

DRESSED TO IMPRESS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Bill... Bill... Bill...”

It had been almost one full year since the Fifth Holy Grail War of Fuyuki City had ended, and things had been *busy* for those lucky Masters that had managed to survive. Their Servants had returned to the Throne of Heroes (and beyond for Saber specifically), and as anticipated every normal person in the city had been none the wiser to anything even happening in the first place. There had been a bit of cleanup near the end, but other than that? It had been peaceful.

Surviving the war had presented some of the surviving participants with a unique opportunity, however. Those credentials looked *amazing* on an application to work much more closely with the Clock Tower, especially when it came to pursuing higher education. In fact, the Tower had contacted Rin Tohsaka personally several months ago! That was the beginning of a long process that had been made all the longer by her own selfish request.

If she was going to have that opportunity, then she wanted them to extend it to Shirou Emiya and Sakura Matou as well. Both of them were magi that weren't as practiced as she was, but they had so much potential that Rin was insistent that the Clock Tower would have been shooting themselves in the foot by not extending them the same opportunity that she had received.

“Aha! Is this it?” Rin had sent that request back through the mail and had been waiting to hear back with an answer. Every day since, even when it hadn't been plausible for it to arrive, she had been meticulously searching through her mail for the answer. And finally? She had

received a rather fancy looking envelope addressed to her that she could only *assume* had been sent to her from the Clock Tower.



While putting down the rest of the mail on the nearby table, it occurred to her that the envelope felt a little *lighter* than she expected, though. Like it didn't contain a letter, but instead something smaller? After opening it with a small knife and peeking inside, she understood *why*. “**This isn't a letter... What is it?**” She gave the envelope an upside-down shake, letting two *tickets* fall onto the table where she had put the rest of the mail.

The moment they landed on the table, she grabbed one to read the inscription that was written upon it in fancy writing. “**Heroic Spirit Anniversary Celebration? Huh?**” There was no point in denying what it was referencing. *Servants*. Servants were Heroic Spirits, so the tickets had to come from someone that knew about the Holy Grail War. Was the Clock Tower running some sort of event? But wouldn't there be some kind of letter *explaining*? And why *two* tickets? If this was in response to her letter, there should have been *three*, right?

As it turned out, Rin was asking the wrong questions.

She *should* have been asking if those tickets possessed any *unusual* properties. Because seconds later? “**Uwah!?**” There was an *explosion* of golden light that shot forth from the ticket – but it wasn't a conventional light and that was obvious to her. It had been fleeting and faded pretty quick, but... “**W-Was that magecraft? Just what was that!?**” She didn't really *need* to ask. It had *definitely* been magecraft but based on the sensation she couldn't tell what purpose it was supposed to serve.

The only thing that was *immediately* apparent to her was the fact that her skin had begun to *tingle*. “**My body definitely absorbed some of it...**” If not *all* of it. And there were visual indicators that this had been the case. Her *eyes*. Rin's eyes hadn't remained their original colors, and instead her blue irises had come to swirl with an almost *menacing* crimson that possessed the entirety of her irises. If their off colors weren't enough, then things were certainly far more awry when the *shapes* of those eyes opened up ever so slightly, making them more expressive.

As it just so happened, there had been a mirror right over her hallway table. The girl had looked at it by chance, not even aware just yet of what had been happening, but a name left her lips when she caught sight of

that expression. “...**Sakura?**” Her sister? Her red eyes blinked as she attempted to process what she was looking at. It wasn’t *just* her eyes that had prompted this reaction. Her lips had swollen, her nostrils had flared, and her chin had pulled about an inch away from her forehead to give her face a longer appearance – just like Sakura Matou’s.

They were related by blood, but she didn’t look *this* much like her! “**And what’s with my eyes? My eyes aren’t red, and neither are Sakura’s...**” It took a moment to click that her *voice* sounded like her sibling’s as well, but there were additional *differences* she had to consider. *Age* was one of them. Sakura was a little younger than her, but her face looked... *older*. It was subtle, but she looked more like an *adult* than a teenager. “**What is that magecraft doing?**”

Rin certainly didn’t like how *annoyed* she felt at the end there. She wasn’t immune to growing agitated, she *was* a human after all, but considering she’d simply been *confused* just seconds before, the foul mood that was welling up from the depths of her soul felt *off-putting* and *uncharacteristic*. Rather than show valid concern as she noticed the tips of her hair brighten to *silver*, she found herself rolling her red eyes as the color seeped down into her roots. The ribbons that held her hair in place scattered into golden particles, allowing it all to hang down past her shoulders.

