

LEARNING TO LOVE MYSELF

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Tohsaka... How close are you to figuring it out?”

“Patience, Emiya-kun! I think I’ve got it!”

Based on how they were speaking to each other, you wouldn’t have known that Shirou Emiya and Rin Tohsaka had been romantically involved with each other for almost a year now. The two of them had gotten together at the end of Fuyuki’s Fifth Holy Grail War and had been together ever since, but in the grand scheme of things? Wouldn’t most couples have transitioned to referring to each other by their first names within a year’s time!?

That was neither here nor there as the two occupied Rin’s study on the upper floor of the Tohsaka estate. The young woman had recently been assigned a test by the Clock Tower as a challenging test for an aspiring new student of the Clock Tower, and it took the form of a purple gemstone with a complicated spell etched into its beauty. Apparently it would grant her some form of extra credit, but it hadn’t been clear on *what* that would amount to. **“I still don’t know how they even enchanted it with something this complicated, but...”**

She’d been sitting at her desk with the stone in front of her while Shirou sat on a nearby chair watching. Because the packaging had been official, neither of them had exactly considered the possibility that maybe—**“There!”**—they had been duped, and that the package and test may not have *actually* been legitimate. Someone within the Clock Tower *might*

have sent it, but it wasn't for testing purposes. It was to further their own agenda.

...Which would have made the gemstone some manner of *trap*.

“Tohsaka!?” The purple gemstone had begun to glow. At first this made sense. Imbuing gemstones that were wielded with magecraft with mana could cause them to glow, and the brighter they shone? The more destructive they became. The *problem* was that the stone *wasn't* glowing a normal amount. It very quickly escalated to the point that it might—

BOOM!

Rin's cries were drowned out by the sound of an explosion, though she was more shocked by the feeling of her body flying backwards. Shirou had noticed what was happening before it was too late and had jumped from his nearby seat towards her. He managed to cover Rin's body with his own from the front as the chair tipped backwards and the two of them spilled onto the ground. **“What the hell was *that*!?”** The Tohsaka heiress was *naturally* shocked and upset, albeit a little stunned.

“W-Wait! Emiya-kun!? Are you okay!?” She could see from the floor on her back that the desk was still intact. It hadn't been a *physical* explosion, but her boyfriend had still bore the brunt of it as he laid atop her. He was groaning, but he didn't seem any worse for wear. **“You didn't need to do that, idiot!”** A little bit of berating was made that was meant to come off as endearing.

Shirou finally rolled over onto his back after a few seconds. **“Yeah, I'm fine. I feel a little... *tingly*? But I don't think I'm injured. Does this mean you failed the test, though?”** It took him a moment, but he got up onto his feet and then helped Rin onto her own. He was more worried about whether or not Rin would be able to go to school than he was about his own safety. **“A-Actually, scratch that for a second... I feel a little...”** Now that he was standing, he felt really *woozy*.

Rin, the good girlfriend that she was, ran over to his side to help support him by holding his arm. But even *she* could tell that something was wrong, just from that basic amount of touching. It was a little embarrassing to admit, but she knew every little detail about her boyfriend's body. She had, after all, slept with him a number of times. Shirou placed a lot of emphasis on keeping himself in shape. **“Emiya-kun...?”**

“What is it, Tohsaka?” His voice strained, he felt oddly... weak? No. Weak, but *strong* at the exact same time. He glanced over, noticing his girlfriend’s expression as she held his arm. He didn’t let her answer, because he could tell that her grip felt a little... *strange*? She wrapped more of her arm around his than she probably should have been able to with his arms so thick. He gently shook her off and pulled up his sleeve with the opposite hand, revealing... **“What the!?”**

The girl was *just* as flabbergasted. **“Did the gemstone weaken you!?”** It was exactly what she had felt upon grabbing his arm in the first place. It was *thin*, like none of the muscles that Shirou had forged through his training and battles had ever been strengthened in the first place. More than that? The skin upon this arm was smooth and hairless. Rin ran over to lift Shirou’s other sleeve, revealing that both arms had suffered the same fate.

“I... I guess? That explains why I feel like this, at least a little.” It didn’t explain why he felt *stronger* despite being weaker visually. It had even extended beyond just his arms. His legs had thinned, and his abs and pecs had not only softened, but his waistline had pinched in at the sides. The loose fit of the young man’s shirt did a good job at hiding this, because neither of them had thought to have him strip outright.

