

QUEENS MAY VARY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Steady Medb... Just a little closer...” Based on the wording one might think Queen Medb of Connacht was being given words of caution by another, but in actuality she was warning herself of impending danger. Having been shot down by her beloved Cu-chan for the one thousand three hundred and sixty-fifth time, she’d been hit with a hard bout of depression. One woman could only take so many wounds on her heart, even the queen who had slept with a million men would eventually succumb to the sadness of not being able to obtain her most sought after conquest!

What was a woman to do in such trying times? She needed something to take her mind off the sadness, to ease her emotional wounds!

Or so went the lie she had concocted to get what she was really after. You see, there was an extremely rare, exclusive strawberry ice cream flavor that had been brought in with Chaldea’s most recent provisions, and after an all-out bidding contest Medb had been beaten out by the illusive Scathach Skadi. She’d *actually* allowed Skadi to outbid her for reasons she refused to evaluate (*because despite all of the men she longed to fuck, she had become just the slightest bit smitten with that softer Scathach*), but being the selfish ruler she was Medb had ultimately come down with a bad case of regret.

Then when she’d pitched her tale to the Caster she’d been outright denied! *‘I paid so much for it after all’*, or so went her reasoning! Absolutely disgraceful! If not for the generosity of Connacht she absolutely wouldn’t have received that bounty in the first place! So with no other option we now arrive in the present, with the Rider inching in between *LASER SENSORS* of all things. **“Seriously!? All of this security for a tub of ice cream!?”**

The Servants that worked in Chaldea's kitchen had naturally known where Skadi had stashed her tub of sugary pink, and while most of them were tight lipped she'd managed to find the storage room through coercing that cat... dog... fox? Medb didn't really care enough to know for sure. The one with the big old paws!

Considering the room was just a storage unit on the far side of the base the Rider had been expecting a simple infiltration mission. Yoink Skadi's ID card, wander in, take ice cream, *yadda yadda*. Yet what had awaited her was nothing short of an elaborately laid maze no doubt constructed by the Caster's Territory Creation skill, filled with traps and lasers and "**SHE NEEDS TO STOP WATCHING SPY MOVIES!**" That shouted commentary in particular came when a buzz saw popped out of the wall and almost clipped her nose from her face.

The entire trip through the labyrinth took almost forty five minutes, and throughout she realized just how fortunate she was to have a smaller frame since it allowed her to slip through gaps a broader or larger breasted woman would have otherwise been stuck in. Medb saw herself has the paragon of raw beauty and sexual energy regardless, but it wasn't like she didn't envy those with more sensual forms.

"**Finally! Now give me that ice cream!**" She stood before a miniature freezer, her long awaited prize a lid lifting away. Honestly, the Rider was trying not to think about how she'd have to navigate the labyrinth *again* to get out. With her pinkie finger she reached down and hooked the seal of the vertical swinging door, pulling it up to find...

A glowing light? No... "**GLYPH!?**" A purple light shone from the inner side of the freezer lid, engulfing Medb in its rays and bringing a tingle to her very core: her Saint Graph. It was in that moment that Medb realized she had fucked up.

Why wouldn't there be one final trap on the freezer itself? After all she'd gone through to get to the cooling device she'd dropped the ball at the final stretch! Was the ice cream even *in there*? Not that she could see through all of the light. With one big push she managed to slam the freezer door shut, burying the light entirely so that she wouldn't be cursed any further; which would ultimately be a good move since it would spare her from losing herself entirely.

Her vision did eventually return after a moment of rubbing her eyes, but not without any caveat. Medb's gaze was almost bloodshot, burning a vibrant crimson that took attention away from her locks of pastel pink hair -- yet they weren't bloodshot, it was an honest crimson color bleeding into her plain and brown irises, giving them a supernatural appearance that would readily command the attention of any whom met them.

"**Fweh...**" A relieved sigh escaped the Servant's lips as her breathing returned to panicked panting, fingers of both hands still squarely positioned at a ninety degree angle as she kept the door pushed down with all her might. In all honesty she just wanted to make sure it was actually closed after falling for it once. If there was a risk

of it popping back open she *really* didn't want to deal with it. Inevitably she decided to push her small frame up, resting her ass upon the lid to keep it secure without the effort.

There was two glaring problems now. The first was the freezer itself. If it opened against she wouldn't be prepared to deal with that Glyph without knowing what it was capable of. The second? She'd already eaten a large helping of Celtic magic from the initial exposure, and her Magic Resistance was surprisingly poor at dealing with Glyph magic. The queen had certainly felt it resonate with her Saint Graph, which meant *what* exactly?

As she pondered these questions her form was beginning to unravel little by little. It was deconstructed and rebuilt theoretically, but the ultimate result was a number of sweeping changes that would quickly become apparent, building off from her piercing, red gaze.

The most noticeable of which to an outside at first being what was becoming of her bubblegum pink hair. Medb went to great lengths to make sure she was properly groomed at all times and her hair was of little exception in that regard. It was always silky smooth, always shining thanks to the finest conditioner, and always thin without reaching the point of unhealthy. Of course her *Golden Rule (Body)* skill helped her immensely in this area, but she'd never admit to relying on what was essentially a cheat code for body preservation.

She twirled hair like cotton candy around her index finger -- a bad habit that boiled to the surface when she was bored or anxious -- as thoughts on how to proceed floating through her conniving head. It was possible she was overreacting and nothing would happen if she removed herself from the lid, but considering the potency of the Scandinavian Caster's runes she couldn't help but fear it might be poor judgment.

