

PARENT TRAP

OCTOBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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The fire that had ravaged the city of Fuyuki had seemed like a tragic accident to the commonfolk. Explained away by a spark that had exploded into a full-blown incident that had killed tens of people, the truth behind it absolutely wasn't something that was known by normal society. After all, these people did not know about mages *nor* the Holy Grail War – the result of which had led to those flames in the first place.

Out of those that had survived, none were as emotionally impacted as Kiritsugu Emiya had been. A Master within Fuyuki's fourth Holy Grail War, he had been there when the flames had given rise. And he had been there when the buildings had burned, as if it was some sort of twisted message to say, 'everything you did was wrong'. But midst the burning rubble he'd at least found a glimmer of hope.

Shirou. A young boy that had been caught up in the accident. Kiritsugu had saved him in the end, and at that moment he had decided to do all he could to support and raise the now-orphaned youth. A few months had passed since that faithful night, and there had been a lot of work involved. But, finally, documentation confirming Shirou's adoption had finally come.

It was late at night and Shirou had already fallen asleep in the room of the Emiya estate that had been set aside for him. Meanwhile, Kiritsugu had been going through his mail in the room that was functioning as his temporary office. He'd already hidden away most of his ties the world of magic, but he knew he would have to tell Shirou eventually.

“What? Is this a misprint? There's no way I'd make that mistake, and yet no one would have any reason to make it on



their own either...” The man had raised his voice and grit his teeth because the paperwork that had been sent back to him was *wrong*. All of it was typed with the name ‘*Shirou Kotomine*’, which made absolutely no sense. That was the surname of the man who had helped cause that fire in the first place! The surname of his bitter rival, Kirei Kotomine.

The reason an accident felt implausible was the fact that when he’d applied for custody in the first place, he’d been required to present his own ID. They’d copied his surname directly from it, and yet... “**Hortensia? What?**” Upon pulling that identification from his wallet, he found a name there that wasn’t ‘Kotomine’, but it wasn’t ‘Emiya’ either. Something was very wrong her.

He had fallen for someone’s trap. Now that this possibility was fresh in his mind, he could feel it. Magecraft, very faintly, had been laced across the parchment. “**Tsk!**” Kiritsugu had only been out of it for a few months, and he had already fallen enough to be caught by such a simple trap!

The issue was: what purpose did switching around some names on identification serve?

That was the real mystery here. It wouldn’t take much effort to get it changed again, and for as evil as Kirei Kotomine was, Kiritsugu didn’t take him for someone that would enlist his resources into such a petty, pointless prank. Of course this was because the man was assuming the lingering magic had only affected his identification. He didn’t at all assume that magecraft of that power might also be affecting his *body*.

In fact, it had *already* begun. Seated at his desk as he was, the initial occurrences weren’t as notable as they would have been were he standing, for the clothing malfunction wasn’t anywhere near as apparent. It was late and he was at home, he was only dressed in a pair of comfortable, black pajama pants and a loose, white shirt.

What was notable was that while the man’s entire outfit was already loose, it was growing gradually *looser*. The outfit appeared baggier, and that trend only continued to worsen, and not because the clothing was

somehow getting bigger. No. Instead it was the man's frame that was getting smaller – and in more than one notable way.

There was, of course, Kiritsugu's height; this was the most blatant display of the losses he was suffering. He was usually almost 5'9" in height – a rather intimidating height for a man that was just generally an intimidating presence. When all was said and done though, he would be a meager 5'1". That loss of *eight* inches certainly didn't go unnoticed while it was happening either.

"I'm shrinking!?" It was around the 5'5" mark that the man inevitably noticed, and only because he had realized he couldn't rest his arm on the desk in the same manner than he typically did. So the spell had been with the intention of afflicting him with some sort of condition after all? What was the endgame here, having his body shrink? And yet there was something far more terrifying than the fact that he was shrinking transpiring, at least as far as his thoughts went.

But it isn't so bad, being someone else's prey...

Where had *that* thought come from?

It almost seemed like a desirable outcome to a part of the man, deep down. That part of him that was leaning into the peril of his body changing like some sort of bizarre masochist. **"I can't believe I fell for an enemy trap! I've never been so... humiliated! Haha... But it feels kind of good to be... NO!"** Things steadily worsened on that front, for he eventually found himself vocalizing that masochism in a voice that was eerily deadpan.

In the meantime his body continued to collapse. Height aside, his build and general frame suffered losses just as significant as his diminished height had been. All of the muscles he'd honed as a trained assassin disappeared just like that, leaving his shortened limbs as thin as twigs. It should have been distressing to lose all of his strength just like that, but a deadpan giggle was all he could muster in response.

