

SISTERS UNITED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sakura Matou was surprised.

She had received an invitation to the Tohsaka estate out of the blue, and she was both curious and anxious about it, all things considered. The truth of the matter was that Sakura had been a Tohsaka originally. She was rightfully Rin Tohsaka's younger sister, but the circumstances of their family during their youth had led to Sakura herself being taken in by the Matou family. And there? Only a life of misery had awaited.

The two had carried on into their teens, fully aware of their relationship but choosing not to engage one another. It was just so *awkward*, wasn't it? By the time both parties had started to want to approach one another again, so much time had passed that they both felt it would be unwanted by the other. So for Rin to make the first move? Sakura had been shocked.

Especially since both of them had to be aware that the other was interested in Shirou Emiya romantically.

“Put on this necklace when you get home later.” It was basically the first thing Rin had said to her when Sakura walked through the front door of her sister's estate. The tsundere had thrust out a hand containing some gaudy pearls towards the younger girl, making Sakura gingerly tilt her head to the side in confusion. The lack of reasoning aside... a pearl necklace? She didn't wear accessories in the first place, but if she did? A pearl necklace? Didn't older women...? **“Right... I guess I should explain, huh?”**

“Please.” Sakura blinked, but took the necklace regardless, wrapping it around her wrist for the time being. Rin, on the other hand, appeared to be lost in thought for a second, but soon produced another necklace from her skirt pocket. This one was black and banded, looking more like a thin choker than anything.

“These are magical items I created using a technique I found in a book. Apparently it can repair the relationship between siblings, or so it said, but...” This was a little like cheating, wasn’t it? Getting around putting in honest work by using magecraft to scoot around it? **“It only works if we’re each wearing our own piece at 8pm on the day they were made. Plus, if you don’t want to try...?”**

The clock in Sakura’s room read 7:59pm. The conversation after Rin’s explanation had been pretty standard, with the younger sibling saying she had to think about it. And think she had, basically *all* day. Was this a good idea? Relying on magecraft to solve a social issue they needed to work through together? Perhaps it could serve as an aide, but...

Back and forth. Back and forth. She’d gone both ways several times over the day’s course. She thought she had resolved to not wear it, and yet with fifteen seconds left on the clock? She found herself putting it on. **“I can’t let her good intentions go to waste...”** Such was the logic that had compelled her. Rin must have put so much working into researching and creating the pearl necklace, and so when the clock finally struck eight?

...Did it do anything?

Strange. Was it the sort of thing that only caused changes so small that they were unnoticeable? Or had nothing truly happened after all? She absolutely wasn’t doubting Rin’s ingenuity. Was it possible that the enchantment didn’t work in the first place? She felt a little sad for her, but at the very least... **“I guess I don’t need to wear these pearls anymore.”** That was a *relief*, because she would rather be caught dead than be caught wearing something so gaudy. She overlooked a sudden shock of mana that jolted into her neck from the pearls, however.

Bringing her right hand towards her neck to remove the accessory, however? She stopped. **“Huh?”** For a brief moment she wondered if she was seeing things. There were speckles of blue scattered across fingernails that she normally wore plain. But those speckles seemed to be growing, coating them entirely, until... they were growing? **“Wh... What?”** Across both of her hands, her fingernails had lengthened to the

point where they were gaudily long. Were they fake nails? They definitely looked like it, but Sakura would *never*...

Was this the result of Rin's enchanted necklace? This explanation was the only one that could realistically explain how her nails could just paint and grow like that, but she hardly could identify in what way this would bring them closer together? After all, not even Rin decorated her nails! But the realization provoked a terrible thought in her, and the teen ran over to her full-length mirror.

If it could change her nails, what else could it change?

“Oh no! I'm sure this isn't supposed to be happening!” She'd practically broken into a run by the time she'd met the mirror, and once she reached her goal? She was *shocked* to get a look at her hair. Her bangs were brown, and the color was dancing through the rest of her hair? No, wait... **“Isn't that my...?”** Her natural color, from before she was corrupted by the Matou family. Her hair had changed to purple because of the influence of the Crest Worms, so did that mean they were gone? Maybe for the two of them to be closer, her time with the Matous had to be erased? That made sense, she supposed, but you couldn't erase all of that trauma.

Things like... like... **“Wha... What the *fuck* am I trying to remember?”** Fingers immediately covered her mouth, pressing up against lips that looked far fuller than they ever had. Had she just cursed? Sakura made a point to always act and sound proper, but more pressingly she was confused. Had she been trying to remember something painful? But there had never been a moment like that in her life!

