

# HEART OF A SCHOLAR

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“A book to read, a book to read...”**

The Assassin class Servant, Yor Forger, had spent some time perusing the offerings of children’s books within Chaldea’s elaborately designed library. She was a Servant that was *very much* out of place within the organization, because while there were records of her being summoned? No one could quite *remember* it happening. She was just the next in a line of Servants whose presence in Chaldea didn’t make very much sense, but while some were investigating their appearances? No one had landed on an answer about their points of origin *just yet*.

Her intentions in the library had been simple enough. The Assassin Servant that was in her care, Jack the Ripper, was just a small child. Yor had taken a liking to her and was doing all that she could to help raise her. That included taking things upon herself like the girl’s education. So? She had decided to read some books to her, in hopes that she could teach her how *to read* over time. **“I’d like to check these out! Oh, are you feeling alright, Miss Murasaki?”**

Upon arriving at the front desk with a few books in her hand, the woman was greeted by another. A gloomy looking librarian. No, was she *exhausted*, too? **“Oh, it’s nothing. The library has become quite popular as of late, is all. I’m afraid I alone am not enough to maintain it. I just wish I had someone around to help me...”** And wishing at this time was a pretty *powerful* thing to do.

---

After sparring with Kagura in the simulation room, the Lancer Servant, Caenis, had finally made it back to her room. It had been a great fight,

though Caenis couldn't remember having seen that Servant around before recently. Apparently records showed she had been summoned a few months ago? Well, it didn't really matter to the Greek Servant. As long as she had a strong opponent to spar with, then it didn't really matter to her where they came from. She slid into her room and turned on the light.



**“Ah! Home.”** Her room was pretty standard for a Chaldea Servant. They were allowed to customize their personal spaces as they wished, but the Lancer was a pretty simple woman. She didn't need much, which was why the only real changes compared to normal rooms were just to accommodate her lifestyle. In a corner of the room was a set of

weights and a treadmill so that she could ‘stay in shape’. It was more of a habitual thing, however. As a Servant she didn't really *need* to keep up with exercise or anything like that.

Even now, while looking for ways to unwind, her attention shifted to that corner of the room. It wasn't the way *most* people chose to unwind, but everyone had their own preferences for things like that, right? **“Wait.”** Her good move was immediately soured as her blue eyes fell onto something that *shouldn't* have been among her weights, however.

There was a thick book with an ornate, leather backing. Symbols were etched into it with golden ink, giving it a very ‘important’ appearance. Even if she *had* recognized the book, it wouldn't have belonged among the weights. But Caenis wasn't the type to keep books in her room in the first place. She wasn't exactly the most avid of readers and was *much* more of a muscle head.

This peeved her off for one obvious reason: if *she* hadn't brought the book into her room, then someone *else* had. Which meant someone had entered her private space without permission. Other Servants were *banned* from doing that, so someone would be in trouble unless it had been her Master that had done so. **“Tch. Whoever did it, do they think that leaving a random book in here is going to make me read? Hell no!”**

She stomped her way over to her weight collection. That book was going in the bin unless it had a library tag on it. In the case that it did, she'd *naturally* have to bring it back to the library instead. Once she grabbed the spine of the book and turned it over several times, however? She learned that it wasn't property of the library. There *was* a name etched onto the inside of the front cover, however. **“Jib... ril? Who the hell is that? I've never heard that name before in my life!”**

It was true. There was no one in the Chaldea Security Organization that went by that name, whether they were staff, Servant, or *otherwise*. Had this book been taken from outside of the building? From a Singularity, or Lostbelt, or *somewhere*? Well, it wasn't like she could answer that. Now that she could feel its weight in her hands though? She became hesitant about throwing it out. It *did* seem to be fairly important, even if she couldn't read the odd text that was etched inside. Caenis raised a brow.

