

MAHOU INSTALL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Bazett Fraga McRemitz kept herself concealed among the shadows. The city of Fuyuki had fallen to external forces, a war engaged between the two of them that had filled the night sky. It was a battle of depravity, one that had transformed the regular human population of the cityscape into many things: from monsters to sexually enhanced fiends that pillaged and copulated to their hearts content.

It had all begun a week ago, and so much had gone wrong since.

A loud explosion rang through the air as a fleet of largely naked women with starry limbs swooped down to intercept a woman that was several times the size of the largest building in the city, complete with large demonic horns and deep chasm upon upon her stomach. But Bazett was not here to observe these monsters any longer. She was on a set rendezvous.

Among those that had been corrupted, she'd learned, were the children of the Einzbern and Edelfelt families. Young girls that had been her enemy at first, but they had formed a working relationship together as of late. Upon allying with them she'd dug into their pasts and discovered a name. Kiritsugu Emiya. A wanderer with knowledge of magecraft, and one she'd contacted from the outside to help in reclaiming the city.

Through their communications over that week he had spoken in length of meeting on this day. Of how the Clock Tower was observing the internal happenings from outside of the barrier that kept outsiders vacant. Of how they had put together a force of magi and familiars to destroy the city and everyone within it later that day for the sake of the

rest of the world. But before that they had to get the remaining survivors out, and Bazett was counted among them.

The magus slid into a sewer grate and fell into the catacombs below. It was best to meet up where they couldn't be seen or heard, and where their defenses could be strongest. Bazett was spared from the constant influence of the Beasts above by the graces of a personal magic barrier that barred the power of their kind from corrupting her, but she needed more. Plenty of leylines ran beneath Fuyuki and the closer she could be to one, the closer to one she could meet Kiritsugu at, the better off their defense would be.

HOW FORTUNATE THAT I'VE FOUND A PLACE TO SETTLE!

“Who!?” A voice startled Bazett as she wandered beneath the city. It echoed all around her... or perhaps it echoed from within her. The latter was true, and slowly a bright purple glow had begun to emanate from both of her eyes. **“How did you establish a connection with me!?”** Was this Magecraft? If so... *No!?*

YES! THAT BARRIER YOU'RE APPLYING REQUIRES YOU REDIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE BEAST TRAIT, DOES IT NOT? BUT AT THE EXPENSE OF LOWERING YOUR GUARD TO OTHER MAGI... OR IN THIS CASE MAGICAL GIRLS! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON ABOVE, NOR DO I CARE. I JUST KNOW THIS IS THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO MANIFEST IN THE REAL WORLD!

The glow of Bazett's eyes intensified. She could feel the girl that possessed that voice rooting around inside her mind and soul like a raccoon looking for scraps. She was seeking *something*, and she needed to eject the invader before it was too late. **“Who are you?”** The woman knew she had to keep the girl busy to buy time, but there was added use in learning of her name and motivations.

YOU MAY CALL ME FIRST LADY! I AM THE VERY FIRST MAGICAL GIRL WHO WAS CAST ASIDE AFTER FIGHTING FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD. BUT HMM... YOUR BODY WILL NOT DO, YOU KNOW? I CAN HARDLY RECALL MY OLD BODY'S SHAPE BUT-- THE LAST GIRL I POSSESSED? KUROE? CHLOE? I SUPPOSE THAT COULD WORK... BE CALM, OLD WOMAN, THIS WILL TAKE BUT A FEW MOMENTS!

Several things stood out there. Being called 'old woman' was a zinger she absolutely could have gone without, but Chloe's name was of greater import. This presence had possessed that child at some point? When? How had she never heard about it? **“What do you-- GAH!?”** She tried

to ask her query, but the moment she did a painful screech rang throughout her mind. Like a girl in agony, a girl that had been broken down and suffered after rising up as a beacon of hope. It was a memory that wasn't her own. The memory of the First Lady's final moments.

I SAID BE CALM! THE TRANSFORMATION WILL TAKE EITHER WAY, BUT IF YOU STRUGGLE IT WILL ONLY HURT YOU.

The First Lady's words ran through Bazett's head almost as if they were the verbal form of a vampire sinking their fangs into her very being. She could tell what had been primarily targeted: her Magic Circuits. Or perhaps it was even more than that. Was it possible to attack one's soul? Regardless of the attack's true nature it drove the woman down to a single knee, body becoming hot. She wanted to move but she couldn't. It almost felt like she didn't even have control anymore. But the purple light in her eyes grew stronger still as the depraved child's influence grew stronger, reverberating through her very core as something sinister began to grip at Bazett's ego.

