

FAMILY DISTRIBUTION

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



Life sure had been hectic lately, and it was something that Illyasviel von Einzbern had *really* been feeling. Maybe it wasn't all *that* surprising for a girl that had been chosen by a sentient stick to become a magical girl, and one that had both fought off plenty of evil and had been exposed to many unusual situations to think that things were hectic. But this? It was something *else*. It wasn't a situation she didn't really know how to *handle*. She was even skipping school to figure it out!

'What to do if your best friend keeps calling your onii-chan her onii-chan.'

It might have been a very, very odd question to type into the search engine on your computer, but it was extremely topical all things considered. Miyu, who had been staying with Luvia across the road, had been spending more and more time with Illya's family. Which wasn't a bad thing, not at all! But her desired closeness with her older brother Shirou was much, much more intense than she had expected and she wasn't even really sure *why*. She just knew that she had to somehow nicely ask Miyu to knock it off.

Shirou was *her* brother, after all! He could be Miyu's friend too, but he couldn't be her brother! The eleven year old was *very* adamant about that fact! **"Umm... Are there really no results? This can't be the first time this has ever been a problem, right!?"** Much to her concern, not even G**gle had an answer for her question. There were absolutely no results! Well, at least none that didn't seem to be articles for obscure light novel series.

Just when she had been about to log off, however, something appeared on her screen. A popup ad. Considering the plethora of people that used the device it wasn't all that odd for some form of malware to have gotten on there. She was so young that she didn't really know how to deal with them. Or that they were bad in the first place. So perhaps that was why she was more interested in what the ad *said*.

DO YOU NEED TO SORT OUT YOUR FAMILY DYNAMICS? THEN *CLICK HERE!*



That *vaguely* sounded like something that might help with the problem she was having, right? At least it did through her naïve little eyes. She was desperate and uninformed and would have taken any solution to the problem she was having. And so... “**YAAAAAH!**” Perhaps a little *too* enthusiastically her finger came down on her mouse, clicking on the part of the popup ad that requested to be clicked.

And there was absolutely no delay between that moment and the sudden electric shock that leaped from the mouse to Illya's hand. “**Ow!**” The girl practically jumped out of her seat and skittered towards the corner of the room like a frightened cat, shaking her affected hand. “**Wh-What was that!?**” She squinted at the computer as well, unsure. But nothing seemed to be different about it other than the popup being gone.

That said, the computer wasn't the thing where *something different* should have been the concern.

Namely: the color of Illyasviel's hair wasn't *quite* what it should have been, at least in the occasional places. Strands that should have essentially been white due to her nature as a half-homunculus had found themselves dyed a brown, and not even a *healthy* brown at that. The coloration of this brunette looked a little washed out? And the quality of any hairs that took on this color appeared somewhat *eroded* and worn out. Almost as if it belonged to someone much older than an eleven year old girl.

As if the change in color and quality wasn't enough, the length of the child's hair was soon compromised next. Very quickly it withdrew, pulling into a bob of brown that sort of fluttered outwards from the center. With long bangs brushed over her right eye, her new hairstyle had an air of maturity to it. One that didn't exactly match the rest of her aesthetic.

“Was that just a static shock? Maybe it was... Hue... I must be overthinking things.” Why had she gotten it into her head that it might have been something dangerous? Mind you it was clear that Illya hadn't quite caught onto the fact that something else was at work here. Something that, as her eyes fluttered, her irises were changed in color from a bright red to a dull grey.

Just in general, mind you, she was looking less and less like *herself*. Hair and eyes aside... well, and even her eyes? They did narrow in slight. She was a girl of mixed background with her father being Japanese and her mother being a European homunculus, but now those eyes seemed to lean more towards her father's side. But even then, in general her face became fuller as both her nose sharpened, and her lips swelled a little *too* large. The skin of her face lost a touch of its luster as well, a mole appeared above the left side of her mouth, and in the end?

Well, could little girls have the face of an adult? It looked incredibly *uncanny*.

Fortunately that wasn't an issue for long, however. **“Eh? What's...? Why am I...!? Huh...?”** The girl couldn't decide if what she then experienced was actually as shocking as she really wanted to *think* it was, for all of a sudden her proportions began to swell – all at once. Initially, the most noticeable expansion came from her height, because the child was quickly stretching up to a height of around 5'7", yet at the same time her shoulders broadened and fingers and toes both grew so that she didn't appear proportionally strange.

