

HOLY RAIL WAR II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... I wonder if Cassie is almost ready with the decorations?”

The Garden of Life that was housed within the walls of Okhema was quiet. It *was* very early in the morning after all, though the erection of a number of tables and chairs that weren't *usually* set up on the grounds certainly appeared to suggest that *someone* was expecting it to get busier. Indeed, along with some of the chimeras, two of the Chrysos Heirs – both Hyacinthea and Castorice – had arrived early to start putting everything together.

With all of the bad that had been happening lately, it had been Hyacine's idea to help lift everyone's spirits with a banquet. When it came to scenery, perhaps it might have been a little *unconventional*, but she had believed that the Garden of Life was the perfect place to hold it. After all, there was a kitchen a short ways away, and who didn't like looking at pretty flowers while they ate? It was the perfect plan!

There were more people coming to help with the setup early in the day, but the two women were the type of people that couldn't sit still when they had things to do. That was why Castorice was in the garden proper, hanging up decorations that she had made by hand, while Hyacine was in one of the nearby storage rooms in an attempt to unearth more chairs. **“I think we had some stashed in here... Maybe it's the other storage chamber I'm thinking of...?”** The Garden had several of them, after all.

Unfortunately, she wasn't able to check.

“H-Hey!?”



“What... just happened?” Hyacine had to give her head a little shake in an attempt to clear her thoughts. She had been in the storage room beside the Garden of Life and had been about to leave when...? Right! A glowing, red circle had appeared beneath her feet! It had felt occult-like? It had frozen her in place and then things had gone black for just a moment. The next thing she knew? She was standing in an unfamiliar alleyway at what appeared to be dusk?

Hustle and bustle could be heard beyond the nearby alley exit, and while she was now located within the Aurum Alley of the Xianzhou Luofu? There was no way for a Chrysos Heir of Amphoreus who had never left her home planet to know that. **“The architecture of this alleyway is unlike anything I’ve ever seen before! Where am I? Is this truly on Amphoreus? ...Little Ica!?”** Where was Little Ica? He’d been with her before; did he not make the trip with her!?

And... her clothes. **“E-EH!? WH-WHY AM I DRESSED LIKE THIS!?”** Hyacine liked to dress *very* conservatively, to the point that she even covered her legs with leggings. But she was now wearing what could best be likened to a dark blue and gold armored *bikini*, and the cups certainly didn’t fit a small pair of breasts that’s nipples were left completely bare as a result. Gold jewelry hung loosely after every facet of her form, with ill-fitted heels making it difficult to walk.

She’d wondered why it had been so *breezy*.

This was shocking for a number of reasons. Her cheeks burned red, and she nibbled on her own lip from shame. She was hidden in an alley for now, sure, but she would eventually need to *leave* it, and she might as well have been naked what with her boobs bare and the threat of one wrong move causing everything, accessories included, from slipping right off and leaving her *truly* nude.

So much of Hyacine’s skin was bare, however, that it became hard not to tell that something appeared to be *off* about her skin. **“Um... What’s are those...?”** She initially thought that she was looking at *freckles* appearing all over her body. Tiny dots of an ashen skin tone were sprinkled across her otherwise pink complexion, and if it had stopped there then it would have been *strange* but not overly concerning. The

issue was that it *didn't* stop there, and the emerging dots continued to multiply and merge... until her skin's entire tone was dyed in an ashy brown.

“My... skin? But...? How?” Things were beginning to become a little difficult for her to process, not only because they were so shocking but because her *head* felt groggy. She pursed a set of lips that nearly tripled in thickness, far pinked than her skin now, while a pair of yellow teardrops were painted on beneath her eyes. Those eyes hardly changed in color, but their shapes? They narrowed, making her look all the more mature. Her chin narrowed and was pulled slightly away from her forehead, giving her a face that was long, beautiful, and pointedly *Middle Eastern*.

But it also looked much *older*. Like she had to be in her *mid-thirties* at least, even though the rest of her body didn't suggest that.

