

TICK, TICK, CHICK

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Shido Itsuka didn't know what was wrong when he'd woken up that morning, just that everything felt *strange*. It was a difficult feeling to place, really. He had woken up in his regular bed, followed his normal routine, there wasn't really anything that would have triggered suspicions that something was amiss normally. But he couldn't shake it, not even after he sent the girls off for the day before him so that he could clean up.

“I'm not going crazy, right? There's like a strange pressure in the air. But if Tohka and Yoshino felt it, I doubt they wouldn't have said something.” The two Spirits that lived with him were very astute and cared about Shido's wellbeing perhaps more than they cared for their own, much to his dismay.

TICK... TICK... TICK... TICK...

The sound of his kitchen clock ticking back and forth seemed louder somehow, but not enough so that they teen took notice of it yet. Now that the Spirits were gone he couldn't deny it. The air was stifling yet familiar at the same time, and the longer he lingered the more intense it got. But where had he felt it before? Oppressive, yet almost a little mischievous, if energy could be described that way.

TICK... TICK... TICK... TICK...

Clocks sounded louder still, and yet Shido still wasn't fixated on it. At least not before the sound finally ceased... along with every creak, crack, and whoosh that served as ambiance. It was like the world around him

had become completely still... and it had, with a monochrome painted over it to boot. **“Tokisaki!”**



Everything clicked *now*. There was only one Servant he had encountered in the past that sported some form of dominion over time, and it was Tokisaki Kurumi. Was she targeting him *again*? Would the others notice that she was here and rush to his aid? Kurumi was something of an enigma, but as of late she'd taken a real liking to prey upon Shido.

Which made it all the stranger that, despite the time stop, she was nowhere to be seen. **“Tokisaki! I know you're there! Show yourself!”** She wasn't exactly one to skimp on a dramatic entrance, usually revealing herself when he least expected it. And yet that didn't appear to be what was happening here. In fact she didn't reveal herself at *all*. **“That's... odd.”**

Thinking that perhaps she was hiding somewhere else in his home, the youth moved into the living room from the kitchen, greeted by nothing more than a continued, still silence beneath a monochrome canvas. Why wasn't she showing herself to him? What purpose could there have been in subjecting him to her powers without reason? But, then again, it was simply from *his* perspective that this served no purpose.

As far as Kurumi was concerned, all was going according to plan. Hiding up in his attic, she giggled to herself. **“Why don't you look a little harder, Shido-kun? Not at your surroundings, but at yourself!”** Why she said this aloud was a mystery, seeing as she was the only one that could hear in the first place. The Spirit would gift him no hints. It would be much more fun to watch it all unfold naturally. After all, she believed a *change in perspective* might do him some good!

Shido, by this point, felt like he was suffocating under the pressure suffocating his home. A suffocation that could only be by Kurumi's design now that he knew she was involved. It worsened and worsened further until it seemed like he might be crushed under its weight, but on the cusp of that point it suddenly all but faded away, amounting to what felt like a huge weight being lifted from his shoulders.

“Something changed...” If he didn’t sound confident that things were looking up from this point on, that was because he *wasn’t*. Everything that Spirit did had a greater purpose, and he couldn’t fathom what, exactly, that might be. Why had she waited for the others to leave? What reason could she have to separate them if she wasn’t planning on attacking him alone? **“Wait! Crap!”** There *was* one other possibility he could think of. That she’d separated them so she could target Tohka and Yoshino!

While he’d maintained a general cool while believing himself to be the target, this new possibility forced Shido to panic and, as a result, bound for the front door on the other side of the living room. He unfortunately didn’t make it that far though, because he’d slipped on something. It was fortunate for him that he had landed on the couch, but as he rolled onto his back he was a little confused. What had he slipped on in the dead center of the floor?

Nothing, actually, but his sock was laying there.

