

HOLY RAIL WAR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“The target should be in the next room...”

The Reverie. It was a hotel that existed in both the real and dream worlds within the world of Penacony. Though, Firefly was presently in *reality* while her (literal) partner in crime was staying in a room on the floor beneath her. Penacony was typically a place that you visited in search of *pleasure*. The Land of Dreams was a world that, as its name suggested, could make any desire reality. But because of that? It was also a very malleable world, and at times that made it *dangerous*.

Even Firefly, one of the most powerful members of the Stellaron Hunters, had almost succumbed to those pleasures several times during her brief stay during *that* incident. Though, experiencing two ‘deaths’ within the dream had certainly soured her opinion of the dream world a great deal. She almost felt fortunate that her present missing didn’t involve entering a dream. She just had to monitor one of the Reverie’s guests: a high ranking IPC official that was staying in the room beside hers.

“Silver Wolf? They’re still in there, right?” The young woman spoke over a hidden communication device that had been installed in her headband. This was *usually* when Silver Wolf would reply, but all Firefly received in return was static. **“That’s *odd*. Didn’t she check her equipment when she first arrived?”** She’d been communicating with her just fine up until a few minutes ago when she said she had to check something.

Firefly moved over to the wall with a listening device in hand, intent on *listening in* on her target while she awaited communication from Silver

Wolf in the meantime. Just as she was within arm's reach of that wall, though? Her attention was drawn *downwards* by a soft, crimson glow that radiated up from the floor. “**What—?**” But she wasn't able to finish her sentence before she suddenly *disappeared*, leaving only a pile of her clothes and accessories on the floor where she'd been standing.



“**—is that!?**” Firefly finished her sentence, but only once a cool, nighttime breeze tickled her skin. The woman stood there, utterly stunned by what had just happened. It took her a few moments to even *process* that her situation had changed dramatically. She was no longer standing in The Reverie. She was outside, at the back of what looked like a long alleyway, where she could see a ton of neon lights flashing at the end. That wasn't enough for her to make an educated guess about her location.

And upon looking down? She realized she had *other* things to worry about. The red glow had not disappeared from beneath her feet. She was standing in the dead center of a glowing circle. She'd seen something *like* it in Silver Wolf's games. A *magic circle*, she believed it was called? But she was actually more alarmed by what she was *wearing*. “**Wh-What's with this outfit?**” Could she even *call* it that?

She was standing there in a latex, pale purple *body suit* and nothing else. Bare toes wiggles on the cool asphalt beneath her. The skintight attire highlighted the subtle curvature of a body she believed to be ‘average’, but it felt a little *loose* somehow? It was too long on her arms and legs for sure, what with how the latex bunched up there *and* around her waist. “**I guess I need to figure out where I am, but...**” Try as she might, she couldn't leave the magic circle.

“**There must be a way to break free of this...**” The woman *could* have defaulted to brute force, but she also *couldn't*. The key that allowed her to adorn her SAM armor had been left behind with her clothing, meaning she had no means of activating the suit from which she drew all her power. Making matters worse? Her body had begun to *change* in ways that she didn't quite notice early on.

As she tried to examine the circle to try and better understand its nature, for example? The tips of her silver hair, which always grew out *light green*, were slowly darkening to a rich purple that would have looked somewhat unappealing *if* it had remained bound to those tips alone. The issue was that it *wasn't*. It seeped upwards, stealing away even the sparkling silver as any darkened length became *much* straighter and *much* longer. What only reached just above the base of her back before now reached Firefly's ankles.

It was at this stage that the woman finally noticed that something was amiss. Longer hair meant *heavier* hair, after all, and she had eventually leaned forward where it fell over the front of her shoulders. "**E-Eh!? Is this my hair!?**" The lighting in the alley was certainly dim, but not so dim that she could misinterpret the color of her hair so dramatically. Plus, the length... And how her bangs and how they'd been parted in the dead center. "*My, my. It's so long! It's touching the ground...?*"

What had begun as an observation slowly turned into a question. Still leaning forward, it *had* pooled on the ground a little bit when what had happened to it had just registered. But now it was just barely hanging above it? And it was still lifting higher? Was the length regressing to normal? It was an understandable assumption to make, but when she stood up straight it became far more obvious to her just what was going on.

"**E-Eh? No, that's not...**" Where the bodysuit she'd been wearing had been bunched up, it didn't really seem to be *as* bunched up any longer. Her limbs and torso... Were they longer? Was she *taller*? She'd shot up from 5'6" to 5'9" while leaning forward, and that additional three inches was *very* noticeable from her perspective. While it had fixed some of the issues with the bodysuit though, it hadn't fixed *all* of them. It was still a little loose around her chest, hips, and legs, but a little tight around her waist? "**What it happening to me?**" It had to be the *summoning circle's* fault, right?

