

# DRAPHTING SAMURAI

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Musashi Miyamoto had a problem, and that problem?

It was her own excellence.

“**Why does no one want to spar with meeeee!?**” The Saber was alone in her room, whining to no one in particular – because there wasn’t anyone there to whine *to*. It seemed like, time and time again, other sword-wielding Servants of Chaldea were refusing her challenges. Sometimes they had good reasons for it, other times their excuses sounded like just that: excuses. It was something she absolutely could *not* tolerate, the idea that any warrior worth their salt would decline a challenge from hers truly.

Musashi herself *was* the problem, though. She was a little *too* overeager to brawl, and that came across in how she asked other Servants. Coming off as more of a nuisance than a worthy challenger, she inadvertently made it much easier for the others to brush her off. But Musashi being Musashi, she wasn’t self-reflective enough to realize that this was the case.

And so she had elected to just lay on her bed and whine about it. She typically would take her Master aside to bemoan her gripe of the day, but at present she knew he was with Mashu off in the training simulation. That session would come to an end soon though, and when it did? She’d jump them! “**I just wish there were more worthy katana wielders...**”

A comment she had made off the cuff was one that would have a profound effect on the circumstances, because a strange flash of light

jumped from her body. **“EH!? What was that!? It felt kind of like when I jump world, but... I’m still in the same world, aren’t I?”**

*How odd.*

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**“Mashu?”** The Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka Fujimaru, was at a real loss. He had been in the combat simulator with Mashu when, all of a sudden, he had been ejected by a strange flash of light. The technology *did* have a safety measure that warped the Master back into the lobby if something was causing irregularities, and considering Mashu was not at his side that seemed to be the long and short of it. Because of the composition of Servants though, they still had to disconnect manually.

He wondered what might have caused such an error in the first place? Well, it must have been that flash of light, right? He hoped it wasn’t dangerous in any way, but the simulator had some pretty good stopgaps in place. Not even BB could hack this model (*after some unsavory past incidents*) and so he couldn’t imagine what could cause anything more drastic than a minor error.

The magic of a Holy Grail just might.

Not even Ritsuka had been ejected in time, yet he had no grounds initially to suspect that anything was amiss. **“I wonder how long it will take Mashu to come out... Should I report this to da Vinci?”** Thinking he was in the clear, he was much more fixated on what might have befallen his closest friend. But there were already signs that things had gone *awry*.

Unless, of course, Ritsuka had always had a pair of nubs sticking out of the top of his head? He hadn’t, of course, which lent credibility to the whole ‘something was amiss’ notion. But those nubs were there, and they were *growing*. At quite an astounding speed as well. Beginning as a pair of dark protrusions that poked up and out of the sideward peaks of his skull, they soon curved forward as the bases grew thicker and thicker. They were undeniably *horns*, and their weight didn’t exactly go unnoticed by the young man they were attached to.

“Uh...” He’d felt the strange weight and moved his hands up past ears that were stretching into rather sharp points, but because the horns had taken his attention digits had moved *right* past them. They gripped the growths and gave a sharp tug which, naturally, confirmed what he expected: they were fastened to his head. “**H-Horns?**” Flabbergasted, he didn’t really have much to say about it initially as he probably *should* have.

Lack of words aside, things only escalated from that point on. The hands that were groping these new horns of his exhibited an increased femininity; slenderer and smaller, nails even jutted out an inch past the point they typically did. Even within his boots was this replicated, with heels sharper than normal in exchange for naturally softer soles.

“**Why do I have horns? Is it related to why I was ejected? Did something actually go wrong!?**” Eventually the shock dwindled enough for him to cry out with surprise. He was stuck between a rock and a hard place now. Should he go fetch help? But then what if Mashu needed assistance?

*A good big sister would wait, wouldn't she?*

He supposed she— **WAIT A SECOND!**

A good big sister? To begin with, he wasn’t even a... “**OW!?**” Okay, never mind. In the process of trying to understand why he’d thought of himself in such a way, a sharp pain almost akin to a hefty kick in the groin had struck him in the nuts. He didn’t recoil, but when he reached down in agony to make sure everything was okay? *She* could tell from the moment fingers grazed the front of her pants that some very prominent damage had been done. “**I’m a... a... a girl!?**” Well, she certainly *sounded* like one. That weenie Armageddon had really jumped her voice up a number of octaves.

