

HEART OF A DEMON

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Minamoto no Raikou was in a foul mood. It certainly *wasn't* a secret, either. The Berserker being the woman that she was, she always wore her heart on her sleeve. If she was happy? It was obvious. If she was sad? Still obvious. If she was angry? Watch out! And so naturally, when she was depressed? The way she moped about like a child absolutely could *not* be ignored. No one wanted to see such a proud warrior, much less a woman with such huge tits and a mother complex, sulk about like an infant.

It was embarrassing to watch!

The Berserker herself didn't really think about that though, nor did she consider the feelings of others when she essentially refused social contact and holed herself up in her room. But what was Raikou even *upset* about? Well... A new Servant had appeared recently. Another oni (or so she assumed) who was tall and beautiful. And worst of all? She *constantly* doted on their Master, Ritsuka Fujimaru. **“That’s *my* job!”**

It wasn't really her *job*, but it was certainly the role she'd set out for herself. If she wasn't able to dote on her Master as much as she wanted, what was she supposed to do? Make friends with the other Servants? *Unlikely*. When she had first been summoned to Chaldea she attempted to dote on them all the time. But no one let her get away with it as much as her Master had.

“I suppose... I wish I had someone to dote on instead. Another person if Master won't let me...” The mere thought left her depressed. But in cases like these it was best to move on, wasn't it? That or she could just kill Shion, but she felt like that wouldn't really pass any

sort of smell test. Of course, this wish of hers was innocent and she hadn't expected it to pay dividends in any meaningful way. But unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for *her*, a certain someone had placed wiretaps in all of the rooms of Chaldea.

A master wish-granter *had been listening*.



“Someone has been in my room.” Perhaps the less attentive wouldn't have noticed as quickly, much less at *all*, but the Saber could immediately sense that something was different about the air as she stepped in. Artoria Pendragon wasn't one of the most renowned of all Sabers for nothing. The King of Knights was certainly no pushover and had a

keen sense for danger. She *had* to, she had developed that from living her life the way she had.

For what reason though? The locks on every Servant's personal quarters should have only responded to their own mana signature. It was sensitive enough that even a different version of herself wouldn't be able to enter without permission. The only real exceptions to this were da Vinci and her Master, Ritsuka Fujimaru. But the two of them always communicated with Artoria in advance when they were planning on doing such a thing.

In her mind, this ruled out the possibility that whoever had entered had done so in a conventional manner. Her blue eyes surveyed her surroundings. Nothing *appeared* to be out of place. As in everything was where she had left it. Had someone simply entered by mistake? The only way *that* might have been possible was if they were, perhaps, targeting a different Artoria altogether. **“That might be a possibility worth reporting.”**

If there was some manner of security risk and a Servant could enter the rooms of others without authorization, there were a number of risks involved. Particularly when it came to Assassins with their Presence Concealment skills. After cautiously walking over to her bed, the king finally found a clue. There was something resting on her bed. A headband wrapped with purple lace. **“Hm...”** A clothing accessory? Did it belong to the person who had infiltrated her room?

Artoria didn't even consider the possibility its presence might be a trap. What harm could a headband realistically cause? And so she reached down to grab it; thinking she could bring it to da Vinci as evidence. But upon looking away? The feeling of its weight in the young woman's hand disappeared, prompting her to look back down at her hand. Her *empty* hand.

"Where did it go?" Had it even been there to begin with? No, she was certain that it had. Saber didn't recognize the fact that the weight had been displaced. It was still felt on her body, just not in her hand. Because it was now sitting atop her head where you would expect a headband to be when worn. It was where it was *supposed* to be according to BB machinations.

But how long would it take her even to notice?

She *wouldn't*, in fact. But it wasn't Artoria's fault either. The moment it had been moved atop her skull, the young king's mind had been rewired to accept its weight. It *belonged there* as far as she was now concerned, but since she had yet to be forced to reckon with that inconsistency seeing as she was searching for it, the contradiction would essentially go unregistered. In fact the appropriate excuses to move away from the topic altogether had already been installed. **"What... was I searching for again? Had I been holding something?"** Saber flexed the fingers on the hand she had been staring at as if she was attempting to grasp a familiar weight.