This extended to her girth as well. Overall, Illyasviel's body swelled so that she was much *broader*. Her hips pulled wider and while it retained its feminine shape, her torso also thickened both naturally and with a touch of pudg that forced stretch marks and a bit of a sag around her belly. Yet while you might expect these dramatic changes to affect her clothes, they appeared to grow and change with her – making sure nothing was exposed that probably shouldn't have.

“Oh my, I feel so... so... full!” She cooed with a deeper voice that better suited her older face, and just in general that maturity had begun to establish some consistency in her appearance. Her skin in general appeared much more aged, with cracks in her fingers and the emergence of crow's feet in the corners of her eyes. But the fact that she responded to the bloating of her body and the increasing of her height with such a jarring response could only mean one thing: she had been rendered incapable of actually noting that things were changing. Mental changes were afoot, presenting her with memories of a new life.

And while her comment of fullness had been pointed at her tummy, it soon became clear that the *older woman* had a fullness in other areas to be concerned about. The front of her shirt would certainly have blown out had it not been changing concurrently with her body, just by this point in time it had become a tanned, button-up blouse with a white and blue striped corset concealing her fat around her tummy.

This only served to highlight the fact that the tanned blouse was a little *loose* around her chest, which had yet to pick up on the same maturity as the rest of her body. But that space was quickly used up, for the front of the blouse began to protrude and the woman's posture soon tilted forwards. Her A-cup chest oh so quickly ballooned into a pair of big, H-cup honkers that only *looked* perky because of the big bra she wore underneath. Otherwise they would have sagged with her age as it now was.

Illya licked her lips as she planted a hand on her widened hips, not noting that the area around them was now swelling as well. Her thighs thickened almost grotesquely just on the merit of how *much* they thickened, for a meatiness found those thighs that was pleasant to look at, but was also a touch too abundant, presumably because of her age. Each thigh was about as thick as her tummy, and the cheeks of her ass bloated in kind. Yet fortunately her school skirt had become a dark brown long skirt that hung past her knees. It had slits in the front and back so that you could still *see* her legs, however.

“Hmm~ My, did one of the girls leave the computer on again? That's no good, they're wasting electricity.” Finally having dispelled the haze that had hung around her mind, a woman in her late forties gracefully approached the computer that was turned on and navigated to the power settings to turn it off, all while her H-cup breasts hovered close to pressing down on the keyboard below.

Had it not happened without record, it would have been impossible for anyone to believe that this woman was, in fact, Illyasviel von Einzbern. Not only was she the wrong age, but she didn't look a thing like her. Rather, *Ichiko Edogawa* was exactly what she looked to be. A middle aged mother who had certainly won the gene pool. She was a single parent with some difficult teenaged daughters.

Just as she was unaware that she had been



transformed, Ichiko was also unaware of how the surrounding reality had altered as well. Because it wasn't *just* going to affect her. After all, there were no daughters living in her home. At least not yet. **"I suppose I should fix dinner. Those girls will surely be hungry when they get home!"**



"Hm? Did I... walk into someone else's room?"

Later that day, Shirou Emiya had finally returned from what could be seen as a fairly busy day at school. He'd been helping out with this and that even after class, but he knew that his mother always expected him to be late. That mother being Iri, of course, because he had no idea of what had become of his sister.

He'd skipped past the kitchen not even realizing that an unfamiliar woman within had been cooking dinner and had instead returned to his room to drop off his bag and coat. Yet the room he had stepped into? After he had closed the door behind him and he'd looked around, he quickly concluded that it *wasn't* his. At least not in terms of contents.

From the canopy bed to the elaborate, mahogany furniture, to the walls that were painted a light green – it looked like a girl's room, not the relatively plain room full of boyish hobbies he had come to know and love. But it also *was* his room. There was no denying the layout. But just as he was about to dismiss it, a fog clouded his judgment. **"Is this really... *not* my room?"**

"...Eh?" No sooner than the boy had pondered the fate of his living conditions, however, did something else seem to tug at the back of his mind. Did the room just get a little bigger, or was it a trick of his eyes? The truth of it was, actually, that the boy's height had suddenly dipped a couple of inches – with his uniform adjusting alongside that dip. **"Must be my imagination..."**

Yet it had distracted him enough to wander into the center of the room, forgetting that he had been concerned about it not looking much like his own room in the first place. It was almost as if he had just accepted it as his room now *regardless* of how it looked. But when it came to things beginning to *look* differently, he probably should have directed that attention inward at himself.

