

MAYBE IT'S MEDBELLINE

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A tiara.

Or was it a crown? Either way it had ended up on Shirou Emiya's front doorstep that day in a carefully wrapped package. He knew he hadn't ordered it, and Rin whom he was now living with after the end of the Holy Grail War hadn't ordered it, so who? What's more a label had been attached to it.

“Connacht Catalyst? Wait...” He'd heard the term before, because of course it had something to do with Servants. Everything kept coming back to that war. He wanted to forget, he wanted to move on, but life hadn't been so kind.

Shirou was leaning against the counter in his kitchen with the pristine, white, but oddly spiky tiara sitting in front of him. He was pretty sure Rin wouldn't order something like this without telling him, and there wasn't even a return address to send it back to. Even if it wasn't her who ordered it, he didn't doubt she'd have a better understanding of what it was doing here than he did considering her extensive history with the Clock Tower.

It wasn't like visiting Kirei Kotomine was an option anymore.

The young man just continued to stare at the object, almost as if he were caught in a trance. Rin should have been home already. Was she running late? It almost felt natural that at the first sign of something weird happening the two were separated when they were almost always together otherwise.

He'd been idly watching the tiara and yet... it suddenly disappeared right before his very eyes. No noise was made, he just glared at the spot a moment as if to confirm what he was seeing had actually happened. A hand swiped forward towards where the crown had been, but of course it only grabbed air. Shirou was *immediately* put on edge.

Taking a step back, his head whipped around as he looked for the object. Had it fallen off? It was a good guess, but no sooner than he'd wondered did he suddenly notice something peculiar. A weight upon his head that hadn't been there before. Fingers reached up to confirm his suspicions, and as something sharp poked into his palm he realized his concern wasn't unwarranted. "**How did it get on my head?**"

Magecraft? But there were more concerning manners, largely that he couldn't seem to remove it. Tugging didn't create the impression that it was bound to him so he kept trying, and yet when fingers finally slid off they gripped something *else* within the knock back. Fluffy and smooth, the scent of fresh strawberries filled the air at roughly the same time. And unlike the crown Shirou could give this fluffiness a good yank... which led into pain. "**OW!?**"

There was no doubt in his mind now, because the pain was distinctly linked to his mind. What he'd just tugged on, what he could now feel falling against his neck and shoulders, *was his hair*. It was still growing as he yanked some forward and stared at it in his hands. But that wasn't the only unusual characteristic. It was pink like bubblegum, and the strawberry scent was definitely airborne because of these locks. Like he'd lathered up in girl's shampoo that morning.

It was very soft and it looked like it had been well taken care of, but it wasn't what his hair was supposed to look or feel like! It had fallen to his hips for crying out loud! "**The tiara!? Is that what's causing this!?**" Both hands reached up again and began to pull. There couldn't *be* another cause. He couldn't sense anything awry with the mana in the air which meant a spell wasn't to blame, and the accessory was the only new element that had been introduced into his home. But *what* was it doing, and *why?*

Try as Shirou might to pull the accessory off it was a fruitless endeavor. Much like before it just wouldn't budge like it was a permanent part of his existence, and he was likewise struggling to even properly grip it as if he was overestimating the strength and size of his grasp. *Both* had gone awry so it was hardly possible to blame the boy for struggling.

For example: the more he pawed at the crown, the more he was doing so with smaller fingers. Their lengths had been quickly regressing as fading callouses left their surfaces smooth. It had drastically reduced the

strength of his grip, and lengthening fingernails only served to further his frustration since they kept interfering with the interaction between finger and steel.

But the young man pushed on regardless. If the tiara truly *was* to blame then the answer could only be found in its removal. Even if it seemed impossible he had to get it off, else he assumed he might be put into an irreversible situation.

It was folly to not pay closer attention to what was happening while he struggled though. Not only had he not taken notice of the change in his hands, but a more widespread curse had begun to plague his very frame. He was shrinking and compressing as if he were an image file with the corner slider being pulled inward.