Another purpose was found for that hand, for she found herself pressing her palm up against her left breast. **"My heartrate? Is something wrong with it?"** She *had* noticed that her heart felt like it was beating several paces faster than it typically did. Among the *many* Servants of Chaldea she was one of the best composed. Always calm even in the direst of circumstances. It was a rare occurrence for her heartbeat to speed up at all, much less for no reason. **"Does my body know something that... I... don't...?"**

While memories of the headband *had* been erased, or at least she mentally now saw it as *hers*, the fact that someone had entered her room without her permission had *not* gone unforgotten (yet). She had briefly wondered if *that* was why her heart was beating so much faster, but that theory was ultimately put on pause. **"Hm?"** Artoria had yet to remove her hand from the breast she was feeling her heart through, and it was the uncanny sensation of that breast *applying force against her palm* that brought about the interruption.

Staring directly down with a squint to her eye, the young woman initially couldn't imagine what was causing such a feeling. But the

neckline of her dress felt strained and the sight of her cleavage *grew* before that very squint. **“This... is impossible.”** Saber had once caught sight of her Lancer counterpart. A version of herself that had been allowed to physically grow into adulthood. She had *very large* breasts, and the King of Knights at the time couldn't have helped but wonder what it might be like if her own had been larger. *Inconvenient*, she had assumed at the time.

While not as *extreme* as her adult counterpart, she was in the process of acquiring a small taste of what that might be like. Her A-cups were *flourishing*, drinking a hypothetical nectar of expansion as fatty tissue bubbled into their deposits, stretching skin around orbs that filled and pushed back against her hand. Nipples swelled erect, inches wider and points perkier to account for how much larger the mounds beneath them were. When all was said and done? They bordered perky *Ds*, her dress' neckline almost torn from their increased mass.

“My *tits*... Tits? Why would I say it like that?” The way that Artoria spoke was *always* proper and polite. It was her kingly nature that led her to do so, and uttering a word like 'tits' had never, ever crossed her mind. It certainly wasn't in the nature of a king. But who was to say that she would continue to see herself that way? Her demeanor had shown a few cracks already, and those cracks multiplied over time.

Not to be outshone, there had been some *engorgement* to be found beneath the skirt of her dress to boot. Or... to *booty*? Her ass had very much become a beneficiary of the added mass, cheeks swelling into a fuller bubble shape that chewed away at the king's surprisingly quaint undergarments. These cheeks were impressively sized, as was the padding that saw her thighs flourish. Taking a step forward her hips even popped for but a second – before settling back into place several inches wider.

Unlike with her breasts though, Artoria seemed to have less of a problem with this. In fact... *Well now my body is as sexy as it should be! Perfect for catching the male gaze!* Would a king really think things like *that*? Of course not, but any problems she saw with it were promptly overshadowed by how *cute* she felt. It was a strangely *nice* feeling that she couldn't shake. Never had she cared for others staring at her, but now the idea of boys looking at her didn't sound so bad.

For all the teen's body had flourished in *other* areas, perhaps it might have sounded strange to hear that she had actually gotten a little shorter throughout. Saber was just shy of 5'1" normally, but she was now closer to 5'0". Closer to 5'0" and visually physically weaker. Her body, chiseled with muscle, had always been a point of self-consciousness for her. But

not only did all of that muscle soften away, but the new softer shape of her flesh only served to inflate her ego more.

She licked her lips in a manner that appeared strangely *sensual*.

“**Mm...**” And there *had* been a reason for that gesture. For but a brief second she couldn’t shake the idea that her lips felt a little puffy? Upon licking them they *seemed* normal, but only to the part of her brain that was growing accustomed to her *changes*. Her lips *had* in fact swollen, puffing up into fuller shapes that paralleled the rest of her face. In fact her face’s shape stretched both longer *and* wider, rounder cheeks and larger yet downward-angled eyes somehow enhancing her natural beauty.

The natural beauty of a young, *Japanese* lady around the age of eighteen.

It was only natural that she must have departed from her previous physical age of fifteen. The nature of her thoughts were more mature as was the shape of her body. Those Japanese eyes of her fluttered about the room as a purple coloration took root to replace their original blues. “**Something’s... up.**” Artoria couldn’t really place it though. Something was weird. Her thoughts felt heavy and disorienting, like they’d been obscured by some kind of mental cloud.

