

MASS ALTER-CATIONS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I see. So they’ve arrived, just as expected.”

In one of the ruined apartment buildings that overlooked the Shinjuku district, a dark-skinned man observed the vacant streets below. Already had this place been taken by the nefarious plans of the ones that had deemed fit to make this a Pseudo-Singularity.

The streets had already been cast within a reddish glow, the scent of falsities abundant to those who held a nose for it. What, in this place, was true? Criminals ran rampant, monsters were beckoned to the troubles, and a greater scheme was being enacted behind the scenes. So different from reality, surely it was inevitable that the Chaldea Security Organization would eventually make their debut within this setting?

“That boy... alone?” What the man found surprising was that the youth that had appeared was all by their lonesome. Surely the organization that had toppled the aspirations of Goetia would send more than just a solo Master? Did they have a death wish? No, surely there was someone else...? But no one else appeared via rayshift no matter how long he waited.

Were his expectations too low? Was he underestimating the power of that one boy? The Archer watched with concern. His own plans hinged on this arrival being capable, if it were just a regular, human boy then he would have to re-evaluate his intentions. Scrap the plan, create a new one from the ground up. After all...

Before he could even finish that thought, the sound of a gun being fired rang out from nearby – as near as directly behind him. The bullet

pierced his chest and sent the man to lurch forward. “...**What!?**” Someone had snuck up on him? After all of his training? How could anyone get a leg up on EMIYA Alter!? He would’ve thought that the only person to know his blind spots would be *himself*. Placing a hand to where the bullet should have come out of his chest, however? It had sounded like a sniper shot, the impact should have still run right through him.

The pain was gone as well?

“**Who!?**” EMIYA Alter was so fast that he was able to spin around to face his attacker while checking the wound simultaneously. Once he’d turned, though, he felt it. There was no pain, but his body wasn’t behaving the way he had trained it too. His movements were becoming slower, sloppier... had he been drugged somehow? It hadn’t been a conventional bullet then?

But eyes went wide the moment they settled on the one with a sniper rifle in the doorway. It was himself. A man that resembled him wholly. “**Sorry, but this isn’t the role you’ll be playing in this Singularity. It’s still a day too early.**” Which Alter was real? It was difficult to say. But the first one could not even muster another word before he fell to the ground, almost rendered unconscious despite his protections as a Servant.

All he could do was groggily listen as his clone walked to wards the window, aimed his sniper down at the Master that had just arrived, and...

BANG!

“**Grr...**” The next the Archer stirred, his surroundings were unfamiliar. Had he not been finished off? Considering he had been attacked by a man that was identical to himself, he certainly hadn’t expected any mercy. Teeth grit, he picked his body off the floor and engaged his surroundings with his gaze. The scent of grease and meat hung heavily in the air, and the area was lit, but dim.

A basement? Was it beneath a restaurant? Putting two and two together, that certainly seemed like the most likely scenario. Why, however, had he been brought here? Additionally? “**What happened to my clothes...?**” EMIYA Alter was far too composed to get embarrassed or feel shame over such a thing. What was frustrating that he could not seem to summon any, even though Servants had their clothing essentially saved to their Saint Graphs as data.

Was it a side effect of whatever he'd been shot with? Thinking about the attack, he'd grit his teeth once more thinking about how his copy had seemingly sniped Ritsuka Fujimaru. Had that boy gotten away unharmed? Was he in a similar situation to himself?

Had Moriarty betrayed him? His first assumption had been that the alternate self that had shot him had been a fake, just one more falsity within this Shinjuku, but thinking back now? No, that man appeared to be *authentic*. Had Archer of Shinjuku managed to summon a separate version of his exact self? And, if so, to what ends?

There was no time to truly dwell on it. Now that he had a general idea of where he was, escape should have been a priority. The feelings of weakness that plagued him were certainly an issue, so much that they were bringing his skin to pale. No, *wait...* it was quite literally paling, and not in the sense of the word that could realistically be expected from a feeling of illness.

If it were merely the cause of illness (*and even then, Servants did not typically get sick*), then one would expect it to lighten consistently across his body with ease, maintaining a level lightening that would only bring his color to brighten a shade or two. But this? There was no rhyme or reason to which areas lightened, or even how bright the skin became. But considered his overly dark complexion? It was obvious no matter how light it became.

