

# ELVES ON THEMSELVES

## COMMISSION STORY

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It was the first Christmas in the Emiya household since the fifth Holy Grail War had come to pass, and Shirou was intent on making it special. Not solely because he had a new girlfriend in Rin Tohsaka now – although that certainly was a motivating factor – but because he wanted to look back on the year past and all of its struggles, before finally moving forward.

Sure, Christmas itself wasn't a terribly big deal in Japan, but it was one of the few uplifting times of year that could be looked forward to. Particularly while in the company of a beautiful girlfriend. With a tree set up, the two had made an event of decorating it on Christmas Eve. Colorful lights, decorated bulbs, sparkling tinsel. There wasn't a single staple they didn't apply to this tree, most of it purchased at a local secondhand store since money was a little tight at the moment.

With the foundation laid out, the duo eventually turned to the small box of specialized ornaments they'd purchased. **“Shirou? Do you really think these came from abroad? It's pretty easy just to say items came from elsewhere just to charge a premium.”** Of course, the penny pinching Tohsaka girl would be skeptical about the ornaments' supposed origins. She wasn't wrong to question them, but...

Shirou just chuckled. **“A premium, Rin? I bought the whole box for five-hundred yen. I don't think you need to be so worried about that.”** For the mere pocket change the box had costed, there could have been a single, broken ornament inside and the price would have been excusable. Shirou's remarks ultimately earned a defeated pout from Rin though. **“Here, look! This one is pretty elaborate, isn't it?”**

The very first ornament Shirou had pulled from the box was rather sizable. It was evidently a snow globe, an image of ‘Santa’s Village’ portrayed on the inside, though something was strange enough about it for Rin to point it out. **“Santa’s Village? Are those supposed to be the elves? Why are they so tall?”** She did have a point. The little people arranged at Santa’s side appeared to be quite large. Fully sized humans, actually, if not taller. **“Maybe it’s a misprint? Let me have a closer look!”**

Rin reached out to grab it, but once she had done so, a strange jolt of mana had struck both members of the couple simultaneously, ornament itself falling to the ground and smashing open. What Rin didn’t know – what neither of them knew – was that the snow globe was actually a summoning catalyst for a Heroic Spirit. A conceptual spirit.

That concept? *The legend of Santa’s Village.*

Of course, there was no Holy Grail War raging, but remnants of the more recent war still lingered. Energies that could have adverse effects if a summoning catalyst were to be introduced. These catalysts wouldn’t summon a Servant *outright*, but... If you were to add two vessels with functioning Magic Circuits? *The unthinkable became plausible.* Some might call it a Christmas miracle, but it certainly wouldn’t seem that way to the two affected.

Although, the very initial effects were so subtle that neither party noticed them immediately. Not as the tips of their ears became more drawn out and, unexpectedly, *pointed*. They certainly didn’t grow pointed in the sense some might assume of things like fairy tale elves, or even those of the more traditional elves portrayed by holiday media. Those points were just subtle growths that couldn’t even be seen unless viewed from the correct angle. Neither Shirou nor Rin were at that angle.

**“It’s okay, Rin. You didn’t mean to break it.”** Shirou was reading his girlfriend’s shocked expression, the sudden *zap* and *smash* enough to leave both of them stunned, if only for a moment. He hadn’t quite sensed the magical nature of the jolt, the young man not as experienced of a magus as Rin.

But Rin herself? Her dismayed expression hadn’t been because she felt bad about leading the snow globe getting smashed. **“No, Shirou! That wasn’t just a static shock, that had been a transfer of mana!”** And not a subtle dosage, either. They shock had been quick, but the scale of the energy transferred to the both of them had been vast. **“It felt, I don’t know. Similar to when I summoned Archer somehow.”** But that was impossible, right? The war was over. **“Are**

**you okay, Shirou? You're sweating a lot.**" She got derailed after getting a good look at Shirou's face, though. Beads of sweat were dripping down his face, and come to think of it? Rin felt unusually *chilly*.

Shirou, on the other hand, felt quite warm. The two didn't realize that the jolt had bestowed a Saint Graph upon them, and now it was manifesting through their bodies. They weren't two different Saint Graphs, however, but two different halves of the same one. The Saint Graph that belonged to *Santa's Village*.

Speckles of discolored skin began to spread across both of their bodies, this color manifesting itself differently depending on the magus it plagued. For the warming Shirou they appeared as freckles across his arms, legs, and even his chest and ass. Dark tanned spots that grew and fused, over time casting him in a color that resembled that of EMIYA's back during the Holy Grail War. Even the boy's nipples weren't spared, for they darkened to a rich brown by the end of it all.

For Rin? Those effects were opposite. Perhaps building off of how chilly she felt, the speckles of her skin were imbued with a melanin deficiency perhaps to an *extreme* extent. The spots were as white as snow that had freshly fallen, pure and unsoiled by any external factors. Some might have described this color as 'ghostly', and her still lowering body temperature might have suggested an absence of life, but her heart never stopped beating even as her nipples took on a dark blue instead of any healthy pinkish color.

