

REINE CORROMPUE

COMMISSION STORY

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Chaldea's summoning system sure was unusual at times.

There were obvious reasons that this was true, of course. It could summon Servants that typically wouldn't be eligible for summoning according to typical systems. Servants from the Extra classes most certainly should *not* have been able to be pulled into Panhuman history for example. Nor should Servants based on those beings that lived exclusively in Singularities or Lostbelts.

The *Guardian Heroic Servant Summoning System*, often referred to as the *FATE* system, appeared to circumvent all of these norms. Would the Chaldea Security Organization ever reap consequences for using such a system? Surely such a thing would remain to be seen at *this* point in time, but that didn't mean that the reality of it didn't persist. After all, what summoning system would allow you to summon more than one version of Elizabeth Bathory considering her *eccentric* personality?

In the grand scheme of things, the case that brought this topic into relevance was one that was similar. A Servant had been summoned that was extremely similar to one that was already under Chaldea's care. But it wasn't a usual offender, and even then? She had even been summoned to the exact same class. **"Erm... What is happening, my fellow teens?"**

Such was the line that Marie Antoinette had opted to lead with the moment she had been summoned, her bright blue eyes quickly registering the confusion of the Masters that had summoned her in the first place. They weren't confused because another Marie Antoinette had been summoned – it was common to summon the exact same version of

a Servant that already existed, and that copy would be fused with the one they already had to make them stronger.

But this Marie Antoinette was dressed differently. She was dressed like Little Red Riding Hood. Which was a look she had adopted during the incident where they had met Erice and Voyager. *That* Marie Antoinette had turned out to be something a little more *sinister* than she had first seemed. *That* Marie Antoinette had turned out to be Black Marie, a manifestation of Erice's guilt.

The day wore on, and the Rider that had been summoned exhibited no indication that she was actually Black Marie herself. She was acting just as you might expect Marie Antoinette to act, and there was nothing wholly suspicious about her. Black Marie had been an evil spirit that had been designated an Avenger too, and this girl was clearly slotted in the Rider class. Before long, she was left in her room alone.

“Mon dieu... Did I do something wrong? I certainly hope I wasn't rude!” Truthfully? The girl *wasn't* Black Marie. She had no memories of having led a life like that, and her heart was just as pure as the other Marie Antoinette that had already been summoned. **“I suppose it must be these clothes? They're not wrong to be suspicious in that case. I don't believe I would have typically been summoned wearing something like this...”** She pulled at the cape of her hood while looking herself over in the mirror. Why *was* she dressed this way?

Realistically, the best she could do at this point was try to alleviate the concerns of her new Masters, and of Chaldea as a whole. It would do no one any good if they couldn't trust her and she would have liked to avoid being Burned. She was worried that they would be so concerned about her nature that they wouldn't even offer her Spirit Origin to the other Marie Antoinette in order to strengthen her!

“But how would I go about such a thing? Mm... Perhaps I should simply sleep on it?” Wracking her brain when being summoned and then being treated the way she had likely would not lead to any moments of genius, and so the young woman instead opted to rest her mind for a spell. Surely, once she was rested? She would be able to think of something! Maybe she could speak with the Masters in the morning, too?

Something disturbed her sleep long before morning came, though. **“Ah!?”** Her hood down, Marie Antoinette awoke with a start in the middle of the night. It was like she had just suffered through a nightmare, and yet she couldn't remember what the nightmare in

question had *actually* been about. Her skin felt clammy and she felt unwell, and it took all of the Servant's energy to reach over to turn on her light before getting out of bed.



“Strange... Was that a nightmare? But then why do I feel so ill?” Servants seldom even *dreamed*, and so for her to have experienced something like that? The meaning must have been significant, and yet she could not recall anything about it. Her mind heavy, Marie moved into the bathroom to wash her face. Everything felt heavy. Servants were not supposed to come down ill like this. **“Is something wrong**

with me after all?”

It was, but it wasn't the Rider's fault. Something had gone awry with her summoning that had not been noticed, and now she was doomed to pay the price for it.