An exotic yet wondrous smell soon tickled a lengthened nose. **“*Perfume?*”** And matching with the small woman's more mature face, her force bore a huskier tone the next time she spoke. It smelled of rose, jasmine, and sandalwood; all ingredients you could find in the Middle Eastern perfumes of Earth. It was stuck to her skin, but it smelled all the stronger as Hyacine's cute, pink and blue spiral twin tails straightened *and* darkened. They'd remained pulled out even without her usual scrunchies holding them in place.

“My hair is so... *heavy*.” Was it just because her voice was more mature sounding that she sounded surprisingly *calm* about what was happening to her now? Regardless, she was certainly correct to point out her hair's weight. Once it had all been dyed in black, its growth was accelerated and the twin tails merged into a greater body of hair that not only reached the ground but *pooled* upon it. Like she was too short for the amount of hair she possessed.

Despite being an adult on paper, this was because Hyacine was *very* short for her age. Or, at least, her *previous* age. She didn't even reach the five-foot mark, so if her hair's growth had expected her to be *taller* then it made some sense that it would pool there. Fortunately, the issue was promptly addressed. **“*Hm...*”** But even as her eye level began to rise, she didn't seem to be particularly perplexed. In fact, subconsciously the things that she'd once deemed as 'wrong' felt far more 'correct'.

Nonetheless, the golden jewelry began to move as her body rose upwards. There wasn't much room for clothing malfunction when what she was wearing had *clearly* been designed for the body she was developing in the first place, and her growth wasn't even vertical alone. The golden chains that held the bottom tightened around her hips,

which swung out nearly *six* whole inches while her shoulders broadened above. It created the impression of a woman with an hourglass silhouette, while her feet lengthened to better fit in her new footwear and her fingers lengthened into bonier, thinner forms with nails that jutting several inches past her fingertips and fitting into the ringed finger gloves that had been dangling past her once smaller tips.

By the time those hips had swung out, she *really* looked like her figure should have been *fuller* at her now 5'6" height, but at least her hair was no longer pooling on the floor. **"What a strange fog..."** And while there was no *physical* fog, the fog that she was referring to was the heaviness that weighed on her *mind*. It was to be expected. New memories had been leaking in at first, but now they were crashing against her ego like a tidal wave. It was *amply* distracting, so much so that she hardly noticed she was growing more... *ample*.

The bloat targeted all of the places it needed to in tandem. The ashen skin of a small butt that seemed even smaller with her hips so wide was suddenly forced to stretch and tighten around weight that saw each cheek lift and fall with a jiggling bounce. Little by little, the bottom shelf her barely passable outfit came to tighten its grip around a pair of cheeks that swelled into an *impressive* heart shape. The excess was fed to her thighs, which grew with similar enthusiasm until they were pressing against each other beneath her loins.

But an hourglass needed both a bottom half *and* a top half, right? That was why her now dark brown nipples expanded upon her chest so that they were bigger than her eyes. This was a precursor for what was to come otherwise, and her small breasts jiggled to life courtesy of the fat that was being fed into them. C-cups, D-cups, E-cups... The nipples eventually pressed into the cool metal of her bikini top, but by then? They were an impressive pair of *G-cups*.

The woman's clarity returned moments later, but she seemed none the wiser to what had just happened. **"Based on the chatter I can hear beyond the alley's end, I wonder if this would perhaps be a good place to search?"** The Caster-class Servant, *Scheherazade*, stepped forward from where the magic circle had been without much of a problem. Each clack of her heels against the tiled path led to her hefty bosom jiggling, though



her long hair did a good job of hiding the coinciding bounce of her ass.

Like the others that had fallen victim to the Holy Grail War's uncanny summoning process, the Servant had no clue that her own existence had been written over the existence of someone that already lived within this vast cosmos. Scheherazade merely pondered the absence of an apparent Master for the Holy Grail War and was considering what her next steps should be. With her beautiful appearance she would have little difficulty making a name for herself in this place.

