

# FATE / DOWNGRADE

## CHAPTER 5: DROID UP

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Minamoto no Raikou didn't like any of this.

She was very firmly in the camp of Servants who were opposed to the invasive nature of the Clock Tower, but she also recognized that she was powerless to do much of anything about it. If she were to rebel she would just be locked up like the others, and losing the little freedom she had would have been insufferable for one very important reason: she would be incapable of seeing her Master.

At the very least, so long as she behaved there was the small chance that she could see Ritsuka at least in passing. All she needed was the confirmation that her Master was doing alright. She would have *loved* to be afforded a little more than that, but it just didn't seem to be possible at this juncture. The Berserker had even opted to help with security thinking it might help with more opportunities.

Instead all it brought her was boredom. The woman was a powerful warrior and yet she spent these shifts cooped up in a tiny room of monitors. Make sure no one is acting suspiciously and make sure the other Servants were following the rules. Such had been the unpleasant task that had been given to her in the end.

**“Under no circumstance will I report what any of the other Servants are doing.”** She couldn't help but murmur to herself as the cameras flickered through. Through what could only be considered a stroke of sheer luck for the ones that had spiked the organization's water, she had not been on duty when any of the prior transformations transpired. In fact, the undercover agent's primary job in the organization *was* security.



As he had made a habit of doing, he left his Servant help a bottle of water for consumption over the course of their shift. Something that Raikou had *yet* to touch. But boredom was certainly a motivator for doing things that one wouldn't typically do. And since she didn't really *need* to drink water, in the end the Servant had defaulted to sipping at it just to fill time. She still had *hours* left until it was over, and she didn't know how to fill it.

**“Master’s room isn’t even one of the cameras!”** Had

the mother been hoping that this would be the case? Oh, *absolutely*. As her eyes were trained on the camera though, she wasn't really paying attention to her own state of being. And the Berserker had already sipped away about one third of her bottle of water. That was more than enough. And by the end of her transformation? She would find herself rather well suited for surveillance work.

In fact the process was had already sprung into motion, at least if the appearance of the Servant's skin was any indication. Ever so briefly it appeared to be quite dry, at least before a *sheen* settled in that gave the woman's flesh a firmer, much more metallic glow. Said glow was only highlighted by a subtle change of color that robbed her of her pink, but what came to the surface instead? It couldn't really be considered a *natural* color. Instead, at least from the little that her bodysuit exposed, it appeared to be turning silver.

With eyes still flickering between cameras, because Raikou was nothing if not attentive when she had a task to accomplish, she didn't bat an eyelash to anything that was going on. But that was more or less what had been the case for every victim of the water's curse thus far, and it certainly wouldn't be changing anytime soon. It just meant that her transformation would be exceptionally quiet, which ultimately worked out best for the ones behind it in the first place.

Even now the woman was in much more dire straits than it appeared. With her hardened appearance came harsher movements, and inevitably it became nigh impossible for her to move anything other

than her eyes with what had transpired. Her joints as a being that was fundamentally human by design had been greatly impeded by flesh that, well, could no longer even really be considered *flesh*. All of her blood had drained from her veins, and to the touch she was practically cold.

Just like the steel it resembled. It was clear that for motion to be restored, this hardened shell that was now acting as her 'skin' needed to be adjusted beneath the depths of her skintight bodysuit. And adjusted it was, in a very peculiar way. Rather than just return her flesh to the way it was and completely cast aside *whatever* was transpiring, parts of the woman's body were *carved* out.

Silver was shaved away all over her body, revealing beneath it a black plating that was just as solid as the steel. Her stomach and cleavage were completely ground away, as were her inner thighs and her armpits. But this only appeared to be for *ventilation*. Thinner lines were etched in across her joints, and these ones served a greater purpose. They dug deeper than the ventilation plating to give joints rounded, doll-like joints so that she could *move*. And this applied to her fingers and toes as well.

**“Hmm... Nothing that I can see still.”** This was all so dramatic, but the Servant gave it no recognition. Not even as her mouth dried and the taste of steel permeated throughout... until she no longer had a sense of taste in the first place. Not even teeth remained, those she possessed becoming mockups made of silicon that only existed so that she didn't appear too *surreal*.

