

CORRUPTED GEM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



From Rin Tohsaka's perspective, everything had happened so fast.

She had attended to Fuyuki City's church – at least the one associated with the world of mages – along with her boyfriend Shirou for the sake of taking care of it and cleaning it out. Kirei Kotomine, the priest that had maintained it, had only been killed in the Holy Grail War that had transpired just a week prior. But a replacement priest had already been sent out to the city, and there was no one else that the Clock Tower could trust to sort out his things other than the teenaged girl that he'd had a roundabout hand in raising after her parents had passed away in the Holy Grail War prior.

It should have been simple enough. A bit of light dusting, some sweeping, and then the removal of anything that might have been *detrimental* to the replacement. That was how the Clock Tower had worded it, but Rin was able to glean the deeper meaning behind it. They wanted her to remove anything that the Church might have found *unsavory*. She wasn't sure what sort of investigation was going on into Kirei's dealings behind the scenes, and the Clock Tower and Church *were* allies.

But that allyship only persisted so long as their personal interests diverged, and the Tohsaka family was much more loyal to the Clock Tower than they were to the Church.

She'd informed Shirou of this, so she hadn't really expected any problems to arise when he'd gone down to the basement alone. But then she had heard some *unusual* noises, and when she had finally gone down after him? Shirou was *gone*, replaced by a demonic looking

woman with grey skin, horns, and menacing eyes of gold. She had *implied* herself to be Shirou, but that was impossible! She hadn't been afforded much of an opportunity to get to the bottom of it though. At least not before she had been *knocked* unconscious.



And that was the story that had brought her to where she was in that moment. Drearily awakening from unconsciousness, her body slouched forward while she was suspended in the air. “**Ugh...**” It took her a moment to snap herself out of it, and the familiar view of the church basement became clearer to her as blurry vision corrected itself. After trying to move her arms? She finally realized she was bound and looked to the sides. “**Huh!?**”

Rin was being suspended by *chains* that were clasped around her wrists, with her knees resting on a pillow below her. Had those things always existed within the basement? No, they hadn't. Which meant that they had been place there by— “**If you'd like to reject my machinations, I can offer you a deal, you know?**” There she was, leaning against the back wall. The demonic woman that had implied she was Shirou! The one that had knocked her out! “**I'll even release you from those**

chains if you agree~!”

Those were some *shady* things to be saying to the one you had just imprisoned. Rin was no fool. There was certainly no deal that could be made with a *demon* that wouldn't have ended poorly for her, but perhaps she could find an opportunity in it? “**All you'll need to do is accept a key.**” Molay, reading Rin's expression, continued before she could reply while producing a black, antique key. “**It isn't cursed or anything, I swear!**”

Yeah, because *that* sounded *so* convincing. But the magus *did* see an opportunity. If she could trick the woman into removing her bindings, that'd give her enough time to use a spell that could stun her at worst, giving her a chance to escape. “**Fine! Just take these things off of me!**” She thought she was being so slick, but of course, the Foreigner had already accounted for this possibility.

“**Oh, good!**” She practically skipped forward towards the young woman she had tied up with the key in hand. Rin had *expected* her to place the key in her hand before removing the bindings, but that wasn't *exactly* what had happened. In fact, in an unexpected turn of events? The demon pressed the tip of the key against the dead center of the mage's

forehead before... *pushing it in and turning it*. “**Allow me to open the doorway, then!**”

“**First come, first serve~! But I have a feeling I know who will show up!**”

The uncanny feeling of this gesture caused Rin to black out for just a second. A key had just *pierced her forehead*? There had been no pain, but it had certainly felt *off-putting*. Once the light returned to her eyes? The evil woman was nowhere to be seen, but her arms had also fallen to her sides, unchained. She used her hands to pat her forehead. The key was gone? But her forehead *wasn't* how she had left it. There was an indentation. A *keyhole*?

