

SPLIT XMAS DECISION

COMMISSION STORY

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The holiday season was busy for almost everyone, but it certainly wasn't as busy for most as it was for Rin Tohsaka.

Christmas wasn't *as* big in Japan as it was in western nations, but it still held quite the prominent position as an event worth celebrating by many. More than anything it was celebrated by couples, with Christmas Eve being one of the most romantic nights of the year... *supposedly*. But with Shirou being together with Sakura after the events of the Fifth Holy Grail War, it wasn't like Miss Tohsaka herself had any reason to celebrate it in *that* way.

It wasn't *just* for couples though either. The holiday served as an excuse to hover keenly around your loved ones, something Rin had realized from the constant visits she had been receiving from the happy couple. As it was also an excuse to throw parties... which was *exactly* what they were doing. Shirou and Sakura had decided to throw a Christmas Eve batch and it seemed they fully expected that Sakura's sister would attend.

"I wish it was as simple as just going, though..." Eyeing the invitation that had been sent to her on the counter, a card done up in the gaudiest of Christmas colors and decorations, Rin had to lament her circumstances. She was studying in secret so that she would be accepted into the Clock Tower in London to better further her grasp of magecraft. Maybe it was an excuse though... to avoid having to stay in Fuyuki when the man she loved was now dating her own sibling.

Regardless, she had to submit an exam into the Clock Tower by the 26th, which meant that her hands would most *definitely* be full on the 24th.



And since she hadn't admitted to the other two that she was studying in the first place, it would have been a little *awkward* for them to find out by rejecting their party invitation. **"This feels like an impossible problem."** It really *wasn't*. All Rin had to do was be honest with them, but the Tohsaka would be the first to admit herself that honesty wasn't exactly her strong suit when it came to matters that bothered her. She was much too guarded because she was afraid of being hurt.

Since she was taking a break from her studies, the young woman was mulling over just how she wanted to handle it. It was the 23rd after all, so she only had a single day to figure out what her response might be. Could she make the time to go to the party after all? Even if it was just a brief appearance... She really would have felt much too guilty if she hadn't shown

up at all!

Wistfully and desperate for an answer, she picked the invitation up off the counter once more, holding it between both hands and stroking the obvious personal touches that had gone into them. It was clear that Sakura had put a lot of effort into making the invitations by hand, which made her feel even worse about it! **"WHY CAN'T I BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE!?"** It *really* would have made her problems *that* much easier if she could be, but alas!

Little did Rin know though, and little did the girl who had made the invitation realize, but that invitation itself had been unintentionally *laced* with magic. Sakura had been practicing and honing her talents as of late, but had unintentionally been leaking magic through her fingertips as a result. It was subtle and generally would have been harmless, but since she had worked so hard on the invite, it had taken a while and more magic than normal had bled into its fibers.

And resonating with the present holder's desire, all of that magic was suddenly released. The sparkles on the invitation appeared to glow brighter than one might reasonably expect sparkles to glow, and it was enough to get Rin to quickly throw it back on the counter. **"EHHH!?"** The glow spread from the sparkles to the rest of the card, and it glowed so bright that the girl had to shield her eyes. Yet just as quickly as it lit up? The light dissipated, leaving the magus completely stunned.

"What... was that? Why did the invitation light up like that!?" It had *clearly* been magic, but she couldn't fathom Sakura putting a surprise like that in there. All things considered and trusting her sister,

Rin didn't assume that there had been any negative effects that had come from it. But she probably *should* have sought potentially ill effects out just in case. Because there weren't none. Yet the effects that arose? They were even stranger than she could have imagined.

A shudder ran up her spine and a tingly spread across Rin's skin, prompting her to immediately raise her hands in front of her as if she was expecting to see something indicative of what was happening to her. And what was surprising was that she *did* see something, at least on the left hand. "...**Huh? What's with that spot?**" It hadn't been there *when* she had raised her hand, but after staring at it a moment it had *emerged*, darkening a singular spot on the back of her hand.

Was it a freckle? A mole? It didn't matter, because markings like those couldn't appear out of nowhere like that! And it very quickly forced the magus to rule out either of these options, because the tanned color of it rapidly *grew*. Not outward, it wasn't growing *out* of her body, but it most certainly spread. Rin was left gawking as it spread throughout the entirety of her left hand, leaving her palm a little lighter than the back. But her right hand was essentially untouched.