**"Shirou!"**

**"Rin!"**

**"YOUR FACE!"**

It was practically impossible to miss the changing skin color of someone you're looking directly at, and the two did notice practically simultaneously. Rin was a little more intimate about her realization though and reached out to touch Shirou's tanned face with her pale, white hand. Both parties were shocked by the temperature of the other – Rin of Shirou's heat, and Shirou of Rin's cold. The opposing partner's touch felt incredibly good all things considered, so much that it took either of them a moment to pull all of these oddities back to the fact that they had been charged with some kind of mana.

**"W-Wait! Something really weird is going on here! None of this makes any sense!"** A couple or not, Rin still had a bad habit of getting flustered by sudden bouts of intimacy, and so she pulled away

while blushing. The oddity now? Her blush was a bright blue instead of providing any shade of pink – speaking again to how *supernatural* this all seemed. Shirou ended up catching her fingers in his own hand, however, a desire for her cool touch having formed. Not that she didn't want his warm touch too, *but this was too strange!*

**“Your touch feels nice, Rin. I don't know what's happening, but I don't think it's dangerous.”** Her words were reassuring, but the girl had no idea where that confidence was coming from. Not even Shirou knew, really. It was just like something, somewhere was telling him to just embrace things. It would be okay. For both of them.

Now, it was subtle, and Shirou had noticed, but Rin's hair was undergoing a change. It appeared somehow, silkier, and softer, with an emphasis on a color that seemed deeper with dark blue undertones. Not only that, but it was gradually lengthening – slithering down her back like a group of snakes – to the point that her ribbons came undone and fell to the ground. It was all oh so obvious, but he didn't want to panic his girlfriend. He wanted her to just accept things as they came.

But his intentions aside? It didn't change that *she could still see what was happening to his body*. **“Your hair!”** Streaks of white quickly claimed his ginger locks, weaving in and out with reckless abandon as its natural style softened. Those spikes so typical of his preferences flattened, and while his hair didn't really get longer, they certainly became *fluffier*. Where his bangs ended up swept to the left, Rin's were swept to the right. Once again creating the illusion that they were becoming two halves of a whole.

For all that was different about them now, however, it was still paltry when compared to what was to come. While there was something of a consistency to how they transformed, though, an extra step was required for Shirou to properly keep pace, and so Rin's own induction into her new form was temporarily put on hold. Her boyfriend had breasts to grow first, after all!

*Wait!?*

**“H-Huh!? How am I supposed to remain calm about this!?”** Chill as he'd been thus far, a squirminess to Shirou's posture and the cry he spewed out did a little more than *suggest* that something had him shook. He was still holding a nervous Rin's hand, but in that hand he was using to hold it? The introductory signs were there. His fingernails were growing, sliding past the tips of tanned fingers until they jutted out several inches. Callouses were swept away from the fingers themselves, and while their shapes appeared narrower his hands didn't really shrink much overall. Still, the fingers looked much more *feminine*.

And all of Shirou's squirming? His realization that was not a change he could be calm about was tied to what was between his legs. Or, perhaps, what *wasn't* between *her* legs. Dick and balls had shriveled up, and in their place a pussy had formed with all of the plumbing necessary. What had become of the male genitalia in the grand scheme of things? They'd certainly become one with the lining of her brand-new set. **"Rin... I think I'm a girl..."** Even her voice had become telling of that, it somehow gruff and sultry in its femininity simultaneously.

**"Wh-What!? What do you mean you're a... girl...?"** But Rin didn't really *need* to ask. She realized all on her own, because the front of Shirou's shirt had begun to stick out. Not only that, but she can see the shape of her *girlfriend's* nipples protruding as well, the breasts that splurged up beneath no larger than a pair of Cs that lifted Shirou's shirt a little. Yet... *THEY WERE STILL BIGGER THAN RIN'S!*? Wait, *no!* She kicked herself mentally for being angry about that when the fact that her boyfriend was becoming a woman was a much more pressing concern. **"...Oh."**

Rin was bisexual, admittedly, so Shirou becoming a girl wasn't exactly a dealbreaker. In fact, it was kind of hot? Particularly as she watched her pants tighten around swelling thighs and get yanked down a little in the rear presumably because her ass had blown up. Through it all, however? Shirou retained *all* of her muscle mass. She hadn't gotten thinner, except for a narrower waistline. Bulk would remain a staple. But bulk didn't do anything for her face, which was rounder with wider eyes and more supple lips. So supple that Rin almost wanted to kiss them, but that wasn't an impulse born of arousal. They just looked *warm*, and she was so very *cold*.

That desire for warmth was making Rin bolder, and despite the fact that Shirou was evidently still disoriented from her change into a girl, she pulled Shirou close by the hand and pressed her body up against her firmly. It was just a little more against than she had planned, because the moment their breasts touched their cloves basically evaporated, leaving the two women docked in their birthday suits. **"Wh-Wh-What is this!?"**

**"Isn't it what it looks like? We're naked."** Shirou finally spoke up for the first time since losing her masculinity, and despite Rin trying to pull away from the shock of it all, the more muscular girl made a point to hold her tightly so that she couldn't. Shirou knew that Rin also knew, their hot and cold bodies pressing up against one another felt good. Calming. So, what if she'd become a woman? So long as Rin was here, then it didn't really matter what form she held. *That was what love was at the end of the day.* **"And, uh, Rin? Isn't there a little**

**more to you? Me too, actually.**” Unlike Rin, who had been looking away out of shock, Shirou had been marveling at her own tits pressing up against Rin’s.

