

PERSONAL HELL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ritsuka Fujimaru hung her head low as she listened to the words of the current director of Chaldea, Goredolf, in the operations room.

It was the end of October, and an alarm had suddenly sounded to indicate that some manner of danger had been sensed by their systems. A Singularity? A Lostbelt? An Ordeal Call? *Something else?* And just how many more ‘strange places that need saving’ could be discovered before the Master retired? Well, she wasn’t even thinking of retiring at the time. Not when the world still needed saving. But there were way too many terms for her to keep track of these days!

The Master appeared to be so dejected because the news she had just received was *disappointing*. The whole month had passed by without anything eventful, which was good news in general. But it was *better* news considering this was the case in *October* specifically. Because of *Halloween*. Elizabeth Bathory’s penchant for the holiday often led her into some very nonsensical and undesirable adventures, and she had been hoping that it would be another year where she just didn’t bother.

Unfortunately, the news Goredolf had just delivered to her was the complete opposite. Elizabeth Bathory had gone missing and made a wish on a Holy Grail. *Again*. But it was odd. The Singularity that was typically at the center of these incidents had been a recurring one, often recycled by Elizabeth surely because her home was at the center. But in this case? Chaldea’s systems couldn’t get a clear lead on its location. They would essentially have to go in *blind*.

And so? A team of Servants was assembled and Rayshifted to this Singularity, as was standard protocol.

Ritsuka just hoped that it wouldn't be as crazy as it usual was.



“All things considered; Elizabeth will likely be at her... castle?” Essentially a professional at getting her missions rolling with all of the experience that she had under her belt these days, Ritsuka had begun to provide her guidance to her Servants the moment the Singularity came into view. But as it seemed? She had gotten a *little* ahead of herself because she felt like she had been to so many of the dragon girl's Halloween Singularities at this point.

This knowledge had immediately been challenged, which was why she trailed off in the way that she had. For starters? The woman was quick to realize that she was utterly and totally *alone*. Mashu aside, five other Servants had been assigned to this mission with them. But no one, not even Mashu, was with her. It wasn't the first time that something like this had happened, and it often resolved itself with a little bit of searching.

But this wasn't what she found to be the *most* shocking about her current circumstances. She'd been expecting to find herself in a location that resembled Elizabeth's usual stomping ground. A medieval or fantasy location with a horizon that sported a familiar castle under a pyramid under a Japanese castle. But where she had appeared was very *modern*, and exceptionally *normal*. **“Is this an office?”**

It had been a long time since she had stepped foot in one, but it felt like the kind of standard Japanese office that you saw in television shows and anime. A number of desks, big windows overlooking a brightly lit city from a few floors up... It seemed to be evening, but this was absolutely in *Tokyo*, wasn't it? Just what kind of wish had Elizabeth made in the end? Then again, *had* she made a wish?

“...Uh?” Ritsuka only wondered this because after turning around? In the office? She found a *Holy Grail* sitting on the desk behind her. Its energy had yet to be entirely spent, and it was sitting on top of a pile of paperwork. **“Why is this here?”** Against her better judgment as a Master, she reached out to grab the wish granting device. But she stopped short of doing so, if only because an odd chill ran through her body.

Shouldn't I be looking for Eli-chan? I need to help her get ready for her next gig...

The woman shuddered at the thoughts that had crossed her mind. Help Elizabeth get ready for what now? It felt like the sort of thing a supportive friend might think, but Ritsuka didn't have that much faith in Liz's ability to perform. Her singing was generally terrible, and the only time she'd heard her sing well was during the whole Mecha-Eli debacle. **"Why would I help her get ready in the first place? I'm here to help stop whatever she's up to this time..."** She steered her intentions back on track. Or, at least, she *tried* to.

Why am I being so down on her? Eli-chan's performances are always flawless, and I'm going to help her demonstrate as much!

She had even pumped her fist as she had thought this, though she lowered it with shame once she realized. **"Wh-What's wrong with me?"** Her attention was redirected back to the Holy Grail. Wait... It was still active, right? So, whatever Elizabeth had wished upon it, could its magic still be at work? She was seldom affected by Holy Grails though, so it seemed unlikely. And if nothing else was happening to her, then maybe she could shrug these unusual thoughts off?

