

FAIRY PIECE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rin Tohsaka hadn't been certain of *what* she had been expecting when she visited the Matou estate that Sunday afternoon.

It wasn't something that had been planned, really. Fuyuki City's Fifth Holy Grail War had already ended about six months prior. It had been an uncomfortable scenario where some dangerous truths about Sakura had come to light, and yet it had been given a happy ending thanks to Shirou's efforts. Rin would have been lying if she said she didn't have any *regrets* about all of that, because she'd harbored a crush on Shirou for a long time herself, but she could accept that he had chosen Sakura in the end.

There had been no bad blood between the two of them. In fact, while their surnames still differed, the two sisters had become even closer than ever. Rin still had some concerns about Sakura's mental health after she had been through, so she made a point to check up on her here and there. Shinji and Zouken were both gone, and Sakura had dismissed any of the servants that the estate had been using. So, when she wasn't visiting Shirou?

She was all alone in that big building.

Because she knew Shirou was busy that day and Sakura would be home alone as a result? Rin had taken it upon herself to do one of her little check-ins. It was already late afternoon, so she'd likely invite her sister to have dinner together or something like that. So, because the visit had been unplanned, she'd really had no expectations about what she'd find when she checked in.



Even so, what she *did* find left her confused. “**E-Eh? Was Sakura training?**” After the Holy Grail War, Sakura had resolved to become a proper magus and had taken it upon herself to train. She asked Rin for tips here and there, but it was something that she was doing in private. Based on the traces of mana in the air of the Matou living room, it definitely *felt* like her sibling had been doing just that.

But the room was a *mess*. Aside from the low table in the room’s center, which seemed to have some kind of *board game* open on top of it? “**Why did she have *this* set up? Was she playing with someone? No, wait... Why would she start firing off magecraft in the midst of a board game?**” None of that really made sense. She must have been missing a crucial piece of the puzzle!

With no other leads at her disposal, she approached the table with the game on top. The board was hand drawn but had a strong fantasy aesthetic. “**Lostbelt of the 6th?**” That *must* have been the game’s title, since it was the only text on the board assigned from the numbers on the tiles. There was also a pair of die to the side of the board. “**What kind of game is this even—?**”

POOF!

An explosion of smoke consumed Rin, and when it cleared? She had disappeared. Except from *her* perspective? She was still in the room. She was just looking *up* at it from a much lower point of view. “**...Eh?**” It felt like the room had become *gigantic*, and she only realized after looking down why that was. She was standing on the first tile of the game board. Shrunk down to a size no larger than a presumed player piece for that board. “**EHHHHHHH!?**”

She was absolutely tiny! In a panic, she tried to run off the board but was stopped by an invisible barrier that ran around the tile she had appeared on. “**What the heck!? Who even did this!? With which spell!?**” It must have been magecraft, but *whose*? It certainly wasn’t something Sakura could have managed to do on her own. Well, at least not *her* Sakura. But what if there was *another* one? She wasn’t even aware of a spell that could change someone’s size *and* teleport them at the same time. It was something your average magus wouldn’t be able to pull off.

Rin wasn't exactly your 'average magus' herself, and even she wasn't equipped for this scenario. She didn't know a spell to turn herself back to normal size, though at least things weren't *as* bad as they could have been. Her clothing had been shrunk down alongside her, and the last thing she needed was to be *naked* on top of it all. Even so? **"What am I supposed to do!?"** Wasn't there an American movie like this? Honey I Shrunk the... *something*?

"I can't even hide because I can't leave this space, so what do I...?" The young woman inevitably trailed off as she noticed something *new*. The green starting space she was standing on was glowing underneath her. It hadn't been doing *that* before, right? And it wasn't just glowing for the hell of it. It was emitting mana. Mana that her body was absorbing against her will. **"H-Hey! Stop it!"** Of course, yelling at what was a natural process was *not* going to stop it. She was understandably fearful of any *side effects* there might be, however.

And she was *right* to be fearful. Strange things had begun to happen to her body the very moment the tile had begun to glow, before she'd even *noticed* it was glowing in the first place. Rin herself couldn't be blamed for not noticing as much though, not when it was largely taking place in areas that would have been impossible to see from her current perspective, like her *eyes* and *face*. Her blue irises had found a splash of red added to them, for example, turning them a bright *purple* that would have been very familiar.

