

AT A SNAIL'S PACE

COMMISSION STORY

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The Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki.

It was a story of the likes that had been told time and time again throughout the annals of history. Even if those that participated weren't aware of it, those events had led to the victory of humanity later on time and time again as Servants from it had either been summoned anew or *forged from* it – typically through the summoning system of the Chaldea Security Organization. And yet this wasn't a tale of Chaldea's and, in fact, that organization had absolutely nothing to do with it.

Barring a singular familiar face. A Servant that would one day be summoned by Chaldea, yet simultaneously one that should *not* have existed during this Holy Grail War whatsoever. But history was a funny thing. Those involved with Servants across time and space all had a chance to stumble upon this realization: that timelines *could* diverge. Sometimes this ultimately manifested a danger like a Singularity, but in others?

Those alternate timelines would exist unharmed until they were eventually *culled*.

This was a latter case. One where the Caster summoned into the Holy Grail War had been a different witch altogether. Yet one that was nonetheless related to the Medea who was *supposed* to be summoned. All it had taken was a single, minor mistake on the summoning circle that had been utilized. **“Hmm... I suppose before I do anything else I'll require some *piglets*, won't I?”**

It was late at night and Sakura Matou knew that she probably shouldn't have been out alone. While almost the entirety of Fuyuki knew nothing of the Holy Grail War that was being waged, Sakura was not counted among them. The Matou family had a very important role in the war. Not only were they participating in it themselves, but Sakura... Well, in a way she was the key to it all. But she hadn't stopped visiting Shirou Emiya through it. At least not *yet*.



The purple haired girl passed through the same park that she did every night. The moon was only half full, but it was still enough to light the places in the park that the street lights themselves did not reach. It wouldn't take her very long to move through the park and finally get home. Not that she was in a rush. But that only would have mattered had she not been interrupted.

“Oya? You’re a pretty cute one, aren’t you?” Sakura had felt no presence before, but the next thing she realized there was a presence speaking to her from behind. *A Servant?* If they had been in Spirit Form then that would have explained things. Was she in danger? Had the voice’s owner figured out her role in everything? Sakura spun around to ask, but the moment she set sights on the Servant and opened her mouth? Something was pushed between her lips. Something sweet.

And it was shoved into the back of her throat so suddenly that she swallowed it instinctively.

The Servant smiled. Sakura was shocked, but she was able to see the stranger clearly now. A young woman with pink hair and pointy ears dressed in white, using footwear that seemed to make her appear taller. Not to mention it seemed like she had *wings*, although they were folded for the time being. **“Wh-Who are you!? What did you just put in my mouth!?”** For the time being she’d play dumb. At least until she knew if her secret was out or not.

“Hehehe~! Well, I suppose there’s no harm in letting you know! It won’t matter in a moment.” That line was *ominous*. Was the strange looking lady about to kill her? Sakura was understandably and genuinely worried for her life now. **“Caster is what you *should* call me, I suppose...”** So, she was the Caster that was summoned? **“But my true name is *Circe*.”**

Sakura knew the name. She appeared in one of Homer's epic poems. A famous witch that was related to Hecate. **"Erm... Are you a cosplayer? I mean..."** From the mage's assessment it seemed that Caster didn't know she was a Matou nor what that might imply. It seemed to be a coincidence that they had met from where she was standing. Was there a chance that she could walk away unharmed? No, that was unlikely, wasn't it? After all... The Servant had told her of her True Name. That meant she was going to be disposed of. Likely *killed*. But she could defend herself. **"B-But again, what was it that you—?"**

Her question was interrupted as Circe placed a finger up against her lips to hush her. **"Shh, shh! You'll see soon, my little piggie! Or well... Perhaps you'll be a little piggie? I had to substitute some ingredients with those of this era and I'm not quite sure how they'll take. It *should* be fine though! Worst case it's a dude and I'll just cut my losses!"** What was she even going on about? It made it sound as if she had intended on turning her into a pig, but what purpose would that serve. No, to be more accurate: she had implied there was a *chance* it would happen.

But then what would happen on the chance that it *didn't* work?

"I—!" Sakura hadn't been done attempting to reason with the Servant that had jumped her, but before she could get her next question out, she became overwhelmed with an intense dizziness paired with an uncanny pressure above her eyes. It had almost felt like the onset of a migraine, but that possibility was rendered moot because there wasn't any pain that accompanied it. **"I... What?"**

But the dizziness eventually became so great that her vision seemed to split into... *four*? And just as that pressure had begun to alleviate itself at that. No, it felt like that where the pressure had been something was *pushing out*? Hands shaking with concern, she reached one up to touch around her forehead and eventually grasped something... sensitive. To the touch it was soft and leathery, ruling out the possibility that it was a horn. It was more like a *stalk*. And once her split vision cleared? She realized that it had split into four because she could *see through the tops of them*.

"E-Eyes!? Are these eye stalks!?" Considering her unfortunate familiarity with creepy crawlies, Sakura was immediately able to grasp what had just sprouted from her body. Thick at the base and thin at the top, she had grown a pair of eye stalks that you might find on something *bug adjacent*. **"What did you do to me!?"** The stalks were a pale green in color, and that coloration had begun to spread down into her face now.

But Circe wasn't even listening to her. **"Oh, a shame. I guess you aren't becoming a cute little piglet after all. Too bad! Not much I can do about it now!"** And then she just *disappeared*, shifting back into Spirit Form so that Sakura couldn't sense her. Had she left or was she observing from the shadows? In the end it didn't matter. Whatever she had done to the girl, she had no interest in undoing it.

