

HELLMAKER V.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Hellmaker book had continued to wreak havoc upon Chaldea's institutions, its corruption running throughout the establishment and transforming Servants and staff alike into demons that had believed themselves to have lived in hell this whole time. But while most of the facility had fallen, there were still pockets of individuals that had resisted the pulsating energy of corruption that tainted all and were doing everything they could to survive while searching for a means of escape.

Of all the unlikely groups to have resisted thus far, it was the trio of magical girls (*or magical girl adjacent, as Chloe was technically*) that had come from an alternate world. Illya, Miyu, and Chloe, the mahou shoujo trifecta, had ended up occupying the inactive simulation room. It was a very spacious place, so much that calling to one another from the edges wouldn't even carry their words, but it was beneficial in that it had three entrances. That way one girl could guard each of the entranceways to prevent any demons from slipping in.

It was fortunate that Servants seemed to be stronger than these demons, else those remaining might have been easily overcome. One girl per door was plenty, but their stamina wasn't infinite. While the trio had been at it for a few hours now, they knew eventually fatigue would take them.

...If the Hellmaker's curse didn't take them first.

They were unaware that the only thing protecting them was a special resistance bestowed upon them by their magical sticks and class cards, and that as they grew tired that protection was inevitably weakening.

They were on borrowed time, and perhaps deep down they knew that. And yet? They couldn't go down without a fight, because if there was a single glimmer of hope in this situation it was up to them to find it. That was basically in the magical girl job description, right? Each one of the three felt that if they gave up, they'd not only be letting Chaldea down, but more importantly they would be letting *each other* down.

Illya, Miyu, and Chloe were all incredibly close. But it was surely unfathomable to them that they could become as close as the next thirty minutes or so would bring them to be.

Almost as if they were the same person altogether.

The three entrances to the simulation room were spread out evenly. There was one that was exactly due south, then one to the northeast and one to the northwest. Each girl had been assigned one to keep track of, the machinery in between obscuring the line of sight between one another and muffling any sound. It was a high-tech setup that had constantly been improved by da Vinci, but da Vinci herself had been one of the earliest victims of the curse, so they had no choice but to make sure they didn't accidentally activate it if any fighting broke out inside.

That was why Illya had used the bright idea of lining the corridors created by these machines with mattresses. Preserving the tech was important, but more importantly they couldn't have it act out and change their surroundings. If any demons walked in after they'd warped to that digital plane? It would give them easy access and undo all of their hard work. But, again, it was at the cost of making traveling noise all the more difficult. They were essentially without a means of communication, and so they'd established a schedule where one would rush in to meet the other two on rotation.

For Chloe, it was almost about that time. **“Hm... I wonder if I can get a good luck kiss from Illya? Miyu would be fine too, but it isn't quite the same~!”** A soul born from a mixture of Illya's past and the Archer class card, she was something of a deviant despite her young age – something that had caused her 'sister' her fair share of problems in the past, what with her completely resembling Illya short of pinker hair, tanned skin, and eyes that shimmered supernaturally. Illya was her favorite prey, how often had she kissed her to restore her mana now? **“But is the coast clear? I feel like I haven't seen any demons in a while...”**

Things had been strangely quiet for a while now. Were the demons organizing elsewhere? Or was there something else going on behind the scenes? Either way, this was her opportunity to go check on Illya and

Miyu. Or it should have been, but before she could jump away, she was seized by a strange phenomenon. It was only natural that her resistance to the book's curse would wane first, for she didn't have a magic stick to provide more help than the Class Card at her core did. And so, the energy pulsating from the tome began to affect her body and mind.

Well, in this case? It was her body first and foremost. When it came to corruption it wasn't as if there was a lot of work to be done to tip Chloe over the edge, but she certainly needed a *far* more suitable form to embody it. And while the girl had yet to realize? There were absolutely signs that change was creeping in. One needn't look any farther than her face, which was coming to reflect an age her body didn't quite suggest otherwise yet.

Her lips had grown plumper, and her eyes? They seemed more mature in shape somehow. Mistaking her for someone in their late teens on face alone surely would have been possible, so it was fortunate that the tightening and loosening of her clothes indicated that her body was about to follow suit. "**Huh!? What's going on!?**" The feeling was enough for her to *finally* take notice as well, even if a *deeper voice* hadn't clued her in on its own.

Looking down, it was almost as if she was witnessing every single thing she had ever wanted taking place in the most uncanny of ways. Chloe had always dreamed about being older. She knew that her mannerisms at her age were inappropriate and was in a hurry to reach an age where society would see them as more acceptable. But she'd never really considered what it might look or feel like for it to happen so *quickly*.

