

# FAETAL FLAWS II.

## COMMISSION STORY

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Mashu Kyrielight couldn't really explain it well.

She had awoken in the middle of the night with a start, her body drenched with sweat that gradually dried the longer she lingered in her bed. **“Was it a nightmare? No...”** Admittedly? Mashu didn't really *experience* nightmares all that often. Maybe it was because she was an extremely optimistic person, or perhaps she just didn't have the sort of mind that gravitated towards dreams of a negative nature. It was also wholly possible that she just didn't remember that she had them. But as far as she believed? She wasn't susceptible to them in the first place.

The Demi-Servant shuddered as she reached for the light beside her bed and eventually threw her legs over its edge so that she could sit up. She even grabbed her glasses – despite the fact that they were purely aesthetic in the grand scheme of things. Her vision was beyond perfect these days, but it was still a force of habit. **“No, I feel like something is wrong though...”** The issue was that she couldn't figure out *what* might have been wrong.

It made the more sense to consider it her *intuition*. An *instinct*. Was it something that she had always had, or was it a skill she had developed somewhere down the line? Mashu herself had never really thought about it. She was just oddly *aware* of it. And whenever this intuition of hers acted up? It was often because one person in particular was at its center. **“...Senpai!?”**

Her Master, Ritsuka Fujimaru. It wouldn't be surprising at all for her Master to be at the center of something dangerous whether it be intentionally or not. But what the Shielder couldn't grasp is what might

be endangering her *here*, in Chaldea. No alarms had gone off to indicate any problems. In fact it was quite peaceful. Maybe even a little *too* peaceful. Had it always been *this* quiet? Couldn't she normally at least hear air passing through the ventilation?

**“I could just be getting in my own head... Maybe I just need to go back to sleep...”** It was easy enough to dismiss that bad feeling of hers by waving it off in such a manner, but in the end? She just *couldn't* shake it. **“I guess I need to go check on senpai after all...”** It was just a quick trip down the hall and so she would go in her pajamas. Just a purple nightgown and her underwear underneath, really.



Stepping outside of her room led to a great deal of confusion though. **“W- Was the hallway *always* this long?”** Mashu had been *convinced* that nothing was wrong in Chaldea, and yet this was her first taste of the idea that something might *definitely* be awry. Ritsuka's room was the next room down from hers, and yet the hallways seemed to stretch on *forever*. **“Am I drunk...?”** Had she consumed any alcohol before bed? She *really* couldn't remember doing so. But if this was real then *someone* was up to something, weren't they? So why hadn't the alarms rung?

Mind you, she was overlooking a possibility that would have explained everything because it felt too *real*. The possibility that this wasn't the real Chaldea, nor was she not even in *reality*, hadn't occurred to her. The world that she presently occupied was a *dream* she was now sharing with much of Chaldea. But that *didn't* mean that none of the events she was experiencing within weren't also transpiring in the waking world as well.

The hallway made Mashu anxious. **“Senpai might actually be in danger!”** And she began to run towards the next door without really thinking. But then again what else was she *supposed* to do under these circumstances? She ran and ran, but for a while it felt like she wasn't getting closer at all. **“Come on!”** Until finally? She managed to reach Ritsuka's sliding door and it flew open, revealing to the Servant a sight within the room that she hadn't expected.

Ritsuka Fujimaru was there but she looked *wrong*. Her body was changing, twisting into a buxom and blonde form with beautiful wings. Seeing this older woman manifest in her place, she couldn't help but recall the imagery of a certain fairy that had lived within the sixth Lostbelt. A terrible fairy that was loathed by many. **“Sen... pai...?”**

She was standing in the doorway with Aurora now smiling at her. With a wave of the fairy's hand the door closed and Mashu was pulled inside. **"Ah, perfect timing. And here I was thinking about how I definitely needed an assistant. You'll do with just a little bit of tweaking."** What was the fae woman going on about? An assistant? *She'd* do? Mashu would protest such an agreement. No, she was *going* to protest that agreement! And yet once Aurora waved her hand once more?

