

GLITCH SWITCH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Modern technology is beginning to get a little *scary*...”

Rin Tohsaka was perusing the halls of an exhibition that had been set up in Fuyuki City one afternoon. It was the summer following Fuyuki City’s Fifth Holy Grail war, and the city had finally returned to normal. There were no more impromptu disasters or unusual cases of people dying due to ‘gas leaks’. Everything that had been happening lately, both good and bad, was completely normal... or at least she *hoped* it was and that the Church hadn’t been doing anything it *shouldn’t* have behind the scenes.

But none of that was really relevant at the moment. If the magus had been able to have things her way, she wouldn’t have attended this exhibition at all. It was a show being held to demonstrate all of the latest advancements in modern technology, which... Weren’t things that tended to mesh well with magecraft as she knew it. It didn’t help that Rin was very old-fashioned. The Tohsaka family was still a relatively big name in the worlds of the Church and Clock Tower, even if she hadn’t brought home a Holy Grail win, and their use of magecraft was *very* traditional.

Rin didn’t care about screens that were flatter than normal, nor by computers that could connect to the internet without that dialup tone. She *was* vaguely interested in what new phones were on display. She didn’t carry a cellphone because they were too burdensome in their current form, but they appeared to be getting smaller and smaller as the years went on.

What had prompted Rin to make that comment, however, was a demonstration of something she had never seen before. One booth had a

number of unusual pods set up in a row, each reclined enough for someone to lay comfortably inside of them. She'd wondered about their purpose, only to be told it was 'virtual reality'. Apparently, just sitting in one of those pods could place you in 'another world' where you could play some kind of game? That didn't sound like something humans should have been capable of doing without *magecraft*.

"Let me try." But Rin never hesitated to show her skepticism when something sounded implausible. They were doing live demonstrations of this 'virtual reality', so she volunteered herself. The man running the panel had expressed that it was 'perfect for girls her age' and said he'd 'get an appropriate game running', which made her think that if it worked, she'd wake up in a pink room and would be expected to try on clothes with how misogynistic the tech section was rumored to be.

Regardless, if this *wasn't* some kind of scam then she wanted to see it for herself.



The process had been simple enough. Climb in the pod and close your eyes. Rin had done as she was told, and the next time she opened her eyes— **"Wait, that was magecraft!?"** When her eyes shot open next, she was *not* sitting in a pod. She was sitting in a wide, open space where the sky and floor were all white, with a blue keyboard just *floating* in front of her. Had the 'virtual reality' worked? Maybe, but... She'd definitely felt a spell activate right before she'd 'woken up' in that space.

Which meant that if technology *was* making those machines work, it was being supplemented by magecraft. Not disclosing its use, much less using it on normal people without probably clause, went *very much* against the Clock Tower's policies. **"I'll be reporting this once I get out of here..."** With the small issue being that Rin didn't really know *how* to get out of there. Her understanding of modern technology was *very* limited, so her best guess was that she could do something with the keyboard somehow?

And hey, she *at least* knew how to type! They taught you that in school!

The clacking of keys sounded as her fingers tapped against them, even though the keyboard itself didn't appear to be physical at all. **"I've got to hand it to them. Illegal or not, it *does* feel pretty real."** The weight of the keyboard felt authentic, and the fact that she could *feel* anything at all was commendable in a way. It was hard to imagine that

her actual body was out there in the real world. Which it *was*, right? The girl couldn't actually *prove* that fact.

Unsurprisingly, Rin randomly pressing things upon the keyboard didn't actually get her out of there, but that *didn't* mean that nothing was happening. In fact, the state of her surroundings had become rather *concerning*. The white void had been still before, but now pixelated colors flickered into view here and there. It happened rarely at first, but it soon became more frequent. **"Is this part of the 'game', or...?"** Had she done something wrong by playing with the keyboard?

Come to think of it, they had told her this would be some sort of *game*, and yet they hadn't given her any instructions. Typing on the keyboard didn't accomplish much, but without any other tools to use? She attempted to ask for help through the keyboard, thinking there must have been someone on the other side. And while there *was*? This was all according to their plan.

