

# JUST ROLL WITH IT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The ~~gremlin~~ nekomata, Hisa, did not like the season of autumn very much.

It was the time of year that humans grew lazier and prepared for their long winter of holing themselves inside. At least that was how things were where her master lived, a place that experience all four seasons in more or less equal measure. She called him her master, but he was more like her creator? Father? Something like that. Their bond was of a tired dad and a mischievous, all-powerful daughter that often sought to play severe pranks at her father's expense.

Her nature as a lover of pranks was bolstered by a keenness to transform others. Physically, mentally – she possessed the power, so why leave it dormant to fester? She had the ability to reverse it whenever she pleased as well, so there was really no harm! When it came to her master, it was just so much easier to poke at him and his friends.

**“Mumumu... Master's been watching a lot of romcom movies recently, hasn't he? And I'm not really interested in spending all day cooped up in the cold. I wonder if I can do anything with this?”** Floating in the void that was her own domain with legs crossed as if she were sitting on a pillow, the cat youkai mulled over a theme for next idea. It had been a good while since she had last tortured – er, *entertained* her master, and she really wanted to appeal to his preferences.

**“I guess there were those new Servants in his Fate game too, huh...”**

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**“Oh. Where am...? How did I...? It was likely Hisa again, wasn’t it?”** While not Hisa’s master, a young man not unrelated to the entire ordeal found himself standing suddenly in what looked like the kitchen of a fancy resort room. It was on the ground level of a building and had an open back door, one that led down to the beach. It was very modern, but he knew full well that he had no business being there.

If he didn’t come across as particularly shocked, that was because he’d been through this before. Kay was familiar with Hisa and her creator, Axel. Being friends, it wasn’t the first time that the nekomata had pulled him into some of her shenanigans. **“I don’t always mind, you know. You don’t need to kidnap me without telling me what’s going on.”**

No reply. But that wasn’t exactly shocking either, knowing what she was like. **“Why a resort though? I guess it’s always somewhere exotic, but...”** Was there a beach theme? *Wait...* Beach theme? Fate/Grand Order had just had its summer event (*a little late this year, being in September*). **“Crap!”** As far as he could tell, he had realized too late.

Then again, what could he have even done even if he *had* realized?

Come to think of it... **“W-Wait a second!”** Things had been a little breezy since he’d first appeared here, and while Kay hadn’t really thought much about it, it was hard to deny with a downwards glance that there was actually good cause for it. His clothes were completely gone, and he was wearing only a black bikini top that must have wrapped around his neck and a bikini bottom that sat loosely off his hips. Just barely enough to cover what was essential, anyways.

His feelings about this were mixed, really. There wasn’t exactly an audience to see him dressed like this, but he was still embarrassed, nonetheless. Still, it was a fairly typical ‘Hisa move’ and he couldn’t help but wonder what she had in store. Was there an underlying excitement there as well? *Perhaps*.

Even so, he didn’t exactly like that so much of his body was on display. He could see his slight gut hanging out, his pale skin, and the crimson markings glowing— *Wait*. He certainly hadn’t had *those* before. Were they tattoos? Regardless of their nature, red markings were shining like a trio of curved Vs above and below his chest, as well as below his bellybutton while his left arm and hip found more erratically placed markings.

**“Wait, I feel like I’ve definitely seen these before.”** The markings were *definitely* familiar, but it hadn’t occurred to Kay where he’d seen them before just yet. He was more or less looking at them upside down, so it certainly wasn’t as clear as it should have been. Still, their glowing provided a warmth that permeated throughout his body, and slowly but surely the tone of his skin began to shift irreversibly. Darker and darker it became, encroaching upon a tender mocha from head to toe that looked a little more exotic than he did typically. **“Woah!?”**

What else was he supposed to say to this, really?

The darkened tone kissed all of his skin, but there were areas where the shift in tone was either more dramatic or slightly lessened as well. The palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were naturally paler, and the nails on his fingers almost looked white. On the other hand, the nipples that were hardly concealed by the loose-hanging bikini top became a darker brown than his skin had.