**“Guess I could just take it to da Vinci or something.”** And she shrugged. That would have made a lot more sense, since at least da Vinci was knowledgeable. Just as she was about to commit to the idea of doing *just* that, however? The book in her hand began to *glow*. Caenis dropped it with no shortage of surprise. **“Huh!?”** No, it wasn't *merely* a matter of it glowing. It had transferred some sort of energy into her. Mana?

Caenis didn't like the implications here at all. *Whatever* it was, it had definitely flowed *into* her body. If that book was the culprit, then she had certainly had the right idea to *dispose* of it. Glaring at the tome on the floor *now*, though? A completely *different* thought crossed her mind. *Why would I destroy my book? That sounds like a waste of knowledge.* **“Hah!?! Since when do I care!?”** Her point *was* valid. Since when *did* she care? Knowledge was such a 'whatever' thing.

Unusual thoughts provided the tome's power with some much needed *cover*, mind you. The Lancer wasn't aware of it, but her class had already been fundamentally altered; ever since that mana made contact with her Saint Graph, in fact. But there were many more *striking* alterations that should have been worth worrying over. Entirely obvious too, at least to anyone who may have been looking. The problem was that the Servant *wasn't*.

She was blameless in that regard, however. Much like the others who had 'fallen' before her, her rudimentary ability to question these changes had been extremely dampened, if now outright disabled. So the crimson lines that had been tattooed onto her body fading away *probably* wouldn't have effectively registered even *if* she had been looking directly

at them. What was odd about *this*, though, was that the lines didn't return to her natural skin color.

Those lines remained in a *much* paler skin tone, or at least they *seemed* that way at first. But in the end? The problem wasn't that the lines were too light so much as it was an issue of her *skin being too dark*. Gradually, the melanin count in her skin lessened. Her flesh grew lighter shade by shade until it matched the markings, but it was also *more* than that, too. Scars were washed away along with any other blemishes, leaving this paler complexion much softer and smoother.

**“Ugh. What’s going on with me? Being so irate... *It isn’t like me.*”** The woman gave a shake of her head, not thinking much about how *that* definitely wasn't true. Most saw Caenis as very easy to upset, and she allowed herself to get riled up easily. Yet a voice deep down was trying to offer a much *quieter* voice to her reactive palette, all while her appearance changed to feel less and less intimidating. With her skin softer now, things became more literal. Her swollen muscles flattened and smoothed away until there wasn't even a scrap of excess fitness upon her body.

That said, she was still a little *toned*. The loss of muscle could have potentially been credit for what seemed like a slight deterioration of her bust and ass sizes initially, but in the long term? It didn't really account for *all* of the losses that she ended up suffering. Her boobs had definitely been the most noticeable at first, but that was largely because the armored cups that she wore exposed so much of her breasts normally. So, it was easy enough to watch her bosom shrink a sole cup size, perky and pinker nipples visible if you looked at the cups from either side.

Caenis' losses were actually *much* more obvious farther down. She typically had a big caboose and thick, muscular thighs, and with those muscles gone they *had* retained some feminine abundance. But with the woman's figure continuing to lessen as it did, whatever excess she had was quickly lost. Her thighs still remained of a feminine *shape*, but by the time they had leaned? There wasn't a whole lot to them comparatively. Her ass, cheeks compressing three or four inches, told a similar story.

She was usually nearly 5'9" in height, too. But as things had been trending, remaining at such a height hadn't been in the cards. **“*Hm?*”** The Servant actually seemed to *notice* that her stature was plummeting, but while her point of view receding downwards was *notable*, in the end she didn't seem to think much of it. Not even as her armor practically hung *off* of her once she reached a mere 5'4" instead. For a brief moment it almost seemed like her clothing had been shrinking to match this new body size, too.

But that wasn't *technically* the case. Clothes took a new form altogether. A sleeveless, pink crop top that showed off her tits on both sides along with her tummy and lower back, and a yellow skirt now wrapped around her waist to make up the ensemble's main body. But she also had a light purple thigh high boot on her right leg, a leather shoe over a white and orange striped sock on the other, and a purple glove over her right arm. A *very* different outfit that surely wasn't meant for a heavy weapon wielding Servant. Smaller, callous-less fingers also suggested this.