As it reached her wrist, she had the smart idea to roll up her sleeve. "**How is this possible!?**" It had continued to spread up her left arm! But why wasn't the color of the bronze completely even? There were thin lines across her arm that were much lighter than the rest, almost making it look as if she had *grooves*. But this was equally true of the left side of her torso *and* her left leg, too hidden by her clothing for her to notice. Even her left nipple was now browner than her right.

Her face, too, was plagued by all of this. But it was even more extreme in the end, for the facial features of her left side *also* seemed to change along with their skin color – likely because the bronze tone her skin now took was not typical of a Japanese woman. The eye on this half of her body grew wider as red seized its iris, but ultimately it appeared a touch droopier as well – while this half of her lips thinned out.

Miraculously though, this is where signs of change were first found on the *right* side of her body. Though they actually *had* been happening all along, they were just much more subtle. Her skin truthfully had changed in color on the left as well, but rather than darkening it had become a touch pinker, which was of course hard to notice versus what had been happening on her left. But her face was where it became *clear*.

Because while her right iris inherited a red similar to the left, albeit slightly pinker, the *shape* of the eye it was contained within underwent a dramatic shift in shape. Big and round, lashes longer than the eye on the left side of her face, there was no denying that her right eye looked like it

belonged on a *Caucasian* woman rather than a Japanese one, and it certainly *didn't* match her left eye. Following suit, the right side of her lips were actually fuller than the other side, creating this weird imbalance.

Rin hadn't commented much more on things because her mind was still racing as she stared at her skin. Why was it different on one side than the other? Had she been affected by a spell then this result didn't really make much sense, right? Still, it had also come to nibble away at the identity of her hair, too. The hair on the left side had been invisibly chopped away at the peak of her neck, while on the right? It lengthened as if taking what had been lost on the other side and repurposing it, falling down past her rump.

Both halves lightened, but depending on the side her hair inherited different undertones. The shorter left half was essentially white by the time the dyeing had been completed, and the longer right had more of a salmon blonde color to it. In both cases her hair ties had fallen out, whether it be from too *much* or too *little* hair required to sustain them.

“I-I don't understand? Why is half of my body...?” The right half of her body was pale pink, while the left had a surplus of melanin that gave her a copper tan with some lines to the contrary. Of course this was only what Rin could *perceive*, because she hadn't even noticed how half of her face was now Caucasian and the other bore the features of a woman that was of a more Central Asian appeal. Split down the middle, she looked like two different women in one – yet both just looking like racially different versions of Rin Tohsaka. **“No, something's not... right still...!?”**

There was a *pull*. Not just on her body, but on her mind as well. It built, the pull growing stronger and stronger still, until the woman briefly felt like she had blacked out. When the pull disappeared, though? She found herself *staring at herself* from two different perspectives. **“EHHHH!?”** Two identical voices rang out in unison, for the two halves of Rin had become whole... as two different people standing in the same room, staring at each other as if they were looking at a mirror. And yet both of them were naked now, their clothes evidently MIA.

Strangest of it all from their perspectives was that despite being two separate individuals, for the time being they still felt 'singular', like Rin's one will guided both of them similarly. They gawked at each other, shocked by how different their faces, bodies, and hair were. But while these things had been applied evenly thus far, the two of them were soon forced to acknowledge something of a divide.

Because soon enough, the two of them were completely different heights.

The tanned, Central Asian Rin was the shorter of the two, having only gained a centimeter of height. But the Caucasian one? An additional six centimeters saw her body stretch up taller than the other. **“Why am I the taller of us?”** Questioning it aloud, her voice sounded... off. Her words were stiffer than usual, yet the voice she spoke with was also deeper as well.

She wasn't *only* taller, though. There were other areas of the Caucasian Rin that began to grow – they just didn't contribute additionally to her height. **“Your chest...”** It was the tanned Rin that pointed it out with a voice that sounded much drier and more deadpan than normal, staring now at her counterpart's bosom. It coerced the possessor of that chest to look down, and in the end they were both left quietly staring.

It wasn't like there was nothing to look at, either. Rin had a notoriously average chest size for a girl of her age, nothing even comparative to her sister Sakura. Yet the pale-skinned version of herself saw her bosom inflate quickly and excessively almost like it had been hooked up to a water tank. They jiggled and sloshed about with the skin tightening around the fat that stretched them wide, and eventually they bounced with the Rin they were attached to lifting and fondling them. **“Um...”**

But it wasn't even *just* her bosom that grew. She almost fell over suddenly and silently, but managed to catch herself on the corner of the nearby counter to prevent it from happening. The cause? Her hips had extended in their gait, preparing for the weight gain that saw her thighs and ass alike swell to attention with newfound vigor. Her breasts, now F-cups, were already notably humongous on their own – but now her ass had come to rival it in girth, bloating into a rotund yet impressionable heart shape overtop pasty thighs that passively rubbed against each other between her legs.

