

# SEIYUU CONNECT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Hum... Locked herself away *again*, has she?”**

The Assassin class Servant, Shuten-Douji, peered wearily at the door that led to the room of Ibaraki-Douji, her fellow oni and dear friend. It was only natural that upon being summoned into a modern era, that Servants would take to modern society. There were things that existed now that they never could have fathomed seeing in life. For Shuten, it was things like exotic treasures or unfamiliar sake. In fact, the booze selection in the modern era was perhaps her favorite thing of all!

But Ibaraki? She didn't have the same tastes as Shuten-Douji regardless of how close they were. The things that her Berserker bestie prioritized and indulged in could overlap at times, but there were moments where they were very different individuals as well. But such as was the case with humans, oni remained steadfast companions regardless of whatever differences they might have had.

Shuten could hear it through the door. Music and sound effects from a programming that Ibaraki had been obsessed with as of late. The Assassin couldn't help but think that it was *probably* her fault after that Halloween incident that had transpired a few years prior when she had taken up the mantle of *Onicure*, a magical oni girl. Because Ibaraki had been obsessed with mahou shoujo, or *magical girl* anime ever since.

Her obsession with it came and went depending on what else was happening at the time, but this binge had lasted a little *longer* than normal. Perhaps it had been about a month now since Shuten had lost her drinking buddy? She *would* eventually snap out of it, but even an

oni as powerful as Shuten wasn't cruel enough to force her away from something she enjoyed. But unfortunately... *she probably should have.*

The next thing she knew, she could hear Ibaraki screaming something from inside her chambers. And then there was an energy... "**A Holy Grail!?**" Even the Assassin recognized it. It was the energy from a Grail being released, meaning that Ibaraki had made a wish? "**...Oh dear.**" The next thing she knew, she was staring into a bright pink light that consumed her surroundings.

---



Shuten, stunned, blinked. She had most certainly been in Chaldea just a moment ago, but now she was standing on a modern, unfamiliar city street in the early morning. It felt *off*. "**A Singularity? Did Ibaraki do this?**" Piecing together what had transpired leading up to this moment, it certainly seemed to be the case. And while the city *appeared* normal? The oni could

sense it. There was a strange magic in the air.

Had she been caught up in it because of her proximity? If so, it was only a matter of time before Chaldea sent Servants and its Master to this Singularity to seek out the cause. If it truly *had* been Ibaraki's doing, she would have to prepare herself for the consequences. But it was also in the nature of an oni to stir up problems, so Shuten couldn't help but feel a little *proud* of her too.

"**Hm... Should I simply find a place to lay low for now?**" The Assassin was, as always, perpetually intoxicated. She didn't think much of the possibility of any humans seeing her, even if she was nestled away in an alley. She basically just had to lay low until help arrived, and since her sake supply was infinite? Well, it wasn't like she had much to worry about in that regard.

And thus she settled on her plan. Await Chaldea's intervention and slip away with them when they returned. Yet fate had a different plan for the tiny woman, evidently. "**Ow!?**" She certainly hadn't expected it, but something had fallen from the sky above and bonked the oni on the hand before landing in front of her.

No... Perhaps *landing* was the wrong word. It was floating there, just inches from her face. A glowing, pink gemstone almost in the shape of

an egg encased and bound to a golden base. Shuten squinted at it. What *was* it? She hadn't the foggiest idea, but she could sense mana flowing from it. It was a magical item of sorts. Yet the longer it lingered there? The sooner she realized.

The magic that was seeping from it was identical to the magic that composed her own body.

**“Hmm? How *interesting*. Is this a product of this place?”**

Shuten's instincts led her to avoid interacting with the gemstone directly. She had investigated a number of Singularities in the past, and one wrong move could ultimately lead a Servant into becoming a *piece* of that Singularity. It was in her best interest to simply not engage directly with anything that she didn't understand, so she sought to leave the gem behind.

But whether she turned *or* walked away, the magical stone remained about a foot away from her chest. **“You're *certainly* a nuisance, aren't you? I do not plan on interacting with you, so you'd best seek out a less intelligent Servant to bother.”** Could it even understand that she was talking to it, much less what she was saying? Shuten didn't know, but she tried to wave it away with one hand while another took a swig of her sake from its dish.

