

TO GO ALONE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



They say tragedy always strikes when you least expect it. When you're at your comfiest, that's when fate will throw a wrench in your life and it becomes sink or swim. For Shirou Emiya that always seemed to be the case. From the fire he lost his family in, to the fifth Holy Grail War, he finally thought he'd found his happiness in *her*: Rin Tohsaka. They'd struggled together during the war, and only in the end did they realize their love for one another. It might have been a cute love story had it not been littered with so much death.

But a few months had passed since then. The two planned on moving to London eventually but they had to finish their time in high school first. It was walking home late one night that *it* came.

A *Servant*. That was what Shirou thought as the golden light hovered above his girlfriend. It had a nature that reminded him of one, yet the light had paralyzed Rin and begun to flow into her. As it did so her outfit changed, and eyes lit up gold before she began to rise into the air. Now Rin felt like she was a *Servant*.

"WAIT!", he called, jumping to grab 'Rin' by the hand. Perhaps there was another personality in there now considering the look of disgust he initially received. **"I'm not going to let you go alone!"** Whatever was happening it seemed she was going somewhere. Shirou had promised Rin that he would never, ever let her be alone again. If there was some sort of higher calling then that was fine, but he was going to go!

The girl's features softened, though she said nothing. The golden light above her suddenly split in two, the other hovering over the boy before paralysis ran through his body. **"Wh--"**

Don't worry! It'll be fine. This way you can be with her.

A voice spoke to him in his head, tone very familiar. It was, without a doubt, Rin's voice. But her tone? It was softer. It gave him the impression that wasn't actually Rin at all. Along with that voice however came the sensation of something entering him. A power flowing into his body and making it his home. While Shirou couldn't see, his brown eyes flickered gold like Rin's had for a moment before the light faded, leaving expression puzzled and irises crimson.

Tendrils of gold crackled down from the light source above him, each bringing with it change to the area they rooted themselves in. The boy rose into the air by the strings almost like a marionette, an essence pouring into him that was both unfamiliar and warm at the same time. But Shirou didn't struggle. If it meant staying with Rin then he'd accept it.

The shape of his hands, held into the air by strings of radiant light, were the first to conform to the appearance of the one holding him up. Fingers cracked as the wear he'd accumulated from practicing with the sword or fidgeting with tech washed away from skin that only became smoother and smoother. Nails elongated in kind, a crimson polish glazing itself across each one carefully. Palms followed suit, their pads shrinking along with his wrists so that he possessed a pair of hands so familiar he couldn't believe his eyes.

Aside from the polish they looked identical to the hands he usually held with his own.

The tendrils that grabbed his hands released, allowing arms to fall flat against his sides as change continued to creep up his arms beneath his sleeves. Muscle deteriorated, only soft skin and lean appendages remaining. While the assimilation had been painless thus far, even Shirou winced as a sudden crunch pushed his shoulders together to reduce the width of his body and create a situation where his shirt and jacket both hung off of a single arm, the opposite bare as he no longer had the build to hold them up properly.

Golden rope that clung to his feet did their job below as well. Already hoisted off the ground, they could do nothing but dangle as their size gradually deteriorated, Toes wiggled, desperately attempting to keep shoes and socks from falling free, but as even their own size diminished they could no longer hold tight and were exposed to the evening air as shoes clacked against the pavement below, socks dangling loosely from Shirou's feet.

The reverse of what occurred with his shoulders took claim of his hips, and where bone had been lost up top it was supplemented below. Knees buckled inward as the width of his waist popped outward with expanding hips, button popped off of his pants as they couldn't take the additional expanse. Without the button to hold them up, tanned uniform bottoms slowly slid down each leg and fell to the pile on the ground below, revealing a pair of hairless limbs awash with both paler skin tone and

increasingly more feminine definition. Of course, the desired host body of his ethereal captor had a leg situation that was a little more... *wanting*, and so quick work began there as well.

In tandem his thighs began to plump outward in all directions, filling in the new gap left between dangling legs from how far apart his thighs now were. They just stopped short of touching in their entirety, but what was left was a healthy and desirable pair of thighs. Firm but tantalizing, they lead up to a butt that was now far less tones than it once had been. Cheeks pressed up against his boxers, girth almost double what it had been just a moment before as boxers were wedged in place between his cheeks.

Or *her* cheeks we should say, since it took very little to suck up his dick and balls into the female equivalent. A beautiful pussy that she'd ravaged plenty of times at this point... though it was now part of *her own* body. Crimson pubes followed suit, dying themselves a brilliant blonde that had begun to permeate through his head of hair at the same time. And this, short of her eyes, was the main area she deviated from the Rin Tohsaka beside her.

Shirou soon realized that she was now floating not because of the tendrils but of her own power. 'Her' power, but it was something else. A name came to mind. '*Ereshkigal*'? Though it was an invasive thought it didn't feel heavy nor smothering, allowing the girl to retain some semblance of control as she felt her breasts form beneath her oversized shirt. With the angle the shoulder revealed, a small cup was easily seen poking out from the side. Small but not nothing either, a perky delight not unlike the pair on the girl floating beside her. A girl she was somehow recognizing as '*Ishtar*'.

And yet as her mind seemed to meld with another, the most prominent feeling didn't waver. Her love for Rin. It might as well have been equivocated with a love for Ishtar at this point, but somehow it was also the same.

As clothing dissipated only to be replaced by attire more suitable of the goddess of the Underworld, the final changes claimed her facial features. The shape of her eyes narrowed, lashes turning the same blond as hair that had spilled into a pair of twin tails. Lips gained volume, and her tongue probed them a minute just to feel how soft they were. In a way it was all a blessing. While she wasn't quite Rin, she was also basically Rin. Whenever they escaped what was happening, *if* they escaped what was happening, Shirou would have a better understanding of her hopefully.

Gold light consumed the both of them, erasing their surroundings before the light turned to a pale blue. And once they could see again they were facing a young boy with brown hair in a room with walls, floor, and ceiling of white.

Well, they would have seen him if they weren't making out.

"I-Ishtar, this isn't appropriate in front of our Master!"

“Don’t be such a prude Ereshkigal, don’t you feel all wound up after all that!?”

Ritsuka Fujimaru didn’t really want to know.