

FALLEN COURAGE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“So, *Emiya-kun*, did you even think to tell them that this was probably a bad idea?”

“Do you think they would have listened to me even if I had?”

There were three sets of footsteps that sounded down the dimly lit trail that led through the forest towards the old Einzbern Castle that Illyasviel von Einzbern had used as her base of operations during the Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki City. Shirou Emiya, Rin Tohsaka, and Sakura Matou were all traveling together after receiving an *invitation* from Illya and *Taiga* of all people that October. And for what?

A test of courage of all things. It was November, and if they'd wanted to do something spooky then they probably should have done it the month before back when Halloween was trendy. Nonetheless, they had spent their time decorating the forest and setting up spooky 'traps', and it had taken the pair so long that Halloween had come and gone. Now? It was chillier and it could snow any day now.

Bundled up in jackets and scarves, the three navigated the path, wary of those 'traps' that had been set up. They supposedly *weren't* dangerous, but there was no telling what could have gone wrong if a normal person from town wandered down that path. If Illya had utilized Magecraft as for any part of it... then the Church might have taken an issue with it. That was why the three were traversing the attraction even if they didn't actually *want* to.

“KYAAAAAA!”

But a woman's scream off in the distance imperiled their plan to stick together. "**Hey! Emiya-kun!**" Rin had reached out a hand to grab his shoulder but had *just* missed him. Because he'd heard someone in trouble, he ran off without a second thought, leaving the two girls behind to wonder what to do next. "**...I know he was worried about it, but what really *were* the chances of someone else coming up here?**"

Maybe she was thinking a little *too* hard about it? She hoped that was all it was, anyways.

CRASH!



Only a minute or two later, Shirou's shoulder collided with the old door of an abandoned looking shack that he'd heard the scream cry out from again when he'd drawn closer. "**Are you okay!?**" He'd assumed the worst in a hurry, that a normal person had gotten caught up in magecraft-induced antics. He wasn't thinking about the specifics regarding what was going on, like *where* that shack had come from in the first place? Because it *certainly* hadn't been there before.

The reality of the situation was that he had just run face first into a *trap*. Literally, too. There had been a somewhat pungent aroma wafting from the building's outskirts, yet the moment he was inside? A balloon that had been dangling from the ceiling *exploded*, releasing a blast of that odor directly into his face so that he couldn't help but inhale it. "**What the—!?! COUGH COUGH!**"

The boy would learn *very* quickly that inhaling that substance had been a *very* bad thing.

Shirou stumbled away from where the balloon had popped while wiping at his face in case anything had stuck to his face. The scent had been *rancid* in that moment, but the miasma cleared up rather quickly. It was just a shame that the shack's dim lighting made it a little difficult for him to keep track of his surroundings, much less what was happening to him *personally*. These 'things' were initially isolated to minor changes that would have been difficult to notice anyways, like the amber of his eyes lightening slightly or the color of his skin becoming a little paler.

And the changes of color also *didn't* stop there. What should have perhaps been *more* obvious, especially since his bangs dangled down just enough that he could barely see them sometimes, was his *hair*. Reddish strands were all darkening to *black*, and even *if* it had been a tossup as to whether or not he would notice the color change. “...*Eh?*” The changes *to* his hair eventually made it impossible for him *not* to notice, namely because those now raven-colors locks *lengthened*. His spikes were smoothed away while it grew to about chin-length, almost surrounding the sides and back of his head like a dome. It was the *bangs* that made him notice though, because they were all swept across his left eye.

“***Wh-What's going on with my hair?***” Shirou stammered, the surprise of it causing him to stumble backwards in a way that made him acutely aware of the fact that, as alarming as his hair *was*, there were probably a whole *slew* of issues that he hadn't pieced together yet. He was 100% correct about that. “***And my clothes are... loose?***” The young man gave his arms a shake, allowing his sleeves to baggily fall down to consume most of his hands in the process. Had they been stretched somehow?

While that *would* have been a logical conclusion, it wasn't the truth of the matter. The boy had simply been too distracted by his hair to notice that his stature had been slowly slipping away. Verticality *was* part of it, but in actuality it wasn't really *that* dramatic of a loss all by itself. He only *really* lost two inches overall, dropping from 5'6" to 5'4". So, then why did his clothes end up becoming as loose as they did? *Bulk*, or at least the growing absence of it. His body's musculature softened until it was practically nonexistent, leaving arms as thin as twigs and his torso robbed of any definition whatsoever.

It even went *beyond* that, with his shoulders and hips slimming... but perhaps most notably his *waist* pinching in so that, despite how thin he was, his silhouette gently arched inwards. “***This is quite strange indeed... Ah? E-Even my voice, huh?***” It sounded higher, sweeter, and younger. Shirou hesitated to point out the other aspect: that being that it sounded *feminine*. His body's changes continued to support a similar conclusion as well. As for his build? His fingers had slimmed *and* lengthened, and his feet were pointedly smaller now.