A few inches of his skin could be just a shade lighter than his natural tone, for example, while the next few inches over might have become a bleach white. Incidentally, the latter was the tone it was all striving for, and before long even the darker, lightened chunks would fall in line with this skin pigmentation, one much more characteristically associated with Servants that were designated 'Alters'.

Even EMIYA's hair, white as the freshly fallen snow, wasn't left unaffected by an altered color scheme. It became a little dirtier, strand by strand. But even then? It wasn't dirty in the sense of *filth*, it was more along the lines of ruining the purity of the white, for the hair took on a paler blonde color instead.

“Guh!?! What the *fuck* did they do to me!?” Hands outstretched before him, the man needn't look much farther than directly down to see just how pale his form had become. Somehow, the change in skintone even made his dick look smaller— *No*. *No*, that wasn't it? Upon closer inspection, was it not dwindling all its own?

Alone in this basement roost, the man had no qualms with reaching down to grab his junk in the hopes that this might somehow salvage something, anything. But of course that wouldn't work. It slipped away from him in the end, leaving nothing but a warm crevice that a finger eventually probed, but eventually yielded away from since, well... It was a pussy.

“I’m being turned into a goddamn woman!?” *She* was already an Alter of course, so getting her to rage wasn't all that difficult to begin with. But on the other hand? Her Saint Graph was being twisted to meet the expectations of another Servant whose anger was not easily stifled. One whose appearance was gradually becoming her own.

It was all the more apparent as, once her pussy had been fully formed and the pubic hairs above had been tainted with the same blonde-ish undertone, her figure began to diminish. Inwards, downwards, and even in terms of muscles – evidently her height of one-hundred and eighty-seven centimeters was far too vast for what was intended: a destined height of one-hundred and fifty-four centimeters.

But getting *down* to that height? It was something of a journey, all things considered. EMIYA Alter's muscles went first, leaving arms and legs thin, but not so thin that they were void of any muscle whatsoever. They were still a little bulky, but only if she were, say, a young teenaged girl. Which was really what her height was diminishing down into at the end of the day.

Those limbs, likewise, regressed in reach, forcing her body to wobble from side to side unstably up until the point that her height bottomed out, and shoulders crunched inwards while her hips? They strangely did the opposite. They had flared out slightly, widening to exceed the width of her pale shoulders as if they were ready to accommodate something that had yet to come.

“Hngh!” The entire process? It was exceptionally uncomfortable, although without an iota of pain. EMIYA couldn't help but groan in a highly effeminate voice as fingers crackled in their shrinkage, while nails on the tips lengthened in slight. But what made her wriggle the most was the emergence of her curves, even if they *were* slight.

Her chest still bore some degree of muscle, and yet that seemed to soften. Or, perhaps, that strength was being smothered by something soft? The latter appeared more likely as the skin around his nipples tightened, and the nipples themselves engorged a size or two in a dark purple color upon her pale flesh. What it amounted to, as tender fat bled into her new bosom, was a pair of tits that couldn't be any larger than something on the lower spectrum of a B-cup.

And while she should've been angry that she'd grown tits? For some reason she was more agitated that they had become so small. "**Paltry...!**", she ultimately grumbled to herself, smacking her own tits with a level of comfort that could only be exuded by one that was comfortable with her body, even though she absolutely shouldn't have been.

Though distracted by her chest, the reason her hips had parted wider became clear. As a man, EMIYA Alter had bore an exceptionally flat ass, but now? Cheeks bubbled to attention, rounded perfect taking shape that wasn't excessive by design but certainly keener in feminine shape. Her thighs, naturally, were the same.

All that remained was her head, and as her mane fell down her back as proudly as a lion's, feeling in all of the empty space atop her scalp, her facial features both softened and widened simultaneously. Eyes grew big, taking on more Caucasian shapes while plump lips rested in a natural scowl. Her tiny nose wriggled, and with cheeks as round as they were? She might have been seen as cute. But she absolutely *wasn't*.

"Why am I naked!?" She scoffed, her mind muffled to the point that she could hardly recall her old self. *Archer*? She was a *Saber*, was she not? *Artoria Pendragon Alter*! Considering she was an Alter still, her nature had not changed all that much. Instead, once she summoned a new ensemble: consisting of a black top, black shorts, and a matching jacket, she flopped onto the couch in her 'Roost' without thinking anything was even awry. Her mood was foul, but wasn't it always? Only one thing could satisfy her.

