

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH2: THE ALTER EGO

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“EEEEEH!? WHERE THE HELL AM I!?”

Rin Tohsaka had been on her way to Shirou Emiya’s place to have dinner with Saber and himself as part of her temporary ‘alliance’ with him when her trip had taken a rather unpredictable turn. There had been a strange energy in the air when she had passed through the park between their two homes. Well, she had *thought* it was strange in the earliest moments, but she had managed to put her finger on it just seconds before it had taken effect.

“That has been magecraft, hasn’t it? But... SERIOUSLY, WHERE THE HELL AM I!?” Once it *had* taken effect, the teenaged girl had seemingly disappeared from the park altogether. Or at least that was how it would have appeared to anyone else who had just happened to be passing on through. Perhaps unfortunately for the mage, however? There hadn’t been any witnesses, and even if there *had* been they likely wouldn’t have been able to comprehend what it was they had just seen.

For a split second, Rin had believed she was *outside*. It was cool and she could feel the wind, but once she finally managed to calm down and take in her surroundings (because she certainly hadn’t been as calm about this situation as Shirou had been at first), she eventually understood *where* she was. There was a stone roof over her head, and the breeze was coming through a hole in a nearby wall. **“...Is this Einzbern Castle?”**

She could see the outskirts of a forest through the hole, but it was the middle of the night now somehow and she couldn’t make out much more than that. The castle wasn’t exactly a location relative to Fuyuki



City that most people made a point to visit. But something also felt a little *off* to her. **“Why would someone use magecraft to teleport me out here? Illya is on our side now, so...”** Of course, she didn’t have the context that she was in a different *year*. She couldn’t tell just how much older and decrepit the castle looked from the outside.

“Whatever. I’ll just use a little caution and head home.” Or that had been Rin’s plan at least, but she ran into a little issue with it. *Literally*. **“Ow!?”** She ran directly into an invisible wall with an almost comical *THUNK* sound effect. **“What gives!?”** She naturally directed her attention downward. Magecraft *did* exist to trap people within an invisible barrier, but none of it lined up with what she saw on the dusty floor of the room beneath her.

It wasn’t a binding spell nor a barrier one. **“...Isn’t this a summoning circle? The type used to summon Servants, but...”** There was something a little *off* about it. She couldn’t tell what the reason was behind doing so, but someone had modified its qualities. If she’d had her books then she could have examined it more thoroughly, but she was woefully without. **“Wait!? How long am I trapped in here then!?”** Until its mana ran out? But how long would *that* that?

Rin had considered using forceful means to break herself free, but before she could? Something *happened* to her. **“I—”** She had gone to speak but *stopped*. It wasn’t even *just* her words, either. The teenager remained standing, but her eyes just went blank. She wasn’t *thinking* or anything of the sort. It was as if her brain had just *shut down*, even though subconsciously she still possessed a vague awareness of this odd phenomenon. **“...”** That she hadn’t fallen over and remained upright might as well have been a *miracle*.

But what had caused this phenomenon? Was she *sick*? No, not really. Much like Shirou had been, the Tohsaka teen was now at the center of a Servant summoning. But what made *her* transformation different was that the Servant *she* was becoming was not a biological Servant. It wasn’t one composed of flesh and blood, and as a result naturally didn’t possess things like organs, a heart, or even a *brain*. Her body’s internals were rapidly hardening and being swapped out for artificial counterparts that had no business belonging in a human’s body.

And that was why she hadn't *died* even though her breathing had *ceased*. Rin no longer had a set of lungs, and her 'brain' did not require oxygen nor blood to function. Because it had been hastily replaced by a small computer that had digitized everything from her memories to her personality and stored them. But gradually that data would become *modified* to better suit her new identity.

A new identity that was still wildly unknown but was beginning to root itself in a more tangible way, nonetheless. There were some obvious signs that could have been *felt* if not for the girl's mind temporarily being mush. Her body's weight had gradually been increasing as more and more of her internals were swapped out for different *parts*. Blood and flesh both hardened until she was entirely *solid* beneath her skin too, and this seemed to give that skin a silvery tone.

...Was it really just a *tone*, though? Before long *all* of her skin had hardened, even in her face. Rin looked a little like a metallic *mannequin* or an *unmodified doll*, especially with her eyes coated in silver as well. She wasn't moving nor breathing, but she was still technically 'alive' underneath it all. Not that this marked the end of her transformation in the first place. It had only been one, singular step.

On the other hands, though? The girl's brown hair hadn't been spared, nor did it become synthetic hair either. Stands both bound together and hardened, eventually brightening to a *hot pink* as this steel casing it had become only seemed to *resemble* hair on the surface level. It wasn't exactly necessary for the fate that was in store for her, however.