That now *maidenly* voice of his, which was being communicated with an unusual amount of fear and stutter, had actually accommodated further changes to his *face* aside from his eyes, too. ...Even though those eyes were still technically part of it, as their shapes narrowed and tilted until while still Asian, he would sooner have been recognized as someone of *Chinese* descent rather than Japanese. But it also played into the

femininity of it all as pale skin slimmed across a narrowed jaw, beneath the collapsed nose of *her* more angular face.

And that shift in pronouns wasn't an accident. "**H-Huh!? What was th-that!?**" The young woman found herself squirming *seconds* after a mole appeared beneath her right eye. Something had been stolen from her between her legs, which led to her thighs rubbing together as she squirmed. The sensation of that rubbing became softer and softer because the thickness of those thighs expanded several inches, just as her butt perked up into a small yet bubbled shape behind her. Her transition into womanhood was then finalized by a small *swell* that forced her nipples to become puffy above a tiny pair of *A-cup* mounds.

A pair of breasts

"**Wh-Wh-What just happened!? I'm a girl!? Where am I!? Wait... I know where I am, but this is way too spooky!**" *Xu Fu's* brain felt like it was spinning. Not only was she trying to make sense of what had just happened to her body, but she was trying to piece together her memories in general. Not that she'd really *lost* any or anything like that. The girl certainly wasn't *acting* a thing like the man who had crashed into that hut, but she still knew she'd *been* Shirou. She could still identify as such mentally and verbally, even if she'd slip and use her new name first.



It was almost funny. Technically she was stronger than she had *ever* been before. She was a *Servant* now. But her attitude did not align with her power. Like a child scared of her own shadow, she found herself *bolting* out through the door she'd broken down with her arms in the air, screaming as if she'd just seen a literal ghost. But weren't *Servants* ghosts in a way?

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?”

As she ran out, though? Her oversized pants and underwear fell off. It was fine! Her shirt was big enough to cover the bare essentials. ...Kind of.



“He shouldn’t be too much longer…” With Shirou being the type of guy that he was, neither Rin nor Sakura had bothered to chase after him. He was a hardy and passionate guy that would do what he had to and then return. If someone was in danger, then he’d help them! Besides, it was probably nothing more than a trap that Illya and Taiga had set up. It was only *Sakura* that had remained behind to wait for him, because Rin had just shrugged and told her to catch up.

It *had* been a while, though. Almost five minutes? Sakura supposed it depended on *where* the scream had come from, and then knowing Shirou, he would have tried to help the person he’d rescued if they were in some kind of emotional distress. **“I’ll just wait a couple more minutes!”** Little did Sakura know though, she didn’t *have* a couple more minutes. There was a timer set up elsewhere on the grounds that finally reached 0.

And for the girl? She noticed something strange about the air that surrounded her.

Sakura could immediately recognize that something wasn’t *just* wrong with the air, however. Something was wrong with her body, and it led to her stumbling *forward* due to a couple of factors overlapping. The first? Her body was beginning to feel strangely *stiff*. Not enough to inhibit her movements, but enough to make those movements feel vaguely like a struggle. The girl stumbled forward for a completely unrelated issue. Well, maybe it was incorrect to say that it was *unrelated*. Everything that was happening to her was *technically* related.

“Wh-What!?” The upper buttons of the girl’s blouse and jacket flew off as she was dragged forward, her posture compromised by a hefty weight that originated upon her... *chest*? The weight smacked against her belly as the strap of her bra snapped, given no choice when the source of it all was her *already* sizable bosom ballooning to *twice* its original size. As she struggled to straighten herself, her hands naturally gravitated towards her chest to try and carry this new burden, but also to make sure her clothes were still covering up her *nipples*. **“M-My chest is so—!?”**

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

No, it wasn’t *just* her chest, as she soon realized. Her cheeks reddened as she realized that her *panties* had just split down the back, stretched by an ass that swelled to the point that you could much more easily make

out the indentation of its crack through her skirt behind her. It swung her hips wide and even fattened her thighs, but beyond her panties ripping there wasn't *too* much in the way of clothing malfunction because her skirt was so long. **“Is this magecraft? But...”** She couldn't *sense* any magic. What's more, could magic even *do* something so... *perverse*?

That feeling of stiffness that she'd been feeling before only worsened. She couldn't freely move her limbs any longer, causing Sakura to drop her hands to her sides. **“And why is it... so hard... to move...?”** It wasn't just major body movements, but even her lips were becoming difficult to move. It wasn't like she was *paralyzed* or anything like that. She felt like she *could* still move if she really wanted to, but... *something* was stopping her.

