

# FAETAL FLAWS

## COMMISSION STORY

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Did dreams hold any real meaning?

To the average human it probably depended. Your dreams could be complete nonsense or realistic as could be, and yet in the end? You awaken with an epiphany. You're able to draw a line between what you had just experienced and your daily life or your thoughts and feelings. To live is to dream and to dream is to live. This is more or less a fundamental aspect of being human in the first place.

But for Servants? It was something different entirely. By all accounts a Servant did *not* dream. They could sleep to replenish mana and could have 'experiences' while sleeping, but it was more like a museum. They could live through experiences of their own lives, or perhaps dream about the lives of their Masters. The opposite was also true though, in that a Master could experience the lives of their Servants through their dreams.

So what would occur if the dreams of a Master and their Servant overlapped? No, in this case it might as well have been a *nightmare*. **"This is a dream, right? Where am I...?"** It would have been wrong for Ritsuka Fujimaru, the Master of Chaldea, to claim that she had 'woken up' in a dark forest. She could immediately tell that she had in fact come to within a dream, because she was very accustomed to experiencing her Servants' memories through their dreams by this point.

Her best guess at present was that it must have been an Arthurian Servant based on the forest, but she still wasn't sure.

For some reason though, something about *this* dream in particular felt *off*. The way the cold wind bit at her skin, the laborious steps she needed to take to climb even the smallest hill. These dreams often felt real, but this felt *too* real. But midst the darkness she did eventually find a light. Something glowing in the forest clearing. **“Oh, is that a clue?”** If she could figure out *which* Servant this dream belonged to things would become a lot clearer.

Ritsuka’s steps still felt labored as she sprinted the rest of the way towards the light. There was an object just *floating* there, emitting the bright light that illuminated the otherwise dim forest. Despite how windy and cold it was, the sky above was lit up with the moon and bright stars. A familiar sky. Was this Fairy Britain? The sixth Lostbelt? That would certainly narrow down the pool of Servants!

**“H-Huh?”** But before she could ask any further questions, Ritsuka found her gloved hands reaching up to grab the glowing object. It was a glowing crown that appeared vaguely familiar but she couldn’t quite place it. What she *did* place was the crown *on her own head*. Which proved to be a mistake as in that very moment a familiar voice called out to her.

## **“MASTER! DON’T!”**



The Master had turned her head to see the source of her voice. It was the Lancer-class Servant, Melusine, just a few feet from her person. One of the Tam Lin or Fairy Knights that had worked under Morgan. **“Melusine!?”** But of course it was already too late. What was she so panicked about with the crown? Of course Ritsuka herself hadn’t planned on putting it on. Her body had just sort of moved on its own, but her autonomy returned after setting it in place. Couldn’t she just remove it?

She reached up and grew panicked herself once she realized that it would not budge. It didn’t matter *how* much force she applied. It was stuck there. **“U-Umm... It won’t come off? Was there something wrong with this crown, Lancer?”** The human had almost been afraid to ask the fairy this question. She knew that there *was* something wrong with it based on how the small girl had cried out, but she didn’t understand the specifics.

**“It’s very bad, Master! You need to get it off! Let me try to help!”** But before the tiny knight could even make the effort to try and grab it she was blown away. **“Master!”** A surge of magical energy had exploded from the crown. It stirred the wind around Ritsuka, eventually creating an impenetrable barrier of air that saw the human hoisted up into a floating position. Was that supposed to happen?

Ritsuka could only assume that it absolutely *wasn’t*.

The wind was *loud*. The woman that had been lifted into the air couldn’t hear at all what Melusine was yelling at her, but the fairy most certainly *was* doing so. In fact she threw herself at the wind barrier several times, on each occasion getting rejected and knocked away. Just how powerful was this prison that a Servant as strong as Melusine could be knocked away? How dangerous was the crown that she had put on?

