

SUMMER ILLYAISMS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Would you *shut up!*?”

Rin Tohsaka was at her wit's end, and for what she considered to be a *very* important reason. That reason? Her sworn rival and pain in the ass, Luvia Edelfelt. The two of them didn't make a habit of spending time together, and there was very clearly a reason for that with how they exchanged barbed words after navigating the scenic Japanese hillside. They were very clearly *not* in Fuyuki City, but they also weren't all that distant from it at the same time.

So then, what was their reason for being at such a remote place? Well, it wasn't all *that* remote. If the two young women had been standing on the nearest hill, you would have seen a seaside resort down on the beach a way off – that was where the two had been staying. They had been sent there on a mission by the Clock Tower as two aspiring students, where apparently there had been strange sightings on the surrounding hills.

“Well, my dear Rin, if you'd stop leading us on wild goose chases...” The two of them were beginning to wonder if the reports were all just bogus in the first place. The resort had a number of attractions along the hillside, and one of those had been a 'haunted' village out the way they were returning from. It was all just... *props*, but supposedly people dressed up in costumes to populate it at night. Didn't it seem more like these 'sightings' were just regular guests seeing those costumed actors?

That didn't *feel* like the sort of mistake that the Clock Tower would make, though. They seemed *convinced* that it was related to a Holy Grail War even though Fuyuki's fifth one had come to its conclusion over a

year ago. **“That’s it! I’m going back to the village! I’m going to find something!”** At her limit and not one to be told she was wrong, however? Luvia’s words were enough to make Rin turn around and storm off back to the village, leaving the blonde woman absolutely flabbergasted.



Admittedly, Rin had just wanted a *break*. It was bad enough that they’d had to *travel* together, but they were sharing a resort room during their investigation as well! She’d been so desperate for a little alone time that she’d run off into the ‘abandoned’ village, even though it was so clearly an attraction even during the day. Cicadas chirped in the background as actors prepared for their shifts and she walked past the many buildings, lowkey looking for the ‘figure’ that had been sighted in the area in the first place.

A white-haired child with red eyes. Rin had mentioned it to Luvia before, but that description reminded her of Illya.

That certainly *sounded* like a ghost, didn’t it? **“*Huh?*”** For a brief moment, she almost thought she had seen a child matching that exact description in one of the building windows, and that had been enough for the mage to wander inside. **“There’s no way, right? I’m pretty sure it’s just a hoax...”** But as she continued inside? The floorboards suddenly gave way, and the girl fell through them with a crash.

It was the sound of crashing waves that stirred the girl about an hour later. **“Ngh...?”** Rin awoke in a pile of debris, not injured even though she’d hit the ground hard enough to knock her out in the first place. She was in with what looked like a coastal cave – was it underneath the ‘haunted’ village? But there it was again... A specter that matched the girl that had been reported. She really *did* look like a ghost, and while her features were distorted... wasn’t there something *familiar* about her? **“Illya?”**

The figure disappeared again, leaving the young woman a little flummoxed. She wasn’t certain of whether or not she was in any danger, but at least the mouth of the cave likely opened to a location just beneath the village. It shouldn’t have been all that difficult for her to get out and find Luvia, and she supposed she’d have to start taking things a little more *seriously*. Unfortunately for her, it was already a little too *late* for that.

What did *that* mean? Well, Rin was quick to pick up on it. “**H-Huh? What is...?**” She placed a hand over her heart and slid it across her covered breast almost like she was *searching* for something. That wasn’t all that far off the mark, but she wouldn’t be able to *feel* what she was searching for, because the feeling that had prompted her to make those movements in the first place was *inside* of her. The best was she could describe it was in the sense that something had ‘appeared’ – something that wasn’t necessarily physical, and yet she instinctively recognized that it didn’t belong inside of her.

Was it a concentrated mass of mana? Without being able to visualize it, she wasn’t able to figure out that it was a *Spirit Core*. The thing that *Servants* tended to possess and not regular human mages like she was *supposed* to be. But what she was supposed to be and what she was about to become were two entirely different things. “**What is that? Am I in danger?**” She could have prepared a counterspell if she knew what was happening, but alas? She didn’t.