A swig of sake that she had very much expected to take the growing edge off of this situation. She could feel her buzz wearing off, which didn't strike her *as* strange as it likely should have. It was within her nature to be perpetually intoxicated, so it was incredibly rare that her drunkenness would wear off in any capacity. But the edge wasn't removed from the sip.

Rather... Shuten bit her lower lip before coughing after the beverage hit the back of her throat. **“*Geck!*? What the hell did I just... drink?”** She realized it as she was saying it. That she had drunk from her *own* sake dish. She knew what was in it, and no power could change it. Yet the flavor of the sake had been so overwhelming that her tastebuds had immediately rejected it. As if she were a *child* taking their very first sip of booze, their palette not yet adjusted to its mature flavor.

Meanwhile... Well, Shuten-Douji was an oni with an extremely *pasty* complexion. You could say that her ghostly white skin was perfectly complimentary with her purple hair and overall supernatural aesthetic. But little by little? That complexion was taking on a *healthier* glow. A touch of pink went a long way, and the color of her skin warmed until it was much more typical of a *human's* skin, rather than a monstrous member of the oni kind. Even the red paint in the corners of her eyes was whisked away!

Shuten could feel it. She was sobering up, and rather quickly at that. Out of desperation she took another sip of her sake, but its bitter taste once again forced her to grimace and recoil. “**What the HECK is happening!?**” Did it have something to do with that glowing gemstone? No, it certainly *was* the cause. There was some sort of *connection* that had formed between the Servant and the gem, and the gem was pouring what amounted to its essence into the shell that was the oni’s body.

And no, it hadn’t occurred to her that her brain had self-censored an intended expletive term there.

The oni felt *warm*. Not the pleasant kind of warmth one felt by partaking in an abundance of drink, but the *fuzzy* kind of warmth that she assumed was often associated with, bleh, *kindness*. She clicked her tongue, still glaring at the gem. She wanted to destroy it, and yet a quiet voice in the back of her head advised against it. *If you do that, you’ll die!* She had no reason to believe it, and yet she instinctively knew it to be true somehow.

Not at all focusing on her physical condition, changes to the petite woman’s appearance trooped on, becoming more notable as her mind slipped farther and farther away from that of the immoral boozehound that she was *supposed* to be. These changes could be observed in her hair next, as it almost seemed as if she had been given highlights. Highlights of a rosy, bubblegum pink that were erratically placed at first. Each of these strands seemed to lengthen slightly as well, reaching just past her shoulders.

But it didn’t take long at all for this color to become the norm. Almost like a virus it jumped from strand to strand, seeping into her roots so that any hair produced in the future would be the exact same color as well. Her head was, ultimately, *entirely* pink, with even her bangs dangling longer than they had. There was something inherently *cute* about it. But *cute* was a descriptor that was going to receive a lot of use in the coming moments.

Her hands quivered, the claws that usually adorned them shaving away into regular, slightly chewed fingernails in the process. “**This can’t be happening... But what is happening? I’m supposed to be terrible! I kill, I pillage, I drink! ...But all of those things sound terrible, I’d never do anything like that!**” That wasn’t true, she would! But she was having a harder time trying to convince herself of that!

Small, *youthful* hands held her head a moment. Not only was she dazed, but said head likewise felt unusually *heavy*? No, not just her head – her entire body felt burdensome, like she didn't possess the same strength that typically allowed her to move so effortlessly. Like her strength as a Servant was being depleted. But there was likewise something more obvious that was playing into this unusual feeling as well.

Shuten was getting *bigger*. Her height was a small part of this, with a trio of inches lifting her miniature stature up from four foot nine to just under five feet. Perhaps it wasn't all *that* significant, but that was because what *did* grow significantly was, of all things, her *head*.