“**This can’t be possible...**” Ritsuka’s voice had grown softer, too. Just as soft as her complexion appeared to be becoming. All of the notable muscle in her body appeared to dwindle, giving her flesh a more supple look. Even though it looked like she might be weaker, she in fact *felt* much stronger than she ever had in her life. “**What could be doing this? And why?**”

There was hardly anyone around to offer an explanation, leaving the young woman to struggle with her current predicament. She *knew* she should fetch help, but a boiling *big sister instinct* kept her firmly rooted out of concern for Mashu. Even though her face’s shape was rounding, and her eyes were growing wider. Thick, kissable lips and a button nose helped contribute to an increasingly beautiful visage.

Ritsuka was still missing some aspects that any good big sister lacked, though. Her hair still had its boyish look after all, but that was promptly corrected. Black locks cascaded far down behind her, while in the front her bangs were cast across her left eye. Miraculously she could still see *through* them, but that was owed to the mystical blue that danced among her irises, muting the brighter blue she had once possessed. Color came for those locks of hers not long after, flowing black painted a beautiful lilac.

But the woman was becoming less and less troubled by the transformation she was undergoing. She didn't bat an (exceptionally long) eyelash at the growth of her hair, nor at the fact that her height had begun to collapse in on itself. It was quite the dramatic bout of loss too, taking her all of the way down to roughly 4'5" – a loss that certainly *should* have slid her clothes right off of her.

While they had seemed keen on swallowing her flesh whole though, a simultaneous set of changes kept pants on her hips and made up for the lost space in her jacket. Because she earned a *very* pronounced figure despite her naturally shorter stature. Hips had been pulled wide while her waistline has crunched inward, affording a very appealing contrast that was only bolstered by a swell of flesh. Both her thighs and her ass bloating with tender meat, thickening to the point that she could not walk without her thighs squishing together, or her big ass bumping up and down.

*It would be nice to have someone rest upon my thighs as I cleaned their ears!*

But it was always so hard to see them! After all, she had *such big breasts!* And as if on cue, those monsters came to flourish. The front of her jacket filled up with an unbelievable pair of J-cup tits that forced the zipper down and the belt to strain, all while lifting the bottom higher. They were unbelievably heavy, but her back was quick to adjust to them as if they were completely natural to her. Every breath saw them bounce, but despite their emergence the woman did not feel compelled to touch them.

In fact, Ritsuka was still daydreaming about doting. On whom? Pretty much anyone. Had she been waiting around for someone? She couldn't really remember at this point. Staring off into space, she hardly even noticed her outfit crawling about and restructuring itself in both style and color. The ensemble that this resulted in was one that showed off her thick thighs and arms, while her torso was clad in a high-hung black tunic with an open, sleeveless coat atop it. A bright blue hair clip, and boots and gloves both made of leather topped it all off.

*But there was also a very long katana upon her hip.*

“Dear oh dear, what has become of little old me?” With a gloved right hand drawn to a matching cheek, the short but stacked woman tilted her horned head to the side. She could tell that she had changed, that she was not meant to exist in this body, nor with this personality, but something within her gently coaxed her into not questioning it too much. *It’s easier to just accept that this is who I am.* Feeling *this* at peace? It wasn’t bad at all.



*Narmaya*, as she now knew her name to be, cast lilac eyes upon the door to the simulator. She knew what that was, and the Draph knew *where* she was. Her memories were her own, yet thoughts of a past life still lingered enough to present her with guidance regarding how to live life in this world. “**Who is on the other side of this door? Their aura is... familiar.**”

Fingers rested gingerly upon the katana at her hip.

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“**Senpai!? Was he disconnected?**” Meanwhile, back in the simulator Mashu Kyrielight was at a loss regarding what had just transpired. Her dear senpai had suddenly *disappeared* into thin air, leaving her alone in the forest battle simulation that they had entered together. She could recall very *briefly* seeing a flash of light, and then her Master had just up and vanished. “**Did the security measures kick in? That’s odd... Didn’t da Vinci-chan say that in cases like these the simulator would post a warning?**”



She certainly had, but there was no such warning within the simulator itself. Everything looked to be carrying on as normal despite Ritsuka's forced ejection. Even worse, Shielder couldn't manage to disconnect herself through regular protocols. **"That's strange... Maybe there really is a glitch?"** Without any actual combat to look forward to by this juncture, she dismissed her armor to return to her normal, bespectacled state. But it didn't take her very long after to realize something. The air was amiss. No... Not the air? Was something *within* amiss?

**"..Eh? Am I seeing things?"** For but a brief moment, Mashu had looked down at her dress and tie because her eyes had been *drawn* there.

The clothes in that area had just felt a little tight, and upon investigation would look like the probable cause was just something that didn't make any sense. After all, *her chest looked a little larger?* She blinked several times, and every time those eyes opened they looked bigger than before she'd closed them.