She closed her eyes and shook her head as if that would somehow bring her clarity. It ultimately *didn’t*, but it did bring about the peculiar image of a new color mixing midst the girl’s hair. A light ocean blue had first settled in her roots, and yet with each shake of her head the color traveled closer to her tips. It was a job made easier thanks to her braided bun coming undone... because her hair’s length shortened to her chin.

“**Maybe a stretch will help?**” Saber *did* feel a little tense. Especially in her shoulder blades and tailbone of all places for some reason. Bringing her arms above her head and locking the fingers of her hands, she arched her back and gave a *big* stretch. All of that tension just *melted away*, though at a cost.

RIIIIIIP!

The back of her dress had been completely *shredded* by an eruption of bone and purple skin that fanned out behind her. It was a pair of *bat wings*, possessing a wing span that was longer than the girl was tall. They flapped idly to work out any added kinks, while meanwhile the bottom of Artoria’s skirt was lifted in the back but what seemed to be a long, ropey tail with a spaded tip. These definitely weren’t *human* traits. And yet she didn’t bat an eyelash at them!

In all fairness the clothing damage had only been temporary. Her outfit was soon replaced by a high school uniform. A long-sleeved, white dress shirt with a *very* short, green, pleated skirt. She had big socks and black loafers on as well, with a red bow tied around her collar. It was an odd outfit considering Chaldea was *not* a school. She couldn't technically be classified as a student here. But at least the outfit had slits for her wings! Not that she couldn't retract them if she needed to.

“Hm~? What was bothering me? How unusual.”

The Caster-class Servant, *Kurumu Kurono* batted her eyelashes innocently now that the cloud of confusion had lifted from her mind. Even though the wings and tail that jutted out from behind her suggested she was anything but. Kurumu's nature was that of a demon, a



succubus. She had no problems seducing men not only with her devilishly good looks but also with powers and techniques that allowed her to do so with a near 100% success rate.

The succubus suddenly had an epiphany. **“Wait! It's nearly 7pm, that means...!?”** She practically bolted out of her room and into the hall, running past numerous individuals that didn't bat an eyelash at her. As far as everyone else was concerned Kurumu had been a Servant of Chaldea for some time now. They were used to going wherever she wanted and doing whatever she wanted without much in the way of consequences.

“I don't want to miss him!” *Him*. Of all of the men in Chaldea there was one who had caught the succubus' attention. A Japanese man with tanned skin and white hair, a man who belonged to the Archer class. He called himself EMIYA, but his true identity was essentially cryptic. Even though he strongly resembled a certain Saber that Chaldea had summoned as well.

EMIYA was a man of habit. He always went to the cafeteria for dinner at 7 and sat down to eat promptly. It was in this window that Kurumu had found it easiest to talk to him. It almost felt like her succubus wiles weren't as effective as they should have been, but she was *so* confident

in her abilities that she knew it was a matter of time before he eventually caved! ...Even though it wasn't. His Magic Resistance meant that her charms, relegated to Caster skills, didn't affect him whatsoever.

“Mister EMIYA! How are you doing this evening!?” The succubus had hope! She managed to slide in front of his table, her breaths heavy from running the whole way. All she needed from him was an answer so that she could continue the conversation, and yet? *Kurumu was grabbed from behind*, her body overshadowed by a tall figure and her head wedged between a gigantic pair of a woman's breasts.

Oh no. **“Ara ara, there you are Kurumu-chan!”** The familiar voice of Minamoto no Raikou filled the air, filling the one being embraced from behind with dread. For some reason this woman had been clinging to her wherever she went! She'd deemed Kurumu as her 'child' despite her own protests, always showering her with unwanted affection. And while attempting to woo a man? This might have been the most embarrassing time for her to have tried anything. Kurumu's face lit up like a Christmas light as she tried to wriggle free. **“Come on now, why don't you have dinner with your mother over there?”**

Slowly but surely she was dragged away, her protests muffled as her head was essentially swallowed by the gap between the woman's big breasts. But EMIYA *could* make out one word as she flailed before eventually giving in.

“WHY!?”