

GLITCH SWITCH II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been several days since the tech convention that had been held in Fuyuki, and at first Shirou Emiya hadn't thought anything of it.

He was a pretty old-fashioned guy all things considered. He didn't concern himself with the latest and greatest pieces of technology, instead focused on more commonplace items – particularly ones that he could analyze and fix by using his Trace magecraft. He lived at a time when LCD televisions and individual radios were commonplace, and touchscreens were a thing of the future. Something like 'virtual reality' was well out of his wheelhouse.

Shirou simply hadn't attended the convention with Rin at that time for that very reason, but hindsight was 50/50 as they said. Something had *gone wrong* at that convention and, in the middle of it all, his girlfriend had gone missing. The details weren't known to the public, just that there had been a string of disappearances that had been noted at the end of the convention's first day, and as a result the entire event had been shut down as a result.

Beyond being approached by police for questioning, the young man had been barred from getting involved in the investigation. He hadn't been allowed to ask questions of his own, and the grounds had been entirely off-limits to anyone that wasn't part of the local authorities. **"Something is *off* about this whole thing."** He'd been suspicious about that enough before, but he became *certain* of it after catching sight of Clock Tower personnel in the city.

Their appearance likely wasn't unrelated. Whatever had happened?
Mages were involved.

“Where am I even going to begin to look for clues?”

Shirou had gone to great lengths to circumvent the barriers that had been set up around the convention hall to prevent people from entering. He'd been vindicated in his paranoia after slipping in through an unlocked door and finding a *barrier* set up inside. Magecraft designed to detect and repel anyone that entered, or at least that was how it would have functioned if he hadn't noticed it beforehand.

In the moment, he'd taken advantage of a small crack in the barrier that had allowed him to slip through undetected (or at least he'd *hoped* he'd gone undetected) and was now wandering the convention hall aimlessly. The issue with this plan was that while he had come in search of clues, he had no way of retracing Rin's steps. He didn't know *where* she had gone inside of the facility, and where she could have possibly gone missing.

After searching a few of the booths to no avail, he had begun to wonder if it was hopeless. *But* that couldn't be the case. If it was, there wouldn't have been a reason to close the building off for so long, much less get the Clock Tower involved. If he kept searching then there would definitely be *something*. And with a little more digging? He eventually found the lead he was looking for. **“...I may not be a big tech guy, but these things look really out of place.”**

In a far-off corner of the hall there was a large booth with a number of *pod*-shaped devices hidden behind it. They were all covered by tarps, but Shirou pulled one of them off to have a look underneath because they *looked* big enough to place a human body in. Not only had he been correct about that but based on the glass casing on the outside that allowed him to see the pillowed interior, that seemed to be the *intention*.

“What the hell?” They didn't even look like they had come from the present. It was almost like someone had come to the past and—

THUNK!

“What happened to me...?” It took Shirou a moment to recompose himself the next time he 'awoke'. He could vaguely remember breaking into the convention hall, and then he'd found those weird machines and... *he'd been hit on the back of the head!?* He could definitely recall a sudden and shooting pain, and that brought him to bring a hand to the back of his head. No pain. No swelling. No damage at all. How was that

possible? Was he just misremembering? Then again, that was hardly the biggest question that he had in that moment.



He definitely *wasn't* in the convention hall any longer. In fact, he wasn't even in the *city*. But he *did* recognize his surroundings. He'd awoken propped up against a tree in a dimly lit forest, and it was *definitely* the forest on the outskirts of the Einzbern Castle. Even if he had somehow been *wrong* about this... Well, there was something present that definitely showed it.

Text that read as much *floating in the air* nearby.

“**Uh...**” Shirou definitely didn't need to ask if that was strange. It *definitely* was. What could even accomplish that? Magecraft came to mind, but he had to wonder what the purpose would be? It wasn't like he was in a video game and had just walked into a new area. He was *definitely* in the real world where things like that couldn't happen. Or, at least, it was certainly his choice to believe that this was the truth of the matter.

...Even if it actually wasn't. “**Was I kidnapped? But then why dump me in the forest?**” Even *if* he ignored the elephant in the proverbial room of the floating text, he couldn't wrap his head around the bare minimum. If they were going to dump him somewhere, throwing him in what was basically Fuyuki's backyard didn't seem that smart – particularly when he could see the nearby path. It was only a short walk to the Einzbern Castle from where he was. In truth, however, there was a fundamental issue with this line of thinking.