**“Red markings, tanned skin…”** He could see his pubes sticking out a little from beneath his bikini, too. **“White pubes.”** Not *just* Kay’s pubes though. His eyelashes had taken the same color, and his short, brown hair was quickly overwhelmed by highlights of soft white that ultimately erased the natural hair color altogether. **“No way, it couldn’t be!?”**

Eyes, once brown, flashed blue as realization dawned upon him. As more of the picture had come together, it had become easier for him to clue in on what Hisa had in store for him. But a Fate character of all things? Well, maybe it wasn’t that surprising considering the moods Axel went through. Not that Kay thought for a second that this situation was something he condoned. Hisa just more or less did her *own* thing.

And that thing had begun to happen at a quickened pace. **“Urp!?”** While Hisa’s powers brought about a painless change, there were still some aspects that felt a little jerky and briefly uncomfortable. In this case, it had felt as if invisible hands had wrapped around his belly and crunched inward from every angle. The excess weight upon his tummy was pushed away though, and his waistline found itself involuntarily arched in to give what appeared like an hourglass figure – or at least the early beginnings of one.

**“I’m thin... Of course I am.”** Because if he was right, and he was pretty sure he was, his intended form was not only thinner but— *Yup*, there it was. All of the muscles in his tummy had tightened at once, and as they breathed out again they emerged tight and firm. This wasn’t exactly a trend isolated to his gut though, for arms and legs alike had also come alive with strength.

And it wasn't exactly a strength any human could muster through training.

**“An unrivaled fitn— Ack! Guess it's damn time for my voice to go!”** A little rougher to the sound, but certainly more like a young woman's, Kay's voice had changed – as had his use of verbiage. All he could really do was revel in what remained, which meant distracting himself from the sensation of his hips being pulled several inches wider, which in turn tightened the bikini bottom around his dick.

In a way, it was shocking that his genitals hadn't gotten hard. On the other hand, in a matter of moments that wasn't really much of a problem. **“Oh! Ahn! Damn, that feels good!”** He—no, she pawed at her groin just as the rest of her dick retreated back into her pelvis along with her balls, leaving a pussy in its place that found itself in good company with the wild bush that filled the bikini bottom otherwise. Even the fingers that had done the pawing prevailed in femininity now, but they certainly weren't alone.

Kay had just as quickly found it difficult to pull her hand away from between her legs, for her thighs had expanded around it to fill the space left by widened thighs. There was no shortage *of* space to fill, and both muscle and fatty tissue worked in harmony to make them both look firm and feel soft in their gratuitous weight at the exact same time. The same effect was equally afforded to her rear, which ultimately bubbled out with a pleasant jiggle.

**“Yeah, this ain't bad! Actually, I'm already starting to forget stuff, aren't I?”** She scratched at the base of her chin, her new identity becoming more dominant within a head that was becoming more reflective of it. Already her facial features had grown more effeminate, with widened eyes, longer lashes, and plumper lips. This was without addressing hair that fell down past her ass in the very back, while the rest remained cut at her shoulders.

While her ears hadn't caused her any trouble, there was also the fact that they'd been sliding higher and higher atop her head – a phenomenon that had appeared incredibly unusual at first, but once they'd pulled longer into a more equine shape with white fur covering them, they someone seemed much more suitable somehow.

As three inches peeled off her height to bring her down to 5'8”, the last area of import finally grew to fruition. Kay's nipples grew erect ever so quickly, widening until they were pushed forward against the underside of the black bikini top. It didn't take long, but they did eventually fill the swimsuit's cups perfectly. A ripe, D-cup rack stood big and prominent,

somehow even more erotic in appeal thanks to the red markings above and below them.