In a way it was as if her body was convulsing and her clothes were merely fluctuating to accommodate her new size as the body grew. She might spring up an inch or two, for example, and her top or bottoms would feel a little too tight with this new mass for a brief moment before the sizing of the clothes adjusted to fit properly. It struck her with an imbalance that saw arms swinging out to the side to keep her steady, but with even them lengthening it remained *something* of an ordeal. "**Whoa!?**"

It only took several moments for her height to max out at around 5'4", a size that wasn't particularly remarkable yet was still vastly taller than her usual height. Chloe licked her lips, her inner nature unchanged and yet there was something more mature to how she carried herself physically, as if her mind had been rewired to match her body's age, an age that was around the twenty years old mark.

"Well, if you're going to give me the height, what about the curves!?" She couldn't help but be frustrated as she looked down at her

flat chest. Certainly, the woman had grown *up*, but she hadn't filled *out* in any sense of the word. Though, considering the stringiness of her clothes that might have been for the best, and so it was actually her outfit that was addressed *before* the rest of her body.

“H-Hey, that tickles!” She couldn't help but giggle at the sensation of her clothing beginning to wriggle across her body. Because she was hardly wearing much to begin with, it all spread out to consume her skin while reshaping splendidly into a pair of more conservative duds that were likewise sensual in their own way. Black, dress pants hugged her rear while a matching vest was draped over a crimson, long-sleeved dress shirt. She was accessorized with leather gloves, dress shoes, and a black tie tucked within the vest, while her light pink hair ended up lightly bound by a hair tie at the end. **“Hah!? What's up with this!? These clothes are all stuffy!”** Even though it felt a little loose, particularly around her waist and chest.

She wasn't used to wearing something so restrictive. She wanted to be *free*! Although this made it all the clearer that not much work would be required to settle Chloe into the personality that would come with her changing form. But now that she was properly dressed? It was fine for her to fill out... at least a little.

Because quite honestly? The woman wasn't earning any curves that could be seen as exceptional by any stretch of the word. Her flat chest did spring up into a pair of breasts, but they were a mere set of average B's. At the very least, their growth filled out the looseness of both the shirt and the bra she didn't realize she was wearing, and similarly her rear was treated the same. It bubbled and looked good as hell in those tight pants, but it wasn't an exceptional specimen. Everything about her figure just screamed *'average'*, but she felt like there was something special about her that could make up for it in the bedroom if she really wanted to.

The strangest thing of all was the subtle shift in her mental state that made it harder for her to reflect on her past, or on much of anything really. We were all born thinking of ourselves as individuals, and yet that concept had come to confuse Chloe suddenly... while the final wave of changes swept through her form. From pink hair bleached white, to eyes glowing crimson red, to the demon's tail that snaked out from her spine, to the fluffy, canine ears that popped up on her head.

“I'm boooored!” She was way too far-gone to realize. In fact, everything about her past life had become a distant memory. Instinct struck her, and like a dog she began to run towards where she knew Illya was on all fours. No, maybe that wasn't exactly right.

She was running to where one of her other *'parts'* should have been.

Chloe's resistance had failed first, but it wasn't much longer after that Illya's had begun to crumble as well. "**Huee? Wasn't Chloe supposed to come by now?**" Admittedly she had been expecting Ruby to chime in with some sort of sassy comment, but her stick didn't make a sound. Was she distracted by something? There hadn't been any enemy attacks for a while now. "Hey, Ruby?" Clutching the stick within both of her hands, she looked down at it, confused. Still no response. "**Rubyyyy? Are you mad at me? Did I do something wrong?**" She was *still* being ghosted.

She gave Ruby a shake, innocent eyes showing her concern. "**This isn't a funny joke you know! If you're just pranking me, I might break you in half! E-Eh!?**" Where had *that* outburst come from? She would never say something so heinous! Threatening violence? That wasn't Illya's personality at all, and she knew it! Despite the threat, Ruby still didn't respond to her call, and what had forced her to threaten the magic stick bubbled up once more – before the girl threw the stick into the hallway. "**EHHHH!?! Why'd I do that!?! Ruby! I'm sorry!**"

Before she could make an attempt to go out and retrieve her thrown friend, though, both her body and mind seized up. She couldn't muster the energy to move, much less run. She could merely tell that something was *very wrong*. "**What's...? Why...? My head feels all fuzzy...**" She was dizzy because invasive thoughts were flustering her. Typically she was so innocently minded, so off-put by Chloe's forward behavior, and yet as this strange aggression bubbled over? So did a thirst. She'd idly begun to think about how it felt when Chloe kissed her to steal her mana, and how good it felt, and— "**AH!?**" She'd begun to drool, and rightfully wiped it away the moment she noticed.

