

DARK RULER

COMMISSION STORY

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A Servant's stay within the Throne of Heroes was hardly different from 'death'.

They were, technically, *deceased*, and the Throne recorded their deeds and even their souls so that they were freed from the cycle of reincarnation. From there, they could be summoned as needed through traditional summoning rituals done by mages, or by the Counter Force if things were truly *that* dire. In a way, from the perspective of the hero, the time spent there was more akin to a stasis where they lacked autonomy.

Up until the moment they were *beckoned*. The Counter Force calling was one thing, but if they were being summoned by a *human*? They had every right to refuse a summoning if they wanted to, which would lead to a different Servant accepting the call depending on the catalyst used to summon them. But while that had only happened on occasion, most Servants would take the opportunity to be summoned when they could.

If they didn't like their Master, then they would simply... *eliminate them*.

But that wasn't a concern for Jeanne D'Arc. When she opened her eyes, several things had occurred to her in quick succession. The first? She had been summoned as a *Ruler*. Was she expected to oversee another Holy Grail War? Dust from her summoning obscured her vision, so at first she was relying on her senses. **"How... many Servants have been summoned?"** Because she was a Ruler, her sensitivity to the existence of other Servants was sharper.



While she couldn't nail down an exact number, there were at *least 9 aside* from herself, which meant there were already far more Servants summoned than a traditional Holy Grail War required. Not to mention the flow of mana beneath her feet. There was something off about the *leylines* too. **"Well, as an overseer I suppose my duties don't change."** She hadn't been summoned by a Master, but by the Greater Grail itself. She was bound only to her own whims.

"Now. Where am I?" The summoning provided the young woman with important information relevant to the era she was in. The year... 2009? And she seemed to be in *America* of all countries, in a city named 'Snowfield'. It left her a little baffled when the dust finally settled, because for a modern city she had expected the Greater Grail to summon her somewhere more... modern.

She was in the depths of an old manor. One that hadn't been taken care of in a *long* while considering the amount of dust that had been kicked up. Old, torn paintings and damaged furniture circled the interior of the lobby she had appeared in, with a set of damaged doors leading out onto a dark path. It must have been late at night. **"I shouldn't linger here for too long."** Just because she was tasked with overseeing the war did *not* mean that other Servants or Masters wouldn't attempt to eliminate her.

In fact, while her memories of past summonings were vague at best, something like that happening sounded vaguely *familiar*.

Thinking it would be best to mask her presence, Jeanne promptly entered her spirit form. Not only did it help conceal her mana signature (though not *entirely*), but her body was rendered invisible to the naked eye. Another Servant would be able to sense her if they drew too close, but her plan was to relocate that before that could happen. It was likely that *someone* knew of her arrival, for better or for worse.

While invisible, the young woman moved towards the front door without paying it a second thought. But she had been naïve. She believed her summoning had been random, as it should have been, and that no one could control *where* it had happened. But not only *had* someone chosen where she would be summoned, but that person had planted a *trap*. One that ended up activating the moment she stepped right before the exit.

“**What!?**” Jeanne’s spirit form was forcibly undone, returning her into a physical state as her attention was turned down to the floor. There was a dim *violet* light glowing, emanating from a magic circle that must have been drawn in some sort of invisible ink. She tried to *escape*, as one naturally would under her present circumstances, but she was stopped. There was a barrier around the small circle’s exterior, preventing her from escaping.

The woman hadn’t pieced together that this had been *intended* and instead assumed at first that she had wandered into a trap set by someone that hadn’t meant to trap her. After all, there were no footsteps in the dust, so she didn’t think anyone had entered within the past few months. But what if someone had lived long enough to set it years or *decades* ago? Someone that had a little *grudge* against her... from when Jeanne had been alive.

She wanted to conjure her flag to try and break the barrier down, but she was unable to. “**Is it draining my power!?**” Or was it *sealing* it? Either way, her body felt *substantially* weaker; closer to how it had felt when she was a *human*. But she couldn’t even begin to fathom why that might have been the case. Had someone *expected* a Servant to be summoned in that manor after all? And they had been confident enough that the Servant would use the door.

Jeanne couldn’t have understood that at the time, but she *would* come to understand it by the end of what was about to unfold. In fact, because the growing weakness had commanded the young woman’s attention, she hadn’t been paying much mind to what she was wearing... or how exactly it was sitting on her body. Because there were some *pretty* dramatic early signs that what was happening to her was more than a simple draining of her strength.