But since when had she *properly* identified it as a 'summoning' circle? How could she even *draw* that conclusion without learning anything new? The colors of the young woman's irises had been darkening slowly from silver to a purple similar to her hair, and while it seemed like just another visual change? It was actually indicative of changes happening to her mind. The darker her eyes became, the more information had been fed to her subconscious, ultimately overwriting memories and twisting her personality in ways she couldn't sense.

"*Oh?*" Case in point, despite how concerned she had been at first, a very sharp pulling sensation around her waist had prompted only that singular sound of surprise and had prompted very little investigation.

The tighter feeling of the latex around her waist had been alleviated, but only because her waist itself had pinched in about *five* inches. Proportionately it almost looked a little *too* thin.

And that was true of her body's build as a whole. She didn't grow any taller, but the length of her legs and torso seemed to shift so that her hips rested even higher as they were forced apart even despite how lean her waist had become. Ultimately? Those hips rested *six inches* wider than the outskirts of her stomach, while her shoulders had been pushed in as well. Her silhouette was a little bit *ridiculous* now, almost like her form had been etched by the pen of someone who believed a woman's body was very... *large*.

“Trapped in a summoning circle in the dead of night. How curious. Must I wait for its light to fade?” The next time Firefly spoke; her voice was notably *deeper* and carried an almost ‘motherly’ hum to it. She tapped at one of her widened hips with a finger that had not only stretched several inches longer but possessed a color that had paled so much – along with the rest of her skin – that she almost looked *sickly*. But she didn't *notice*. Not anymore.

And not as her paled voice began to change to better suit the sound of her voice. That is to say that it soon appeared *older*. As had been the trend with her body's transformation thus far, her lips swelled out into a thick pout that took the saying ‘less is more’ and curbstomped it into the ground. Her nose lengthened upon a face that had done the same, while her eyes? Now *completely* purple, they narrowed until her eyelids were both pinched in and hooded. Asian. *Japanese*. As was the case with anyone native to Edo Star.

But she also looked like she was in her *late thirties*?

The only issue at this point was that the latex of *her* bodysuit was still loose around her chest and lower body, and there was much more room for growth than the Firefly from before could have ever fathomed. But the Firefly of *now*? She seemingly *expected* the sensation of her tits inflating with such vigor that they almost *literally* looked like balloons with how the latex wrapped around them.

The clothes that covered her surged and jiggled, not just in her chest, but her ass and thighs as well. She smirked and giggled to herself as she glanced at the sight of puffy nipples pushing against the underside of the fabric as they grew *ridiculously* large. By the time their sizes had culminated as *M-cups*, each breast was bigger than her skull! **“Is the summoning process rebuilding my body from scratch? Hm~!”** *That* was the excuse she'd been fed. She didn't see her old sizes as

belonging to a different body but instead saw what was happening as more akin to a delay of her features ‘loading in’.

The girth of her hips certainly made much more sense once you witnessed the weight that accumulated around them, though it wasn’t as ridiculous as what had become of her tits. Still, with her bizarrely long hourglass shape, there was still something a little uncanny about the thickness that filled out the bodysuit’s thighs, or how her ass bloated into a jiggling heart shape behind her. While she *was* older and this weight all should have sagged a little, the nylon did a good job of making it all *seem* firmer than it actually was.

A draping of purple cloth with a raised collar and a dark purple heart shape embroidered in the center soon appeared over her torso along with a pair of puffy, purple, spiraling sleeves and armored black gloves on her forearms and hands. Matching, black sandals with shin guards that reached past her knees ran up from her feet, while a katana dangled from a strap at her back. She was also accessorized by a long cloth like the one that hung over her chest hanging across her crotch and butt too, though in the back it reached the ground and split into red and blue tails. Finally, her body mass of purple hair was tied in the back.

“**Ara ara... This planet is called ‘Edo Star’, is it now?**” As a *Berserker* Servant of Japanese descent, *Minamoto no Raikou* felt optimistic about her chances if the planet had a name that harkened back to her homeland like that. While subtle, even the architecture vaguely reminded her of Japan – what seemed to be flashing lights at the end of the alleyway aside. With the rest of the woman’s ‘armor’ (if you could call it faded;anifested and the summoning circle faded, she had no reason to linger in the alleyway anymore.

