

PURELY FOREIGNERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Oi! Watch where you’re goin’!”

“Sorry, sorry, hime-sama!”

Katsushika Oei, a young Japanese woman in a colorful kimono, shot an unimpressed glance at the pale-skinned Western woman that was walking in front of her. A new Singularity had appeared according to Chaldea’s readings, but the Master hadn’t been sent in just yet. The organization had only sent in *scouts*, and incidentally the two that had been on hand were there two *Foreigners* – Servants of a class that was related to outer space and the Alien Gods themselves.

While Oei was Oei, according to her Saint Graph she was *Katsushika Hokusai*. She was technically Hokusai’s daughter, and her father was the octopus that was floating beside her. On the other hand? The Western woman was *Jacques de Molay*, a figure that was *usually* a man according to history, but whose form had been twisted into that of a woman by the alien power that had possessed her.

The two might have belonged to the same Servant class, but that didn’t necessarily mean that the two of them were compatible. Molay kept calling Oei ‘hime-sama’ mockingly, and she was certain that she was doing it on purpose to get under her skin. **“Let’s just focus on our job, yeah? They said there were signs of something at this shrine up ahead.”**

Of the two, Oei was the one trying to keep them focused. The Singularity was around a small mountain town in Japan, and Chaldea had given them guidance to seek out a specific shrine on the mountainside. The

two had climbed a *lot* of stairs, and their moods weren't any better off for it. **"Right. Let's just get it over with~! Maybe you'll stop being so grouchy after we're done."** *That* comment received another glare from the Japanese woman.



At least they didn't have to climb much farther. They were at the shrine before long, but there wasn't really much in the way of *leads*. **"Eh? Pops?"** Once they were close to the shrine's physical building, Oei noticed that her octopus wasn't there. Her dad *did* like to disappear whenever his artistic inspiration struck, so it wasn't really *that* unusual. Though, in the time she had looked away to check on him?

Molay had run *right* up to the front of the shrine and was fiddling with something she probably *shouldn't* have been. **"Oi! What are you playing with?"** Thinking she could just get her to stop, Oei reached a hand outward to grab Molay's shoulder. But the second she made contact? The European Foreigner let out a cry of surprise and accidentally dropped what she'd been holding. There was a loud crash as this *urn* hit the ground and broke into a million pieces, and a pale smoke was tossed into the air.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

It took about thirty seconds for the smoke to clear, and when it finally thinned enough for Oei to see? **"Hey!? Molay!?"** She was standing there *alone*. And she felt a little... odd. Her Saint Graph almost felt like it was *throbbing*. Which traditionally wasn't related to anything *good*. In fact, the Foreigner couldn't imagine an instance in the past where it had happened at *all*. **"Why am I getting a bad feeling here? I guess this is a Singularity. Anything could happen..."**

And while she had never experienced it before herself, there *were* instances of Chaldea's Servants being stolen away by Singularities and refashioned into obstacles for Ritsuka when they eventually arrived. Fortunately for Oei, this wasn't *exactly* what was in store for her. But at the same time? It wasn't entirely *wrong* either. For that broken urn had released the spirit that watched over this shrine, and it was also in fact the cause of that Singularity in the first place.

There was a *curse* that had taken root within her Saint Graph that was slowly but surely purifying the Alien God's corruption that had corrupted the Japanese woman upon her summoning as a Servant. But this purification was clearly having some sort of strange effect on her *body*. Earlier on, this was reflected by what almost seemed like a muting of the colors upon the woman's body.

For example? Oei generally had a healthy enough complexion. When her father controlled her body it *did* pale a little more, but he *wasn't* in control at that moment and yet her skin was gradually paling, nonetheless. It wasn't as *dire* as when her Alien God powers manifested in that third ascension of hers, but it definitely looked 'washed out'. **"Brr... Is it kinda cold out here, or is it just me?"** It was *definitely* just her.

If the muting of her skin's coloring wasn't obvious enough, the fact that it was also happening to her *hair* provided a much more noticeable glimpse into the phenomenon. What began as what seemed more like the emergence of a few grey hairs atop her head then anything rapidly became a much direr change, with the color not only sweeping through *all* of the hair on her body but simultaneously altering its *style* too. The hair atop her head didn't exactly change much in length, but her bangs swept down to cover her forehead in a straight cut. Her pubes, for some reason, were shaved away too.

"It's probably not good that Molay broke that urn..." For the obvious reason that she felt *weird* after it had been broken, but there was an underlying reason that she felt that way that she couldn't place. Like *personal responsibility*? Not only for the urn, but for the *entire shrine*. As she thought about this? The purple hue to her eyes dimmed, rendering them more a soft grey color than any other hue.