After all, everything about his appearance had simply begun to appear *softer*. From the glow of his skin to the fact that any excess body hair had seemingly evaporated, to an increased roundness to his facial features,

he was quickly taking on traits that led him to appear much more androgynous than Shirou typically did. When it came to the shape of his body, his waistline had even pulled in a touch to give him a more effeminate gait, while shoulders smoothed and his hips, ultimately, were left to appear more pronounced.

“What was I doing...?” The question was asked in a voice that was much higher and airier than normal, and it was communicated through lips that were not only plumper than before but carried a glossier look while they contained a shrunken tongue. This spread into the rest of his face, with rounded cheeks becoming free of blemish and his nose pulling into a button shape. Once it reached Shirou’s eyes, not only did they become bigger and more expressive, but speckles of blue sprung up amidst their usual amber. Until blue was all that remained, and longer lashes fluttered about atop his eyelids.

Now at the canopy bed, slenderer fingers (now complete with long, painted nails) threw down a bag that he *hadn’t* been holding a second ago. It was a cross between a knapsack and a handbag, the kind of trendy school bag that you often found teenaged girls using. **“My bag?”** What was it about that bag that was bothering him? It was the same one his mother had bought him, right?

Shaking his head at that thought, his once ginger hair bounced about in a way it never had before. That was because it had grown longer, already falling to his shoulders but then growing even longer in the back – it all styled in layers while bangs curled in towards his eyes. This hair was a light brown now, the same brown as Illya’s had become, yet without the wear older age had brought it. Rather, much like his face, it all looked like it belonged to a girl in her mid-teens.

“Mmn!?” And a *girl* in her mid-teens she became! Shirou’s male genitalia had been yanked inside of her so suddenly that it shocked her, but as one hand pushed into her crotch? She began to blush. **“Wh-Why am I touching myself!?”** It wasn’t the time for *that*. That said, the cloth she was pressing her hand against had begun to change. The legs of her pants were regressing, showing off more and more of her legs until they were completely bare right up to her widened hips.

And with those legs exposed, it became easy enough to see that they were changing all the same. Her thighs were *already* fairly prominent, but they then began to grow like sponges absorbing water. Thicker and thicker they swelled, ultimately touching each other between her legs even *after* forcing her hips to widen even further. They were thicker than her torso, and the excess bled into the cheeks of a rear end that felt inspired to swell into pleasant peach shapes.

Her top and pants had essentially fused together into a pale green leotard by this juncture, and it allowed the swell of her bosom to shine once it took root moments later. From the thickness of her thighs to how this chest engorged into a pair of E-cups that were certainly excessive for a girl of her new, younger age, one thing became quite clear. Genetically it looked like she resembled Ichiko.

But didn't that make sense? Ichiko was her mother, after all!

“Aaah! That's better! I hate wearing that stuffy uniform!” A teenaged girl around the age of fifteen was all that remained of Shirou Emiya in the end. She clearly had an uncanny sense of fashion, because she quickly pulled out a translucent white, spotted dress to go overtop her leotard, complete with brown sleeves. Or at least a girl that enjoyed highlighting the genes she had received from her mother. Because despite her age she was rather *pronounced* in terms of shapeliness.

Saeko Edogawa was eccentric in more ways than one, though. Not only was her sense of fashion quirky, but she clumsy and something of a masochist. It truly *was* unintended, but she often tripped and ended up exposing her underwear to people even at school! And she kind of, sort of liked it? But none of that really mattered now. Smoothing out the dress she had just changed into, she turned her attention to the door.



“Mm! Mama's dinner smells super tasty!”

Now hopefully she didn't fall down the stairs trying to get to it.



Miyu Edelfelt knew full well that she didn't need to knock to enter the Emiya household by this point. Illya had told her time and time again to just come in whenever she wanted to visit, and her mother Irisviel had reinforced that invitation. So upon entering, she didn't so much as make a sound. After all, she was on a mission. It had been *hours* since Illya had last returned a message to her, and the eleven year old had been getting nervous.

