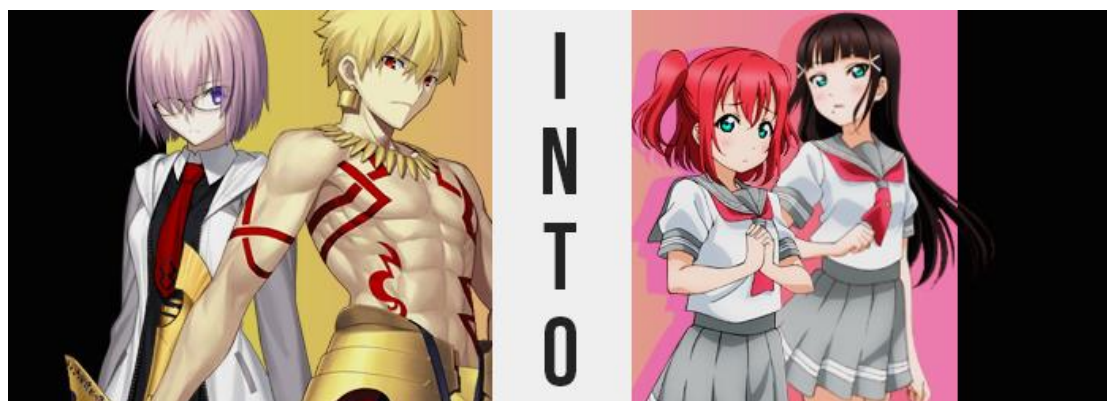


CURIOUS CASE OF UCHIURA II

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"Gilgamesh, are you done looking around? I think we should get back to senpai as soon as possible, so if you're done looking..."

"*KUHAHA!* I'll say when we're done, girl. Master is a patient woman, she'll await me as long as I make her!"

It was the uncharacteristically mismatched banter between a mouse and a lion that rang through the tiny antique shop. Mashu Kyrielight and the King of Heroes, Gilgamesh, had come to the Singularity in the small town of Uchiura with their Master and El Melloi II. After settling down in a local inn, the king himself had deemed his time better spent parading around to look at local wares, no doubt keen on expanding his vast collection on the off chance there was a fitting weapon of glorious renown.

They were a peculiar pair. A golden haired foreigner in a red Hawaiian shirt and beige khakis arguing with a lavender haired teen in beachwear wasn't exactly something the locals saw every day. It wasn't like people weren't used to arrogant tourists however, so Gilgamesh wasn't really *that* out of place. Mashu was just worried about leaving Ritsuka for so long when they didn't know what was causing the Singularity, but Gilgamesh didn't share the same concerns. She was with that Caster after all, so what was the worst that could happen?

"**Aha, see!?**" The Archer's voice boomed triumphantly as his gaze settled upon a particular item midst the shelves. It was a knife, both intricate in design and radiating a golden energy that spoke to the man of many riches. He had such a high level Magic Resistance that, were it enchanted, it was almost an impossibility that it would affect him, and its traditional, Eastern design spoke to him. "**Such an**

exquisite specimen belongs nowhere else but within my collection! Don't you agree, Mashu Kyrielight!?"

Shielder could only sigh, tired of shopping around in her swimsuit for things she didn't care for. **"Sure. Just purchase it and let's get back to senpai."** She hadn't even bothered to look at the item, something that would prove to be folly later. Gilgamesh had already picked up the blade and was swinging it around like a child in a candy store.

"SHOPKEEP! PACKAGE THIS FOR ME IMMEDIATELY!" Unbridled arrogance dripped from every word as he stared in the direction of the counter, blade hoisted high. Yet the cashier that had been there just moments ago seemed to be absent. **"A toilet break, is it!? Urinate with haste, mongrel! In the meantime, hold this Kyrielight!"** A string of unfortunate words leaked from the man's mouth, hands dropping the blade in question in Mashu's hands as he moved to peruse additional wares.

Object in her hand, she could not only feel its power but see its glow, and both alarmed the Demi-Servant immensely. **"Gilgamesh...? Aren't you concerned with the power this is radiating? What if this is the cause of the Singularity?"** She immediately placed the object on the nearby shelf, not wanting to expose herself to the energy any longer than necessary in the case of ill effects. Yet both of them had already sealed their own fates, the magic far too ancient to be repelled by Magic Resistance of any rank. It was an energy that would conform all of the players to the setting they were living in, not wholly unlike the powers of Raum in Salem.

El Melloi and Ritsuka had already fallen victim to this power, and now they would come to join them.