In the end, all Rin could really do was react to what she *did* notice. That feeling deep down was one of them, but she soon became aware of another earlier than expected because she’d had her hand held to her chest in the first place. She hadn’t been pressing that hard, namely because her bra was in the way, but that was what had made it *very* weird when her fingers began to *sink*, forcing the material and wire of the bra cup underneath to *crumple inward*?

“**Wait, why is my bra doing that?**” She removed her hand for a moment, only to press down *hard* the next time. At which point? She could *almost* feel her ribs after cup of the bra crumbled the *entire* way. “**Wh-Wha?**” She then checked her other breast, where the same problem existed. That probably being that... “**My breasts are gone!?**” Maybe it was incorrect to say that they were *gone*. It was more like they were just *even smaller* than normal, barely even *A-cups*.

And with her panties feeling looser and the tops of her thigh high leggings beginning to slip down her legs, it quickly occurred to her that this wasn’t *just* a problem with her bosom. A hand reached down to press against her ass through her skirt while leaning forward and using the other to grab at one of her thighs – neither of these motions provided her with ‘good news’. Her ass might as well have been as flat as a washboard, while her thighs were incredibly thin. Almost like she’d barely hit puberty...

Which was actually more or less what she was being *warned* about. “**Hold on! How do I stop this!? Illya... Illya would know what to—!?**” Rin stopped herself from finishing that sentence, because *why* had she said it? Since when was her opinion of Illya that high? It was a

question that she wasn't exactly afforded much time to ponder, because she soon cried out in confusion. "**H-Hey!?**" The young woman felt very *unsteady*.

No, maybe that was underselling it. It made sense that her balance might be a little off now that she was lacking her original curves, but it was more than that now. It felt like her legs and arms were being forced closer together, and her clothing was beginning to grow even baggier, and— "**I'm shrinking!?**" Her voice cracked until it was something wholly unfamiliar when she finally acknowledged the truth. That her 5'2" of height was unraveling.

And that half of her outfit was trying to swallow her whole in the process. Her skirt finally slipped off her hips and her thighs high slipped past her knees, but her shirt grew large enough around her shrinking body that it fortunately covered everything that needed covering regardless. She slipped well beneath the 5' mark, and with it her shoulders and hips narrowed, and her hands and feet became far daintier in the process. Her final destination was a meager 4'5", and by that point?

If you looked at Rin's face, she appeared pointedly *younger*. It was as if she had regressed *seven* years and had slipped back all the way until when she was *eleven*. Even then, her height and general build *weren't* the same as they'd been then. "**Wait... Did Illya...? Illya... Illya! Why do I keep thinking about Illya?**" It was becoming harder and harder *not* to think about Illyasviel, to the point that it was beginning to sound more like an *obsession* than anything else. The concept of 'Illya' beginning to cloud her mind and interrupt her concentration.

And in the end, she began to lose track of what was happening to her. In her mind, it was beginning to feel more and more like nothing had happened at all. *I'm just the way Illya wants me to be.* ...It was something like that. To those ends, her dark hair both thinned and *grew*, lengthening to her flat behind at her rear, while it grew longer on the sides of her head and her bangs became swept more towards the middle of her face.

Rin's face wasn't even spared. Everything was already smaller because she was more youthful, but shapes could still change. Like her cheeks becoming fuller, her chin shorter, her thin lips more upturned, or her nose slightly flatter. What was perhaps the *most* noticeable was her *eyes*, though. Their greenish blues were instead stained with a pinkish red while their shapes opened up a little so that they were naturally more expressive. All in all, whoever the girl standing there in Rin's clothing *was*? She was no longer Rin Tohsaka.

She also wasn't wearing her clothes for much longer, either. The shirt and bra she was left dressed in began to melt away, revealing that new clothing had been placed upon her beneath it. A girl's swimsuit styled in purple, with big ruffles across her chest and small skirt along the bottom. A matching cap had appeared on her head above ties that pulled her long hair into two messy tails, and there was a white jacket hanging off her shoulders. While she wasn't *injured*, a number of yellow and purple bandages had been placed across her limbs, and her feet were dressed in yellow, rubber shoes. Finally? A *very* large big-catching net manifested in her right hand.