“**Actually, this hairstyle suits me. E-Erm... N-No? But I mean, does it not?**” What was she even *saying*? The woman didn’t even know anymore. She had to snap herself out of what felt like foreign opinions forcing their way out of her mouth. No, could she even say they were just being blurted out without thinking? The thought *had* crossed her mind beforehand. It was an opinion she had legitimately expressed herself. “**That damned ticket is doing something strange to me!**”

The woman could hiss all she wanted, but that didn’t stop the magic’s power from having its way with her shape. Seconds after she’d barked with agitation just then, her back gave way and the front of her shirt suddenly pressed tightly against her torso – with her bra digging into her shoulders and... *tits*? “**What!?**” Fresh air tickled an exposed belly, because her shirt’s base had been lifted up to her navel. *All* of these issues stemmed from one undeniable truth. Her B-cup breasts had suddenly *exploded* in size, and by the time the strap of her bra *snapped*?

She was supporting a pair of *E-cups*!

Was the growth of her tits alarming, or was the clothing malfunction *annoying*? Rin couldn’t decide, but... had anything *actually* grown? Were her breasts not *always* that big? Though, that *did* beg the question of why she had opted to wear a shirt and bra that was *several* sizes too

small for her. And it wasn't even *just* her tits. Her panties were *clearly* digging into her ass, and that wedgie intensifies because her cheeks burgeoned out with added mass. They practically *doubled* in size, which was a growth that could only be accomplished because her hips had forced wider. Just when it seemed like her thighs might have been at maximum capacity? Well, they didn't grow any *bigger*, but that added weight bled down into a pair of thighs that burgeoned until each one was roughly as thick as her waistline.

“Hmph.” Tired of the constrictive nature of an ensemble that was more painful to wear at this point than it was comforting, the woman took care of it herself. With a snap of her fingers, all of Rin's clothes turned into the same golden particles that her ribbons had before. They floated into the air but didn't disappear. Instead, they lingered as if they were waiting for something. The woman's transformation had yet to complete.

If she had really been becoming Sakura, which she clearly wasn't with all of the differences seen thus far, she probably would have shrunk about an inch. Yet, the opposite happened once she was stripped naked and her E-cups sat bare upon her chest. Those tits jiggled a little as her height shot *up*, allowing the woman to reach a max height of 5'6" in just a matter of seconds. But for better or worse? She just didn't seem to *notice*.

Nor did she pay much attention to her limbs *burning*. It wasn't like they just felt a little *warm* or anything like that. Their temperatures rose to a level hotter than even *fire*, and yet no flames appeared. Instead? Her arms and legs *blackened* until they appeared as burned as charcoal... until a *blue glow* possessed these damaged segments. They sparkled with the stars of the night sky in miniature form, altogether creating an impossibly ethereal appearance that looked out of place on a *human*.

But what if she was no longer human? What if she was a *god*? A
Servant?

With another snap of her fingers, the golden lights floated back to the woman's body. They mended together, forming a layer of golden light around her torso and legs. Once they were fully conjoined? They solidified, becoming a frilly, yellow dress with a layered skirt that shrouded her legs and undergarments in shadows beneath her hips. Darkness or now, you could still make out her legs glowing below though.

A dark blue sash was tied around her waist, and there was *no* neckline to the dress so it just hugged her chest. Even her hair was dolled up, with a lotus ornament and red ribbon tying her hair into a braided bun behind

her. New heels clacked as the woman took a step forward. **“Hm. Yes, this is what I decided to wear today. To think I’d be spending the night at such a lavish event...”**

The moment her body and costume had completed their transformation? The woman *disappeared* from the main hallway of the Tohsaka estate, leaving behind only the second ticket setting on the table. And yet? *Kama* didn’t think anything of her sudden relocation. She was in a small room that connected to a hallway that she *assumed* connected to a grand ballroom. After all, she knew why she was there. **“I’m here for a celebration, am I not?”**



Her memories had been completely redefined. She wasn’t Rin Tohsaka. She had *never* been Rin Tohsaka. She was Kama, a Pseudo-Servant that occupied one part of Sakura Matou. It wasn’t understood that in some strange way, she was a case of a woman having become her own *sister*. **“But hm... Was I not assigned a partner for this Soiree? If she doesn’t show up, it’s no skin off my back.”** She wasn’t exactly an extrovert.

Then again, she’d heard something similar about the partner she had been assigned.