The ‘mother’ wandered towards the alley’s exit, her tits and ass naturally jiggling from the repeated motion. There was a lot on her mind. The Throne of Heroes had given her enough information to function, speaking of the ‘Intergalactic Holy Grail War’ that she was now a part of. Evidently, at least one other Servant had been summoned elsewhere in



the cosmos, but plenty more needed to be summoned before the war could begin in earnest.

Raikou would use that time to explore Edo Star, then. “**And I suppose I need to find a Master to be my child~!**” A sweet, beloved child that she would dote on until the very end! That was her ideal, but it was still strange. Didn’t it normally require a Master to summon a Servant in the first place? “**That doesn’t mean that my child has already abandoned me, does it!?**”

...She was likely getting the wrong idea.



“The Xianzhou Luofu? How the hell did I end up *here*?”

The young hacker of the Stellar Hunter, Silver Wolf, had a *number* of questions about her present predicament. Why she was standing on top of a building within the Xianzhou Luofu at the dead of night was one of them, but... “**I blame *you*.**” She shot a glare down at the glowing, red circle at her feet. It was a magic

circle, that much was obvious, and it had appeared beneath her in the hotel several seconds before she’d been warped.

But there was also the matter of what she was *wearing*. Her small body wasn’t tall or wide enough to properly fit within the one legged, grey bodysuit that she had been wrapped in. Why was the right leg *bare*? Could she really complain when her usual outfit was so asymmetrical, though? “**This is kind of a *big* problem though. I can’t step out of this circle, and all of my tech was left back at the hotel.**” Even her phone, which had been her only means of reaching the others.

“I sure hope Elio saw *this* coming too.”

She couldn’t remove herself from the circle on the ground, that much was obvious from her perspective. But she was also fearful that one wrong move and she would slip out of that oddly designed bodysuit... *initially*. Because she wasn’t anything tall enough nearby to compare herself to, the 4’6” girl had really noticed it at *first*. But upon feeling the tug of the cloth around her left knee? It finally clicked. “**The hell? Am I getting taller!?**”

The girl's experience would be similar to Firefly's, but evidently there was no consistent order to how one's body changed once the summoning circle began to overwrite their form with a Servant's instead. Maybe it was because Silver Wolf was so short that her height was targeted first. Her stature rose rapidly, but it also wasn't *just* a vertical affair. To avoid a situation where she ended up looking too thin and lanky, her body's breadth was affected as well.

Where the left side of the one bodysuit leg had just sort of *dangled* there before, her hips widened on either side until it was at least pushed out to its assumed girth – though for now the thigh that led into her buckled knee was still *much* too thin to properly occupy all of that space. In a similar vein? Her shoulders broadened as well, while even her torso became *thicker*. Not in the sense that she became 'fat', it was just wider to better flow into the greater width of her hips. Before she knew it, she stood at 5'4" and had a general figure that was a little more believable than the fate that had awaited her mission partner's.

"I can't believe this! My body looks more like an older woman's!" It was an admission that made sense for her to make, but then she *kept talking*. **"To think a man like me would have... a body like...? Huh?"** That was wrong, right? She had never been a man, correct? She struggled to double down on this belief, namely because there were... *memories*. Distant ones, of a life where she hadn't looked like a girl at all. When she'd led an army as a *man*? **"This is bizarre."**

Memories of living as a male or not, her body certainly didn't change in a way that ultimately backed that up. In fact, her form became increasingly *softer*, drawing out an innate femininity that was downright *sexy*. Both the covered thigh on her left leg and the uncovered one on the right were *thickening*, the skin around the building fat stretched so tightly that it jiggled a little and rubbed against the opposing thigh. Each one was as thick as her *waist* and paved the way for the cheeks of her ass to bloat into even thicker shapes than Raikou's behind her. The front of the garment was *really* digging into her pussy now.

More and more, the girl's body looked more mature. Rather than a teenaged girl, everything below her waist was more akin to the lower body of a thicc woman around the age of *thirty* or so instead. It didn't take long for her *chest* to do the same. **"My bosom..."** Silver Wolf was typically crude enough that she wouldn't have sidestepped calling them her 'tits', but at the same time as she looked down at what was *clearly* her chest growing? The colors of her eyes had almost *completely* shifted to a pale violet shade indicating the level of mental contamination she had faced,

While not as excessive as what had befallen her lower half, the woman still watched her own chest balloon into a pair of *G-cups* within the felt-like material of the grey bodysuit. They made quick work of any leftover space, and she felt a little better once it all fit as snugly as it *should* have. **“These are even larger than Kafka’s... Whomever that is? I suppose being summoned in such a manner must lead to complications. If only someone were here to praise me for enduring this...”** The only praise she’d ever accepted in the past was in the form of more game time. But now? She wanted *genuine* praise.

