

# LOVING WITH RIYO

## BIWEEKLY STORY 14

### BY CHALDEACHANGE



The arrival of a peculiar book had sent Chaldea on a topsy turvy adventure to reclaim it before it did any real damage. For some reason the book contained mischaracterizations of the various Servants of the organization, and those that read it would ultimately be hypnotized to conform to the personality contained within. But thanks to the efforts of da Vinci they'd been able to isolate and destroy the text... or so they'd thought.

It was an early Sunday morning when Gudao and Gudako wandered into Murasaki Shikibu's library. They were searching for reading materials da Vinci-chan had sent them to gather, and the list brought them into an isolated side room. It didn't sound like they were very urgent, but considering their dear inventor was a half-pint now she had a bad habit of using that childish charm to get the two siblings to do what she wanted.

**"She was looking for a copy of Shakespeare's works, right? I wonder what for."** The sister mused aloud as fingers ran across the spines of various books, her brother doing the same a few shelves over. Her query was met with an unsure shake of the head. **"Ah! I think this is it!"** Gudako tugged a book free of the shelving, *'The Works of William Shakespeare'* written in gold ink on the side. The girl flipped it open a moment, hoping to confirm its contents but what she found was... **"Eh? This can't be right? A 4koma? And it's about Servants..."**

**"Hey, sis? I'd put that down, it might be dangerous..."** While they'd gotten rid of the last book of that nature, the idea that another might have slipped past their radar wasn't zero. But it was already too late.

Gudako was blushing like an idiot as she flipped through the pages. **"Huh... This one is about me and Elizabeth going to a Singularity called the 'Yuri Singularity'..."** That wasn't even *correct*. While Elizabeth was certainly only the page, the one beside her was not Gudako but Kiyohime. But Gudako's skewed perception was merely foreshadowing for what was about to take place.

The brother knocked the book out of his sister's hand, and Gudako cried out in shock from the sudden act of violence. **"Anchin-sama, why!? Er... Anchin-sama...? Elizabeth...? Huh?"** Huh was right. Neither of the designations she'd attempted to use for Gudao were correct. His name or 'brother' would have been fine, but that wasn't the case at all.

**"Gudako? You alright? Maybe the book had some sort of brain... washing..."** It would have made sense to assume that the text had the same brainwashing ability as the earlier cursed text, but as he focused on his sister's bangs he quickly realized that mere brainwashing wasn't all that this book could influence. The tops of his sister's hair looked frosted with white, nay, bright teal, and the coloring only continued to seep deeper and deeper into her orange locks, new volume thickening and lengthening so that it had already fallen past her shoulders.

The girl felt... *weird*. All had been fine before she'd looked at that book, so what had changes? On those pages had been so much outlandish content, but why had that comic with Elizabeth stuck out so much? She didn't really have feelings for Elizabeth, did she? Wait, no, no! She wasn't even Kiyohime! She was... She was... *whom?*

Her deliberation was kicked aside by a sudden combination of both pressure and pain atop her head. It was almost like she'd been smacked in two points by a heavy object and was no reaping the swollen benefits of injury, but skin grew thinner and thinner before it melted into the bone that was erupting from her skull. It was a bloodless affair as horns, ivory and immovable, curled out on either side of her head with three prongs per protrusion. They cupped Gudako's hair, which was already largely teal and far longer than it had been moments ago, bangs far neater than she ever styled.

Golden yellows accompanied a dulling light in her eyes as she stood perplexed by her own absence of identity. As much as she wracked her brain she couldn't remember if her current appearance was wrong or right, or what her name even was. But looking at the man who was her brother she saw him as someone she treasured either way. A smile spread across lips and she reached a hand towards him. Before she grabbed his sleeve to tug the lengths of her fingernails elongated, the manicure that softened their edges meticulously crafted atop fingers that grown subtly thinner and longer, and noticeably bonier. **"What's wrong, Anchin-sama?"**

From Gudao's perspective? Plenty. Before his very eyes he'd watched his sister slowly transcend mortality to look more and more like a Servant he recognized. Kiyohime? Did she have a Shapeshift skill? Had she been in Gudako's place all along? No, there was no way. She would have given her disguise away almost immediately.

**"Who... are you? Gudako, right?"** The boy's blue gaze burrowed into the woman's own even as her clothing began to hang with more and more room off of her body. Gudako's shoulders had clearly withdrawn, the tone of her skin having lightened substantially. Even her breasts were smaller now, not that Gudao could see those. All that was really retained of Gudako's own form were her thighs, which retained their usual plumpness with the lighter tone of skin.

The girl tilted her head to the side just in time for her attire to disappear in puff of golden sparkles, before an elegant teal kimono took shape in its place.

**"Anchin-sama...? Of course I'm..."** Gudako? Was she Gudako? Who was that? And once again she was perplexed by the words that escaped her own lips. Anchin-sama? No, wasn't she supposed to be with...

Her Saint Graph burning, the book she'd picked up early was caught in the corner of her eye on the ground. A slip cover hung off of it (something about Shakespeare), but the real cover was in plain sight. It was a book of 4koma strips, surely. Instead of answering the boy's question she reached down to pick them up with one hand as she tightened her grip on his arm with the other. **"What do you think about this?"** 'Kiyohime' corrected her posture and shoved the comic strip in her 'brother's face, the very same page that had triggered her own transformation.

