

THE MADRI-GALS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The Masters of Chaldea were more than a little accustomed to dealing with Singularities by this point in time.

Between the two siblings and their Servant, Mashu, it felt like they had seen to tens, if not one-hundred of them over the course of their years long tenure at the organization. They had seen so many different locales and met so many different people that there was very little that could shock them. Even then, the situation they found themselves in now? It was alarming, but they probably didn't feel quite as unnerved as they probably *should* have.

For after being sent to a Columbian Singularity in the mid-1900s, the trio found themselves perplexed by the vacancy of the small village that they had arrived in. It was surprising because it all looked *lived in*, like everyone had been spirited away just before they arrived. A mystery was afoot, and it had prompted the three of them to the small manor at the top of the biggest hill in the village. It seemed to be the most important place, after all.

However, they were falling straight into a trap. A trap set by a mysterious candle that sat at the house's highest point, and one that sought to replace the people of the village that had suddenly disappeared.

"I hope senpai doesn't take *too long inside*." While Gudao and Gudako had gone inside the house to investigate, it had been up to Mashu to explore the building's perimeter. While there were certainly no people around, there was certainly no shortage of donkeys roaming

the streets, surprisingly. But the donkey surplus aside, something was giving the Shielder a very *bad* feeling. One that she couldn't quite place her finger on, but she could tell that the disappearances were likely ill-tidings for herself and the others. Those disappearances *must* have been the source of the Singularity itself.



The perimeter of the household wasn't all that exciting, honestly. There were signs that the people were living off of gardens and animals that lived nearby, which made sense considering the place and era they were in. But there were also signs of large objects being uplifted and moved, like gigantic boulders. **“Do they have equipment capable of moving stones this big?”** Mashu was actually left admiring one of those boulders when a thought crossed her mind.

I'm the one who moved it. Because who else could?

“Woah!?” If that thought hadn't been strange enough, a sudden dizziness that plagued her certainly contributed to the feeling. It took Mashu a moment to realize the cause, but no sooner than she did, she removed her glasses and placed them on a rock nearby. That was strange? Her glasses didn't actually do anything, but now that she wasn't wearing them she could see properly? Because the glasses had earned a prescription, responding to something that was happening elsewhere in the homestead.

But just because something was happening elsewhere did not mean that Mashu was immune. Quite the contrary, actually, although she *was* more focused on why her glasses had suddenly done that. **“Did they break...?”** It hadn't been like there were any cracks in them or anything, so was that really possible?

Focused on her glasses, the young woman didn't really pay much attention to herself. Namely that a change of color had begun to settle in, not into her clothing, but into almost *every* facet of her body. The purple of her eyes, for example? It darkened to a much more mundane brown, while the same shade found its way into the mauve of her hair – both on top of her head *and* her brows.

But everything dyed brown appeared to change in length and style, as well. When it came to darkened eyebrows, they appeared to thicken until they looked more akin to fuzzy caterpillars crawling across her eyes. While the hair atop her head? Not only did it grow slightly longer, but it began to curl naturally once it reached her shoulders. Not even her

eyes were spared from changes that were not stylistic, but *racial*, for they widened some and ultimately appeared acutely South American.

As if she had been born here.

Hadn't she been born here, though?

“I... Hm? Something's not right, right?” Her confusion not only lingered, but grew as her mind began to tell her things that it hadn't before. She was quickly becoming more self-conscious about idling around, too. Like she was expected to be busy at work doing... *something*. Helping her sisters? ...Did she *have* sisters?

Mashu's skin pigmentation began to darken, and before long it was consistently a much more caramel color that highlighted how her facial features had been consistently growing more South American beyond her eyes. Her nose hung lower with wider nostrils now, and there were clear lines in a forehead that somehow seemed to be broader. The overall size of her face was just much bigger, broader, and fuller. It somehow made her seem more durable and reliable.

RIIIIIIIP!

“Huh!?”

But not nearly as durable as the rest of her body soon appeared to be. Without any warning whatsoever, her figure promptly began to expand in every direction imaginable. Her height was bolstered upwards towards the six foot mark, which naturally lifted her dress up thanks to her shoulders. Not that it really mattered, as no sooner than her height had peaked? Her body began to thicken and broaden.

