

# BETTER THAN CHOCOLATE

## VALENTINE'S SPECIAL

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The incident with the cursed books at their back, the twin Masters of Chaldea were relieved to have a few moments of reprieve before Valentine's Day itself took place. It was usually a busy day full of giving or receiving chocolate to or from the Servants, and each year a significantly larger number of them arrived. It was fortunate that Shion's Wandering Sea had enough space to properly accommodate their numbers, including a new library fashioned by their newest arrival: Murasaki Shikibu.

A relative calm had settled after the great book hunt, and the many Servants returned to their daily routines. Many of them still persistently attended the library despite the prior shenanigans since they sought a special calm that only an underground library could supply, but because of this it seemed some of them had set up side rooms to commit to their own studies.

Of Gudao and Gudako, Murasaki had made a simple request: they were asked to make sure that none of those side rooms infringed upon the rules of the library. No food, no pets, that kind of thing. The Caster herself wasn't a particularly bold person, and so it was easier on her to petition help of the Masters than it would be to try to get mad at the culprits herself.

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Blue eyes winced as Gudao opened the door to the next room and a loud smell bled through accompanied by an overwhelming odour. "**What...?**" It was a miracle both sensations had been obscured by a door alone, but with an eyebrow raised both the dark haired boy and his ginger haired sister slipped in, flicking on the nearby light switch in the process.

It became immediately clear to them where both the sound and smell had come from. "**Ew. Frogs?**" Gudako piped up upon noticing the same thing her brother had. The walls of the side room were lined with aquarium after aquarium, each holding an upwards of fifteen frogs a piece. The overwhelming stench was this, of course, and

the blaring sound had been the croaking of about one hundred small frogs. Neither Master could figure out who would need such a room or why anyone would even keep it? So many amphibians in one place was a health hazard after all, particularly if they weren't being properly cared for. And it wasn't like anyone ate th-- No, there was.

**"Oryou-san?"**

**"Oryou-san."**

There was a Servant composed of two individuals in Chaldea. A participant in the Meiji Restoration by the name of Ryouma Sakamoto, and the beautiful dragon in human form he kept at his side, Oryou. Oryou was an eccentric that wasn't bound to human norms, not human diets, and so she was often sinking her teeth into this and that. Incidentally her favorite thing to eat was frogs. But would Ryouma really keep a room like this? It seemed unlikely.

**"Well, I guess we should tell Murasak-- MFF!?"** Ready to instruct his sister that they should report their findings to the library's proprietress, words were cut short as something slimy slid into his mouth. It held an indescribably disgusting taste and he could feel legs kicking around in his mouth. That was more than enough to make him spit it out, a frog landing on the ground in front of him after being shot out.

Gudako, having watched the entire thing, was absolutely livid. **"HAHAHA! That's what you get for opening your mouth without looking!"** The two got along well. They had to. A lot of the time, aside from Mashu, one other was all they really had. But they were still siblings at the end of the day and they loved to poke fun at each other. Gudako had seen a prime opportunity when her brother had sucked frog of course.

Agitated as he was by his sister's jabbing, Gudao was far more interested in getting the taste of frog out of his mouth. It was a pungent flavor that clung to his tongue and the inside of his cheeks, and no amount of saliva he used to fish it out seemed to do the trick. **"Stop laughing, it's groth!"** The boy stuck out his tongue to see if that would help air the taste out, but both siblings paused as they noticed something terribly strange.

Gudao could feel it, rather. He'd stuck out his tongue, something that would normally fall just below his lips, but it had clearly touched the bottom of his chin! **"Uhh..."** It took him a moment to think to pull it back inside of his mouth, but he eventually succeeded. It seemed that despite the new length, it coiled back inside to fit properly. Had something been up with that frog? **"A curth?"** Despite the fact that the tongue fit snugly however, he still seemed to have difficulty speaking.

**"Must be."** Gudako tossed gloved hands behind her head, torn between laughing again and treating this as seriously as she probably should. Weird stuff happened to them all the time, but tongue's growing? Not exactly common place. **"Maybe we should go visit Da Vinci-chan quick?"** It was the most logical course of action to take all things considered.