What was thick grew thin, like arms and legs as their muscle tone diminished and shoulders collapsed in towards his neck. And what was tall became short, 167cm of height falling 13cm to a lacking 154cm. Limbs collapsed to match the changing times, but for some reason he didn't even quite resemble a boy when it was all said and done. While everything else had collapsed his hips almost seemed as if they'd grown a little wider, allowing the sides of his stomach to curve out towards them even after curving in against the tummy itself.

And this was all to say nothing of his clothes. Boxers and pants had fallen in the interim moment where body had collapsed but before hips had grown, and the shirt now hung off his body practically like a dress. There was no way this was something that could happen without notice, and Shirou's hands inevitably fell back down once he realized. The counter that he'd towered over just moments before was now barely below his eye level, and that long pink hair? It felt even *longer* when cast against a tinier frame.

“Wait! No way-- Even my voice!?” Hands were patting his body down as he tried to understand the breadth of what was happening, and even then his voice served as a distraction. It was higher, far more feminine. Like a *girl*.

But with his body hidden by the oversized shirt one could easily assume he *was* a girl. Softened facial features certainly didn't help, like rounder cheeks that were supported by sharper cheek bones, or a tinier nose, or lips that looked plump and needy. Hell, the obvious Japanese skew to his eyes had even waned as their shapes had rounded and lashes lengthened, giving him a much more Caucasian slant to his supposed ethnicity. Though the color of his irises hadn't *really* changed much.

“I’m becoming a girl, I’m becoming a GIRL.” Hand hovered over his crotch to make sure the tinier Shirou was still there. It was, but it was flaccid. Nothing about this was particularly arousing, not even as his knees began to buckle inwards thanks to a soft weight finding itself applied to his thighs. They were becoming softer, rounder, and yet while the boy’s muscle mass had all crunched in earlier they remained toned and strong. It was just that the toning was now better suited for his current height.

The lower back of his shirt soon covered less and less of his crotch, for the hem crawled upward in response to a thickening rear. Buns became curved and taut, their bottoms peeking out from under the shirt as they became a very evident appeal point against his small frame. And it would remain the largest appeal point for the breasts that grew in? At best they were a modest B-cup, nipples tenting the front of his shirt. **“Oh no.”**

He’d more or less accepted the reality of the situation and now his mind was wandering to what Rin would think if she walked in at this very moment. Nothing about his body looked like Shirou Emiya short of his dick, but it wasn’t like this tiny woman-looking body could just flash her nuts and earn Rin’s trust! At the very least he’d had hope that Rin might know of a way to *reverse* it.

Suddenly the bottom of the front of his shirt began to lift. He was growing erect, but he wasn’t aroused? Not to mention his dick was getting a little too big. A little too *engorged*. If he was becoming a woman than why would *that* happen? Shirou couldn’t see with the shirt in the way, but growth wasn’t the only thing happening. The flesh was beginning to look glossy and bright pink. Not like a natural organ, but a very unnatural *dildo*.

“Wah!?” Eventually it slipped out from under the shirt and stood firm in all of its bright pink glory. **“Is that a *dildo!*?”** That was the obvious question but it still seemed to be attached to his crotch. It was difficult to make out, but the flesh around its bright pink base seemed to be swelling, a gap forming between the swollen area and the dildo for his balls to collapse inside of.

In fact a shiver ran up his spine because of this sensation. It intensified and only grew more manic as time went on. It was like a gaping hole and formed between his legs and was slipping up inside of him, but... the hole was full? Deeper, deeper; the front of the dildo grew even a little bit longer. Until finally... **“AHN!?”** An orgasmic sound erupted from Shirou’s lips and the dildo finally fell out, not off. A long, pink double-sided dildo splat against the ground, the inner half wet from being shoved up *her pussy*.