“Illya?” The name of her closest friend was the first word that left *Miyu Edelfelt*'s lips at her transformation's end. The supernatural being that possessed the coast had taken an interest in Rin's likening of its avatar to Illyasviel von Einzbern, and that curiosity had led to it giving her a form that would undoubtedly bring this 'Illya' to it. Of course, Miyu was none the wiser to its machinations. The young girl only sought to see her beloved Illya now that she had been summoned.



...Summoned? There was that element to it as well. She wasn't there as a human, or even a 'regular' magical girl (if such a thing existed). She had been summoned as a Servant in the Lancer class, as an echo of a Servant summoned by an organization of another era. But *because* she was a Servant, she had a very unusual set of skills. **“I should go find Illya... We need to be together!”** It wasn't that she *should* be together with her. She *needed* to be with her.

And so, Miyu took off, her goal clear.

“Ugh. Where are you, Rin?” In the meantime, Luvia had actually been bothering *to* look for Rin after she'd stormed off. They were supposed to work together, after all, but it was more than that. She didn't like the possibility that Rin might find something and hog all the credit. She wasn't going to get away with that! And so, she'd been searching tirelessly for over an hour now! To no avail, at that.

This was her second time combing the fake village. Aside from a hole in one of the building floors, there hadn't been anything *too* unusual. People had been coming and going at first, and yet... That had changed.



“Wait a moment...” Moving to the next building, the young woman finally paused. It was quiet. Too quiet. No one was walking about, and even the cicadas had stopped singing.

“There you are, Illya!”

The voice of a young girl called out to her with a familiar name, prompting Luvia to turn around. But when she did? Her face collided with a... net? Illya was the name Rin had muttered when the ghost had first been described to them, right? But this girl, when she knocked the net away with her hand, did not fit that description. **“Or you will be when I draw out your Illyaism!”** The net she was holding began to glow, and Luvia? She felt... strange.

“What did you just—!?” Luvia had been *about* to grill this girl for casting what must have been some strange magic upon her, but as she went to do so? Their surroundings distorted and she soon find herself on uneven footing. They were no longer standing in the village but were once again on the hillside where Rin had left her previously. The teenager was shocked. This girl couldn’t have been any older than ten or eleven, but she was casting such potent magic? Then again, she had an eerie look in her eye. She was just staring at her without saying a word, like she was watching her.

That wasn’t *quite* what was happening, however. The teenager very much *was* being observed, but Miyu was examining something in particular rather than just keeping her eyes trained on Luvia to make sure that she didn’t escape. She was instead watching what Luvia hadn’t noticed: the fact that her *hair* had begun to appear differently. It lost its usual golden luster, instead paling to a white with a vaguely pink undertone (and this applied to her eyebrows as well), but it also *shortened* significantly. The seven drills that she tirelessly styled every morning ultimately came undone as the hair straightened, and it wasn’t long before the hair all *barely* reached past her shoulders. It was a miracle that her blue bows stayed in place!

“You must be a magus! Are you related to the reports *we* received!?” The young woman didn’t have time to concern herself with a little voice crack, even though it *absolutely* was something that she probably should have paid attention to. Luvia had her eyes on the prize, though. If the culprit had presented herself to her, then wasn’t this the ideal? She could catch her before Rin did and take all of the credit for herself! **“Admit *it*, would you!?”**

Her voice wasn't *technically* 'cracking', however. It was simply fluctuating because it was changing in tandem with her *face*. As a young woman of Finnish descent, it surely would have been alarming to her if she'd been able to *see* what was happening to it. To see that her eyes became narrowed in the corners so that they looked more like her DNA had been mixed with someone of *Japanese* descent, or how those eyes darkened to red. Her nose shrunk, her lips thinner, and her cheeks rounded as well; all of which combined leading to a face that appeared...

