

# TO SEDUCE A KING

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been some months now since Illyasviel von Einzbern had summoned her Servant for the Holy Grail War.

But she didn't really *like* the process. Basically everything about it had been decided by the Einzbern family, leaving little room for complaint from the eighteen year old homunculus girl who was meant to not only serve as a Master during the war, but also served a similar role to what Sakura had... *had* being past tense. Unbeknownst to anyone, Sakura had recently summoned an Archer class Servant at the behest of the Matou family... and had been transformed into *Artemis* as a result of it.

Either way, this Holy Grail War had been doomed to abnormality from the start. In the *correct* history, the Einzbern family would have summoned the Berserker class Servant, Heracles. But the Servant that they had arranged to summon, and Illyasviel had *ultimately* summoned, was the Saber class Servant, Sigurd. The great hero of the Volsunga saga, hailed as the *King of Warriors*. There was no denying he was a great hero worthy of being summoned.

**“Could he act out of line at least *once*!?”** But the issue was that his Master felt like she was beginning to slowly *lose her mind* while being trapped with him within the Einzbern castle. The man was calm, courteous, and heroic; all traits that any woman would love, and at first the girl didn't really seem to take much of an issue with him. But several months had passed now, and she had long since noticed that their personalities weren't particularly *compatible*.

Illyasviel wasn't *any* of the things that Sigurd was. Despite her age, she was just as childish as she appeared. She loved playing pranks and

participating in games, and with a new body in the manor she had naturally directed a lot of this energy at her new Servant. But from day one? He didn't react much to anything she did to him at all.



Replace his shampoo with toothpaste? He'd laugh it off and graciously thank her for giving his hair a minty scent. A whoopee cushion? He would be grateful for the added padding on his seat. She pretends to fall down to try and take him off guard? He would effortlessly catch her, ask if she was alright, and then be extremely confused when she got angry at him for reacting the way that he did.

**“He’s like a wall of chivalry! I can’t do anything to him! And I’m *bored*!”** To be fair to Illya, her frustration at least made *sense*. She had been cooped up in the Einzbern castle with only her maids for some time now. She was forbidden from showing herself in Fuyuki City until the war began and could only rely on entertaining things that the maids brought back for her while shopping. Part of the issue was that the Einzberns didn't let her have anything that might be considered 'fun' too.

And so, she had been backed into a corner of boredom. There was nothing to do except hone her magecraft, something that was continuously being enforced on her. The agitation that she had been expressing towards her Servant wasn't necessarily *his* fault, but rather a consequence of the life she had been forced to live in service of her life's purpose. Still, whether or not it was his fault didn't change that her festering feelings towards him had been growing increasingly negative.

Which *could* harm them in the long term, seeing as how they were supposed to be a duo in the Holy Grail War.

**“*Ugh...*”** After another well crafted prank had ended with little to no reaction, the girl had returned to her room in the castle in order to sulk on her bed. Without any central temperature regulation, the room was a little chilly as always. But Illyasviel hadn't bothered to put on her coat and hat and was just laying there in her dress with her face buried in her pillow. If it wasn't already obvious that she was at her limit, the scream that she let loose into her pillow *basically* confirmed it.

But she wasn't unaware of the reality that something was *very* awry with this war, and that one of the other Masters had recently been transformed into a Servant. It *sounded* like an inconsequential pebble in the grand scheme of things, but every pebble thrown into a pond caused *ripples*. Ripples that would affect the other potential Holy Grail before

any other potential victims. The current victim herself just didn't realize... *yet*.

But there *were* warning signs. **"It's kinda hot in here all of a sudden..."** Or maybe it wasn't hot in the room? Was it her body? She didn't feel *feverish*, but there was no denying her temperature. It was enough to get her to roll over onto her back and eventually kick her feet over the bed's side. The stone floor was cool, and she found some relief in walking around her bedroom. **"I hope I'm not getting sick..."** She couldn't imagine how Sigurd would have reacted if she was. He'd probably smother her...