Not only was the boy struggling with a new elongated tongue in the meantime, but that damned frog taste just wouldn't go away. Mind you, he had more pressing concerns to deal with, but he just couldn't stop licking the sides of his cheeks to get rid of it. Long tongue would run across his lips every moment or so, trying to *savor the flavor*. It had been such a discreet change in his thought pattern that the boy hadn't even thought to question it: where he'd been so desperately trying to get rid of the frog's taste from his mouth, that desire had suddenly been switched to a need to taste

more. Even the nausea in his stomach had subsided, replaced by a new, voracious hunger. Gudao became more aware of all of the frogs around him. There were so many, all bundled up neatly. A snack. They were a snack, right? But first, the one on the ground...

Gudako had made for the door, but suddenly stopped as she heard something hit the ground behind her. It was her brother, crouched on all fours, the frog from earlier caught between his hands. Was he mad at I-- Oh, no, he just shoved it in his mouth. *WAIT!* **“Hey! Gudao! That’s gross, what are you doing!”** He merely glanced up at her and swallowed the entire amphibian whole, little legs that had been dangling from his lips gone in an instant. It was enough to churn the sister’s stomach immediately. *Ew.*

Whatever Gudako had said, Gudao hadn’t caught much of it. He’d been too distracted by the prey in front of him to focus on the words of a human, and once he’d sunk sharpened fangs into it and swallowed it whole, he licked at his lips to try and savor that slimy sweetness once more. The consumption of the amphibian seemed to stimulate whatever strange happenings were taking place, and a bright pink swirled into the blue of his eyes, permanently altering their coloring as he finally gave his attention back to his sister. **“What’s up. Gudako? Gudao-san was hungry, that’s all.”**

*Gudao-san?*

**“Something’s seriously wrong here.”** Walking over to her brother, she hoisted him back onto his feet before staring him straight in the eye. **“The color of your eyes changed too, and your hair is getting shaggier.”** It was true, his short yet spiky hairstyle had begun to undo itself as length and volume seemingly spawned from nowhere. It wouldn’t take long before it reached his shoulders. Was it just her imagination, or was his general complexion looking a little softer as well? His face a little narrower? His lips, perhaps, a little more defined? Of course, considering he kept licking them it was difficult to tell.

**“Huh? So what?”** Gudao merely shrugged as he stumbled back to his feet, his sister taken aback by his lack of interest in his own changes.

**“What do you mean so what!? You were cursed, weren’t you? You just ate a frog!”**

**“Frogs are tasty. Gudao-san likes frogs.”** His tone had groan disturbingly deadpan, so much that the way he was speaking reminded her of someone. Oryou? Now that she thought about it, his features were looking more and more feminine... Black shirt hung loosely off his shoulders, yet did he look a little taller? The bottom of his shirt was practically showing off his bellybutton.

**“You don’t eat frogs, brother!”**

*Brother.* The word seemed to bring Gudao pause for a moment, but that pause did not include his changes. He wasn’t at all disturbed by it but for a little while it felt as if a fire had been lit inside of him. A burning that ate away at the core of his very being, which would have been uncomfortable if it didn’t feel *so right*. It was unusual that the sensation was a burning one when so much color had drained from his body; he was eerily pale now, highlighting the darkness of hair that had now fallen past his butt and the unnatural pinkish red of his eyes.

His stomach had pinched inward, all the more obvious now that his stomach was showing plainly with the way he'd grown. Legs, of course, had grown longer as well, but also shapelier. Fat gathered around his thighs to make them plumper, and a rearrangement of his hips gave him a much wider gait that strained the buttons on his black pants, which eventually gave way once his cheeks in the rear took on a suitable plumpness. It took but a moment and he ceased to even be a man, dick taken into a new slit that was accented by an unruly patch of pubic hair above.

