

A FATED PAIR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“**Hah... Hah... Hah...**”

Sweat dripped down the arms and legs of Madoka Kaname as, for the first time in what felt like an hour, she was finally able to catch her breath. The sudden emergence of a Witch’s lair near her school had been alarming, because it had been late at night and if she had left it? There was no telling how many victims the Witch might have consumed in the morning when all of the students were funneling in. It had to be dealt with immediately, even though it was now 4am.

But the Witch had been slain, and the distorted space had returned to normal, leaving the old hotel room beside the school campus where its domain had been forged to return to normal. While it *was* abandoned, there had been recent rumors that the building had been purchased by investors from Europe, but none of that was really the fourteen-year-old’s concern. She was just lucky that she’d made things a little safer for her peers!

As Madoka collapsed onto the bed of one of the abandoned rooms in the facility for a breather though? A dark-haired girl was exploring the attached bathroom. Homura Akemi was on *high* alert. The Witch aside, she could recognize that something was *wrong* in ways that the pink-haired girl couldn’t. She was, after all, a time traveler who had been looping over and over to try and find an ending where Madoka could be saved from her tragic fate.

But this Witch had never manifested in any of the previous loops.

“Madoka. Wait here. I’m going to check the room next door.”

Because of this, she had been desperately searching for clues regarding its appearance. If there was an outlier she had overlooked, then she wanted to find it. Because her actions shouldn’t have caused a ripple effect significant enough to spawn a brand-new Witch on this particular loop. The girl beelined out of the bathroom and headed towards the inn room door, but Madoka called out to her.

She didn’t know about Homura’s time traveling, nor did she know of the fate that awaited her. But she could tell that Homura was acting a little too cautious. **“Homura-chan! I know you’re just trying to protect me, but you don’t need to push yourself so hard! Sometimes... I wish if you wanted to be so loyal, you did so in a less self-destructive way...”** Homura had intended on shrugging off the comment and resuming what she had planned to do, but then something *happened*.



The next thing Homura knew, she was standing in what looked to be a changing room of sorts. The scent of disinfectant and other cleaning supplies filled the space, which had rows of lockers – many of which with *maid uniforms* hanging from their exteriors. **“...What!?”** She didn’t see Madoka *anywhere*, which was naturally a problem when she could only draw the conclusion that her crush had unintentionally been the catalyst for what had just happened.

Because the time traveling magical girl had definitely felt it. A Witch’s magic just before her surroundings had changed, even though she was *certain* they had defeated it. **“Is this Kyubey’s doing?”** The Incubator’s involvement sounded sensical on paper, but assuming she hadn’t come to this place alone? It actually didn’t; Homura just didn’t realize why. After all, she wasn’t even in *her world* anymore.

And Kyubey wanted nothing more than Madoka, so there was no way it would have sent her away like that.

“I need to find *Lady Jacinthe*.” The girl stated her intentions plainly, but she was media taken aback by her own words. Who in the world was *Lady Jacinthe*? She had clearly intended to refer to *Madoka*, and yet a completely different name from a completely different country had left her lips? What language even *was* that? *French*? **“That was...**

weird.” But everything about the predicament that she found herself in could have been described that way, realistically.

Was it part of whatever the Witch had done? Homura shook her head like that would do *anything* to fix things, utterly unaware that even as her dark hair swayed from side-to-side as she shook her head, strands of a forest *green* had begun to mix themselves amidst their original color. “**...It’s a little early, but I suppose I should just reset.**” Considering her powers, it was a viable solution. If she didn’t know how to proceed, she could just rewind and avoid this outcome altogether.

The issue was that when she *tried* – and by this point, all of her hair was not only the same green but had lengthened with choppy bangs now street – *nothing* happened. “**Am I doing something wrong?**” That couldn’t be the case. Using her magic had become second nature like drinking or breathing. It just simply *wasn’t* working. As a magical girl had become so reliant on it, this naturally made her *worried*. “**What do I do?**” She hadn’t felt that helpless in a long time.

