

# CSJETEWEEN

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



When it came to the Chaldea Security Organization, Halloween was both a time to *celebrate* and a time to *fear*.

Not because there was anything that was legitimately *scary*, but because the holiday had a weathered past for the community that had left no shortage of traumatization among the staff and Servants that had participated in years past. The cause of all of this pain and suffering? One Miss Elizabeth Bathory.

And her seemingly infinite number of alternative versions.

For some reason, with the arrival of Halloween typically came a revisitiation to Csjetete Castle... or the tower it had become. There was always some manner of outlandish nonsense with Elizabeth at the middle of it all, and the chaos that ensued thanks to the fourteen-year-old dragon diva was typically both unbelievable and intolerable at the exact same time. Throw the fact that Elizabeth liked to sing, and she was demonstrable terrible at it, on top of this cake and there was no doubt that people were *not* keen on the idea of taking an unnecessary bite.

**“I know that Eli-chan is like that, but we can work around here, can’t we Mashu? I don’t want to be downright *cruel* to her.”** Fears of what had transpired in the past ultimately created a minor argument between Ritsuka Fujimaru and Mashu Kyrielight that afternoon. Halloween was only a few days away, and they had been charged with organizing the cafeteria for a party they were planning on having on Halloween night.



The issue? **“No, I know, senpai... But if we put a stage up, she’s definitely going to want to sing. I don’t want to even think about the complaints if *that* happens.”** The two weren’t exactly *bickering*, but they lacked unity on the decision to follow through with putting up a mini stage in the back of the cafeteria for Servants to perform. The risk of Elizabeth wanting to perform was far too great in Mashu’s eyes.

The two were hardly even aware that they were being observed by BB, who was sitting in the room’s corner. *Ah, the girls are fighting! If only there was a way for them to see eye to eye on what that pink lizard needs or doesn’t need!* Or so she thought to herself as she gave a little wave of her pointer.

**“Let’s give it some more thought while we fetch the rest of the decorations, then.”** Trying to avoid a fully blown argument, Ritsuka suggested

the two of them put off the debate a little longer as the two started for the door. Something Mashu ultimately agreed with. They had to visit opposing storage rooms to collect all the streamers and Halloween popups, which meant they could put it off a little longer.

And so, the two went off in opposite directions after leaving the cafeteria. Ritsuka headed north, and before long she was in the storage room in question. **“Okay... Where did we put the box of Halloween things after the party last year?”** Finger tracing the air, counting boxes in the dimly lit room, Ritsuka realized something strange. Why couldn’t she get *Elizabeth* out of her head?

Or was it more like *herself* she was thinking of?

What? Did that line of thinking even make sense? It was hard to say, but Ritsuka merely shook her head from side to side to try and clear any of these strange thoughts. Unbeknownst to her though, when she *did* shake her head? Her orange locks were bouncing around with a demonstrably different color mixed in. Only plaguing a few strands at first, this familiar *hot pink* shade eventually gobbled up everything, from her tips to her roots, while seeing the length blow out in the back.

With very little time occurring between the two trends, the colors of Ritsuka's eyes diluting next. Their soft oranges dwindled in prominence thanks to speckles of a bright but steely blue that trickled in, in their place. Before long not a single speckle of orange remained, but even more pressing was the fact that the young woman's eyes were changing in *shape*, rounding and losing their Japanese luster in favor of something wider and more demonstrably European.

In fact, that very same trend made its way throughout her face's entire structure. Her jawline became slenderer while the edges of that face earned sharper angles that made her bigger eyes seem even *larger*. But overall? There was a striking youthfulness to her face's appeal that didn't exactly align with Ritsuka's actual age, being around the twenty years mark at this point in time. In comparison, her face was more befitting of a girl in her early-to-mid teens.

And it didn't take very long for her *body* to get that memo.

**“Huh!?! WHAAAAAAAAAT!?!”** With an uncharacteristically animated scream that slid higher and higher in pitch thanks to what was happening to her body, Ritsuka threw out her hands to the side in response to what was very clearly the process of her body becoming shorter... and shorter... and *shorter*. It was something that could be seen as her point of view fell lower and lower, but it could be *felt* as well.

After all, her change in size did not accommodate for the fit of her clothing (*yet*). This meant that the elbow-length sleeves of her jacket gradually slid down to her forearms, and the base of her gray skirt drifted lower and lower towards her knees. Even so, the lowest hem of her black jacket was catching up, covering more and more of that skirt with its own sizing.

Her big, blue eyes blinked chaotically. **“How is this happening!?! Er... What's up with my voice!?! I almost sound like... like... OH NO!?!”** Ritsuka's *OH NO* called out like a haunting shriek thanks to a realization that dawned on her. This realization was a distracting one too, pulling her notice away from the fact that the size of her breasts had begun to greatly diminish until they were as flat as a board. A board that had been punched from the underside slightly, mind you, but a board, nonetheless.