She found she couldn't protest at all.

Aurora loomed over her now, smirking wordlessly. Mashu couldn't move nor could she argue. She was entirely helpless. And then Aurora snapped her fingers and *disappeared*, returning the Demi-Servant's ability to feel and speak. **"Wh-What just happened?"** But at the same time she left her with something a little bit extra. A little *life changing*, regardless of whether she was in a dream or not.

Thinking to the woman who had just been standing before her only to disappear, Mashu attempted to take stock of how much danger she was in. At least until she remembered the sight she had walked in on. **"That was senpai, wasn't it!? Then isn't this bad?"** Aurora was not someone to be trifled with. She was a threat that needed to be defeated, and if she had somehow possessed her Master then steps would need to be taken to save her, right? And yet Mashu was struggling deep down. Why was that thought so conflicting from her perspective? She held so much loyalty towards Ritsuka that she would never raise a hand to her.

*Nor would I raise a hand to Lady Aurora...*

The thought prompted the Demi-Servant's eyes to widen. **"N-No, but I need to... stop her?"** *But she'd punish me if I tried. It would be easier just to do as she say. I don't want to be hurt again.* **"What are these memories!?"** They weren't experiences that the young woman herself had endured. They were framed from a point of view that was unfamiliar to her, showing her stories from Fae Britain that she had never experienced herself. And yet they felt so real and personal. It was difficult not to think of them as *her own*.

As these memories grew more and more vivid, visual indicators of her body and soul being compromised became notable upon her body. Mashu's violet gaze was among the first of these areas to become compromised as speckles of pale pink shone amidst their original color. Few at first, they rapidly multiplied and, as the woman blinked, they slowly overcame the entirety of the old until nothing remained of that

purple. Making matters *more* concerning was the fact that these eyes had grown in shape, taking up more of a face that was...

*Less* of a face? Not in the sense that it didn't look like a face, mind you. There was just physically less of it. Her jawline saw signs of narrowing substantially in shape, bottoming out upon a pointier jaw whereas thinned cheek bones gave her head a more petite appearance – which only helped highlight just how much larger her pink eyes had become. Even her nose had collapsed in size, nostrils petite and the shape of the nose more akin to a button. This new face of hers was fair and almost hauntingly beautiful. But it also gave off the impression that she might be a *little* younger.

But it was *not* the face of Mashu Kyrielight.

Who had *surprisingly* recognized that something was wrong. Both hands had come up to cup her own cheeks, presenting her with a sensation that felt both different *and* familiar simultaneously. New memories and old ones overlapped, causing no shortage of conflict within. **“I’m... changing? Into a form more suitable for Lady Aurora? Lady...? I don’t... I don’t respect her like that!” Right?** Evidently her voice had softened to suit her softer, more youthful face as well.

So fixated on the mental side of what she was suffering, aside from idly noticing things here and there, she perhaps didn't pay enough attention to the raw breadth of what was happening to her physical form. Her face had been one thing, but now the sight of her hair cascading out behind her became relevant. The pale purple of those locks shifted to a soft, cotton candy pink that wasn't especially different from her eye coloring. Bangs grew down to hand just above her eyes, while the length in the back fell far past her rear end. It was all just as fair as her complexion and contributed to the ethereal beauty that seemed to be becoming a constant.

**“Actually, why am I so calm?”** It was a reasonable question. Her memories were a mess and her body's form had been shifting slowly along with them, and yet she wasn't freaking out? Even as she pointed her chin downward and pressed her hands against her bosom, she didn't cry or bemoan the sight of her above average-sized tits slowly deflating upon her torso. The (arguably) great rack that Mashu sported had been reduced to little more than a pair of A-cups before her very eyes, and the only reaction she could really afford to make was a quiet **“Mm...”** of acknowledgement?

She began to understand why that was a little better. Her complacency was baked into her new personality, but it was also prompted by *fear*.

She had no desire to anger her Lady Aurora, and resisting the changes might create such an outcome, right? “**...I do not wish to be harmed.**” And while alarming, at least what was happening to her didn’t hurt and didn’t mean she would die.