“Tohsaka? Hello?” A few days later, Shirou pushed open the front door of the Tohsaka estate after knocking several times. Knowing how careful Rin was, he was surprised to find that it had been unlocked. But there was *plenty* that was strange about what had brought him to her home that day. Three days had passed, and she hadn’t come to class at *all*. She also hadn’t taken any phone calls, leading Sakura and himself to worry that maybe she had come down with some sort of illness.

Things didn’t bode well when he wasn’t greeted, and the door being unlocked furthered his concern. It was odd to find some mail thrown about on the table in the front hall too, namely because she was the type to always put things in a *very* specific spot. Rin didn’t leave things in such a disorganized state. **“Hey! Tohsaka—!?”** Just as the boy was about to head

upstairs to her room, though? He noticed something else mixed amongst her mail as he walked past the table.

A ticket with the words ‘Heroic Spirit Anniversary Celebration’ written on it.

Shirou had no reason to think doing so would be *dangerous*, so he picked it up to examine it more closely. “**Heroic Spirit? Like a Servant?**” There was only *one* ticket, so did it belong to Rin? He knew she had been in contact with the Clock Tower, and it went without saying that they were familiar with the Holy Grail War. He wanted to assume it was something like that. Until he noticed something... *strange*.

It had actually been so subtle that it was surprising the boy had noticed it at all. He’d subconsciously tugged on the base of his shirt after sensing an unfamiliar gap between it and his pants. “**Huh? Did my shirt shrink?**” No. He’d grown a single inch as a precursor – because he’d touched the ticket and absorbed some of its mana *before* it exploded into a burst of light. “**H-HEY!?**” Much like the case with Rin, it had only lingered for a second, and his body felt *very* tingly after the fact.

“**Okay, so I guess that wasn’t a normal ticket? But why did Rin have that? What did it *do*?**” Shirou coughed after completing that sentence. Had something been caught in his throat? It sounded a little strange near the end there. “**What—? Wait, this is *permanent*?**” It didn’t go away, a ring to his voice that sounded deeper, yet feminine and *familiar* in a way that the boy hadn’t managed to comprehend just yet.

Unlike Rin, he *hadn’t* noticed the mirror on the nearby wall. Which was a shame, because it certainly would have helped him understand what was going on a little better. His new voice might have sounded feminine, but it also didn’t really look all that out of place coming from a pair of lips that were so *puffy* all of a sudden. The boy’s facial structure was rearranging. Lips aside? His nose’s bridge grew longer, but the tip rounded while cheekbones lifted on the sides. What was perhaps most striking were his *eyes*, however. They widened, but his eyelids rounded until he no longer seemed to be *Japanese* at all. He appeared far more...

Caucasian?

White. And not just that, but his face looked like the face of a white *woman* that was likely in the latter of her *twenties*. It was different from the person Shirou might have identified if he looked in the mirror at that moment, especially with the golden glow that soon possessed his irises. But he looked almost like *Saber*, the Servant he had summoned

during the Holy Grail War. The ‘almost’ came from how much older he looked compared to that girl, as well as the colors of his eyes.

“Why in the world do I sound like this? I sound so stern...” It occurred to him that his voice wasn’t just drastically different, but the *way* he was speaking was different too. It was stern and serious, like how one imagined someone of great importance in a company or politics spoke. He couldn’t *stop* it, just as he couldn’t stop the color of his hair lightening to a pale blonde as its strands flattened and cascaded a way down his back, scattering about in a beautiful array of light.

Shirou’s physical sex was undeniably becoming his most questionable quality, but it was a question that was addressed almost a little *too* promptly. **“Oof!?”** The *woman* reeled at a sensation that felt incredibly off-putting within the gap between her legs. The culprit was especially obvious when you considered everything that had been happening to her thus far; her dick and balls had shriveled away so that a woman’s slit could appear beneath a bush of blonde pubes.

And yet? **“What on Earth was that? Such a strange feeling...”** The white woman didn’t appear to have the answer herself. She even *thought* of herself as a woman now, so she naturally wouldn’t question what existed between her legs. *My sex had been burdensome when it came to my rule, but these days it hardly matters.* That was the logic she went with when the thought so much as brushed gently up against her subconscious.

With her biological sex now irreversibly altered, the rest of Shirou’s body rapidly followed suit. A softness that was *anything* but subtle padded all of the areas you might expect, with the earliest signs of it fattening her ass and thighs. Her rump absolutely *ballooned*, which fared poorly for a pair of pants that were meant to house a man’s behind. Cheeks peeked out from beneath their waistline, showing off a degree of ass cleavage that stuck out even when she stood up straight. And was that heart-shaped flesh... *paler*?

