

AMERICAN CHALDEA

BIG STORY #19

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It always *had* kind of bothered her.

After speaking with the Caster Illyasviel about their origins, the Foreigner known as Abigail Williams had begun to think about things. Illya was from Japan and there were a *ton* of Servants from Japan in Chaldea. Meanwhile? She was from America, and in comparison? There weren't exactly a lot of Servants from her homeland. There were *some* but compared to many other countries. **“I wonder why that is...?”**

Of course, anyone with even a semblance of historical knowledge could understand the reason. America was a relatively new nation comparatively and didn't exactly have many individuals worthy of being recorded in the Throne of Heroes. But Abigail was just a twelve year old girl, and one who had lived a long time ago at that. She didn't really understand the nuances.

“Mm... I wonder if there's a way to change that?” Could she ask her Master to summon more American Servants specifically? No, summoning didn't really work like that, did it? Laying in bed at the time she was thinking about it pretty hard as she eventually drifted off to sleep. It wasn't exactly a big deal or anything, it would have just been nice to have more Servants from the same place she came from! Eventually she nodded off entirely, or at least...

Until the third eye on her forehead opened.

“I have an idea!”

It was late. Astolfo knew this, but that hadn't stopped him from taking the time to use Chaldea's gym. It was convenient because it had items that scaled to a Servant's strength and ability, not to mention there was a whole pool attached nearby. He wasn't lonely either! There was another Servant that was seemingly around his age working out – Okita was her name, last he'd checked? But she was seemingly running laps around the pool, and he wasn't near any of the windows that looked inside.



“Okay! I think that’s good enough for tonight!” Eventually satisfied with his workout, the Rider had finally put away his special weights and wiped the sweat away. Ready to leave, he turned to face the door. **“Huh? You’re... Abigail, right? What are you— WHOA!?”** A girl with grey skin and three eyes. He knew she was a Foreigner, but why were her hands glowing blue, red, and white? He hadn't really been afforded a chance to ask before she lunged at him, grabbing his right wrist with both of these hands.

She didn't say anything. She just lingered there a moment before letting go and turning to leave. But in that moment Astolfo grabbed her back. **“What was that... about...?”** Unfortunately she was able to just teleport away, leaving the Rider incredibly confused. **“Okay then.”** Of course, he didn't exactly comprehend the situation he had just been placed in. Was he *supposed* to question an alien girl touching his hand?

Glancing back down at it, he soon wondered if maybe he *should* have. **“Uh...?”** Now, Astolfo was a very feminine Servant to the point that he was presently wearing a skirt. He kept his hands smoothed and his nails trimmed just an inch past his fingertips. And yet on the hand that had just been grabbed? Not only was he *watching* his nails stretch two more inches past fingers that seemed a little longer themselves, but bright red and blue nail polish were being painted across them in rotation. **“HUH!?”**

It wasn't *just* the one hand as he quickly realized. He'd idly raised his other hand to compare, only to find that this hand was in a similar condition. In fact the toes of his feet were in the same boat as well. **“What’s happening to my *hands!*?”** If the Rider didn't already have enough to worry about, an odd crack in his already high pitched voice sent it momentarily *deeper?* Deeper and somehow more pointedly *sensual?*

Astolfo had yet to realize that it wasn't *just* his hands in jeopardy, however. The pink of his cute hair was being repurposed with a golden

blonde that was sweeping through his locks in their entirety. It wasn't only the hair atop his head that was affected but *all* of the hair on his body. When it came to the hair atop his head though? Now dyed blonde, its length and style both changed. His braid unraveled while it shortened in the back so that it was just past his shoulders before being tied up into a messy bun, while bangs flattened and were swept across his left eye.

This was something that couldn't go unnoticed.

“My, *like*, hair!?” The Servant had just watched it move all on its own! And wasn't its color different? Wasn't it once... Uh... *What color had it been before?* Had he been misremembering? *Hasn't it always been this totally pretty blonde?* Just like his eyes had always been this totally pretty blue? No, wait, that wasn't right at all! ...Or was it?

Whether or not his eyes had *always* been that color, it didn't change the fact that they were now. Not only blue, but their shapes were a little narrower and longer – and eyelashes that now stretched several inches longer certainly didn't help things at all. This was part of a wider reconstruction of his face that took elements that were already quite feminine and made them even more-so.

But not *just* more feminine. As lips grew thick and pouty, his nose sharper, and cheeks leaner? There was the growing impression that Astolfo was now *older*. His body had lent itself to the impression of a teenager usually, but facially he began to look like a *woman* in her mid-to-late twenties rather than what the rest of his body demonstrated. Of course, that inconsistency wasn't a permanent one whatsoever.

