

ERRANT WISHES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The trip that New Years had been long but it had been worth it. It had been over a year since the conclusion of the Fifth Holy Grail War and Sakura Matou had decided that, to commemorate their new beginnings, both herself and her beloved Shirou Emiya would visit a very special shrine. It was out in the mountains, the ruins of a structure believed to worship the goddess Amaterasu herself. It wasn't without reason of course -- rumor online had it that praying to better understand your partner at this location would ensure years of prosperity to follow, but of course there was no real grounds for that.

Still, Shirou was on board if that was what Sakura wanted. And so on New Years eve they'd travelled out all that way, climbed the mountain, and settled in at the shrine. It was fortunate they could rent out the cabin only a short walk from the shrine since it was snowy that time of year.

And so they prayed. Sakura said they had to pray to '*better understand each other*'. But of course they would never have expected it would be literal.

"Senpai? Hey, senpai? Is something wrong with your hair?" A sharp yanking feeling atop Shirou's head stirred him from his prayer, like Sakura had taken hold of a single strand and yanked it violently. Clearly she'd finished her prayer first and had taken to watching her boyfriend at peace, which was kind of flattering in a way. The light in the shrine was dim, but she'd caught sight of a strand that was far longer than the rest, though it retained its usual red. Little did she know a single strand had done the reverse on her own head, having shrunk down to a short cut.

"Wrong with my hair? It'd be impossible for it to grow this long so fast, wouldn't it?" He almost wondered if he'd missed one the last time he'd cut his hair, but as

Sakura's slender fingers brought the strand before his eyes he couldn't help but think he would've had to miss it for a *lot* of haircuts. **"Hm... Is there magecraft at work here? I can't think of anything el...se... Sakura, your hand."**

"Huh?"

"Don't your fingers look a little... rougher?" At first the young man had thought it a trick of the light as his girlfriend ran a strand of his hair between her fingers, and yet the more he stared the more he was certain. Sakura's fingers were usually so slender and fair, free of blemish or erosion. But the pads of her fingertips looked as worn as if they'd been tirelessly swinging a blade or working on machinery. Shirou would know, that was what his fingers looked like all the time. It was a little too uncanny, from their new roughness to how trimmed her nails were compared to normal.

He reached out to touch them with his own fingers when he paused before they even made contact, brown eyes ripe with confusion. Where Sakura's hands had grown more masculine and, dare he say, more similar to his own, the reverse was true of his own hand. Fingers were soft and slender, well manicured nails wiggling up and down as he tried his best to process this strange reality. **"Senpai... something is really wrong here."**

"Yeah." *Yeah.* But the questions were how and why. The tools of a magus were certainly the most likely culprit, be it a spell or a curse or otherwise. Why though? Following the Fifth Holy Grail War they were supposed to be left undisturbed with Sakura inheriting her family's legacy -- one she sought to correct for the better. Had that earned them an enemy they'd overlooked? A foe that thought to test or, worst case, cripple them using some form of enchantment? Regardless they were up a mountain in the middle of the night in a dimly lit shrine, they were surrounded by forest all around. If there was a foe, pinpointing them would be almost impossible. Even so...

Shirou grabbed Sakura's hand, the roughness of her grip all the more obvious against his newly softened skin as he pulled her towards and out the door. They were greeted by the crunch of the snow beneath their feet and the chill of the cold against skin they'd left uncovered with their coats nestled within the shrine's warmth. It was quiet out, and he couldn't sense any mana signatures near by. If anything the most suspicious thing around was an aura emanating from the shrine itself.

He turned back to face the structure with the intent of stepping back in. The young man felt bad for dragging Sakura outside so suddenly even if she was safer at his side, but despite not complaining she was obviously cold. The only issue was when he went to lift his foot out of his boot it just... came out. Boots he'd strapped on as tight as he could knowing the perilous mountain conditions. And yet not only was his foot without shoe, but his sock had gotten caught in the boot as well, leaving bare appendage dangling in the wind. **"Senpai! Was your foot always so small?"**

Sakura's query confirmed what he'd suspected before she took a step and groaned with discomfort. **"And why are my own shoes so cramped..."**

The boy left his shoe buried in the snow as he made the final step inside, silent as thoughts ran through his head. First their hands had taken opposing forms, and now their feet? At least that was a fair assumption as his own bare foot pressed against creaking wood and he saw it properly. Tiny toes, a gentle heel. As expected it certainly looked like Sakura's own foot. **"Look, Sakura, I think something is happening to us. I think we're trading bodies."** He narrated his explanation as he shoved the shrine doors closed behind him. If that was the reality of the situation then it was something they wouldn't be able to fix until they consulted with someone more knowledgeable.

"Ah... You're surprisingly calm." But wasn't he always? Shirou was always dependable. How he looked? Whether he was a man or a woman? None of that would ever matter to Sakura. At the very least it explained why that single strand of long hair he'd had before had already multiplied into a handful, and why her own head felt so much lighter as purple locks grew less substantial. **"But that's okay. We'll get through it like we always do, alright? I believe in you."** She reached out for his hand again, giving it a comforting squeeze. It was strange holding a hand that resembled her own, but she pushed the thought aside for now.

"Look, senpai. We're almost the same height." She had a point. Shirou had always been the taller of the two, but now they were practically eye level. It wasn't because one had shrunk or grown, but due to a combination of both. Shirou shrunk in slight and Sakura grew in slight, the lengths of their legs evening them out.

But that wasn't the only change to ripple through their lower bodies. Both the shape and quality of their legs quickly swapped as the effectiveness of the transformation grew stronger. Sakura could feel legs beneath her skirt grow harder as soft fat washed away and untrained muscles rose to the surface, hairs plucking up despite the fact that she'd shaved before leaving for their trip.