Shoulders pulled wider and wider, ripping the sleeves from her hoodie while lengthened arms forced those detached sleeves to tighten and then rip once more around swollen, bulging muscles that made her arms almost look as big as a pair of tree trunks. The front of her outfit was blown out by a combination of swelling pectoral muscles and a growth that saw the heft and shapes of her bosom grow exponentially.

“My clothes!?” Her voice deeper, the woman was naturally alarmed by all of her growth. She'd so quickly become big and muscular that her clothing had been practically shredded, and that included around the hips, legs, and rear end that were equally powerful. That said, there was something uniquely supernatural about just how strong she felt. Sure, she definitely was strong, but even though she was so gratuitously muscular, she felt stronger even still. *Because of my Gift, duh.*

Fortunately she didn't need to worry about her clothing for long. As if some sort of supermedia giant conglomerate refused to allow their characters to be seen indecently, tatters were quickly replaced by a pale purple dress and blue skirt that appeared to be of a suitable fashion for the time and place the muscular woman now occupied.



“Huh? Why am I standing around out here? The donkeys got out again, so I—” Evidently ignorant to the fact that anything had changed whatsoever, *Luisa Madrigal* became distracted by a pair of glasses with lime green frames sitting on a nearby rock. She had forgotten that she had placed those there. Well, she had put *Mashu's* glasses there. But they had changed in response to *another* shift in identity that had occurred elsewhere on the house's property.

The gigantic teen picked up the glasses with as little strength as she could muster. Seeing as her Gift *was* super strength, it often made it difficult to handle things a little gentler, and she had a reason not to break these glasses. “Aren't these Mirabel's? I better give them to her before she almost falls down the stairs again!”

Mirabel herself probably wouldn't have liked to be reminded about that incident.

“**This room seems to be pretty... normal.**” There was almost a pang of disappointment in Gudo's voice as he investigated a small room up on the second floor of the house. He was disappointed because his sister had told him that she would be investigating all of the rooms with glowing, golden doors – rooms that were probably the most interesting points of the building, it seemed.

There wasn't much to this room in particular. A bed, a nightstand table, a dresser, and... *not much else*. He didn't know what they should have been looking for to unravel the mystery of the missing villagers, but whatever that clue might be, it most certainly wasn't in this room. He *had* noticed something glowing up at the building's peak however, so

the brother did consider looking for another set of stairs that might take him up there.



Abuela doesn't like us going up there without permission, though.

“What the—!?” Similarly to what had happened to Mashu (*and at the exact same time, in fact*), the young man's vision suddenly grew blurry alongside a thought that didn't quite suit him. What was an Abuela? He had no idea. **“Why can't I see properly!? What's going on here!?”** More pressing was the fact that the world around him was now blurry and he had no idea *why*. He could hardly make out shapes, much less his own body. ...Which worked in the favor of the force that had begun to change him, if anything.

And it wasted little time in correcting something that would have been a problem going forward. **“Ngh!?”** Because despite the fact that boy's vision had been robbed from him, there was little doubt that the sensation of having your dick wriggle away into nothingness, along with your balls, was something that couldn't be felt. **“Wait, what just happened!?”** It was certainly indecent of *her* to do so, but hands reached down to pat the from of her pants. Where she found nothing but flatness, since a slit had formed between her legs where her male anatomy had been once before. **“¡Mierda! It's gone!?”**

There had been a strange slip of Spanish in there once Gudao realized his Gudao Jr. had proverbially flown the coop, but she didn't really seem to notice that she had done so – although it was a product of her mind being adjusted so that she might speak it fluently. Much like what had happened with Mashu, in fact, there was a gradual shift in her features that would ultimately make her appear much more akin to someone of South American descent over time.

But before that could happen, she still needed to better resemble the young woman she was sexually. Her visage was still masculine for the most part, and to those ends it quickly got to work to make sure that this was no longer the case. It began with a recession of height, in fact, for Gudao's frame quickly dropped a few inches – which ultimately left her black Chaldea garb sitting loosely against her, albeit without falling off (*short of her gloves*).

“Did I just get shorter...? No, I’ve always been this size?” The pitch of her voice was higher, and through her words she communicated the idea that she was changing mentally without realizing, as well. Memories were slowly being adjusted so that what was different was actually seen as normal, and the girl herself was left questioning why she had even thought otherwise in the first place.

And she really was a *girl*. Her loss of height had seen a youthfulness restored to a face that was otherwise softening, growing rounder and cuter the longer time waged on. Rather than looking to be in her early twenties like Gudaο should have, she now better resembled a girl in her mid-teens. This was only highlighted as her eyes, now brown, grew bigger and rounder, losing their Japanese luster, and a plethora of tiny freckles grew across the bridge of her nose. A nose that was, in fact, much bigger than before.