And so it began. Speckles began to materialize against her pale, Caucasian skin. Tanned spots, so tiny at first that it created the illusion the woman was becoming covered in freckles only for these tiny dots to swell larger and larger, their masses colliding with one another to become whole and paint the completion of her skin, from head to toe, this rich tan.

The nature of this darker tone was a complicated one. Not natural nor unnatural, it was spurned by the history of the form the First Lady had in mind, one that had inherited the abilities of a Heroic Spirit that had overused his Magic Circuits to the point that his body had darkened in life. The woman herself was not privy to the fact that her body had changed at all however, not yet. Short of her face and neck she always left her entire body covered, from shoes to pants to a suit jacket to the pair of gloves she always wore upon her hands. Quite simply: her own taste in attire had foiled her ability to notice any early signs of change.

Feeling of weakness that plagued her spoke more than anything. Bazett always prided herself in her strength, she had worked hard to grow and maintain that strength, so to feel it stagnate provided anxiety to her typically steeled heart. If only this feeling of stagnation was merely the result of being incapable of movement however; there were physical repercussions that came with it.

"...!?" She hardly possessed the energy to react with First Lady placing her foot on the woman's ability to resist, but glowing eyes couldn't help but widen as she realized what was happening here. With her knee on the floor of the sewer line she was already close to the ground, yet her

point of view was falling even lower despite her posture not changing. She likewise hadn't been stripped of her ability to feel, and so she could make out the touch of her clothes against her skin, or rather the growing lack thereof. *Her outfit was getting loose.*

Part of it was the bulk that led to her physical strength. Muscles quickly deflated at all points on her body, the strength of an adult, warrior woman sapped from her as more of her soul was eaten away. Stomach smoothed, arms took on a more spaghetti-like appeal, while her thighs had become plumper by exchange as weakness gave precedent to fat. Although even then, her womanly figure was in just as much the way of harm as anything else.

Slowly but surely the suit she always wore enveloped her, clothes unchanged while her body's size diminished. But she wasn't merely shrinking. Reflected in her facial features was a youth she hadn't possessed in decades. Puffy cheeks, rounder eyes, a tinier nose -- but everything occurring in her facial features wasn't merely indicative of a changed age even as she drew closer to looking *eleven* from head to toe.

It was differences in racial design that began to surface. The slant of Bazett's eyes became more pronounced even as they sparkled with youth; a subtle taste of Japanese among a design that still seemed largely Western, a taste of the fact that her destined form had been technically born of a Japanese man and an Einzbern homunculus.

Her crimson hair likewise darkened, but before long a pale pink ignited as the tips of her locks. From these lightened tips the length exploded, a inches upon inches of freshly grown keratin falling over her shoulder and against the back of her suit jacket, which was now practically a blanket over her eleven year old body.

IS THIS NOT BETTER? THIS SMALLER, LITHE FORM! WITH A BODY LIKE THIS YOU CAN PROTECT ALL OF THE MAGICAL GIRLS YOU'D LIKE! YOU CAN MAKE THEM...

"...MINE!" First Lady had been relatively quiet for a while now, but seeing an opening to embed her ego deeper she had jumped to the occasion, and her thoughts of depraved, borderline yandere affections for other magical girls seeped out of Bazett's mouth. While she had earned Kuroe's form, from her developing body to a resting face that sported a mischievous smirk, she did not inherit any of the child's memories. They weren't necessary tools for the First Lady to exert control over this foolish magus.

On the contrary, First Lady was somewhat influenced by the aura of the two Beasts fighting above. She realized the moment she'd properly

assimilated with the human woman and managed to erect a mental barrier before it was too late... but she hadn't walked away Scott free. Just a few moments of exposure had deepened her more negative traits, from obsessive possession to her hatred for the humankind that had abandoned her. Lips coyly tugged into a smile that suggested a depraved mischief.

RETURN MY BODY TO ME!

It was as if the two had traded places, and now First Lady was hearing Bazett as little more than a disembodied voice in *her* mind. This wouldn't last. Now that she had control it was only a matter of exerting some pressure. It was like a burst of innocent, magic power ignited within her own soul, and it began to burn away the differences between the woman and herself.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, I MEAN... I'VE ALREADY
GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! THIS POWER, THIS STRENGTH... OF
COURSE IT'S TO PROTECT THE MAGICAL GIRLS OF THIS WORLD!
I WILL MAKE THEM ALL MINE AND KEEP THEM SAFE IN MY
WARM EMBRACE...!?

