

A LION'S SHARE

JUNE REQUEST STORY

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The idea that not everything was as advertised is a concept that was sometimes hard to grasp. It was something embedded in the very fabric of society, from misleading advertisements to product misrepresentation on food menus. This was an absolute in a world where everyone was trying to make money, and this applied to the world of maguses as well. Sometimes there were 'get-rich' schemes making use of the sales of unique curses or enchantments, but because it was difficult to know if they worked as advertised. Most people in the world of magic had the common sense to avoid such things altogether, but Rin Tohsaka?

Rin was something of an old-fashioned magus in a modern world. She'd been taught from the ground up about tradition and the like, and because of that she'd become the perfect victim for one of these schemes. *'Cast this curse and temporarily enjoy the life of another'*, or so it had been advertised. She'd thought it would be a great tool for better understanding the hearts of others, so while Shirou had been by himself for the weekend she'd turned him into Sakura while the real one was with her.

And then she might have gotten just the *iiiiiiest* bit tipsy and cast it on herself. The initial stages were basically nothing, just a dormant curse that awaited the necessary trigger: thinking about the person the curse was intended for. After casting it on herself, she'd almost immediately forgotten whom she'd been thinking of at the time which was at least a benefit in that regard. She'd kept the number of the one that had sold her this curse and immediately called them up to figure out the reversal technique only to learn there *wasn't* one. *And* that the effects were permanent.

Hours passed since she learned this, and Rin had sobered up considerably alone in the inn room she shared with Sakura and Rider while they were off enjoying the various services the inn they were staying at had to offer. She was trying to keep her mind clear of any thought, for thinking of the person she'd cast the curse with in mind would ultimately trigger her own transformation. It wasn't Sakura nor Rider, else things would have clearly begun already, but who? Whom was she thinking of at the peak of her stupor?

Face buried in the pillow of the inn bed she cast these thoughts away again. Her curiosity would only serve to be her eventual downfall.

A little more time passed and she eventually fell asleep. She'd had a dream. Shirou was there, they were in class. And then Taiga came in, yelling as she usually did--

Taiga. Eyes flickered wide and she pushed herself upright immediately. That was who she'd thought of at the time. Why? What had compelled her to think *'spending a day as my teacher might be fun'*? Rin cursed her past self, knowing full well now that it would be far longer than a day, at least until someone could figure out a counter curse. Would she just have to accept the inevitable now?

Hell no. A Tohsaka would never just accept something like that, that's how she gotten so far in the Holy Grail War in the first place.

But she needed to prep herself before she wouldn't even be considered 'herself' anymore. Struggling, she pulled in an upright, full body mirror from the spa inn's bathroom so that it sat beside her bed, avoiding looking directly at her reflection as she did so. Next she locked the door from the inside so that Rider and Sakura couldn't come in suddenly (*at the very least she wanted to spare them the grief of trying to stop it to no avail*). Then a pen and notebook so she could leave her final thoughts, beginning with an explanation. No one would ever say Rin wasn't prepared, and on top of this she was prepared to fight the changes until the very end.

She crawled onto the bed when her preparation had completed, clad only in her black lingerie so that she could better document any physical changes she might have undergone. Back against the head of the bed, from her feet to the tip of her scalp was on full display from where she was sitting, notebook and pen now resting in her lap.

Blue eyes glaring at her own reflection, Rin immediately went to work describing what she could already see. She'd thought her head had felt a little lighter for about five minutes now and there was abundant and obvious case for that. It wasn't supporting as much hair as it had been prior. Twin tails and full length now at her shoulders, strands of light brown that she noted familiarly as Taiga Fujimura's own shade had become evident against her usual, rich black to give it an almost zebra-like appearance.

"I see... So it starts in the more superficial areas.", she remarked as she jotted this down, taking additional notes regarding the state of her fingernails next. Even as she'd been writing her usual manicure showed signs of fraying. Rin was very meticulous about her self care and that extended to her fingernails, but their usual sheen was diminishing along with their quality as their cut grew closer to her fingertips. It almost looked like she had a habit of *biting them*. Gross.

Even her fingertips felt strange as change washed through them, and she was forced to readjust how she was holding the pen between them once they grew ever stubbier and worn.

A tingling in her toes came next, and her attention turned to her reflection in the mirror. With flats pointed to the reflective surface she could see what was happening not only to the top but also the bottom. The quality of her skin across soles of her feet seemed to crack as a feeling of dryness as they grew dryer, as if the moisturizer she applied daily hadn't been applied in weeks. The general contours of her foot's arch became more defined as, if ever so subtly, foot grew and heel hardened. With it came an ache that made Rin want to massage it, something born from a lifestyle where one's body was constantly on the move, but she felt like if she averted her eyes for even a moment she wouldn't be able to maintain her grip on the current reality.

Rin was quick to record this all, though each stroke of her pen seemed to move with an absence of intent. Her usual handwriting was neat, proper, but the Japanese characters she was jotting down were gradually becoming less even and more chaotic by design. She also noted the continuing transformation of her hairstyle. While strands of black had outnumbered strands of brown before, it was now the opposite with length of hair resting just below her chin line. Eyes flickered back to her reflection just in time to catch the blue of her left eye turn to a duller brown, the lashes around both eyes seemingly duller, the light makeup job she'd done earlier wiped from each lash. **"Not even cosmetic work is left..."**

As change traveled up each leg, it became hard for Rin to ignore what was approaching her lap. Her feet had moved ever so closer to the end of the bed while she'd been distracted with writing, their length supplemented as she could see the rise of new muscle wrapping beneath her thighs. Despite this new mass though, their shape eventually withdrew in slight so that the muscles were more defined where she'd once had a tighter, thicker pair. It wasn't merely the composition beneath, but the complexion of her skin itself. Rin took very good care of her legs, just as she did her feet, but as several hairs sprouted up it looked like she'd done a sloppy shaving job, and the texture of her skin wasn't quite as elastic as it normally was. As the tingling approached her loins, longer legs rubbed together and she pulled knees up into the air.