She bore some minor resemblances to Luisa now, in fact. And that grew clearer thanks to the color of her skin darkening to a richer tone that was just a shade or two lighter than that of the muscular Madrigal. Her hair hardly changed in color, but the spikes of its style were lost once it reached her shoulder, and a mess of waves ultimately defined its more voluminous style.

“I... I’m looking for my glasses, right?” Gudaο couldn’t remember why she was here, much less what she was supposed to be doing. With the muscles of her body weakened, she hardly possessed the physical fitness she’d held before. It left her body looking softer and more fragile overall, with the fatty tissue that existed rearranging to make some areas of her body look fuller than others.

Her chest was among these areas, naturally. While not amounting to much, a pair of small breasts were shaped above a waistline that curved in ever so slightly so that it appeared more feminine. Her rear end grew plumper to boot, with thighs seeming a little chubby. All in all, her figure was very standard for her age. Nothing overtly eye catching, and on the whole she seemed rather plain. But there was a cuteness to it all as well.



Before long her outfit was replaced with a teal dress and a white blouse with butterfly stitching. A name was even embroidered on the skirt. *Mirabel*.

“**Where did I leave my glasses? I can’t see a thing!**” More pressing to the fifteen year old than the fact that she had just *transformed*, which she absolutely would never realize, was the fact that she couldn’t *see*. If all of her family members had received Gifts from the candle, then her gift might as well have been poor eyesight. Which was a depressing way of looking at it, but she really didn’t have much else to cling onto there, seeing as she was the only one who didn’t receive a door.

Mirabel Madrigal clumsily fluttered around her room for a moment before she suddenly crashed into something big. And warm. Something that shouldn’t have been there. “*Luisa?*” That was her sister, wasn’t it? Well, one of the two. “**What’s up?**”

“**I found your glasses outside, Mirabel.**”

“**Huh. How’d they get out there?**”



There was no denying that out of all the places in the house to visit, that Gudako had claimed the most interesting ones for herself. That was more or less confirmed the moment she walked through the first golden door. It was a door that had a picture of a girl on it along with the name ‘Isabela’, which just made the Master think that it was going to be a regular girls room inside.

“**Is... this even possible?**” To the contrary, the inside of the room just didn’t make sense. It was as big as a small forest, absolutely betraying the perceived size that the outside suggested. Was this like a Reality Marble or something similar? Even the environment was different, with beautiful flowers growing about as the scent of fresh soil filled the air. Nonetheless, there was something about it that almost struck her as... *depressing*.

Because it’s no fun having to be perfect.

Gudako shook her head a moment. “**Be perfect? No one has ever expected *that much of me before.***” It was a strange thought for her to have had, and she really didn’t understand where it had come from. But it didn’t go away – and in fact? It grew stronger. Something akin to frustration in response to having to act a certain way or be a certain thing. Disdain? Spite? These feelings all swirled around, but being in this room also left her feeling somewhat at ease. Like she could be whoever she wanted here.

Little did she realize that the stronger these feelings grew, the more her body had begun to change. Out the gate it was her hair that was the most noticeable in this regard. It grew longer and longer, spilling far past her shoulders and even past her rear end, until it stopped just at the peaks of her thighs – and only because the hair had taken on a notable curl at the tips in all of its greater volume. This hair looked *very* well taken care of, and that showed even more as ginger locks darkened to a raven black.

People don’t get how hard it is to keep hair of this color clean!

Noting a huge flower in the center of the room, the young woman began to move towards it with some sort of purpose that even *she* didn’t realize. It was actually just a desire for comfort, because she was feeling more and more familiar with this room as her transformation raged on.

With her long, raven hair complete in its transformation, the color moved onto her skin. Which darkened, and darkened, and darkened some more. The dark chocolate color it inherited, dyeing even her nipples in a similar yet lighter shade, was much richer than the skin colors of Luisa and Mirabel, yet looking at her you could still something of a blood relation between the three of them.

Just looking at Gudako’s face, for example? It did grow a little longer than the other two as South American configurations dominated its overall structure, ultimately seeing her nose grow quite big and her chin much thinner, while lips grew thick and glossy. But her eyes? They inherited the same brown as the other two, even as they moved away from their Asian designs to something rounder and more expressive. As if to seal the deal, a notable beauty mark arose from beneath her left eye. Above those eyes, brows became similarly bushy to the other two sisters’ as well.