“Mm...” Getting back to the problem at hand, she investigated her reflection once more. She had almost missed it, but did she not look a little older? **“I look...”** The quality of her skin appeared more worn, and there was something about her overall facial structure that spoke to a more advanced maturity than being a mere seventeen your old. *‘Huh? Seventeen? Wasn't that like, 8 years ago? I'm twenty-five!’*. And, for a twenty-five-year-old, she looked fairly... **“I look damn hot, as always!”**

Her expression had shone with confidence for a brief moment, and she had even licked her plump lips needily, but that expression soon turned to one of both confusion and disgust at the fact that her thought had just swam with desire. **“No, I'm no *slut*! I don't want to just... Maybe with Shirou, that fucking stud!”**

Would smothering his body with hers be so bad? After all, her curves were so luscious that it would have been a waste to not use them. That was why she was always teasing him, and...? Wait? What were with these memories? Sure, she'd thought about his body before, and wait it might be like to sleep together, but wasn't this all too lewd!? Too begin with, her body wasn't anywhere near as curvaceous as these strange memories made them out to be... at first.

But Sakura's clothing? It suddenly grew tight, almost unbearably so. Since it was so late she was merely wearing a pink nightgown, but the cups of the dress? Looking down, she couldn't help but think it was showing too much cleavage. **"Wait!"** No, no, they were growing! Her breasts were already impressively large, but at the pace they were swelling they almost looked like a pair of inflating balloons!

Her nipples stood erect, poking into the gown as fat gathered midst the flesh beneath them. Her gown was too tight but *did* have a pointed neckline – allowing an easy tear to form from that point and crawl downwards down the front of the thin attire piece to allow these tits room to breathe. **"Hwa... Hwa... So fucking big! Just how I remember 'em!"** She groped her own tits quite fiendishly, paying little attention to the fact that the weight was being piled on elsewhere as well.

In general, Sakura just became a little *girthier*. Her belly was thicker, but that wasn't to say she was fat. It was more a natural result of her becoming a young woman, and one with curves that were so abundant. Because what had happened with her breasts? Her ass mirrored that very same effect, bloating large and pushing out the back of the gown until the material began to split, wedging her pure white panties between her cheeks and cameltoeing the front, where her pussy seemed far more engorged than it once had been.

"Mm... Maybe I should go see Shirou right now? I wonder if Rin-chan called him over to her place again?" Running her hands down her body, Sakura jiggled the heft of her tits and rubbed the insides of her ample things. She was horny, and since they both liked Shirou? *Well, there was no problem with sharing him, right?*

"Hah!? It didn't do anything!? After all the time and effort I put into making it!" The black choker wrapped around her neck after her clock had turned to reflect a time of eight in the evening, Rin Tohsaka was shocked to find that nothing had happened in regard to her creations. Standing beside her desk, she didn't feel any closer to Sakura at all! Her memories were even still the same!

Mind you, even after reading the book and creating the necklaces, Rin hadn't been truly sure how the enchanted jewelry was meant to repair their relationship. She had merely hoped that things would just *work out* when all was said and done. But for nothing to even happen in the first place? Well, needless to say, Rin was— **“OW!?”** Evidently she'd spoken too soon, or at least that was the conclusion she had come to once a burst of mana had bit down on her flesh from the choker. **“Huh? Is it working *now*?”**

Now, Rin did not have access to a mirror in her bedroom. The closest was in her bathroom, and she had yet to find any indication that she might need to check her reflection. But that was merely because the early changes were in places that could not easily be seen. After all, her eyes didn't provide the vision necessary to peek up at the roots of her own head, but if they *did* have the ability to do so?

They would have witnessed a fire of color lit among the dark brown that was typical of Rin's design. A fiery blonde that was inconsistent in its distribution near the roots but became far *more* consistent as it moved through the locks at a rapid speed. It was clear that this color was fake; it was the result of a hasty bleaching, the mismatched roots more or less confirmed as much, but that didn't change the fact that she now had a full head of blonde.

And that wasn't even all that was wrong with her head! It was far more subtle than the shift Sakura had dealt with, but once lips swelled thick and her cheekbones rose ever so slightly, it was clear that Rin had aged as well. Strangely enough, though? It wasn't an equal increase in age to her younger sister, and she'd actually been turned into the younger of the two herself, for her body maxed out at the age of twenty-one; a full three years younger than Sakura's new age.

Meanwhile, Rin was feeling a little strange. Giddy? **“Mmm... I wonder what Shirou-kun is doing right now!?”** As much as she was worried about why she hadn't noticed anything different from the collar's enchantment, her mind just kept wandering back to think about Shirou. She thought about him often enough as is, but it wasn't like her to get so distracted, or to think so much about... **“His abs are getting really firm... Huh? WHAT AM I THINKING ABOUT!?”** Rin had even had to lick her lips because a bead of drool had almost dripped out.

Why was she feeling so... so... *HORNY!*?