Hands ran down to check, eyes staring at the dildo in horror. She was definitely a woman now, but was that dildo really her old dick? It was absolutely disgusting, but its phallic shape was something of a *turn-on*. No, it wasn't just the dildo. Her loins were aching fiercely despite Shirou's typically measured sexual appetite. Her breasts throbbed with a need to be touched. She wanted to touch.

“No... No I *shouldn't*...” What if Rin walked in? But then again, *what if Rin walked in?* Fingers quivered as they reached for the bottom of the shirt, and with an ease of the likes she'd never felt before (*for she now possessed the strength of a Servant*), she tore it from her body with ease. The woman's naked form glistened beneath the light of the kitchen, her pussy dripping from a combination of the dildo that had been wedged inside it and her own building, uncontrollable arousal.

Fingers slid past her stomach and the bright pink bush of hair above her pussy, before nails plunged into the gaping hole. It was evident it had been used a lot considering how sensitive it was. A glow of depraved pink settled across Shirou's cheeks as she began to furiously finger herself, slender back pushed up against the kitchen counter. But fingers weren't enough. She wanted more. She was greedy. She'd always been greedy. *She was a Queen after all*. No... that wasn't right. She wasn't... *No, she'd be whatever she needed to be to feel this pleasure.*

Her name? What was her name? As she bent down with her peach shaped ass presented to the front door to grab the dildo it seemed to be a topic she was struggling with. Shirou? That name sounded gross. It didn't portray her *strength* and *sexiness*. It also didn't seem to match her memories, which were quickly contorting in real time. The kitchen she was wiggling her butt in hardly even seemed familiar anymore, and by the time she'd risen with the huge, double sided dildo in hand...

“Who are you!?” There was a young woman standing in the doorway. A small frame, dark brown locks, her body dressed in red. A magus if the woman's senses weren't failing her.

The *Queen* paused, allowing the dildo to flop around in her hands. **“Are you the one that summoned me?”** These words just came out as if autopiloted. A Servant *had* to seek their Master, but the girl's look of confusion told the *Queen* all she needed to. **“Well if not...”** A Servant skill activated. *Siren Song*. A skill to capture the hearts of any who stared upon her. Rin Tohsaka was immediately enthralled, and began to approach her with cheeks tickled pink. **“Appease me.”**

Rin stripped as she walked towards the Servant, the pink haired woman lowering herself to the floor and spreading the legs as she watched a

largely now-naked human do the same. “**I wish to please you, Queen Medb.**” Rin’s uttering provided a name, and one that clicked for ‘Shirou’. Right. Her name was *Queen Medb of Connacht*. How could she forget something so important? Overwhelmingly *strong*, unbelievably *beautiful*, notoriously *insatiable*. That had been her legacy.

Medb certainly wouldn’t refuse this offer, and she slid the double sided dildo into her pussy and Rin’s own at the same time, bodies laying on the ground parallel one another. This went on for a moment before Medb instructed Rin to get on her hands and knees, and while gripping her side of the dildo like a strap-on she began to plow the dark-haired woman from behind in true doggy style.

Both women moaned uncontrollably, and each moment of stimulation settled Medb more and more into her new life. But it wasn’t without effect for Rin, either. Over time her dark hair became a dark purple. Her body grew taller and more muscular. Her hips grew wide and ass grew large, and as eyes turned a dark red her breasts heaved several sizes larger. Until Medb was plowing a perfect replica of Scathach.

But Rin didn’t gain Scathach’s memories nor personality. Instead it was a custom personality enforced by the pink haired queen. It made her submissive and willing to serve. A living fuck toy that would please her queen at a moment’s notice while also doing all the cooking and cleaning.

When both women finally collapsed in the now filthy kitchen, spent, Medb finally made her decree. “**This will be our base of operations, and from this moment on I’ll see to it that every human in this city becomes my thrall! Just like you, my cute little, passive Scathach-chan~!**”

It was the beginning of the end for Fuyuki.