Bushy brows or not, there was something to be said about the beauty this face now exuded. It was almost breathtaking just how naturally pretty she had become, while Gudako had always considered her looks to be somewhat mediocre.

“I just need to lay down and recharge for a bit, right?” The woman’s voice had become much, much higher all of a sudden, and communicated with an unusual wistfulness in its expression, Gudako didn’t sound much, if at all like her original self any longer. That was unsurprising, seeing as the mental reconfiguration had taken hold much more quickly in her case than it had for the other two. The depression she was feeling had made it much easier for the following changes to slide in quickly and unnoticed.

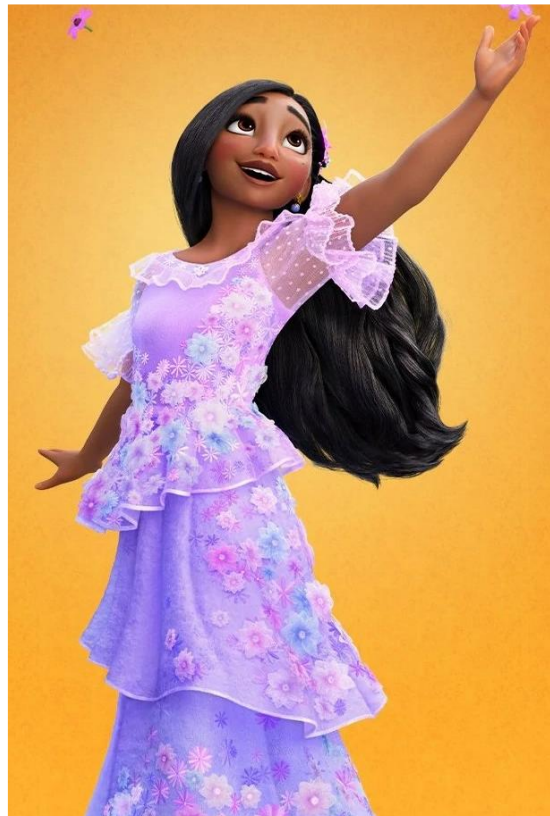
There *were* some changes to her physical state that left her feeling a little more tired than she probably should have felt. All of her muscles weakened and softened for one, because to be ‘perfect’ she had no need for that strength. *Her little sister, Luisa, was the one who personified that, after all.* She also shrunk an inch, but it was so minor that it was difficult for her to register, much less an onlooker.

Otherwise, her figure became much more pronounced. Her waistline was pulled in with some significance as the hips below widened a few inches. This naturally presented space for her ass and thighs to thicken, and while they never became excessively thick, it all left her rear end as the most appealing part of her body – even lifting up her skirt some. On the contrary, her chest hardly changed in size at all. If anything, the few inches of bust she earned simply highlighted just how *perfectly* her proportions were balanced overall.

Perfect, perfect, perfect. Everything always had to be perfect.

That went doubly for her outfit, and before long? Gone were the dreary blacks of her Chaldea uniform, and in its place was a layered, lilac dress that highlighted her body’s perfect curvature so that it drew the gaze of anyone who dared look at her. She was always being told that she would make a potential husband *very* happy in the future and that he would be lucky to have her. The people who said that didn’t know the half of it. But there was also the fact that if she got too close to someone, they might learn who she *really* was.

Despite the perfection that emanated from her appearance



and from every deliberate movement of her body, there was still an aura of loneliness radiating from *Isabela Madrigal* as she took a seat upon the huge flower in the room's center. Her whole life she had been expected to exude perfection. Her Gift to grow flowers was practically evidence of that, and despite coming off like she always got everything she wanted, much of it was an act.

“I don't want to get married...” She let out a sigh after curling up into the fetal position a moment. It would be any day now that her boyfriend was supposed to propose, but despite acting like she was interested. She really *wasn't*. Just thinking about it was putting the Madrigal princess in a bad mood, and so she ultimately pushed herself off the flower and headed towards her room's exit. **“Maybe I'll blow off some steam on Mirabel.”**

By picking on her youngest sibling, no doubt.

The three sisters would certainly be surprised to find that their entire village was vacant. Or, at least, until Chaldea sent more people to search for their missing Masters.