That was when she realized it. She wasn't *alone*. Even though she *was* alone. It wasn't something that was there physically, and she couldn't understand what it was saying. It was like it was *within her own mind*? “**What... are you!? Where did you come from!?**” Its very presence disturbed her greatly. And her body felt *strange*, like it was trying to fight a virus.

Unfortunately for her, it wasn't a virus that *could* be fought.

“**U-Uh!?**” Rin hadn't asked that while expecting a *serious* response, and yet she received one. Or at least she was pretty *sure* she had. There was a voice in the back of her head. One that was *deep* and *unsettling*, but it sounded more like monstrous bellows than anything. She couldn't make sense of it, but it went *silent* just as quickly. But only once things began to appear in the air around her. They looked like... “**Keyholes?**” Like the one on her forehead? Though it *had* finally filled in all the way, though.

She couldn't make sense of their purpose. The more of them that appeared, the quieter the voice in the back of her head became. She'd assumed the keyholes were it's doing, but that didn't seem to be the case. It was more like they were *suppressing* it? This was all *baffling*, but it was only one half of the puzzle. The issue was that the *other* half of the puzzle wasn't so obvious, even though it was much more visually blatant.

The reason for this was because, well, it was targeting elements of her figure that weren't as *abundant* as some of the girls of her age. Namely her *breasts*, that were only B-cups. Her clothing had been disheveled over the course of being knocked unconscious, bound, and then when she'd been released once more. Her bra had already been pulled into an uncomfortable position from all of that. So then, if anything changed *with* her breasts? She had already adjusted to her bra feeling *weird*.

“Wait. Nothing is stopping me from leaving, right? Maybe I can contact someone from the Clock Tower before things get any worse!” They were words spoken by a young woman that had yet to realize just how much worse things *already* were. The weight to her bosom waned, shrinking until so little remained that they could hardly be considered breasts at all while loosened skin tightened around them. **“Wh-Whoa!?”**

Any plans to leave were promptly squashed, at least momentarily. Rin had only taken a single step, and yet she stumbled off-balance and ended up catching herself on a nearby shelf. The *cause* of this didn't quite register with her just like her lost bosom hadn't. But in the end? Well, her chest was actually part of it. It came courtesy of an overall shifting of her weight that hadn't been isolated to her chest alone.

It preyed upon elements of her figure that had been far more *gratuitous* than her chest had been. Her thicker thighs and bubbled butt all deflated; not in a way that simply made them a little smaller, but as it appeared to be the case with her figure in general? It simply shrunk until there was *nothing* at all. She was left with thin and stinky legs and a flat behind, which of course meant that her hips had no real reason to be so wide. And so? **“Oh!?”** What escaped her lips was a gasp of surprise as her panties slipped from her waist, and her skirt hung to one side to just barely cover what she needed covered.

“U-Uh? What's happening to my body? I feel kind of... *like eating pancakes?*” Even the one speaking could recognize that this was a *weird* thing to say despite the fact that doing so caused her tummy to rumble needily. That hadn't been *her* thought, had it? But she'd definitely thought *and* said it. Lost in the confusion of her own words, she'd missed another subtler change. What had happened to her body thus far had suggested that she might have been become quite *young*, but her height only ended up dipping a single inch. It didn't come across as all that dramatic.

Unless she was just becoming a very tall child.

Which, as it turned out, was effectively the case. **“Wait! No! I need to stay! I need to be punished for being a bad girl!”** Crying out with a voice that possessed a *much* higher pitch, Rin wore an expression *as* she said those words that indicated she was just as confused as those words were confusing. She hadn't *meant* to say *any* of that, and even if she put the sound of her voice aside, the words that left her mouth were *immature*, and why was she talking about being punished? What had she even done wrong in the first place?