A plan that came from the distant future.

Unfortunately, her decision to type again led to her surroundings distorting even more frequently. Almost *violently*. **"What is going █ █!?"** Her blue eyes went wide. What was that? She'd definitely said, 'What is going *on*', but was something wrong with her hearing? Her voice had sounded *distorted*; she couldn't make out the word. **"Uh... Test? █ █ █ █?"** She thought she'd been in the clear, only for it to happen again when she repeated the word.

Rin's situation was becoming increasingly concerning, and a pained twitch in her head, like she was experiencing a sudden, onset migraine certainly didn't help at all. **"Ugh. Now what!?"** She closed her left eye to try and shield her vision from some of the light, but the open right eye revealed that perhaps her issues were a little more *personal* than she had yet to realize. After all? The blue of that eye slowly dulled not to a traditional eye color, but to a *silver* that was reflected in the closed one as well.

"I think this █ █ █ █ is messing with my head...!" The girl winced again, unaware that her whole *body* had 'glitched' just like her surroundings had for a brief second. Nothing else had been immediately changed once her body did so, because her physical transformation seemed to be a separate ordeal. **"I'm a █ █ █ █ █ █, right? I should be able to... Wait, what did I say? I'm a... █ █ █ █ █ █?"** She'd meant to say *magus*, right? But she still couldn't make out what she was saying as her voice glitched, concealing the word from her. Still, deep down she felt like it was *wrong*.

Her change of eye color had only been the beginning of what would happen to her face in the meantime, though. The shapes of those eyes gradually rounded in the corner while her eyelids developed a crease. It was difficult to not call it out – that her eyes didn't really look like they belonged to a *Japanese* girl anymore. They made her look like a young *Caucasian* woman instead, and that unfortunately trended into the rest of her facial features. Her lips thinned vertically but bulged out slightly more for example, and her nostrils flared between cheeks that were a little rounder. Did she look *younger*?

Slightly, but ironically she was actually growing a little *older*. She was technically aging until she was around *twenty* years old.

“Huh? Is the ■■■■ glitching? Uh... What's wrong with my ■■■■?” Rin *definitely* wasn't technologically savvy, at least when it came to computers, to know what ‘glitching’ meant. She also caught onto her voice, which not only sounded *different*, but for some reason she couldn't stop adding an inflection that honestly sounded a little *brattier* than normal. Knowledge that she hadn't possessed was crammed into her brain every time a glitch effect ran across her body, and one just did, furthering the intensity of a building headache.

Tohsaka-style magecraft? She couldn't remember how to use that. But she *did* know how to hack basically *any* computer suddenly. Did she find it strange that this information was there? *Kind of*? But she could also remember studiously *teaching herself*. The stronger these new memories became, the less like her old style her *hair* became. Not only did its brown color lighten to silver that bled into a blue gradient near her tips, but her the ribbons that held her twintails pulled together to form a blue ribbon that held her hair in a high ponytail that curled into one long drill.

A pair of goggles with blue and purple lenses appeared on her forehead seconds later after a glitch effect lingered over that space.

Had Rin really not noticed that any of this was happening? That couldn't have been the case, since she reached up to adjust those goggles. The hand she did this with changed in the process, with her fingers shortening and her nails chipping as if she'd been biting them. The space around *both* of her transformed hands glitched, bringing into existence a pair of black, fingerless gloves with purple fingers. “Wait... Is my ■■■■ changing? Huh.” So, she *had* noticed; she was just uncharacteristically *flippant* about it.

It was hard for her to care when she was continuously being conditioned to view herself as the person she was beginning to look more and more *like*. Even at that moment, another glitch rippled through her mind,

pushing her to wince again as more of her old memories were turned into data that was disposed of, while new ones, in the form of data, were crammed inside. The effects on her body were beginning to reach their climax just as her mental ones were, as made evident by her body's decline.

