

LOVE THEFT II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh! How is this not working!? How hasn’t he fallen for *me* yet!?”

With her fists balled up at her sides, it was quite the sight to see Sakura Matou fuming like she was. Well, there *was* a good reason for that – that reason being that she *wasn’t* actually Sakura Matou. Some weeks back, the Servant Kiyohime had concocted a method of switching places with Sakura in hopes of getting close to Shirou. She’d *thought* that he’d had eyes for her and that by switching places with her, she would be able to ‘steal’ her Master that way.

She had even made certain that the *new* Kiyohime, a transformed Sakura, acted just like she had and was incapable of telling him what had happened. And yet? He’d somehow grown even closer with his Servant now that the real Sakura had become her than he’d become with the Servant who had become Sakura! Could it be that true love overlooked one’s form and personality? No, that couldn’t be the case!

And that was without mentioning the *other* thorn in her side. Another of Shirou’s friends, Rin Tohsaka, had been getting closer to him. She was a Master within the Holy Grail War that had summoned the Rider, Medb. She was quite *eccentric* and extremely *thirsty* to commit acts of a sexual nature. Both the Master *and* the Servant *must* have had their eyes set on him as well! And so? She *had* to try and take the pair of them off of the board.

“Hm~ Since Master isn’t here yet, maybe I should look at these more closely?” Medb had been surprised when Sakura had



appeared at the Tohsaka manor all on her own, asking to speak to Medb instead of waiting for Rin. She had offered her something that would ‘help the two of them get closer to Shirou’, and that something turned out to be a pair of talismans? Admittedly, while Medb’s libido was high, she didn’t really have much interest in Shirou. She *might* have, but even *she* had standards. Her Master was clearly into him, so she had decided she wouldn’t make any moves.

“But how is a talisman supposed to do *that* exactly?” Medb had put one talisman down after Sakura had left, while holding onto the other out of curiosity. She couldn’t have known that the ‘Sakura’ she had encountered was an imposter, nor that the talismans had actually been designed to drive them apart. Or, well, that was what ‘Sakura’ had expected them to do. It wouldn’t *actually* pan out that way in the end. **“Eh?”** But when Medb looked down to examine it again? It was gone? *Where?*

Her body had *absorbed* it when she wasn’t looking, and now her body was beginning to feel *warm*.

Medb wasn’t so stupid that she couldn’t put two and two together. Sakura’s little ‘gift’ had disappeared just seconds before her body had begun to feel strange. That *wasn’t* a coincidence and was more of an indictment of a reality where it had been intended – whether Sakura herself had intended it or not (and she had). **“Is making me warmer than usual supposed to help with anything?”** In a way, Rider was perpetually accustomed to ‘running hot’.

It was due to her libido, typically. The queen had a significantly higher sex drive than most, and this amounted to a hypersexuality that led to her feeling all *hot and bothered* for practically *most* of the day. It was something she had learned how to reign in when it wasn’t appropriate so that she *could* live normally, so it wouldn’t have been surprising if that feeling had come from her libido in the first place. What made it strange was that it... *wasn’t*?

No, it was somehow even *more* bizarre than that. As that warmth flushed throughout her body, it became more and more apparent that— **“...Why the hell aren’t I *horny*?”** She’d zeroed in on it pretty quickly. That control she had honed over her lifetime felt more like an overcorrection than anything, because she didn’t feel aroused? Well, no. It was more like she didn’t feel *as* aroused. There was still an arousing feeling to what was happening to her, it just was... *normal*.

Medb was left to thoughtfully ponder how a miracle like *that* could be achieved through a simple piece of paper, utterly unaware that her circumstances were a little direr than she had initially imagined. Astounding as its immediate effects on her psyche *were*, they weren't limited to simply dialing down her horniness levels. There were *physical* ramifications as well, as her *eyes* keenly displayed. Not only did her brown irises come awash with a vivid blue, but the *shapes* of her eyelids pinched inward in the corners until they bore an almond shape that was...