In terms of clues regarding *what* that something might have been, there actually *was* one. It was just in a location that was a little difficult for her to see. That location being her *neck*. The skin there looked *odd*, darkening until it was essentially as black as the night itself. It appeared *hard* and *worn*, but it looked even stranger once *lines of yellow* began to glow across it, reminiscent of what mages were taught Magic Circuits could look like. These lines reached upwards towards her head, t which point?

Sakura's *eyes* began to glow the same shade of yellow, and she became incapable of moving or communicating whatsoever.

What's wrong with me!? Why can't I move!? Even though the girl had been immobilized, her consciousness remained. She could not react to a reality where her body was growing *larger*, her stature increasing roughly a *foot* while retaining her proportions otherwise so that she appeared all the more inhuman with that growth. As you could imagine, this was essentially a death knell for her clothing. Her breasts escaped from containment and the band of her skirt slipped so that it fell off.

Had she been able to look down, though? Sakura would likely have been *horrified* by what she'd seen. Well... It was more like what she *couldn't* see. Upon her now *H-cup* tits? There was nothing. Her *nipples* were completely missing, and her skin appeared *sickly* pale. It was a phenomenon that moved throughout all of her flesh, but when her arms and legs turned pale? They remained 'soft', but they were still firmer than you would expect a human body to be. The paleness was *eerie*, but it also erased her bellybutton while, for some reason, leaving her loins intact.

She couldn't quite piece together if she felt *numb* or not. It was just like her body had *no* feeling whatsoever, like it wasn't even *alive*. Which,

tragically, *was* more or less the case. Her glowing eyes were robbed of their pupils, and the white sclera that surrounded them turned as black as her neck had. Her paled face narrowed with lips swelling big and ending up painted *red*, whereas the perceived age of her face was increased until she looked much more *adult*... and hardly at all like herself. Paired with her pale complexion, this made her resemble a *geisha-like concubine* in a sense? A traditional Japanese beauty.

Just... one that wasn't really *alive*. That aspect of it was something that had been hard for Sakura to sense. Her heart had transformed into a beating, mechanical *core* while her body's stiffness had arisen as a result of bones and blood becoming more akin to the pieces of a *puppet* or *doll*. That was clearest in her unchanging face, but she was actually more akin to a *robot*. Her inner workings were wholly mechanical, albeit powered by magic. This magic dyed her purple hair a dark red, though its style remained unkempt for now.

Her 'brain' – which was more like a *computer* – struggled to compute how what remained of her shirt and jacket were being pushed off her arms if she did not possess the ability to move. The robotic woman couldn't crane her head downwards to see as much, but beneath her first pair of arms? An *additional* pair pushed out from the sides of her body. It was *horrifying* to watch these hands push her clothing off as they jolted and cracked, length extended into they were just as long as her original pair. Once they had fully grown, and the robot was fully naked, they too fell limp.

She remained still, if feminine pronouns were even still applicable to Sakura considering the state of her body. It had certainly been created in the *form* of a woman. She was a *robotic maidservant* there bore a strong resemblance to a geisha, one dressed to show off a little more than perhaps most would. *What happened to me?*



What am I!? I can't move!? Deep down, Sakura's will was still present within her programming. For all intents and purposes, she was still 'conscious'.

The machine just had no control over herself. It was like something was missing. A 'purpose', something that could compel her. She didn't really know *what* that was until moments later when a girl dressed in Chinese clothes ran past towards the forest depths. **"SOMEONE SAVE**

MEEEEEE!” Sakura didn’t have a *clue* who that girl had been, but her body *immediately* reacted. She began to chase, completely naked, after the girl as if it was the only thing in her life that could have possibly been important.

No, it was more like *following orders* was important. It was the reason for a robotic maidservant’s existence, after all.

It must also be a priority to find a kimono and style my hair at my earliest convenience.



“They *still* haven’t caught up? Geez, just how far behind *were* they?” Rin was practically at the test’s finish line and had reached it without much in the way of an incident, so she briefly considered returning to wait for Shirou *with* Sakura. But then she considered that it might make her look like a coward, that maybe Sakura would assume she got scared going ahead by herself and ran back. She had been looking back constantly only for nothing to be there.

But the next time she did? **“...Huh? Wait. That’s... *me?*”** There was a girl approaching her that was her *spitting image*. Was it a trick that Illya had set up? She came closer and closer, but Rin was too befuddled to say anything until she was only a few feet away. **“Hey, who are—?”** The other Rin ignored her. She continued to walk forward, and just as it seemed like the two would collide? The other Rin passed *through* her, like a ghost.