“What about me?” The two had been quiet following the taller Rin's changes, but the shorter one eventually broke it. While one had grown so abundant, the other hadn't changed at all – and so the two of them stared at her body expectantly. The more either of them changed though, the less 'connected' they remained though. It hadn't occurred to them seeing as their personalities and even memories had already begun to fray.

Given another moment, the short-haired Rin *did* eventually begin to see changes to her body. But considering what had happened to her taller iteration? They weren't just unsatisfactory. They were *insulting*. To begin with, her chest became even *smaller*. **“...Eh?”** The skin around

tanned skin compressed so that nothing was loose, and yet while her nipples remained the same, well... the damage *was* largely done when it came to the girl's ego.

Though on the other hand? Her thighs and ass... *also didn't really change all that much*. If anything the bloat of her thighs *did* seem to be a touch wider, and her ass maybe just a little bit perkier, but the shorter Rin didn't see any real change to her figure that could have even be seen as a little beneficial. At least until her muscles began to *tense*.

It wasn't one of two of them. It also wasn't like her muscles were suffering from a spasm. But every muscle across the frame of her body soon twitched, that feeling predated a bulge that saw tanned skin rise everywhere as raw strength pushed forward. Her arms and legs thickened as a direct result of this, and burgeoning muscles even added some size to her soft thighs and rump. Her tummy tightened so much that you could probably *sip a drink* out of the lines from her abs, and all in all? She was much, much more muscular without compromising the fact that she was small and lithe.

“I guess this is fine... but nothing about this is very Christmas-y.” The muscular Rin marveled at her own body, but a strange concern passed her thin lips. One that the bustier Rin seemed to nod in agreement with. Why did they have Christmas on their minds so prominently? It just felt so *natural*, and while they *were* having similar thoughts, it was the first time that the pair thought independently of one another.

Perhaps responding to their concerns (or more likely as part of what had been intended for them in the first place), gold and silver particles began to rain down from the ceiling like freshly fallen snow. The pair *immediately* recognized what this meant, for they could sense the *holiday magic* that they emanated. As they fell upon the two women, clothes erupted atop their naked bodies almost like they were starring in their own magical girl transformation sequences.

For the shorter of the two, an ornate veil that was longer than her hair bound itself to her head, fluffy earmuffs coating her ears and a rainbow striped plate binding itself to her forehead beneath her bangs. A crimson bikini shaped itself around her small chest and pelvis, exposing her hips and legs in their entirety while arms found red, detached sleeves around her elbows. Huge and fluffy white mittens warmed her hands, and a red and gold choker had shaped around her neck. It was matching, red boots that tied her whole outfit together, and it was *excessively* Christmas-y.

On the other hand, or, well... On the other *body*, a red suit coat with white wool trim wrapped around the taller woman, an aged, white dress shirt and skirt beneath the outer layer of crimson. A Santa hat complete with a big POMF at the end warmed her head, and tall, red-heeled boots came up past her knees. It was a much more conservative Christmas outfit, and one that seemed to comfort a growing part of her that was concerned about being naked. *Because of the germs.*



“...I’m going to go accept the invitation.”

“*Do not.*”

While they were united in vague recollections of their past life, the two women that stood in Rin Tohsaka’s dining room most certainly could *not* be perceived as Rin Tohsaka. Both women were dressed in Christmas outfits of

varied design, with the shorter woman’s tanned body largely exposed when compared to the Santa dress of the taller, European woman.



Both had immediately fixated on the invitation on the counter once everything clicked into place, with the keen and goofy *Altera the San(ta)* gung-ho about affirming her attendance. The Santa version of *Florence Nightingale*, on the other hand? Being the *much* more responsible one of the two, she understood that the studying they were supposed to do was more important. Almost like the two points of view that Rin had held about attending the party had been personified into two polar opposite holiday Servants.

The hows and whys, evidently, were not important to either of them. But Nightingale understood the situation a little better. “**If you accept that invitation, it will cause problems for us.**” Not that these problems wouldn’t arise *eventually*, but if they could be delayed until she could think of a proper response, then— “**Hey! Altera!**”

Her words had evidently fallen on deaf ears, for the Archer dashed out the front door and took flight using her Santa powers, forcing Nightingale to pursue. Which was a shame, because she *really* wanted to clean the Tohsaka home before beginning to study.