

MATERNAL NEEDS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rin Tohsaka felt *accomplished*.

A lot had happened very quickly. She had been accepted into the Clock Tower's program for her studies only a few months ago – which in of itself wasn't exactly shocking. Rin *was* the last remaining member of the Tohsaka line, and she was also a survivor of a Holy Grail War. They would have been crazy *not* to accept her (in her very humble opinion). This meant that she would be moving to Britain in their near future, and this was a development that still required a lot of planning and work.

She hadn't flown all the way to Britain on *this* excursion because she was finally moving. She was simply there to manually do paperwork and scout out the dormitory she would likely be staying in later that year. The mage had even been permitted to use it *while* she was in the country! **“This place is pretty nice! I’m really going to have to brush up on my English before I move here, though.”** She was bilingual, but only a day into her trip and she could tell she had to hone those skills.

That was a problem for the *future* Rin Tohsaka, however. She was *exhausted* from a day of moving around a foreign city and meeting with Clock Tower officials. She'd finally been left alone in her future door room and its extremely comfy looking bed, and she was eager to walk over to it and—

“Th-The bed!?” Much to her dismay, the bed had disappeared before her very eyes! Wait, no. That wasn't exactly what had happened, was it? The very *vibes* of her surroundings had changed, because those

surroundings *themselves* had changed. **“Wait, this isn’t the dorm at all!”** The space was dimly lit. A tunnel? A cave? It had to be *something* like that, considering the stone walls that were only lit via torch light. She couldn’t even tell if she was still in Britain or not. *She was.*

Just in the very, very distant past.

It took Rin’s eyes a moment to properly acclimate to her surroundings, at which point she finally realized that the part of the ‘room’ she was in was sectioned off from the greater half... by iron bars. **“I-I’m in a prison!?”** While her cell was lit, the space beyond it was much darker. Despite not being able to see, she could still hear the sound of footsteps approaching. **“Who’s there!?”**

“You’re a feisty one, aren’t you?” The cold voice of a woman spoke from the other side, even though the magus couldn’t make out much more than her silhouette as she seemingly dodged the light itself. **“But I can tell, you’re a mage teeming with potential. So, I have an offer for you.”** The owner of this voice must *also* have been a magus to be able to see her potential. **“I summoned you here because I’m in need of support. There’s a certain someone I want to dethrone, you see.”**



Rin was at a loss for words. There was a lot of information being dumped on her at once, but at the same time she could tell those words were being chosen *carefully*. **“You summoned me? Like a Servant? So then where am I? When am I?”** The fact that the mysterious voice was dancing around the specifics meant that she probably wouldn’t like the answers. If her target had been someone that would traditionally be seen as ‘bad’, then there wouldn’t have been a reason to not name and shame them from the outset.

“Are you aware of the legend of King Arthur?”

A chill ran down the spine of the mage. Of *course* she did! She’d fought alongside Artoria Pendragon in Fuyuki’s Fifth Holy Grail War. **“King Arthur? Wait, are you trying to kill Saber!?”** There was no way she’d go along with something like that! But if the implication was that she had been sent back 1500 years in time, that was a different problem all on its own. Could she even send herself back?

“Saber? Oh, so Arthur was summoned in your present then? That’s a shame. But if you work under me, I can raise your skills with Magecraft to unimaginable heights. Unlike the

more useless of my followers, like Gawain and Agravain.” Rin was becoming able to piece together this woman’s identity. Her expression contorted into one that made it *clear* there was no timeline where she would agree to things *as she was*. **“Fine then. I’m sure you’ll change your mind with a little *change in perspective*.”**

Rin had been on the cusp of asking just what the woman meant when an icy blue light began to radiate from the palms of the woman on the other side of the bars. She held her palm towards the girl, and from that palm an ice blue flame floated in the air for a second. It lingered and then *flung* itself right into Rin’s chest. Where it completely disappeared. **“What did you just *do*—!?”**

“Hm? You’ll see. But I have no interest in having a back and forth while you figure it out.” The woman’s cold voice responded as her footsteps began to echo off into the distance. This was the type of person that was almost *impossible* to deal with, because they only cared about what *they* had to say. It didn’t matter what Rin yelled to try and stop her from leaving while the flame’s warmth spread through her body.

She was just *gone*.

