

TO BE A HERO(INE)

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Holy Grail War. A contest of champions that saw powerful magi families from across the globe wage war on each other using Servants – familiars born of the legends of great heroes of past, present, and future. Each Servant wielded unique and devastating powers of the likes no modern magus could ever hope to compare to, but the quality of the Master, the one contracted to the Servant, was traditionally just as important.

Which was what made Kiritsugu Emiya so exceptional. He wasn't a man that was particularly adept at magecraft, not did he care for the Holy Grail War for the same reasons of everyone else – for they desire to have their wish granted at the very end of it all. But was the prize, the Holy Grail, truly a wish-granting device? No, it was just another tool for the evil heretics that plagued this world, and the *Magus Killer* himself was intent on making sure the worst case didn't come to fruition.

The fourth Holy Grail War had yet to start, and those seeking to become Masters will still in the process of summoning their Servants. It was both necessary and tradition that a catalyst was required: an object of import to the Heroic Spirit a Master candidate would try to summon. Perhaps it was a piece of a weapon that had once been in their arsenal, or a scrap of material from an important object in their legend; in most cases even something small was enough.

But it *wasn't* a fool proof system. Inconsistencies easily arose because of the summoning process. If two heroes wielded the same weapon, for example, there was no guarantee that the one of the two you desired would answer your summons. Not to mention the risk of counterfeits, which would essentially make all of the Master candidate's preparations

moot in the end when the summoning ritual didn't even conjure a familiar to use in the war. This story? It was somewhat relevant to the latter problem. Kiritsugu had procured what he believed to be the lost sheath of Excalibur in order to summon the King of Knights himself, King Arthur.

Even if he hadn't been duped, he wouldn't have gotten exactly what he wished for, but this?

The sheath he'd obtained wasn't even of this *universe*.

For the sake of her safety, the man had requested his wife, Irisviel von Einzbern, wait outside of the church room he had etched the summoning circle into. Upon the purchase of this sheath the Magus Killer had been issued a warning: do not draw on its powers in the presence of others for their own safety. It was cryptic, but he could not take any unnecessary risks with Iri's life. She was too important to the Holy Grail War to perish prematurely.

And so, the ritual began, the magic circle lighting up a bright blue as light swirled around the room. It snuffed out the candles at the head of the altar while an abundance of mana had been conjured by the medium (*undoubtedly to fulfill the tall order that was a Servant's body, which would be constructed by magical power*). But that mana? It didn't pool in the center of the magic circle as it should have. No, it flowed elsewhere.

Into Kiritsugu himself.

"...**WHAT!?**" For all of the thing he had been ready for, this wasn't one of those instances. Had a line been drawn on the summoning circle incorrectly? No, he'd meticulously replicated the design found in that book, having references it to an almost ridiculous extent during the construction period. If something wasn't wrong with the circle, then, was it a problem with the relic? Not that he had the time to ponder nor an opportunity to fix the problem, for his body was taking in all of the energy that had been beckoned to this world through the ritual. His Magic Circuits weren't suited for this burst of energy and so they began to expand to accommodate – at a cost.

Considering those circuits were growing, it was a staggering contrast to see Kiritsugu's body begin to shrink so that this energy could be housed. In this earlier stage the reasoning behind this move wasn't evident, but fumbling around, the man had no reason to doubt that something had gone awry with the process. After all, one's point of view did not drop on its own – there had to be some sort of cause.

Should he seek out Irisviel for help? She was just in the next room, but what if this was contagious? He didn't feel to be in any pain even though his limbs were slowly shortening, and the muscles (*hard earned*) across the entirety of his form had begun to diminish. No, it was too risky. Again, she was too important. He could not risk having something happen to her that could endanger the Holy Grail War, lest tragedy befall their daughter.

Kiritsugu retained his posture as his height continued to drop, although his clothing was hardly as cooperative. The man's belt, for example, wasn't enough to hold up his pants after a time, and not only did they fall to his shoes (*where a single lifting of his feet would bring them out of those shells with ease*), but his boxers fell along with them. It was fortunate then, in a sense, that his suit jacket and the dress shirt beneath had become so baggy that they fell to his hips.

In a matter of moments, he'd dropped down to the height of one-hundred and fifty-four centimeters, a far cry from the one-hundred and seventy-five centimeters he'd peaked at during adulthood. But, then again, could he be called an adult as he was? It took the 'man' a moment to tug one of his hands out of an oversized sleeve and found that his fingers were strangely... *clean*. Not in the 'free of dirt' sense, but in the sense of the word that implied they were free of *blemishes*. Scars, burn marks, callouses – all things the man had earned from his assassin's life, all reset to zero. Almost like when he was...