*Ah, to be smothered with attention by Sigurd~*

**"Blech!?"** Illya's reaction to this reaction of her own was prompt. That thought had just so *casually* crossed her mind, and it had been so *needy*. Almost as if she was *infatuated* with her own Servant, which couldn't have been farther from the truth at the present. **"Maybe I really *am* getting sick!"** Because she definitely *didn't* want to live in a world where she had feelings like *that* for Sigurd.

Unfortunately for Illyasviel, she wasn't getting much of a choice in the matter. Something awry was *already* happening with her silver hair. The color was *changing*, the hue of it all shifting until it held a *teal* accent on the surface. The hair underneath looked even darker and closer to blue. **"Hue?"** Illya herself didn't really notice until she gave her heads a turn and felt the *weight* of it. **"Is something caught in my hair?"** Why did it feel so heavy all of a sudden?

It became clear when she whipped her head to try and get a sense of it, only for a long length of locks to *slap her in the face*. **"HAH!?"** The girl peeled it all away with her hands but was bamboozled by both its color *and* its weight. **"Why is my hair like this!?"** It wasn't just that the color had changed. It was longer. *Much* longer! It was touching the floor, and that was without even considering her *bangs*. They were swept to the right and layered at a very sharp angle, much like the length of her hair in the back was shorter in the center, similar to an arrow.

**"Did one of my pranks backfire!? Wait, no prank could give me long hair... But I bet Sigurd likes hair like this... WH-WHY WOULD I CARE WHAT HE LIKES!?"** Illya's panic set in rather expectantly, but she wouldn't have wondered what her Servant thought of her hair even if she'd been panicked, drunk, and barely conscious under normal circumstances. It reminded her of that thought she'd had earlier; not for better, but for *worse*.

At the very least, she didn't need to worry about her hair dragging against the floor for very much longer? Her attention was pulled away from this hair *entirely* because of the cause of this dragging relief, namely because it would have been much too difficult to ignore. **“Eh? Am I growing taller now!?”** It was hard to deny that she wasn't. After all, she was dressed in clothing designed for a girl that was only a mere 4'4”.

And those clothes were both growing tighter *and* riding up against her body as, as she had concluded all on her own, her body *grew*. Her bones were lengthened and enlarged beneath her skin and flesh to provide this added height as her head rose farther and farther away from the floor. It wasn't long at all before the base of her skirt was lifted well off her hips to reveal underwear that could hardly wrap itself around hips that widened in tandem with her *substantial* growth spurt.

Because she had skyrocketed all of the way up to 5'8” instead. That meant she had gained an additional 1'4”, and the effects of this were seen in how she practically exploding out of what she was wearing. But in the second half of this spurt, it had been to severely affect her *figure* too. **“This can't be happening! ...But I bet Sigurd would prefer me like... Ack! Stop it!”** Sigurd, Sigurd, Sigurd! Why couldn't she stop bringing up Sigurd?

Her mind was being pulled in too many directions at once. Sigurd, her growth spurt, and now the sight and sensation of aspects of her body growing much more *abundant*. Illyasviel had always desired to 'grow up' and 'develop an adult figure', but she'd given up on the possibility long ago. She certainly had never considered that it would occur quite like *this*, watching the front of her dress burgeon forward as the top two buttons popped up. Courtesy of her once nearly non-existent bosom bloating into a pair of proper *D-cups* beneath her gown, fully grown by the time her overall growth spurt had come to an end.

**“I mean, these are certainly nice...”** But her breasts are only what she had *immediately* noticed. Weight *had* pooled elsewhere, seeing to it that her longer legs were fattened around her *thighs* at least. The pale skin around them was pulled nice and taut as they thickened without the impeding of any restrictive clothing considering her dress had been hoisted so high up on her frame. They were completely bare, so their shapeliness was on full display.