Homura was normally attentive. Probably *too* attentive for a girl of her age, and so it seemed to be bizarre that she didn’t *immediately* realize that her hair had changed. It *was* longer, so it was heavier, and the color change was even more striking. Was it just a matter of her being too distressed? In a way it was, but it was also a case of her personality beginning to subtly shift without her noticing.

In the meantime, it was becoming clear that it wasn’t just her hair that had been compromised visually. Her face was shifting structurally, largely unfelt by the girl even though it included changes like her jawline both lengthening *and* sharpening to give it a more mature shape. *Maturity* appeared to be the name of the game, however. If it hadn’t been, there would have been no reason for her lips to swell to thrice their size, her nose to lengthen, or the corners of her eyes to appear more worn.

That said, there was something else about those eyes as their browns took a more chestnut shade. The pinched in corners that gave them their almond shapes *rounded*, eventually giving her a gaze that no longer appeared Asian at all. *European Caucasian* was likely a more apt comparison. In the meantime, a series of holes opened in the cartilage of her ears... even though that had nothing to do with her age or race.

“**What else can I... HAH!?**” It wasn’t until she spoke next that Homura *finally* realized there was more going on than she had initially thought, and she responded with an uncharacteristically loud *yell*. In fact, Homura never raised her voice at *all*, so it was *that* out of character. Since when had her voice become so *deep*!? Actually, all in all

it really was a bit of a mismatch. Her head almost looked like it belonged on the body of a woman in her *twenties*, and her voice sounded similar, but her body was still effectively the body of a girl in her early teens.

But that was something that was going to *rapidly* change. “**What the hell is happening!?** I need to find *Lady Jacinthe!*” There was that name again, and she began to stumble towards the changing room door as she said it. However, that stumbling came in part because her body wasn’t moving the way she had expected it to and her clothes felt unusually *tight*? She was basically stumbling over herself and had to grab one of the nearby lockers to stop herself from falling.

“**What now!?**” She barked not with confusion, but with *agitation*. She didn’t like the feeling of her magical girl costume lifting from her waist, pulling down her tights, or pushing out the sides of her skirt to show off more and more of her skin. Just as she didn’t like the discomfort of it being too tight around her chest, or her sleeves tearing right off. Her toes even pushed *through* the fronts of her boots; all products of her body rapidly growing from the size of a girl into the size of a *woman*.

It wasn’t long at all before she stood closer to 5’5”, and by this point she was hardly recognizable as a teenager beyond her seeming lack of mature curvature. But even *that* bled in before long. Her button-up shirt had already been straining thanks to widened shoulders and a wider chest by nature, but the small bosom that was practically held back by that shirt finally bounced into view as the buttons on the upper half of it came undone and mounds that were already larger than they had been before jiggled into view.

“**Fuck!?**” The woman blurted out an expletive as she tried to cover what she could with an arm but promptly reminded herself *internally* that she shouldn’t be acting so *crude* while in the hotel. “**Wait!?** **Since when did I...?**” *Care* about any of that? Her brown eyes twitched while her small breasts ballooned into perky *D-cups*, but that weight wasn’t particularly burdensome when her body was becoming more *toned*. Muscles hardened in her chest, back, and belly.

On the other hand, everything below her belt *softened*. Panties that had been meant for a girl that had hardly developed into adulthood, fully exposed with her skirt lifted, *snapped* around expanding hips and burgeoning cheeks. What remained of those cotton undergarments was wedged into burgeoning cheeks that vaguely darkened in color along with the rest of her skin to a subtly different shade. That ass was a perfect peach shape before long, while her thighs burgeoned to three times their original plumpness.

Her body was *very* well-developed now, but she couldn't exactly celebrate. Especially when her clothes were digging into her skin. But while that little issue was eventually addressed – as she suddenly found herself completely naked – her head was swimming with what felt like *nonsense*. Memories that weren't her own, of the life of a punk that had been domesticated into a life of servitude, all revolving around a certain woman.

That, despite it all, she had feelings for. Feelings not unlike those Homura had felt towards Madoka.