The youthfulness of Silver Wolf’s face eroded next, but in exchange for an attractive maturity that paired well with what had happened to the rest of her body. Her face’s shape somehow widened *and* lengthened at the same time, courtesy of both age *and* a shifting racial profile that was even reflected in how thick her lips became. It wasn’t clear *what* racial profile that was until her violet eyes narrowed, however. The seemed similar to Raikou’s, vaguely, but the corners pinched in a different direction. *Chinese*. Comparable to the race of most people living within the Xianzhou.

Her silver hair was all that was really left of who she had been, but that didn’t really change all that dramatically compared to the *rest* of her body. The silver dulled in color somewhat, and the blue highlights were replaced by a green focused more on her tips as the drill both came undone and straightened out behind her, reaching the back of her knees where it was all cut straight. *Some* of that hair was lifted as her costume finished constructing itself, sliding over her right eye and hovering just above her deepened bellybutton thanks to a golden pin that her been slid into her hair. Otherwise, her bangs crisscrossed between her eyes.

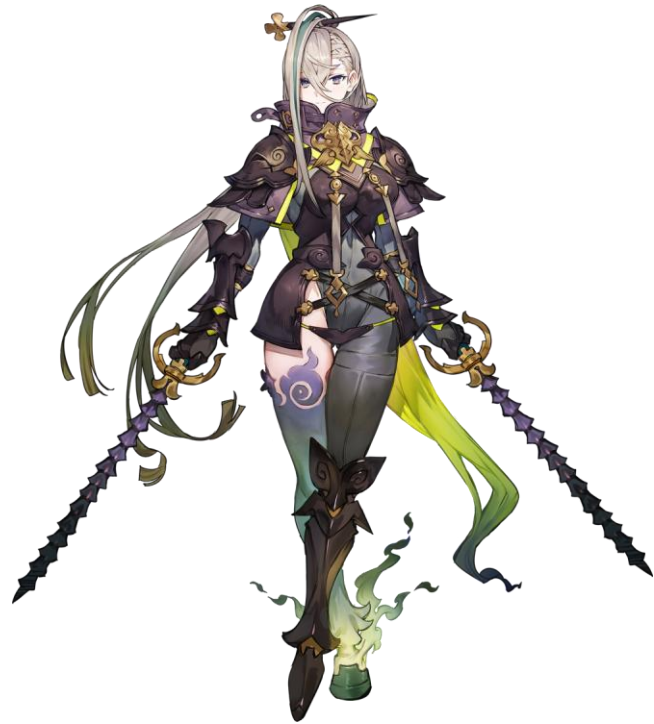
The Servant’s body was accessorized in abundance. A purple jacket with a very high collar sat around her torso. It parted to the sides just above the imprint of her bellybutton in the body suit, while a pair of black women’s underwear seemed to do *nothing*, as it sat overtop the bodysuit itself. Well, it might have helped hide the vague cameltoe. An armored boot rested on her left foot, and it matched both pauldrons on her shoulders and armored gloves down the rest of her arm.

But for some reason? Her once bare, right leg *distorted*. A pale green glow spread up it as her foot was misshapen into a spectral, green hoof, and the light turned to purple as it became an otherwise ethereal thigh high with a cloud trim around her thigh. It was a reference to the legend of the Servant she had become. A Servant that was a beautiful Chinese woman, but had somehow... once been a *man*?

The Imperial General, *Huyan Zhou*, immediately took in the sights that she could observe from high up on the building’s rooftop. She was an

Assassin class Servant summoned as part of the Intergalactic Holy Grail War, but as a Servant from the planet Earth she was something of a special case. Huyan Zhou had been a man in life, but her summoning had left her as a woman. Had this been the first time she had been summoned, she might have been more shocked.

“The Xianzhou Luofu, is it? Hmm. I can tell that this place has a treasured history.” The fact that it reminded the Assassin so much of her homeland was peculiar, but the ships flying across the night sky before an artificial horizon really sold that the two places weren’t one in the same. **“If this is to be my next battlefield, then so be it. Well... I suppose I do not know if this is where I’ll fight.”** Another Servant had been summoned. Where specifically? She couldn’t say, but it definitely was on a different planet or structure somewhere far away.



Did that Servant have a Master? Huyan Zhou certainly didn’t, which was a little perplexing. While it spanned the entire galaxy, she at least knew that it should have followed standard Holy Grail War rules. She *needed* a Master to remain manifested, else she would fizzle out before any battles could be fought.

“Surely there exists a warrior in this land worthy of being my Master?”