The same couldn't *exactly* be said about Illyasviel's ass, though. What had been gained in her thighs was passed onto her cheeks at roughly the same time and speed. Her cheeks burgeoned, forcing her panties to dig into this flourishing flesh while the rest was pulled up *between* her cheeks. It didn't take very long at all for the peaks of her cheeks to push

over the waistline of her underwear, which was then tugged down to around her ass' center instead. Its bubbled shape was effectively restrained by what was essentially a pair of children's underwear.

Illyasviel had grown up to become quite the well-figured, attractive young woman. **"I'm so much older... Or perhaps I've always been this old...? It's a little hard to say..."** She felt a little uncertain about the circumstances, however, like she could still tell that things had changed, but was being overwhelmed by memories (that weren't her own) that were telling her otherwise. Her words were softer now, but her voice was a little deeper too.

This was because the last remaining part of her appearance that still resembled *Illyasviel von Einzbern* was being redesigned to match the rest of her new body. Her face was stretched longer while her facial features matured. Her once thin lips became fuller, her nostrils flared, and her eyes not only narrowed but lost their crimson shimmer to a vibrant purple instead. She now looked like a woman in her twenties facially, which aligned much more keenly with her present height and figure.

Her clothing was a problem that she subconsciously tackled herself in the end. **"Hmm..."** She hummed to herself while tugging at the cloth of the dress that remained, and seconds later that clothing dissipated into golden particles that floated up and away from her body so that her older form was entirely exposed, revealing that her tummy and arms were now a little more toned than they had been before too. She had the body of a young, attractive, and experienced warrior.

Ultimately, those particles converged against her bare flesh to present her with a *new* outfit, however. One composed of a black, sleeveless dress with a pleated skirt that reached the center of her thighs. She had purplish blue, gloved gauntlets that reached up to her shoulders, with a matching plate wrapping around her back and leaving a purple ornament in the front exposed. A lime green bow tied white cloth around her neck and a feathered headband also wrapped around her head's sides. Lastly, there were thigh high greaves that matched her gauntlets overtop purple thigh highs.

On a dime now, she could even summon a lance.

The *Lancer* class *Servant* wholly understood who she was now. She was *Brynhildr*, the fated partner of Sigurd and a separate *Servant* altogether on paper. She could actually recognize some aspects of this situation that the self-absorbed Artemis *hadn't*, too. To begin with, her point of origin wasn't something she was ignorant to. **"I was Sigurd's Master but... but now I'm his lover!"**



Both things were true at once, but she didn't really *mind* like she had when her yearning thoughts for Sigurd had stirred at the beginning of her transformation. She felt closer to her Servant than she ever had before, and it was taking all of her power to not chase him down at that very moment. The only thing holding her back was her desire to fix her appearance. She was adjusting her clothes and hair as she mulled over her new circumstances.



**“I... suppose this isn't a conventional Holy Grail War after all, is it?”** She wasn't certain how she *knew* this. It was like it had been imprinted on her very being or something. **“The key to winning this war is... is... LOVE!”** Or the strength of the love between the summoned Servant pairs. Which likely meant that *every* Master would likely meet a fate similar to what had happened to Sakura and Illyasviel.

But Brynhildr wasn't considering *that* aspect of it.

Her moment of introspection couldn't hold up against the amount of yearning she felt for the Saber, and so once she was satisfied with her appearance, she bolted out the door. **“Oh Sigurd... Sigurd... I can't wait to be reunited with you, my dear Sigurd! Surely with our vast, overwhelming love... we'll win this war for certain!”** It was much too early to say if that would be the case for sure, however.

Elsewhere in that castle at that exact moment, Sigurd couldn't help but let loose a sneeze as he flipped through the newspaper that the maids had graciously brought him. **“I have a bad feeling all of a sudden...”** But he couldn't have imagined just *who* the source of that bad feeling was in the end.

But this was a phenomenon that would continue to affect those destined to participate in the Holy Grail War. How many lovers could even *be* Servants, though? And what form would these 'battles' take? It was still very much a mystery, but it was also still very early in the Fifth Holy Grail War's timeline. *Anything* could happen, really.

And *everything* would.