But that was true of *everything* that happened to the young woman's face. Little tweaks were made here and there that didn't seem substantial at face value but amounted to a notable difference in the long run. Take the shapes of her eyes, for example? They rounded subtle in the corners of her eyelids. The bridge of her nose lengthened a little, her lips became just a touch weightier, and her face's shape became slightly more circular compared to how it should have been. There was still similar DNA in her face, but it was different enough that...

Well, her face looked like *Sakura's*. Considering they *were* siblings, it made sense that it would be subtler. Though her eye color gave it away more than anything else. **"This isn't good. What do I...? Eh? What's wrong with my voice?"** Rin hadn't noticed that her face had changed, so the sound of her voice hitting her ear differently was all the more confusing from her perspective. It was hard for her to hear it that way, but it sounded more *like* Sakura's voice... though several octaves higher. That was why she hadn't drawn that conclusion.

She was overdue to notice that her body was changing, so fortunately the process was so kind as to throw her a bone. **"Hm? Wait..."** The magus noticed a splash of purple where it *shouldn't* have been – directly

above her eyes. Because of how she styled her hair, she could always see her bangs if she looked up a little. But now? Not only were they *purple*, but there was no gap between them to show her forehead. They'd completely filled in. "**H-HUH!?**" She reached back to try and grab some of her long hair in the back to get a better look, but it *slipped through her fingers* because it was *shortening*. Within moments it was no longer than a chin-length bob, though she didn't realize she'd grown two ahoges that curled into the shape of a heart.

"I'm pretty sure that's the same color as Sakura's hair? Wait... Sakura?" That understanding allowed her to put two and two together – at least regarding the sound of her voice. Didn't it sound more like Sakura's than her own? Maybe a little too *high*, but was that just because she was hearing it from her own mouth? No. There was a completely different reason why the pitch was off. "**Am I turning into Sakura?**" She couldn't be her *sister*!

But that wasn't what was happening to Rin. At least not that *specific* outcome. The near identical resemblance to Sakura above her neck was undeniable, but the fact that her hair was so short ran counter to that potential outcome. As did everything that was happening *below* her neck. She'd been so distracted by her voice that she hadn't really been paying attention to much else. Like how the weight of her butt and thighs had been gradually dissipating so that there was little to no definition there at all.

Much like had been the case with her hair, however? All it took was a more pronounced shift to redirect her attention. In this case, it was the feeling of her nipples rubbing against her bra. "**Huh? Wait... If I'm becoming Sakura...?**" The feeling had reminded her of the very *sizable* gap between their cup sizes. Her sister was much bustier, so she was thinking that her own boobs would be growing. And yet? Looking down? "**...NO!?**"

Both hands reached up to grab her chest, though they didn't grab onto *more* weight. Instead, she felt her bra's cups crumple under the weight of her hands, her fingers pressing much closer to her ribcage. In fact, the little pushback she initially received soon disappeared completely, leaving her without any heftiness to her bosom at all. "**I-I'm flat!? But Sakura is so... so...?**" She gradually trailed off, noticing that her clothes felt even *looser* than having an empty bra.

It had been difficult for her to tell when she had been shrunk down to such a tiny size in the first place, but her body was getting *shorter* still. If Rin had been 5'3" before (assuming she hadn't been made so itty bitty), then the end result was her comparatively shrinking down to 4'4" over a matter of seconds. Narrowed hips led to her skirt and panties

sliding off, but it hardly mattered when her shirt reached past her thighs anyways. She tried to pull miniature hands out of long sleeves that were probably *double* the length of her arms now. **“I’m so small! Like a kid!?”**

But why had she been turned into a tiny Sakura? She didn’t have the context necessary to connect the dots, and so she was all the more confused when her clothes suddenly began to glow gold. **“Ah!?”** Rin’s expression of surprise was a cute one, helped by the fact that it was much chubbier now that she was clearly only around the age of *ten* or so physically. Her shirt expanded, becoming a layered, green dress over a pair of tight, black spats. The dress had puffy sleeves and a puffier, white collar that opened to show her thin shoulder and a black choker. She also wore brown leather gloves and matching, thigh high boots.

