

HOLY ATELIER WAR II.

BIWEEKLY STORY #154

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“Eh? Mail for me?”

Illyasviel von Einzbern was *surprised* as she went through the mail delivered to the Emiya household that afternoon. Because Shirou, Sakura, and Taiga were all at school, it fell on her shoulders to look after the house during the day. She wasn't enrolled anywhere after all, and there wasn't much of a point in her attending school at this point anyways. Still, it was really boring to spend all her time alone at the house!

Sometimes she'd help Shirou out by taking care of menial tasks. Cleaning around the house, doing the laundry, going out and fetching groceries – things like that. She had worries of her own, of course. Rin had been talking about everyone going to school at the Clock Tower in the UK after they were done high school, and Illya was pretty sure that this plan didn't have a place for her.

She was trying *not* to think about that, though. Among the tasks that the homunculus girl had assigned to herself that day was to check Shirou's mail. It was usually just a series of bills and other things that were addressed to the Emiya heir. Under no circumstance would she have ever expected to find something addressed to *her* among the papers, because no one even knew she lived there outside of their group.

Yet there was something *this* time. A small, red envelope with her name written on it. Illya left everything else on the counter and gave the red envelope a little shake. **“Is there something inside?”** Something *was* rattling around, but why would someone send her a gift? Was Rin or someone playing a little prank on her? The teen was suspicious, but her

suspicions couldn't be eased unless she checked what was inside the envelope in the first place, right?



“A hairclip?” It was a long, golden hairclip with a pair of flowers on it. It looked like the type you would use to hold back your bangs, but Illya didn't really do much to style her hair in the first place. **“Wait, is someone trying to tell me that I'm too plain!?”** Like ‘here's a hairclip so you can try and look a little stylish’!? Whoever sent it definitely had some *nerve* if that was the case!

But in truth? The envelope and hairpin had not been sent by someone she knew. In fact, Rin Tohsaka had received a package around the same time and had been *transformed into a Servant* by it. But Illyasviel didn't know this to be suspicious of any mail that she received. Yet, once she had held the hairpin for a few moments? It began to emit a golden glow. **“EH!?”**

Illya could immediately tell what was happening. The pin was radiating *mana*. A mana that her body was absorbing since they were in such close proximity to one another. **“W-Wait, that's probably not good!”** Bodies didn't normally just *absorb* foreign mana unless that mana had been modified *to* be absorbed, and that modification wouldn't be made unless there were *nefarious* reasons behind it. And there was!

Most of it had beelined for the dead center of not only the girl's body, but her very *soul* while the rest dispersed itself and within her flesh, blood, and bone. A ‘core’ was formed within the depths of her very being that no living human should have possessed. A Spirit Core, but also a *Saint Graph* formed too. For the time being it was *blank*, but it would gradually be filled in with the presence of Heroic Spirit... at the cost of Illyasviel's current form.

“What should I do? Should I call Shirou's school?” She didn't have a way to contact him directly and had been told by Rin not to reach out to anyone since they were keeping her presence a secret. But it was also kind of an emergency! Her body felt all *tingly* and *warm*, and it wouldn't be doing that unless the mana was having some kind of unwanted effect on it. But then again, whether or not it was ‘unwanted’ was just a matter of opinion, right. She was just *assuming* she wouldn't ‘want’ it.

She hadn't expected to change her mind almost immediately once she realized that her body was *changing*. **“W-Wait... Eh?”** Illyasviel could feel it. She could *see* it. A combination of her dress feeling a little tighter

and the view of the nearby counter growing smaller before her very eyes. It didn't take her long to put two and two together *there*. **"Am I growing taller!?"** Before long, her arms had pushed out of the sleeves of her gown, and a skirt that once reached past her knees had been lifted high enough that you could see most of her thighs.

And she was *still* climbing. The girl had *always* wanted to grow bigger. Because she was the offspring of a homunculus, her body's growth had stopped when she was around twelve years old – that was why she looked so young despite being eighteen. But it seemed that this height that she yearned for was being delivered to her in spades. She had been 4'4" prior, but now she was *over* the five foot mark and continued to grow a little further.

"This is amazing!" Any fears she'd had about the corrupted mana dissipated as she was overwhelmed with *joy* instead. She wasn't *just* getting taller. Her shoulders broadened so that her sleeves tore right off, and her hips extended in their girth so that they were even *wider* than those shoulders. The fate of her skirt was that it was now lifted so high you could see the base of her white panties. And she found she had to kick her socks off because they were so restrictive around enlarged tootsies.

Illyasviel didn't stop growing until she was 5'4" an entire *foot* taller than she had been before. She explored her enlarged body with hands that had larger palms and longer fingers, though they also had become rather *calloused*. It was almost like they had been gripping a *weapon* or *tool* of some kind continuous. A staff, perhaps? But why was a *staff* the first thing to come to mind? She could vividly picture one. Tall and gold, with an ornate star design and a blue banner swaying in the wind from its tip?

Just when the girl thought she could be content with growing a foot taller, her body itself began to stress that things weren't quite *finished*. **"Wh-What now!?"** She wasn't shy about using her hands to explore, and she guided them to where she felt renewed *pressure* even though that place was arguably an indecent place to grab. Actually, it wasn't even *arguably* indecent. It totally *was* indecent!