“The Xianzhou Luofu...” Her summoning had given her much needed knowledge regarding *where* she was, which gave her ideas about how she could work it to her advantage. **“There’s a culture of live storytelling here, it seems.”** She mumbled to herself while stepping out into Aurum Alley proper. So, it seemed that, at least in the interim, she would have no issue finding work.

There was no better storyteller than Scheherazade, after all.

Maybe she’d tell that new story about the fat little unicorn?



“M-Marmoreal Bathhouse? How...?” The Chrysos Heir with the curse of Death, Castorice, was no more in the know about what had just happened to her than Hyacine was. A magic circle had appeared under the ladder she had been using while she was stringing up streamers she had made above the tables they’d propped up in the Garden of Life, and then she was suddenly... elsewhere. Where she *did* have a leg up over Hyacine however was in her ability to recognize where she had suddenly found herself.

Not only was it still on Amphoreus, but it wasn’t even really that far from the Garden of Life where she had started. **“Did Lady Cipher play some sort of trick on me...?”** Considering the thieving cat’s power, such a feat would have been possible... but that didn’t explain the magic circle nor why she couldn’t move away from its

center just yet. Nonetheless, she was within one of Marmoreal Bathhouse's private bath chambers, standing near the steamy water's edge.

“But would Lady Cipher dare to touch my clothes...?” She was trying to do her best to *not* blush furiously, but her usual dress was gone. She was now wearing a simple white gown that was already too short for her stature, but it was so tight around her *chest* that it was lifted up even higher. Everything beneath her navel was *bare*. Why wasn't she wearing *undergarments* at least!? **“...I really hope no one walks in on me before I can find a towel...”**

There wasn't a world where that dress would have properly covered her body, or at least that was the belief Castorice had held. Unless the outfit somehow grew, which— **“Erm...?”** Surprisingly, the young woman caught on fairly quickly to the fact that something was off. **“Is the dress becoming larger? No... I'm getting smaller, aren't I?”** She was the type to always try and keep her calm, and that was retained even when she drew this otherwise ridiculous conclusion.

But it couldn't be *that* ridiculous considering it was *actually* happening to her, right? The base of the dress was slipping down past her navel and eventually hovered just above her loins. A little more and they would have at least been covered by the dress's skirt, but it didn't seem like that was in the cards *just* yet. Castorice could tell that she was shorter, that she had shrunk down to a mere 5'1", because the nearby bath appeared to be so much closer to her eye level.

“It wasn't just my height...” Turning over her bare hands revealed fingers that were still dainty, but they were a touch shorter, stubbier, and... pinker? Perhaps her association with death had made it so that she was always a little paler than most, but that had apparently been undone *as* she'd shrunk. Her complexion was much healthier, but it also made the weight dress stand out all the more against her skin. She just wished that it covered— **“Oh!?”**

Had her voice just cracked? Yes, but she was too fixated on her state of dress to pay it any proper mind. The skirt was finally falling low enough to cover her crotch and butt? But she didn't seem to be getting any smaller in terms of height. **“Wait! MY TITS!?”** Castorice was *very* quick to cover her mouth with her cheeks glowing red again. She'd been *very* correct that the added slack came courtesy of her D-cup breasts dropping in size until they were perky *B-cups* instead. They fit much more snugly in the dress.

The woman herself seemed to be much more shocked about what she had *said* than by the fact that her bosom had become more compressed,

though. She was hardly the type of person to care about sex appeal, and she definitely wasn't the type to use words like 'tits', and yet she felt kind of sour that her bosom was smaller now. "**And my ass!?**" She couldn't hold back much longer, and her shriller voice eventually addressed the *other* elephant in the room. Her buttocks had become more compact all the same, retaining a bubbled perkiness but still paling in comparison to the butts of many other women like... her... *Master?*

It had been the same for Hyacine, but new powers were being gradually etched into her body. A Spirit Core. A Saint Graph. Their influences were the reason her body and mind were changing, but she was being given a greater strength in exchange. For some reason, she ended up turning her attention back to her hands even though they hadn't changed any further. "**I want to grab someone's ass with these... Or, w-wait, I can't do that. My curse...**" Castorice had been cursed with a touch of death. She'd never been able to touch *anyone*.

