

RACING SUPPORT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rin Tohsaka had been working towards this moment for a long time. Perhaps as far back as when she had learned of her father's death as a casualty of the Fourth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki, she had dreamed of participating in the next one. It was something that had plagued her desires, her motivations, and even her enjoyment of life. Almost everything she had done in the past ten years might as well have been in service of this moment.

Of the moment that she would join the Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki with a Servant of her very own.

She had endured grueling training, taxing amounts of studying, and endless attempts at practicing the skills that would be needed for her to not only *participate* in this Holy Grail War but be *victorious* as well. That was why what she was working on in that moment was *very* important, because Rin felt like it was the one factor that she couldn't *exactly* control. **"Phew... I think that's everything, but..."** She still did a once over with her eyes after wiping the sweat from her brow anyways.

It was a *summoning circle* that she had spent the last two hours drawing. Because while Rin could control everything about *herself* when it came to her chances in the Holy Grail War, the Servant that she would summon to fight alongside her wasn't guaranteed. Catalysts were needed to try and curry the favor of the Servant that a Master wanted, but even then, there was no guarantee that the Servant in question would answer the call.

The teenaged girl couldn't risk lowering her odds by making a mistake in her drawing of the circle in the first place. Fortunately, after looking it over again she felt satisfied with her work. **"I don't think there's anything wrong? I really hope that this works..."** Her whole run could be ruined if she summoned a Heroic Spirit that wouldn't cooperate with her, or one that wasn't especially strong. She was aiming for a Saber too, since that was said to be the strongest of Servant classes.



"Well... Here goes nothing, I guess." After waiting a bit of time, Rin pulled her attention away from the nearest clock on the wall. She had her reasons for wanting to wait for a specific time to do her Servant summoning, and now that moment had arrived. It was *all or nothing*, and she crouched down to press a palm on the summoning circle to channel her mana into it, which in turn powered the magic ink within. The circle immediately lit up.

The interior of the Tohsaka living room was disturbed as the summoning circle got to work. Wind swirled around, knocking things off of Rin's shelves as it pulled towards the circle like a vacuum, sparks of red lightning matching said circle's color crackling in a way that led to an explosion that stirred up smoke. The center of the circle was completely obscured as the effects dimmed and the wind stilled. **"D-Did it work!?"**

Was there a Servant somewhere within all of that smoke? Command Seals *had* formed on her right hand.

"It worked~!" A woman's voice triumphantly cried out from the smoke, and the silhouette of a small yet buxom body became clear as the sound of bare feet on a solid floor rang out. Rin couldn't help but wonder why it looked like she had no clothes on, or why her silhouette seemed to include a pair of... were those fox ears? But as the figure stepped *out* of the smoke. **"Are you my Master~?"**

Rin was left dumbfounded by what she saw.

"WH-WHY ARE YOU NAKED!?" The Servant's identity wasn't *even* her first concern, she was much more pressed by the sight of the woman's toned, busty, and tanned body standing in her house *entirely* exposed. It was embarrassing to even look at her, even though there was no denying that she was *incredibly* beautiful. But a flustered Rin was a Rin who wasn't thinking clearly, so when the Servant shook her head as

if to say ‘no’? **“I command you to put on some clothing! –Er, wait...?”**

Command Seals were important, they allowed a Master to make sure a Servant did as they were told if they acted out. And she had just *accidentally* used one. She could already see it shining on the back of her hand, but something went *wrong*. The mana didn’t leave the seal like it should have. It flowed *into* her body. It was only then that she glanced at the fox woman, who was smirking at her. **“Well, I’d need something to wear, you see? So, I just need you to do me a favor, Master~!”**

“Need something to— MMPH!?” Rin felt like she *must* have misheard what the woman had said, because the implications of what she understood were very *bizarre*. The fox eared woman had done *something* to her, and that something was somehow related to her needing something to wear? The magus had been *desperate* for clarification in the end but wasn’t able to request anything else. Because she soon found that she couldn’t open her mouth. It was like her lips had been *sewn together*.