There was a vase nearby polished to the point where reflections could be seen in it. With the light of the candles extinguished there was only the light of the moon filtering in from above to act as a light source. But it was enough. Leaving his pants and shoes behind him, he ran over to look into it – struggling with his now shorter height.

“No way!” The voice he spoke with was not the gruff voice of a tired, adult man, but one that better matched what his reflection revealed. It was still Kiritsugu's own reflection, but it wasn't accurate to what his age should have been. Instead, it was a reflection he'd last seen a long, long time ago. The reflection of a boy that was in the *fourteen to sixteen* year age range. **“Something changed internally... Was a more youthful form a prerequisite?”**

Was it safe to fetch Iri now? Just as the boy pondered that question, he was struck by a momentary headache that forced his eyes shut as something *clicked* into place. Kiritsugu had felt more expressive now that he was younger, but after that *click*? All of that expression had cooled off and he found it difficult to emote once more. Adding to that issue, there was also the matter of-

His eyes.

He had still been facing the vase when the headache had struck, and upon opening them he could see clear as day that they were glowing a supernatural gold. What's more, the longer he stared the clearer that gold seemed, for the shapes of his eyes gradually rounded until they bore much more Caucasian designs. On the whole, his facial features were looking softer and softer. Androgynous for a time, before shifting into the downright feminine. Boyish lips became plump and his nose wrinkled until it was much smaller – and his cheeks? Pleasantly round, granting him a fairer complexion too.

Little time was afforded to dwell upon this girlish face, for the darks of his hair suddenly ignited. Strands of a blonde color that carried a substantially bleached pigmentation flowed through his many spikes, their shapes flattening as this coloring became more commonplace. Much like his golden eyes, there was something almost eerily supernatural about the appearance of these strands, which after a few more moments had become the bulk of his head while falling down to his shoulders.

“I look like... a girl...” Voice certainly matching that assessment, golden eyes blinked as if shocked, but the shock Kiritsugu actually felt did not come across in his voice. Almost like he was now *completely* emotionless, even if that wasn't *quite* the case internally. **“Look like... but...”** Realization struck him. He had to be sure, and so he began to unbutton his suit jacket – struggling in slight because his fingernails had grown slightly longer. Eventually he was able to cast aside all of his clothes, and what stood naked in his place was, well...

His frame was fragile, but he wasn't yet a woman – not entirely, anyways. There was a delicate curvature to his hips and waistline that teased an encroaching femininity, but he was without breasts or genitals for the time being; brief as that time *would* end up being.

Kiritsugu's ass had been quite flat after the age regression, but it was steadily inflating. Cheeks bubbling with fat, the skin around them was stretched nice and taut as they rounded to specifications more in line with what would be expected with a young woman – as did her thighs, taking on a nice, rounded appeal that would probably look quite attractive in some tightly fit lower wear.

But with thighs touching in the middle? There was no longer room for his *dick*. It was crunched and crushed, eventually whittling away into nothingness while a new cavity took its place between *her* legs, right below a scruffy mane of blonde hair. **“Oh no... It's happening...”** She didn't dare touch down there even if she was a little curious, but

honestly? Was it all that strange? Something was buzzing in her head that was telling her things weren't all that strange. Or at least, she should go with the flow instead of trying to fight this. A Saint Graph had rooted itself in her core, and her old identity was swirling with a new one. Neither would overpower the other, and they would exist in unity.

The girl's fingers did rub her chest though, at least when she felt the space beneath her nipples becoming *tender*. Her nipples themselves? They expanded in size, almost tripling, and that size was needed to pair with the breasts that jiggled into relevance beneath them. They were small but bouncy, probably in the early B-cup range. She even jiggled them curiously for a moment before stopping, wondering if this might be inappropriate if *Miss Irisviel* were to walk in.

...*Miss Irisviel?*

Three months passed, and the fourth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki never ended up transpiring. After Kiritsugu had been turned into his own Servant, a girl that referred to herself as *Mysterious Heroine X Alter* or *Ecchan*, Irisviel had taken both this young Servant and their daughter Illya and went into hiding. When it came to Ecchan, Kiritsugu was still in there. But so was the Servant. It was like their egos had been blended, and she was somehow both Kiritsugu and MHXA at the same time, while being her own, unique person.

“Miss Irisviel, we want sweets.” Ecchan whined that evening at the kitchen table, the young Illya sitting on her lap over the spats she had on. The child clapped happily in response, repeating the word ‘sweets’ over and over until MHXA started doing the same.

Iri merely smiled. This was inconvenient, but compared to everyone dying in the war? It was preferred. But little did any of them know that within the next decade Illyasviel would be selected by a magic stick, and a very strange Singularity would be created once Magic Girl Prisma Ecchan would end up being created.

But that was neither here nor there.