*Caenis* scratched at her right breast through the nylon of her bikini top, understandably ignorant to the fact that there were hidden cameras all over the suite that were trained on her person. “**Hah? Where the hell am I? How’d I even end up out here?**” She was in a swimsuit and there was nothing inherently wrong with that, but she couldn’t at all remember checking into some fancy schmancy resort. But her bags were near the front door, paired with some unfamiliar ones done up in a purple, spacy design. “**And who the hell do those belong to?**”

“**Those are mine, actually, and you’d best keep your hands off of them.**”



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Rolling time back to roughly around the same time Kay’s transformation had started, another man found himself in the same resort. Rather than be in the kitchen / living room though, he had found himself in an unfamiliar bedroom. “**Hisa...**” Axel, tall and with his wider frame, couldn’t even find the energy to overreact to these circumstances. It wasn’t the first time she had whisked him away to an unfamiliar place, and he always assumed that it wouldn’t be the last.

Even if he’d had the energy to protest though, he didn’t really have the time. Her magic had a distinct feel to it, and it was already swirling around the room – invisible to the naked eye. But still, he could sense it converging on a singular point. On himself. There was nothing out of sorts about this, since it was just how her powers operated. But Axel didn’t appreciate her using them on him without permission once again.

Unlike what was happening with Kay in the next room, however, Axel was not privy to such an immediate change in attire. His body fell under the influence of the magic long before anything changed in regard to his outfit, but in terms of initial similarities there *was* one. Markings had appeared on his body, albeit obscured by the blue t-shirt and jeans he was wearing. A series of glowing, blue crosses, two sets of overlapping threes – with one appearing on my left upper arm, and the other set appearing across the matching thigh.

Two more Xs appeared, and these were ones the man could catch. Because they had appeared on the upper wrists of either hand. “**Huh?**” He didn’t really have much else to say about it after lifting both hands in the air before him. It was obviously related to whatever Hisa had in store for him, and that was made even more evident as he observed his fingers and hands alike diminishing in size. What *didn’t* diminish in this way was his fingernails, while grew several inches longer and found themselves coated in a dark purple paint.

Something similar had afflicted his feet as well, but seeing as Axel was wearing socks it was highly unlikely he would have noted more than his socks being a little looser than normal.

**“Strange markings, the hands of a woman... It’s just a matter of *who*.”** While most would be shocked or alarmed by such a transformation, for the man being affected it had become something of a riddle. He hadn’t recognized the markings even though he likely should have, but if he’d had more to work with then he probably would have realized right away.

Still, the magic continued to work its, well, *magic*. For a man only a couple of inches short of six feet, he still held a notable gut. And so his 3XL t-shirt could only empty and empty further as that weight was pressed away by the magic’s influence. Thinness was on the horizon, but it was a little more than that too. His abs had become quite tight and pronounced, and his belly likewise pinched in on the sides to give him a more feminine appeal.

An appeal that was quickly capitalized on. “**Ugh!**” Momentary discomfort could be felt near the peaks of his legs, as hips had widened without much warning. The waistband of his jeans had no choice but to tighten around them, and in the process their button had popped *clear* off. Discomfort around his lower wear grew, for the space within his pants was lessened dramatically as more meat was applied to his upper half.

His ass was a primary culprit regarding that discomfort. The cheeks of his rear were practically bouncing with bountiful weight as his boxers were ground into the crevice of his deepening crack, and the peaks of the cheeks had little choice but to peak out over the waistline of his pants. On the other hand, the expanse of his thighs into ripe, appealing masses that met one another naturally between his legs had forced numerous tears to form in the material.

**“Goddamnit! Just take my dick already!”** The expansion of those thighs had led to the painful sensation of his dick being throttled both between them, but just as inconveniently his cock and balls had been throttled by how little space was left in his jeans. Fortunately for *her*, the change in sex had been next on the list and before long that discomfort subsided, even if the pants *were* still grinding against her new pussy.

This frustrated Axel somehow. No, just in general she was feeling much irater than she typically did. Was she *actually* upset though, or was this a trait she was inheriting thanks to her transformation? Feeling the front of her shirt push forward as erect nipples uncomfortably ground against the fabric, she was beginning to understand the *cause* of her agitation, however.