As much as Gudao tried to look away, he was kind of being held in place. The woman kept forcing the text wherever he averted his gaze. Unfortunately catching sight of one panel was enough to ignite his cheeks much like Gudako's own had before, and then he couldn't look away. **"A 'Yuri Singularity'? Who would go to something like that with you?"** Questions about the girl's identity immediately washed away once his eyes had processed what he'd just read. This was Kiyohime, who else would it be? He didn't really get along with her... Wait, what? Kiyohime was one of his Servants, he didn't *not* get along with her even if she was pretty clingy at times.

*Ugh*, just thinking about this was giving him a major migraine -- or so the boy had thought, but that was just his own set of horns taking shape. They swole just like Gudako's had, and yet their design was quite different. Bone darkened to black as a purple sheen ran across each surface like a gloss, the points facing upward but not before spiraling several times. The hair around these horns, displaced by the new spikes, quickly brightened from its usual black to a vibrant pink that only grew shaggier and pinker as time went on.

Unlike Gudako, whom saw little other than simple aesthetic changes as she shifted into her new role, there was a lot of work to be done on Gudao's body. His clothing grew ill-fitting at a much quicker rate and with a much greater intensity. This was because there was so much to lose, and because his new body type would be dramatically different from the fit young man he usually was.

For example? His muscles. He'd built them up over the course of her travels. He was surely no Servant in terms of strength, but since his role often saw him traveling all over Singularities he'd built up quite the muscle mass. Mass that quickly thinned as a paler skin tone seeped in across his usual, subtle tan. Where muscles were firm and powerful, weakness made both his arms and legs wither away into bean-y strands that would never appeal to an older woman. They were lanky almost like a young girl's, and as a discreet layer of fat took shape across them that point was only driven home.

**"Kiyo, I feel weird!"** He exclaimed, the pitch of Gudao's voice clearly jumping several octaves mid-sentence.

But the dragon merely smiled and took his hand much like the Kiyohime in the comic had, lacing her fingers with his even as the skin around each of the boy's fingers became harder and harder, a pink resin solidifying around their full lengths and crunching them into smaller, daintier forms to better rest in the Servant's own grasp. **"It's okay, it'll be over soon."** She just wanted her usual Elizabeth back.

His torso suddenly crunched, which provoked a sinking feeling in his stomach as it was like he'd been scrubbed up against a washboard. Muscles around his tummy deteriorated until his stomach was smooth as silk, his overall figure far more petite as an itchy feeling formulated around his chest. Gudao couldn't see beneath his shirt of course, but tiny nipples had puffed up as the flesh beneath them swelled. Not substantially, of course, but it was enough to call them a budding pair of breasts.

He was really insecure about their size. How dare that Carmilla grow a pair so large! But at the very least Kiyohime never joked about them, that was the one good thing *she* could say about the Japanese Servant. N-Not that she liked her or anything!

The gradual change in self-reflecting pronouns came about in tandem with a new vacancy between her legs. Her dick was not needed on the body of a girl who wasn't very fond of men, even as her pubes disappeared to keep a clean shave and the slightest amount of weight formed around her thighs to give her a youthful, feminine look. Her butt? It plumped it as well, but like her breasts there was clearly room to grow.

**"Wh-Why are you holding my hand so naturally!? This was your plan all along, wasn't it!?"** Gudao barked again, her voice clearly that of a young maiden. She was proud of her voice, she was going to be an idol! ...Wasn't she? That felt right but wasn't it wrong? It sounded like the kind of goal someone that annoyed her might have had... Wasn't she just remembering wrong? No, *she* was always the one being called annoying! **"Eh? EHHH!?"**

Gudaliz finally noticed her wardrobe malfunction. She'd grown so much smaller that her top was practically falling off, one breast bare under the light of the library room as her pants and underwear rested at her feet. Behind her, a black, forked tail that has recently slithered out from above her thrashed around freely with her bottom

exposed. **“D-Did you undress me too, Kiyoi!? I-It’s just like that book!”** She pointed a free finger at the text in the Berserker’s hand as her outfit, too, dissipated into golden particles and her first ascension wear took shape. Cute, childish lips pursued with frustration, tiny cheeks growing a brilliant crimson beneath big blue eyes as she brushed pink bangs from her field of view, tucking them behind ears that had just finished becoming pointed. **“A-Aren’t you too much of a natural!? Sure maybe I’ve been thinking what’s in that book isn’t too bad, and maybe you’re kind of cute, but... Mmph!?”**

Elizabeth had closed her eyes as she prattled on about this and that, but Kiyohime took the chance to pounce. She laced her free hand with Liz’s own before meeting lips and probing the Lancer’s lips with her tongue. When she withdrew, she licked her own lips and reached for Elizabeth’s breast with one of her hands, giving its barely covered form a squeeze. **“Maybe that’s because I like you.”** Anchin-sama? Who? All she cared about was the frenemy in front of her. Making the pink-haired dragon her lover? That book was right. It just made sense.

A high pitched squeak escaped the lips of the virgin dragon as Kiyohime shoved her back against a table. **“Don’t worry Elizabeth, I’ll be gentle.”**

**“Ahn!?”**

And she was. The two enjoyed several rounds of the sweet yuri paradise laid out by the ‘*Yuri Singularity*’, only halting when an angry Murasaki interrupted them. But this was only the beginning. *The Yuri Singularity would only continue to spread.*