Those eyes blinked with surprise for a brief moment. **"Hm?"** The woman wondered if maybe she'd been seeing things. It almost felt like her eye level had jumped up all of a sudden? But that *couldn't* be true. It *was*, though. Her limbs had lengthened and her spine had done the same. She'd *grown* two inches, up to 5'6" from 5'4", but since her kimono was fairly baggy, the process didn't really cause many issues with its fit aside from showing more of her ankles.

But that also didn't mean that there *wouldn't* be any clothing malfunction at all. Now that she was a little taller, well... If the spirit's desire was to 'purify' Oei's body, it felt a little unusual that it was altering areas that many would consider to be 'unpure' the way that it was. Just take her *hips*, for example. They widened by an inch each, pressing out against the silky fabric of her kimono to enhance her gait. As it turned out, however, this was all adjusted simply to *accommodate*.

‘Accommodate what?’, you might be asking. Weight. Thickness. Mass that pooled into her greyer thighs and rump, lifting her cheeks out behind her while those thighs became dangerously close to rubbing up against each other between her widened legs. “**Things feel kinda weird... Hehehe! ...Eh?**” Even though she could *tell* something was off, was it not obvious to the woman? She seemed to be more hung up on that odd *giggle* that had just left her lips. Where had she heard it before?

With her ass and thighs fuller now, a similar change came for her breasts. Oei liked to think that she had an average bust size. They weren’t too big nor too small, but they ultimately leaned more towards one of these two extremes as the front of her kimono felt a little *tighter*? Not enough for her to unravel it, but it definitely *was* snug. Her pale breasts had grown a *full* cup size. The woman looked down, confused, but she couldn’t really tell if anything was wrong.

Her vision was a little *blurry*, after all.

“**Oh holy lord. Where are my glasses?**” Glasses? Since when did she wear *glasses*? It was a question that she didn’t even *ask* herself. It definitely felt like something was missing upon her *face*, but there were a number of things wrong with that face in the first place. The voice that left it, for one. It sounded a touch *shriller* – and since when did she care about a ‘holy lord’!? Her face and memories were really the only remaining parts of her existence that resembled Oei, and now even those were becoming compromised.

You could say that one’s memories were what affected their personality, and the woman’s own were being altered so that she was a woman of the *church*. She didn’t remember being *Japanese* anymore either, which probably would have been a very large inconsistency if not for what was happening *to* her face at the same time. Most notably the shapes of her *eyes*, which rounded and developed double-lids – clear indicators that her racial profile had become far more *Caucasian*. Narrower cheeks, thinner yet puffier lips, and a pointier nose all led to the same conclusion.

But she now looked and acted identically to the *woman she’d come to the Singularity with in the first place*. Or it *would* have been identical if not for her clothes. No, not the kimono. The curse washed *over* the folds of what she’d been wearing, separating the base into a bright red skirt and a white top, forming a traditional shrine maiden outfit aside from her black heels. Her short, silver hair was then tied into a little tail behind her, with a skull clip to the left of her messy but straight bangs.

And, of course, glasses appeared on her face to correct her vision.

“Hehehe... It’s a good day to straighten up the shrine!” While there hadn’t been a *Jacques de Molay* standing in front of the shrine when the smoke had cleared, there certainly was *now*! The French woman’s mischievous personality had clearly overwritten the existing persona that Katsushika Oei had possessed before despite now being a *Ruler*. The spirit that had been trapped within the urn had *succeeded* in purifying the Foreigner while using the other woman that had been present as a base. And the new Jacques was none the wiser to what had happened.

Rather than think about anything like that, she was thinking about the *shrine*. Aside from her new identity, all of her memories regarded living on the shrine grounds and taking care of it as one of its dedicated shrine maidens. She started grabbing some of the boxes by the shrine entrance and began to shuffle off towards a storage room that she *knew* was in the back, as if everything was ‘the same as always’. But she had to keep things interesting, right?



“And if I have time, maybe I can set up a little prank for little miss *hime-sama*!”



“How in the *world* did I end back down here!?” Molay was *not* amused. She had dropped that urn, and it had erupted into a cloud of smoke. But when it finally cleared? She wasn’t standing in front of the shrine anymore. She was *all* the way down at the bottom of the *huge* flight of stairs she’d only *just* finished climbing. It must have been related to why this place had turned into a Singularity in the first place.

But why had Hokusai not been teleported with her? **“Don’t tell me *hime-sama* got to stay at the shrine!? Ugh.**” This was a pain in the butt, but despite being corrupted? Molay still at least *pretended* to be loyal to her original religion. It was a complicated relationship considering

the whole Alien God thing. But the spirit in the urn had caught onto that. It sought to *remove* that element, and since it was easier to purify someone that was rebuilt from the ground up.

Usually in the form of someone else.

But even though she was due for an experience very similar to what Oei had endured, that didn't mean her own experience would unfold in the very same way. Though, she *did* feel a chill after noticing a twitching feeling in her Saint Graph, and her complexion actually brightened to a *pink*er shade than the European woman's overly pale skin typically was. That starting point was, at least, the same. But it was the only one.