**“How could Gudao-san be a ‘brother’? Gudao-san is a girl.”** It seemed she wasn't bothered by the change to her genitals, nor could she remember much of her past life at this point. Beneath the black of her shirt, the area around her nipples began to plump upward as the width of her nipples themselves expanded, became thicker. It didn't take long before they pressed up against the fabric and became more defined beneath the loosely hanging shirt, and once they'd finished they'd become a pair of unsupported, C-cup breasts. She'd wear a human's clothing because she had to, but she didn't like the feeling of their undergarments.

*Human?* Why was it that her form didn't feel right? No... She was a serpent, this was merely a guise. Her clothes felt funny too. Too small. Not as breezy as she liked.

Gudako reached up to place her hands on her ‘brother’s shoulders the moment his entire outfit evaporated, leaving the new woman completely in the nude. Pale skin glistened like the scales of a snake under the dim light of the library room, nipples practically eye level with Gudako (which distracted her from making eye contact). Brief as the nudity was, she was covered up just as quickly as she'd lost her clothing, this time in worn, black, school uniform that looked like it was from an era long before Gudao had ever attended; it had a bright pink ascot that was torn at the tips, and a long, flowing pleated skirt that completely covered her legs. The final touch was a long, flowing scarf.

**“Gudao! You're not a girl! You're not... this!”**

**“THIS?”** Apparently the word had angered the serpent, whose pupils dilated and began to glow a bright pink as she glared down at the human. No longer seeing a need to stand on the floor, she shrugged the girl's hands off her shoulders and floated there. She wanted to gobble this girl up for her rudeness, but Ryouma certainly wouldn't have liked that.

*Ryouma... Ryouma... Where was Ryouma?* The only human she'd ever loved, the second part of her that made her whole. No. He was right here, wasn't he? Why was she mad at him? She floated down to Gudako's eye level as knees hovered above the ground, before extending her elongated serpent's tongue and running it across the girl's cheek. It tasted like Ryouma. **“Oryou-san is sorry.”**

To Gudako, however, the lick sent a peculiar chill down her spine. The tongue itself was wet and slimy, the girl's breath smelling of the frog she'd eaten only a few minutes before, but Gudako also knew she had a big issue here. Whatever had happened to Gudao, it had completely set in. This included Oryou's powers which made her a lot stronger than a mere human would be able to subdue if she were to anger the serpent. Would it be best to play along, or...? **“MMF!?”**

Apparently this time it was Gudako's turn to have something slimy jammed down her throat, but in this case it wasn't a frog. Oryou had been confused about why the human she thought was Ryouma hadn't returned words to her apology, and so she'd resorted to something she knew humans used to express affections. A kiss. It was a

little sloppy, especially with her long tongue probing Gudako's mouth, transferring the taste of the frog into the mouth of the human (and making her somewhat nauseated in the process).

She was nauseated, but she couldn't deny that the whole experience felt good. The monstrous tongue felt exotic, even if the taste of the kiss made her want to gag. She just couldn't figure out where this burst of affection had come from. Eventually Oryou pulled away, lips first as the tip of her tongue slipped out a moment later, allowing a dazed Gudako a chance to speak once more.

**"Wh-Why are you kissing me, Oryou? What about Ryouma?"** The fact that she was more worried about the kiss than the question of where her brother had gone cemented the success of the curse, which had been transferred with the kiss unknowingly. It was easy to alter the memories of those who hadn't seen the changes happen, but since Gudako had witnessed the entire thing, it was easier just to rip Gudako from her memories the old fashioned way.

