

LOVE THEFT III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!”

It was certainly a rare sight to witness Sakura Matou screaming at the top of her lungs. Or, well, it would have been *more* of one had she been the *actual* Sakura Matou. The one occupying that form was *still* the Kiyohime that the real Sakura had summoned at the start of Fuyuki’s potential Holy Grail War after swapping bodies with her Master for the sake of winning Shirou’s heart.

In her mind, her plan *would* have worked if not for Rin Tohsaka getting in her way, and so she had used her talismans to swap her with her Servant, Medb, as well, thinking that would take them off the stage. But then the two of them had just started cozying up to him further! **“What the hell am I even supposed to do about this!? He was in love with Sakura Matou before, right? Anchin-sama is too kind! He’s letting those two women cozy up to him, and even the Sakura in my body...!”**

Because she *knew* it would have caused a problem if she’d been caught acting the way she was with Sakura’s face, the girl had escaped into the forest perimeter outside of the city, off towards where the Einzbern Castle was located. She didn’t expect anyone else would come across her so late at night, so far away from the city. She could scream to her heart’s content! Or at least that was what she had *thought*.

“Who are you? Why are you screaming out here? Are you okay?” ‘Sakura’ almost jumped upon hearing the voice of what sounded like a child coming from the mouth of a girl that certainly *looked* like a child. One with red eyes and long, silver-white hair. Had she come from

down the path towards the forest depths? What was someone so young doing all the way down there? She didn't realize that it was another Master. One that had been coming into the city to observe the Emiya household.



“Ugh! Whatever!” Sakura hadn't taken kindly to *Illyasviel von Einzbern* approaching her so suddenly and reflexively pulled a talisman out from her pocket and stamped it to the girl's face before storming off. She hadn't expected it to *work*, because they only should have worked on Master – Servant pairs, even if she'd recently modified them so only one half had to be affected for both of them to change. Her intention had only been to stun the child so that she could run off, and *that* much seemed to have been effective.

Illyasviel stood there, briefly shocked by the paper that had been plastered to her forehead before she pulled it off her face. **“What was *that* about!? Lancer didn't warn me about any weirdos like that being around here...”** In this iteration of the Fifth Holy Grail War, Illya was the Master of a Lancer-class Servant named Scathach. She was a very professional woman. A teacher of Celtic legend. She liked to think that the two of them got on quite well.

It probably wouldn't have been easier just to have her Servant check the Emiya household herself, but it was also riskier. And so, she'd simply had her check to make sure the route was safe before the Master had gone out on her own. **“And what's with the piece of paper? It seems kind if... Eh?”** Wait. There were traces of something on it. Magic? A curse? It was a little difficult to distinguish which, but maybe it didn't matter.

It was already affecting her, after all. Her Command Seals had disappeared.

What had befallen her was something that began slowly at first. Her wrists gradually crept slightly out from behind the sleeves of her coat, and her knees rose farther and farther from her shin-high boots. Illyasviel was a girl plagued with insecurities, and one of those insecurities was the fact that because she had been born from an Einzbern homunculus and a human that her life was short and her body had stopped developing when she was around twelve. Appearances aside, she was actually *eighteen*.

The slightest bit of verticality didn't register as quickly as, say, her *dress and jacket tightening* might have. **“*Hue?*”** A familiar noise of confusion

reverberated from the girl's lips not because of her vertical growth, though she wouldn't remain ignorant to it forever, but because instead her dress and by extension her jacket felt a little tighter than normal around her chest. The 'growth spurt' that she was experiencing wasn't isolated to her height alone, as things had turned out.

Illya didn't say much at first because she wasn't really sure *what* was wrong. She looked down at her chest, but because of the design of her coat she didn't exactly have a great view. If she'd paid more attention to the ground *past* it, maybe she would have noticed how it was gradually getting farther away. Taking off her clothes was obviously a non-starter. Not only would that be too embarrassing, but it was pretty chilly outside. And so, the girl discreetly did the best she could by raising a hand up to gently pat the front of her jacket.

"Hm..." The *first* time, she wasn't sure what the problem was. Everything was tight, but she'd done it so quickly that she hadn't understood the weight of the situation. But the second time she patted herself she allowed her touch to linger, and the *weight* of it stood out much more blatantly... and *literally*. **"EH!?"** Any hopes of remaining *discreet* went out the proverbial window with *that* confused cry.

While it was a little bit indecent, the hand that was resting over her bosom gripped down with a little squeeze. **"A-Are they *bigger*!?"** It definitely felt like her A-cups, well... *weren't* A-cups anymore. Had they doubled in size? Were they bigger than that? The fact that her chest had been so flat that she hadn't even been wearing a bra definitely made it more difficult to say for certain. But she could also tell they were *continuing* to grow... and not alone.

