

GEM BONED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



IN THE BABYLONIA SINGULARITY...

“I’ve got it! The perfect way to double my power level! Let’s see that stupid, gaudy king make fun of me after this!” Archer, true name Ishtar, was fawning over a gem she’d been working on in private in a secret cave workshop she’d constructed outside of Uruk’s territory. The Servant was tired of being the butt of the joke, tired of being made fun of by that dumb Gilgamesh and his allies!

And so she’d created a countermeasure! If one of her wasn’t enough to topple the king, then naturally double the trouble would solve the problem quite nicely, wouldn’t it? That’s why she’d constructed this gemstone. It was a small, crimson gem no larger than an acorn that shone with the mana she’d injected into it from her body. The injection itself had caused a rather sizable crack to form across the surface, but that didn’t really matter!

The point? She had enough power to send this gemstone forward in time to the time her host had been alive. From there it was just a matter of having her host find it and, voila! A different class of herself would be born! The double would then be summoned to Babylonia and she would reign as supreme ruler of Uruk!

Ishtar’s maniacal cackling filled the cavern as she prepared the spell for transit, and then she’d focus on practicing lines for the first meeting between herself and her double. Very much like the huge dork she was.

FUYUKI CITY, PRESENT DAY...

Shirou Emiya was cleaning his home the afternoon he'd stumbled upon an unfamiliar gemstone sitting on the bedside table that was typically used by Rin. He and Rin Tohsaka had been dating for about half a year now, the events of the Holy Grail War hardly a distant memory but still recent enough that it wasn't so easily forgotten entirely.

As for the gem? Shirou didn't really carry any suspicion about it. His girlfriend used gemstones in her magecraft and it wasn't unlike her to leave the worn ones laying around. Once their value had been spent via magic they were pretty worthless, and judging from the crack in the one on the bedside table it looked like it had been already spent. The boy wasn't fool enough to throw it out though, he didn't want to be wrong.

What he did do was move it into a small jewelry box on his dresser, or so had been the intent, but... **"Wait, it's still active?"** The second he picked up the gem it began to glow a bright red. It had been activated through his touch, even though he hadn't been the intended target.

In casting the gem to the future, Ishtar had made a mistake. She assumed her host would be living alone, but she didn't know the timeline of the Fuyuki War branched in three different directions and that in one of them Rin Tohsaka had taken and was living with a boyfriend. And it was now the boyfriend that had activated the gem...

Not that it would change the desired effects.

The air in the bedroom began to churn no sooner than the gem had began to glow, tugging at posters, curtains, and sheets in the process. Swirling energy bore a familiar imprint, the process in general one Shirou recognized; because it was similar to something he'd bore witness to six months earlier. *It was just like when he'd summoned Saber.*

"What's going on? A Servant summoning?" It was difficult to believe, especially since there didn't appear to be a summoning circle beneath him. The gem was a catalyst? Mana in the form of electrical sparks jumped from the stone into Shirou's body, in turn jolting him into dropping it on the wooden floorboards below accidentally. From there more sparks flew, each one jumping from the gem to his physical form.

It set his Magic Circuits alight. They buzzed with the presence of an unfamiliar mana, the power swelling to a point that clearly couldn't be accommodated by his lackluster circuits without a little bit of change. They glowed through his skin as the stung violently, forcing the young man down and onto a single knee. **"The hell is happening!?"** This

wasn't quite like a Servant summoning after all. No, it was *different*. As the Magic Circuits heated up even further, burning a dark red, the very same color seeped into his eyes and began to glow supernaturally, although considering one could not see their own eyes without a mirror he was at a loss with how to deal with it.

His jaw suddenly unhinged, but only for several seconds before it cracked back into place. He couldn't hold back and uncomfortable gargle in the process, and when it had settled he was left unaware of the face that the shape of his jawline had both softened and shrunk. Teeth crunched together and tongue crunched as it wriggled uncomfortably, all while a strange pressure built in his head overall.

The pressure wasn't expansive though, quite the opposite. It was the kind of pressure that arose when suction became too intense, and collapse ended up being the name of the game. Jaw and mouth had already suffered for it, but soon his nose took on a more petite shape while cheekbones heightened in position. Glowing eyes, too, took on more slender socket shapes that not only preserved his Japanese appearance but maybe even heightened it, while brown above thinned and darkened.

