

SHE SAYS NEIGH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



This was a rather strange situation. Ritsuka had been enjoying her day off when she'd suddenly been invited by the Lancer variation of Artoria Pendragon to spend the day together. It was strange because, well... Lancer wasn't particularly social? They got along well enough but they didn't often spend much alone time. Perhaps the Lancer felt a little guilty about the actions of the Lion King, or maybe it was just in her nature, but the Master had never really pressed her much about it.

“Lancer?” Ritsuka had entered the combat simulator as requested and entered the coordinates of the room meant for use. Chaldea's simulator was unique in the sense that it temporarily displaced anyone inside from reality, placing them in what was essentially a Reality Marble based on specific parameters; so the inside of the room could have been anything essentially.

Which confused the girl, for she found herself standing in the middle of a stable with her Servant standing on the other side. The barnyard smell was overwhelming and burned her nose at first, but it wasn't exactly a smell she was unaccustomed to. She'd slept in places like these throughout her adventures in the Singularities and Lostbelts alike so it wasn't as if she was disgusted, just surprised. **“Erm... what are we doing in here?”**

The Servant took a moment to composed her thoughts, and over the stable door the ginger-haired lass was fairly certain she could see Artoria concealing something behind her back with one of her hands. **“Another Servant told me you were interested in getting closer to me, so I arranged this session.”** This specific Servant being a

rather mischievous sort. *Of course it was BB.* The item Artoria was hiding? It was *also* from BB.

“Oh! You heard that huh?” It was true, and as she confirmed as much she scratched her cheek shyly. This was something she had mentioned to Mashu fairly recently, which led her into the false sense of security that came with the assumption that Mashu had been the one to tell Lancer of this. But she hadn't. BB had been eavesdropping and had seen this as an opportunity to cause some of her signature chaos. **“Yeah it's true. I wonder if you're wary of me sometimes.”**

There was a fundamental absence of understanding between the two. They both knew this, and when BB had approached Artoria with this 'information' Lancer had asked what the AI thought might be the best way to close the gap. *‘Think to your most intimate bond! You should replicate that but with her! If you aren't sure how to express yourself to Master then wouldn't mimicking a situation where you are comfortable make sense?’* It was sound advice, it was just coming from BB of all people. And BB had given her a tool to make it happen.

A special control terminal for the combat simulator that allowed full control of all of the elements inside, including people that wandered in. BB had set it up so Artoria could be misled into thinking that giving Ritsuka another form might help them grow closer, and thus the trap had been set.

“It isn't that I'm wary of you. My entire life I was expected to lead, there wasn't room for me to have personal connections that weren't my knights nor advisers. When it comes to socializing among the Servants and even staff of Chaldea I am oft uncertain, afraid of overstepping.” She feared that those that fought in the Camelot Singularity might hold a grudge against her for the actions of the Lion King, or that there might be an intimidation factor involved. **“I suppose that must be why BB suggested I temporarily alter the dynamic so I am more comfortable.”** She began to rub the device behind her, an orb with a plethora of words upon it.

At the mention of BB however, Ritsuka paused. Wait, how on earth was BB involved in this? **“A... Alter the dynamic? What did she mean by that?”** She very suddenly had a bad feeling about this. Whenever the AI got involved it was for her own selfish reasons, she couldn't imagine BB just offering advice for Artoria's sake if there wasn't anything in it for her. There was plenty Lancer didn't understand and in a way she was naive for it, so she was very much the perfect pawn.

“She claimed if I give you a form most similar to my closest bond temporarily, it may help me to open up.” And that closest bond? *It was not with a human.* Of all the relationships she had formed over the course of her life there was only one that stood out tried and true, only a single bond that could be considered timeless. They rode into battle together, took their downtime together. They had been with one another since they were young.

It was her relationship with her horse, the magnificent Dun Stallion.

That was the reason for the barnyard setting and while Ritsuka had manifested within the otherwise unoccupied stall. BB had convinced Artoria that this plan was for the best and that it was *completely* reversible. That the Lancer would have a much easier time practicing speaking to Ritsuka if the girl *was a horse.*

Ritsuka herself had hardly realized anything was happening initially. The control terminal distorted reality technically and so what was happening wasn't something she would notice through feeling alone. She'd have to take notice on her own else she'd never realize. Thankfully that moment came as she next spoke. **“You don't need to change our dynamic to--”** A wave of her hand shut the girl up quickly. Had could she not notice? The tips of her fingers were, for some reason, *pitch black.*

Not only that, but those fingertips seemed hard? Like scissors she fanned fingers out and closed them against one another, and as the darkened sections collided they let out a very notable sound. A loud series of *CLACKs*. She watched her fingernails become absorbed by the darkness, and before long it was spreading down the length of each hand. Ever segment of flesh that darkened and hardened became numb and cold, and before long she couldn't help but notice that she could no longer separate her fingers. There stuck close to one another, hands practically folding into a pair of cups with digits and thumbs curved inward.