No. After bringing up a hand to touch her lips? That was *exactly* what had happened. It felt like there was something smooth between them. A fabric of some kind? It was *actually* composed of hot pink fibers that she couldn’t even see by puckering up. Confused *and* panicked, she looked over at the fox. **“Mm? Well, it would be kinda annoying if you were making a ruckus, so you know~? Anyways, things’ll start kicking up a notch once you’re a better fit.”**

There she was, using language that implied that Rin was not a living person but instead an inanimate object. Something to be worn. At the time she had thought that such a thing *surely* wasn’t possible, and besides, she found herself befuddled by *other* developments. They certainly *felt* much more shocking in that moment. Shocking and very, *very* heavy. **“Mmph!?”**

She couldn’t *talk*, but the teenager could at least still make confused noises while her attention was pointed directly at her *chest*. Her red top felt a little too *tight* initially, but the base of her shirt gradually rose higher and higher against its will because of a swelling weight that was forcing the girl’s posture to tilt a little forward. **“MMPH!?”** Her hands shot up to grab onto her *breasts*, which had become the source of all of her woes. Her modest cup size had bloomed into a pair of mighty *F-cups*. But there was also something she was missing with her shirt still barely containing them.

Her nipples were absent.

Their absence would have been way more troubling than the heavy of a pair of tits that now rivaled the Servant's own, and it hadn't even been the *only* thing to be smoothed away. Her bellybutton had been filled in too, and even farther down her pussy and ass crack were gradually sealed. The *latter* area had deepened first though, because her ass had been growing in a similar fashion to her tits. A full peach erupted and would have chewed up her panties completely if not for how both cheeks mended together and pushed the cotton away. **"You've got my tits and ass now. That's good!"**

Looking at the smile that the fox was wearing, mocking and laughing at her while she struggled with how *thicc* she had become, Rin had been possessed by the desire to *lunge* at the monster. The problem with this little plan of attack couldn't have been anymore *obvious* though. Her balance was off not only from her ampler portions, but also because her overall height had stretched an extra inch without her realizing. The woman tripped and fell only a foot away, somehow managing to land on her back with her tits jiggling in the air.

She felt the coolness of the floor much more intimately, though. Had her clothes been removed!? The magus attempted to make another confused sound but found that she couldn't project any noise nor move her tongue. It was then that she realized just how dire things had become. Having fallen, she couldn't even try to pick herself up. She couldn't *move*. **"How's the view from down there~? I bet you're feeling kinda stiff, but don't worry! You'll be nice and stretchy soon!"**

Rin was entirely incapable of making out what was happening with her body, and so she still hadn't noticed that most of her body's orifices had been sealed, nor that much of it had begun to inherit striking *colors*. The most consistent of which seemed to be a hot pink not unlike what had sealed all of her holes. It spread up her arms from her fingertips, stopping a few inches beneath her shoulders on either arm. But the undersides of her hands and arms darkened to black, and a checkered pattern of the two wrapped around her wrists.

This pink covered where her pussy had once been, as well as over where her ass crack had previously been – reaching over her hips to the front while otherwise traveling up her back, where it reached around to cover her nipples but *not* her breasts as a whole. On her back? It reached the base of her neck and wrapped around its sides, while a smaller band of it wrapped around that neck's entirety. *What is happening to me!? Oh no, I'm not even breathing!? Am I dead!?*

Even though she *was* correct, her body wasn't breathing *nor* was her heart beating, the fact that Rin's consciousness hadn't faded was *odd*.

She couldn't turn her neck to see what that Servant was doing. Was she still smirking at her with an arrogant expression? Probably! But Rin herself was just ignorant of *so much* at the time. The pink that had wrapped around her torso had left her stomach and the insides of her breasts *entirely* bare at first, but once her heart *had* stopped beating the skin that had been exposed ended up darkening a dull black. Stranger still? Her breasts seemed to *mend together*. All in all, things were becoming clearer, especially when you examined all of this changed skin up close.

Because it didn't *look* like skin. It looked like fibers stitched together, like *nylon*. Like *clothing*. And parts of what had changed began to *rise* from her body, such as a collar from the sides of her neck, or checkered collars around her wrists. Even her toes mended together at the tail end of her body, for the skin of her legs and feet darkened to black similar to what was now the centerpiece of her torso. But it stopped in the center of her thighs where darker bands formed, wrapping around them and shaping downward hearts. Those legs looked more and more like *leggings*, but hot pink heels also jutted out from the girl's bottoms.

