

FUSION CHANCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I literally can’t do it...”

It was unusual to hear Ritsuka Fujimaru, the Master of Chaldea, throw in the towel before anything had even begun. She certainly was no quitter, and if there was an opportunity to help someone then she would always lunge at it. She hated the idea of leaving anyone to harm, and this was even applied to foes at times – not *just* friends. So what kind of situation could lead her to *not want to bother*? Well, as she sat in her room with Mashu, the Servant could definitely understand the reason.

Halloween. Every time there was a Halloween event, somehow Elizabeth Bathory was at the center of it. And every time they had to participate, they were caught up in something *weird*. Case in point? Last year Elizabeth had played the part of a princess, and midst it all Ritsuka’s body had been stolen and her consciousness shoved into a pumpkin. She’d watched her own body become a weird goat monster and, honestly?

She was right for not wanting to get involved.

“But senpai, the Cinderella Elizabeth was kidnapped again...” Mashu *really* didn’t want to push her to help, since she also didn’t want to deal with all of that nonsense. But there was also the fundamental part of her that couldn’t ignore someone in danger. Then again, the Singularity also had the tag of ‘*100+ Hour Open World Super Difficult RPG Singularity*’. And who had time for *that*?

A knock on the door prompted a groan from Ritsuka, as well as a motion from Mashu to open it. She seemed confused before crouching down to

pick up what looked to be an invitation of some sort. **“Senpai, we got an... invitation.”** If she sounded dejected about it, that was because she *was*. After all? **“It’s Elizabeth asking us to come save her...”** She brought the invite back to the bed that her senpai was resting on. They both knew for better or worse, they’d end up going, but they weren’t ready yet.

On the other hand, the invitation in Mashu’s hands had a different idea. Because it suddenly lit up, and the next anyone knew? Ritsuka’s bedroom was completely, utterly void of any life whatsoever.



“Oh no...” Ritsuka was the first to realize what had happened. No longer were they standing in Chaldea’s confines, but instead an old-looking inn room with a single bed. It was small, cramped, and somewhat fantasy by design. While the nearby window revealed a sky of perpetual night overlooking a forest with endless, leafless trees. Off in the distance? A familiar castle with a pyramid and Japanese structure sticking out of it. **“We got brought in anyways.”**



It seemed that whether or not she had wanted to help Elizabeth didn’t matter, because the dragon girl herself had possessed different plans. **“Is this supposed to be our starting point? That bed is a little small for two people...”** It went without saying that the room was likely an inn room they were renting as part of *whatever* was set up. Did Mashu have her own room then?

“S-Senpai, do you think we need to share?” Mashu, blushing, was the first one to catch onto that. Ritsuka highly doubted that was the case, but wasn’t her kouhai coming off as a little too *excited* about that idea? **“AHEM! Well, based on the description of the situation I don’t think we’ll be staying here long enough to sleep, anyways.”** It was true. If this was a big, open world adventure as the title had claimed, then...

GREETINGS, BRAVE KNIGHT! I SEE YOU ARE HERE
TO SAVE THE PRINCESS, YET YOU ARE NOT YET
APPROPRIATLY EQUIPPED!

Both women squeaked in surprise as a disembodied voice boomed. It didn't sound like they could communicate with it, because it sounded prerecorded. Had Napoleon done it? It most certainly sounded like his booming voice. **“Wait, why is he only addressing one of us. Does one of us need to stay behind?”** Ritsuka *did* raise a good point. He wasn't talking about two knights, just one. But in truth only Ritsuka was supposed to be teleported there. The script didn't account for a second person. Nor the equipping process that was to follow. But even then, this entire event hadn't required to be herself for the game. After all wasn't there already a suitable knight for the job?

Though the pair of them quickly found they had a new set of worries, for all of a sudden they could feel the breeze passing through the poorly built wooden walls of the inn room rather keenly. They immediately looked down at themselves and let out some very pained cries. **“WHY AM I DRESSED LIKE THIS!?”** Mashu was the first to vocalize it. After all, they were both dressed in little more than an armor bikini. One with red cups and silver bands, with pauldrons on their shoulders, matching gauntlets, and even boots over thigh high tights. But other than their capes?

The two of them were basically naked.