While she couldn’t do anything to escape the orb of wind that bound her, she could still move within it. Unfortunately things took a turn for the *embarrassing* as a wave of wind whipped *through* the barrier. It reverberated through her skin, bringing it to a tingle. But it also *shred her clothing*, leaving her completely naked. Had it been a male Servant nearby and not Melusine she *absolutely* would have covered up. But what if that wind had ended up shredding her *flesh*? She shuddered at the thought.

**“Is there any way out of this thing!?”** Once again she was reminded of just how *real* this dream felt. The danger felt just as authentic as the sting of the wind and she didn’t even know *what* the danger was still. Her body did feel *unusual*. But it was also hard to place in what way. Oily? No, almost like something *gross* was coating her even though there was nothing visible to suggest that. She *was* naked after all. If anything had been coating her body she *would* have seen it.

Nonetheless, the radiant crown continued to shine a brilliant gold upon her head. A brilliant gold that coated the orange of her irises, staining them permanently in the very same color. Yet simultaneously this was *not* that only part of herself that was being recolored. Her *skin* was, ever so slightly at least. It became creamier of tone and smoother to the touch. Perhaps a little *too* smooth, as it also eased away any scarring or blemishes upon her flesh.

But there was a region where a color change was *far* more apparent. One only needed to direct their attention to where the crown was resting, or at the very least the hair beneath it. Any hair that *directly* touched the crown appeared to carry its light for a short time before it would fade, revealing that this hair had lightened to a soft blonde. It spread like wildfire, jumping from touching strand to touching strand

and ultimately dyeing not only the hair atop her head, but likewise her eyebrows and pubes in tandem.

But a mere color change didn't mark the end for this hair. "**H-Huh!?**" Ritsuka of course noticed. She could feel the tug on her scalp brought about by the reality that more and more hair was being created rather quickly, locks snaking well past her shoulders and waving from side to side as it fanned out behind her. Before long it was so lengthy that it would have pooled on the floor had her feet been touching the ground, with bangs pulled away entirely to show off her forehead.

*Outside* of the barrier, Melusine looked on in terror as that familiar hair sprouted from her naked Master's head. She could see things that Ritsuka couldn't like the color of the woman's eyes, but more significantly... the shape of her face was changing. The human's chin narrowed and the length of said face stretched several inches. Thinned cheeks and raised cheekbones suggested that she was aging, now appearing more like a woman in her mid-twenties or so physically. But with fairer lips, bigger eyes, and a smaller nose...

She looked identical to *that* woman. Melusine shuddered, a natural reaction to the sight of *her*.

**"M-MelUSINE!?** **WHAT's hAPPENING TO me!?"** While she assumed crying out was futile, the Master decided she had nothing to lose. She was feeling stranger and stranger, and a number of voice cracks eventually transitioned her words into a deeper, sultrier sound that better suited the more mature vibes of her face. She continued to stare down at a Melusine who looked scared? And from Ritsuka's perspective it almost seemed *cute* of her. Why did she feel so much more *familiar* with the Lancer all of a sudden?

She didn't know, but it was definitely related to how her body was transforming. Her hair and voice were part of it, but she could feel *other* differences. Her limbs and torso were subjected to a tugging feeling – and looking down it wasn't difficult to understand *why*. Her body was getting taller, limbs left slenderer before she peaked at 5'7" up from 5'3". Her hands and feet had grown along with the rest of her body, fingers left thin with *perfectly* trimmed nails, and her feet with daintier yet sharper heels.

Looking down at her own body it was as if her thickened lips moved on their own to speak. "**So close to perfection...**" Perfection? Since when did she care about such a thing? Why did she feel like she would do almost *anything* to obtain it? Melusine's horror grew as she witnessed a smirk play upon Ritsuka's new mouth. It was *familiar* to her. Much too familiar in the worst possible way.

What was this perfection she sought to obtain? Perfection of her *body* seemed to be a big part of it, for golden eyes grew wide with glee at the sight of her body continuing to grow. *Not* vertically this time, for she calmly took her hands and cupped her own breasts. She was now *savoring* her transformation, elated by the sensation of her tits swelling to fill past what she could normally grasp. Paled breasts grew two sizes, becoming large and perky without becoming excessively so.