Pointedly Japanese.

In fact, there was only a singular Japanese person that the Rider even knew with that eye color and shape combination, and that similarity was gradually expanding to the *rest* of her facial features too. It saw her lips thin in their swell but turn up in slant so that they appeared poutier than they had regardless, and it also saw the length of her nose shorten while her nostrils promptly widened ever-so-slightly. Nothing about her face's overall *shape* was even spared; shorter, yet leaner by the end of these micro adjustments.

“How could a talisman...? COUGH!?” The sound of her own voice took Medb by surprise at first. She naturally concluded that something must have been stuck in her throat or *something* like that, seeing as nothing had happened to her body *yet* that had been immediately apparent to her. She believed that if she coughed, the issue would simply go away. **“That was... weird...?”** But that *unfortunately* wasn't the case. **“Why do I sound like Master?”** *Why indeed?* If there had been a mirror in that hallway, she probably would have identified the reasoning.

It had been subtle, but there was something slightly off about the fit of the woman's outfit, too. On one hand? Her skirt sat slightly higher off of her hips, and gloves that used to reach the midway point between her shoulders and elbows had slipped closer to elbows. It was discreet enough that the woman herself didn't *quite* catch it, but her body had *grown*. Two inches in fact, up to 5'3" from what had originally been 5'1". **“It's not like there's any reason I... should...?”**

Sound like her Master? She *had* still been hung up on that but eventually became sidetracked as she noticed her *bangs*. Part of the concern was that she shouldn't have even noticed them in the first place since they were typically swept just above her eyes. But now? She could see them drooping down slightly... and with an *unfamiliar color* at that. Well, that was a misnomer in a sense. The color *was* familiar. It just wasn't the color of *her* hair.

“And this is her hair, isn’t it!?” Medb had become wholly distracted from her waning libido now, so much so that she hadn’t noticed that she barely felt anything at all with only a little left to transform. Even so, her hands reached back to grab onto locks of a dark *brunette* that were not only a different *color* than she was familiar with, but they had shortened from past her hips all the way to the center of her back to boot. Of course, they’d had a little help from the reality that she *was* a little taller now. Her bangs, while longer, were parted so that the dead center of her forehead was bare as well.

Just like *Rin’s*.

It was around this point that the Servant began to check herself over for *other* issues. **“...Am I taller?”** She finally noticed her height at least, but she caught onto something else, too. If she hadn’t been wearing armor over her chest, she probably would have given her tits a squeeze because they felt a little *fuller* than she remembered? Well, they *had* grown one cup size, becoming perkier. Her ass retained a size *similar* to its original swell, but on the flipside her hips crunched in an inch or two closer to one another in the process. And yet they still didn’t meet, namely because her thighs thinned an inch too.

An unfortunate side effect of all of this was that she looked *younger*. Rin was only seventeen, after all, and between her face and her figure now, that more or less lined up. Not to mention... **“I feel weak. I’m not even a Servant anymore, am I?”** She technically *wasn’t*. She’d been repurposed as an honest-to-goodness living human. A *mage*. But there was *one* benefit that she couldn’t see with a glove over her right hand. A set of familiar *Command Seals* had appeared on the back of it.

“Why in the world did she turn me into Master!?” In the service of her own plan, among the modifications that ‘Sakura’ had made to the talismans, one of them was to not modify the personalities of the victims *too* much. Even though she was her Master’s spitting image, making her a flawless *Rin Tohsaka* in terms of appearances, Medb’s personality persisted underneath with only *one* exception. Her *libido*. The woman found it *very* bizarre that she wasn’t even a *little* bit horny, even though there were aspects of her transformation that had been arousing at the time.