“AH!?” Ritsuka was naught but a passenger to change as the fingers that had stuck so closely together began to merge into a single mass. The shape of the outside clearly resembled the hoof of an animal and acted as a hard cover, but as she turned her 'hands' over to look beneath this casing she realized the entire body of it was not quite to hard. The flesh of her inner palms had swollen forward, filling the cavity. Some had turned rubbery to compose the periople material of the 'heels' while the collateral grooves sunk in near the back. Her hands otherwise had toes now, for they were essentially the front hooves of *some* animal. What was even stranger was that they'd become muddied, dirt dried against them despite never touching the ground.

Eyes flickered back from her hoof hands to the Lancer. “**Artoria what did you...**” *But then it struck her.* The elder king had spoken of a close bond, and pairing that with what was happening to her body she could only think of the king’s mount, Dun Stallion. “**It’s not too late! Just reverse this before-- BLEH!?**” As if to stop the girl from bartering with Artoria, her tongue bloated in her mouth and hung out, too big for its container. It was accompanied by the taste of what she could only assume was freshly chewed hay - the green brick of it on the floor behind her having several bite marks taken from it.

“I’m afraid I cannot stop it until its done. Don’t worry, this will only be a brief exercise and I’ll return you promptly.” Somehow that wasn’t very reassuring, but the maiden could no longer protest. Try as she might her huge horse’s tongue kept flopping around and making it next to impossible. A little drool fell to her chin as she felt a dumb hunger growing in kind, and she feared what that hunger might be for.

All at once the muscles in both her arms and her legs began to tense up. With front hooves still held out before her, a sudden chill brought her attention to a lack of... sleeves? No! Looking down she could see her tits hanging out. “**MFH!?**” She’d been stripped naked? She was completely exposed before Lancer in an unsanitary horse stall, but she wasn’t even afford the time to freak out about that as the sudden tension in her limbs released itself.

She could only watch as those front hooves came to reach farther away from her than before, shoulders creaking as she found her ability to bend them 180 degrees suddenly robbed away. The bones in these arms swelled to double, triple their usual size but also rearranged. Where wrists should have been Ritsuka felt new bones insert themselves as her human forearms became proximal phalanxes and these new bones, the middle phalanxes, jolted right into the bone beneath her hooves.

The very structure of her arms had been altered, but there were more obvious changes on the outside as well. Those tensed muscles swelled as the tension waned, raw strength rippling beneath her skin and bulking them up even further. They looked perfect for running long distances, or doing just about anything a horse might do. It was subtle at first, but light white fuzz began to spread across them, giving her arms a surprisingly velvety feel.

But they were hefty and challenged her balance. Ritsuka feared falling onto all fours like it meant she was giving in if she did, but as she took several steps to keep herself upright she couldn’t help but look between her outstretched, front horse limbs to realize her feet had hardened into a pair of filthy hooves to match the front. The noise she made this time

could hardly be called human, but it also didn't match any sound a horse might make.

As much as she wished to stay standing on two legs however, it wasn't destined. Several cracks in the bones of her hind legs forced her to fall forward onto her front legs, bare ass propped high in the air as she realized they'd lengthened to match the size of those in the front. She struggled to look around her shoulder to try and understand what was happening, yet in the process realized she was having a much easier time doing so.

Her neck was lengthening. Not only that, it was growing incredibly broad near where her shoulders *should* have been. The cervical bone in her neck reached longer and curved while muscle and white fur were bolstered all around it, creating something almost uncanny where Ritsuka had a human head that was slowly being consumed by the back of a broadening neck that had already slurped up the back of her skull.

Tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she tried to observe her legs with the new flexibility her neck allowed. The earlier cracks had formed because instead of two prominent bones, her hind legs were now composed a trifecta in either limb. Her knee caps now rested just below her torso while what was once her lower leg bone had connected into metatarsal bones. *And boy were these legs broad.* If her front legs were bulky, her hind legs were championship muscle men by comparison. Skin shone with thin white fur upon rippled mass, Ritsuka feeling stronger than she ever had in her life despite the fear she was continuing to feel.

As she was now she looked like a splice between a human and a horse. She had the legs and neck, but her torso, head, and rear were still very true to her humanity if not a little malformed by her new animal proportions. Seeking to even things out, muscle soon found its way into her ass. Cheeks flattened gradually as they gained a strength to be assimilated into the huge high legs she now sported, yet as cheeks waned this left her butt hole completely exposed. The orifice in question quickly darkened and puckered, drawing into a substantial larger shape to better allow the passing of waste.

Though that wasn't all that was exposed, since her pussy had found itself sliding up to rest directly below her exposed asshole. It darkened from pink to black as well, folds growing velvety but not quite looking as long vertically as it might have when compared to her human variant. Agitation began to build as she felt nuisances buzzing around her bare behind: flies that had flown over from other stalls, attracted to the barnyard scent she had gradually began to exude but was most prominently emanating from her horse butt now.

It was fortunate then that a horse's natural fly repellent had begun to grow in. Ritsuka's tail bone elongated and curved upwards slightly, and from that the 'skirt' of her tail grew. Long, white hairs that created what was essentially a curtain. They hung so far down that they reached the center of her legs, and as tailbone thwipped from side to side the invasive insects were shoed away from her most tender areas even as they merely buzzed around waiting for a new opening.