“...Isn't this Elizabeth Brave's outfit? Is it because we're supposed to be the 'hero'?” Embarrassed as she was, especially considering the cups of the armor's bra barely covered her own breasts, much less Mashu's larger pair, Ritsuka did her best to try and remain calm. If Elizabeth had set this whole thing up, then thematically she'd want her hero to dress in the way she perceived heroes to dress, right? That didn't make it any *better*, but at least she could kind of *understand*.

Her reasoning evidently didn't make Mashu feel any better though, because she could see her kouhai awkwardly trying to cover her chest. Those steel cups didn't seem to be made for older women such as them, and so breasts – and even their rear ends – were fit far too snugly in what they'd been forced to wear. But while the Demi-Servant had evidently been fixated on covering up, her expression quickly turned to one of confusion. **“Huh? Wait, did it change in size?”**

She wasn't sure, but the metal bands hadn't felt as tight all of a sudden. Her reaction had prompted Ritsuka to look over as well, just as Mashu pulled her arm away. Yet the two of them were flabbergasted by what removing that arm from her chest revealed. **“W-Wait!?”** Because, before their very eyes, the weight of Mashu's breasts had begun to

lessen. No, as Ritsuka soon realized when looking down at herself, it was happening to *her* as well. Both of their breasts had begun to shrink!

“Is this really happening!?! Why?” Powerless to do anything about it, the Master could only gawk as the uncomfortable and cold armored brassiere lost its tightness and began to feel incredibly loose across her own shoulders. Her breasts were shrinking so substantially that before long they didn’t even *fit*, and looking over at Mashu it appeared the same was true for her as well. If either of them were to extend their arms forward, it was unlikely that the cups would remain pinned to their chest and would likely slide forward to show off their nipples beneath. Nipples that were *likewise* becoming smaller.

When all was said and done, both parties had matching cup sizes. Paltry looking *A-cups*.

In fact, the fit of the steel bra around them wasn’t all that unfamiliar. They had seen this issue plenty of times on the Servant who typically wore this outfit. Since the straps were bound to the pauldrons, Elizabeth was *always* accidentally showing off her breasts. But she seemed to be a little desensitized to it *‘because I’m a hero!’*. A notion that soon reverberated throughout their own minds.

“What kind of game is this supposed to be, exactly...?” Mashu, looking down at her basically flat chest, sounded defeated by her circumstances. All the more so now that she could clearly see her lower body without her bust in the way, and that revealed a similar trend afflicting both the lower halves of herself *and* her Master.

Ritsuka sighed as all of the meat left their thighs and ass, hips narrowing so that the steel clasps no longer dug into their bones. When all was said and done, the pair of them were left with shapeless rears and thighs that were hardly plump at all, leaving them to appear young, yet lanky for their heights remained untouched. **“Maybe this is just because Elizabeth gets jealous of other women? Her hero shouldn’t be better looking than her... or something?”**

The Master’s reasoning wasn’t exactly off the mark, but it also wasn’t correct either. Because in the end, what was happening to them wasn’t going to rob them of their figures alone. Their heights *had* been untouched, but that was only temporary in the grand scheme of things. After all, both women soon fumbled in their posture, practically falling towards one another before catching themselves. The cause? All at once their bones had shortened, with their limbs and torsos dropping down to an even five feet.

But wasn't this strange? Their outfits. The width of their hips, the size of their breasts, and even their heights. They were all *identical* to each other. Almost as if they were doomed to look identical. But to be fair, that *also* wasn't really what was happening. Since that implied they would somehow be *separate* individuals.

“Senpai, what’s happening to us?” Fear was plain in Mashu’s voice, but compared to last Halloween this *still* wasn’t as strange to Ritsuka. She’d take being smaller and dressed in Elizabeth Brave’s costume over being a pumpkin again. But neither of them had noticed. They subconsciously begun to stand directly beside one another, with Ritsuka’s left shoulder to Mashu’s right one. They both felt a tingling in one of their hands. For the Master it was her right hand, and for the Servant it was her left. It was enough to have them raise their hands forward almost in sync with each other.

“...Uh?”