Were Kiritsugu standing at this point, his pants definitely would have fallen from his hips. But, even so, those hips were wider than even his shoulder had become now. The way those hips pushed out only to curve inward at his thighs was uncanny and, admittedly, undeniably effeminate– aided significantly by a waistline that dipped in at the sides to present his torso with a fair, doll-like curvature.

More and more his visage began to resemble that of a young maiden, what with thighs growing ever so plumper within his pants, albeit not plump enough to even dent the sizable gap between his thighs that was

still occupied by his dick. His feet, still resting on the ground, were hardly half the size that they had grown into in adulthood, and his hands were extremely similar in that vein. If anything, shrunken fingers were altered farther with how his nails grew several inches, earning a carefully tended to manicure.

“No, this isn’t right! I’m becoming... young? I’m so small... It’s humiliating! But... Is being humiliated so bad?” Voice fluctuating between a boyish hum and an emotionless, girlish sigh, Kiritsugu was evidently succumbing to further mental dissonance at the magecraft’s behest. One look at his face proved that his belief that he’d grown younger was legitimate, for he resembled a youth in the first half of their teens. The sex of that youth was something much less clear though, and the fact that his features were shifting in that department certainly didn’t help any.

In fact, his pure-blooded Japanese background appeared to be imperiled by the shapes of his eyes. It wasn’t incredibly subtle, but they grew a little rounder while lashes fluttered longer. And, more pressingly, his once dull and empty gaze took on a natural, golden glow within his irises. If anything his blood appeared to be mixed with the blood of someone from the West, and structurally this was reflected in a thinner cut of his chin, a sharper nose, and plumper lips.

Then again, these changes all made him appear even *more* feminine than he already did. It certainly was no help that his hair quickly became white as a sheet before the spikes flattened and grew, framing the sides of his head and spilling down his back with natural waves. **“My hair is so long...”** Fair fingers tugged on it a little. Admittedly, he *enjoyed* the pain that doing so provided him.

Kiritsugu Emiya no longer resembled an Emiya at all. In fact, if not for the fact that he still had a dick and his chest was completely flat, he could have just as easily been mistaken as a young girl wearing an adult man’s pajamas. But at least regarding his clothing situation, change was on the horizon. **“Oh!”**

The gasp that parted soft, pink lips wasn’t one of displeased shock. Instead he seemed content with the cause, which amounted to his pajamas constricting against his body to the point that it almost felt like he was being *crushed*. His black pajama pants tightened into black stockings over dark grey pantyhose (*which attached to matching sleeves up top*), while a simple black dress with puffy sleeves and a white, flower-shaped collar hung overtop of a leotard – entirely skirtless.

It was a thoroughly embarrassing outfit that highlighted the girlish curves of his body, but there were two hours that were tighter than the

rest. Around Kiritsugu's groin was one of these areas, and the sounds that escaped his... *her* lips as her dick was entirely compressed into oblivion weren't exactly the sounds of discomfort. They were much more akin to *arousal*. On the other hand, around the chest of her dress two mounds inevitably pushed forward from beneath, as engorged, hardened nipples had led the charge towards the emergence of a pair of A-cup breasts that were only highlighted *because* her clothes were so tight.

Were the girl to look at her ID now, she'd see that more than her name had changed. Her birth date, her height and weight, even her photo. They all reflected the young, fair, and beautiful maiden she had become. And that was a change that had affected her soul just as it had her body.

From *Caren Hortensia's* point of view, nothing had changed whatsoever. For better or worse this house was the one that she was renting, seeing as her mother had passed away and she wanted absolutely nothing to do with her father, *Kotomine Kirei*. Even then, she'd been left with that man's adopted son as well. Shirou, he was called. The fourteen-year-old girl didn't exactly have a problem with it, but she didn't necessarily think of herself as a maternal presence either. It was likely for the best that he just thought of her like an older sister.



“Speaking of, I suppose now that he’s asleep I should be on my way. I want nothing to do with father, but a woman of the Church’s work is never done.” Moving towards her door, the girl decided it was time to take to the streets for the evening. There were plenty that needed her services even if they hadn't realized yet.

Once she moved into the hallway however, she found Shirou staring at her, rubbing at his eyes. Oh, this was the first time he'd seen her dressed like this, wasn't it? **“Onee-san? Where are you going...?”**

“Nowhere, nowhere! Let’s get you back to bed, Shirou-kun! Your sadistic onee-san will read you a bedtime story!” She'd totally just called herself 'sadistic' aloud, hadn't she?

Well, it wasn't an incorrect statement.