Oryou looked perplexed. **"Oryou-san doesn't know what you're talking about? You're Ryouma."**

**"I'm not."** Gudako managed to reply, despite something in the back of her mind screaming that it was true. She could still subconsciously resist the mental effects to a point, but only because the physical changes were in their early stages. For example, she hadn't noticed that the roots of her ginger hair had darkened, and that this phenomenon was slowly working its way up the length of each strand. **"I'm Gudako. A girl."**

**"Ryouma is Ryouma! See?"** The serpent floated down and slid dirty fingers up Gudako's skirt without permission, feeling around between her thighs. The human, naturally, turned beat red. Fingers grazed her pussy, but alarm bells went off in ginger's mind for a completely different reason as a pressure began to build at his clit. It didn't feel like she had to pee, but it felt like something was... coming out. It pushed against her black panties. A bulge. A bulge Oryou grabbed tenderly. **"Oryou-san knew you were a man!"**

**"What!? HEY!"** She could feel her own dick hardening in the cool, soft grip of Oryou's hand. It swelled pretty impressively, pushing up her skirt as Gudako became more and more aroused. But Oryou let go. She'd been told by Ryouma not to do stuff like that in public after all, they'd have to wait until they went back to their room. **"That's not... I'm not..."** The poor Gudako, in the meantime, was stuck contemplating the erect penis that now stuck out between her thighs. She wasn't a man, was he? He had a dick, so he must...

The ginger in his hair was practically gone now, the cut itself having become shorter and untamed while brown claimed the orange of his eyes. The space between his legs short of his dick had felt oddly empty for a moment, but as thighs crunched inward to close the gap and the shape of his thighs lost all feminine definition in exchange for a lithe, muscular tone he was able to put that absurdity to the back of his mind. Oryou hung upside down and stared at the legs beneath the skirt as they changed, amused as tiny black hairs sprouted all across their surfaces.

Gudako wasn't so amused. Clearly whatever had changed... Had changed... Wait, who had changed? Into whom? He'd come to this room with Oryou because the proprietress had asked for their help disposing of all the frogs. There was a nagging

feeling that something was terribly wrong with this whole situation, but since Oryou was at ease and her perception was better than his own, perhaps he was wrong?

His feminine form continued to become less of such, stomach widening as the softness of his tummy was claimed by hard abs. Even his odor was altered as the changes took his arms, thickening them into a pair of strong limbs complete with patches of long armpit hair that reeked of masculine musk. But Oryou loved that smell for some reason; perhaps because she was more beast than person.

Breasts, while not especially large to begin with, inevitably succumbed to change and were replaced with further muscle definition as his nipples shrunk to a size that was practically invisible compared to their previous form. But the shirt that was fashioned for a woman had torn open from the swelling, and the skirt below fared no better.

It was only his face that remained as lips shrunk and cheekbone structure grew firmer and sharper. His nose widened, eyes narrowed, and light stubble grew from his gruffer chin.

**“See? See? Ryouma!”** Oryou flipped back upright happily (skirt fluttering to reveal the pink leggings beneath) as the scent the man gave off was the one she recalled proper, immediately licking his face once more. The man remained dazed for a moment more before his clothes dissipated and were replaced by the ones he had prepared for his Saint Graph. Just why had he been wearing a skirt? It felt a lot better to be in his usual white suit and hat.

He wasn’t afforded much time to contemplate it as familiarly cold hands grabbed his own, tugging his gaze upward along with them. **“Ryouma. Can Oryou-san eat all of these frogs?”** Her tongue was practically hanging from her mouth with drool dripping at the prospect. There were so many!

**“Murasaki-san set these aside for us, so no. Not all at once anyways. Have one or two and we’ll go back to the room for a bit.”** Rough hands grasped the white hat atop his head and slid it down so it obscured his face a bit. For Ryouma Sakamoto, it was important he not act too excited. On the other hand Oryou seemed a little disappointed, but suddenly rubbed her face up against his shoulder. It wasn’t like her to be so clingy. *Well* she was usually clingy, but not in such an affectionate way. **“Is something wrong?”**

**“Oryou-san was just thinking. It’s almost Valentine’s. So... back in the room, if you want... do you want to *make a baby*?”** She always phrased sex this way, because he supposed that’s what sex was to a beast. She occasionally got wound up like this. Horny. It was fine, they were partners after all.

He smiled. **“If that’s what you want.”**

**“It’s what Ryouma wants too judging by the tent in his pants.”**

**“Hey!”**

**“Oryou-san can take care of that right now!”**

**“IN THE ROOM!”**

**“Aw...”**