She steeled herself as she slid fingers beneath her black panties and tugged them up her legs, needing to see the changes to her pelvic area firsthand even if she wouldn't document them. Although at the same time she felt a little too eager, and the force

with which she slid them upward was inspired with an energy she found unfamiliar. Was she starting to *enjoy* this for some reason?

"**Nngh...**" A building pressure at the sides of her waist provoked the magus to release an unsavory sound from her lips as discomfort set in. She could see her pelvic bones pull out to the sides, a fuller set of hips taking shape that were beset with physical strength she didn't normally possess. Goosebumps ran along her loins as change penetrated her pussy, lips not quite the same once bumps faded in shape nor color nor... *feeling*. And her pubes? The short, black hairs she left down there (*she'd shave if she was seeing someone*), the same brown from atop her head mixed in, hairs themselves growing into something of a bush as they curled slightly at the top. "**I can't believe Taiga-sensei leaves them like that!**" She remarked with vigor that brought a hand to her lips. That excitability was not characteristic of her own personality, nor was that deeper tone. She had to write it down.

Her position against the bed was challenged as she wrote, cheeks swelling up against the comforter to better suit a woman of Taiga's gait. As much as Rin was loathed to admit it, Taiga *did* have better proportions than her.

The whole time Rin had been observing the changes while trying to grapple with maintaining her own identity, but looking at how much the quality of her handwriting had deteriorated struck her suddenly... largely because the earlier notes didn't strike her as her own. The writing near the bottom felt much more natural and correct, which meant it was time to leave proper notes for Sakura.

She had to relay what had happened and how she shouldn't panic, as well as the enchantment for the curse and any leads for how to fix it. And above all else, she knew she'd had to be kept away from the original... Original... Why did that sound so wrong?

A rumbling in her tummy accompanied firming abdominal muscles and a bottomless appetite that would soon need to be satiated. She could sure go for some of Shirou's cooking right now-- "**Stop, Rin, don't get sidetracked.**", she scolded herself almost like a teacher might. Eyes danced back to her reflection once more. Where long, black hair had one been was now a simple bob, hair much lighter than it normally was. One eye had already turned brown earlier, but it seemed the other had finally followed after along with her face's general structure. It was no surprise that age had poured onto her features, but Taiga was only 24 at the end of the day. Aside from a bigger nose and thicker lips, the most apparent features of her age were bags that hung beneath her eyes and a slightly dryer complexion than she was used to.

But other than that, it might as well have been her teacher staring back at her. She had to hurry. '*So Sakura, if you find this note...*', she wrote but paused as what she was trying to convey became a little muddled. Looking up at what she'd written so far, what was all this about her body? And about changing? No, no, *that was right*. She'd been changing. She was Rin Tohsaka. Rin Tohsaka. Rin Tohsaka. Eyes

slammed shut as she tried to focus on this singular truth even as hands were drawn to a discomfort near her breasts.

Her bra just *didn't fit*. Rin's breasts weren't exactly show pieces. They were modest, they were there, but they certainly were *not* about to turn any heads like Sakura's did. But their envelope was being pushed as swelling began, bindings in the form of her bra digging into the flesh as it muffin-ed around its constraints. Leaning away from the pillows behind her, hands fumbled to unclasp a bra that Rin almost pondered why she was wearing in the first place. Black wasn't really her color? Regardless this freed her tits, which jiggled as erect nipples breathed fresh air. They were slightly larger and a little darker than she remembered, but her memory was becoming something of a mess now anyways.

"I need to finish this note for Sakura!" Because vocal reminders were the only thing snapping her back to reality, she shouted at herself once more and turned attention back to pen and paper. Physically nothing left of Rin remained, and clearly what was left of her personality was quickly dissipating. **"Sakura, if you find this note, make sure you consult the man that sold this spell to me at..."**

KNOCK. KNOCK. A pair of loud knocks pulled Rain's attention away from her notebook once more. **"Rin? Are you okay in there, why is the door locked?"** It was Sakura's voice. Why was Sakura here? No, she'd come here with Sakura right? It was right but it was wrong. Wrong, but right. Ugh... her head hurt.

Wait... was she here with a student? And she was laying on the bed in her birthday suit? "Bad, bad. This is bad bad bad!" Hushed, Raiga panicked as she jumped from the bed and began to root around for her clothes. Why weren't there any!? Had she not packed!? **"Uh... I'll be there in one second, Sakura-chan!"**

"Taiga-sensei...?" A naturally confused voice questioned from the other side. She had no idea why Taiga might be here. Had Rin invited her? Of course Sakura didn't know the half of it, and she would never know the full story.

Because the note was never finished and was missing a lot of context. If she made a mistake and recited the curse that was jotted down there, even she might succumb to a similar fate.

But Taiga didn't know enough to care. She just wanted to get out of this very, very bad situation. *Shirou was going to kill her!*

Man, she didn't know the *half* of it.