Thicker lips pursed as he gasped for breath. “**Seriously, what did ...Rin?**” He'd definitely heard Rin just now! Was she here? Maybe she could help him with whatever this was! “**Rin, I'm in the-- Oh. Oh no.**” But you know what they say: reality is a bitch. The second time it became clear where Rin's voice was coming from. It was coming from his own mouth. Somehow it was the only indicator that helped him identify that he was coming to resemble his girlfriend... because he couldn't see his face and it was a 1:1 replica of Rin's own.

Reflexively, fingers reached behind his back to catch something tickling the back of his neck. Pulling it forward brought about resistance that implied it was attached to his skull, and looking down at the handful revealed the worst. He was holding a clump of long, black hairs. The color was familiar in the worst case sense, because it helped confirm the suspicion he'd held since he'd heard his voice just moments before.

“**Am I turning into Rin?**” While he was on the right track, it wasn't one hundred percent correct. But in Shirou's defense? No one in Fuyuki had ever heard of a Pseudo Servant, much less thought Rin had become one in another timeline. “**For what reason? Is this a Servant's power?**” The wind in the room was still churning after all, still very much resembling a summoning ceremony. He just hadn't realized that he was the wind's focal point.

Shirou became more aware of the biting chill from the wind than ever before, the sensation of it grinding up against his skin suddenly a widespread phenomenon. It wasn't difficult to see *why*, for all of his clothing had disappeared leaving him stark naked while still resting on a single knee. The clothes hadn't exactly turned invisible and faded into obscurity however. They were still in the air, their forms converted into golden particles that swirled around with the wind, to rejoin with the boy's form when the moment was right.

Which would be soon at this rate. From head to toe his muscles were throbbing, skin bulging and lessening with each universal pulse of discomfort. Muscle would build and then sag, bulge and then shrink, in a cycle that lasted about thirty seconds and until his arms and legs looked almost comically stringy in comparison to the peak physical form he'd trained.

The hand he had planted against his knee slid not because the surface was slippery but because the lengths of his limbs were shifting. Even with his torso hoisted up and off the ground thanks to the knee his point of view was lowering. It wasn't dramatic, but eight centimeters were ultimately shed from his visage before all was said and done, and compiled with his loss of muscle mass and Rin's face there was a very evident absence of clear sexual identity presented by body alone.

"I'm smaller now too!?" He wailed, in a dramatic manner that sounded more like Rin when she was being tsun or was otherwise taken off guard. It was that comical tone that she just couldn't help in certain situation, excepts Shirou was mimicking it now without meaning to. It was just the *natural reaction*.

Strength to stand returned once more, and with it came an incessant wobbling to and fro. The height change had set his center of gravity off kilter, but it was more than that. Hips had parted the moment he'd deigned to move his legs, stretching the width of his lower half and pointing smaller knees inward to give him a more naturally feminine posture. The wider hips also brought about a noticeable difference in his tummy, and there was now a gentle curvature from beneath his ribcage right into the hips in question.

Shirou couldn't even stifle the words and noises he was now making as if they were completely natural. **"No, no, no! This isn't happening! This isn't happeniiiiing!"** Words were shrill of voice and clumsy of execution. But what was worse? That was only because that was now the state of Shirou's mindscape too. He wasn't thinking calmly. He was thinking with crazed panic that wasn't usually typical of him even in emergency. *But it wasn't really typical of Rin either.*

With an unintended wiggle of his hips, the weight of his rear suddenly drew attention. He looked over his shoulder and turned his thinner neck to try and get a good look - and the consensus? It was *definitely* more endowed. The cheeks were a firm, fit bubble. The arch from his back extraordinarily defined; but what was worse was the recognition. That big ass that was now attached to his own rear? He'd stared at it quite often on the past. Especially when fucking his girlfriend.

Somehow this realization led to the thought of being fucked himself, and his cheeks burned red as if he were chaste. "**N-No! To begin with I don't even have--**" *SLURP!* "**--A PUSSY!?! WHAT? N-No way!**" As if to mock *her*, mid-sentence her dick had found itself replaced with a once again familiar counterpart. Manicured fingertips that had once been rough and ragged reached down to feel around between thighs that were clearly bloating even as she reacted, and after grazing curly, black pubic hairs they slid into a crevice. A pussy of course.

She quickly removed the hand and stumbled back, catching her butt on the nearby dresser. The light of the gem on the ground was beginning to wane and its effects lessen, but not before granting Shirou one last *blessing*. One by one the two sides of his chest flared up as if swollen by a bug bite, only to bounce almost comically to attention as they became padded by additional fat. A pair of lean B-cups jiggled much to her dismay, small in size but still looking rather eye-catching against her lithe frame and while sporting larger than average nipples.

