

HOLY ATELIER WAR I.

BIWEEKLY STORY #146

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One year had passed since the end of Fuyuki City's Fifth Holy Grail War.

Not a lot had changed, realistically. The Holy Grail had been destroyed by Saber's hand, and there were no longer any Servants summoned in the present to cast a shadow over the city. The young Masters who had been at odds with one another, whether temporary or not, at the time had more or less all made amends with one another and were living a peaceful life for the rest of their high school days. For the *eldest* of them, they were even at the point of considering their college prospects.

Though Rin Tohsaka had very *specific* plans for her post-secondary education at this point. She wanted to go to the United Kingdom and study under the tutelage of the professors at the Clock Tower. She had spent some time planning now, not just for herself but for Shirou Emiya as well. **"There's still the issues of Illyasviel and Sakura, but hm..."** If possible, she wanted them to *all* attend. Sakura was a year younger though, and Illya had no formal schooling.

But she had to put that aside for the time being. She had been in communication with the Clock Tower about Shirou and herself for some months now; things appeared to be promising, too. That was why she had been elated when a package had been sent to her *by* the Clock Tower. **"I wonder if this has something to do with our acceptance?"** Or so she had asked herself, but why was it a small package rather than a mere envelope?

Either way, a delivery from the Clock Tower could only be good news at this stage! Could it have been a delivery of gemstones for her magecraft? Or perhaps it was some sort of final test before they confirmed that the

two would be accepted for the following year? Rin definitely had her *theories*, but upon opening the small box? She wasn't really sure what to make of the contents at *all*. Mainly because they were merely a pair of purple leather hand guards. “Uh...?”



If the Clock Tower *had* sent her some kind of test, then she couldn't make heads or tails of it. “**Was there a letter sent with it too? Maybe it came separately?**” There was nothing especially remarkable about the handguards, either. She couldn't sense any magic or anything like that contained within. At least not *initially*, but that quickly changed with a subtle purple glow that emanated from the leather. “**Whoa!?**” Knowing better than to take any unnecessary risks, the girl ultimately tossed the box so that it landed upright on the ground a few feet away.

“**So, there *was* magic imbued inside? But that's weird. Why?**” From what she could tell, it didn't really seem to have *done* anything. But its flow had also been strangely erratic. She couldn't really tell where it had gone upon release. Even though this flow had led *inward*. Into her own body. Rin Tohsaka herself had absorbed the magic, and that was by the design of the one who had sent her the gloves in the first place.

The effects of which were immediately *seen*, and not at all *felt*, largely because there wasn't much *to* feel in the moment. What occurred at the magic's behest initially was something that could best be compared to a *palette swap*, where all of her body's colors were altered into a different color entirely. This *began* with the girl's skin, but it hardly stopped with *just* her skin. Nonetheless, the sight of her pinkish hue lifting, her flesh dyeing a porcelain white instead, was certainly quite notable.

It just wasn't notable to someone who wasn't looking for it in the first place. Rather, Rin was looming over the dropped box, glaring down at its contents. “**This is weird. Is it really a test sent by the Clock Tower? Hmm...**” The magus' suspicions were natural, though the blue eyes that she glared at the handguards with were changing in color themselves as she did so. The right one lightened to a silver that had a violet undertone, while the left took on a red. Heterochromia wasn't a very common occurrence in the first place, much less with such strange combinations.

And at least one of those two colors emerged *elsewhere*, too. In the hair that framed the girl's face in the first place, in fact. The same silver from

her right eye bled into the dark brown of her bangs and hair tips, and little by little that color moved inwards towards her roots until it was completely dyed with this entirely new, and entirely *natural* color. But this was actual the first change that Rin noticed just... not on its own. It took her bangs falling between her eyes for it to finally occur to her.

“Wait a second...” The girl practically went cross-eyed as she became confused by the sight of silver bangs swooping down and crossing over her nose from either side. **“What’s up with my hair? That color isn’t right...? Wait, isn’t it more than that? My bangs shouldn’t be this long?”** If she came across as being a little *too* calm, that wasn’t exactly her fault. More was being affected than merely her appearance, and her personality was already much more *reserved* than it should have been.

Rin turned her head to get a sense of her hair’s *weight*. It was too heavy, surely because it had grown not only longer, but thicker and more tussled to boot. Silver strands that had once reached the center of her back now stretched all of the way down to her ankles, while the shorter cut atop her head was both messy and fluffy simultaneously. **“What could be causing my hair to change? Those handguards? Er... Is it just me, or does my voice sound deeper, too? And shouldn’t I be freaking out about this more?”**

Her observations were dead on, in fact, and that demonstrated pretty keenly that while her behaviors were changing, her mind didn’t seem to be *lost* just yet. Some sort of magic was clearly changing her body, and all she could really do was wait and see how *extensively* it would do so without any countermeasures. **“My clothes feel a little uncomfortable come to think of it. Did I get taller?”** Her deeper voice *did* lend credence to this, or at least she associated taller people with deeper voices. Her top was lifted a little off her waist; she’d grown about two inches, rendering her 5’5”.