As much as she would have liked to focus on these strange thoughts alone, a sudden change of weight on – not within – her body prompted her to look down at herself. **"Uh... What?"** Ritsuka raised one arm and then the other, terribly confused by what had just unfolded. Her Chaldea uniform was missing, replaced instead with an outfit that could have been considered *businesslike*? Well, it felt more like something you might find a secretary or office lady wearing. A white button-up blouse, a black pencil skirt, translucent tights, and black heels. Except... a lot of it seemed a little too *big* for her? *Especially* the blouse.

"Why am I dressed like this? It's almost like..." Like she was dressed to work in that very office. This had all pulled her thoughts away from the Holy Grail sitting on the table, so much so that she didn't even draw a possible correlation between its existence and what was happening to her. Ultimately, it became difficult for her mind to fixate on more than one thing at once for a very long time. Partially because so *much* was going to happen, but partially because of the thoughts that kept crossing her mind.

Now, what else can I do to make sure Eli-chan's show is a success?

Again, with the thoughts about Elizabeth? Every time a thought like that crossed her mind, it felt more *authentic* somehow. More like it was a thought she was *actually* having rather than an intrusive one that felt

out of place. In this instance, it was accompanied by an unsteadiness within the new heels that she was wearing. Not that her balance had been *especially* good within them in the first place, seeing as they were a size or two too big.

But not for long! “**Whoa!?**” It took the young woman a moment to realize just what was happening, and why her balance had been compromised as a result. The tights were tightening around her knees, and her arms appeared to be pushing out of the elbow length sleeves of the blouse so that the *actually* reached her elbows. She had *grown taller*, and not just a little bit. Normally around 5’3”, she had to be 5’8” – with the heels that enlarged feet now fit perfectly into making her look closer to 5’10” instead.

“**I’m... taller...?**” Or had she always been this tall? Somehow, she just couldn’t seem to remember. *Eli-chan is always joking about my height though. Well, she’s jealous of my amazing figure in general. It’s so cute of her! One of her many, many charms in my opinion!* Her charms? No, in this case Ritsuka didn’t even think about how wrong it was to have these thoughts. Her ability to reject them was diminishing, and she’d *already* forgotten about her sudden growth spurt.

In fact, it was almost as if the thought that had just crossed her mind had ended up affecting her own body. The internal commentary about her figure certainly hadn’t aligned with reality at the time, as the young Japanese woman’s figure was just vaguely above average at best. Her C-cup tits and perky butt didn’t really turn any heads or anything, but there was still a lot to love about them for anyone who didn’t have unreasonable standards.

But if someone *was* to have unreasonable standards when it came to a woman’s figure, they *would* be impressed with *this* woman before long. The fitting of the office outfit was tightening, and any slack from when it hadn’t initially fit her properly smoothed away thanks to the flesh it housed swelling to fit its hug. This was initially more present in her lower body than the upper half, for the pencil skirt was *clearly* tightening around hips that appeared to have swung roughly three additional inches outward.

And this was only a preparatory step. “**Whoops!**” She’d turned suddenly, but her hip bumped into the nearby table because her mind had yet to adjust to their new girth, exclaiming in a deeper voice than before. Yet *below* these widened hips was where all of the magic was happening now. The thickness of her thighs was growing in abundance, skin being pulled tautly beneath tights that were doing the same. Before long, either thigh was as wide as her pinched in waistline, if not thicker

– and vague memories of using them to seduce interested men and women filled her mind.

I really can't let Eli-chan know what I do in my free time, though! She might not like it, and she's far too young. I have to protect her innocence!

Every time she had a thought about Elizabeth, something deep down felt disturbed even if she *sounded* accepting of it. A piece of Ritsuka remained that wouldn't disappear, trapping her within a soul that was becoming increasingly endeared to, and gracious towards, the fourteen year old dragon girl that she found incredibly annoying. *Dragon girl? I guess that's her costume theme. But she isn't a real dragon!*

“Hm... Was there anything else in the planner that I needed to do?” Forget checking a planner, there were other things that should have caught her attention at the time. With her hips and thighs thickened, the back of the pencil skirt was pushing out further too. The cheeks of her ass were swelling graciously, adjusting keenly to the blue thong that was hidden beneath the overlain layers of cloth until it was a wide and perky heart shape.