This was something she could still *vaguely* remember, but while her pale-purple locks began to inherit strands of a bubble-gum pink? Memories bled in that spoke to the contrary. She could vividly recall using those hands in a *number* of creative ways when it came to the bodies of others. Milking cocks, fingering pussies, slapping asses, fondling balls, grabbing tits; the usual Castorice would have reeled from such thoughts.

But now? She found herself wanting to *do* those things more and more, curse be damned.

That curse was *already* damned though. Its power had been waning and was close to drying up. "**Curse? The hell kind of curse would *that* be? Nobody's going to stop me from using my hands how I please!**" She sounded so proud of saying something that's implications were particularly gross. The woman didn't appear to *care* anymore though, just like she didn't care how her now pink hair had thinned and shortened slightly so that its cut was more even and only hung just past her butt. Her eyebrows and pubes had brightened to the same pink, but those pubes had been cut into a *heart* shape, as if to invite others in beneath her skirt.

All that *really* remained of the Chrysos Heir was her face, and even then her long, elvish ears rounded and shortened until she had a much more circular, human pair. She had taken to looking around the room expectantly as if she was waiting for someone while her facial features were finally altered, presenting her face with a cuter, more circular shape that sported thinner lips and a smaller nose. Her eyes grew wider on the contrary, though violet irises turned to gold. It was a face that

was simultaneously cute and pretty, but the woman now knew how to work it to maximize its *sexiness* to boot.

“Hm~? Is Master not here yet? And here she said she’d meet me in our *private chamber!*” Considering how hands-off Castorice had been in general, the fact that *Medb*, the *Rider*-class Servant couldn’t even keep her hands off of *herself* provided a fairly significant contrast to how she had once been. A woman of Celtic myth, and a queen at that, she had been summoned as yet another participant in the Holy Grail War. But fighting and all that? It wasn’t *really* her concern.



So long as she was treated with importance, doubly so if she was *revered*, she was fine idling about. Her Master was a curious sort too. Aglaea, a woman that possessed the Coreflame of Romance – a perfectly viable partner for a woman like Medb, who placed a great feal of emphasis on romance... of a sort. And Aglaea recognized the importance of her greatness as a Servant.

That is to say: Aglaea gave this Rider *someone* to ride. She couldn’t wait to get her hands all over her Master again! It seemed this time they would be doing it in the bath? But the Servant had kept her clothes on to not take away the excitement of the foreplay. **“Ugh. I hope she doesn’t want to speak *strategy* first again, though. I’m *way hornier than normal!*”** Because her whole body had just gone through a transformation *and* because the part of her that was still vaguely ‘Castorice’ deep down was yearning to touch someone.

She understood the importance of those talks but wasn’t really interested. This world was facing some sort of *crisis* and Aglaea required her power to help before the war began. But Medb understood the world’s true nature as a summoned Servant. She just hadn’t decided if she should tell them or not. **“Well, don’t want to rock the boat *too much for now. I’ll tell them if I need to~*”** How good of a fucking could she get if she dangled *that* morsel in from of Aglaea in exchange?

“Um... Cas? Cinny?” Tribbie had arrived at the Garden of Life a couple of hours after the two Heirs had disappeared to find that very little of the setup was done. Speaking to the chimeras, it seemed no one had seen them since the morning’s *very* early hours. **“That’s strange... I hope they’re okay?”** Even within Okhema the Chrysos Heirs had to worry about threats, but Aglaea’s threads tended to pick up on them before it was too late.

Then again, Aglaea had been awfully distracted by *that pink woman* lately...