Rather, Shirou ended up turning his hands over several times, which prompted the girl to look at them as well. **“It isn’t just a matter of me getting weaker, is it?”** Because if that had been the case, his fingers wouldn’t have become smaller before his very eyes, would they? Nor would his fingernails lengthen until they extended about an inch past her fingertips, neatly done up in what seemed to be a well-done manicure. It wasn’t long before they looked more like the hands of a *young woman*.

And there was something strangely familiar about how those hands looked to *both* parties.

The boy rocked back and forth on his heels subconsciously, unaware that he was doing it because he was having difficulties maintaining his usual posture. The reasons for this were twofold. The first was more akin to what had been happening to his *hands*. His feet had slowly become daintier themselves, with tinier, manicured toes and a pair of heels that were smaller and rounder than they were before. This did challenge his balance a little.

But it wasn’t as challenging as what happened with his *hips*. They parted a little wider than they had been before. It may have only been a few inches overall, but it did prompt his knees to pinch inward ever-so-slightly as the sides of his pants protruded farther than before. **“Emiya-**

kun..." Rin had noticed this, but she had also noticed how baggy his shirt had become around his shoulder. Like they were thinner. **"I think maybe we need to consider the possibility that maybe... you're turning into a girl?"**

"A-A girl!?" Shirou's reply was prompt, and a crack in his voice that hit both of their ears with an uncomfortable familiarity left the *both* of them additionally alarmed – yet unable to properly address it the moment it became apparent that his body was beginning to go through more *dramatic* changes. **"Uwah!? Am I getting smaller!?"** His voice cracked again as he raised his arms, but the sound of his voice wasn't the *only* problem there. It was a girlish, familiar pitch, but Shirou was *not* the kind of guy to say 'Uwah!?' in the first place.

"I... think so..." That said, Rin couldn't deny that he was *right*. Her boyfriend, who had been three inches taller than her, gradually had his eye level slid downwards until they were seeing eye-to-eye with one another. He didn't get any smaller *after* that, meaning that he'd shrunk from 5'6" down to 5'3". His shirt was much baggier, and his pants bunched up around his knees and ankles. But the fact that they were the *exact same* height... **"...Are you turning into me?"**

Rin had been scared to raise the possibility because of what that might have meant for their relationship, but their heights were similar, her hips were an identical width, and his face... She could only gawk as Shirou's facial features were reshaped towards the feminine. Fuller lips, a button nose, and larger eyes with fluttering lashes above a rounded chin. If not for the fact that Shirou's eyes began to glow *red* rather than her own blue, he would have been Rin's spitting image.

"I-I-Into you!?" Shirou's expressed disbelief definitely didn't help any, because it wasn't just a voice crack now. His voice sounded *just* like Rin's. **"But why is it doing this!? Why... Why am I so panicked!?"** As it turned out, the transformee himself finally noticed. This was all *extremely* alarming, and understandably so, but the way he was speaking was so *skittish* and *introverted*. It was a personality different from his own... and from Rin's.

And those differences grew as his *hair* grew. Ginger locks rapidly unfurled, flowing down not only to his shoulders but *well* beyond them. The hairstyle itself was familiar; it resembled Rin's when her hair was down. The difference was the hair *color*, which brightened to a golden blonde from his roots all the way down to the fluffier tips. He *noticed* this, of course, and it confused him. **"Are you sure I'm becoming you, Rin— I-I mean Tohsaka? Your hair isn't this COLOR!?"**

While he just sounded *very* surprised about his hair color, Rin could tell that this wasn't that case based on how one of his hands grabbed the front of his pants... right around where his dick should have been. **"E-Emiya-kun, did you just...?"** God, she really didn't want to finish that question. Fortunately for her, she didn't have to, because Shirou answered it for her.

"Tohsaka... I'm a girl!" That realization had apparently nearly brought *her* to tears based on the moisture welling in her eyes. Her cock and balls had rapidly withdrawn into the new folds of her feminine slit. While neither of them bothered to check for obvious reasons, it was yet another part of her body that was identical to her girlfriend's. Rin did *not* know what to say to comfort Shirou. What *could* she say? Sorry you look and sound a lot like me for some reason?

Those similarities were promptly built upon now that her sex had changed, though. Unaccustomed to the emptiness between her legs, she found herself idly rubbing her thighs together. It was an action that became easier and easier thanks to those thighs bloating with fresh weight, withdrawing the last of her excess body hair (aside from her small bush of blonde pubes) as those thighs became supple and round, though not without leaving a slight gap between them while standing up straight.

