended! Or maybe you *always* felt this strongly?**”

Acting like *that*, there was no way Shirou would believe ‘Kiyohime’ had been Sakura even if she *had* been able to explain it.