What remained of Bazett called out in confusion as her nature rapidly shifted to match the First Lady's desires. Before long she was not a voice of dissent midst her mind, but was now forcibly agreeing with her goals as that same twisted corruption lathered up her own wants and personality. And once her nature had completely shifted? It was merely assimilated into the greater state of the magical girl's ego, two becoming one.

Still on one knee, the First Lady snapped her fingers. This dismissed the oversized outfit, dispersing it into a bright pink light and leaving her tanned form bare for a moment before Chloe's attire covered her... Well, to the best of that outfit's ability. "**This will do for now I suppose. But I guess I need to take care of the magus approaching before I can escape this city.**" While she would have normally been loathed to go the route she was considering, the corruption she'd suffered from Kiara and Kama's auras had made the idea more appealing to her. Her purple eyes glowed among the darkness before she disappeared, moving towards the target for her newest goal.

Summoning Testament.

Kiritsugu Emiya had been in the sewer system for some time now. He'd arrived early in the morning and had been setting traps to better defend himself in case one of the monsters above found its way below. But as

patient of a man as he was, the circumstances were making him surprisingly reckless. Was it really all that shocking? Bazett had already recounted his own family among the victims to him, although he did not know the Beasts themselves were his daughter and wife specifically.

That was why, in part, he was planning to check his home. One of the grates came out on the street his estate was on (*though even if he made it that far he'd find her house had become a miniature Ooku labyrinth*) and after meeting up with Bazett it was his intention to promptly check before the Clock Tower's forces outside attacked.

But he wouldn't make it that far. Midst taking a drag of his cigarette, back propped up against a wall since the meeting time had drawn near, something has suddenly wriggled its way past the barrier he'd erected to keep the influence of the Beasts from affecting his mind and body like it had the rest of the city. "**...Who's there!?**" He wasn't addressing a physical presence but a mental one, which meant drawing his weapon was no good. The answer he received though? Was barely coherent.

YoU aRe!

Kiritsugu would have deemed it unhelpful if not for the grip those words suddenly had on what felt like his very being. Hand was immediately forced against the wall to keep him upright as his body burned hot, mind running through knowledge of Magecraft and curses to try and identify what could be causing both the voice and the associated altercations.

I wILL nOt ExIsT aS a MaN! *CHANGE!*

The voice became clearer, and through it he could sense disdain for not only men, but for adults in general. It sounded more and more like the voice of a girl, *like the voice of his own daughter*. "**Illya? Is that you?**" It was only natural that he'd ask. There was no doubt that it was her voice, but it was unsettlingly sinister and pointed as if he was the enemy.

His temperature continued to rise and beads of sweat ran down the man's face, but as they did they gradually found the slopes they were meant to traverse much more gentle. Kiritsugu's jawline softened while cheeks took on an effeminate roundness. Nose became dainty, and stubble fell from his chin. It was evident the heat was burning *something* away. His identity, and his masculinity.

Lashes fluttered with new purpose as his scowl became almost cute with how thick his lips had become. His skin tone was likewise paling with a consistent speed across the entirety of his body, a change correlating with what was happening to the man's eyes. Japanese by birth, the tells

of his body that confirmed as much were waning. Eyes became rounder, softer, and his enlarged irises had come to glow a very familiar red. The red of an Einzbern homunculus.

For all intents and purposes it might have been accurate to say he was beginning to resemble his own wife. His face was already a shoe-in, and this early theory was all but bolstered by the strands of silver that bled into his short, spiky black hair. Not that it remained short for long. Soon after it spilled like a waterfall down his back, crashing against shoulders that seemed narrower midst his suit.

“You’re changing my body...!? For what purpose...!?” He clenched his teeth, but they didn’t feel quite right in his mouth. This wasn’t helped by his voice at all which was sounding closer and closer to a more mature variant of the one that was now giggling fiendishly in his mind.

The mass of Kiritsugu’s body was thinning much like it had for Bazett prior. Muscles flattened and allowed a light layer of fat to reign in their place, but unlike Bazett there were changes more indicative of a change in sex. Previously mentioned shoulders were one thing, but pants had grown tighter by contrast to his top. Thighs had swollen into the form of a mature woman while his hips had popped into a wider gait. Were that not enough... “...!?” Momentary discomfort between *her* legs confirmed what *she* had feared - that she was becoming a woman.

Daintier fingers struggled to hold herself up against the wall, elongated nails digging into worn brick to the best of their ability regardless. So much space had been freed up in the upper echelon of the woman’s suit that there was hardly a struggle as her nipples grew erect and sizable breasts pulled the underlying dress shirt tightly around them. She truly did resemble Irisviel, with the sole exception that her eyes didn’t quite reflect the same heritage. There was still a little Japanese mixed within that suggested a different possibility: she looked just like Illyasviel, but if she had grown to be Kiritsugu’s age.