“*I...*” Even though she had wrestled her tongue away from whatever force had made her speak just moments ago, her voice remained the same pitch. The girl shuddered, unaware of just how much her facial structure had begun to match that voice and the rest of her build. Her cheeks smoothed and became rounder, her lips thinned while retaining their feminine plushness. Her nose shrunk lengthwise, but her nostrils also narrowed. All while her eyes rounded in shape, courtesy of her eyelids opened in design until they no longer looked like the eyes of a Japanese teen.

In fact, her face looked far more like one of an *American girl*, one who was only *twelve*. That actually made some sense when it came to her height. Girls tended to have their growth spurts before boys did, so a girl of that age to reach such a height, especially one of Caucasian descent, absolutely wasn't unheard of. Rin didn't grasp this though, nor could she grasp that her forehead had oddly grown *bigger*. This wasn't originally even *visible*, but her already parted bangs parted even more, lengths swept more into a smooth triangle shape across her cheeks.

This hair was changing in *other* ways, too. It lengthened with significance, spilling out like water over a cliff down to the backs of her legs. It was sleeker, straighter, and silkier, and those bangs that framed her face even reached her hips. All of it soon shimmered with a brilliant blonde, and this color was entirely noticeable even to the girl herself. The issue, however, was that she didn't seem to be *interested* anymore. Key holes had continued opening around her all throughout her transformation, and there had to be about *fifty* of them by this point.

The power that he been seeping through them had rooted entirely in the child's body, but it was not content with her dressings. It wasn't her *style*. And so, that was addressed once those keyholes glowed *white* and began to disappear one by one, closing until none surrounded her at all. By that point? The girl had been redressed entirely in a puffy, dark blue dress with sleeves so long and puffy that they swallowed her hands, with a butterfly pattern cut out around the skirt and long bloomed clearly peeking out from beneath it.

A plethora of bows appeared all over her. A mix of dark blue and orange, tens of them around her collar with even more around the sides of her head and a matching, dark blue and old-fashioned cap atop her head. The attire was rounded out by little, heeled shoes around otherwise bare feet and legs, and it hadn't even occurred to her that she was now clutching a plush bear under her left armpit. It felt *natural* for her to carry it.

Didn't she carry it everywhere?

“That’s one bad girl dealt with!” Peace returned to the basement as *Abigail Williams* berated... herself? She was referring to the girl she had once been, Rin, seeing her past self as the one largely responsible for allowing Jacques Molay’s Foreigner self to manifest in this era. While *Abigail* was a Foreigner herself, and the power of the Outer God, *Yog-Sothoth*, was hers to control? Well, the child was a girl that had been surrounded with positive influences and had long since learned to wield this power for good.



Connecting Rin to Yog-Sothoth had allowed her to manifest, and the girl believed it was a suitable punishment for the one that had helped unleash that evil in the first place. It wasn’t like she had *overwritten* the Japanese teen. It was more like she had... taken her into herself. They had become one, and now Abigail was going to use her as a means to put an end to Molay’s plot. Though, that *did* raise some questions. **“But why did Molay allow me to be summoned in the first place?”**

Surely she would have known what would happen, and it didn’t necessarily *feel* like a mistake? As important of a topic as this was, the girl was eventually distracted by a rumbling in her tummy that reminded her she had no reason to linger in the basement. **“Oh! Before anything else, I should see what Japanese pancakes are like!”** Sure, stopping a great evil was important! But Abigail was also a young girl!

And a young girl’s belly yearned for soft and fluffy pancakes!

“Surprised she didn’t notice me...” Jacques Molay laughed to herself as she reappeared in the basement just moments after Abigail was heard leaving through the church’s front door. She had been there the entire time, watching with obvious interest as the Japanese teen had transformed into an American girl. It had been amusing, but her actions really *did* beg the question as to why she had intentionally allowed a beast of a child capable of defeating her into Fuyuki. But to her? The answer to that question was pretty simple!

**“It’d be way too boring if there was no one who could stop me!
So, why not up the stakes?”**

At least she’d be able to have some *fun* now!