All of the woman’s skin was, actually. And as more of her skin was left bare, the more obvious that became. Tears were forming in her pants thanks to fattening thighs. Pale skin peeked out through these holes, but before long the seams running down the insides of her thighs had split completely so that they were practically entirely exposed. **“This... is annoying.”** It also just so happened to be that malfunction that prompted Shirou to snap her fingers, stripping away any cloth in favor of glowing lights that hovered nearby.

With her body nude, something that might have been difficult to notice while she was fully clothed became clearer. Her *physique*. Shirou had

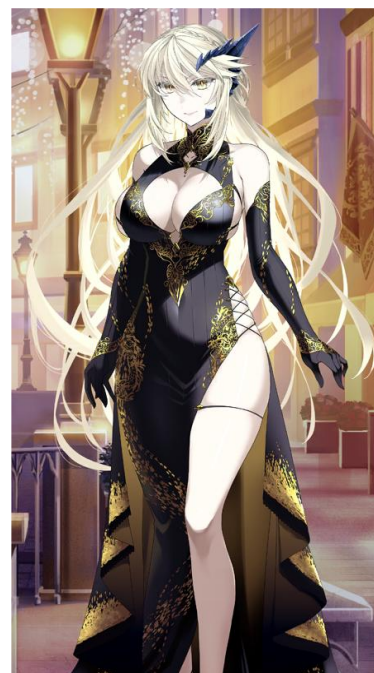
been relatively buff, but her abs and pecs became even *more* pronounced, which ran contrary to how thin her arms seemed to be. Truthfully though? How buff she was or wasn't no longer had any bearing on her strength. Not now that she was a *Servant* at her core. And as it turned out? She was a Servant with an *amazing* body.

The last bit of 'flourish' that was bestowed upon her body was certainly *striking*. Her muscular chest appeared to grow tender for a moment, and the nipples that rested atop them became puffy almost as if they'd been stung by bees (though fortunately she hadn't experienced such a painful event). Her nipples continued to bloat as that swell upon her chest grew more and more substantial. The mounds took a firm and round shapeliness, rapidly becoming orbs so large that you couldn't even wrap a hand all the way around one. Ultimately? She was left with a pair of hefty, *G-cup* tits where none had been before. And their weight didn't bother her muscular back one bit.

Although... **"Being naked is a problem."** All it took was a nonchalant wave of her hand to summon the golden lights back to her. As they had for Kama, they formed a party dress. In Shirou's case? It was black with golden detailing. The chest was completely open so that you could see her cleavage in its entirety, while matching gloves reached up to her shoulders. The left leg was entirely exposed, while frills ran down the skirt on the right side. A black crown likewise wrapped around the left side of her face, signaling the now noble heritage that came with her new identity.

Artoria Pendragon Alter didn't even bat an eyelash as her surroundings changed instantly, namely because the curvaceous and corrupted king could not recall being elsewhere in the first place. **"Hm."** She was the rightful King of Britain, or a variation of that king that had been allowed to grow up without Excalibur as her weapon of choice. She was simply another possibility out there that could be summoned by Chaldea – and in the end she *had* been.

"Took you long enough! But hm... You have quite an imposing figure, don't you? Perhaps tonight won't be as boring as I assumed." A woman's words came coupled with the sensation of an arm being locked with her own from the side. Artoria looked down to see the woman she was



partnered with; an Assassin whose arms and legs reflected the very cosmos itself, dressed in blue and gold. **“I like that look in your eyes.”**

The Lancer took a moment to consider her response. Was the goddess attempting to *woo* her? Not that she *minded*, but surely she recognized how fruitless that would be? **“We had no choice in our assignments, but considering the nature of the event, I would be open to treating it like a *date* if that’s what you desire.”** The suggestion seemed to prompt the Assassin to cling to her arm harder, although her expression didn’t change. Interesting. Had she struck a nerve, or perhaps appeased a pleasure? **“Of course, if that doesn’t suit you—?”**

“No, that’s fine. I’ll allow it, but just this once.” If Kama’s composure had slipped at all, she managed to regain it. **“The party is about to begin, though. Shall we go? We can save this conversation for later.”** She waited for the king to lead, which she did. It didn’t take them long at all to reach the ballroom where the party was held, where Servants had all been sorted into pairs through the lottery. The two of them had dreaded that aspect of the event, and yet now that they had met who they were attending with?

Maybe it wouldn’t be *that* bad.