

BECOMING EDELFELT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ouch... Ow... Tch, that smarts!”

Rin Tohsaka had retreated back to her bathroom, her appearance disheveled and her body cut and bruised. It looked as if she had been attacked, or at the very least had been involved in some sort of *fight*. It was an alarming assumption to make about a woman of the Tohsaka family’s perceived wealth and renown, that she might have been involved in some sort of physical scuffle by *choice*, but...

That was *exactly* what had happened. She had something of a longstanding grudge with *Luvia Edelfelt*, a woman of a similar age that came from a family that rivaled her own. It wasn’t at all uncommon to observe the two of them bickering whenever their paths crossed, especially when Luvia had seen it fit to move *directly across the street from Rin*.

But sometimes those altercations between the two of them turned *violent*. Never so much that the two were earnestly trying to commit longstanding harm to the other, but fists *were* often involved when push came to shove. Well, it wasn’t like they could just fire off magecraft in the middle of the street! And this instance hadn’t been different at all. “*Hehehe...*”

So why was it that Rin wore such a victorious expression after treating her wounds? The teen reached into her skirt and pulled out a bright red gemstone. “**Once I figure out what’s up with this gem, I’ll know how to beat Luvia in a battle of magecraft next time for sure!**” She’d stolen it out of the ojou’s dress when they had traded blows. *That*

idiot didn't even notice! Next time I'll challenge her to a duel and beat her with her own magic!

Several weeks passed...



That was enough time for the girl's wounds to have fully healed. And yet? Rin had run into a roadblock of sorts. **“Really!? THAT's why nothing has been working?”** She had a life *outside* of plotting Luvia Edelfelt's demise, and so unraveling the mysteries of Edelfelt magic had something she had only been doing in her spare time. And since it was Sunday finally? It had been the best opportunity to sit down and take the task seriously.

In the end? The problem was a pretty *big* one. It had taken hours of testing and examination to even come to this conclusion, but... **“There's a seal on it? One that only allows Edelfelt's to make use of this gem. Probably all of her gemstones, I'd imagine.”** Was *that* how protective her family was over their fortune? It felt a little too much like overkill since the gems they used in their magecraft were *destroyed* when the magecraft was cast.

“Or is it because there's some deep secret? Hm...” A trick that the Edelfelts made use of in their casting? Based on their past clashes, or at least the few that *had* involved magecraft, it hadn't felt like Luvia had been doing anything special or different. Her methods seemed to be similar to the Tohsaka way *she* had been taught growing up. But maybe that was just a misdirection? **“I guess I need to try and break the seal then.”** She didn't sound especially *enthusiastic* about it.

Namely because it would take a few hours, if not more.

And that hadn't been an understatement. If anything, it had taken her *longer*, and it was late evening by the time she finally screamed **“EUREKA!”**. Fortunately, she was the only person who lived in her manor and there was no *way* anyone else could hear her shout such a ridiculous English word. **“Or at least that's what they say in Europe when you accomplish something, right?”**

Rin wore a smirk as she stood over the crimson gemstone on the workbench of workshop. A whole book of notes rested beside it, scribbles she had made while researching the seal. To break them you

typically had to transfer mana into the object in a very specific way, like how every lock required a specific *key*. She had been working to figure out what this 'key' needed to look like, basically.

“All that’s left is to see if it works!” The mage was accounting for the chance that it *wouldn’t*, but in her head that percentage was so minimal that she probably didn’t *need* to account for it. Rin’s magecraft was perfect! It was going to work without fail! And to prove as much to herself? She picked up the gemstone and began to channel her mana into it. It almost appeared as if nothing had happened at first and that her efforts had failed, but slowly? The gemstone began to glow. **“Hah! See?”**

The seal *must* have been broken by that point, and so she cut off the mana flow. This *should* have dulled the light in the gemstone too, but... **“Uh...? Is this an Edelfelt gem thing? Maybe it just takes a little longer for the light to fade? That has to be it!”** It was *still* glowing. And it felt kind of *warm* in her palm. Because while she may have broken the seal barring anyone who wasn’t an Edelfelt from wielding it? Rin had discounted another possibility.