Hunger washed over the girl as it became harder and harder to resist the scent of the freshly culled hay in the back of the stall. Almost instinctively she turned around to face it, showing off her rear to the Lancer as hooves begrudgingly clopped forward to bring it close to her mouth. Each step saw her stomach rumble, and as it rumbled her torso showed signs of settling into its new girth.

Ritsuka's breasts did not disappear, but they began to darken and lose their shape as they slid down her underside from between her front legs to between her hind legs. A second set of nipples ultimately joined them, once round breasts quickly diminished into a set of four tender teats were she to ever breed. It was for the best that this step was moved out of the way early, for what remained of her torso quickly began to bulk up.

Her ribcage lengthened and was supplemented by a plethora of new bones while her vertebrae was yanked a little longer. This made her torso a little longer overall which allowed the bulk of her body to grow in much more evening. White hairs ran across her torso as her stomach expanded within, and with a growing stomach came a deepening hunger.

Her long, thick neck was lowered towards the hay bail but stopped several inches from the feed. What remained of Ritsuka's human mind was screaming out to try and reject the instinct that was settling in its place, and yet it was becoming incredibly hard. Her thoughts had been dulling, growing increasingly simplistic and non-compelling. Where she should have been thinking '*I absolutely can't eat that!*' her mind was instead screaming '*No eat! Bad!*' and this was barely enough to prevent herself from doing so. She just felt like that would be eat. If she gave into her instincts on this there would be no salvaging what was left.

But then the horse's(?) stomach rumbled once more. It was an uncomfortable rumble, not hunger per say. It took her simple mind a moment to process the cause, but a sound ended up answering the question for her.

PLOP... PLOP... PLOP...

Behind her, her bowels were vacating themselves all over the ground as Artoria watched. It filled her with such shame and the scent of horse feces began to permeate within the stall not too long after. ‘*No! Gross!*’ She instinctively snorted to protest her own shit, but in doing so saw the size of her nostrils flare. In fact she was still holding her mouth only a few inches from the hay, but that hay was getting closer and closer.

The horse’s jaw had locked up and was being pulled forward. It wasn’t just Ritsuka’s jaw but her entire skull, its human shape being yanked towards the equine as forward pointing eyes settled into new grooves on the sides of her skull, while mouth became deep with a multitude of teeth redistributed into its more vertical design. This, at least, allowed her big tongue to finally settle into place.

Lips swelled and spread longer around her snout, muzzle overall painted in white furs that gave her a very pure vibe. She inhaled sharply as mouth opened to finally take a bite of the hay she so craved, and before she realized she was chewing it between her large, flat teeth. ‘*NO! HARD... THINK... EAT...? POOP...*’ More plopped from her butt as she filled her tummy with new nutrients to be digested as the light in her eyes began to dull. Any humanity she had in them darkened and waned, and the range of colors she could see lessened.

All that remained was her ears and hair, with the former pulling up into a set of white, equine ears while hair turned white and spread all the way down her neck into a lustrous mane that any horse could be proud off.

“**Ritsuka.**” With the transformation complete, the king took a saddle from the nearby rack and opened the stall; the noise immediately alerted the horse and Ritsuka turned to face the woman she recognized as ‘*a human friend*’. She had that thing that goes on her back so that she could ride her. That meant it was probably riding time. She gave a soft purr, a nicker, implying she was fine with Artoria approaching. But before the king even managed to reach her...

The king disappeared.

Ritsuka whinnied, confused by her friend’s sudden disappearance. But her mind was simple, her instincts strong. She didn’t dwell on it for very long even if it still weighed on her subtly. The door to the stall was still open though and the horse unbound, so she inevitably found her was both out of the stall and onto a nearby grazing field. There were other horses here, and before long she attracted the attention of black stallion that stood, well... enthused about such a beautiful mare. Still following her instincts, that mare presented herself, and--

“What happened BB!?” Back in the combat simulation room Artoria had BB pinned against the wall. The AI didn’t look troubled at all, in fact she looked amused! **“Why didn’t Master return with me? Where is she!?”** The simulator had suddenly crashed, something BB blamed on the item she’d given the Lancer.

“Hmm~ I don’t know!” She was playing coy. **“Maybe by using the device you turned her into an element of the simulator itself? Since you didn’t turn her back in time who knows what could have happened!? Master could be trapped in there for years!”** It was such a specific ‘what-if’ scenario because she knew that was what was happening. She’d rigged it from the get-go. After her efforts in Hawaii had failed, she had needed a backup plan to keep her Master safe from the Lostbelts.

And if that meant turning her into a horse and trapping her in the combat simulation? She was fine with that!

It took almost a year for the simulator to be repaired, and when Artoria finally returned to that farm simulation with BB the two of them were surprised by what they found. Ritsuka... had been impregnated and had a foal, and was now living among the other horses as if she’d always been one. **“Wh... What do we do now?”**

“Oh well, guess we’ll just have to leave her this way! Doesn’t she look happy? She has a family now!”

BB seemed more than content with this outcome.

PLOP... PLOP... PLOP...

“Oh, Master pooped!”