It was a *literal* decline in the physical sense, too. Rin was a fairly average height for a girl who *had been* eighteen. She'd *been* 5'3", but her smaller hands had already teased that this size might have eventually been in peril. And it *was*. Her eye level slowly slid downwards, but because the keyboard seemed to move with her? It wasn't exactly obvious to her when she was grappling with an increasingly terrible migraine. Her limbs and torso shortened until she was only 4'10", and that came with the added side effect of her feet becoming smaller as well.

The fact that those feet no longer fit in her shoes was only a fleeting problem, as a glitching effect danced around her lower legs to replace her shoes and thigh highs with a pair of futuristic, blue boots over a pair of fishnet socks. For some reason, a bandage was plastered above her left knees, and two purple bands hugged her thighs relatively... *loosely*? **"Whatever. Just get this over with. I know what's going on, and it's giving me a migraine."**

Rin hadn't given any pushback nor acted shocked for a while now, and there didn't seem to be any further malfunction when it came to her mind. That was because she couldn't even remember her old *name*, much less any specific details. She was simply resolved to let what was happening run its course, and it did so by bloating her thighs several inches so that the bands that hugged them dug into their flesh much more firmly.

"And now I have a wedgie too. Great. Hurry up with the clothes too!" That wedgie hadn't come on unprompted, either. Her thighs hadn't been the only part of her shorter body to thicken, and her already impressive butt had fattened at the same time. It had pulled her panties deep into the crack of that ass, but some additional glitching around her pelvis alleviated that discomfort. **"Thanks."** Her skirt and undergarments had been replaced with a pair of very short, very tight black shorts with frilly black and purple fabric bound to the white belt that held those shorts in place.

You might have assumed that if Rin's ass had grown, that her *breasts* might as well, right? Wrong. Evidently, the cup size of the woman she was becoming was eerily similar. That didn't mean that there were *no* changes to her chest, though. Her nipples repositioned very slightly lower on those perky B-cups, and their colors pinkened a little more before the glitches finally stole away her red top, leaving a small, black

bra visible underneath a white decal crop top that rested completely off her right shoulder. She also ended up wearing an open, cropped jacket with dark yet short puffy sleeves and a popped collar.

“Ugh... My head is *killing me*. Who knew that downloading so much corrupted data at once would cause the world’s *worst migraine*?” Despite her complaints about this discomfort, though? *Silver Wolf* didn’t exactly seem to be *too* concerned about the fact that the data she had absorbed had completely reshaped her body, personality, and even her memories. **“Well, whatever. I’m *way* more badass than I was before, right?”** And cuter!



...But she really couldn’t say for sure. The girl *did* remember that she had transformed and that she had been someone else prior, but she couldn’t recall anything about that life. What she looked like, how she acted, not even her *name*. At best she could remember still being *female* anyways. **“I need to get out of this space, and I probably can with a bit of hacking.”** And so, she frantically types away upon the floating keyboard. She had new Skills as an Assassin-class Servant, but they wouldn’t help her in a space she didn’t understand.

“Wait, is this a backdoor to— WAH!?”

To Silver Wolf, it was as if she had just suddenly been swallowed by a hole in the digital floor beneath her. It felt like she was falling for a brief moment, and when that feeling finally passed? She landed ass first in what appeared to be a *school supply closet*. **“What the hell— Eh!?”** It took her a moment to realize her back was pressed up against someone *else’s* back. A woman with messy, brown hair that was on the chubbier side. She was gaming on a laptop. Come to think of it, there was *another* laptop in front of her, and a bunch of gaming devices surrounding them.

It was heaven in a way. But the Assassin could tell. Because she was a Servant, it was difficult to deny that she had just been summoned into a *Holy Grail War*. It was in a place called the *Moon Cell*? Well, it did feel similar to the virtual world that she had been in seconds before. **“Wait. Does that make *you* my Master?”** Did she even really *need* to ask? She could more or less tell based on the flow of mana from the woman’s

body into her own; a passive connection that bound them. “**Shouldn’t you be getting ready to fight or something?**”

“**Nah.**” The woman, who she would later learn was named *Jinako Carigiri* replied with a wave of her hand. She turned to look back at the Assassin with a dorky smile. “**Let’s just game. Seems way more fun, right?**”

“**Well, can’t really argue with *that*.**”