An imbalance soon wracked his entire body, and it seemed like his point of view was rising higher? **“*What...? I must be seeing things.*”** His voice sounded so *calm*, but an older, womanly sultriness was present in every word. It was a voice that certainly suited his more mature face better and, well... *It was suiting his body overall better as well.* The comment in the first place had been spurned by physical growth that shot him up to 5'8”, yanking down his tights from his hips and shooting his arms out of his purple hoodie's sleeves.

Clothing malfunction may have seemed limited initially, but once it became clear that the Rider wasn't just growing *up* it became a certainty that it would soon be much more dramatic. He had the height and face of a tall, American pinup girl now (which might have explained his new love for freedom and hamburgers), but what he was lacking was, well... The aspects that would make a pinup girl desirable beyond her height.

“*Ack...*” What was lacking was soon bestowed upon his taller body, the man prompted to stumble forward as he continued to look less and less

like, well, a *man*. His weight had been knocked off balance by a swollen sensation across his chest – a swelling that could only realistically be attributed to one thing. A once flat, fat-free chest had begun to push forward with interest. Soft handfuls of weight had pushed his cropped top forward first, but that weight tripled and quadrupled so that the top was quickly likened to a tube top that could barely handle the weight of his *H-cup* tits. “**These things are always totally a pain in the butt...**”

And *speaking* of his butt; things didn’t fare much better there. Raw cheek pushed out the back of his skirt, forcing hips wider and wider which made his waist look exceptionally narrow in the meantime. Thighs became plumper to make use of the increasing gap between these legs, while his underwear was pulled uncomfortably into the crevice of his ass.

Yet there was no pain around his dick – because there was *less* of it. Astolfo’s male genitals had been decreasing in size at an alarming rate and ultimately folded *into* that pelvis once the underwear was pulled tight enough. *She* shuddered as a pussy took form in its place, finalizing a changed sex that matched her audaciously curvy figure. “**Mmn...**” She moaned, practically bursting out of her clothes.

But that all dissipated into golden particles. She was left naked as they lingered in the air for a moment, but inevitably they rebound themselves to her body – in a one piece swimsuit with the American flag pattern upon it. It was having a hard time hiding her huge tits and big ass though.

“**Umm... Like, what was I doing again?**”

Raising an index finger to plump lips, the woman standing in the Chaldea gym looked around confused. If it wasn’t obvious before, then the star-spangled one piece swimsuit she was wearing around her voluptuous form made it clear that she was an *American*. In fact her memories had been completely replaced with those of growing up in American, being a pin-up gravure model... Well, she certainly had the figure for it!



But what was she doing in Chaldea? She hadn’t thought much of it at the time, but she was an intern brought in from American. Which was funny because that *wasn’t* what Abigail had planned when she’d transformed her. She had wished for American *Servants*, which meant something hadn’t gone as planned. Well, there was more than one thing that hadn’t.

Alicia Springfield gave her head a good shake. She was vapid, but she was a much calmer person than she had been before. “**Right. I was like, about to go take a swim right?**” Why else would she be wearing a one piece swimsuit? “**But I need to shower first, or I might get the water all icky.**” That *was* generally a rule at the pool after all.



The Saber with the true name Okita Souji had come to the gym that night because she'd felt restless. Not about anything in particular, it was more of a general restlessness. With nowhere else to turn she'd decided to go for a run – but there weren't a lot of places in Chaldea *to* do that. Sure she could have hopped on a treadmill in the proper gym area adjoined with the pool room she was running about, but that wasn't really the same.

“**Huh?**” The girl slowed down when an unfamiliar woman came in from the gym room and began to walk along the wall to the showers. She'd never seen *her* before, but it wasn't like Chaldea's amenities were only for Ritsuka and their Servants. The staff used them to, and Okita was assuming she was just another staff member. She'd been about to pass the American woman when she looked like she was about to trip. Okita caught her arm, *making physical contact*. “**Are you okay?**”

“**Wow! Like, sorry...**” It *seemed* like she was. The big-breasted woman offered her apology before shuffling into the changing room. Some of the staff felt a little too intimidated to talk with Servants, so the Saber at least understood *that* much. What she *didn't* understand was why, in fact, she felt a little *strange*. Energetic? Bubbly? Those words felt right somehow.

Okita blinked. “**Weird, I'm *feelin' a touch off*.**” Feelin' a touch? Why had she worded it like that? And there'd been a southern accent present in *how* she had spoken it, hadn't there? Maybe she needed to get some sleep! The look in her eyes didn't suggest that she was *fatigued* though. Instead? Her eyes appeared bigger and brighter than ever, shapes rounder and more western – unlike the Japanese teen she was supposed to be. A bright blue lit up within as lips grew bigger and pinker and her face looked smaller and thinner overall.