As something began to *corrupt* her Saint Graph in real time.

When you thought of ‘corruption’ in the traditional sense, it was likely that some people would associate that with one’s body become lewder. But for the Ruler? That wasn’t exactly what was happening, and it was leaning more into the opposite direction. If you needed any proof of that, you didn’t really need to look any farther than the saint’s *chest*.

Purple cloth hugged her E-cup breasts tightly, making them stand out above the silver armor that was worn underneath. And yet, the purple cloth around them slowly began to *sag* and hang over top of the armor.

And there was only really one reason it would be doing *that*. If there simply wasn't anything to fill the fabric out, it wouldn't be able to maintain her shape, and with Jeanne worried about how *weak* she felt, she hardly noticed as it all deflated and bunched up... because the breasts beneath them were *deflating* themselves. It was a process that unfolded fairly quickly. Those E-cups was sapped of their mass, and their perky skin tightened around what remained as they shrunk down to, at most, *B-cups* with nipples that were just an inch smaller in width when you factored in her areola as well.

In the meantime, a *fist* collided with the barrier. The saint withdrew her hand and shook off the pain from the impact. “*Shit!?*” And she *cursed*. Something she immediately recognized in a way that left it sounding more like a *question* at the tail end of her shouting. Jeanne was a saint; she was good-natured and open-hearted. She would *never* swear so crudely in a million years... “**Why did I just...?**” That wasn't even the most disturbing part of the outburst to her.

She was suppressing a *giggle*, as if part of her just wanted to laugh such an alarming thing off.

Once again, any critical thinking that *could* have been directed at her body was being focused on other things. Mind you, it made sense that Jeanne might be much more alarmed about those new impulses in the moment, especially when what was plaguing her *lower* body was easy to dismiss as things just feeling ‘weird’ because she was so much weaker. Nonetheless, there were some similarities occurring below the belt with what had happened to her chest.

Namely the loss of heft. For a woman so saintly and worshipped, she'd always had quite the supple form even though her armor hid most of it. Her thighs were thick and her butt was full and perky. But these were *technically* things of the past. Deflation occurred in both regions, seeing the skin around her thighs tighten until the girth of either leg had been reduced to about 2/3s of their original heft, which left the tops of her purple thigh highs to curl and slip down towards her knees without the same mass to cling onto.

Meanwhile, her undergarments loosened somewhat around a rump that lost about two inches off of its bubble. If anything below her waist was contradictory, it was the fact that her hips didn't narrow despite the lessened weight. In fact, they appeared to *widen* an inch or two so that she had an expanded gait while walking. An act that saved her

undergarments from slipping right off, which would have led to a great deal of shame.

Or *should* have led to a great deal of shame? “**Wait a moment. Why are my tits so...? I-I mean my bosom!**” Jean had finally noticed that something had gone awry with her chest, but she’d blurted something much cruder out instead, aligning with her previous outburst. On this occasion she felt much *less* eager to correct herself, and she could feel it, even if she was trying to ignore it. Her thoughts were becoming more and more *immoral*. That was applicable to things like thinking about or showing off her body, but also when it came to matters of *death* and *violence*. Not helping matters was the fact that she kept fighting off a growing smirk on her lips. Was she *enjoying* this?

“**Oh!?**” Supporting that idea, her little gasp of surprise when it occurred to her that her height was dropping bore a very *playful* quality to it, like she was just *pretending* to be surprised. She’d *been* 5’3” but had practically dropped down to 5’0” in a matter of seconds. The process had wracked her silhouette in ways that went beyond what her diminished bosom and widened hips already *had* too, such as through slimming her shoulders *and* her wait, which only left her hips to seem all the wider.

By the time her height settled, she was no longer able to hold back the giggling that she had been suppressing the entire time. “**AHAHA! I see! So, that’s what’s happening!**” The woman’s voice sounded higher and sillier, showing upon a face that was gradually losing any similarity to the woman she had been before the magic circle had been activated. On the whole, her face became much *rounder*. Not in a way that made her look *younger*, she still very much looked like a woman that was plausibly eighteen or *nineteen*.