With her face washed she moved back into the room proper, her movements unsteady, her body shaking. **“Should I go and fetch one of the Masters? Perhaps that da Vinci girl?”** These were reasonable suggestions all things considered, but with how the day prior had transpired? She was hesitant. What if they assumed the worst and it damaged her chances of being able to reason with them the next day? Perhaps if she could just endure it for the rest of the night she would feel better?

Ultimately choosing the latter option, Marie had been prepared to just return to her bed, smile, and force herself back to sleep. But she didn't make it that far before her body seemed to *lock up*. Her ability to move hadn't been taken from her, it was more like a *different opinion* had suddenly disturbed her will. And following it, that opinion surfaced in the back of her mind.

But why should I bother? A Queen of my caliber needn't appeal to her people! They should simply revere me and do as I say!

It was a way of viewing her position as a queen that stood so contrary to Marie Antoinette's usual view of herself that she felt her blood run cold just thinking it. Never had she taken her people for granted in such a way, and never would she demand such baseless loyalty. It felt *wrong*

for her to have a thought like that. It felt *evil*. But it wasn't even the only thing that felt wrong in that moment either.

Something felt off about the fit of the Little Red Riding Hood costume she had been summoned wearing. Typically a Servant would be summoned in clothes they had worn in life, right? And if not, they would usually still be clothes that properly *fit* them. It didn't matter *how* strong a Servant was, being asked to move about in clothing that was uncomfortable could obviously lead to a drop in their performance.

“**Umm...**” At first she didn't understand *what* about her clothing felt off. It wasn't something that Marie usually wore, but all throughout the day it *had* fit her properly. Nothing had been too tight or too loose, but now? It was all definitely leaning into the former category. Particularly around her shoulders and where her skirt was resting? Not to mention her thigh highs. But while it did take a moment, the young lady *did* eventually realize.

Only because she had noticed something else, though. “**Am... I taller?**” She felt so generally unwell that it had just been one more jarring thing at first, but with additional perspective it had finally dawned on her that her perspective itself had changed. She was several inches taller, and in turn that had ruined her costume's fit. Her thigh highs were more like knee highs now, and with shoulders taller, the skirt of her outfit had been lifted so that you could almost see the base of her panties. “**But why!? I feel so... *powerful*. N-Non, that isn't what I meant to say!**”

Whatever she had *meant* to say, that didn't change what she had ultimately blurted out instead. Taller people *did* command more respect than shorter people, but why had she suddenly seen that as a benefit? At the same time, there were things that she *couldn't* see that probably would have commanded her attention had she been able to note them.

Because the face upon which her confusion and anxiety was placed? It looked a touch different. That isn't to say she had begun to look like a different woman entirely though, no. It was more like subtle changes had begun to occur so that she appeared more *mature*. Her face already seemed a touch longer, with cheeks that were thinner and cheekbones that were a touch higher than normal. But what was truly notable were her *lips*, which almost appeared bee stung in plumpness compared to how they usually appeared. Marie's eyes were likewise narrowed, and in their corners? The beginnings of crow's feet could be observed.

A touch of dark blue gloss across her lips and mascara across her eyelashes sealed the deal. Rather than a girl in her teens, she now

resembled a woman in her late thirties. Around the age that she had died in life.

The woman exhaled, unaware of anything other than her changed height – even though her hair now seemed a touch longer and more worn as well. **“It seems the unwell feeling is passing at last. Then I can get on with my goddamned night!”** Her... *what?* She had spoken so aggressively that she had shocked even herself. What was that coarse language she was using? It was so unlike her, and yet it also highlighted that her voice was now slightly deeper. Why was she so *irate*? Normally she would just shrug her negative feelings off!

Despite it being a subject that likely warranted some self-reflection, rather than do just that she ultimately cursed once more as her body lurched forward. She had been surprised, but the motion had come with a *very* restrictive feeling around the bust of her Little Red Riding Hood outfit. Her chin was tilted down, expecting to see the light cleavage she had been seeing all day, and yet... **“Wh—!?”**

The queen was taken aback, utterly speechless at what she was witnessing. The neckline of her costume had been tugged down by the size of her breasts, which had already evolved well beyond their normal swell. Well, it was no surprise why she had lurched forward with this in mind, because they were *already* D-cups and growing beyond. **“I always said that food always went to my chest, but sacre bleu!”** They were already bigger than she remembered them being in life.