On the opposing side Shirou felt momentarily weak in the leg as the reverse took place. Knees buckled inward as the shape of his legs changed, a popping of his hips outward serving contrast to his girlfriend's own crunching in. Hair across both legs regressed for the most part, leaving a freshly shaved feeling and scent as if he'd just recently shaved them himself. The muscle he'd worked so hard to maintain since the Holy Grail War dissipated as additional fat worked its way in in their place, thighs growing tender and plump to the point that the jeans he was wearing were pushed to the very limit, some fat pooling over their tops near his thighs.

Sakura's skirt grew loose when her hips narrowed, but they struggled to stay up once her ass deflated and strong glutes took their place. For Shirou the changes were a little different, and a fat ass burrowing into the material of his jeans was more than enough to pop the front button and loosen his zipper so that pants only remained up because of his girth alone.

"Nn... Sakura... I think the worst part is happening." He assumed a swapping of genitals would be the strangest phenomenon even if nothing about this had felt right, and he sure wasn't wrong. His erection gave way as his dick collapsed before it dug into his body accompanied by a soft moan. Manicured fingers ran down to check, the young man unaware that his arms had become just as bare and soft as his legs in the process. As he pressed inward with a finger, jeans and boxers in the way, he could feel the tip press into *her* new pussy. It was such an unfamiliar feeling that while, even tame, was enough to make her gasp.

Where Shirou felt empty however Sakura began to feel full. She became immediately aware of something hard taking shape between her legs, a little boy poking free of her lips even as they fattened and swung down to hand below as a fully erect penis pushed panties away and created a tent in her skirt. Unlike Shirou *he* made no attempt to touch it, but the impulse was very real. Was it *his* dick? Or was it Shirou's? **"This feels weird."** Even Sakura's voice had started to take a deeper tone, as Shirou's reply came with a softer, higher pitch.

"I agree." She glanced over at Sakura, noting the tent in his skirt and how his muscled arms strained against the fabric of his sweater. It was only then that Shirou realized all of her muscle mass had been sapped by her girl-- *boyfriend*. Very little of Sakura's own facial features even remained on their usual face. Lips had narrowed and chapped, browns thickened, hair cut short. If anything, all that remained was the purple coloring of hair and eyes which saw little chance of changing. Shirou would have essentially been looking in a mirror if her own face... hadn't become Sakura's. Thick lips were easily tasted with her tongue, soft cheekbones and narrow brows giving her an especially feminine look as ginger hair fell far down her back.

**UFUFU! You should be careful what you wish for then? Actually, wait one sec!
The final changes should be setting in riiiiight about now!**

A voice suddenly echoed not through the shrine but through their minds, immediately snapping the couple to attention as gazes swung to the altar. But as much as the two of them were ready to speak, the voice had been right about the final stage of changes. Shirou felt her gut suddenly pinch inward with little resistance (as her muscles had already dissipated). Pressure built beneath her nipples, each swelling to almost thrice their size as they hardened and clipped into her shirt. The clipping only grew more intense as mass poured into the flesh beneath each nipple, and where pectorals had once gloriously rested, a pair of swollen breasts erupted. They weren't a pair to scoff at either. Sakura had a huge pair, a pair that now hung off of Shirou and pulled her shirt high off her navel to reveal a tummy that wasn't trim but also wasn't pudgy. She couldn't help but give them a quick fondle even as the voice that echoed in their minds laughed.

Sakura's blouse, in the meantime, grew baggier and baggier as the tits he'd been burdened with his entire life underwent a much desired reduction. He knew his senpai enjoyed them and they were a wonderful tool in the bedroom, but he'd

always wondered what it would be like to have without them. As what remained of the fat in each boob melded into firm muscle, he finally had the answer to that question.

They now stood there with appearances strongly resembling what they'd both been prior. Shirou was now a young woman that looked like Sakura if not for her ginger hair and brown, bright eyes. Meanwhile Sakura looked like Shirou had he purple hair and dull, violet eyes. And, of course, they were wearing one another's clothes. Their heights were equal, suggesting it was something more akin to their essences having blended than a full out swap, but the owner of the voice would soon come to ease their concerns.

Yes, yes! Tamamo-no-Mae here! Facet of the sun goddess Amaterasu!

The voice chimed up again, this time accompanied by a gentle light of gold as the form of a young woman with fox features manifested before the young couple. She was no Servant, so could she have been a divine construct?

Your wish was to better understand one another, right~!? Well, as the self-proclaimed goddess of love it's my honest opinion that knowing each other's bodies is the fastest way to do that!

Shirou was not amused. **"Isn't that twisting our wish!? And it's not like we thought it would come true literally!"** It was hard to sound intimidating with Sakura's soothing tone, but it wasn't as if she had a choice in the matter either.

But the fox spirit merely snapped her fingers and laughed, a new tingling sensation spreading across the two of them. Shirou looked over at Sakura desperately to see what the fox had done, and and cue her boyfriend's ears suddenly seemed to... crawl up the side of his head? Hair grew out to cover where ears had once been, but as they rose they grew more cone-shaped while tufts of white fur erupted out of the center. A pair of vulpine ears ultimately sat atop both of their heads, accompanied by the sound of tearing cloth at their butts as long and bushy tail swished out behind them.

If you want to change back you'll need to work here as Tamamo-chan's personal monk and shrine maiden for a while! Hope you're ready!

And with that she disappeared, leaving the two stunned with a pair of stereotypical monk and shrine maiden outfits in front of the two new foxkin.

"HEY! GET BACK HE... RE..." But Shirou's desire to protest suddenly faded away. Her mind hadn't been altered otherwise, but staring at the shrine maiden outfit just erased her anxiety. Staying here with Sakura, working as a shrine maiden and learning about Sakura's body?

Maybe that wouldn't be so bad.