Now that she was made of some sort of steel? That steel needed to be *molded* and *painted*. When it came to her figure as a young woman – it was unfortunate, but her curves appeared to be shaved away. The two lumps of her breasts smoothed and shrank until her chest was almost entirely flat, whereas her hips narrowed, and her butt collapsed so that it was flatter too. When you considered her previous height loss? Rin looked a little *younger*? Like she might have been around *fourteen* or so instead of seventeen.

The sound of metal being shaved away could be heard all *over* her body, even if no scraps actually fell. But *especially* beneath her clothing it definitely *was* happening. Joints were being etched into her smooth exterior for example, whereas paint appeared to dye her body here and there. Around her chest and torso, for example? Much of the silver darkened and pink diamonds were painted down the center, as well as down a trio of fake 'straps' that would have covered her nipples if she'd had any anymore. Pink diamonds made their way down her thighs, too.

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

It almost seemed like a miracle that her clothing had been left untouched thus far, but that came to an end as metal began to *explode* out of her body in ways that would have likely felt jarring if Rin's new body even had a sense of 'touch'. What had torn was her skirt, and the culprit? A... *skirt*? One forged with dark silver metal like that of which had been painted around her torso, fanning out in layers with white compartments where frills might have been otherwise. Something heavy had been planted into these compartments.

Missiles. While her legs now looked more like someone had turned a pair of fancy, spiked heels into a robot's feet. Though they had *boosters* installed in them now too. It was becoming clearer that she was being transformed into some kind of *weapon*, but the presence of a digital brain and personality data suggested she wasn't becoming some sort of mindless drone, either.

The silence was disturbed again, this time by the sound of what seemed to be a chain being pulled. Of course this *wasn't* what was happening, and instead? A long, metallic tail composed of fifty or so blades segments had shot out from beneath her skirt. It had a razor sharp, pink tip, and swished about even despite the girl's continued lack of consciousness. This tail was *monstrous* though, seeming to suggest that she was becoming some kind of metallic *beast*.

An assumption that became truer with each change. No sooner than her tail had snaked out, the back of her shirt had been torn through by a pair of futuristic, silver wings with pink blades that spread out behind her. They had sharp claws upon them and didn't appear to be particularly aerodynamic. But Rin was being *programmed* to know how to make use of them anyways.

From her pink 'hair' two growths were ejected from a pair of panels that had opened up on the side of her head. Curved, black horns that didn't just look cool. They were allowing her to receive and broadcast signals; they were antennae of a sort, boosted by pale-silver ears that had been pulled into almost elven points. "*Rebooting... Rebooting...*" Words escaped the girl's mouth for the first time since her transformation had begun, but it sounded stiff and like it was being communicated through a *speaker* embedded in the back of her throat.

Rin still couldn't *see*, and she didn't even consider things like how she wasn't breathing, or that she couldn't really *feel* her body beyond what her sensors were showing her. Rather, her data had been modified so much already that she didn't think to question it. At the very least her

vision did return, but only because the ‘skin’ that her eyes had hardened into protruded into a camera panel that not only registered visual data to her brain but allowed her to express herself with various expressions. Plus, her mouth had grown cute little fangs to add to her charm!

TSSSSSSSSST!

As part of the *Servant’s* rebooting process, her power source had whirred to maximum capacity for about thirty seconds, rapidly heating up her insides. In order to keep herself cool after the fact; this heat was released in an exhaust that streamed up her surroundings. It was so hot that the steam incinerated whatever scraps of her old outfit that had remained. And she didn’t gain new ones because her body was *already* designed to look like it was wearing clothes. Including the pink around her fingers and sharp cuffs that made it look like she was wearing *gloves*.

“Output increasing. Returning to peak condition.”

The robot looking girl spoke both stiffly and clearly, like the machine she didn’t just strongly resemble but clearly *was*.

“Stating status: Alter Ego-class Servant, Magus Aegis Elizabeth Channel.”

Or just *Mecha Eli-chan* for short. But she recognized herself fully as this *Alter Ego*, the class she had been designated to fill within this Holy Grail War.



Her metallic body creaked and crackled as she moved, digital eyes absorbing her surroundings. **“Where is my pilot?”** She was technically wondering about her *Master*, but it certainly didn’t feel that out of place for an unconventional *Servant* in an unconventional class to refer to her *Master* in an unconventional way. **“Is it my task to protect this castle for the time being?”** A position like that almost felt *nostalgic*.

Rin was still very much a part of this draconic machine’s mental composition, but she had blended into this new existence of hers. It was *concerning*, but her existence as a *Servant* took precedence thanks to her programming. And so? She would protect the castle until either her ‘pilot’ arrived, or a *Servant* attacked.

“Entering standby mode.”