

FATE / DOWNGRADE EX

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“**Hm... Things are a little quiet, aren't they?**” The Servant who was known both as Sima Yi and Reines El-Melloi Archisorte was not at all *surprised* to find things as they were, but she still felt the need to comment on it. Reines was used to Chaldea being a hustling, bustling place. But as of late things had undergone an understandable yet frustrating decline as a number of rules had been put into place that stood contrary to the usual ‘vibes’.

The Rider-class Servant understood the circumstances well enough – at least for someone who wasn't *directly* involved, anyways. All of the Servants had been briefed at one point in time or another. And if Reines was to describe it in the most basic way imaginable? She would probably have described it as an *occupation* of Chaldea, though she could understand why others would avoid using a term that charged.

It was true though, wasn't it? After Goetia was defeated there had been a brief time of peace. All while, in the background, the Clock Tower had begun to assess the Chaldea Security Organization as a potential threat. They had amassed too many Servants and accomplished too many unthinkable deeds. Familiar with the Clock Tower of old to an extent, Reines could at least understand *where* they were coming from. But the actions that followed didn't exactly pass the smell test.

They had not only sent a new director over in the form of Goredolf Musik, but there were armed soldiers and a *very* suspicious secretary. Upon arrival they had put into effect a number of major policy changes to curb the presence of Servants, limiting how many could be out and about – limiting those who could to merely doing jobs that could not be

filled by a smaller workforce as they claimed to be bringing in more hands.



“But *that* is a load of bologna.” The girl had seen through it on day one, as she was sure plenty of others had as well. As she patrolled the halls as she was instructed, she knew full well what their end goal was. They planned on scrapping the Chaldea Security Organization and certainly wished to unsummon all of their Servants. Which wasn’t a big deal for some, but for others?

Well, Chaldea had amassed some Servants that would fade into nothingness if they were unsummoned. Special cases whose marks on history had only been fleeting. And that just wouldn’t do. Not that she expected anyone at the Clock Tower to have any sympathy for any Servants in cases like those. She fully expected that they saw *all* Servants as a threat to humanity. **“How hypocritical. They’ll rely on us to save them, but once they’ve been saved they’d treat us like monsters.”**

But there was no point in lamenting that for long. What could she do about it as things were? She couldn’t even communicate with other Servants with the ‘shifts’ that had been set up. She’d been expecting to at least see *staff* when it came to her patrol route but the hallways were empty. *Too* empty. It made the teen suspicious. Was there just no one else working... or had they been told not to go out into the halls while she was out there?

“A fear of Servants, or could it be something else...?” She didn’t know for certain. All she knew was that there was something fishy afoot. Nonetheless she continued on her way. Minutes passed, and then an hour. She didn’t even understand what the purpose of this task *was*. Why send a Rider to patrol the halls? Were they expecting a threat of some kind? Unlikely, seeing as the invaders were basically the biggest threat to Chaldea at present. It almost felt like a *trap*. **“I guess I could take a look...”**

Passing by the control room, Reines had an *idea*. If she just entered Spirit Form and poked her head inside perhaps she could glean some information about what was happening. If they wouldn’t tell her outright then she’d have to take things into her own hands, right? And she knew there was a blind spot in the cameras coming up. With these intentions in mind she stepped into that blind spot and entered Spirit Form, effectively making her invisible and undetectable.

Or that had been the *plan*, but...

It didn't work!? She just kept walking past the control room as if nothing had happened to avoid eliciting suspicion. But she *hadn't* entered Spirit Form nor turned invisible. Rather, she was applying the method she *knew* should have worked but something didn't *feel* right. More than that, there was another problem she had finally noticed. "**My mana?**" She uttered it under her breath.

Her mana levels were *dropping* rapidly. Peering over her shoulder, Reines' eyes eventually went wide. Golden particles were seeping from her body and lingering in the air behind her before disappearing. A visual indication of her mana leaving her body. Had they caught onto her? Was she being unsummoned? No, these circumstances didn't at all match up with what unsummoning a Servant usually looked like. Their bodies disappeared. Hers *wasn't* disappearing. So what did that mean?