“Illya, are you— Huh?” Having quickly climbed the stairs to the room of her best friend, Miyu was shocked not *just* to find the room empty, but to find it completely different from what she remembered. Nothing about it was very Illya-like. The room was actually a little plain but featured a treadmill in the corner. Illya... wasn't really one to work out. “Did I take a wrong turn...?”

But wasn't this *her* room?

Miyu shook her head. **“No, that's not the case. I live over at... at...?”** Huh? Why couldn't she remember where she lived? The longer she thought about it though, the more she became more convinced that it was a silly question. After all, she was standing in her room, wasn't she? **“Maybe I ran too hard during club... Wait, when did I join a club?”** Something was wrong with her *memories*.

But it wasn't *just* her memories that were the problem here, at least in terms of things changing. Miyu's height had begun to change much like the two before her, but more akin to Illya's case it was a change that saw her *grow* as opposed to shrink. Limbs stretched and fingers lengthened, and in the end she was about 5'4". Just a touch taller than Saeko in the end.

Not only had Miyu's uniform grown along with her to fit, though, but its color scheme had completely changed as well. All of the white had turned to black, while her ribbon around her chest had taken on a purply pink that matched new highlights on her collar. Her skirt now possessed more pleats as well, and her socks? They stretched thinner and wrapped around her tush, evidently having become a pair of tights. She looked like a student from a completely different school than even Shirou attended.

A shake of her head seemingly inspired a change in the girl's hairstyle, for it was soon cut just above her neck in a bob that featured a hime-cut styling when it came to her bangs. The color of her hair darkened just a touch as well, but it was hardly all that substantial of a palette change. At least comparative to some other areas of her color scheme at least.

For a steely blue emerged in her eyes, replacing their usual red. If it was a familiar blue by this point, that was because it was extremely similar to the eye colors of Ichiko and Saeko – establishing a biological connection to the two of them. This was something that was only highlighted further as her face changed, taking on the same roundness as the other two as well as similar general eye and nose shapes. Of the three though, her lips became the most pronounced.

“I’m so tired, but…” Something deep down *could* acknowledge that something was wrong, but the girl was stopped short of stumbling upon the answer each and every time she got close. Instead her mind was quickly filling with memories of a different family life. One that was much happier and normal than the life Miyu had been forced to live. But these memories? They seemed to suggest that she was not an eleven year old girl, but instead an *eighteen* year old student.

She certainly now possessed a height befitting of such an age, and even her face now sported some of that growing maturity, and so it was time for the rest of her body to play catchup. And catchup it did, beginning with a chest that forced her black school top to suddenly lift to show off a little tease of her navel. These breasts in question were F-cups for sure, mound barely kept in place by an equally sizable brassiere that had appeared around them.

And then came the rest, with hips forced a handful of inches wider due to the combined efforts of her thighs and rear. Her cheeks pushed out like a pair of cushy pillows, a mole appearing on her right cheek all the while. While her thighs? They weren’t as excessive as Ichiko’s nor Saiko’s, because most of her appeal seemed to be in her huge breasts and perky rear. Of course, she had *another* charm point the other two didn’t have as well. Her body had tightened with an athletic tone that suggested she was *very* into sports.

It had made sense, really. If Ichiko was now the mother of the household, then she would naturally occupy the master bedroom now. This left Illya’s old room to be occupied by one of her *daughters*. And that daughter now stood there, still in her school uniform. **“Huh!? Weird... Feel like I just forgot something important?”** But after shaking her head, *Maaya Edoawa* completely shook away the feeling.

She’d just had a *super* exhausting day at work, after all! Sporty and something of a tomboy, she’d had track practice after work. And then swim practice. Considering her bountiful figure, you wouldn’t expect that the eighteen year old would excel all that well in these fields, yet... Ever since she was a little girl, Maaya had been an *excellent* athlete. A prodigy, even. Her mother and little sister were so proud!

“Uwaah!? Wait, am I gonna be late for super? Sorry, mama!” But none of that really



membered, looking at the time. She hurried out the door and down the steps, where she would reunite with her parent and sibling for their usual meal. But they were still missing one, the youngest sister.

And that's where Irisviel came in...