"...Eh?" Surprise formed with a squeak as her eyes wandered to the length of hair in her fingers, more specifically the ends that dangled down past the part she was wrapping around her finger. It had caught her attention for a pretty damn good reason: the ends were no longer pink, but had darkened to a royal purple. As she watched, the coloration traveled through the length wrapped around her hand and continued upward at high speed. Her finger was quickly tangled up in the mane thanks to the fact that not only had the color changed, but the volume and thickness had likewise grown more abundant. It was still silky smooth, but it was way more than she was accustomed to. In fact, the coloring reminded her of someone.

"**Scathach...**" Or maybe Skadi herself? Either way her realization was given grumbled vocalization once it occurred to her. This purple was a shoe-in for a Scathach. If her Saint Graph had been tampered with then it wouldn't be much of a stretch to modify the queen's body, but this now brought up a new concern. "**Is it just going to change my hair? How much of me is going to change?**" The thought

of losing her natural good looks was pretty scary and frustrating, and the anger came across in how she spoke.

Her feet dangled over the side of the freezer, kicking impatiently against the unit more and more furiously as the internal outrage grew in response to her newest realization. Every time her heels clacked against the white plastic though, the heel was just the slightest bit closer to the floor since her target form was approximately eight centimeters taller than her normal one. The Rider had come to terms with the fact that she'd never grow taller a long time ago, but were this any other circumstance she might have welcomed such a change.

A Saint Graph contained information on more than just a Servant's physical form, and it also stored information on things like the costumes they wore while in battle so they could seamlessly switch to and from a combat ready state at a moment's notice. Medb, in her silver chest armor, white skirt, and covered by her fluffy fur cape, was adorned in the base outfit inscribed on her Saint Graph. Because that Graph was changing though, it made sense that her base outfit would likewise change.

The cape she wore around the entirety of her upper body compressed against Medb's growing form, white fur smoothing out into proper fibers as the coloring darkened from gray and ultimately to a purple that was a good match for her new hair shade. It pressed into and absorbed her armor in its entirety, becoming a skintight ensemble with a lot cut that hugged her small breasts with purples and lace, finished off by a black, fur neck that was arguably fashionable. Her white skirt likewise crept towards the top of the fuzzy, cream colored boots that ran up to her knees, both thinning and losing their purity much like her top had as they became a pair of black leggings that crept up the natural skirt produced by her top.

"Not Scathach. This is Skadi's dress! What a stupid Rune!" Rider just couldn't fathom what the point of such a trap was! Turning the attacker into a copy of the one who'd set it? Who comes up with that kind of thing!? Was it supposed to be a punishment, and if so how long would it last!? Finally having had enough, she pushed her butt off the freezer and allowed her form to fall to the ground. Pain greeted her as toes crunched into a new formed pair of heels that *had* been ill-fitting up until that moment.

Contradicting her fears, though, the freezer lid did not seem to pop back open. What did strike her as weird was the fact that the lip of her ass had caught the edge of the box on the way down. The queen knew her body very well. How it moved, how it should interact with objects, and she just didn't have the butt to be that in the way. Or hadn't at least, but was she looked back she could see that was no longer quite the case.

Cheeks had seemingly ballooned, their abundance on full display thanks to how cozily her clothing fit back their. She couldn't help but reach back and give one cheek a squeeze, gasping sensually as a result. **"So soft! Is her body really this**

cushiony!?", she exclaimed with Skadi's voice instead of Medb's own. She couldn't help but give it another squeeze or two.

Or three.

Or *eight*...

...before fingers ran down to grab a thigh instead. Flesh had pressed out and against her new leggings, each leg somehow strong and fatty at the same time, none of the muscular firmness she'd expect from the regular Scathach and instead the inviting comfort of a woman that would rather see her thighs used as a lap pillow.

Her lips weren't necessarily plumper, but they stood out more prominently against more angular facial features as she brought her hands back up to her chest. Before she touched her tiny cups, she admired the purple paint that was so delicately spread across her trimmed fingernails. It was a brief reprieve from a building burning in her loins, the thought of becoming another woman somehow striking a strange chord of arousal in Medb.

But hands gently groped either breast as she awaited all that was left to come. It didn't take long once they were stimulated, and the neck of the dress was forced outward as erect nipples dug into the cloth without the presence of a brassiere between the tits and the outfit. Fat bubbled in, quickly expanding their size to heights she'd never experienced before. After but a moment she could barely contain the size of one in a single hand, and she felt the muscles on her back tighten to better accommodate the influx of weight. "**Haa... Haa...**" She gasped with need, fingers twerking her own nipples as she sought to free each breast from her dress...

The sight that the real Skadi eventually stumbled onto was absolutely horrific. Already conscientious about having her naked body displayed for others, she was aghast at the sight of another person occupying her form, laying on the ground naked and glowing with satisfaction. Were that all she might not have been as upset, but it seemed the user had amplified her own physical features to nearly triple her breast sizes and thicken her lower half before pleasuring herself -- or perhaps even *during* -- using Runes.

A Servant that depraved? It could only be the Servant she'd expected to steal her ice cream in the first place. "**Medb?**", she asked cautiously, taking note that Medb's crown still rested atop her head. The trap had been meant to trap her in a form she was unaccustomed to as so to put her in her place, but Rune knowledge? That *shouldn't* have been transferred. The Queen of Ice and Snow took another step closer, and the floor lit up with a giant rune. "**A TRAP!?**"

"**Yup!**" Skadi's own voice chimed from the clone on the floor. Clearly Medb's mind was still in tact, what with how sadistic her smile was. "**Did you know Skadi? RUNES CAN DO ANYTHING!**"