It was certainly *annoying*, and she had to wonder why Sakura had cursed her in such a way in the first place. She didn’t have any complaints about her new body. Rin herself was *smoking hot* anyways and even had more of



a figure than Medb had possessed. **“Ugh, I guess I need to ransack Master’s closet for now.”** She was a little too big for the armor and skirt she was now wearing. It wasn’t comfortable, but hey!

At least her Master had some fashion sense!



“She’s being weirdly quiet tonight...” The *real* Rin Tohsaka had returned home shortly after Medb’s own transformation. Her Servant was usually hanging around the house waiting for her, but it had been almost twenty minutes, and she hadn’t heard a peep. Well, it wasn’t like she had banned the queen from going out into town or anything so long as she wore a disguise. In fact, Rin was pretty sure she was doing it late at night to fuck anyone willing – because Rin refused to engage with a libido *that* high.

Rin had returned to her room to make plans for the next day. Shirou had invited Medb and herself over to discuss their strategy for the Holy Grail War, and she was trying to bury whatever feelings she had for him for the time being. She had to be *professional*. She had to be— **“HEY!?”** Her train of thought had been disturbed by a sharp impact against her *ass*. She spun around immediately, barely catching some familiar looking twin tails running out the door. “Who did that!?” She spun to look at her ass too but... there was nothing there.

A talisman *had* been there. Now she was just confused... and oddly warm.

“Who was *that*? And why did they look kind of like...” Like *her*? From the glimpse she’d gotten of those twin tails, the culprit had certainly *looked* vaguely like her from behind. **“Wait... Are we under attack from some sort of Servant?”** That would explain Medb’s apparent disappearance, but then what would the purpose of *slapping her on the ass* have served? Then again, she couldn’t exactly rule out that the incident had been something *Medb* had arranged consider her demeanor. She was always so... *handsy*.

“Either way, to just touch my butt like that...!” Rin wasn’t the type to get over such a transgression so quickly. Even if it had felt strangely... *good*. She couldn’t get the feeling out of her head. The impact, the of her cheeks; it was kind of *hot*, wasn’t it? **“Wh-What am I even thinking!?”** It certainly was *not* hot! But then why did she feel vaguely *aroused*? And why was that feeling only growing more *intense*.

The girl tried to clear her head, but only ended up letting out a sound of surprise as her body suddenly... *jolted*? “**What the—!?**” Had she slipped, or fallen, or *something*? It had felt like her eye level had just *dropped*. Not far, but like she’d dropped off a single step. She looked down with confusion, but all she found was a number of inconsistencies. Had her skirt always reached the peaks of her thigh highs? Had her sleeves reached the center of her hands before. “**...Did my clothes get stretch?**”

It was actually the *opposite*. Her body had *shrunk*, two inches dropping from her 5’3” height to bring her down to 5’1” instead. Rin tugged on her shirt – an action that should have been wholly unremarkable yet, as it rubbed against her skin? “**Mmn~!?**” She couldn’t stifle a *moan* that bubbled up from her core. It was very *sensual*, and an immediate reaction how *sensitive* her skin was. “**Wh-What was...? Why do I feel so sensitive?**”

Frustration. That was what she felt, and it wasn’t the normal kind. It was a *sexual* frustration that the likes of which she had never experienced before. “**It’s almost like my... libido...?**” Wait, was that what it was? She had heard that word a *lot* recently because her Servant was always prattling on about how high hers was. She’d pointed out that Rin just ‘didn’t know what it felt like’ at one point, and if her own was rising... was this *actually* just a prank of Medb’s after all?

For something that she was entertaining could be *just* a prank though, it was having a somewhat *dramatic* effect on her body. She actually hadn’t pieced together that she had gotten *shorter*, while her welling arousal masked that there were *other* aspects of her body that had been getting smaller in kind. Her breasts and ass, namely. It was only natural that her own transformation was the reverse of what had happened to her Servant, and so it probably wasn’t shocking that her breasts lost a cup size, nor that her ass and thighs bloated slightly.