Significantly younger.

And her face was just the start. Either way, Miyu's gaze remained fixated on her regardless of whether or not Luvia had taken notice. "**Would you... Eh?**" But as the teen went on? It did finally click with her that perhaps things were now... *off* somehow. Her voice was *far* too shrill, and her dress was simultaneously beginning to feel uncomfortably loose. It drew her attention away from the child in front of her and down to her own body, where she was subjected to the cursed sight of— "**MY BREASTS!**"

...Her bosom shrinking. It wasn't *just* her bosom, of course. Much like it had been the case for her unwanted partner in crime, all of her body's maturity was shed from her in quick succession. Whether it was her bra emptying, her ass flattening, or her thighs thinning so that her hips could narrow – it all worked in tandem to help her look more and more like the girl Miyu *wanted* her to be. Except there was a problem with *that*, too. Miyu had noticed something in the victim's hair. One of her hair strands had remained blonde? "**You're not...**"

"**I-I'm not what!?**" Luvia had overheard that and tried to seek clarity with an uncharacteristic lack of confidence. She felt *pathetic*, but she also couldn't remember most of the magic she'd spent her whole life learning. What was happening!? She tried to maintain eye contact with Miyu while awaiting an answer that never came, but that only led to her realizing that it wasn't *just* her curves that were shrinking. It was getting easier and easier to look the stranger in the eye. She was *shrinking*.

Her skirt soon touched the ground, concealing boots that her shrinking feet were struggling to sit within comfortably. Her gloves slipped off of hands that were clearly *much* too small for them, but it didn't really matter when her sleeves ultimately swallowed them anyways. "**H-Hey, stop it...**" It was hard for her to even *feign* confidence when tried to look Miyu in the eyes again and almost found herself at *eye level* with her. Moments later? She had dipped slightly *below* them. She was only 4'4".

“What did you... Hue!?” The white-haired girl, now *clearly* no older than *eleven-years-old* herself, let out a sound she didn’t even know she could *make* when she realized the girl that had changed her was *gone*! Not to mention she was struck the feeling of water rolling down her skin... except it wasn’t water. **“My dress!”** It was the blue dress that she practically been buried in melting away, her old outfit turning into a fluid that was absorbed into the ground while revealing an entirely new... *swimsuit*?

It was a bright pink one-piece with a frilled skirt attached to a ruffled, white top with a pink bow above her chest. It had no straps, and instead a star-patterned towel was wrapped around her neck to cover her shoulders, while a wing-shaped water wing was safely wrapped around her left arm above a pink bracelet. It hadn’t occurred to her at all that her hair was pulled up into pigtails, or that a big pink and blue bow appeared along with a translucent pink visor in her hair. Small, blue, rubber shoes with star-shaped cutouts were the only thing worn below her skirt. It was a cute outfit for a child.

Which she technically *was*.

“W-Weh?” The child was left in a confusing predicament now that the one that had transformed her had taken off. She was clearly *Illyasviel von Einzbern* in body and personality, but the process was only about 98% complete. A single strand of blonde in her hair signaled that she had once been Luvia, but she could *remember* being Luvia! It was just that... acting like a silly, eleven-year-old girl was something she was being forced to do. She couldn’t even remember any of the complicated things she’d known when she was older.



“WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT THIS!?” Illya ran her hands through her hair frantically and messily. *All* she could bring herself to do was panic and freak out like any kid might, and that just freaked her out even more! She’d even been warped back onto the hillside for some reason, though it was probably to keep them from being ‘walked in on’ mid-transformation. **“Sh-Should I go back to the inn room? Maybe I’ll find Miyu there!”** Miyu? Was that the girl’s name? How had she known that?

She just *knew* things that she hadn’t before as if it was second nature. A side effect from being transformed into Illya, she supposed. But did she even have the key to her room on her anymore? If she asked the front

desk, they'd probably think she was just some kid trying to pull a prank! But honestly? It probably wouldn't matter all that much. After all, by the time she returned to the resort?

Everyone would have found their Illyaism!