It was very apparent that every aspect of her body that had once been natural was doomed to, well, *not be*. Her long, dark purple hair eventually lit up with a pinker hue that maintained its original sheen and contrast, but something about this hair looked *very* fake if examined up close. Again, so that she looked human even though it was more than a little evident that she was not.

Raikou's pupils soon dilated, but then they expanded to triple their regular size... before their colors inverted from black to white. The sound of camera lenses expanding could be heard if you listened carefully enough, and as they *did* expand, the color of the woman's irises experienced the very same color change that her hair had.

Now, it was around this time that Raikou *did* notice *something*. She didn't attribute it to the transformation she most certainly should have, but it wasn't something that could really escape her notice. **“Query. Were the screens always this high up?”** The first word had been stated in a voice that sounded much higher, and much hollower than before. Which made sense, as her vocal chords had been twisted into the

form of an electronic voice box that was constantly adjusting to produce a certain type of sound.

Her question wasn't unwarranted, either. She was right that the screens were higher up, but it was only from *her* perspective. Because her body's shape and size was compressing, almost comparable to a can being submerged into the deepest depths of the ocean where the pressure would crush it. It wasn't *exactly* like that, because in that scenario the can wouldn't retain its usual form – but Raikou still looked like a young woman when all was said and done, not some sort of malformed piece of scrap metal.

It wasn't just her height that was made quick work of, although a drop to 5'2" *was* pretty substantial. Perhaps some would think of this as tragic, but along with a height was a rather substantial loss of *curvature*. The gigantic steel mounds that were her breasts let loose loud cracks and crunches as they collapsed down to mirror D-cups, their sheen beneath a loose fitting bodysuit still as round as before, just not as hefty. While in the meantime her hips and ass collapsed under similar conditions, so that she almost slid back in the cheap office chair that had been provided.

### ***ERROR... ERROR... ERROR... OVERHEATING...***

A number of error messages popped up but only within Raikou's vision, as her brain was being converted into data just as her heart's beating began to still in exchange for the whooshing of a pump that would push coolant throughout her body. The energy she was giving off had turned her robotic body so hot that the loose-fitting body sock she had been left wearing had begun to burn. The woman didn't mind, and instead? She feared for the chair she was sitting on. It was her *creator's* property.

She managed to stand up and waddle away just in time too, as once the ventilation got up and running it emitted a burst of scalding air from all over her body that eviscerated any clothing she was wearing, revealing her naked form to the world as that air cooled along with her body. Without the cloth in the way, the sleek and futuristic styling of her form was readily apparent, as were the blue and purple lights that were blinking all across her frame.

But the robot was still missing *one* piece of equipment, and that took form as her memory filled with all of the data required to live out her new life. Steel ears blackened and squared before extending across her head towards each other in the form of a headband. She no longer had functioning ears, but the microphones on the side of her head



functioned just as similarly. Likewise, once they connected, glowing purple lines cracked into view beneath her eyes, and...

She fell over. The light left the machine's eyes, and she just *stopped functioning*, her body overloaded from the transformation. It didn't take very long for an emergency restart to take place. For her *creator* had accounted for overloads such as these.

The short reboot finally came to its natural conclusion, and all of the silver-bodied android's systems came back online. **“001-RA1KoU is active. Resuming security duties.”** There was absolutely zero fanfare by this juncture as she spoke her task aloud with a blatantly artificial, hollow, robotic voice. Memories? The only memories she had were whatever had been programmed, which was largely just her routine and the face of the man she took orders from.

Who, incidentally, was the very same Clock Tower agent that was temporarily in charge of the Chaldea Security Organization's security systems. The same man who had set this plan into motion at his benefactor's expense from the very get-go. Was this specific form for the android intentional, or had it been a stroke of sheer luck? Only time would tell.



All the android knew was that she would report any outliers with extreme prejudice. If any Servants were caught acting out of line? Well, she was equipped with anti-Servant weaponry that could subjugate or *delete* them if absolutely necessary. She bore them no ill will, but she had no fondness for them either. She was just a machine built with the bare minimum amount of sentience.

There were no emotions for her *to* feel.