The mage was left alone with the consequences of whatever strange magecraft – or *curse* – had been placed upon her. The warmth within burned hotter and hotter, leaving Rin to wonder if she was being left to *die* of all things. But did that even make sense with what the woman had said to her? Surely a ‘change in perspective’ didn’t equate to *dying*, did it? Then she wouldn’t even have a new experience to even dwell upon! So, *that* couldn’t be it.

“Seriously! What did she *do* to me then!? A LITTLE MORE IN THE WAY OF CONTEXT CLUES WOULD HAVE BEEN APPRECIATED!” If anything, Rin was *mad*! Being left in the dark about something so *serious* was *not* a good feeling. But that anger *had* spurred a realization. She still had a gem on her, so she tried to actually *break free* of the prison. By firing a *gandr shot* at the bars. **“*Tch*.”** It ended up being all for naught, since the prison appeared to be protected by some sort of anti-magic barrier.

Well, that explained why she hadn’t been stripped of her tools. The one who had summoned her had made it so she couldn’t break out with magecraft in the first place. **“Weird, though... Did that *gandr shot* have more power behind it than normal?”** That couldn’t have been possible unless her mana pool was deeper... or her control *over* that mana had improved. ...Neither of those things could be possible, so she moved on.

Beads of sweat were beginning to roll down her skin, courtesy of just how *hot* she felt. But despite how warm she felt? Oddly, her complexion did the *opposite*. Its color *cooled*, the warm pinks of her skin deteriorated and instead taking on a light *gray* coloration instead. It didn't look healthy at all, at least for a human. But... what if that *wasn't* the case? What if, for some reason, she had been cursed to live as a non-human?

That felt like such an impossibility, and yet there were growing signs that this was actually the case while Rin pondered just what it was that she should do. There were no mirrors in the small cell for her to check her own appearance to easily see how the girl's *ears* were pulling out and back to the sides, taking on points that felt a little too short to be an *elf's*. Paired with her complexion, perhaps a *demon's*? But that also didn't feel right. It was more like something in the *middle*.

Adding to this confusion was how her canine teeth had grown several inches long *and* sharper within her mouth.

More like *fangs* than a human's teeth.

While the cell *had* been fairly dark, Rin inexplicably began to see more and more of it. “**Hm? Is there light coming in from somewhere *else*?**” She put that crack in her voice aside, much more interested in her surroundings now that they were clearer. Beyond the bars was some sort of *workshop*? Why was that? Nonetheless, this clarity had come courtesy of changing eyes. Her blue irises had paled in color while her vision was enhanced to see clearly in the dark, ultimately rendered with a pale silver color that didn't stand out especially well against her gray skin.

The girl itched idly at the back of her own hand subconsciously. She felt *uncomfortable* all of a sudden, even though her body temperature appeared to be stabilizing again. She felt bothered. “**What the *hell* is eating at me!?**” Or so she barked in a voice that was *much* shriller than normal, unknowingly through lips that had swollen and found a red paint spread across them. In fact, much of her face had changed – she developed a sharper jawline, a longer maw, and a narrowed gaze that had the rounded lids of a *Caucasian* woman. Needless to say, she didn't look much like Rin in the face anymore.

“**This stupid spell or curse or *whatever*!**” Rin stomped one of her feet like an angry child, not thinking about how *uncharacteristic* that was of her. It wasn't like her to act *spoiled*, and yet that was the vibe she was beginning to give off. But what was *actually* eating at her was something far more core to her *species*. She really *wasn't* human

anymore, and those fangs weren't for enjoying normal human food. A craving for blood had taken root deep down, though it was one she could easily fight if necessary.

Ultimately, she wasn't even afforded much of a chance *to* dwell on what was making her so restless deep down. Something else demanded her attention near immediately, and it was the first physical change that was actually obvious enough *for* her to notice. Her body was stretching upwards. "**EH!?**" The magus had felt it more in her *clothes* than anywhere else. Her top lifted up to show a deepened bellybutton, and her arms pushed farther out of her sleeves. Her thigh highs were also yanked down, and her skirt covered less of her lower body. "**D-Did I just get taller!?**"

Four inches, to be exact. Bringing her up to 5'7" from 5'3". This contributed to what her face already suggested: the idea that she was a little *older*, likely in her early 20s instead of her late teens. "**My body's changing...**" With her vision now enhanced and more skin bare, she could tell that her complexion had shifted. And she could see her fingers lengthening as longer nails were painted black before her very eyes. "**That witch is transforming me!**" She immediately went quiet upon blurting that out.