And while there *was* a ghost present, it *wasn’t* the duplicate Rin.

“Wh-Whoa!? Hey!? Wait a second!?” She had naturally been confused, and was even *more* so when her duplicate stopped in place about ten feet away. She didn’t look back at the real Rin or anything like that and was merely standing there like an empty husk. That *wasn’t* what had caused her to freak out though, freaky as it was. She was responding to her body *lifting off the ground*, leaving behind her... clothes? She hovered about five feet off the forest floor, completely *naked* now as a pile of her own clothing rested beneath her feet. **“EH!?”**

Rin did her best to use her hands to cover what she could, but moved so suddenly that she had done a slow front flip in the air in the process. **“Who the hell are you!? What did you do to me!?”** It was cold! It was... *cold?* Wait. *No, it wasn’t.* Putting aside the fact that she was *naked* and winter was fast approaching, she should have been *freezing*

right? But she didn't feel the cold, nor could she feel the breeze that was clearly blowing against her body. **“Why... can't I feel anything? It's like I'm a... *ghost*?”**

As if on cue, a black aura began to surround her body. It was eerie and *stifling*, and it had an immediate effect on the floating girl. **“*What...?*”** The effects of it were both mental *and* physical, however. Negativity quickly became an overwhelming force in her subconscious. What if she'd been better? What if she'd been stronger? What if she'd been like that girl nearby? **“W-Wait... I *am* that girl though! ...At least I *think* I am?”**

If she *was* Rin Tohsaka, then she'd look identical to her, right? So, then why was her skin darkening to a shade of caramel brown? Why was it that her facial features were shifting? Her lips became flat and chapped beneath a smaller nose and eyes that begun to glow *white*. It's structure even shifted so that not only was she not recognizable as Rin at all, but with her eyes rounding she didn't even look Japanese. More like someone that might have originated from *Egypt* or a related territory.

“*I...*” Could she not process what was happening to her? It was definitely a struggle to stay focused with that darkness baring down on her. It even polluted the color of her long, brown hair – which was now hanging loose since her hair ties sat in the pile of cloth below her. It didn't remain long *nor* brown though, as the length regressed and straightened until it only reached her chin, with the hairs that framed her face extending a few inches longer than that. Those strands lightened as well, to a mix of silver and sandy blonde that gave it an almost metallic sheen. **“*What... am... I?*”**

It was a valid question, but considering everything that had happened to her so far? There was only really *one* answer. The dark aura that her body radiated intensified, and in doing so? Her *figure* then changed. Her tanned skin stretched courtesy of her limbs and torso growing a little longer, raising her height to 5'5". Her hands and feet extended in kind, but grains of dirt and sand ended up wedged beneath nails that had become vaguely disheveled.

Her breasts and ass were affected as well, but perhaps not to the same extremes that Sakura's own had. Her bare breasts jiggled a little bit as they swelled to *C-cups*, and her ass did develop more of a peach shape, but these changes *weren't* dramatic. Nor were they obvious for long. Unlike the other two, perhaps because of *what* she was becoming, 'Rin' was actually granted new clothing. At first it was a long and flowing yet *torn* white dress, one that completely hid her feet as she floated there.

But then? Long, black bandages were wrapped around the dress. They pulled tight against her body and appeared to be distributed unevenly. They even wrapped around her head and, inevitably, her *eyes*. Acting like a blindfold, she had seemingly been robbed of her vision. “...**What?**” She mumbled with a creepy reverberation to her voice.

The world that surrounded her was shrouded in a thick darkness. “**Can’t... see...**” But did it matter if she could see or not? Sight was necessary to avoid colliding with physical objects, but a *Desert Ghost* didn’t need to worry about that. A ghost would phase through anything that it came into contact with regardless, which was *exactly* what had happened when the two Rins had collided earlier. The one that had walked *through* her had been the actual, physical Rin. She’d been a ghost the *entire* time.



“**But...**” The Rin had begun to move, and as she did? The ghost felt a pull. She was being dragged along as if there was an invisible chain between the two. No amount of resistance by going the other way accomplished anything. She also realized that she could *feel* things. It wasn’t until the living Rin reached down and picked up a rock on the ground that she realized. It’s temperature and weight were both things that she could feel as if they were in her own hand. “**Am I not... Rin?**”

It was a question she didn’t have an answer to. And as she continued to haunt her own doppelganger, it was one she would become increasingly unsure of as the days, months, and *years* passed by.

What’s more? The *living* Rin seemingly had all her memories. She interacted with the Xu Fu that had been created from Shirou and thought she was joking when she called herself such. There was also that strange mechanical woman that was following her around. It was a problem that she’d eventually solve by handing them over to the Church, but...

No one ever caught onto the ghost that was following her.