That error was him continuing to think that he was *actually* in the forest. That the world around him was 'real'. It wasn't, and everything within it was quite malleable. And the one *altering* them was Rin. Or, well, the *hacker* that Rin had become. She was manipulating the floating text, and the next time he looked up he saw that the name of the location was gone, only for there to be something else written. 'HUMAN' was written, but it was erased before his very eyes and replaced with a different word.

'SERVANT'.

“**...Huh?**” Fuyuki's Holy Grail War had ended, and he naturally didn't really want to hear anything else about Masters or Servants for a long time. And yet, he could not deny the correlation. Was whatever was happening related to the Holy Grail somehow? It felt likely, but he couldn't completely focus on what that relationship might have been.

The moment the word had changed, a strange heat had begun to burn throughout his body after all. It wasn't painful, but it *was* discomfoting **“What the hell is happening!?”**

Shirou clutched at his chest until the sensation faded, and yet in its aftermath he realized something. **“My Magic Circuits...?”** They felt *significantly* more refined, and they weren't alone. Flexing his fingers, he could tell that his body seemed to be *much* stronger. **“...I'm not a Servant now, am I?”** He couldn't imagine that a line of floating text being rewritten could do that, and in the first place he was still *alive*. Living people couldn't become Servants (he believed, at least).

The idea that he might be dreaming briefly flashed across his mind, but deep down he didn't *believe* that. It all felt too real. Besides, he had to focus on the new string of text that was floating in the air – incidentally being the command strings that Silver Wolf was modifying in real time from a location where she was safe from interference in the real world. ‘HAIR: SHORT, RED’ was displayed and changed.

‘HAIR: LONG, SILVER W/ GREEN’.

If Shirou still doubted that the floating text was related to the state of his own body, he didn't doubt it for much longer. **“There's no way, right?”** Or so he would have *liked* to believe. Yet, the weight of his hair had *already* begun to grow along with its length. Within a matter of seconds, it was tickling his neck in a way that had him reaching back to grab some. Locks of hair that were midway between red and silver were pulled in front of his eye, with the silver sweeping down towards the extending tips. It wasn't long before the hair must have reached close to the base of his back... and had darkened, green tips. **“Okay... There might be some way.”**

He looked back up at the text just in time to see it change again, but he'd *actually* missed another text rewrite while he was distracted by his hair. It was similar to the hair color change but focused on his eyes instead. ‘SILVER W/ PINK’; and in turn those colors swirled within his gaze. Thus far, what was happening to his physical shape was rather *tame*, and he didn't really get how it tied into him being a ‘Servant’. The next line of text certainly didn't help. From ‘SEX: MALE’ to...

‘SEX: FEMALE’

“I— UGH!?” Shirou had *wanted* to say that such a thing *had* to be impossible at least. That there had to be *some* sort of limitations to what was happening. And yet a *feminine* groan was *forced* out of his mouth, and he fell down to his knees on the ground after they buckled. Nothing that had happened so far had *hurt*, and this was no different in that

regard. But it didn't feel *good* to suddenly have one's cock and balls suddenly *fold* into one's pelvis where *she* could only imagine a woman's slit had opened around the new gap. She shuddered as she sat there, at a total loss for words.

While she *looked* for those words, however, the text continued to change in the air at a *much* faster speed. Parameters were being quickly rewritten that all coincided with her appearance. Silver Wolf evidently had a *very* particular look in mind for her, and she was rapidly changing to suit that appearance. With the young woman's clothes in the way, her face was the most obvious case of this at first. Her eye shapes rounded for example, any chance of her remaining Japanese dwindling as they looked more and more like the silver eyes of some of *Caucasian* descent instead.

Her lips grew full and pouty despite shrinking in horizontal size, given no choice by her chin narrowing beneath rounding cheeks. Her nose pressed closer to her skull as well, contributing to an overall beauty that complimented her long and pretty hair rather well. But it was more than just making her look more like a *woman*. Shirou *was* in her late teens, but she definitely appeared to be closer to her *mid-twenties* in her face. She was older and didn't even realize it.