The woman's body was *largely* different now, but from the neck up? Aside from her skin color, thus far she had been left looking more or less the same as she always had. But there was a time limit on this from the start, and with the rest of her body now changed? That which *hadn't* been altered was given no choice. It could be seen in how the woman's face shrunk and softened, with smaller lips and a button nose making themselves seen before long. The only real outlier might as well have been her *eyes*. Not only did they seem to enlarge, but their blues lit up with a mystical *red* instead. Red, with golden crosses for pupils.

She rubbed at her eyes, not noting the glove on her right hand now at all. "**Mm... Perhaps I'm just tired?**" And her voice was certainly much *softer* in its sound. Even so, her eyes weren't the *only* part of her body that had taken on a shade of rose. A soft pink actually bled into her white hair, the long locks actually pulling a little *shorter* when all was said and done so that they reached the backs of her knees instead of her ankles. The only hair that *wasn't* affected by this seemed to be the fur on her ears, but only because they were dealing with a *different* issue.

The pair of equine ears atop her head had slowly been moving back down to where a pair of ears would normally be found on a human. They pinned back, and the fur that covered them seemingly took on a *downier* texture as their whites shifted and frayed. In the end? They much more resembled a pair of small wings, ones with pale, downy feathers near their base and darker shades near their tips.

Caenis felt compelled to stretch her arms into air. "**Ahhhh!**" *More* stretched than she was even aware of at the time, though. Additional appendages pushed out from just above her ass. A full pair of *wings* with a span that rivaled her height, pure white feathers coating them in the end. They were so foreign, but the woman herself consciously gave them a little flap before long. They felt completely natural to her!

Just as natural as the aura of a rainbow halo that hovered over her height soon after.

The pretty *young* woman certainly didn't look a day over 6,407 years old, and she certainly didn't *feel* a day older than that either. **"Hm... Was something just bothering me? I feel a little irritated, but..."** That feeling had more or less come to pass. *Jibril* wasn't one to get angry all willy nilly, and generally had a very reserved personality that was only challenged when her more condescending, scholarly side came out. With a **"hup!"** she crouched down to pick up *her* tome before springing back up onto her feet.



This *Archer* class Servant was a little bit unique. Much like Semiramis, she had been summoned with the Double Summon skill. That meant that she was effectively a *Caster* class Servant as well. A position that was appropriate for a woman of the *Flugel* race. They were long lived, beautiful, and incredibly intelligent. *Jibril* certainly was no exception to these standards. With a little bit of thinking, she'd certainly recall what she was supposed to be doing, at least!

Despite how much of a genius she was supposed to be, however, she didn't seem to be smart enough to realize the fate that had befallen her. That she had actually been a *different* Servant up until just a few moments prior. **"Aha!"** The Archer raised a finger into the air while her other hand clutched her book to her chest. She had a real 'eureka!' moment, but it was only about what she was *supposed* to be doing.

**"I was going to help Miss Murasaki in the library, was I not?"** *Jibril* could vividly recall agreeing to do just that! It was a situation that was beneficial to *her* as well, because she could read as many books as she liked. The sea of knowledge was hers to peruse so long as she helped with mundane tasks like putting returned books away. And so? She scurried off to the library with a grin.

---

From a small room elsewhere in Chaldea, 'Ritsuka Fujimaru' had been watching all of this on a small camera. She was actually BB in disguise still, of course, and it was her who had left the book in Caenis room

while installing this tiny camera. **“Hahaha! Another one bites the dust, I guess? But I wonder who should be next...?”** Her moment of celebration was interrupted as the door to her room flew open.

**“MASTEEEEEER!”**

And the huge breasted, oni woman Shion flew in, embracing BB in such way that her face was buried in her cleavage.