The Assassin had not seen any of the humans in this city yet to have understood this, but they were all proportionally *strange*, at least by her own standards. It had already afflicted her body otherwise as she had grown taller, with her dangerously skinny body becoming broader. This was seen especially around her torso, with her tummy thickening and taking on a healthier look. Almost like it had traded this girth for loss, on the other hand? The cheeks of her rear became compacted, ultimately leading to the impression that the woman, well, wasn't a *woman* so much as she was a *girl*.

In the end, this observation tied in with what was happening to her head. It was growing larger, particularly horizontally to better suit a broader body design. Cheeks were pulled farther away from each other, prompting pinker lips to pull and thin, and a button nose to stand out more. Almost *doubling* in width however, this head would have looked even stranger had the girl's eyes remained the same size. And so they *doubled* in size themselves, lashes thinning and irises inheriting a reddish pink that better matched her hair.

**“How could I ever do anything bad? My parents would scold me! My... parents?”** Remarks that Shuten made herself gave her pause, though interestingly? While the tone of her voice was notably softer, the core sound of her voice hadn't changed at all. That was beside the point though, because did she have parents? Oni like her didn't really...

*An oni? But I'm a magical girl!*

Her own ego argued with the assertion that she could be anything as mythological as an oni, and this triggered some changes to her more monstrous features. Such as? Her ears rounding and shrinking, and her horns inevitably collapsing in upon themselves. Before long they were tiny nubs sticking out of her forehead, and seconds later her forehead was *completely* smooth, allowing her pink bangs to hang down cutely.



Everything about her was *cute*. Which made the skimpy clothes that clung to her younger, barely teenaged body all the more inappropriate. It was fortunate then, that with a single flash of light from the pink gem? She was done up in a pink magical girl costume. One with a puffy, white skirt and sleeves, pink hair pulled up into twin tails with big, pink bows. It was positively *adorable* and that cuteness concealed the dark curse that allowed her to access this power in the first place.

**“My Soul Gem? Why is it out like this?”** Large, pinkish red eyes blinked with surprise at the gemstone floating a few inches from her chest. Usually, when she was transformed like this, it was drawn *into* her, wasn't it? And so the magical girl grabbed it with gloved fingers and pulled it towards her heart. Just like that it was absorbed into her body, alleviating any of the risks associated with having it out in the open. **“Phew...”**



*Madoka Kaname* still had more questions, though. Why was she transformed in this alley so early in the morning? Didn't she have classes to attend? **“No... It's Sunday, isn't it? How could I forget that?”** Perhaps coincidentally, Sunday mornings were typically when magical girl anime were aired to net as many children that were off school that day as possible.

**“Mm... If I'm transformed, it must be for a good reason, right?”** Tapping her foot, she just really *couldn't* remember. There didn't seem to be any witches around nor was their domain present, she could sense as much. But she felt like maybe, just maybe, she was there and transformed so that she could do something *important*? Nothing bad though, of course! Madoka was far too kind of a girl to do anything evil or naughty! She was essentially purity personified.

***BOOM!***

The fourteen year old was shocked from her stupor due to the sound of an explosion elsewhere in Mitakihara City. Nothing about that sounded normal, and using her powers as a magical girl she bounded to the top

of a nearby building so that she could stare across the city. Off in the distance there was a dark cloud forming above where an explosion had gone off. “**Is that a witch!?**” That power in the air... it definitely *felt* like one.

Holding out her hand to the side, a tree branch bow formed. She was going to have to fight! But would she be able to defeat such a powerful opponent alone? They were far away, she'd have to get there as quickly as she could! But backup, backup... “**Mami-san, Sayaka-chan, Homura-chan...?**” From what she had been taught it would be bad to play the hero without knowing what her enemy was. She had to find the other magical girls that functioned within Mitakihara before she made a move, but she hoped that it wouldn't be too late!

As for where these other magical girls *actually* were? Well, Chaldea *had* promptly responded to the formation of this Singularity. The explosion that Madoka had heard? That was a problem at its core, in this city that had appeared because of Ibaraki-Douji's desire to experience a magical girl story for herself. But where was Ibaraki? Where had the Servants and Master of Chaldea ended up upon being Rayshifted into Mitakihara?

Inevitably, those details would overlap with the whereabouts of Madoka's missing companions.