*No, no, no.* That was impossible, right? It had to be! And yet she could feel the cloth of her black dress stretching, and see the sides of her hoodie sliding down the far sides of mounds that were sitting more and more uncomfortably within a bra that was evidently too small. While the growth had started out modestly, it didn't take long for things to get out of hand. **"I'm not... seeing things..."**

The weight of them was real. The discomfort she felt because of them was real. The strap of her bra was forced to snap by their sheer size, and the skirt of her dress was lifted so you could see her white panties beneath her black tights. When all was said and done each of her tits was just as big as her *head*.

**"Why!?! These are way too heavy!"** Mashu had honestly always lamented the size of her breasts *before* this, so this seemed even more excessive. She needed to use both of her hands to support them initially, at least until her back adjusted, and in doing so she was forced to neglect covering up a different yet equally alarming change.

Mashu's tights were inching farther and farther down her thighs, at first because her hips had parted to grow even wider than before. They only slid so far down before they got *caught* on something though, and said something was her thighs. They made good room of the extra space, bloating with no shortage of delight until they touched in the center

between her legs. Extra mass sliding into her ass as well, it erupted to almost *two times* its usual size, her exposed white panties now uncomfortable getting wedged in the back and cameltoed in the front. “*Nn!?*”

The woman’s voice had deepened, and corresponding with that was a change in facial design. Lips took on an enhanced sheen, and her arrows narrowed so that she had a sharper resting expression. While her face grew just a little wider, its overall design was suggestive of a woman in her mid-twenties rather than a girl in her late teens, and with the figure she currently sported...

Shocking as it all was in the end, was it really all *that* shocking? Mashu had certainly been surprised in the beginning, but now she felt strangely at peace. All of her anxiety was evaporating, leaving her calmer with steadied breaths. It was because the changes had begun to seep into her mind, and from the closest point to her mind, the roots of her hair, a new color emerged. Lilac locks were claimed by a silvery white, and that color saw the length of her mane propel itself excessively down her back until it hovered just above her ankles, eyes taking a dark pink hue in the process.

The tips of her hair ultimately fell all of the way down *to* her ankles though, because her height withered away. “*Hm...*” That was the most she could muster in terms of a reaction despite so quickly dipping down to 4’6”. On the bright side it lowered the skirt of her dress so that it was covering her groin again, but it also had her tights bunch up around what were now shortened legs. This height, while small... *It’s natural for a Draph.*

And now that she had acknowledged her race was changing to something from another world, those traits decided to rear their heads. Her ears stretched out from behind locks of soft, silver hair into almost elvish points, and from the sides of her head a pair of thick, white horns curved to the front. Her body had already adjusted to accommodate their weight, much as it had to support her chest and rear.

All that was left was Mashu’s clothing, really, and that hardly took much time to fix. A white kimono with sleeves decorated in green waves, as well as a dark green hakama overtop a layer of pleated purple were highlights of the ensemble that was conjured. Gloves found her hands, and wooden sandals over socks caressed her feet. Otherwise, her hair was pulled up into a very long ponytail with a golden pin pushed horizontally through it.

Aside from vision that had *very* clearly deteriorated, everything about the woman's new form felt vastly superior to what it had once been. She felt strong and fast, despite her lackluster height and curvaceous form. With the blade at her hip there was little she believed that she couldn't cut, and yet for how clear this all felt to her, *Azusa* felt like she was at a loss.



She was herself, and yet she wasn't. Her very essence in this world had been built upon the life of another, one that still existed within her, yet was not dominant in the least. It was enough to feed the Draph trickling memories that she could use to coexist within this realm. And, to those ends, she managed to disconnect herself from the simulation she had been trapped within.

“*...Narmaya.*” Only to come face-to-face with an old friend the second she had stepped out the door. A Draph blade-wielder much like herself, and the one who had *saved* her. A woman whose blade she was anxious to cross with her own at the next opportunity, but now was not that time. “**So it happened to you as well.**”

There was clearly a mutual understanding between the two that meant it didn't need to be elaborated on. They could both sense that the other's soul was an amalgamation, and that their existence in this world was at the sacrifice of another. “**Indeed, Azusa, but... Hold on.**” Narmaya had been on the verge of elaborating when a killing intent from behind caught her off guard. With movements so quick that they couldn't be tracked, she spun around and drew her blade to clash with another. “**Musashi...**”

Before them was a woman. A Servant. A Saber. Both Narmaya and Azusa knew who she was thanks to the memories preserved from their past lives, but it wasn't mutual. Musashi had *no* idea who they were. “**I don't know who you two are, but fight me!**”



*“...Overbearing.”*

Thanks, Azusa.