"HEY!" Sakura screamed during this moment of disappearance. The skin in her face was softening and rounding as the green, leathery texture continued to paint over it. Weight pooled in her cheeks to give it a slightly chubbier feel, while a shimmering blue painted over the colors of her eyes. That very *same* blue appeared to flourish in her hair next, an unrelated side effect of what she had been force fed. Much of that hair *shortened* too, ultimately leaving her with little more than a chin length bob. **"Please! Stop... this...!"**

There was something concerning happening mentally now that the food had been given a chance to properly sit for a minute. Sakura was obviously and understandably panicked, but she seemed a little slow on the uptake. It was getting progressively harder to think her way through things. Like a fog had overcast her mind? Not *really*. It was more like she was just thinking slowly. Her thoughts were almost *heavy*.

But to be fair? So was her body as a whole. The green, leathery effect was spreading across more and more of her skin, and wherever it covered? Weight appeared to pool beneath it. This was readily seen in her upper arms. The color spread down towards her fingertips, but fat gathered *in* those arms, so they became plump and squishy. Her arms were almost *tripled* in size, and when her hands were enraptured, they became sausage-like and free of any fingernails. **"What's... no... I'm getting... hideous...?"**

She wasn't really *wrong* about that. She was retaining her humanity to an extent, but there was something *monstrous* about her changing appearance. Those arms and hands looked like they belonged to a monster, and a sheen that spread across them as her skin began to *excrete* a sticky substance – *mucus* – only added to things.

"EEP!?" Slower thoughts or not, she still reacted to the fact that she was falling forward near instantaneously. Skin had been painted over around legs that had been thickening in tandem with her arms, but *unlike* her arms? Once they grew larger enough to meet in the middle they had begun to *fuse*. This is what caused Sakura's body to tumble forward. And her stickied panties to tear away.

She fell off to the side, landing in a little garden that had been fashioned off to the side of the park path. But there was a weird *SPLAT*ting feeling when she hit the ground. The girl slowly struggled, but she couldn't manage to lift herself up below the waist. She was clinging to the ground? Because the mucus that her skin had begun to excrete was much more abundant on the front of her legs now... or what could best be considered her *underside* at this juncture. Her lower body flattened on this underside and any attempts to move on her part felt *difficult*. Because tiny muscles were spasming to try to push her forward.

The girl's body was *still* getting heavier, too. Her ass had thickened, but her cheeks had merged so that she had a singular lump jutting up into the air above her. This added weight was far clearer in her torso, mind you, because not only did she develop a slimy belly bump that was a little paler than the green that clad her limbs and back, but her already impressively sized breasts had grown larger within her uniform top. About *two* cup sizes in fact, and as the produced mucus themselves it began to seep into the fabric to make it *wet*.

“Am I... getting smaller...?” She'd once again been a little slow to notice, but the world *was* getting larger around her. Even her clothes, despite sticking to her sticky skin, were bunching up as she shrunk more and more *into* them. She'd already shrunk enough that she was lower than the seat of a nearby park bench, but despite this there was something *growing* up and out of her body too.

That little change was courtesy of the already enlarged rear end of hers. Something had possessed it and it *exploded* in size this time, but simultaneously? The leather green that had originally coated her cheeks was *hardening*. Leather was replaced with something far harder while the shape smoothed and curled, yet within? Internal organs and other biological pieces that needed to be protected were moved and, in some cases, appeared to suit the biology of the creature she was becoming.

Poor Sakura herself could only just barely crane her neck to see its shape propping up the collar of her shirt – because she was now smaller than even a nearby flower. Fortunately, her stalky, extra pair of snail eyes could turn around entirely. **“A... shell...? Am I... a...?”** A *snail*. Well, normal snails didn't have human-shaped torsos, even if they did have the flesh and skin characteristics of a snail otherwise. But her ass had *definitely* become a spiral shell with a glossy, weaving pattern. Part of her body was *inside* of it, and her muscles could now contract in a way where she could pull herself entirely inside if she needed to.

And in the end, she shrunk down to the size of an *actual* snail. A creature so small that most humans would not notice it unless they were looking for it.

It took nearly an additional *ten* minutes for the young woman to *slither* out of the neck hole of what had once been her uniform top. And yet now? From her perspective that shirt alone might as well have had the surface area of a *large house*, its size all the more daunting now that eighty percent of her body was that of a *snail*. An underside layered with mucus could only move so fast by the power of subtle muscular contractions. And it had taken her that long when she had been sitting in the collar of the top in the first place. **“What am I... supposed to do... about this?”**



She'd stumbled into a flower garden of the park midst her transformation's climax, and she was so small now that even the shortest flower was as tall as a small building comparatively. Even if she screamed there was no way she'd be able to get a person's attention, and Circe had left her the moment she realized that the teen wasn't becoming a piglet in the first place.

Of course, there were *other* problems. Sakura had retained her human mind and emotions, but because snails were slow and unintelligent, her capacity for critical thinking had lessened and her ability to even think in the first place was much *slower*. **“I'm a... snail...”** The tentacles atop her head drooped, the additional eyes within them twitching in the meantime. Did this mean she would never see her senpai again? Even if she could, would he even be able to accept her like this?

The snail girl moved beneath a fallen leaf *instinctively*. While *she* hadn't thought about the potential dangers to this new body of hers, something deep down was guiding a subconscious desire to preserve her life. Of course, moving beneath that leaf took another ten minutes. But with her mind slowed? It didn't really feel like all *that* much time had passed for her. It was only once she was covered and in the comfort of moist soil that it finally hit her. **“...Predators!”**

How was she supposed to *survive* with this body? She was so small that a human could step on her, but there was the chance something larger than her would try to *eat* her. And what could she do in that case? She couldn't outrun a predator. She'd have no choice but to retreat into her shell – something she could do with how malleable her form was. There was also the realization that she felt a little... warm? **“O-Oh!”**

Snails were hermaphroditic, weren't they?