“Ugh... I'll have to do a day like this to see how things are, I guess.” It didn't take *Lebanne* long at all to navigate putting on her maid uniform, and in fact she did it effortlessly, as if she had done so a million times in the past. Her personality was much like her body: not at all as it had been before. And yet? Homura's essence had not faded. Her understanding of the world she was in had been supplemented by new memories. She knew her new name, her job, and her history. She even knew how to Pokémon battle... and was itching to have a go, honestly.



Because her awareness was intact, she felt a little *strange*. She knew that everything was wrong, and that she wasn't meant to be a maid working under the leadership of another woman, and yet she recognized something *comforting*. Whilst she *had* changed, if Madoka had somehow ended up in this unfamiliar yet familiar world with her? Then that was... reassuring. It meant that Kyubey wasn't there. And that Madoka could not be preyed upon.

She just had to find her first. “**Either way, I can't skip my shift...**” *Lebanne's* obligations were more important to her, even if that made her slightly uncomfortable. She couldn't fight them, so she'd have to hope she'd have time to search for Madoka when her obligations for the day finished. She'd just have to attend to the woman she was working for until that time came.

But she had yet to realize just how close Madoka would be.



“Oh! Um... Where am I?” Homura had been right to assume that Madoka had made the trip with her and was even nearby. The pink-haired girl had found herself sitting on the bed of a *very* luxurious penthouse suite... on a floor that must have been at least *twenty* floors up based on her view from the nearby window. **“I’m still in a hotel, but this isn’t the same one...”**

She pressed a hand against one of those windows. It wasn’t Mitakihara City, but it was probably *worse* than that. **“I-Is this even Japan?”** There was a strange-looking, broken tower covered with plant life in the center of a city that looked to be very *circular*. She’d never seen or even heard of a city like that before in her life, but the tower did kind of remind her of—**“France?”**

Well, she was right in a *way*.

But it didn’t necessarily *matter* if Homura’s circumstances had been anything to go off of. In fact, unlike her friend, Madoka’s own fate had been made blatantly obvious to her from the very beginning. **“W-Wait!? What’s happening!? Why is the room getting... smaller?”** The girl’s initial misunderstanding was understandable. The furniture *did* look lower to the ground than she’d recalled, but ‘the room is shrinking’ wasn’t an explanation that would have justified why her clothing had begun to feel tighter too.

Because while Homura’s height had changed near the very end, Madoka’s had been ‘corrected’ first and foremost. She was shooting up rapidly, and the single piece dress that she wore as a magical girl was quickly being compromised as a result. The skirt, for example, lifted off of her narrow hips so that the bloomers she was wearing underneath were exposed, while the lace leggings that should have rested beneath her knees were pulled down to her shin.

“N-No!? I’m getting bigger? This is so *étrange!*” What was that word she had just uttered? She had meant to say ‘strange’, right? But it had come out sounding *foreign*, like... *French*? This thought might have crossed the magical girl’s mind for a moment, but it was quickly drowned out by *indifference*. She accepted it as a ‘normal’ quirk of hers just as quickly as she’d accepted it.

Besides, her mind was still elsewhere. Her body hadn’t stopped growing just yet. Her shoulders and chest widened, making the top half of the dress so snug that the neckline tore down very slightly and her sleeves,

because they were puffy, didn't *tear* but were instead pulled until there was no puffiness left to them at all. By the time her height stopped increasing at 5'4", you might have assumed that she would have been the opposite of what Homura had once been: a woman's body with a girl's face. But Madoka didn't realize that her *own* face had matured, pushing her up into her *twenties* as well.

“What am I supposed to... *Hm?*” The woman had been about to ponder her size, and the window upon which she could do so was rapidly narrowing. Her memories were being adjusted behind the scenes in ways that were different from her friend's. There memories weren't being inserted parallel to her original ones but were instead *replacing* them. One's personality was tied to their memories, and because her old memories were being thrown out... **“*Non! Everything is perfect, even my voice!*”**

It had been her voice that had made her pause, and that voice, deeper and more mature, was ignored as 'normal', just as her height had been! Just because she was taller and older did not mean that her transformation was anywhere near complete, though. A number of what appeared to be *very* dark freckles had begun to spread across her pale skin. They were almost comparable to dark chocolate in shade, and that became more and more obvious as those freckles spread from head-to-toe, eventually blending into each other to give her complexion a consistent, darkened tone.