“Almost done I see! All that's really left is for you to *empty out* as the finer details are etched in!” Once again, the fox spoke with words she didn't understand! But she supposed it didn't matter in the end. She was powerless to fight against what was happening to her, and that included the feeling of *literal* deflation that she felt. What had once been an overly full pair of tits began to sag and flatted against her stomach until nothing was left. But once *they* deflated? So too did her stomach and torso, the black becoming translucent without anything inside of it.

And it really *was* like Rin was becoming *hollow*. What was once her *stomach* ended up sitting against her back, and the trend wasn't even isolated to her torso. Colored legs and arms flattened in kind, fingers and toes no longer present as her appendages came to resemble elaborate gloves and lace thigh highs. Whatever skin and flash *hadn't* been colored disappeared too, severing her limbs from her torso and erasing much of her pelvis and butt since the colors didn't cover them entirely. The most shocking of it? Was the sight of the girl's face, hair and all, suddenly becoming coated with hot pink nylon before it was *absorbed* into the collar that had once been her neck.

Wh-Where am I!? It's so dark! Am I really dead now!? Am I— AH!?

Rin had been understandably alarmed when her vision returned in a way she didn't expect. The floor she was laying on, the ceiling, and what looked like a racing suit simultaneously beside and above her? She could see a wide range of angles all at once. It felt like she could see the

leotard-like center from the angle of the arms and legs, and the arms and legs from the center where the leotard was. It was almost like— *AM I THE RACING SUIT!?* All parts of it? Simultaneously?

The fox woman wasted no time now that the perfect *racing suit* was being held within her fingertips. Rin could *feel* the Servant's fingers pressing into her nylon. It *aroused* her, even if she had no means of expressing that arousal as an article of clothing. The girl cried out internally as the fox fanned the racing suit out. **“Oh, I guess I totes never told you my name, huh? I’m Suzuka Gozen! And it wasn’t like I *waaanted* to be summoned naked! You must’ve messed up the circle, so you need to take accountability!”**



She could tell that Rin was *mad* and *ashamed*. The article of clothing's feelings could be felt by Suzuka if only because she was the one that had been responsible for changing her in the first place. **“Don’t be like that! I’ll change you back eventually. Maybe! Perhaps!”** That wasn’t at *all* reassuring to the garment. Just how long did she intend on keeping her trapped in that form? But the worst had yet to even happen. Because once the Servant had unraveled the suit enough and held it out a tiny bit away from her body?

The woman *unzipped* the back. *MMMMMN!?* Rin hadn’t been prepared for just how *good* this would feel and mentally cried out. It was distressing! But not *as* distressing as the full view of one of the Servant’s tanned legs stepping into her, and then the other. Once both were through, she *yanked* it up, pulling the loins of the racing suit up into the fox’s *pussy*. The sentient clothing could feel the heat of Suzuka’s loins and taste the sweat that dripped down her hips. She hugged the crack of the woman’s ass sensually, and it stirred a strange feeling within the racing suit.

Fulfillment.

Was it because she was a sentient piece of clothing that she felt this way? The purpose of clothing *was* to be worn, so on a subconscious level she *enjoyed* it even though she simultaneously felt like it was disgusting. Suzuka put her arms through Rin, pulling her against her tits so that she could feel the fox’s hard nipples and taste the sweat beneath them – not to mention the base of her pits. From there? It was just a matter of zipping up the zipper in the back. And that brought back the subconscious shuddering from when it had been unzipped originally,

this time with the added intimacy of not hugging Suzuka's body so intimately.

“Whoops~! *Totally almost forgot the rest!*” The Rider exclaimed playfully as she picked up the sleeves and heeled leggings from the pile that Rin's main body had originally laid in. She could see and feel through them just like the racing suit segment of course, but it wasn't *as* arousing to be slid up the woman's arms and legs, though gripping so tightly against thick, plush thighs wasn't exactly an *unpleasant* feeling.

Suzuka let out a stretch once she was fully clothed, and even summoned a pair of shades onto her head that she flicked down to her nose. **“My bike should be outside, so let's go for a sweet ride, 'kay? I'm sure you'll *love* being sat on! I can already tell you're kinda into this, right?”** She smacked her own ass, knowing that her Master could feel the cheeks jiggling – and how it probably made her even more aroused. **“So, like, when does this war thingy end? Maybe I'll change you back then?”**

“Or when school's out, maybe?”

Rin would have wanted to die upon hearing this, but...

She wasn't technically alive anymore in the first place.