"I want a burger."

From Ritsuka Fujimaru's point of view, he had even less of a clue regarding what was happening than even EMIYA Alter had. The timeline of his memories went as followed: he had arrived in Shinjuku via rayshift by himself. After five or ten minutes of wandering around aimlessly, though? A gunshot had rung out, and the next he knew he had woken up here.

But where *was* here?

He wasn't out on the street in any capacity. He had a roof over his head, and his surroundings were well lit. Shelf after shelf, all empty, filled this otherwise vacant locale. **"A warehouse?"** Using his brain a little, wasn't that the most obvious possibility? But why had he been brought here? Why did his body ache so much?

“WHY AM I NAKED!?”

Unfortunately, the young Master was far easier to shake up in terms of embarrassment and shame than EMIYA Alter was. Even though there was no apparent audience, in his uncertainty he used one of his hands to cover his dick so no one could potential see. Were his clothes scattered about something? A bit of preliminary scouting revealed no such thing, meaning he was completely buck naked with no means of covering up.

Little did he know that he'd been dragged all of the way out here as a matter of damage control. Much like the EMIYA that had been dragged to what would eventually become Saber Alter's 'roost', Ritsuka would be forced into the shoes of a different player in the Shinjuku incident without even realizing. And this player? Well, they were infinitely more volatile than that Saber ever could ever be.

“Tch, who the hell would dare--!?” As if demonstrating that fact in real time, a sudden outburst bled forth from the boy's mouth unintentionally. So unintentionally, in fact, that he was left questioning it in its wake **“What? Why did I? I'm not that angry... Am I?”** Though, that burst of anger certainly had provoked something. For his eyes, that were typically so bright and blue? They now reflected a shimmering, supernatural gold.

Ritsuka was plagued by a wave of dizziness suddenly, and escaping his notice was the cause that had provoked this onset of a struggle. He was swaying side to side, at least until he caught himself on a nearby warehouse shelf, yet by doing so? The cause was even clearer. He was shrinking. Not substantially, for he only lost enough to scoot him down to one-hundred and fifty-nine centimeters when he'd once been one-hundred and sixty-six, but it was certainly enough to see the top of his head lower against the shelving, and his arm bend in slight is it moved to accommodate for his shorter stature while holding that which grounded him.

“Damn it! Why am I so goddamn—NO! I'm smaller? Why am I... like that!?” It happened again, this time once he'd taken notice of his circumstances. His overall height had lessened, the length of his limbs included. Fingers? They were both thinner and just the slightest but stubbier, but more miraculous was the quality of his skin. The hands were the epicenter of this, what with how all of his callouses and scars had merely evened out so that the quality of his flesh was pristine, but it was a softness that was consistent from head to toe.

Almost as notable was whatever had plagued his facial features. His cheeks? *Rounder*. His eyes? *Wider*. And not simply because of the encroaching femininity that seemed to be peeling away his masculinity. It was a little more than that, more relative to his race. In the end, he looked less and less Japanese and more and more European. Well, like a European *woman*, at any rate. Thus thick lips and that soft nose certainly had no business belonging to a Japanese boy, even if they'd suddenly become plagued by a perpetual, angry scowl.

Without a mirror it was difficult for him to see, but that face? It should have been a familiar one. The scowl aside, it was a 1:1 of the face of Jeanne d'Arc, and his hair? It was lengthening similarly to his shoulders, even brightening from black to that golden blonde that was so typical of her design. But... that wasn't quite the case, and his golden eyes spoke to the truth. For as quickly as that hair had turned blonde, it immediately lightened further as if bleached, taking on a whitish silver that clashed with his healthy skin tone. Like an *Alter*.

In the meantime, the design of his body was taking on a finer line of curves. He'd certainly become just the slightest bit shorter and thinner, but now it was time for bloating where applicable. The fat left over from deteriorated muscle mass came back with the vengeance, at first targeting his lower half with glee. "**Ngh! Fuck!**" The sensation wasn't one of pain, but he couldn't help but squirm to the sensation of fat wriggling through his body.