It was a trend that had its nature mirrored below her waist, with hips squeezing closing together and her butt and thighs finding themselves leaner. The fact that her skirt remained bound to narrowed hips was nothing short of a miracle really, and despite a gap being left between her legs it was only there because said legs had become so scrawny,

knobby knees and all. It took this entire period for Ritsuka to finally cry out what was on her mind.

**“AM I BECOMING ELIZABETH!?”**

All signs pointed to *yes*, and more signs were on the up and coming. Even when she cried this out, tiny fangs could be seen poking out from between her lips. The ears on the sides of her head had begun to lengthen as well, drawing into sharp points at the tips to indicate an absence of humanity.

She would have run to fetch help, but there was a part of her that was overly conscious about her outfit. The clothing malfunction was *certainly* part of it, but what she was instead fixated on? **“I can’t be caught dead wearing something so uncute! ...WHY DO I CARE!?”** Ritsuka had never cared about the cuteness of her outfit before, much less cared enough to avoid going out!

But as a Saint Graph took root within the very core of her soul, sending her Magic Circuits into overdrive, so too did its presence affect the maiden’s outfit. It erupted into golden particles, leaving her meager frame bare for a moment before reforming into something familiar *in the worst way*. Because from head to toe, it was Elizabeth’s dress – from the open, black skirt with a white underskirt, to the fact that her corset was held up only by a trio of straps that met at her neck. From the sharp, pointed boots, to the purple ribbons in her hair, to the detached, ruffled white sleeves, to the pink diamonds running up the side of her legs.

It was all decidedly *Elizabeth Bathory*. **“NOOO! This outfit is SUPER CUTE though!”** Huh!?! She’d meant to say it was ugly! This inconsistency sent her hands flailing about again, and in the process the skin around her fingers hardened into a pink chitin that matched her hair, almost like claws.

Ritsuka could feel it. She was growing more and more caught up in the chaos of Elizabeth’s personality, so even if she had free will, she was behaving as Elizabeth might. As this became something she was forced to grapple with, so too did the final changes settle in. A tail, reptilian in nature, erupted from just above where her new blue and white striped panties were. While the base of this black appendage was very thick, near the tip it split into two hot pink spines.

And finally, upon her head? A vague pressure led to the weight of her skull increasing. **“Huh!?”** Forcing her head to tilt forward briefly while

a pair of dark horns coiled at the sides of her head before ultimately pointing up into two short spikes.

This was bad, wasn't it? She'd just turned into Elizabeth! And yet... And yet...! She suddenly remembered why she had come to this room, and her heart grew aflutter with an uncharacteristic amount of holiday cheer.

**“Ha-Ha-Ha-Halloween! It is Halloween!”** Any shock long worn from her face, the *Lancer Elizabeth* sang a little diddy and did a little twirl within the storage room after picking up the box she *knew* contained the decorations in question. It was strange, really! Nothing was different from the norm, but she felt strangely *free*? Like a hefty burden had just been lifted from her shoulders. **“Oh well! I don't care about any of that~!”**

Despite how she appeared and how she was acting, Ritsuka was still present in terms of identity. She didn't possess any of Elizabeth's memories whatsoever, but despite how hard she tried to fight it she couldn't stop behaving like Elizabeth, or finding herself interested in the things Elizabeth would be interested in.



All she cared about was the Halloween season – *her* season – and getting to perform. But on that note, she suddenly remembered something important! She had been arguing with *her* over something related to the cafeteria stage, hadn't she? **“AH!? I need to get back! I'm not letting *her* have her way!”** Despite how important the decorations box was, the dragon girl simply left it there so she could run back to the cafeteria.

---

**“Oh, there it is!”** Meanwhile, Mashu had found her way to the other storage room on the south end. She hardly had the same trouble seeking out the item she needed that her Master had, largely because Mashu had been the one to put that box away last year herself. These rooms were where they kept the decorations for all of the holidays they celebrated as a group, and for some reason she often found herself on the cleanup crew.





Still, the conversation she had just had with Ritsuka weighed on her mind. “**Would it really be cruel? Eli-chan is Eli-chan, which makes her something of a handful. Even if she’s exceptionally talented and beautiful!**” ...*Huh?* What had she just said? Had she just called Elizabeth both talented *and* beautiful?

Mashu stopped mid-reach to the box, eventually dropping her hand to her side as a plethora of strange feelings washed over her. The most fundamental of these was an unfamiliar distortion within herself. No, within her Saint Graph? And it had begun to have an adverse effect on the stability of her *costume* of all things.

“**EEK!?**” The Demi-Servant hadn’t even been dressed in anything bound to her Saint Graph, and yet all of those clothes were stripped away, suspending her in a moment of nakedness before it all returned to coat her body and solidify once more. The issue? Not only was it *not* her original outfit, but it was a dress that absolutely did *not* fit her current proportions.