It *wasn't* the fact that her chest was blossoming. Even as plentiful mounds stretched beneath her shirt, inheriting a soft perkiness with cherry pink nipples, it wasn't the big, D-cup tits themselves that had soured her mood. **“These damn clothes!”**, she hissed in a voice that was far more like that of a woman, and as she did so all of the blue Xs on her body suddenly light up. No sooner than they did, did her internal body temperature rise and blue flames burst forth with just enough strength to burn away her entire outfit.

At the same time, her eyes had turned and had begun to glow a bright crimson, while the shapes of these optics narrowed to steal away her Caucasian appearance in favor of something that appeared inherently *Japanese*. All in all, her facial features softened so that they carried the maturity she did typically, but a slenderer jaw, thick lips, and a button nose had wholly gifted her aesthetic femininity.

**“Ugh. I also can't walk around naked.”** In fact, she'd forgotten what she'd been wearing beforehand, not to mention *why* she had been wearing it. Much of her memories had burned away with the blue flames that now swirled around her – both her old identity, and the identity of the nekomata that had put her in this predicament in the first place.

Behind her, her dark hair lightened to a soft mauve while it spilled far down her back and fanned out brilliantly. What was most surprising though was the sparkle that glistened on the underside of her mane. It

was like this hair reflected the entire galaxy. But then again, as she was now she pretty much embodied the universe itself anyways.

With a snap of the woman's slender fingers, the flames that had swirled around her rearranged themselves. Most came together and hardened, forming a purple cloth that fell between her breasts and fanned out to the sides, while spreading out from a choker on her neck similarly in the back. Others were fashioned into the star earrings in her now-pierced ear, and the blue, crystal lotus decorations on her choker and by the red ribbon in her hair.

But the woman's tits, ass, and pussy? They weren't covered by cloth at all. Bright blue flames flicked across them to form a swimsuit made of fire itself. It covered the bare essentially, and it was incredibly erotic just on the grounds that it was such a bizarre means of covering up in the first place.

The swimsuit-clad *Kama*— Actually, could you even call what she was wearing a swimsuit? Her pussy and nipples were covered only by thin, blue flames that her own body produced. Regardless of how her 'garments' could best be described, she let loose an agitated groan at something she'd been hearing on and off over the past few minutes. Someone making a *lot* of noise in the main portion of the beachside suite she'd been gifted for winning a contest!



**“For crying out loud, who the hell walked into my place without permission!?”** She was so agitated that a trail of blue flames followed her while traveling towards the bedroom door, and the moment she peered out was the very moment her guest had commented



on the extra luggage. **“Those are mine, actually, and you’d best keep your hands off of them.”**

Ugh. She recognized this tanned beauty. Another Servant from Chaldea. Caenis was her name, correct? **“Is there something wrong with my bags being in my suite? Rather, I should be wondering why your bags are here!”** Neither of them had yet to realize that they were being filmed by Hisa. She’d set up this entire scenario to fulfill a ‘romantic comedy-like beach trip’, pitting together two Servants that should have been wholly incompatible.

**“You think I know!? Hell, this is supposed to be my suite! Don’t tell me I’m stuck with you! You aren’t even wearing any clothes!”** Caenis was quick with her retort, stepping closer while puffing out her chest to presumably look dominant. But Kama one upped her, choosing to float as she did the same. Before long, their ample tits were docked – and fortunately Kama’s flames weren’t burning the Rider’s.

Honestly, it gave her a good idea. She licked her lips in an attempt to look far more promiscuous and leaned in forward further to overpower her. **“Let’s say we are expected to stay together for the whole weekend? There’s only one bed, you know. Can you resist my many charms, or will you lay with me on night one?”** Caenis practically barked her response, recoiling in a shade of bright red.

**“L-LIKE HELL, DAMN YOU! I’LL SLEEP ON THE COUCH!”**

Yeah, she wasn’t getting past night one.

Next time on the hit romantic comedy, **“JUST ROLL WITH IT!”**