Looking down, he could see his thighs begin to inflate. His skin was pulled taut around their rounded forms, and once it had been pulled as tight as it could be? That skin brightened to a ghastly pale that slowly bled into even the skin that had been unaffected. By the time his transformation would finish, his skin would be entirely of this tone.

With ample fat still to go around, the next batch targeted his ass. The feat this time was far more... expansive? There were bigger shoes to fill, though the shoes in this case was actually his ass cheeks. They bellowed large, paling flesh engorging in mass and shape to the point that they almost tripled their original size, providing a sexy sway that absolutely benefitted from hips that had been forced even wider by the growth.

Midst it all... "**My dick!? Where the hell'd my dick go!?**" Shouting far too crudely, *she* had ended up pawing at her crotch the moment she'd realized, finding nothing by a silver bush and a woman's pussy. Just touching it gingerly brought a great deal of pressure that clouded her brain, and in that cloud an opportunity for a shifting mental state arose. One that would reach a climax by the time that, well... By the time her chest had born fruit.

And the ripening had already begun. Her nipples puffed up, a dark purple against extraordinarily white skin that looked fuller and fuller with each and every passing moment. “*Mmn...*” It certainly felt pleasurable, and Ritsuka couldn’t keep her fingers from that chest as she began to tweak those erect, plump nipples rather harshly. The stimulation ended up doing them some good in the end though, as the weight beneath the surface came to flourish more enthusiastically as a result.

Her long fingernails ended up digging into the meat of those tits as they blew up to a pair of D-cups, and her moaning took on a more hostile tone with her woman’s voice. The haze upon her mind had allowed desire to take over, but once that bosom had peaked at a set of DDs, and *Jeanne d’Arc Alter* was beset by a moment of clarity, she couldn’t help but cry out. “**What the goddamn hell am I doing!? In the middle of some shitty warehouse!?**”

It was like everything made sense and nothing made sense at the exact same time. She’d been a little uncertain about her identity before, but now? Anger completely drowned out any doubt she might have had. A snap of fingers saw the *Avenger*’s body clad in a black, zip-up dress with a dark purple jacket overtop, the clacking of her heels piercing while she stepped towards the exit with both frustration and confidence alike decorating her stride.

“***Hmph! Maybe I’ll go harass the server at that pizza place or something. I could use a bite!***” When it came to this woman, she always made everything more difficult than it needed to be.

A familiar scene played out the next day, with EMIYA Alter observing a rayshift onto the streets below from an old apartment window. This time, however? It was not a boy that appeared, but a girl with ginger hair. “**I see. So they’ve arrived, just as expected.**” The Archer repeated the same phrase, his position completely the same.

Naturally, this could *not* be the same EMIYA Alter that had done so the day prior. After all, he was—

Ah, there she was. Just in time.

The engine of a motorcycle roared, and a young girl with pale skin and golden eyes barreled down the road towards Chaldea’s Master. All of the pieces were in place as they should be, then. And the matter of crisscrossing timelines had hopefully been solved.

For Moriarty had realized. Two different Chaldeas had set their attention on this Pseudo-Singularity, from two entirely different timelines. This would naturally cause complications, and so that villain had summoned a second EMIYA Alter. A confusing development, but one with a purpose. This alternative Alter had been given a special serum and a mission: eliminate his 'original' and the Ritsuka Fujimaru from the first Chaldea by making them unknowing residents of the Singularity.

Naturally, as they had been gallivanting around as that corrupted king and corrupted saint for the past twenty-four hours, that plan had become a great success. Had an Artoria Alter and Jeanne Alter existed in this realm prior to their creation? No, but Moriarty had assigned them identities that would work well in this scenario. That meant the proper timeline for Shinjuku was still preserved. From that point on, it was a matter of seeing if the events unfolded just as planned.

“I suppose I should prepare myself, then.” The second EMIYA Alter was unconcerned with any of these developments. His plans did not change, and, in fact, he would carry on the same goals as his original. That meant keeping tabs on Moriarty, and it meant being prepared for the worst-case scenario. For the sake of seeing this mission to completion, the *he* that was now Saber Alter should have been proud. After all, it was thanks to his sacrifice that this would now be possible.

“Now, Master of Chaldea. Can you do it? Can you tame that proud lion and that angered snake? Show it to me, girl.”

The Ritsuka Fujimaru that was a woman would never have a clue that anything was different in the first place.