"I'm completely Rin now!?! This can't be happening! But... But at least I'm smoking hot!" She'd been on the verge of panic over to be overcome with a sudden, overwhelming acceptance. Suddenly her body wasn't weird, it was beautiful! Befitting of a goddess such as herself! **"Goddess? Wait... am I? Who... was I?"** Shirou? That name was familiar but... Even Rin didn't make sense, because that was just the name of the host.

The golden particles that had been floating around finally converged on the newly born Tohsaka, hardening into a suitable costume that began with a black and golden crown nestled within her head of black hair. A simple, white bikini clung to her pelvis and breasts only to be quickly obscured by an outer layer: a bright pink racing jacket with a fur trim hood and a pair of golden earrings. Belt after belt came to strap on a matching pink legging that only spawned on her right leg, stretching from her upper thigh to her ankle, and as such her ensemble was completed.

But Shirou(?) didn't even have time to react to her weird, new, summery attire. Because she was suddenly spirited away.

BACK IN THE BABYLONIA SINGULARITY...

“Wait, what happened!?” Ishtar had been observing everything through a gemstone of her own. Who was that boy? Why had he picked up the gem!? He ruined everything! Well, kind of. She supposed her plan had come to fruition either way, but it would be kind of awkward. All’s well that end’s well! That was the saying, wasn’t it? **“I wish I had a cute swimsuit like that though...”**

The air nearby grew stifling as the retrieval magecraft took effect. In a matter of minutes her new double would be snatched from that world and brought into this one, and then her plan could commence! **“Ahaha! Then I’ll show that SNORT goldie!”** An awkward silence followed. Had she just... *snorted?*

“Huh? What’s happeniiiiing!?” The world around the Archer was quite quickly becoming much more expansive. It didn’t take a genius to figure out why (*which was great for Ishtar, since she was certainly no genius*), because the fact that she was beginning to swim in her top while her bikini bottom pooled around her feet was telling enough. **“I’m shrinking!?”**

Ishtar would have been lucky were that all, but she was also feeling strangely... *bloated?* **“My... SNORT... stomach!?”** It was bulging dramatically! Weight was being applied quickly, and her entire body was getting bulkier despite her shrinkage. Before long her breasts had all but disappeared, with chest and pudgy tummy ally flowing together into a single mass.

She fell to all fours with a piggish squeal, hands and feet losing fingers and toes as they darkened into tiny hooves. An itchiness spread across her entire body, and from the goosebumps that followed thin, black hairs sprouted out en masse with two vertical stripes of golden hairs near her rear. The goddess(?) could feel her tailbone wriggled, and turning a thickened neck to see she could quite plainly make out a tail protruding out.

Was she becoming some kind of animal!? No, that pattern in her fur. The spines that were poking up out of her rounded back. She recognized them. This was no typical animal-- **“Help -- SNORT -- MEEEEEE!”** But her final cry for help turned into another squeal as her face pulled out into a pig snout with large (*for her size*) blue horns and male genitalia, small as they were, shamefully dropped between little bull-like legs.



“SNORT! SNORT!” The tiny beast ran around the cave floor in a panic, his mind stuck halfway between that of the goddess he’d once been and the Divine Beast he was now. In body he was Gugalanna, the Bull of Heaven! But he was Ishtar, he wasn’t some-- **“SQUEEEEE!”**

The air crackled, startling the once-Ishtar as her Rider variant from the future appeared right in front of him. **“Huh? Where am-- Wait, this is near Uruk isn’t it?”** The new Ishtar could feel it, the flow of the leylines. She was still a little groggy in the mind, but her name was Ishtar wasn’t it? She’d been a little uncertain at first, but now that she was here... **“Oh, and Gugalanna is here as well! How are you doing, little guy?”** The swimsuit goddess immediately crouched down, holding out a hand for the Great Bull to sniff. He snorted around Ishtar’s hand but then seemed satisfied, nuzzling up to her ankles.

In typical Ishtar fashion the original hadn’t calculated for something important. How would the Singularity react to two of the exact same Servant being summoned? It seemed not well, and its answer was to dispose of one by turning it into a weakened Gugalanna. But the Bull of Heaven? Simple-minded as he was, he had already forgotten about his old identity. He was guided *only* by instinct now.

“I don’t really get what’s going on, but I guess we should get to work huh?” Rider Ishtar jumped back into a standing position, materializing a pair of sunglasses and sliding them onto the bridge of her nose. Her old life as Shirou? It was all be forgotten. She was merely Ishtar, a Divine Spirit occupying a human host.

“Time for Dead Heat Summer Race: Babylonia Edition!”