Unbeknownst to her, she *already* didn't look like herself any longer. She looked like an *American* woman that might have been a few years older than she was supposed to be. This was an impression helped by a blinding of her hair that also saw the length cascade out behind her, bangs ultimately swept to the left. Before long her locks were fuller and glossier, having spilled to the center of her back while her ahoge had flattened to merge with the rest of it.

“My hair? It’s... *like...?*” The Saber would obviously notice such a blatant change to her hair, but before she could fully acknowledge it there was a strange *hitch*. Her mind was hung up on it for a second and, in the end, she blurted out something completely different from what she had originally intended. **“*Like super cute today too! I reckon I’ll totes be getting a lot more compliments!*”** Her voice was vapid, and the country accent persisted in a thicker fashion. Rather than shock at her hair, Okita felt overwhelming *pride* in it.

That pride only extended to cover the rest of her body as it continued to change. She was evidently utterly ignorant to the fact that she had grown taller, peaking up at 5’4” from her usual shorter stature, which left the tank top and shorts she’d been wearing for her run to have a sizable gap between them to show off her bare tummy. This demonstrated that her belly was much softer than it had been prior, as was the case with her build on the whole. Okita was *much* less athletic now.

Not that she could ever remember caring that much about athleticism in the first place. *So long as I’m thin it really doesn’t matter, right? Bein’ beefy wouldn’t help all that much! It’d be less cute!* ...Or so her new mentality on the subject went. Mind you, that new softness had chosen to manifest in ways that would certainly bolster the cute, feminine appeal she believed she now had. The type of build that’d make a *really* good model out of her.

The shorts that the Saber was wearing, black in color, could be seen straining around her hips and thighs. The cause was an obvious one too, with those thighs seeming a touch thicker than they had been before. The bottoms of the shorts seemed to struggle to contain their weight, and in time it looked like the uncovered sections of her skin were bubbling out and over what was being compressed. Her hips flared out several inches as well, and her ass? It bubbled out behind her, ultimately forcing tears to form throughout the fabric.

“*Mmn~!*” A relieved moan escaped her mouth, and she bit her lower lip as the tension was eased, but only because her shorts had prematurely scattered into golden particles so that her curvy lower half could breathe easier. It wasn’t long before her shirt did the same, but not until it had been hoisted all the way up by her now DD breasts that were full and

perky, sporting nipples almost as large as her eyes. Her sports bra had done nothing to contain them anyways!

Particles bound themselves to her body in a new outfit entirely. An American flag bikini with a pair of fancy earrings embedded in newly pierced ears. There was little point in denying that she had a strong resemblance to the girl who had touched her moments prior, especially in her overall facial structure.

Olivia Springfield blinked once, twice, and three times before she finally managed to comment. On what? Well, she wasn't exactly *sure*. "**Man, sis is takin' waaaay too long!**" Everything *did* eventually fall into place though. She had come to the pool for a late night swim with her sister, Alicia. While 'Ally' as she called her was in her mid-twenties, Olivia was just nineteen. Nonetheless, that was old enough for her to be hired by Chaldea to work alongside her sister.

"She's like, so lazy sometimes! Guess I can't really talk all that much though, I ain't always the fastest when I wanna get my hair done..." Unlike her older sister though, Olivia had lived with their parents down South up until very recently. She still had that pesky accent of hers that almost meshed comically with the more valley girl-esque sound of how she spoke otherwise.

Hands on her hips, she adjusted her bikini bottom, so it wasn't giving her as big of a wedgie. Honestly? She felt a little self-conscious going swimming with her siblings. Her figure wasn't nearly as pronounced as theirs even though she *was* beautiful in her own right. But wait... Siblings?



Plural?

After successfully casting her 'outer magic' on Astolfo, Abigail had made her escape back to her own room before she returned to her normal, innocent form. "**W-Wait! I shouldn't have done that without asking! Master is going to scold me and call me a bad girl!**" Her most mischievous impulses always manifested in her Third Ascension, when she felt closest to the Outer God that made her a Foreigner class Servant in the first place.



But had it worked? She'd fled in a panic, so it was hard to say for certain, but she definitely *felt* like it had been a success. Using her 'magic' then it should have been possible! Abigail was young and inexperienced despite the Outer knowledge she possessed though. She'd technically overlooked something. To begin with? It wasn't something that should have been able to be *spread*. Touching another person like Alicia had Okita shouldn't have passed on the effects to her.