And they both squeaked a noise of confusion in unison as well. After all, their affected hands, or at least their fingertips, looked *weird*. Their skin was hardening, fleshy looks robbed while the bending of their joints somehow *wasn't* compromised. It was something that was happening to the toes on the same halves of their body at the same time, but hidden in armored boots this could not be seen. Once their fingers were wholly coated? That coating turned a bright pink, so that their fingers looked like hot pink *claws*. Like... **“ELIZABETH!?”**

It was out of character for *either* woman to cry so shrilly, yet they had once again done so in unison, in a voice that was all so familiar to them for all the wrong reasons. Shocked, they turned to look at one another’s faces – and were once again surprised by what they saw. Mashu’s eyes were normally mauve, but her left one was a bright blue. The same blue that could now be seen in Ritsuka’s right eyes, which also looked far less Japanese and far more European.

It wasn't just that. The opposite sides of their faces were *identical* to the face of Elizabeth Bathory. From the little fang poking up from between thinned cheeks, to a smaller nose and even a pointed ear sticking out. Yet the sides of their faces that were aimed towards one another remained unchanged, almost like they were two-faced literally. **“How is this possible!?”** What’s more, despite them still thinking independently of each other, whenever they spoke it was completely aligned.

Realistically, aside from their hair, they now looked identical to Elizabeth Bathory. Or, at least, half of their bodies did. The hair was rectified not long after, with a hot pink tickling their roots and sliding

out to the tips – which became quite the feat, for their hair then lengthened. It was something that was more significant for Mashu, for in the end it fell all the way down to their butts. And they then winced in discomfort as a pair of horns next bulged through either side of their skull. The horn that emerged from the right side of Ritsuka’s head was larger than the one that emerged from Mashu’s left, but both wrapped in design near their bases.

“Are we becoming Elizabeth, but...!? Well, we would be super cute!” The pair of them felt razzled by their own words. It was jarring enough that they were so synced, but for them to praise Elizabeth like that? No... It was more like they were praising *themselves*. Or *themselves*, because their sense of independence began to unravel. Like their minds were blending into one. **“AAAAAAAH!?”**

This mental shift was accompanied by the strange feeling that they were falling. They had practically been pressing up against each other, shoulder to shoulder, but now it was like they were falling *into* one another from that point on. But it wasn’t really that. Whether it was their flesh, or the matching steel from their outfits, they were *melting together*. The fact that opposite halves of their bodies had become more Elizabeth-like than others finally appeared intentional, for when it all clicked together? A singular *Elizabeth Brave* remained. Complete with a new tiara between her horns.

Even the extra legs between them had found new purpose, for they had merged together and slid under her body. The skin of this appendage darkened to black while inheriting the sheen of scales, and the foot fanned out into a pair of hot pink spines. Until it was a single tail with a thick base just above her singular, petite bottom.

Her mind was a jumbled mess, and that really wasn’t any surprise, all things considered. While there had once been two women, there was now a singular existence. A fourteen year old girl dressed in scantily clad armor, one with the horns, fangs, tail, and claws of a dragon despite otherwise appearing relatively human. **“Eh? Eh!? EEEEEH!?”** In terms of her ego, it had been three



entities for a time. Ritsuka and Mashu had mixed together, but as their transformations had worsened Elizabeth's personality had begun to dye them in pink.

Until only an *Elizabeth* remained. An Elizabeth that could remember her origins, but also couldn't remember much more than that. **"No way!? I'm the squirrel and Mashu!? But I'm Elizabeth! I can only be Elizabeth!"** She had the dragon girl's memories, after all, and no longer any of those of her past selves – at least none that weren't shared with Elizabeth from the get-go.

**BRAVE KNIGHT, IF IT IS ANSWERS YOU SEEK, YOU
MUST FIND THE PRINCESS!**

That disembodied voice boomed again, once more startling the new Elizabeth Brave. **"I NEED A TON OF ANSWERS, ACTUALLY! But gweh... Does that mean I need to save myself?"** What even defined 'herself' by this point? She couldn't really be sure. She could only follow the script at this juncture, it seemed. **"But I guess if I'm the only one that can do it, then I suppose I have noooo choice!"** Smarmy as the girl was, mind you, she took no issue with being seen as a hero.

And so, sword in hand, the girl's journey began. A 100 hour journey to save Cinderalla Liz and obtain answers about where she had come from! Or so that had been the plan, but about 20 hours into this epic adventure...

"Eh? What did I want answers for again...? Oh! Why won't anyone listen to my beautiful singing voice! That must have been it!"