What if that seal was in place because... using one would *create* an Edelfelt?

Such a possibility hadn’t crossed Rin’s mind at all, of course. The very suggestion alone was preposterous, and for it to be a *reality* it would mean something sinister for the Edelfelt family. At the bare minimum it would make them far more conceited than anyone in the world of magecraft had even realized. **“Should I throw it away...?”** The gem was just glowing and creating a little warmth. She couldn’t feel its mana really reacting beyond that.

But she *was* experiencing side effects from holding it, even if she had yet to recognize as much. Not that it would have mattered if she continued to hold onto it or had let go entirely by this point. Because the Tohsaka girl had broken the seal, the magecraft that it had been holding back had been released into her body in that instant. She just simply hadn’t noticed it had been overshadowed by the sensation of the seal shattering in the very first place.

What *were* the side effects then? Some were little, others were significant; but they were *all* part of a singular process. One set to make sure that *only* an Edelfelt could wield the gem. On the subtler side of things early on there was the matter of Rin’s eyes. Their blues paled but did not inherit a different hue altogether, and their shapes... Well, their changes were certainly more striking. How could it *not* be striking to

watch a Japanese woman's eyes reshape themselves into the eyes of a Caucasian *European* woman.

Like a woman of the *Edelfelt* family, perhaps?

The look of a European beauty spread throughout the rest of her face just as quickly as it had her eyes. A longer but fuller nose led the charge while short, round cheeks stretched longer around it. Even her lips joined in on things, inflating into they were puffy and full. But there was something that was difficult to deny about this new look of hers. One Rin would have *loathed* had she immediately realized. She looked a *lot* like Luvia. Certainly not *identical*, but there was enough of a resemblance that you might liken her to a *sister*. In fact—

“So, what secrets does sis’ crystal hol— Eh?” Rin *had* to stop herself before she could finish that sentence. She had been thinking of *Luvia*, right? *Luvia Edelfelt*? So why in the world had she referred to that woman like a *sibling*? **“Not just that! What’s up with my voice!?”** She could tell more when she attempted to yell. It sounded softer, more passive, and yet most unsettling of all? Vaguely like *Luvia’s*. If she could only see her own face at the time, she might have blown a gasket.

But there *was* something happening that could easily lead her to the very same conclusion. It began to happen around the time her face had changed, actually, with the odd hair upon her head beginning to lighten in color until dark brown became an *unfortunately* familiar blonde. By the time her face had *completely* changed? So too had her hair entirely been dyed in that color, but it didn’t *stop* there. Its length grew out a few inches seeming for no reason, but then *shortened* again?

No, that wasn’t it. This hair began to bounce as it *curled* dramatically, spinning into a set of luscious *drills* that were readily comparable to *Luvia’s*. They were actually *more plentiful* in size and shape though, with four in the back and two at the sides, while her bangs were brushed back. Rin had *almost* gotten away with not realizing even though the mass of this hair was so much more, but the weight of one bouncing as she turned to put the gem down prompted her to look down.

“AAAAAAAAAAH!?”

And she *screamed*. **“Wh-What is wrong with my hair!? Why does it look like my sister’s!?”** And she certainly hadn’t noticed before, but now she did. Why were her thoughts in *English*? She was straining to speak Japanese like it was a second or even *third* language. She ended up switching to English instead by default, simply because she felt more

comfortable speaking that way. **“Am I turning into Luvia!? D-Did breaking the seal go wrong!? Am I going to start OHOHOHO-ing!?”**

Rin fortunately *wasn't*, but only because her personality was being pacified. Her body language and volume levels were making it clear enough that she was becoming more *withdrawn* overall. She didn't feel as certain of herself when she spoke, and while she was loathed to admit as much? She *really* wanted to look to Luvia for guidance all of a sudden. To her *dear sister*. Where had this trust come from? It felt like a true familial bond!

The teenager's physical condition 'worsened', but whether or not it was right to consider what followed a series of *negative* changes could realistically be up for debate. **“W-Wait a moment! What is happening with my...? I feel so unusually heavy!”** The magus couldn't even stop herself from speaking more like a proper lady. It just felt *right* to do so, and if she didn't, she'd be betraying her *family's* reputation.