But even that greater, sexier size would come to be dwarfed by what became of Ritsuka's torso. **“Whoa!?”** Another cry of clumsiness escaped her lips, but this time it was because her body was forced forward and a shocking speed that had left her concerned that she was going to fall. There had been a *lot* of extra room in the white blouse she was wearing, and the reason for that had become *extremely* clear thanks to this.

It was her *tits*. The once humble C-cups that she possessed *ballooned* within the confines of the white top, drawing attention to the fact that she hadn't actually been wearing a brassiere underneath it. There was an actual reason for this, and it crossed the woman's mind as she vaguely pondered this growing weight. *Why wear a bra when it's so hard to find one in my size? My tits are massive, after all.* And that was no understatement. One could forget easily purchasing undergarments when her tits were *J-cups*; a size so massive that even with all of that extra room in her blouse, the buttons in the front had popped off so that you could peek in on her cleavage.

Ritsuka stepped effortlessly in her new heels over to a nearby computer, standing on typing on an e-mail client as if her taller, buxom body was the one she had lived in her entire life. *No new e-mails about our plans, but I'm sure this will go without a hitch. It's going to be Eli-chan's big break!* I'm sure of it! The certainty with which she thought this betrayed

what she knew of Elizabeth's performance chops, and deep down she was trying to remind herself of this to no avail.

While perusing the computer, however, the final changes settled into her body to demonstrate that more was in store for the Master than gaining a taller, sexier body. Change washed over her face, turning her eyes a bright blue and altering her perceived age from a woman in her early twenties to one that was a little over *thirty* instead. Her lips became full and pouty, her nose shrunk, and the shapes of her eyes shrunk at the cost of lengthened eyelashes and rounder cheeks instead. She was a little plain, but her maturity and the eroticism of it all when paired with her figure could not be denied.

The plainness was only enhanced by her hair, however. The unique orange of her mane darkened to black, and the locks straightened. Before long they reached just past her shoulders, while her bangs were parted at the sides. Again, it was a pretty standard hairstyle that indicated that despite her gigantic tits and fat ass, she was still just an ordinary woman of sorts. It was just that she came from an exceptional *family* now.

But it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows for her deep down.

This might as well have been a personal hell for Ritsuka, or at least the small part of her that remained buried within her newly established self. She had been relegated to becoming Elizabeth Bathory's buxom, busty *manager*, a wealthy woman who supported her clients and shelled out money to see their careers take off. But *as* a manager, this also meant that *Rina Fujisaki* was an unconditional fan of her clients. She *loved* Elizabeth's music – she could listen to it all the time.

Which was why it was hell to the Master hidden within. But she was powerless to resist the call of *who* she had become instead. "*Hmhmhm~!*" Rina was already humming Eli-chan's latest song, one she would be debuting at her gig in a few hours. "**This show is definitely going to go off without a hitch! I've pulled so many strings, paid off so many people to attend and cheer...**"



While she was wealthy and supportive, she was also a little... manipulative. There were few people out there that wouldn't desire to have Rina Fujisaki as a manager. In the world of idols, she was known for making *any* candidate successful because she'd make use of

underhanded means like paying people to attend, or write positive articles, even when her clients *weren't* very good. Which was funny in the context of her also being a girlfailure. She'd completely forgotten about the Holy Grail on the table!

“RIIINAAAAA!?” The sound of the client in question pulled the manager away from double checking her plans on her phone, and Elizabeth skipped into the office – though she lacked the dragon traits she had once possessed. Despite being the center of this Singularity, she was evidently still a victim of its normalcy. Neither of them realized they'd been trapped in a Singularity now, nor that the only way for them to be freed would be if Elizabeth became a proper success. So Ritsuka was trapped in this hell until this.

But did she have to do this alone?

“Hm...” After taking care of Eli-chan's needs (she'd been whining about the bottled water downstairs not being her favorite), she moved to her window to get some fresh air. The show would be soon, and after clearing her head she planned on taking some *extra* steps with her endless wealth. But she noticed a purple haired woman and a white haired woman in a mask on the sidewalk below. She subconsciously recognized them as Mashu and Carmilla, even if Rina didn't *truly* recognize them.

“I bet with a little more help; we could really speed things along.”