An ashen grey darkened irises that became rounder within eyelids that did the same. Before long, she couldn’t help but keep those eyes *very* wide in a very *unsettling* way, making her look somewhat *off her rocker* in a sense. Her nose wiggled a touch as it shrunk, and her lips bloated. All in all, she *still* looked like a Caucasian woman, and she was still very much *French*. But she was *not* Jeanne D’Arc. Not with the thoughts going through her head.

But what *was* going through her head? What had she realized? Stands of her blonde hair had started to turn silver in what would be the final stage of her transformation, and she completely understood *why* that was. Hundreds of years of memories had been flowing into her head, completely overwriting her personality traits and giving her the context regarding her present predicament. Through those memories, at times she was a man, and at others she was a woman. She became a master at how to use whatever her current appearance was to her own ends, and

so she didn't see any *issues* with showing skin or anything like that. She also didn't care very much about *murder* anymore.

In fact, the more death the better!

Funnily, her hair changed to reflect this nonchalant attitude towards life and death in the *strangest* of ways. As the silver dyed her head, the braided ponytail behind her unraveled and eventually fans out behind her like the wings of a roach, reaching down to her ankles. The outer layer *was* silver, but on the insides? It was dyed dark purple... aside from silver that left the pattern of a *skull* behind either leg. It was clear an effect created through magecraft instead of manual hair dyeing. Doing it naturally would have been *impossible*. “**AHAHAHAHA!**”

The woman couldn't stop laughing. To the point that she'd placed her hands on her stomach to try and tackle some of the aching discomfort from *how* amused she was. She didn't bat an eyelash at how the armor she'd been touching disappeared and everything else tightened, leaving her adorned in only a white leotard with a frilly half-skirt flowing off of her hips.

The upper half had vertical black stripes with white buttons, and it pushed up her B-cup cleavage to look even bigger than it actually was. Her shoulders were bare, but she did have white, detached sleeves that were matching with new thigh highs bound with garter belts beneath heels with... *teeth*? And while there was a ruffled collar around her neck, black bows appeared in her hair like a tiara, and the length of hair to the left side of her head had been braided.

Despite her laughter, an overwhelming *hunger* plagued the stomach she had been grasping with both hands. The cloth of the leotard concealed it visually, but Jeanne's fingers could *feel* her tummy hardening. No, not with *muscle*. Sharp *fangs* interlocked themselves across the entirety of her stomach, each one larger than her hand, creating a *disturbing* maw where you would normally find a belly button. There were seven teeth on the top and the bottom, and it was like something you'd see in a *monster movie*.

“**AHAHAHA!**” *Francesca Prelati* couldn't stop herself from laughing at her own predicament. In fact, she was giggling so hard that she fell onto her back and began to roll around as she kicked her feet. She wasn't even paying attention to the fact that the light of the magic circle had almost died down entirely. She rolled so much that she finally rolled right *out* of it, but it also seemed like she *expected* that to be the case. “**Turning Jeanne D'Arc into a copy of yourself! You're soooo funny, original me! A real hoot! If you can't beat 'em, make 'em you!**”

It took her a second to stop laughing so hard that she could pick herself up again, but she was so tickled by the idea of a glorified saintess being lowered to the standards a corrupted cleric that had changed forms numerous times over her long life. Francesca's memories poured into her head faster and faster, and within them she learned of her plan. The plan to transform a summoned Ruler into the carbon copy of whatever Francois Prelati looked and acted like at the time they fell into his – or her – trap.



“So, she’s been planning this for thirty years? Hah! That totally sounds like me!” It was no wonder that everything had been so dusty! She’d planted the trap she’d walked into three decades ago after enchanting the manor with a barrier that had made it an *enticing* location for a Ruler to be summoned. It was one of many she had planted across the world where she believed Heroic Servants might possibly have been summoned. **“So thorough~! I should give myself a big kiss when I find her!”**

But wait! She had Francesca’s memories and was living it up as a second Francesca! So, she knew there was a *third* one – her old, male self had been summoned as a Servant as well. ‘As well’ because despite how much she had weakened, she was still technically a Servant and not flesh and blood like the original Francesca. Her class had become one that wasn’t traditional for this Holy Grail War, but considering Alcides’s existence... Who cared if she was an Alterego!? **“I guuuuuuess I should go find the other mes, right? I bet they’re waiting for me!”**

Could she get that kiss then? It was still kind of on her mind.