There was no point in denying that it was natural, and that the melanin levels in her skin were the culprit. It was not the skin color of a Japanese woman, and her matured face changed further to prove this. Her lips thickened, her nose grew, and the shape of her face overall became *much* thinner. Of course, the biggest tell was her *eyes*, which opened in shape as a dark purple seized her irises. Even her eyebrows changed, thickening slightly while possessed by a *very* pale purple.

“Now... What *am* I wearing? Am I a *child* dressing up for a stage play?” Madoka had coveted her magical girl costume as the product of her wish and a means through which she could deliver hope unto others. But now? She saw it as little more than something to be *discarded*, and she thought so little of it that she began to *tear it off* with long, slender fingers that developed lengthened nails *as* she tore.

By the time she'd stripped herself down until her dark skin was entirely bare, though? The hair upon the woman's head had changed as well. The purple that had possessed her eyebrows could be seen in bushier pubes now that she was naked, but it had also seeped into the shoulder length hair atop her head and pushed the bows that tied this hair into tails to *unravel*. The length of this purple mane practically *quadrupled*,

all while it swirled into a pair of puffy drills on the sides of her head with a shorted, rounded swirl at the very back. Even her bangs were nice and puffy, but the underlying curliness of all this hair was also very frizzy. It just looked like she had been taking *excellent* care of it.

Of course, while she looked every part like a beautiful Black woman, it was clear that her body was lacking when it came to its *cushioning*. Because she was naked though, this cushioning was at least able to apply itself unhindered. You could see this in the weight of her ass, which jiggled as it bubbled from utterly flat to a perky heart-shape that wedged the surrounding hips wider. Excess was fed in to thicken her thighs of course, while higher up? Small breasts ballooned and slightly sagged without support. Their C-cups weren't excessive, but they still felt rather heavy when her body was relatively soft and free of muscle.

The woman hummed to herself self-importantly now that her transformation had completed. At least until she let out a light yawn.

“I suppose I should get changed rather than walking around naked! What would Lebanne think if she found me like this?” *Jacinthe* didn't even try to sound *concerned* by that statement and even gave her lips a sensual little lick with her tongue as she said it. The *extremely* wealthy owner of Hotel Richissime and leader of the Society of Battle Connoisseurs didn't seem to think anything of a past life. She had no memories at all of being *Madoka*, and so the past few minutes? They were blurry at best.



She certainly wouldn't need to worry about anyone taking advantage of her though. Not with her strong personality and bottomless, wealth-fueled influence.

As she saw things, she had just woken up after sleeping in the nude. Her dark skin glistened against the early morning light that filtered in through the window, which was fortunately high enough that she didn't need to worry about anyone seeing her. Either way, it was practically the blink of an eye before she'd dressed herself in her usual purple business dress, matching fishnets, silk gloves, and tiny, purple hat. Very fashionable, very high brow!

“And voila! Lady Jacinthe is ready for a new day!” And just in time, too! Because the door to her chambers ended up opening as

Lebanne pushed a tray of tea and snacks in with her. **“There you are, Lebanne! You know, I had a strange dream? It was like I was some sort of magical girl!”** As it turned out, while she *had* forgotten being Madoka, what did remain of those memories had been relegated to a dream. One that would soon be swiftly forgotten.

But Lebanne’s face showed a glimmer of recognition. **“I-Is that so, Lady Jacinthe?”** That could only mean one thing to her. That this bossy lady, that was also *technically* her romantic partner, was Madoka herself. But did she not realize that dream had been reality? She had to draw the conclusion that this was the case. Nonetheless... it was still a better fate than she’d had back home, and like this? She was able to stay at her side and protect her.

“Mhm! Now come and have tea with me! Would you like to have an after-breakfast battle?”

“Yes!” She would have liked nothing more, in fact.