**“Yes, that’s good! And of course…”** Ritsuka planted those hands on her hips next, gripping them gently. It was almost as if she was controlling the flow of her own transformation, pulling upon those hips to see them widen four inches so that the indentation of her waistline appeared dramatically narrower by contrast. She guided those hands to the base of her ass cheeks to give them a squeeze, and doing so appeared to fill them with extra *cake* that took advantage of widened hips. Her thighs were left extra supple in kind, granting her a beautiful and sexy body.

One that was still missing a *piece de resistance*. This was not something the woman, whose old identity was clearly not in place, could guide with her hands. She merely gave her fingers a snap and this summoned them. An eruption of bright rainbow colors from her back that formed into a pair of effervescent butterfly wings. Not the wings of a human, but the wings of a *fairy*. Her ears were pulled into points in tandem. **“And now for the clothes.”**

She didn’t sound, look, nor act a thing like Ritsuka Fujimaru by the time she clapped her hands. Some of the winds from the barrier peeled away and wrapped around her naked body. It eventually hardened into a tight white, sleeveless gown that highlighted her sexy silhouette. A golden necklace wrapped around her neck, just above cleavage that was almost exposed in its entirety. She looked like a noblewoman, a queen. And that too was part of the ‘perfection’ that this woman sought. Melusine knew it far too well.

The barrier of wind finally dissipated, and before Melusine’s very eyes her greatest nightmare descended in a familiar dress of flowing white. Her mature curves were hugged keenly by her clothes, but that was just how the woman liked it. She saw herself as perfection after all. It was the type of appearance that made it easy for others to love her. In many ways it made *Aurora* of the Wind Clan the *perfect fairy*.

She ignored Melusine at first, looking over her body as her mind finalized its readjustment. If Ritsuka’s ego still existed, it had likely been entirely absorbed by Aurora’s. After all there was no ego greater than hers if her actions in Fairy Britain had been anything to go off of. **“Mm.**



**Yup! I suppose this body will do nicely! How fortunate for me!**” It was almost eerie just how flippant she was about having taking possession of another’s existence in the way she had. Melusine glared at her with apparent disgust because of it.

**“Oh? What’s with that look, my dear Melusine? Are you that upset to see me again?”** Aurora wore a smile that suggested innocence, but Melusine understood her ‘mother’s’ true nature. She was a perfect fairy in the worst possible way, and the Lancer herself might as well have been the woman’s greatest victim. Nonetheless, there was still a part of Melusine that loved Aurora. Those feelings had been difficult to overcome after being summoned to Chaldea and she thought she had worked through them.



But for them to manifest in a way that would harm and transform her Master? This truly *was* a nightmare.

**“I didn’t want to see you again. You need to leave...”** Melusine kept her gaze to the floor, much to Aurora’s bemusement. This might have been the girl’s dream, but she didn’t comprehend how *unusual* it was just yet. What had been put into motion here. **“PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE MASTER ALO—!”**

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Melusine woke up in a cold sweat, her mouth calling out the end of the sentence she had shouted in her dream. But she didn’t waste a single moment to calm herself. After such an experience she needed to seek out her Master! If not for the fact that she wished to be comforted, but because she was worried about her wellbeing as well. Had that been Ritsuka’s ego projected into her dream due to their connection, or was it a fake Ritsuka that had just been *part* of her dream?

She had to see for herself. That was why she entered her Master's room without permission, being quiet about it so not as to wake her if she was still sleeping – which she was. At first? Melusine was able to breathe a sigh of relief. Ritsuka appeared to be sleeping undisturbed. Peaceful. Her appearance unchanged. Perhaps it was just a dream after all!

But upon moving to crawl into bed beside her Master? Melusine found herself increasingly disturbed. Ritsuka's orange hair began to lighten and lengthen. Her complexion became softer and clearer. Before her very eyes it was happening again! Would she ever awaken from this nightmare? Was the real world becoming a horror that she could not escape? And what did this mean for her poor Master?

**“I've let a demon possess Master...”**

And Ritsuka's golden eyes shot open.