

FATE / FULFILLMENT

CHAPTER 7: THE FOXIEST TOHSAKA



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"I would have expected my home to be better taken care of in the ten years following my absence, but I guess I was a little too optimistic." Rin Tohsaka, eighteen years old, wandered through the foyer of the estate she'd lived in her entire life. From the placement of the furniture to the cracks in the floor: very little was different from her recent memory short of the amount of dust that had settled on the furniture.

Not that, before summoning Archer, it had been all that clean. He was a pretty handy guy, she couldn't deny that.

Finding out that she'd arrived in the future, going through the hoops to try and check the validity of this wild truth, she'd already gone through that. Rin was an intellectual after all, a girl that wouldn't leave any loose end untied if it meant giving her an edge. Her journey had brought her home or, at least, the building that had been her home in the past. After the Holy Grail War she'd intended on visiting London to be sure, but she'd been planning on only spending a few years there before returning home.

Rin couldn't even think of a future where she'd allow her place to deteriorate like this. Which of course begged the question: had sending her to the future removed her from the years in between? Then what about Shirou and Sakura? The Emiya home seemed to be in no better condition than her own, which supported her theory that they'd all been brought here in some form or another. Since night was seeping in, the magus decided her time would be better spent following that particular lead in the morning.

Of course, she didn't know that both Shirou and Sakura were already at the Matou estate wearing completely different faces.

Taking a towel from a laundry closet, she wrapped it around her hand and began to run it across the surface of a familiar, velvet couch. It had been the one Archer had appeared on the night she'd summoned him, but there was no real significance to choosing it. She just needed a place to rest her eyes, and making a bed that hadn't been used for over ten years just felt a *little* nasty.

Content, she yanked an old blanket and pillow from the same closet and, satisfied with their quality, laid them upon the couch before settling in while wearing just her black undergarments.

It wasn't like she had to turn off the lights. The only light filtering in was the setting sun, and the electricity had assuredly been disconnected years ago.

An exhausting day at its conclusion, it didn't take long for the girl to fall asleep.

"**Nn...**" The light of the sun woke Rin the next morning. At least that was what she'd *assumed*. There had definitely been a bright light of some sort, yet when she pushed herself off of the couch to look out the window the moon was still high in the air. Maybe she'd been dreaming? Who knew if time travel had any adverse effects. Deciding it inconsequential she decided to let herself lay back down and return to her slumber, but she froze halfway when the sensation of something pressing into the couch proper caught her attention.

Rather, something attached to her tailbone. A nub? No, it felt bigger than that. It was so dark in the room that she couldn't really see clearly even if she squinted at her own butt, yet... something was wiggling. She could feel it... wiggling. Seeing no other choice, she reached a hand out to grab it. Whatever it was it was fuzzy and soft, and rubbing it up and down sent a shiver down her spine. "**A... tail?**" It was the one thing she could think of, really. Rin didn't have a lot of hands on experience with animals, but it felt a little like a fox pelt.

Turquoise eyes suddenly shone gold as pupils dilated to allow more light in, temporarily taken slit-like shapes as the girl found the darkness illuminated all at once. Though were there any onlookers they might have stumbled upon the eerie sight of a practically naked girl with eyes shining brightly in the darkness.

But they allowed her the ability to see just what she was grasping. An undeniably inhuman appendage, a fluffy brown tail that had begun to swish rhythmically from side to side as it took up more and more of the couch as its size neared completion.

Rin was trained to not panic in situations like these. Identifying the source was most important. The golden light she'd dismissed before? Could it have been the side effect of a piece of cast magecraft? Though she doubted much good would come from simply giving her a fox tail.

Of course she hadn't noticed what was becoming of her ears quite yet. Slowly they'd begun to rise towards the peak of her head, displacing hair as they became firmly rooted higher up than they once had. All the while the same soft fur that populated her tail had begun to cover their surface as they stretched into two points, fur tufts forming in the center of each. Once their reconstruction completed, Rin's hearing became acute enough to match her new night vision, each ear twitching in response to the various creaks and cracks of the old house late at night.

Rin rose to her feet, standing always helping her when she was trying to make sense of things. Her pale body glistened under the moonlight, the sheen of her tail's fur glistened as it swayed behind her. It was odd, but despite the huge appendage hanging behind her, posture nature flowed in a way that would accommodate this new weight. She almost bore the resemblance of a fair kitsune, the kind one might find in legend.

Clad in black lingerie, change swept through the very nature of the cloth as it took on the properties of nylon. Gaps filled in and the color shifted predominantly to a royal blue as the cool material pressed against her small yet perky breasts. Upon the right breast of what was once her bra, the shape of a little, orange fox head took shape, and that same orange became the colour of the trip and tie of what was now a bikini top and bottom.