Somehow, bad mouthing the woman who had cursed her felt too *cruel*.
Like she didn't *want* to do that.

And being taller? It somehow made her feel more *powerful*. This was *literally* true, actually. Her talents as a magus had been greatly enhanced as the transformation wore on, but feeling stronger could take many forms. *Sex appeal* was another, and she was being granted reasons to feel more powerful in that regard too. Take her ass and thighs? These were already Rin's most notable physical features in terms of attractiveness, but their grayed flesh *swelled* to even greater heights.

She had a heart-shaped ass that lifted the back of her skirt before long, with her panties nearly flossing her cheeks. Her thighs thickened until each leg matched her waist in thickness, and for a few moments they were left rubbing up against each other between her legs. But this didn't last long, namely because her hips pushed several inches wider. "**Woah!?! Look how big my ass is!**" That wasn't really something the *old* Rin would have said, but there was a certain *crudeness* to her dialect that hadn't been there before. Even her tone sounded vaguely berating, even if she wasn't actually berating anyone.

But if *that* excited her, then she was about to become *much* more elated. Her small bust had always bothered her as one of her detracting

features, after all. But that wouldn't be an issue any longer. The back strap of her bra was afforded no other choice but to unhook itself as too much tension pulled it forward – a force that could *only* have come courtesy of that once meager chest swelling *larger*. True to this, puffier nipples led the charge as her breasts grew into a pair of perky *DD*-cups that she groped out of curiosity. **“And these are amazing! W-Wait, this is all *bad*! Why have I been transforming? Into *what*!?”**

It was clear that deep down Rin was still *herself*, but she was struggling against new urges and a new persona altogether. Her memories hadn't been affected at all. Even so, all that *truly* remained of her old form was her brown hair at that time, and even that didn't remain for very long. There wouldn't be a scrap of her old identity left by the end.

Her roots suddenly took on a vibrancy that seemed to clash with how monochromatic the rest of her body's appearance had taken on. It was a bright red that would shine like a hot pink under the right lighting, and that color swept *almost* all of the way out to her tips. Yet about six inches away from them, the brown *paled* into a gray instead, though these tips lengthened into a number of drill-like curls instead. By the end, her hair reached her ass with her bangs largely centered.

“Baobhan Sith.” The voice of the woman that had done this to the woman finally returned, this time addressing her with a name that was not ‘Rin’, and yet on a subconscious level the new *fairy* knew that it was being used as *her* name. **“I see you turned out as I anticipated, so let us move on to where you'll be staying.”** The sound of hands clapping saw the redhead's surroundings change instantly. To a fanciful room that might as well have belonged to a *princess*. **“Take what you'd like to wear. That red dress and those heels would suit you, I'd imagine.”**



For some reason, her eyes were drawn to the heels specifically. Even though Rin hadn't liked wearing them before at all.

The younger woman was stunned, not only by this changed space but by the illuminated form of who she had already figured out was Morgan Le Fay. **“We're going to hone your skills with Magecraft further, my dear daughter, and then tear Arthur and his forces limb from limb.”** Morgan wasn't *asking* the woman anything. She was

telling her, as if she had no other choice. And while she was *still* Rin, she could still remember who she had been and the values she'd held...

Nothing that Morgan suggested at the time upset her.

It was the *opposite*. She felt compelled to improve her Magecraft as an obsession took root. The idea of using that power to tear others apart felt *enticing*, and that was partially fueled by the new reliance on *blood* for sustenance that her fae body required. **“Yes, mother. Whatever you say!”** While it was not her real name, *Baobhan Sith* replied to her ‘mother’s’ orders with enthusiasm. And that was another factor contributing to her uncharacteristic compliance.

Rin Tohsaka had lost her mother when she was extremely young. Deep down, she had always yearned to have a mother again. And her transformation had twisted those desires along with her morality. She had a mother now, and all she wanted to do was earn that mother’s favor. There wasn’t anything she *wouldn’t* do to earn it. And she certainly had no desire to return to that motherless life that she’d had before.

“There’s a good girl.” Morgan smirked, knowing her plan had worked.

And that smirk alone was enough to fill Baobhan with elation.