The girl was *already* alarmed, but she found herself much *more* so only a matter of moments later. "**Grk!?**" Her whole torso swung to the left and she stumbled, only barely catching herself. "**What was tha— What!?**" It happened again, knocking her back to the right, and then to the left again. Her leg almost buckled from an impact on her left leg, and the final impact came to her back, almost knocking her forward.

It felt like she was being struck by an invisible *blade*, and it very much felt like she was being *cut* each time she was pushed. She could feel her skin being sliced open. But there was no pain, no blood, and her costume remained unblemished. What was happening was something that *couldn't* be seen while she was dressed. *Scars*. Every time she was hit, a new scar formed on the point of impact. Several deep and long ones across her arms and legs, and a *huge* one down her back at an angle. But Servants *shouldn't* have been able to scar.

That is so long as they were still technically Servants.

"**What in the world was that?**" It had taken Reines a moment to regain her composure after the impacts seemed to come to a close. She was in a bit of a pickle when it came to examining her own body to check for problems as she was, since she wore such thick and layered attire. But she had been *cut*, right? She'd been wounded enough on the battlefield working as a Servant for Chaldea to know the feeling. But she also knew the sensation of bleeding. She *wasn't*, and it didn't feel like she had been injured either. She was in absolutely *no* pain.

Mana continued to leak from the container that was her body. She checked over her shoulder now and again to make sure, even though a more obvious visual change had begun to take place. Once again the

Rider's ability to notice as much was inhibited by the outfit she was wearing, however. She even wore gloves, so the only skin on her body that was visible was her neck and face. Areas she could not check for problems without a mirror.

And there was a *problem*. Unless the color of her skin was *supposed* to be darkening? It certainly *wasn't*, and yet the pigmentation of her skin was sliding away from her Caucasian pale at a rather alarming rate. While it could only be seen happening to her face it was a phenomenon that affected her from head to toe. Before long her complexion had slid into a copper tone, darkening her nipples further and wreaking a havoc upon the *structure* of her face that was more than a little unusual.

Reines was a young British lady. Or she was *supposed* to be, but with the change in her complexion that was something that could probably be debated. The changes to her face promoted this assertion, with the structure inheriting a chiseled, almost more masculine aesthetic while still retaining a woman's femininity. The colors of her eyes soon darkened to brown and the shapes of those eyes narrowed to give her expression a hardened look. The shape of her nose became more defined with flared nostrils, and her lips practically doubled in thickness. Completely with a clenched forehead, she didn't really look British.

Or *young* for that matter.

“Whatever is going on, I need to contact... *uh... to do... something?*” Wasn't there someone she could talk to about this? About *what*? Something to do with magic? How did magic *work* again? Brown eyes widened as she realized something: important knowledge wasn't where it should be. All of her studies had been emptied from her brain. When it came to solving her problems? The only options she could think of were violent and brutish, like she had been raised *outside* of modern civilization.

Those impulses only grew, but *as* they did? The blonde of Reines' hair appeared to darken almost as if the coloration of this hair was tied to her mental state. It did retain a blonde *base*, but it was a much dirtier shade when all was said and done. More than that though, while the length didn't really change all that much the *texture* did. It was thicker, coarser, *dirtier*. The hair of a woman who didn't have access to shampoos and, perhaps, the hair of a woman who hadn't bathed in a while.

But in terms of cleanliness it was becoming a more *widespread* problem. Her clothing was keeping most of it baked in, but the scent of sweat was becoming quite pungent with her skin glistened faintly with dried sweat and dirt. Again, it was difficult to see *or* smell, but forced

alterations to her costume's fit soon allowed these sights and scents to escape. "**What!?**" Reines cried out in a deeper, huskier voice that suited her new face much better, a natural response to a stumble she couldn't identify?