And the front of her outfit? Well, as tits grew even *larger*, that cloth became fully incapable of properly containing them. They teared in slight at the top, but in the end? The design of her clothing sent these huge breasts to boil up and through her neckline, both tits eventually flopping out and overtop of her clothes, bouncing gleefully with areola that were as wide as her eyes, upon breasts that were individually as *large as her head*.

“Hmph.” Rather than gawk or react a suitable amount towards this new chest of hers though? She grunted with indifference. Much like with her enhanced height, the heft of her now weighty chest left her feeling strong and confident. Like she could masterfully wrap any man, or lusting woman, around her little finger. Perhaps her new Masters, too, would fall for this new look of hers? **“Wh-What am I thinking!? And yet...”** She could not completely deny the allure of these new thoughts.

Already subconsciously sold on her fate though, she hardly batted an eyelash as her lower half filled in to meet the standard her breasts had already established. Her thighs swelled to a full plumpness that tugged her skin tautly around them, and these thighs likewise highlighted the

fact that Marie's skin was a touch paler than it had once been. Her hips were pushed wider perhaps as a direct result, yet there was also no denying that the bloat of her ass, giving her a respectable bubble butt that would rise and fall with a jiggle with every step, may have contributed to this as well. It went without saying that her panties were flossed within her loins, but only for a time.

Because the costume let go of her body suddenly, leaving her older, bodacious body naked for a few moments after scattering into golden particles. "**Better.**" She felt relief now that her body was not uncomfortably bound by ill-fitted cloth, and as the particles reformed? She felt even better in a new outfit. A black dress with puffy sleeves and an impossibly deep neckline. Black gloves and thigh highs that now appropriately hugged their plush shapes. Not to mention a huge, black and red hair ornament in the shape of a flower that now held curled locks to the left.

And then, finishing it all off, her blue eyes became clouded by an empty gold color.

The woman that stood in Marie Antoinette's place was still very much Marie Antoinette, and yet simultaneously she was a different existence altogether. The groan that left her mouth was far more pointed and annoyed than any noise the Rider certainly would have made, but even if you ignored how her scowl presented the woman in a completely different light?



Well, the woman *looked* so different. Rather than a teenager she looked the part of a proper, adult woman. One who was taller than she had been before. One that sported an erotic hourglass figure that was highlighted by the now *very* deep neckline of her black and red dress. She glared at her own reflection in the mirror, eyes sparkling a golden color that was reserved only for a certain subset of Servant.

“...Alter. I became a damned Alter!?” She looked identical to the Black Marie, but she *wasn't*. She didn't have that iteration's memories nor goals. Rather, she had become a proper *Marie Antoinette Alter*, with her class having been corrupted into the *Avenger* class. She had felt so unwell because her Saint Graph had been unstable, so of course her Spirit Origin being corrupted would lead to feeling so sick after so long. **“God damn it!”**

She still had the memories of the girl she had been prior to this moment though. She was *clearly* agitated by what had become of her, but her colder, haughtier demeanor led her to express it much more violently – as fists slamming into a nearby desk demonstrated. Teeth were grit beneath fuller lips. **“How the hell am I supposed to relieve their misplaced suspicion now!? Hmph! Not that I should need to explain myself! They should be revering the great and powerful Queen of France, Marie Antoinette!”**

Was that how she *truly* felt about herself? Perhaps she hadn't felt that way before, but her nature as an Alter had thoroughly corrupted her. She now looked back on her reign as one of dominance. The people *owed* her their love, just as the Masters of Chaldea now did. No, *everyone* here owed her their love and adoration! There was no use in denying that this was how she now felt. But she wasn't happy about it deep down. She *loathed* what she had become.

“Grr... Now what am I supposed to do? How will they listen to anything I have to say when I look like *this*?” Even then, her appearance was only *part* of the issue. The way she acted was just as bad. **“But Chaldea keeps other Alters, don't they? Maybe this is for the best. Maybe this way I'll be allowed to function so long as I pretend to obey...”** But as most Alters did, it wouldn't take her long to obey due to *other* reasons.

Hopefully she wouldn't fall for one of the Masters, for example.