Not that those concerns that she communicated so gracefully *weren't* warranted. She absolutely *was* becoming heavier, and while her waistline remained trim? There was an enhanced softness to it as trained muscles faded away only to be replaced by a more stagnant, albeit *normal* weight. Her body felt heavier because she was physically weaker, at least partially. But she *did* become far heftier... in places most women would appreciate.

The *old* Rin might have made a disgruntled noise at what came next, but all she could muster now was a polite **“Erm!?”** as the fit of her bra became increasingly tight and the front of her shirt began to surge forward at the cost of lifting its base. **“Is my bosom swelling?”** She wasn't even sure *why* she was asking when it was abundantly clear that this was the case. Aside from seeing it with her own eyes she could *feel* it, their growing weight compromised her posture and she tilted forward – at least until the muscles in her back tightened to better accommodate her new *G-cups*. By that point? Her shirt had been hoisted so high that you could make out her underboob.

And she was struggling with clothing malfunction of a similar vein *beneath* her waist. Her pleated skirt was stretching and tightening, panties slowly being pulled up into what felt like the ultimate wedgie *and* the ultimate cameltoe. All courtesy of her ass and thighs, which inflated like soft sponges to the point that if you pressed a finger into one, that indentation would still linger for a moment. Thighs were plush and her ass was perky, all better matching her huge bust in scale.

“Wh-What am I to wear!?” She wasn’t certain, but a follow-up thought of *‘What would my sister think if she saw me dressed like this!?’* plagued her in the aftermath. **“Oh! Thank goodness!”** Providing a great deal of relief to her, however, as the light in the gemstone finally dulled she could feel her clothing change according to its power, becoming a puffy crimson dress not unlike the ones Luvia herself wore, complete with a big, red bow helping to tie her hair in the back.

“O-Oh dear. What am I doing in the Tohsaka home? I suppose my dear sister must have pranked me again, but... N-No! I am Rin Tohsaka, but...”

From how the blonde haired European teenager spoke of herself, it was plain enough to understand that she clearly had not changed *entirely* mentally. **“But my name is... Robbyn?”** *Robbyn Edelfelt*. It felt *right* to refer to herself that way even *knowing* that it wasn’t her true identity. In fact, it left her a little fearful that if too much time passed, she might become a little *too* comfortable in this new body.



She sighed. **“Does this mean I need to confess to my dear sister about this...?”** How else would she be able to seek help and a possible way to return to normal? The only person that she could go to for help at this point was *Luvia* herself. But according to Robbyn’s new feelings? It didn’t feel that burdensome. She loved and trusted Luvia like a good sister should, and so her old self was probably *reeling* about that somewhere deep down.

“And what will Mister Emiya think!?” Thoughts of Shirou spurred her cheeks to burn a *very* bright red. It had been no secret that Rin had harbored feelings for him, and those feelings had been transferred to Robbyn as well. The issue was that she was much meeker as a person now, and thoughts of love and romance flustered her with *extreme* ease. It was almost a little *pathetic* how quickly she freaked out over those matters.

“I suppose I should get to it then...”

“OH OH OH OH!”

Days had passed since Robbyn had arrived at the Edelfelt estate, shocking Luvia up until the moment she had heard the explanation. The next few days had essentially been a gag reel of the original Edelfelt essentially bullying the new one, lording it as a victory of Rin Tohsaka once and for all. **“I know I said I was looking for a way to change you back, but wouldn’t you prefer to stay this way? You just love doing everything I say!”**

That had *unfortunately* been true. Part of Robbyn’s new personality had made her so deferential to Luvia that it had been easy to boss her around. She was constantly thanking Luvia, talking about how envious she was of her strength, the whole nine yards. Really? It almost felt like a waste to just change her back. Even if there seemed to be hope of finding a way to do so. She just needed to convince Robbyn before that point.

“B-B-But sister...?”

She was slowly becoming less resistant to the idea all on her own, anyways.