“I'm... I'm a girl...” All of *that* had taken place over the mere *twenty seconds* it had taken for her sex to change and for the woman to speak again. She didn't *dare* investigate between her legs, even though her pants felt increasingly *awkward* according to changing text and sliders in the air. Flesh and bone were expanding, filling space in his pants that hadn't been especially ample in the first place. Her height did not and *would not* change, and so the thickening of her thighs could only result in the seams splitting as she began to struggle to get up, just as the bloating of her ass cheeks would split the back. **“This is... embarrassing.”**

Shirou had no problems realizing that her sense of balance was *very* off. She managed to stand shakily, but her knees wouldn't point as straight forward as she remembered them doing. Her pants were *uncomfortable*, and beneath a shirt that became vaguely baggy at first, her waistline had pinched in an equivalent number of inches to her hips flaring out. **“W-Wait. Doesn't this mean that—?”** For a second, she thought she had seen the text 'CUP SIZE' flash in the air, but it had been edited so quickly that she wasn't certain.

Moments later, she had absolutely *no* doubts that it had said that. A flat, yet still muscular chest wasted no time inflating – not with air or water, but with *fat* that stretched the skin around them and inflated her nipples in kind. The *D-cup* breasts that flourished overtop of the

remaining muscle pushed her shirt forward, and she was actually trying to *stop* herself from touching them. They were heavy, off-putting, and *foreign*. She didn't really know what to do with them, nor could she *ignore* them. That said, a little extra *support* did provide her with *some* relief. "**Oh!?**"

Looking up at the text, it was rapidly scrolling through what looked like clothing options, that gradually replaced what she was wearing piece by piece. A black bra appeared around her breasts, underneath a shirt that was replaced with a green, long-sleeved dress and a cropped, black jacket that replaced even his pants. Small, silver boots were worn over lace, dark green thigh highs that extended up to matching, black panties, while a headband appeared in her hair. It was a pretty outfit accessorized with little bows and a butterfly ornament on the left side of her headband, but...

Shirou didn't have time to gawk at it. Her silver eyes looked up at the text one last time where she saw a disturbing word floating. 'NAME', followed by 'Shirou Emiya'. The sight of it stirred something visceral within her, like if that was changed then she *knew* something would become *very* wrong, but— "**WAIT!**" It was slowly erased, and her mind went *blank* until something new was input instead: 'Firefly'. "**I...**" That *was* her name, right?

That 'name' section had functioned as her internal ID within the digital space she now occupied, and everything from her memories to her sense of self had been linked to it. Silver Wolf had uploaded the data of an old friend to the system and tied Shirou's identity to it, and so now? Those memories, the associated personality with that identity; they all belonged to *her*. It was disorienting, but she gradually came to accept them without questioning her situation further. In general, she seemed to be much more passive about *everything*. But a fierceness now burned within her chest.

"**2003? Wasn't that last year..?**" The text *had* read that just a moment ago, hadn't it? But she also wasn't sure. She wasn't affluent in the facts of *this era* just yet. "**Wait... Text?**" *Firefly* felt a little disoriented all of a sudden. She felt like something about her situation had just *changed*, and that it was a pretty big deal, but as for what that was? She just couldn't seem to remember. Maybe there had been nothing to forget in the first place?



The issue was that she had no way of being certain. **“That’s troubling, but perhaps it could be a side effect of *that*... And here I thought I’d sidestepped it somehow...”**

What was she talking about? *Madness Enhancement*. It was a skill that burdened Servants of the *Berserker* class with intellectual difficulties in exchange for a boost in their power. She’d been summoned as a Servant of that class and had been surprised to find she still had her senses. She’d assumed because she just had the skill at D-rank, but if she was forgetting things then maybe there’s weren’t *any* side effects. Still, she’d have to monitor it and see if there were any other problems with her memories.

There wouldn’t be, because what she’d forgotten had simply been intended by the person that had launched her back in time to before the beginning of the Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki City. It was still winter again, thus the snow, and Firefly had been perfectly integrated into the war as the Berserker that had been summoned two months before the war had actually begun in earnest. She was replacing Heracles as the Servant of a certain Master.

“I probably shouldn’t keep Master waiting, though...” If anything remained from her time as Shirou, it was the sibling-like feelings she felt towards that Master, Illyasviel von Einzbern. She’d been surprised to see that the one that had summoned her was such a small girl and was even more surprised to hear how old she *actually* was. Her story was a sad one as well, so she wanted her Master to succeed no matter the cost.

Of course, Berserker wasn’t aware that she had been put into this position by her old friend from life, Silver Wolf, nor that Silver Wolf would be making an appearance in the upcoming Holy Grail War. Would she be the only familiar face she’d see during it? That was still up in the air, but if Silver Wolf had it her way?

Probably not.