Complete with a black witch’s hat with a star patterned underside, brim incredibly large, the dress was done up in black and orange vertical stripes with a black throw around her shoulder sporting a popped collar. Detached black sleeves with open wrists and orange undersides found her arms below her elbows, and pointed boots with thigh higher clad her legs.

“**Why is this... so... tight!?**” What made it worse was that the dress was tight in all the *wrong* places. While hidden beneath the thick, ruffled skirt of her new dress, the fact that her new black and orange striped panties were too small was something she could certainly *feel*. They slid halfway down her thick cheeks, and the waistband felt like it was on the verge of snapping thanks to the width of her hips. The thigh highs were way too tight around the tips of her knees, which in turn implied she was too tall for them along with being too thick.

But it was Mashu’s bust that had the hardest time. They were practically busting out from beneath the ruffled, white cutout above a bat accessory, nipples *barely* contained by the cloth. “**I can’t... even... breathe!?**” Well, she could a *little bit*.

It served as an ample enough distraction to deter her from noticing the fact that her humanity had begun to distort. She didn't look at her hands as they tugged at her costume in an attempt to alleviate her discomfort, but her fingers had lengthened and taken on a hard, pink design that would likely make an *awful* sound if ground against a chalkboard. A tail had slid mischievously free from beneath her skirt as well, but the design was different from the tail Ritsuka had gained. Long and thin, and tipped with a black spade – it appeared more *demonic* than draconic.

What she *did* inherit that was similar to Ritsuka was the horns, and Mashu groaned in agony as their weight built and they erupted to curve atop her head – all while ears, decorated with pumpkin earrings, tugged into points at the end. Despite all of her discomfort though, she couldn't repress a giggle and a comment. **“AHAHA! This outfit is so cute though!”** It was so out of character for her that the skepticism shone in her much higher pitched voice, and as she grinned it was clear that fangs were protruding from the depths of her mouth.

Her voice... It sounded just like... **“HEY!? Oh no!? Don't take THOSE from me!”** The girl was split on what she saw with eyes that were increasingly taking on a bright blue color in place of their original purple. On one hand, it was alleviating some of the discomfort she felt. On the other? *HER BREASTS WERE SHRINKING!* In a truly childish manner, she let loose an infantile cry while the front of her dress deflated, ultimately amounting to little more than palmfuls that fit snugly where her D-cups had once overwhelmed the fabric.

**“Uu... How unfair! For an idol as cute as I to lose her— WHY DO I KEEP TALKING LIKE THAT!?”** No, she knew. Because she'd realized what was happening to her already. What was troubling her was that she didn't seem to have any means of *resisting* it in any capacity. She just kept blabbering on foolishly like, well, *Elizabeth Bathory*.

As her Master had in the opposing storage room, Mashu's hips and ass grew leaner just as her tits had – albeit much more dramatically since Mashu's figure was much more enticing than Ritsuka's had been. Panties that were once practically grinding into the lips of her groin found themselves sitting more comfortably as a result, and thanks to a dip in height her thigh highs came to sit at the appropriate height and tension around her lower thighs. Which was still enough for her flesh to lip over them ever so slightly.

The girl's pink claws flailed around dramatically. **“Why is this happeniiiiing!? Life is so cruuuuuel!”** The roundness of her lips was lessening as she cried out, her overall facial structure thinning and growing more youthful simultaneously so that it was a 1:1 match for

every Elizabeth Bathory face in Chaldea. She was being devolved into another member of this nightmare group, something ultimately highlighted as her bangs, now a bright pink, fell across her eyes. Carrying this same color it flowed down to the center of her back behind her as well.



Which meant that from head to tippy toe, she now wholly resembled *the* Elizabeth Bathory.

**“H-Huh!? Did I really become the *super cute* Elizabeth!? N-No!? I can’t be, but I am! But this is impossible, but it’s true!”** *Caster Elizabeth* was shaking and bouncing around restlessly as Mashu’s consciousness within tried her best to resist. Try as she might, though, she couldn’t stop herself from behaving just as the reptilian girl might.

**“GAAAH!? What am I supposed to dooooo!?”** No small part of her now wanted Ritsuka to be at her side, and yet she couldn’t stop thinking of said Master as her ‘deerlet’.

In a way, she got her wish.

**“HEY YOU! YOU WANTED TO DENY ME MY STAGE, DIDN’T YOU!?”** The storage room door suddenly flew open, and the Lancer Elizabeth burst through it with a clawed finger pointed at her Halloween-themed counterpart. Both parties recognized the other as their original selves, and yet when faced with one another? The full extent of their bratty, Elizabeth personalities shone through.

The Caster, for example? She could recall saying that, and deep down she still stood by it. That which she blurted out, on the other hand? **“Your stage!? It’s going to be my stage! There isn’t room for two Elizabeths up there, is there!?”** Defiantly, both girls locked



hands and horns, unaware that BB was watching them through a crack in the door.

**“Whoopsie! Seems I made things worse!”**