A yellow ribbon appeared to hold a tiny loop of hair around her head’s left side, and at that moment something clicked. **“My name...? What was my name again!?”** She couldn’t remember that her name was *Rin*? Try as she might, a name didn’t surface no matter how hard she tried! And even though it might have seemed like her transformation was completed? It wasn’t quite. At least not yet.

The finishing touch came in the form of a pair of protrusions that made use of slits in the back of the gown that hadn’t been immediately visible. The girl spun in place as she tried to see but eventually began to *float* just in time for her pair of *green insect wings* to span out behind her, each one almost as long as her body was tall. **“I have wings!? Am I some kind of fairy!?”** *Yes. The fairy, Muryan.*

“Muryan! Muryan! Muryan! Grr... Why can’t I say my own name!? It isn’t Muryan!” The girl that bore a much younger version of Sakura’s face – no, her *entire body* – hovered an inch off the board by the power of her wings, flailing about like a child who wasn’t getting her way. That was the type of person that the fairy of the sixth Lostbelt, *Muryan*, had been. Mischievous, but easily irritated when she wasn’t getting her way. But she had *been* Rin! She could remember as much... name aside! But try as she might, she couldn’t say that out loud.



Matters only became more dire when a shadow was cast over the gameboard she was floating on, pulling her gaze up to see... *a giant*! Wait, no. That *couldn’t* be a giant. *Muryan* was the one who was tiny. But the girl that was staring down at her *also* looked like a young

Sakura. **“Are you ready for a game that will lead you down the path of perfection~? I could have totally forced my entire personality on you all at once, you know? But humans? You should put in a little effort if you want to be perfect!”**

Huh? What was she going on about? A game? Perfection? Who even *was* she? Putting two and two together, Muryan could only assume that the girl was the one who had done this to her in the first place. **“What the heck do you mean!? What... game...?”** But the gigantic stranger just giggled and grabbed the dice from the board. She threw them down, rolling a 3. Had Muryan not been floating, the impact of the ice on the board likely would have sent her stumbling!

“E-Eh?” Even though she hadn’t been able to leave that first square before, the moment the dice settled? Her body began to fly forward three spaces against her will. **“What are you— KYA!?”** Muryan noticed the space had a giant boulder on it *just* in time for her surroundings to become a long, enclosed hill with a giant boulder falling right at her! She flew as quickly as she could until she reached the finish line at the bottom of the hill. And then? She was back on the board again. The girl was *already* holding the dice again. **“W-Wait!”**

A four. She moved forward four more spaces and was instantly tasked with being a batter in a baseball pitch. Except she quickly realized she couldn’t hit the balls she had to *dodge* them! She was struck numerous times. This trend continued with no answers for almost three full passes of the board. Muryan was subjected to painful minigame after painful minigame, but by the third round? She was clearing them all efficiently. Almost *perfectly*.

“A shame. You’re doing a lot better, but you still haven’t beaten Kazuradrop’s score~! Oh, Kazuradrop is me by the way!” Kazuradrop dropped a bucket of proverbial cold water over Muryan’s head just as she thought she was making progress. Score? They were keeping *score*? **“A shame! You won’t be able to leave the board until you beat my score, and even then, well... You won’t even be yourself!”**

“Wh-What do you mean by that, you inferior—!?” *Oh.* She hadn’t sounded that *smug* before. In fact, she did feel very *proud*. And she *hated* being seen as ‘inferior’ by the Kazuradrop that loomed over her. **“Let me out of here, you!”** Fearful of learning the answer, she changed her line of commentary instead.

Kazuradrop just giggled. **“I see you figured it out yourself! But you’re not leaving until we’re done! Until you’re just as perfect as me! I’m sure you’re getting tired, little fairy, but that’s**

okay! As a Servant, I have all the time in the world! So, let's do another lap of the board! And another, and another, and another..."

Until eventually? Only Muryan would remain with not a single trace of Rin's old self inside of her.