What's wrong with kissing Chloe? Maybe I should find her and kiss her? Considering she was so restrained typically, it was fortunate that kissing was the only thing coming to mind. But from Illya's perspective it felt more and more like she was beginning to think like how she assumed Chloe thought, almost like her personality was becoming just like her... or *blending* with it, at any rate. Chloe was actually getting closer to her, and they had been bound by the very same curse presented to them by the Hellmaker. Where Chloe had lost her individuality? It was almost being mixed with Illya's, the two becoming one in personality.

But there was the matter of Illya's body. She still looked too different, and that would change hastily now that the mental corruption was

seeping in. But her physical changes felt a little out of order when compared to her ‘sister’s’, after all...

“WAH!?! MY CHEST!?!” Her bosom had blossomed so suddenly that it tugged the inside of her magical girl costume to the point of immense discomfort, and— **“MY BUTT!?!”** Well, her rear followed right after. Clothing eventually adjusted its sizing to accommodate these curves, which still looked incredibly out of place, at least briefly. Eventually bones did come to crack, however; spine, arms, and legs elongated as her magical girl costume adjusted along with it.

Age and height alike poured onto her, seeing facial features flourish with the maturity of a woman in her early twenties, while her eyes ultimately appeared more Western than they ever had. A dull, crimson glow inevitably shone from her irises as her canine teeth lengthened, and upon her head? A pair of doggy ears popped up in a snow white that consumed the entirety of her head of hair.

“Why... Am I an adult!?! Even my voice is...” She couldn’t deny that she felt strangely excited. Her heart was thumping, and the drool from earlier? It had come back from the vengeance as her new age likewise came with the appropriate sexual appetite... *for a demon*, if the forked tail swishing back and forth behind her were any indication. **“Why do I feel like this? It’s kind of hard to think...”** Spritely? Mischievous? These weren’t things she’d ever felt before, much less so intensely. **“I’m not usually so...”** But Illya couldn’t finish that thought.

Because she couldn’t remember anything about herself.

“I-I’m, I’m...” While she struggled to piece it together, her magical girl uniform transformed into the very same suit and vest ensemble as her sister. But was that really Chloe’s role? To call her a sister would be to imply that they were different people, and yet... *How come that didn’t feel right?* What else could they be if not separate?

The dog-demon-woman suddenly remembered the discarded magic stick in the hall, and an unwielded instinct possessed her. **‘FETCH!’**, is what rung out in her head, and dropping down to all fours she bounded towards it happily like a puppy, picking it up in her mouth of all things before running back. When she’d returned, though? There was another there.

A woman that looked just like her.

No... *that was also her.*

“Sapphire!?! Why aren’t you responding!?” Around the same time as Illya, chips had begun to crack out of Miyu’s natural resistance to the Hellmaker, and so her ability to communicate with her magic stick, Sapphire, had been severed. Though it seemed to be more that, like Ruby, the book’s influence had deactivated the magic stick entirely. Unlike Illya, Miyu wasn’t one to dismiss a change like this as a joke. She was deathly worried about what had happened to Sapphire and was trying to stir her awake again with the mana from her body.

It was a fruitless endeavor, naturally.

“Is this being caused by whatever changed everyone else? If so... Oh no.” Chloe hadn’t checked in on time. Had something happened to her? What about Illya? If Sapphire was broken, then was the same thing true about Ruby? Then they were in danger. Wasn’t that exciting!?! **“Why is my heart beating so fast?”** Why did being in danger suddenly feel so *riveting*? Despite her fear for Sapphire’s life, it was becoming less and less of a concern for the girl as she became increasingly restless – *she just couldn’t sit still!*

Struggling with what to do with herself considering these feelings, it was evidently difficult for her to notice at first, but her hands? They were changing, at least a little. Her fingernails grew out, and despite having a standard look to them were much sharper almost like claws. In fact, this had happened to both Illya and Chloe as well, but it wasn’t as if she could possibly know this.

Strands of white had likewise found themselves mixed upon her shorter, black cut. It didn’t take long for them to become overpowering, laying down the groundwork for it all to lengthen as far as her rear – but what was more surprising was what grew out of the top of her head in their wake; *a pair of fuzzy ears*. Soft and sensitive, they twitched erratically as her fingers reached up to touch them. **“Wh-What? What are these? Ears? But...”** Moving fingers to the sides of her head, Miyu had been expecting to feel her usual, human ears. But they weren’t there!

She truly was succumbing to the curse, which meant that in all likelihood? Illya and Chloe were falling victim now as well if they hadn’t already. Hope was already lost. The one thing she had to hold onto as a magical girl...