Mashu’s hips narrowed beneath her night gown next, although she didn’t reach down to feel them out like she had her shrinking bosom. Without the same widened gait that they had possessed before, the areas around those hips naturally had no choice but to become more compact in turn. Her ass cheeks pressed in onto themselves until they were small but firm, and her thighs ultimately sported a soft elegance that was much better suited to a figure that was far more twig-like. Any excess weight had basically been stolen away.

The more she thought about it? “**I need to change more.**” In that moment she was a *human*, right? Or at least something human-adjacent. As much as the Servant had *loved* humanity in the past? Thinking about humans, and more so thinking of *being* human? It filled her with a growing sense of *disgust*. Humans were *beneath* her. “**I don’t wish to remain like this.**”

And fortunately for her there were indications that she *wouldn’t* remain that way for much longer. Looking at the exposed ears on the sides of her head was an easy way to see that. Rounded tips were stretching behind her like an invisible force had been tugging on them. Little by little they grew longer, cartilage ampler than they had been before. When all was said and done? A pair of ears that were almost elvish were adjoined to her body.

But they *weren’t* the ears of an elf. A budding pressure beneath her shoulder blades made that evidently clear. “**That’s right. Grow.**” Now peering blankly over a small shoulder, Mashu was rooting on a change that she knew was coming before it had actually happened. Four pressure points were present, and the back of the nightgown began to bulge as two seemingly round balls of flesh pushed out behind her. They eventually tore through her clothing, but not before *popping* to allow beautiful, pink butterfly wings to unfold behind her.

The wings of a *fairy*.

“**I see. So that is what she meant.**” The new fairy did a little twirl, feeling the force of the air around her resist her butterfly wings in the meantime so that she could dry away any of the excess fluid that weighed them down. “**This feels very real. But this is a dream. If I believe Lady Aurora’s power, I suppose my body in the real world must mirror this one as well.**” A shocking revelation, but *Coral’s* expression didn’t portray any shock. There was little emotion

displayed whatsoever. **“But does this mean I will awaken in a world filled with humans?”**

For how deadpan she sounded, there *had* been a hint of vitriol to her tone as humans came to mind.

Admittedly the pink fae woman didn't have much else to say about her present predicament. It was true that deep down there was some recognition of what had just occurred. She had been a Servant of Chaldea just moments ago, and yet upon being touched by Aurora's power she had taken this newer, better form. **“Whether or not it's truly better doesn't really matter though, does it?”** Because at her core, Coral didn't really care about any of that.



Subservience had been instilled into her person alongside her new identity, no doubt because of the incident that had led to her death in Fae Britain. Even if she *could* question any of Aurora's orders now, the fear and trauma born from being turned into a bug and squashed hung heavy over the back of her mind. It was no different than, say, her turning a human into a rabbit and then hunting them for sport. Actions she was *very* capable of making.

The fairy then slapped herself in the face.

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Soft pink eyes fluttered open at that very moment, and Coral arose upon a bed that had once belonged to Mashu Kyrielight. After managing to free her illustrious wingspan from the sheets she eventually managed to sit upright, casting her legs over the edge. She was dressed in a white gown with detached sleeves. Tiny heels and a black collar accessorized her new outfit, along with fingerless gloves that were merely bound to her hands by rings around her middle fingers. Pink butterfly ornaments were on her sleeves and heels too. **“As I thought. Everything carried over to the world of the waking. That mean that right now, Lady Aurora must be busy.”** Doing what?

Coral knew her mistress' mind well. She was likely recruiting more fae to follow her in this place – and 'recruit' them in the very same way that *she* had been recruited. By turning them into familiar fairies with balls and chains bound to their ankles in the form of mental persuasion so that they wouldn't *dare* go against her. Not that Coral could do anything about *that*. Recognizing this, she merely sighed instead. **"I suppose I should begin taking stock of our forces..."**

Once there were enough? Aurora would likely ask her to organize them.