Thinking about Shirou was making her chest ache... No, wait, that was her bra. Why was her bra making her chest ache? Looking down, it was made fairly obvious. **“Wh-What!? Wait a second! Mmm! But it feels kinda goo- AH!? WHAT AM I THINKING!?”** In a burst of

pleasure, her tits were swelling. Since Rin had yet to change out of her regular, crimson turtleneck, the mass of them bulging could be seen misshaping the soft fabric above. Nipples were erect and dug into the tiny bra like daggers, eventually pushing them forward so that you could make out their exact shapes through the red of the sweater.

The swelling of her breasts was not subtle nor miniscule, and while Rin had always wanted a bigger chest—*Wait? Hadn't her titties always been like, super big? Not as big as her onee-san's, but big nonetheless?* As if to prove that thought true, another burst of mass saw their weight bulge even more, and with a mighty moan on Rin's point they finally tore through the front of the sweater, snapping the back of her bra strap in the process.

“Oh~! That feels soooooo much better!” Strained fibers held much of the breasts back, but unlike Sakura's tits that far surpassed the size of her own head, at least Rin's were *just* roughly the size of her head. A pair of hoop earrings punctured her nipples in the end, suggesting that this new, changing Rin had some *remarkably interesting* preferences.

Following a similar chain of events that occurred with her sister, the young magus' waistline soon expanded, becoming thicker with a broader gait that saw her hips pull wide. This was, of course, in expectation of her lower body filling out, but the hips expanding alone pushed the waistband of her skirt to the point where it could hardly take much more.

And so, even the slightest jump in the size of her ass eventually snapped it, forcing a hand sporting acrylic nails with sparkling blue paint down to investigate. While cheeks in the back grew, one of her index fingers inevitably tucked themselves into the front of her panties to attempt to stop them from sliding in between swollen pussy lips. The other hand? It moved to the back to try and pick the black cloth out of her rounder, more abundant ass – but both attempts at salvaging her underwear failed in the end, and the strain mixed with her meddling eventually snapped the bands, so the panties fell to the ground.

“Oopsie-daisy! I'm so clumsy~!” The blonde exclaimed, patting her thighs instead as they filled to the brim with juicy fat. All of Rin's concerns had seemingly melted away, and it really showed in her face. She was older, and yet she was carrying herself with all the maturity of a horny teenager, bending down to pick up her panties while flashing her big ass without shame. **“I wonder if Shirou-kun would come over if I texted him~? Probably!”**

It was a good idea, wasn't it? She was horny, he was handsome, they were close? Hadn't they fought together in the Whos-a-Whatta Grail or something? He'd always been staring at her thighs during that thingy-ma-bob!

...How jumbled were these changes making the memories of these two sisters?

The truth of the matter though, was that the enchantments had worked. Sensing their mutual love of Shirou as the cause of a potential rift, it bent both girls into forms that could be fond of him and would be willing to *share* him. Maybe the effects had been a little too potent, turning them into older sluts and all, but one thing was for sure!

Neither Rin nor Sakura would have any problem sharing Shirou now! Instead, they might vie for his affections in a completely different, wholly inappropriate way.

“I keep telling you I don't know who either of you are! Get off of—MMFF!?” It was only 9PM, only an hour after their transformations had completed, and both Rin and Sakura alike were smothering Shirou Emiya with their larger, *far* more sensual forms. Shirou had received that text from Rin and had run over to her estate thinking something was the matter, but upon entry he'd found these two older women practically rubbing up against one another. Once they'd set their lustful eyes upon him though? They'd each taken an arm and dragged him to Rin's bed.

“Oh geez, Shirou-kun~! Don't you recognize me? It's your favorite *senpai*, Sakura-san!” Finally breaking the kiss she'd stolen from him so suddenly, the more mature looking of the two women nibbled the boy's lower lip while gazing deeply into his eyes. Shirou wanted to reject this assumption, and yet her eyes? They looked so much like Sakura's.

“HEEEY! No fair~! I want to play with him too, onee-saaaan~!” The other woman, the blonde with pigtails, leaned against Shirou and slid a cold hand up and under his shirt. It made him shudder, but she pinched his chin and pulled his face away from 'Sakura's', before shoving her tongue in her mouth as well. He winced at first, but upon getting a look at her eyes. RIN!? Even though she was the older of the two, she looked a little younger than Sakura did now, and was even referring to Sakura as if she were the older one...

Shirou hated this. Regardless of who they were, the tent in his pants was rising. These women were not only incredibly attractive, but they were

lewd to boot. And they seemed more than content in sharing him. So, in a way, it seemed the greatest point of contention between the two sisters had been solved. But, for Shirou?

His life had become *immensely* cursed from that point on.