“AH!?” Something ticking her tushy had forced her to react with one of her hands shooting down to grab whatever had been doing so, too, and the discovery there was even more jarring. After all, the thing she had grabbed? She could feel it through the touch of her hands and through it as well, and it was squirming within her grasp. A pitch-black tail with a

forked end, the very same she'd observed upon the demons she had been repelling from this room the entire time.

Despair struck Miyu like a bag of bricks, and as it did so her eyes glowed red. Was there even a point in resisting anymore? It was already too late. While lamenting her powerlessness, those glowing eyes widened to look far more Caucasian by design, while they also carried a maturity they hadn't once before. Her body had taken on the demonic traits before anything else, a feisty, canine-like personality shaving away at her intellect and leaving her guided more by *instinct* than reason as despair gave way to *acceptance*.

Because she had given in and accepted the inevitable, it was ultimately Miyu who would become the acting will of the three-headed dog, *Cerberus*. Or, three-bodied *dog* as was the case here. To those ends, all three were identical and would become of one mind, with Miyu rapidly taking on the traits the other two had already earned that she had not.

Her body grew, magical girl costume stretching and reforming into a familiar, black, and crimson dress ensemble all around it while her height peaked at 5'4" just as it had for her '*other parts*'. Breasts and ass grew in as well, accentuated just as they had been for the other two by the tight and clean-cut fit of the dress attire, which ultimately made her look more proper than the mischievous personality that was bleeding in otherwise suggested.

Miyu's posture crumbled, the woman feeling far more casual and increasingly unconcerned with how she was perceived or even the fact that she was changing. Memories of her past, both happy and sad? They were all moot in the face of this phenomenon. *All that mattered was that she was a demon from Hell, and that they were here to corrupt the mortal realm.*

The most uncomfortable of the changes, however, was one that opened up for all three doggos simultaneously. Suddenly their perceptions all split, and not only could they see what the other two were seeing, but they also thought what the other two were thinking. This was, in the end, the final nail into the coffin of Illya and Chloe's individuality, for their senses of self were blended in with the dominant self that Miyu had been selected to represent, and even then? **"I am... We are!?"**

She was Miyu no more. That name was forgotten. Irrelevant. Strange. *Cerberus*. That was her name. That was *all* of their names, the trio all now indistinguishable from one another. And just in time, for the other two had come bounding around the corner gleefully like rabid animals, for they both pounced the 'core body', the three tangled among one another excitedly for a few moments. At least, until...

“I have an idea!”

All three of the demon dogs met in the center of the simulation room, clawing down the mattresses that had been put up along the way. The three were united under the same name, the same will. They were one demon spread throughout three containers. Illya? Chloe? Miyu? No longer did they exist as unique individuals, but instead this trio of fuzzy dipshits. Fuzzy dipshits that only acted in the pursuit of fun or pleasure, and being in an unfamiliar place like this? Well, it was fun! But where was the pleasure? They were all extremely high-strung sexually after their transformation, all needy as could be. Was there a means of relief?

There was something. A memory, or a fragment of one. It told them that there might be something of use in this room's center, and that this room could bring them any pleasure they wanted, really. It was merely a matter of figuring out how to make it work!

“I found something good!” All three women chimed in unison, panting not only because they were excited, but because they were in heat. They climbed all over one another near the simulation terminal, and it didn't take long for their curiosity to get the better of them as they began to press buttons seemingly at random. In the end they were rewarded, for their surroundings suddenly shifted, replicating a human love motel room. It wasn't vacant though. Men, women; there was an orgy present, simulated or not.

It wasn't as if Cerberus could tell the difference. Their panting grew all the more intense as they fell hook, line, and sinker. It was difficult to blame them though. They were a simple-minded beast of a sort, and this chamber could create realistic environments from shapes to smells. Any pleasures they experienced here? They would be authentic. And because they were one-in-three? They could feel three times the pleasure at once. One of the *many* benefits of their unusual circumstances. When it came to fucking, there existed no other '*individual*' that could dish it out as intensely, or feel it as intensely, as Cerberus could.

One of the dogs, while ripping off her shirt, bellowed out the same phrase that all of them were thinking when presented with all of the dick and pussy in the world. Forget their past lives – because *they* certainly had. They were merely a trio of drooling demon dogs now, so strongly in heat that they could not stop themselves from yipping and panting as the crowd of naked humans slowly approached them, the scent of sex hanging heavily over the venue. **“It's time to fuck like dogs, ladies!”** Someone needed to stop Cerberus from watching badly written pornos.

Wait, that's *all* pornos.