Because she had reached up to grab her own chest with both of her hands. To be fair, Illya never really thought much of a gesture like this because there normally wasn't anything *to* grab. But now? That *wasn't* true. **"...HUEEEEEEEH!?"** The cry that she made this time was *much* higher. Because on this particular occasion? Her fingers were wrapped around a pair of B-cup breasts. **"What? What? Are my boobs growing!"**

She couldn't believe it! The height was one thing, but even the once non-existent swell of her chest? Could she have actually been getting *older*? Yes, in fact! This possibility led her to clumsily run towards the nearest bathroom, an act that was awkward not only because she was so much taller now, but because each step left her growing breasts to bounce within a dress that was now splitting down the center of her neckline to reveal a deepening cleavage.

“...So heavy!” By the time she reached a bathroom mirror and threw her hands down on the counter, the weight of her *E-cup* tits bounced uncomfortably without the support of a bra. Her nipples were still hidden even despite the tears, but they had clearly grown and were erect, pushing up against the cloth and rubbing sensitively whenever she moved. *I could make a bra that fits really easily with alchemy, but...*

...Alchemy?

The thought only lingered for a moment, because Illya redirected her attention to the mirror. The reflection that looked back at her both confirmed her suspicions *and* raised new ones. Her face *was* more mature. She looked like she was around *twenty one* years old, maybe? But she didn't look like her mother or how she expected she might look if she aged. Her face was rounder, and she could see her lips swelling into a poutier expression that mismatched her usual resting face. The question that came to mind as brown washed away the red of her eyes then, was: **“Who am I?”** A question that was only heightened by a vaguely deeper tone of voice.

Brown seemed to jump from her eyes and into her hair, using thinned brows as a mid-trip stop before the roots of her long, white hair reflected the same dirty shade. It spread quickly, dancing down the full length of her locks – or at least it *would* have if they hadn't been cut short. *Literally*. Everything past the peak of her neck was chopped off, and falling strands disappeared before they hit the ground. The longest length could be found on the right side of her bangs, which slipped around the side of her face and curved towards the peak of her enlarged chest.

Every question had an answer, and the woman was slowly discovering them on her own. **“Wait! I know! I'm an alchemist!”** That didn't feel *entirely* correct, but she clapped her calloused hands together excitedly all the same while smiling innocently at her own reflection. **“An alchemist that could use some new clothes though. Yikes! And things are about to get a little worse, aren't they?”** Illya could envision the woman she was becoming now, so she could be prepared for— **“Urk!?”**

Despite having the information *to* be prepared, she still hadn't anticipated just how suddenly her panties would get yanked up into the crack of her ass – courtesy of her lower body filling out just like her tits had. Well, no. It wasn't *just* like what had happened with her bosom. Her ass might have swelled similarly into a pleasant peach shape, but below them? Her thighs? They grew to meet and even *surpass* and expectations for what 'thicc' might have meant.

Illyasviel was very lucky that her legs were bare, because her thighs jiggled, and jiggled, and jiggled some *more* due to the fat that was funneled into them. The skin around them tightened to the point that they blushed slightly red as the blood flow ramped up, and they pressed against each other between her legs even *despite* her thighs being significantly wider than they had been before. They extended even *past* the width of her hips, giving her a lower body a very *bulbous* design when compared to her still hefty upper half.

Then it occurred to her. **“I don't need to find clothes, do I? I can just...”** Calloused fingers let out a loud snap, and her outfit dispersed into a golden light to momentarily expose her thicker, older body. It really was sexy, even though you could argue that she had a very plain, 'girl next door' type of face. This glimpse into her naked form lingered for only a few seconds though. The golden light flashed again, giving her an outfit she could recall from memory.

Tight, red-pink shorts above brown, thigh high boots which forced her thick thighs to bulge out even more decorated her lower half, while the upper portion was composed of several garments laid overtop of each other. A white button up top with a baby blue collar teased the peak of her cleavage, and above that was a brown vest that was open to show the shirt. There was a sleeveless, yellow jacket overtop of that, and below it all? A pink wire bra and matching panties. Even her head was decorated with a white beret and the hairclip that had started it all in her bangs, detached white sleeves and a brown glove on only her left hand putting on the final fashionable touches.

“Well, that was a weird way to summon a Caster!” What



she had just been through had been both unwanted and jarring, yet *Reisalin Stout* spoke of it now like it had just been a minor inconvenience. *Ryza* (as she was called by friends) was as she said: a Caster-class Servant that had been summoned from the very same world as the Berserker that was summoned in the Tohsaka estate just a day before. **“But why was I summoned in the first place? There’s no War!”**

Ryza’s ego was like Lila’s. She *was* Reisalin Stout, but she was *also* Illyasviel von Einzbern. Their memories had blended into one woman, even if Ryza’s personality was entirely dominant. This left the alchemist to tap her own chin thoughtfully, uncertain of how to proceed. **“Should I just wait for Shirou and Sakura to come home?”** Wouldn’t they be in for a surprise if they came home to find such a pretty young woman?

She examined her body with a vague sense of interest. It felt familiar and not at the exact same time, but she couldn’t help but marvel at what it felt like to actually *be* an adult woman, since Illya could no longer age. **“My chest is really big, but my thighs... Whew!”** She could feel them rubbing against each other with each step. **“E-Eh? That’s an indecent thing to be thinking about, though!”** She needed to distract herself for the time being!

“I wonder if I could set up a cauldron for alchemy here for the time being?”

That’d give her something to do, at least!