And even then, *Abigail herself had been touched.*

She hadn't taken notice of her folly even though there *were* early signs. The blonde of her hair had grown much more golden in color over the past few minutes or so, and even the blues of her eyes had grown much more vivid. Already being an American girl it wasn't like there was much that needed to be changed in terms of her racial profile like Okita, nor did her sex need to be changed like Astolfo. But compared to the other two she was significantly *younger* and *smaller*.

“U-Um...?” Abigail fumbled in place a moment; a wave of dizziness having come over her as if out of nowhere. She was already relatively tall despite only being twelve, but inch after inch saw not only her height grow, but her body ultimately broaden as well so that her shoulders and hips were wider. “**Wait a second! I'm not supposed to be... Um... EEP!?**”

The child-sized dress that she was wearing was no match for her growing form, her body eventually tearing through it by the time her height settled at around 5'10" or so. She was *incredibly* tall and had a slight figure to her body now with small breasts and a matching bum. But she still looked like a taller, *older* version of herself.

Tattered cloth fell from her whenever she moved. “**Did I, like, get older!?** **But it isn't supposed to affect me and stuff!**” Her head felt heavy – which *was* in part because her head had grown but it was also getting harder to think. Had she done something to other people? Her *sisters*? And now herself? No... What could she have done? She gave her head a good shake, golden blonde hair fluttering out in a thicker, messier style than the straight and parted look it had possessed before. Her hat and bows were shed along with that shake.

Little did Abigail realize that she was continuing to age. It was plainest to see in her face as features were worn down little by little, not making her

too old but certainly putting her a good eight to ten years older than Alicia at least. This was accompanied by full and kissable lips, raised cheekbones and narrowed eyes. All in all she bore a greater resemblance to Alicia and Olivia – making it very clear that the three were all related biologically.

“I could totally go for some pancakes right now... W-Wait, wasn't I like, thinking about something important or something!?” The vapid and brainless way she was speaking was exemplified and she jumped from topic to topic, clearly incapable of keeping her thoughts straight enough to continue to note that her body was changing, much less keep what was or wasn't different straight. Tattered pieces of her dress had exploded into golden particles and lingered around her naked, adult form but they did not repurpose themselves just yet.

Her tummy rumbled in tandem with the sight of that tummy *bulging* a little. Almost like a life of pancakes, burgers, and beers was taking a suddenly toll upon her figure, thickening her mass so that she had a tummy bump that really stood out. Of course, at her age this could only add to any appeal that she had developing. And she *certainly* had a lot of that appeal.

Or, well, she was *about* to.

Fat came to pool in all of the right places across her body, seeing to it that her breasts, ass, and thighs all swelled into the same realm of abundance that they had for her sisters. And yet? They quickly came to be *surpassed*, with her tits swelling to unimaginable K-cups that each dwarfed her own head in size with nipples that were larger than her eyes! Each cheek of her ass grew larger than her head too, any steps taken inevitably making them jiggle and sending that jiggle to ripple through thighs that were independently thicker than her waist.

“Mmn... Oh yeah!” Abigail had so quickly become a thicc, full-figured bimbo whose curves defied common sense. If not for strengthened muscles then there wouldn't have been any hope of her supporting this new mass, and while she was undeniably soft and squishy? That didn't detract from how sexy she was at all. She could remember her own modeling days, distant as they were! *And all the fun I had after the modeling sessions of course!*

With body and mind alike changed, the golden mana particles spun about a moment before finally bestowing a new outfit upon her... if you could call it that. Black lingerie that did *very* little to hide her huge tits while also showing off the entirety of her ass, an American flag jacket, and long, thigh high black leather heels that couldn't grip onto her thighs

in a way that *didn't* appear sensual with how tight they were. This was the look of a woman who didn't mind people ogling her.

She encouraged it, in fact!

“Aw, they totes went off ahead of me! How could they be so mean to their big sis!?” *Amy Springfield* immediately lamented the absence of her dearest *little sisters*, Alicia and Olivia. Being the eldest at thirty-five years of age she had always had the responsibility of looking at her siblings as a child and teen, and even now? It was her that had helped get them jobs at Chaldea so that they could all work together!

Much like Alicia, Amy had a lot of experience as a model. Not to mention she *loved* her country a *ton*, which was obvious by how she dressed. In fact, all three sisters felt similarly about their homeland! What *wasn't* similar between Amy and her family was, well... Her figure greatly surpassed even the middle sibling's. She had a huge ass to match her huge tits, and while adulthood had made her a little *thicker*...



Didn't that make her even sexier!?

“Heehee! I'm totally gonna scold them when I catch up!” Bouncing boobily out the door while she said this, she wasn't *actually* going to yell at them. Amy might have *teased* her sibs, but she was never harsh or cruel with them. Why bother? They were all so hot they were used to getting their own way, and that included with each other!