"Y-Yeah, you are... I don't know what's going on either! Why would the Clock Tower—?" Rin got lost in her own thoughts for a second, unaware of the fact that the cheeks of Shirou's behind were taking on a bloat similar to her thighs. The crevice of her ass crack deepened several inches thanks to her rounded rump, filling out the back of a pair of pants that were definitely a little too big now that she was smaller. If not for the blonde hair and red eyes, she would have looked more like Rin wearing Shirou's clothes... something that *had* happened before. **"What would that stone have done if it had struck me, then?"**

"That's... probably a question better saved for later, right?"

"S-Sorry!" Shirou *did* have a point. The victim had her delicate hands out to the sides as if she was trying to prevent herself from touching herself. She was *probably* acting that way because she saw her own body as Rin's and didn't want to do anything indecent. It was probably a difficult thing to do, especially with the pair of them now watching the front of Shirou's shirt push forward to complete her transformation. *Breasts* were built were none had been before, fat pooling beneath expanded nipples that rose until they were perky *B-cups*. **"If it helps... I don't think they can change much more?"**

That wasn't really *that* relieving to hear, and if the circumstances shifted so that she had to worry about different problems seconds later anyways. "*E-Eh!?*" Shirou cried out in Rin's voice again as what she was wearing... *exploded!?* It all burst into golden particles that had been dyed by mana forged through her *Saint Graph*. That was why she had felt stronger despite looking weaker – because she was no longer *human*. Her body was mortal, but she had become what was known as a *Pseudo-Servant*; a Servant that used a mortal body as a host.

A new name bubbled up to the surface of her mind the moment this Saint Graph had fully formed, and her personality was *also* a product of it, but...

The girl herself was more worried about how *naked* she was, though! Her cheeks blushed a furious red and she pulled her gaze away, but not before recognizing that yup, that was Rin's body alright! She was lucky that she didn't need to stand in the nude for long, because those scattered particles of gold reconverged against her skin before glowing brightly and firming into a new outfit entirely. It just... wasn't very helpful. "*Why a swimsuit!?*"

She was now clad in a baby blue one-piece swimsuit that had a white upper half above decorated frills beneath her breasts. Her arms and legs were bare, though her delicate feet were wrapped in matching, blue sandals. A fashionable white choker also hugged her neck. The girl's hair was even *more* like Rin's now, with red bows pulling some of it into twintails, but there was also a spiked, black tiara resting in it. She looked like she was ready for the beach! ...The issue was that it *wasn't* summertime.

An awkward silence was shared between the two women once Shirou's transformation finally ended. Rin was left in utter disbelief at the sight of a young blonde woman that looked *just* like her replacing her boyfriend, while *Ereshkigal* looked around in a panic before hiding behind a nearby shelf. "*D-Don't look! I don't want you to see me dressed like this, Rin!*" *Rin?* She was even referring to her girlfriend differently?

From Shirou's perspective this was all very confusing. It was like her mind had been melted in a pot with another person's. Was she Shirou? Was she a *Servant* named Ereshkigal? Both of these



things felt true at once, and it had evidently had an effect on her personality as well. Why was she so shy about showing her swimsuit off, for example? Well, she was a *little* shy because she wasn't supposed to be a woman in the first place!

Neither of them had any idea why she looked and sounded like Rin herself.

Rin's mouth hung agape in the meantime. How was she supposed to tackle this situation? What kind of trap had she walked into? What would have happened to her if Shirou hadn't taken the brunt of the blast!? **"I... W-Wait a moment! I might know of a way to change you back, Emiya-kun!"** She ran to a nearby shelf in the meantime to fish through a box of gemstones. She wasn't sure what was happening, but she wanted her boyfriend back. **"Aha!"**

There wasn't a point in adding any fanfare to the whole situation. The magus just tossed the gem in front of the shelf that Ereshkigal was hiding behind after imbuing it with mana. Fundamentally, it was a spell meant to undo a previous casting. And as it glowed? Ereshkigal could very much feel something changing. It just... didn't change in the way either of them had wanted it to.

"I, uh...?" Mentally? It felt to her like something had *split off* and was forming a separate voice in her head. One that drowned her out and pushed her away, seizing control of her body. While visually? Her blonde hair became a vibrant purple, her eyes blue, and her outfit replaced with an ornate, black dress with a frilly white underskirt, gloves that were very puffy around her elbows, and a black tiara in front of teal ribbons. **"...You really did it this time, Tohsaka."**

Those words left Ereshkigal's mouth, but they carried a much sterner demeanor. She'd flipped back to calling her 'Tohsaka' too?