The girl's spine and limbs continued to stretch longer. Almost the full lengths of her forearms had escaped her sleeves by this juncture, while her skirt's base had risen from her knees up to the center of her thighs. And yet, in the process? The width of her hips were gradually swinging wider, providing additional room for her to fatten in areas beyond her swelling bosom. The undergarments that she was wearing were *already* straining from the widening of her hips, but the fact that her butt cheeks began to swell as well led to them slowly slipping into the crack. And this was *without* touching much on how her thighs showed signs of fattening.

"I don't *under*— ACK!?" Much to her own dismay, Illyasviel fell prey to a sudden coughing fit that had been led by what had almost sounded like a *deeper voice*? Each cough *was* actually a little deeper than the last, but it kept her distracted from what was happening to her *face*. The taller her body grew, not only did that voice sound deeper, but her face

ended up appearing more *mature*. Her lips rose fuller, her crimson gaze sharpened as she crept through her teens and into her twenties, and...

No, that wasn't *exactly* what was happening. She did, in fact, look increasingly older, but those changing features also didn't look like a natural evolution of her own face. Its sharper angles was a stark departure from the softer shapes of her cheekbones, and swollen lips grew all the poutier. Even her nose's shape didn't make her look much like an Einzbern homunculus, not with the sharp end it developed. This was the face a mature woman around the age of *thirty*. And one who was *not* an Einzbern homunculus at all. That said, if a mirror had been present then she absolutely would have recognized it as someone familiar to her.

“What just...?” Illya *immediately* recognized how different she sounded when the coughing fit subsided, but she had also become more hyperaware regarding what was happening to her body as a *whole*. It was difficult to deny that she was *growing* now, as her skirt had almost revealed the base of her crotch – which was getting flossed by panties that did *not* fit her. Her ass had developed into a full peach with widened hips pulling the band of her undergarments, and her thighs were not *only* as thick as her waist, but they'd burgeoned with both fat *and* muscle.

All of these realizations clicking at once *should* have been overwhelming for a girl who was largely immature, yet her expression didn't suggest that immaturity at all. Her head actually felt surprisingly *clear*. **“My body is growing. I don't understand *how*, but...”** There was even a reasonable maturity to *how* she spoke. She didn't obsess over the swell of her own bosom any longer, instead choosing to unbutton her jacket to give that bosom room to bloat larger. *F-cups* ended up being their destined size, but that size felt even bigger with her pectoral muscles toning along with basically the *rest* of her body's strength.

Where the girl had possessed shame before, the *woman* chose to begin peeling away whatever clothing had become uncomfortable – and that included through *tearing* it off. More and more of her suppler, more muscular form become plain to see. Nipples as big as her eyes, an ass that was firm and grabbable; and she didn't even bat an eye. Not even her hair was spared from growth and general change in the long run, even though its silver luster was all that really remained of her past self.

The woman's height had been stretched up to 5'6" before it finally stopped, and by that point her silver hair had grown out and darkened behind her, taking a familiar dark purple sheen. Her bangs formed a messy V that hung between her red and serious gaze. By this point,

however, she had properly figured out just what had happened to her. The talisman must have been the cause, but...

“...Admittedly, I would have preferred it if the transformation had included my clothes.” Because what Illya had been wearing was so small, she had utterly outgrown it as *Scathach*. She tore away what remained, leaving herself butt-naked in the chilly winter air. She didn’t feel much shame over the fact that she was naked. In fact, her toned and buxom body was quite *attractive*. Perhaps attractive enough to win over the heart of *Shirou Emiya*? **“No... I told myself I wouldn’t become attached. He is an opponent in this Holy Grail War.”**



That was the mentality her Servant had instilled in her, but now that she had *become* that Servant? The woman didn’t think the same way. Perhaps because their personalities had ended up somewhat mixed, even if Scathach’s own personality was far more dominant. But now that she was older, more mature, stronger, and more beautiful...? **“Hm. I suppose there wouldn’t be any harm with trying to get closer to him. But I suppose I should consult with my Servant first, or... Actually?”**

If she had become Scathach, then what had happened to her Servant?



While Illyasviel had asked her to return to the castle after checking the path for her, Scathach hadn’t exactly done as she was told. At the time, she had checked on the Emiya household from afar, noticing a Servant of particular interest being there. **“Queen Medb, hm?”** What were the odds that a Servant from her own era would be summoned at the same time? She was a particularly dangerous one, and she seemed to be trying to get closer to the boy that her Master had taken an interest in.

And so, she had returned to observe from far enough away that none of the Servants that had gathered there would be able to sense her. She had no interest in Shirou Emiya

whatsoever, at least beyond acknowledging that Illya's interest in him would potentially be problematic for the coming war. While watching from an apartment complex rooftop, however? Something... "**Hm?**" ...felt strange. *Dizzy?*

Perhaps it was because she was *already* a Servant and her senses were sharper, but she could feel it. Something was being *pulled* from her body, and whatever it was, it was being replaced by something else. She just couldn't place a finger on what that thing *was*. Her skepticism only grew when it quickly became obvious to her that her body was *changing*, and yet her experience and maturity kept her initial response calm.