Had it gotten caught on something and slid off? He pulled himself back up into a standing position and began to approach the sock in question, only for the second to slide off as well. And so, as a result, the teen looked down at his own too feet. **“...Huh?”** Now, he didn’t fancy himself to be the kind of guy that often looked at his own feet, but he could immediately tell that they were *wrong*. They were smaller than he was used to, which explained why his socks had come loose, and toes were round and tiny with neatly trimmed nails that had been painted black.

Basically, they didn’t look like his feet at *all*. In awe, he reached a hand down while leaning forward to try and touch it, but was giving pause yet again. Shido’s mouth sat agape as he stared at them: fingers that were unlike the fingers he knew himself to possess. They were thinner, longer, and sported black-painted nails that had been meticulously trimmed. Much like his feet, they looked like the hands of a *girl*.

“No way! I must be seeing things!” Or so he said, but his hands immediately rose to his chest to make sure there was nothing there that shouldn’t have been. He was able to breathe a sigh of relief when that *wasn’t* the case, but that didn’t mean he was out of the woods. *Far* from it, in fact.

The uniform he had put on that morning, as he did every morning, for school, had begun to suffer a drawback not unlike what had taken his socks from him. His waistband started to hang loosely, and his untucked white shirt and jacket had begun to sag lower, sleeves beginning to slide down towards his fingertips. Of course this was a problem he could both

feel *and* see, and he felt very strongly about it. **“Tokisaki!? What are you doing to me!?”**

Shido knew full well that his clothes weren't getting *bigger*. It was quite the opposite in fact, and his body was shrinking to fall in line with the smaller hands and feet he now possessed. In total, a full five inches was stripped from him, leaving him more fragile in appearance – complete with skin that had paled relatively significantly and shows signs of physical weakness with a lack of muscle.

Which was odd, because he was beginning to feel more powerful than he ever had any right to... *as a human*.

Was she turning him into a girl? The shorter height, the dainty hands, the tiny feet – they all lead him to that unbelievable conclusion. Did Spirits have such a power? No, they definitely *could*. He'd seen far too many fantastical things firsthand.

Adding to his suspicions, albeit in a way he could not see while clothed, his frame was being bent a little more dramatically. Almost like hands had gripped the sides of his torso and pushed inward with great force, for example, his waistline was crunched in so that it became narrower. This took the curvature of his stomach and rounded it in with a keener slope, and perhaps as a side effect his shoulder drooped ever so slightly as well. It certainly brought about a more androgynous appeal.

Albeit one that was readily being tested. With his waistline crunched, his hips were forced into a very *different* direction, one that knocked his step off course as he thought to check another room for Kurumi's presence. The truth of it was that his hips had both popped and resettled into wider gaits, the growth giving Shido's knees little choice but to bend in towards each other. It was a miracle his pants hadn't fallen off before, but thankfully these hips kept them fastened.

“And looks like I'm right...” The boy(?) didn't really have any reason to doubt his instincts any longer, for fingers tracing widened hips was enough. If he needed more confirmation, it readily came in the inflating of skin just slightly south of those hips, for thighs began to bloat so that the pant legs of his uniform tightened around them, showing off their girth and shapes.

It was a phenomenon that trended into his rear as well, and the pantlegs were lifted slightly thanks to more space being taken up in the peak of the pants. Cheeks rose abundantly, becoming big, perky, and soft. Just ask Shido, seeing as he'd groped himself in surprise. **“I shouldn't touch that!”** But why not? It was his *own* body. Kind of.

Intent on matching his bubbly bottom, Shido's shirt began to fill as well. The uppermost button of his dress shirt came under stress as nipples uncomfortably dug into their fabric. It certainly did not help that they were growing larger and more sensitive, in that even the slightest bit of friction brought the boy to shudder. Each nipple grew rounder, areolas a little darker, and these were only cherries on top of the bulk of the dessert beneath.

For a pair of perky breasts came to life, sizable enough that the top two buttons of his shirt came undone to reveal his new cleavage to him. "**Boobs!?**" He didn't really have any commentary that was more meaningful than that, all things considered. Both hands came up to grab them once they had fully developed and lifted up his shirt's base, but he stopped short of touching them (*much to the disappointment of Kurumi, who was still spying on her victim*).