"What!? Who—"



"You can call me Anki-Ereshkigal now. The other one is just plain old Ereshkigal. But fundamentally we are both still Shirou Emiya deep down." That *didn't* make things any less

confusing! What did she even mean by 'both'? There was only one of her standing in front of her! **"You look confused. I suppose that's natural. We share one body, and we are both 'Shirou'. But the one before is Ereshkigal, and I am Anki-Ereshkigal. Think of one person splitting off into two different personalities?"**

Anki-Ereshkigal's explanation really *didn't* help. She was also difficult to talk with for the *opposite* reason that Ereshkigal was. She was too brash. **"So, you're actually Emiya-kun? Okay. Prove it. How do I know you didn't just steal his body? And why do you look identical to me!?"** It made sense. From Rin's perspective, she had no reason to believe her at face value.

"Prove it?" Contrary to how the blonde had tried to hide herself away, the Servant boldly closed the distance between Rin and herself until Rin's back was up against the wall. She placed a hand against it too so that Rin couldn't escape, effectively pinning her in place. **"Why don't you take responsibility for wooing me? For stealing my heart? Like that day at the amusement park where you told me that you loved me? It was at your secret spot behind the Ferris wheel."**

The physical closeness alone was enough to make Rin blush, but this girl looked exactly like her! Wasn't there something wrong with...? Well, they *weren't* the same person. Appearances aside, if she really *was* Shirou... **"R-Right. It did happen there, and only Emiya-kun could possibly know that. But why should I apologize for expressing my feelings!?"** Just what was *up* with this chick!?

Just forgive her! You feel it too, right!? We love her!

Anki-Ereshkigal just scoffed at the opinion of Ereshkigal, who could still hear and feel everything she was saying and doing, even if she couldn't influence it. Her attitude was only so sour because she was put off by what had happened to her body, and that was understandable. **"Fine. After all, you *are* my shining star. You helped me love myself for who I am, and so regardless of my appearance, I will continue to love you for who *you* are."**

Those were Shirou's true feelings told through the Beast-class Servant's mouth, and so they were technically her own too. But there was still a problem with this whole situation. They didn't understand how this had happened, but the both of them wondered if it was even reversible at all. Either way, Anki-Ereshkigal had made peace with continuing to love Rin as she was now, but... **"Of course, provided you can still love me despite what has happened to me. Even knowing the possibility that it might be irreversible..."**

Rin couldn't deny the validity of the question. She was moved by the Servant's words, and she knew for certain that she was Shirou deep down. For someone shallow or uncommitted, it might have been easy to turn away with her looking and acting so different from the boyfriend she had fallen in love with. But it wasn't like she wasn't *also* into girls; she was bisexual. And Rin was certainly not the type to turn her back on the person that she loved.

“You’re right to ask that, I think. This is a pretty big change, and you keep dodging the question of why we look so similar...” Maybe she didn't *know*? If Shirou served as her core, maybe her memories were limited? Either way, it wasn't that pressing of a concern when it wasn't like the two of them could reproduce anyways. The biological logistics regarding the two of them *possibly* being 'the same person' were largely irrelevant.

Rin finally found her composure once more and reached a hand up to cradle Anki-Ereshkigal's cheek before leaning forward and... *stealing her lips*. The two enjoyed a brief yet passionate kiss, both of them leaning into it with their eyes closed as even a bit of tongue was exchanged – like they always had when one of them was a man. The two withdrew when they were satisfied. **“Does that answer your question? I love you, Emiya-kun, it doesn't matter what form you take to me.”**

Although now that she was thinking about it, what was she going to *call* her? She couldn't call her Anki-Ereshkigal! That was too much of a mouthful. **“So, what do you want to— Wh-Whoa!?”** The Servant's response hadn't been one made with words. She ended up scooping Rin up in a bridal hold and carried her to the nearby window, which she opened with her foot. It was already dark, and a starry sky was shimmering above.

“Hold on.” That brief warning was all Anki-Ereshkigal gave before *jumping*, the pair soaring into the sky as Rin held her close. It took the magus a moment to realize that they weren't falling. Her girlfriend could fly!? **“Please, choose any star in the sky and I'll bring it down here for you to hold.”** Was that even possible!? Wouldn't a star destroy the planet!?

Either way, the thought alone was the perfect gesture to encapsulate just how true the Servant's love really was.

“That was fun and all, but next time I should bring a jacket...”
The two landed back in the same window about thirty minutes later. Rin

was shivering, while Anki-Ereshkigal... “***Wha!?***” When Rin turned back around to look at her? The blonde girl was there again! Just plain old Ereshkigal? And she was wearing that swimsuit again... Before Rin could say *anything* about it?

“I SAID DON’T LOOK! I’M NOT READY YET!”

...She went and hid behind the couch.

Okay, so this arrangement wasn’t perfect *just* yet.