“**Hm?**” She *did* vaguely notice that her hips had inched wider, but only because her knees had buckled slightly. All of this, and she still hadn’t pieced together *exactly* what was happening to her. “**Ugh. That doesn’t matter. I need to...**” Not touch herself? That was a fact she *knew*, but it was getting harder and harder to resist. Her small tits felt tender and needy, and her loins were twitching with a growing *need*.

Rin only *finally* realized her fate when strands of bubble-gum pink fell into her line of sight. “**W-Wait... Pink hair?**” And come to think of it... *the sound of her voice*? It sounded deeper, like an *adult* woman. This was truer than she realized mind you, because her face had reverse-engineered itself until it was identical to Medb’s. She was left with the

big, brown eyes of a Caucasian woman, with a longer jaw and fuller but less pouty lips. Her nose was longer with narrower nostrils, too.

“**Am I becoming Medb!?**” The thought had her raise her right hand in a panic. Her Command Seals were *gone!*? And the pink she had seen... Well, there wasn’t much point in denying the obvious. *All* of her hair had been dyed in this pink, and beyond her bangs now fully covering her forehead, the hair in the back had lengthened down past her ass. At the very least, she was taking solace in the fact that because she was fully clothed, there were barriers that would make it difficult for her to give into the needy urges that had her fingers twitching and her upper teeth biting into her lower lip.

But that relief turned into alarm. “**Crap!**” Before her very eyes – or Medb’s very eyes, technically – what she had been wearing began to glow gold and, when that light faded, she was dressed in something akin to what her *Servant* wore. The skirt, gloves, heels, and tiara were all the same. But the top? It was basically just a collared halter that didn’t even cover her tits. Only a white bra covered it, with her stomach and back basically completely bare.

The new *Medb* didn’t understand why her clothing had become a modified variation of what her *Servant* normally wore. But it *did* make it easier for her to fondle her breasts and rub at her crotch even if her clothes were in the way. “**Mmn...**” She clearly understood what was going on, and like the *real* Medb, her original personality was still largely present, but because she’d gained the *Servant*’s *libido*, well... She wasn’t *used* to it, and so it was hard to resist the call of her loins. “**I shouldn’t be doing this...**”



“**Why not?**”

“**EEP!?**”

Medb took her fingers off of herself and turned back to the doorway where she saw *Rin*? Wait. No, considering the circumstances... “**A-Are you Medb!?**” Her question was met with a nod *and* a grin. Her appearance had proved to be a worthy distraction, but it didn’t help her with that *warm itch* she felt. How did Medb remain composed if she felt like *that* most of the time!? She couldn’t help but bite her lower lip. *Rin* – or who the *real* Medb had become – was pretty *hot*, wasn’t she? “**Because it would be indecent!**”

Rin was stubborn even *as* Medb, but the *new* Rin simply smirked and drew closer to her at her refusal. **“Really, Master? ...Well, I guess you should be calling me Master now, right Medb?”** Hearing ‘Rin’ call her by that name made ‘Medb’ shudder. She’d said it so sensually! It made her feel even needier! All it took was ‘Rin’ touching her shoulder for the Servant to fall to her knees. ‘Rin’ crouched down with her smirk widening. **“You were always so confident when you rejected my calls to fuck but look at you now! You look like you’re going to climax from my touch alone! But don’t worry, I’m not *that* cruel!”** Wait, was she saying...?

The Servant’s eyes lit up. No, it was more than that. An assertive dominance boiled over that led to her grabbing the shoulders of her ‘Master’ and pulling her into a *very* passionate kiss. Okay, maybe it wasn’t *just* Medb’s libido that she had inherited. Her technique had improved substantially all of a sudden, and as the two got down and dirty? ‘Rin’ was forced to reckon with the fact that her own technique had become significantly worse.

“WHY AM I ACTING LIKE A VIRGIIIIIN!?”

“Shut up, we’re going again!”

Had her stamina always been *that* high!?