

GIVE ME THOSE PADS!

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“Seriously. That girl is going to be the death of me.” Rin Tohsaka sighed to herself as she entered her manor alone, the solid oak doors closing brusquely behind her. The sentence she had uttered *sounded* serious, but there was some degree of affection behind them. She had spent the day helping Illyasviel von Einzbern with her training, but Illya being Illya had a habit of *accidentally* making things a little more dangerous than they needed to be.

That said, Rin loved that girl like a sister at this point in time. They had been through so much together, and while Rin considered herself to be Illya’s teacher, Illya had actually taught *her* just as much – loathed as she was to admit it.

It was winter, and the snowy months in Fuyuki were very often cold. Because of it, the teen had a jacket to hang up on a coatrack as impressive as everything else within the Tohsaka estate before remembering she needed to poke back out the front door and check her mailbox. **“Brr...”** But even sticking her head and arm out was *very* cold!

With a stack of envelopes in her hand, she shuffled towards her kitchen. **“Bill... Bill... Advertisement... Bill... Wait, what’s this?”** With both of her parents long deceased, it was the young heiress that saw to it everything was paid on time. She was accustomed to seeing bill after bill. Yet at the bottom of the pile was an envelope done up in black paper with white text upon it. Her address was scrawled there, but there was no return address.

Could it be something from the Clock Tower? With everything that had happened with the Magic Sticks lately, it wouldn’t be surprising to hear

that they wanted some sort of report from her. But that wasn't what it was. In fact, the envelope was completely empty? **“Hey! Is this some kind of joke? Maybe the local kids are targeting me again...”** They certainly seemed to think it was fun to ‘prank the rich onee-san that lived in the big house’, based on past capers.



Just as Rin was about to toss that envelope away though, the edge of it slid across her left pinky finger and sliced it, forcing her to wince and cry out with pain. **“Damn it!”** The shock of it led to the envelope fluttering down to the floor beneath her, and yet even after Rin rolled her hand over to look at where the cut should have been? There was no blood, no marking, not even a sliver of dislodged skin.

Because while she *had* been cut, she hadn't been cut *physically*. It had cut into Rin Tohsaka as a *concept*.

But *she* didn't know that. It was done through an art that not even a talented Magus of this world had any awareness of. Rin merely carried on as usual, albeit a little bit confused by what had just happened. **“Maybe my mind was just playing tricks on me? Like it only hurt because I expected it to?”** If only she had been *that* lucky, really.

The fact that it hadn't bled at all weighed upon her mind a little more *intensely* than it likely should have in the aftermath, however. Not because Rin was concerned about *why* that had not happened, but because... Well, she wasn't really sure. It was almost like she *wanted* to see some of that crimson fluid. It was an impulse that grew so strong that, for some reason, her teeth had begun to ache.

“This isn't...? Why do I...?” For but a brief moment the girl felt uncharacteristically feverish, and yet just as quickly the heat paved way for the cold. Her skin was overcome by both chills and a very clammy feeling that was quite to incite fears that she had come down with some sort of dangerous illness; and that her aching teeth was merely one of the symptoms of *whatever* it was.

It left Rin feeling woozy, so much so that she drifted over to her kitchen counter to hold herself upright. At first the anxiety born from the onset

of such a varied number of symptoms had brought her heart to beat at all-time highs, and yet that heartrate was quickly slowing until it was little more than a thumping with several seconds in between each pulse. It was more than enough to be worried, but the teen felt so overwhelmed that she couldn't decide where it would be best *to* place her concerns.

At the very least the aching within her teeth ultimately seemed to culminate into something. Something that should have been *impossible*, really. For one's teeth did not typically grow any further after reaching a young age, and yet Rin's canines defied biology itself as they lengthened and sharpened into a set of intimidating looking fangs that she could not keep hidden within her lips. They continued to poke out from within no matter how hard she tried to conceal them... which she wasn't really trying to do, because she hadn't realized they had even grown in the first place.

Rin's heartrate continued to slow within her chest, and so too did the cold that plagued her body intensify. It appeared to be having an affect on the color of her skin, as the colder her body became the more lifelessness her flesh seemed to express. It didn't take long for the healthy hue of her skin to dwindle, pinks making way for a pale purple that almost seemed deathly by contrast. It plagued everything from her face to her hands, to her feet – constant in its unsettling depravity of health.

“Ugh... I need... to get... help...” Through gasping breaths the girl tried to push herself off the counter to no avail. She paid little mind to the feeling of fangs poking into her lips as she opened and closed her mouth. This *wasn't* an illness. It was too intense to be such a thing that had come on so suddenly, but that wasn't even what had tipped Rin off. What had done so was...

A building lust for blood.