The king, however, was being very prudent in his decision to ignore Mashu's prattling. Leaving the artifact with her, he'd crept deeper into a shop of wares that somehow seemed a little larger than he'd first imagined. How did they cram so many treasures into such a tightly knit space was beyond him? Then again, was his treasury truly different in that regard?

As he slunk deeper and deeper, a peculiar emotion began to take root in his chest. The King of Heroes was an obnoxiously selfish man, an entity humbled only by praise of his greatness and a prideful fiend that thought himself incapable of doing any wrong, and yet it was just a tiny seed that was planted. One that had him questioning a very recent decision. Leaving Mashu's side so haphazardly despite the apparent risk carried by the artifact? Surely it wasn't of consequence, but what if it was?

This wasn't a fear born of Gilgamesh's own heart, but the heart being overlain with it. There was no way he would question the validity of one of his own actions in a million years, and because he was so hyper aware of himself he immediately identified this singular thought as ill invited. **"Hm. Perhaps I shouldn't have**

touched it after all. MASHU!?" Not one to admit when he was wrong, he sought Shilder to deliver an appropriate excuse. Yet he did not notice the strand of ruby red sticking out from his head of gold.

Meanwhile Mashu had remained at the storefront, a singular raven hair falling down her neck gone unnoticed as her own attitude begun its reformation. She'd taken a more reserved approach to dealing with the King of Heroes thus far, for as much self-confidence as she had he wasn't a man that could be reigned in. There was no desire to look out for him short of preserving Ritsuka's reputation, or at least that was how it had been. Her perception was becoming skewed by the magic corrupting her. Genuine concern for Gilgamesh moved to the forefront and churned her stomach, the moment he called her name bringing her a necessary moment of calm. **"I'm at the front of the store!"**

The raven hair atop Mashu's head was not a singularity, and as time went on lavender locks became darker and darker overall. Some grew longer than others only for those that fell behind to catch up, until they hung about as low as her neckline. Eyes, normally an intelligent violet, showed imminent signs of brightening in the meantime.

It was then that she noticed Gilgamesh returning, his visage spawning a great deal of confusion for the girl. While his head of hair was still largely blonde, like a chia pet there were many longer than the others, made all the more obvious by the bright red coloring they possessed. **"Gilgamesh? What's wrong with your hair?"** She couldn't help but ask, concerned it was related to the knife sitting on the shelf.

"MY hair? What about yours, mongrel? Unkempt and multicolored, a despicable sight to behold." He continued to speak down to her without pause, and yet his own behavior showed little sign of leaving him emotionally undisturbed. For what reason was he treating this waif without respect? Why would he not show respect to anyone? He was no king, merely a... No, he was a king.

The greatest and oldest of kings. Much like Mashu's own, the man's eyes were possessed by brilliant turquoise that washed out the fiery crimson that once represented his overwhelming personality. Hair, too, was becoming just as unkempt as the girl he accused before him, reds more prominent and length more prevalent particularly around the back and side, beginning to frame his face.

Mashu reached back and took hold of a handful of her own hair, pulling it to her neck's side to get a better view of what the Archer was speaking about. What she found was not the hair she was used to, but rather extraordinarily black strands that bore a silkier texture when compared to her usual head. She rubbed them between her index finger and thumb, taking note of how even the scent wafting off of them was of a different shampoo than the one she'd used that morning.

Which had been... *what* exactly? Trying to think back to that morning, her recollection was foggy. She'd woken up and taken the shower before her sister? No,

that couldn't be so. Not once in her short life had she ever been blessed with a sibling, let alone a younger one.

Younger...? When had anyone said younger? Strands slipping out of her fingers, attention was finally returned to Gilgamesh. Mashu audibly gasped as she found herself at his eye level, the same eyes reflected back at her from his own face. The shape of each of his eyes had not only softened but taken on a notable almond design. They appeared far more Asian than they had just moments ago, and they were a part of a trend that had taken hold of his facial features overall. Nose had become less pointed, tip rounder and nostrils less prominent, lips smaller and not without a subtle quiver.

Had Mashu not known it was Gilgamesh in front of her she might have mistaken him for an effeminate young man of mixed race descent, his face still resembling its old appearance enough for her to not pause to question it.

From Gilgamesh's point of view things had begun to become increasingly strange. He'd been more than a full head taller than Mashu, and yet now he was staring at her eye-to-eye. *'Was I always as tall as nee-chan?'*, he pondered a moment before correcting himself. As Mashu. Mashu was *not* his sister. At least he was fairly certain. It was becoming more and more contestable as his shoulder lengthened hair of bright ruby found itself tied into a set of twin tails behind his head.