And in both of their cases it looked like the weight there was *growing*.

**“Huh? What do you me—EEEEEEH!?”** Upon realization, Rin’s voice had cracked dramatically. Her pitch didn’t end up higher, and instead had grown a little deeper, more adult. That made sense, considering the duo were both suffering a burst of growth that had led to the bulging breasts that the natural woman had freaked out in the first place. **“What!? How!?”** She managed to break free of Shirou’s grasp and jump back (*immediately missing her partner’s warmth*) and doing so really revealed just how much her tits had grown.

Had her breasts doubled in size? No, they almost looked like they had *tripled*. Shirou’s looked like they had doubled, but due her muscles it created the illusion that they were actually smaller than they were in reality. All in all, though, the two women appeared to have matching bust sizes. The weight of these supple E-cups was a little more than Rin was prepared to support in the beginning, but with time the hefty load became more manageable since her back muscles adjusted. **“We’re huge!”**

**“Is it really that big of a deal?”**

**“Well... No.”**

**“Do you want to touch mine, then?”**

**“Shirou!”** Rin couldn’t fathom how Shirou was taking this in stride. Then again, she kind of could. Ever since she’d left her warm embrace, she had been craving it. She didn’t really want to be anywhere other than in Shirou’s warm arms, and Shirou wanted Rin’s cool body against her.

Tits weren’t all that had grown in the end, however. The pair had each earned several inches of height (*with Shirou retaining her height superiority in the end*), and in fact Shirou somehow seemed *more* muscular? Her arms, legs, and bare tummy were rippling with strength, and it was appealing enough that Rin couldn’t help but be excited for when she was held again.

There was likewise the matter of their lower halves, and while Shirou had excelled in luck with the upper, it was *Rin* who benefitted most from the lower. Both of their hips crackled, the breadths of their range increased. Slight for the tanned woman, but significant for the one with

the snow-white complexion. And from there? It all filled in. Shirou was so muscular that even with a burst of adult fat, her ass and thighs could only grow so much bigger – those thighs definitely bore the kind of muscle that anyone would want to have wrapped around their face.

But Rin? She ended up gaining a similar appeal even *without* the muscles. Her thighs, once thought impressive for her previous, shorter frame, bulged with fresh abundance. Ripples of fat bled into them as they expanded in every direction, inevitably meeting in between her legs as they were far too ample to allow a gap to remain. And her ass? It likewise benefited from this bounty, cheeks big and round, skin slightly blue as blood rushed through them.

She'd hardly had time to adjust to the new sway of her body before her nudity was suddenly undone. A familiar stream of golden particles soon flowed from the broken snow globe towards both parties, a gold so familiar that Rin recognized it immediately. **“Isn't that the color of mana that has been used for Servant bodies!?”** That analysis was correct.

**“Oh yeah.”** Shirou replied plainly, still taking everything in stride. She was more amused as she felt these particles bind to her flesh, hardening to present the pair of them with a new set of clothing. For Shirou it was a jolly, red, two-piece ensemble consisting of red shorts with a white furred trim and a brown belt, and a bikini top that hung against her huge tits loosely – tipped off with a red beret and golden star earrings.

For Rin? Her outfit was somehow even skimpier. A lacy pair of red panties that stood out significantly against her white skin, burying her blueish black bush, while a sleeveless, tummy-less red jacket with a lace center that showed off all of her ample cleavage finished it off. They both looked incredibly sexy. And incredibly festive.

Shirou couldn't resist any longer and stepped forward to bring the soft looking Rin close with her muscular arms. With her head over her partner's shoulders, she could see Rin's pointed ear. And then it all just clicked. **“We've become elves. The elves that work in Santa's Village. I don't really understand how or why, but something in the back of mind is telling me that it's true. Well, that, and the fact that we're destined to remain together.”**

**“Wh... What do you mean? That's stupid, isn't it!? Christmas elves!? But the thing about us being together, I... I mean! That's kind of nice, so I'm okay with it... I think...”** Despite everything that had happened, Rin buried her face into Shirou's own shoulder, taking in that tender warmth. What Shirou was saying was outlandish at best, but it sounded right. Right and good. Like she never

wanted to go anywhere again if she didn't have her big, strong elf girlfriend at her side. Of course, this would lead to some problems, but there was no point in worrying about it at that very moment. "**Merry Christmas, Shirou.**" She drew her head back, a smile upon her fair features.

"**Merry Christmas, Rin.**" And so, the two shared their first Christmas kiss with their new, very permanent bodies.

And to all a good night?

Well, their bedroom that evening certainly didn't ring true of a *Silent Night*.