Still, Scathach wore a slight frown as she looked down at her own *chest*. Considering the skintight bodysuit that she wore, it would have been difficult *not* to notice that this latex that surrounded her bosom was losing its tension – a tension that could only be provided by the contents being big enough to fill them. Those contents *should* have been big enough, but what the woman had noticed was that her F-cup bosom was slowly *deflating*. She couldn't see past the fabric, but she could only assume that her nipples were pinching in smaller in kind.

"That's a shame, but I don't understand the purpose." It wasn't like she didn't have any *pride* in her figure, but the Lancer also didn't see her figure as the end-all-be-all either. Even so, it was beginning to feel a *little* more distressing, particularly as it pertained to her *ass* following in the same footsteps as her breasts. The dark purple latex around her rump loosened in a similar fashion as her buns compressed, fat stolen away until she practically had any weight to them at... and that included her muscles.

In fact, Scathach was growing increasingly aware that she was feeling *weak*. **"It isn't just fat. It's my strength too!?"** She was *immediately* stunned by the amount of *personality* that had left her lips when she had *cried out* of all things. Her pitch *did* sound a little lighter as she'd done so, but it also wasn't anything too dramatic just yet. It was a lot to process along with the sensation of her body becoming heavier, almost like... **"That's it! It's my Saint Graph!?"** *That* was what had been leaving her. So, then what had been entering *into* her?

"A-Ah!?" There wasn't much of an opportunity to answer that question as the changes worsened. Her thighs had slowly deflated like her buttocks had, though it wasn't her thighs, her butt, or even her narrowed hips that led to the woman finally stumbling a little. It was her *height*. She'd stood at a respectable 5'6" – a height that was a little above average, but not necessarily too tall. Yet that rapidly and *dramatically*

undid itself over the course of about ten seconds where she just *dropped* vertically.

Scathach fell all the way down to 4'4", which led to her bodysuit practically swallowing her shortened arms, legs, and torso. Unknown to her at the time, a youthfulness had permeated not only throughout her skin, but she looked like a *much* younger version of herself. Her voice had also jumped to a pitch that was *familiar*. **"I'm so small!? What will Shirou think... of... me...?"** When did she start caring about what Shirou Emiya thought about her? Why did she sound like *Illya*? **"C-Come to think of it, my height is kind of similar, isn't it?"** As were her body's proportions.

But even then, she hadn't *completely* adjusted into her new form just yet. Command Seals appeared on the back of her right palm just as a wave of silver crashed through her purple hair like waves, starting at her roots and reaching tips faster than they should have, but only because the lengths of her strands had shortened so that they only hung a short ways past her shoulders.

At first, could have simply been described as 'Scathach's face if she was a girl around the age of *twelve*', but before the transformation's end any recognizable traits of Scathach's were wiped away. Her eyes only remained red because she had shared an eye color with her Master, but those eyes became *significantly* rounder and cuter in shape. Her lips thinner, her nose took a rounder, button-like tip, and overall, her face was just slightly *chubby*.

1:1, she looked just like the girl that had summoned her.

"Huee!? I can't walk around dressed like this!"

It wasn't at all surprising that the new *Illyasviel von Einzbern* did *not* fit in the bodysuit that Scathach had worn. If anything, the shame that Illya's personality had reinforced was sedated somewhat by the fact that her body was covered, but she almost looked more like a child wearing a big, purple garbage bag with how bunched up the once skintight material was against her body overall. She had to lift the legs up with her smaller hands to even walk around!



...Which was an issue when she'd snuck into Shirou's house, still hiding into one of the spare rooms. She was totally going to get caught! But was that *really* an issue? **"Ugh! Whatever! I'm in Shirou's house, so I'm gonna make the best of it!"** Had Illya always been that *bratty*? Maybe in a subtler way, but the essence of Scathach's bolder

personality that still lingered only served to enhance it. It also made her a little more *impatient*.

“Master. Let’s trade clothes.”

A sudden voice from the nearby window made the small girl jump. “**E-Eh!? Lancer!?**” There stood Scathach, entirely naked yet holding ‘her’ clothes under one of her arms. Maybe it was an issue that seeing ‘herself’ in that window didn’t really bother her, but she didn’t really see it that way. She felt oddly at ease as ‘Illyasviel’, and it seemed that the Scathach in the window felt largely the same. “**R-Right...**” Before long, the two of them had swapped into the appropriate attire. No words were exchanged about their swap, as if they hadn’t *wanted* to address it and were instead content with leaving things just as they were.

But it was also more of a matter of something else being on their respective minds: *Shirou Emiya*. Illya was excited to be in her brother’s home, or at least that was how her feelings towards him had been skewed, whereas the new Scathach’s interest was far less familial. “**Do you think that Shirou Emiya would accept an offer to be my student?**” Well, that was just an excuse to get closer to him.

“Huee?”

“N-Never mind...”

And now, ‘Sakura’ had even more rivals for Shirou’s attention because of her hubris...