The girl *should* have been able to identify it. After all the cause was blatant. Her arm were pushing out of her sleeves and her dress was lifting higher and higher. Shoulders broadened, as did her hips, until cloth began to rip and fray. The *woman* had grown both up in terms of age, and out in terms of height and width – ultimately as tall as *six feet*. The scent of battle that had been contained within seeped out wherever there were gaps, and while it did strike her nose as 'gross' for a moment she did eventually find it normal.

"Something is not right!" Reines' vernacular and sentence structure were both much simpler. She didn't notice. All she cared about were that her clothes were *restricting* her, and so enlarged, calloused hands reached up to pull the fabric away with an increased ease. She was still weaker than she had been as a Servant, but the strength she had now? It was above average; its source more obvious as she continued to angrily pull and rip.

As her arms were exposed you could see the dark scars that had been etched into her flesh at the beginning of the transformation. But you could also see how much *thicker* those arms were. They were *incredibly* muscular. Calling them 'pythons' would have been doing them a disservice. And yet it wasn't *just* her arms. Her thighs had thickened not only with this same strength, but with added fate that made them appear twice as thick – this benefit even giving her chiseled ass a nice lift. With her lower half bare, it wasn't difficult to see the wild, dirty, unkempt mass of blonde pubes just swaying there.

She pulled away the clothing from her chest just in time to see her breasts swelling. Her pectoral muscles and abs alike had all become so defined that, if you poured water onto her belly, the definition could be used as a set of waterways carrying the moisture to her deeply engraved bellybutton. But her chest rose with a feminine, almost maternal softness. This body *was* one that had birthed before so perhaps that was to be expected, and even her brown nipples were exposed. "**I'm... I'm not supposed to look like this!**"

Even though the tall and muscular woman could recognize this, she could do nothing about it. As the last of her mana left her, that body of hers was dressed in new attire. A battle bra of crimson and gold with a furred hood, a black thong, leather greaves with golden bangles, a tooth necklace... Even her coarse hair was tied up by red bands into a rough ponytail.

“What did they do to me? Is this some kind of joke?” Slamming a knuckled hand into the nearby wall, the woman was still more than strong enough to leave an impact mark despite no longer possessing a Servant’s strength. That was because she was still a strong *Amazoness Queen*, a brave and powerful warrior that had fought for her people for a very long time. And yet comparably? She was significantly weaker than even the tiny Reines had been.



Her actions were fueled by a sense of *aggression*. She didn’t belong here and she could vaguely recall being *captured*, yet enough of Reines’ memories remained for her to simultaneously recognize that the memories of an Amazoness’ life didn’t line up with reality. So this was their plan? They were altering the Servants into weaker forms? But why? For what reason? While she could field these questions there was an issue with seeking answers.

She just *wasn’t* anywhere near as intelligent as she used to be. The tanned woman couldn’t remember how to even *read* as all of her skills now belonged to an individual who lived far departed from modern civilization. She knew how to fight, hunt, and survive. Anything beyond that *confused* her. **“Grr...”** Recognizing this only made her feel *angrier* though. Where was her spear? She needed to escape!

But where would the Amazoness even go? The world outside was cold and she was used to wearing next to nothing. Even though she *knew* that wasn’t true at all! Reines wore clothes all the time! Doing so now would have just felt burdensome to her though. These two sets of recollections clashing against each other didn’t help at all, either. They were just making the muscular woman even *more* irate.

“There! Subdue her non-lethally!”

The warrior instinctively turned to the source of the voice. A number of armed men had poured out of the control room. *Too many* of them. They had been waiting for her? No, they had likely been waiting for her to *transform*. It had all been a trap from the very beginning. Had this happened to other Servants? If so, how many? She had more questions, but it was much too difficult to focus on them. The Amazoness merely lunged at the group with a battle cry despite their weapons and her lack thereof, and in the end?

She was struck before she could even reach them. Not by lethal bullets but by a stun gun. Such a mediocre form of self defense was more than enough to subdue her now. After all, she was only flesh and bone now.