Otherwise? It was her *figure* that came under fire rather than her hair or overall height. The fact that the size of her *breasts* was changing was all the more evident since she *wasn't* wearing an all-encompassing kimono that covered the affected area, but it wasn't really a *benefit* like it had been for Oei. Her boobs *didn't* get larger. In fact, they did the opposite as her orbs compressed, pink skin tightening around them and her nipples shrinking slightly. She had lost a *cup size*. "**Huh?**"

Molay had *felt* the black fabric around her mounds slack and looked down, raising a brow as she attempted to figure out what was wrong. "**Why is my top loose? Did someone stretch it?**" *When* could someone have done that without her seeing them? It still felt like a more plausible explanation than her *breasts shrinking*, and since she had been a man before the Alien God's corruption had affected her, the Foreigner didn't really care enough about her tits to even notice they'd become a little smaller.

The same could be said about her ass and thighs. Much like what had happened with her bosom, she didn't experience *gains* but instead suffered *losses*. Her ass flattened several inches while retaining their effeminate perkiness, whereas her thighs diminished until a couple of inches had been peeled off of their girth. "**Uwah!?**" An almost *innocent* cry of surprise left her mouth seconds later though.

Her eyes looked around the bottom of the steps in a panic. She worried she had *fallen*, but there were obvious reasons that this couldn't be the case. Namely: her feet were still rooted on the ground, so how do you fall without leaving the ground? You *can't*. What she had *actually* felt was a subtle drop in her height. Molay was already shorter than she was supposed to be when she was summoned as a woman, but she'd lost an additional two inches. She dropped from 5'6" to 5'4".

If this all felt like the *reverse* of what Oei had endured, then that was because it was. Even now, the roots of her hair were darkening

considerably from silver to black. The length of the hair on top of her head hardly moved in terms of growth, but it was possible it might have shrunk a very minor amount. On the other hand, or the lower part of her body more specifically, hair *did* grow. Molay kept her pubes shaved because the sight of them was ‘an affront to God’, even though in her corrupted form she was probably the farthest thing *from* her God. But they grew in. Quickly. Forming a small, black bush above her pink pussy.

“Ugh... Maybe I need to find Molay...” The Foreigner blinked. Wasn’t *she* Molay? Did that sound right? But she couldn’t imagine being a *European* woman, much less one so steeped in their religion. Reality gradually mirrored her changing memories as her face conformed to the curse’s whims just like the rest of her body had. A tinge of purple spiced up the colors of her irises while her lids became monolid and narrowed in the corners, her cheeks rounded, and her lips widened but flattened as her face eventually became *identical* to a certain *Japanese* woman’s.

She looked *identical* to her traveling partner now, but she was still dressed in Molay’s outfit. But not for long. A shrine maiden uniform of her own was bestowed upon her. It was similar in design and color, though a sash was tied around the skirt and she was wearing white socks with sandals. Blue straps were bound around her shoulders, and she had a maid head dress fashioned like flowers before tied up hair and a red, floral hairpin.

“Havin’ to come all the way down here just to get a broom is a *real* pain. Why’d Molay leave it all the way down here? I bet she did it on purpose...” *Katsushika Oei*, or at least the *new* Katsushika Oei, simply groaned as memories of trekking all the way down the shrine stairs came back to her. Any Alien God corruption had been completely removed from the Japanese woman’s body... in exchange for her old self, who had now been replicated in front of the shrine itself overtop of the original Oei’s body.

She snatched the broom from where it had been propped up against the tree and started back up the steps. **“I swear if I get back up there, and those boxes aren’t moved...”** The two shrine maidens had divided up their tasks between themselves as they always did. They didn’t *always* get along, but they were both pure and passionate about maintaining the integrity of the grounds. All in the service of the god that it had been built to



respect.

It took her almost *ten minutes* to get back up to the shrine again, and when she arrived? Well, the boxes *were* gone, but Molay wasn't anywhere to be seen. "**That girl...**" Had she done one task and run off to fool around somewhere again? It was also possible that she was setting up another one of her harmless pranks, but... "**AH!?**" *That* was when Oei noticed it.

The urn that contained their god's spirit was sitting on the floor in front of the shrine itself. They weren't supposed to move it! But how had it even gotten *down* there? Molay knew better than to relocate it, but it was such a fragile urn that if it had fallen? It definitely would have smashed. "**Did someone come by the shrine when I was down—Wait, no, the stairs are the only way up.**" And an animal probably wouldn't have put it down so gently...

Neither woman could remember the urn breaking, of course. And it had repaired itself because the god's spirit had accomplished its task. The two girls had been purified, and now its unmanned shrine had two pairs of hands to help take care of it. It was a win-win for the god, and while it probably wasn't for Oei and Molay? Well, it wasn't really like they knew any better!