"No, this is probably part of her tra— Eh? My voice? Why do I sound like... like...?" Shido didn't want to admit it, but he'd heard his own voice before. No, not in the 'of course he did, he heard it every day!' sense, but in the sense that he'd heard it spoken through another's lips before. Lips, plumper than they had been moment ago, pursed into a slight frown as he uttered the name. "**Tokisaki...**"

Not only did his voice sound like hers, but the size of his breasts, the shapes of his hips. Yeah, it was all coming together now. It was just like *hers*. The look of defeat upon his face exhibited this as well, for a smaller nose and softened cheeks had come in to compliment his new lips. Eyes were even wider, and their colors? Crimson in the right, gold in the left. Not even the boy's hair was spared, and it spilled down his back in a dark brown that was longer on the left side than it was on the right.

"Nn... Oh! Oh no! Mm!" For all of his efforts to not do anything weird with this new body of his, arousal struck him against his will and forced a girlish moan from his lips. Because below a bush that had taken the same brown as his hair, his dick had turned flaccid and was meshed into his loins, becoming one with the walls of a freshly formed pussy. The very moment *her* new sex reached completion...

A clock appeared in her golden eye.

The spell that had been cast upon Shido's estate shattered no sooner than her own left eye had taken the impression of a clock, and the newly christened young woman was shocked to find her reflection twisting even more. Not her body anymore, thank the gods, but her clothes. A gothic Lolita dress fashioned with dark orange and black now clung to her body, complete with a headband to replaced the oversized school uniform she had been wearing in the aftermath of her transformation.

“TOKISAKI! Why did you do this to me!?”

She *knew* that the Spirit was watching her. Deranged as it was, this was just the kind of prank that didn't seem at all out of character for her. He couldn't fathom *why* she would turn him into an identical copy of herself though. Was her ego *that* large?



At the very least, the Spirit with the codename Nightmare finally revealed herself – appearing from the top of the stairs without any fanfare whatsoever. **“What? Do you have a problem with that form, Shido-kun? Or perhaps I should call you Shido-chan? No, no... Tokisaki-chan? Imouto...?”** Based on the smile playing upon her lips, it was clear that Kurumi was getting *far* too much enjoyment out of all this.

“Of course I don't! Change me back!” In what world would he *like* this? **“I'm sure Tohka and the others have noticed! So you'd better do it quickly!”** Shido realized that she didn't really have a threat to pile on after this, but it was her best chance at returning to normal. She wasn't sure how long she could tolerate her own, girlish voice, or the sensual way that her body moved unintentionally. How was she able to move so freely in an unfamiliar form, anyways?

Kurumi leaped over the handrail of the stairs and gave a shrug after the fact. **“And *what?* Are you going to insist that you're Shido, knowing that they know I can create copies of myself? Besides, given a little time I'm sure you'll come to love living as my twin sister! Oh! I know! We can call you Kururu!”** The more she taunted Shido, the closer she drew, ultimately grabbing her copy's chin in her hand.

This made *Kururu* want to retaliate, but she couldn't muster the will to even raise a hand to her *sister*. **“Why can't I...!?”** It was like something was stopping her from harming her sibling. *L... ove?* Kurumi had planned this far ahead. Shido would never lose her memories, but her personality would slowly corrupt to become more like her. They would be just as much twins in goals as they were in body! But that was a process that could take weeks, so for now...

CRASH!

Through the front door blew Tohka, transformed with her blade at the ready. “**Tokisaki! Return Shido to us!**” While she believed she was talking to the *real* Tokisaki, in truth the original had disappeared just a second before she had entered.

Only Kururu was left, and she had only one thing to say once she turned around to meet Tohka’s gaze. “**Shido-kun? I’m afraid you’ll never get him back!**” WHAT!?! That wasn’t what he’d meant to say!

Kurumi had taken measures for this situation too, of course.