If you spared a glance towards her face, you might have noticed just how *extreme* these changes were. You would have concluded that more was being endangered than just the girl’s *color scheme*, too. Her very *identity* was at stake, as her paled facial features lengthened in design and were enhanced in various ways. Be it a narrowed gaze or fuller loops, it was clear that Rin appeared more like an adult than a girl in her teens, but she also lost any clues to her Japanese background as she instead began to appear far more *Caucasian* by contrast. There wasn’t a speck of ‘Rin Tohsaka’ left in her face.

“Oh... This is more thorough than I was hoping, hm?” She was speaking of her physical changes, feeling that her clothing had begun to grow oddly *tight* around her curves, but there was a mental aspect to it

too. She had not forgotten who she was, but new memories were seeping into place. Memories of traveling a foreign world, of mastering melee combat, and of hailing from a mysterious race from another world within that world.

But these memories weren't as attention grabbing as the sight of her red top lifting up and pushing forward mere *seconds* after her bra strap snapped and her body lurched a little forward. "**Hm...**" Her breasts were absolutely *ballooning*, doubling, tripling, quadrupling, and even surpassing *that* as red fabric of her favorite top eventually split open just below the turtleneck so that pale flesh could pour out. Her shirt basically conformed to the shapes of these *K-cups* in their entirety, which left her tummy bare just in time to see how *all* of her body's muscles had begun to ripple with strength.

Rin understood that she was alone, so she didn't shy away from reaching a hand up to grope one of these breasts curiously. It only took a single squeeze to confirm both their authenticity and the sensation of familiarity within, but she also managed to observe how her hands and forearms were changing. *Fur*. Silver fur had been sprouting across them, and while her fingers weren't robbed of their humanoid shapes? Her fingernails *did* darken and stretch into the black claws of a beast.

"**Oren.**" The woman quietly uttered the word without providing any further context, but it was the name of the race she was becoming. The same fur and claws spread cross her feet and ankles, but in terms of changes isolated to her legs and surrounding area, they were certainly alterations of greater *abundance*. Much like her now gigantic tits, her more muscular thighs and ass alike were burgeoning with excess, skin pulled so tightly that it began to shine with her skirt hoisted high by now heart-shaped ass cheeks.

What else could even change at this point? Rin was already using her now clawed hands to strip her old clothes away, exposing more and more of her muscular and voluptuous body to the cool air. "**I suppose I'll need to find some new clothes...**" And there definitely wasn't anything in Rin Tohsaka's wardrobe that would fit her. While musing this, the very last change *did* occur. Her human ears grew out and flattened, a silver fur spreading across them that was indistinguishable from her hair. They rested upon her head's sides, indistinguishable from what was really hair.

"**Hm... What a strange method for summoning a Servant. I'm not even from this history, and yet...**" *Lila Decyrus* mused to herself as she approached the dropped box and gently grasped at the leather handguards with her furred, clawed fingertips. While she *largely* appeared to be human, the fur that sprouted from some aspects of her

body as well as the canine ears that were flattened into her hair revealed that she was *not*. She was a member of the *Oren*, a race of people with wolf-like features from another world.

But she had been summoned to this one as a *Berserker* class Servant. One who had retained her sense, largely because Lila was an incredibly cool and collected individual even under the direst of circumstances. **“I should consider my own identity, too. I am also Rin Tohsaka? Our spirits have been meshed together; it seems.”** It wasn’t like Lila’s will and Rin’s will existed separately, either. It was more like they had swirled together into an identity soup, though Lila’s will and personality had won out more than Rin’s with her body in the shape it was.



The part of her that was still Rin had *no* problems with her new physique. She was taller, more muscular, thicker, and had a *huge* pair of breasts. Aside from the animal features, she would be the envy of most other women. But these thoughts were subdued by Lila’s own indifference. **“So, what is my plan of action here? Does this mean someone intends on starting a Holy Grail War? Will others meet the same fate as myself?”** These were fair questions, and ones she didn’t have answers to. She had to assume the handguards *hadn’t* been sent to her by the actual Clock Tower, though.

Something more nefarious must have been afoot.

And it was perhaps up to her to get to the bottom of things before it was too late.