The shared height was only passing regardless, gaze suddenly meeting Mashu's lips and then her chin. It was natural to assume he was shrinking, but it seemed Mashu had become just the slightest bit taller as well. To him Shielder had begun to look slimmer, perhaps less muscular than she once had been. It was only so evident because the swimsuit she had been wearing had grown much more lax particularly around the area of her breasts, where cups seemed to slide off once the fat of Mashu's bosom was trimmed away. Arms and legs were evidently lankier as well, but while Gilgamesh generally had preference for a woman with abundant beauty, he found himself thinking about how he hoped to be as beautiful as his nee-san someday.

Yet by focusing on Mashu he'd been left ignorant about the changes to his own body. His mind slowly being filled with fluttery, girlish thoughts that overrode the pride and power of the king he'd once been, his form had been continuously crumpling to match this new style of thinking. The Hawaiian shirt he'd been wearing was now significantly baggy against his body, barely hanging off of his left shoulder and leaving the other completely exposed, narrow gait and porcelain skin on full display. His khakis weren't as fortunate, pooling at the man's feet and exposing legs that were growing ever shorter.

"We should.. go change..." Mashu made a suggestion as she stared at how much of the boy's body was now exposed. They'd been working here part time? Their uniforms were in the back room? This knowledge grew as further factoids replaced commonplace memories and facts from Chaldea. Memories of eating at the

cafeteria with the organization's staff gave way, new memories of the student council luncheons taking their place. It went on and on like this, doubts fading as the questions were made irrelevant.

Mashu's jawline had narrowed and lips had become more prominent and pouty. A beauty mark, dark and obvious, rose from her porcelain skin just below the right of her lip, and with her face meticulously framed by long, dark hair that dropped just above her slimmer butt it was obvious there was very little of Mashu left.

One thing clung on tighter than the rest, the remaining strand of her old identity. Her love for Mashu, her adoration of her senpai. Above anything else, she couldn't allow herself to forget her Master, and the moment this memory was touched her mind frantically attempted to resist. *'I won't forget senpai. I love senpai. I won't forget her. She's the most important person to me. I won't... I won't... I'll protect... Ruby-chan...'*

Who was...? The girl beside her, right? Her little sister, Ruby. There was nothing she wouldn't do for her, and seeing her in that ill fitting outfit made her mad. How dare the shop keep trick them into wearing such inappropriate clothes? They were only high school students!

'Ruby's turquoise eyes went wide as his *'nee-san'* took his hand in hers and begun to tug him towards a nearby door. Bare heels, small as they were, dug into the floor in resistance as tiny toes wriggled defiantly. Something in the back of his mind was telling him that of he was led here all would be lost, like what was left of who he was would be rendered obsolete. But muscles had faded long ago to leave his body short and weak, and Dia's pull was firm and strong in comparison.

As the door grew closer and closer the final stages of metamorphosis bore fruit. Fruit in the form of fat deposits that gave feminine definition to a body that had seemed otherwise androgynous since he had shrunk. Thighs and butt became just the slightest bit meaty as a youthful sheen dances across them, evident by how they peeked out from beneath the oversized Hawaiian shirt that covered the essentials left bare by shorts and boxers falling a few feet away.

The space beneath that shirt seemed to be less vacant as fat bubbled up around his chest, too, tiny, bare breasts budding upward and pressing against the shirt's underside. He let out a cute squeak at the sensation of his bare chest rubbing up against the cloth, one that Dia ignored as she turned the handle of the door and led him inside. He hadn't been incorrect to assume that this room was the end of the line, the moment he was forced to step into the back room serving as the death number for his.... erm... *Little Enkidu*. The feminine alternative flourished instead, leaving *her* wholly Ruby Kurosawa, younger sister to Dia Kurosawa.

In the room was a simple bed, two grey school uniforms laid out on it just where they'd left them. Ruby shied away from changing even after the door closed, not wanting to strip naked in front of her elder sister. It was a shocking contrast to

Gilgamesh's own personality, and while he'd been an unstoppable force of nature and Mashu little more than a mouse in his presence, Ruby respected Dia greatly.

"I'll look away. But be quick, Watanabe-chan is meeting us here to go to practice." They were school idols, practice was a pretty normal occurrence. But the text left for her from You said she'd found a piece of merch at the pool too? That was odd.

The sound of the door closing echoed throughout the shop as Ruby eventually peaked out after Dia had changed and left, her uniform hugging her body properly. **"I'm ready... Is Watanabe-san here?"** Dia nodded and pointed to the door with a smile. Dangling from her phone was the Chika charm You had found.

For some reason, she felt drawn to it.

The two sisters headed towards the door, passing a knife glowing on the shelf. But the moment it was passed, the light suspiciously faded.

Its work done.