What had begun as a fixation about why she hadn't bled had quickly twisted into a need and desire. She didn't only desire to *see* blood, but to *taste* it. And not simply a little, but to engorge upon as much as *inhumanly* possible. It was an instinct so strong that despite feeling as if she was on death's doorstep, drool had begun to drip from her fangs. The teen had no idea how to control this desire, for it was much too overwhelming.

Her body slouching against the counter, her awakening to this new instinct spurned a wave of palette changes beyond her worsened skin color. Eyes, once a bright blue, burned an eerie crimson while pupils dilated into slits, and a pastel purple that was slightly darker than her

skin washed through straight locks of hair – although it did not stop with a mere change of color. Strands lengthened and slithered down her back, twintails extended seemingly indefinitely before they reached the backs of her knees with slight curls to them.

THUMP... THUMP.....

Rin was not afforded much of an opportunity to take notice of her hair, for her beating heart? “**Ah...?**” It had ceased to do the very thing it was expected to. It stilled, ultimately justifying the gradual slowing of its pace throughout, and when it flatlined the maiden collapsed into a heap on the floor of her kitchen. She remained this way for almost two minutes, but within that time there was a dramatic shift in her body proper, the force that had changed her better rewriting her existence to suit the needs of the being she was becoming.

Lying *dead* on her side on the cold floor, it almost seemed like her body was withdrawing upon itself. Whether it was her arms, legs, or torso, everything pulled inward to grant her a shortened reach. Fingers and toes follow suit, but in exchange for their losses they were rewarded with lengthened nails that were so sharp that they might as well have been claws.

In the process, a youthfulness that defied the scent of death upon her flesh settled in. Her facial features relaxed and rounded, all becoming daintier almost like a doll with its eyes closed. And yet those eyes rounded until they appeared much more European by design – as was true of the design of her face on the whole. It looked like the face of a girl that was, at best, thirteen physically, and with curves deteriorating into a state of almost *no* substance, that seemed to be the case overall. Her ample thighs were left thin, and her breasts, while not all that large to begin with, were little more than mosquito bites upon her chest now.

As the two minutes of death neared their end, light returned to the crimson of her eyes, but so too did something else leak forth from within. A power that was not Magecraft but something more menacing, and the act of the power awakening itself created a burst of energy from within that bellowed forth and teased her now ill-fitted clothes as she once again rose to her feet. Much of what she had been wearing fell off of her from a mixture of this force and the fact that her figure was no longer large enough to support it, and in the end she found herself staring down at a body that was both familiar and not at the same time.

“**Hm? What’s happened to me, then? I feel like I just woke from a terribly long nap!**” Her voice was shrill, and whether intentional or not she was speaking in an overly ladylike manner.

Clawed fingertips traced her youthful, purpled skin, lingering over her bosom for a moment longer than anywhere else. **“I shrunk!? But how am I going to catch his attention looking like this!?”** Surely *he* liked a woman with huge tits! But who *was* he? The *vampire* could not recall, like parts of her mind were shrouded in a heavy mist that would not be lifted anytime soon. **“I’m sure I can make them look bigger somehow!”** With pads? Yes! Pads would do!

While for all intents and purposes the girl was now *alive* once more, she wasn’t by definition. Her heart was not beating at all, and her flesh? It was still stone cold. She was an undead through and through, but what else could you expect of a vampire? The fog upon her mind had been provoked by her sudden death, and it would take some hours to remember more than she presently did – both of her past life and her new one. At the very least she could recall a *name* for the time being, and that was good enough.

“Hmm? Why was I so worked up about it before? This body feels rather good, doesn’t it?” The matter of her chest notwithstanding, *Shalltear Bloodfallen* ran hands across the bare, paled purple skin of her flesh and smacked at her lips with her tongue, tiny fangs protruding keenly. Rin was still within her child-sized body deep down, but her new ego was certainly fiercely dominant to the point that it might as well have been who Rin *was* now.



While her old clothes had been discarded, there was now a neatly folded, purple dress resting upon the floor in their place with a pair of sizable breast pads atop them. Necessary weapons to fight the oppression of an unageing female body. Just as she reached down to grab them though, something zoomed by through the air and grabbed them. An intruder!? How had she not sensed them!?

Shalltear’s head whipped to the side and locked onto the culprit. A child with white hair and red eyes, wearing a rather adorable pink getup, mounting a magic rod of some sort. **“Huh? Ruby? What are these things? I thought they looked important, but they’re kind of like jello, aren’t they?”** Having sensed Shalltear’s evil magic, Illya had rushed to Rin’s aide to find her not there. But now she was just fondling the breast pads, oblivious to their true purpose.

The vampire's lilac cheeks burned red as embarrassment and anger alike built up deep down.

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