A MAGICAL GIRL SHOULD NEVER BE OLD! HOW CAN A MAGICAL GIRL LOVE OTHER MAGICAL GIRLS THEN? SHRINK!

The voice was clear now. A piercing, shrill child’s voice that barked as if it were in command -- not that Kiritsugu could really say she wasn’t at this point. No sooner than her command had been given did inertia claim the woman, body rapidly spilling towards the ground as her attire grew all around her. Her fingers slid against the wall as she no longer possessed the height to keep said fingers where they’d been planted, the digits themselves pulling inwards to match shrunken palms that were all but consumed by the sleeves of the suit.

Womanly curves she'd *just* obtained were quick to be snatched away, her thighs and rear collapsing as they became lean, hips settling into a much narrower gait more befitting of a child than a woman. Breasts fared no better, and before long they rested as naught but a budding potential against the child's breasts, obscured by an outfit that now hung off of her like she was pretending to be her own dad by wearing his clothed (*not that her pants had even held on past her thighs shrinking*).

Her red eyes were glowing, and framed on such a tiny face they suggested an almost unsettling innocence. With Kiritsugu's body changed into an appropriate vessel, the very same she'd held during the events of the Prisma Causeway incident, she bore an almost identical appearance to Illyasviel von Einzbern, although one born from the twisted wishes of some of the Servants present in that Singularity.

FINALLY, THE FORM IS MUCH MORE...

"...SUITED FOR MY REBIRTH." The corners of the white-haired child's lips turned into a smile as her soul finally dwarfed Kiritsugu's own and allowed her to take control. What had once been a powerful magus man was now a magic girl that resembled his own daughter, his will mitigated to a voice in the back of the girl's head. Was Kiritsugu truly gone? No, they had become one in the same; and the more his soul resisted the more he would be assimilated.

The child snapped her fingers and the suit she'd been smothered in was completely obliterated, only for tainted shrine maiden robes that resembled a twisted, dark, magical variant of the Dress of Heaven to cover her instead. Navel and the space between her largely absent bosom exposed, one could say it wasn't a very appropriate outfit for a magical girl. But then again, Testament wasn't a very appropriate magical girl to begin with. **"That's better... Now, First Lady, I owe my rebirth to you do I not? Come~ Let me reward you."**

It seemed as if she were talking to the shadows, but no sooner than she'd been addressed did the First Lady, still in the form of Chloe, manifest before her with her head bowed. **"Indeed it was I! While we are fundamentally incompatible, I assumed we might be able to help one another considering what is happening about. But a reward? Whatever could you-- MFH!?"**

The question was answered fairly quickly, for Testament had lurched forward and planted her lips against First Lady's own. She had an overwhelming desire to love magical girls, and while the First Lady's love was more possessive, Testament's was more physical.

Kiritsugu reeled internally as he realized what his new body was doing. He could feel his lips pressed up against First Lady's, his leg, uninvited, pressing between both of her own. But the longer the kiss went on the less disgusted *she* was. The more she came to be *into* it. By the time the kiss broke, Kiritsugu found herself obsessed with the idea of '*loving*' magical girls much like Testament did. Until both minds finally united under a singular will. That will did not include a desire to save Irisviel nor Illyasviel.

Bazett and Kiritsugu weren't gone. But they had changed. They were now pieces of the two girls standing in the sewers in each other's embrace, destined to live out the rest of eternity as these corrupted magical girls. But where did they go from here?

“W... We don't have time for this!” The First Lady was obviously flustered by Testament's advance, and ended up wiping a bit of drool from her lips as she stepped away. **“You can sense them too, right? Not only just the monsters but the hundreds of magi outside of the city? We need to make our escape now before we get caught in the crossfire!”**

Testament practically hummed a sigh as she extended an arm, a magic portal forming. **“Then shall we leave this plane of existence? You remember that group that ruined your plans before right? Chaldea...? Let's allow the Beast's corruption to flow there through this portal, and pay a visit of our own.”** Both girls wanted revenge, there was no denying this. And this was the most effective way to spread that revenge.

What had happened to this city, what would soon happen to this entire world? Why not share a little of that corruption with the people that had killed them back in the Prisma Causeway? There would be no finer sport for Testament to watch the Master and all their Servants squirm as they were corrupted.

What goes around comes around. Everything moves in a cycle.