

SHORT-CIRCUIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“UMU! That cow of a fox deigned to call me short? How dare she!?” It appeared Nero Claudius was, well, *she was pissed off*. After the events surrounding the appearance of Charlemagne and his evil alternate, peace had fallen over the Moon Cell once more under Miss Hakuno Kishinami’s rule. But that didn’t mean there was never any strife, and in fact some grudges were more powerful than any intended peace could ever be.

Grudges like that between Nero and Tamamo-no-Mae. The two were a pair of eternal rivals that often exchanged a good back and forth. Did they truly hate one another? That was up in the air, but there were certainly days when it was more intense than others. It really depended on how *much* of their arguments had to do with Hakuno, whom they shared affections for.

But while Nero typically allowed the insults used against her to roll down her back, there were definitely things that upset her more than others. Like comments about her height! Those were in the top three list of things that straight up pissed the Saber off. Tamamo had caught onto this had been assailing her with these comments more and more as of late, which was why the emperor had sought help.

Perhaps borrowing a magic tome from Archimedes wasn’t the wisest of strategies however. After all, he was known to only help out when he saw a benefit in it for himself, and this was likely no different. It had been simple enough to give the Saber the book and point her towards a spell that would suit her purposes, though he purposely left out just how devastating that spell would actually be once executed.

Because Nero was in a vindictive mood, she didn't even think to consider Archimedes' motivations as she sat alone within her quarters that night, her Master out visiting Altera as per prior arrangement.

“Now we'll see who the shorter one is! Ufufufufu!” Although vocal representation of her victory quickly turned into panic. **“Wait, no! Not me! It isn't supposed to affect me! NOOOOOOOooooooooo!”**

Elsewhere in the Moon Cell at that very moment...

The fox Servant, Tamamo-no-Mae had retreated to her own territory for the night and was staying in the room she'd set aside to share with her Master whenever she visited. For her the day had been much more inconsequential than that of the emperor, whom had been out and about in the name of revenge. Caster's last argument with the Saber had been several days ago and all had been quiet since. She was content living out her days in peace just so long as Hakuno visited once in a while.

Although as she undressed herself to put on her bed wear, the fox was struck with a sudden and ill-felt sensation that suggested the rest of her evening might not be so free of incident. **“What is that? It's not like any Magecraft I've ever felt before.”** It felt as if it was both everywhere yet nowhere, a stifling and weighted energy that might as well have been crushing the fabric of her very being.

Little did she know that this would come to fruition in the *physical* sense as well and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. While its effects hadn't quite kicked in yet, the fox had sounded an alarm internally, mumbling aloud to herself at the same time. **“This quality... It's mingling with my Saint Graph? Is it an attack? I should warn the others before it's too late!”**

She had been before her mirror completely nude since she was about to get changed, but Tamamo had been prepared to storm out nude if it meant informing Hakuno before something irreversible happened. Such was the strength of her dedication. But as she turned, something in the pink hair she'd let down against her shoulders gave her an immediate, inquisitive pause. A *single strand of dark purple* that clashed with the pink. **“Since when was...?”**

Legs quivered before she could finish asking her question, forcing the pink-haired woman's hands to extend to the sides to keep her from fumbling and potentially falling. She wasn't woozy or anything of the like, but it was as if her very sense of balance itself had been assaulted. Like her mind was incorrectly processing how she needed to distribute her weight in comparison to the size of her body.

“Were my arms and legs always this long? I feel like... I feel strange.” Tamamo became uncertain of her own body, which led to uncertainty about that uncertainty. Of course her body had always been this size? And why were the lengths of her limbs in particular suddenly a concern? The strand of **purple hair** *should* have been more compelling of a topic, but she’d all but forgotten about it as body wobbled to and fro.

And then? She *fell*. *But she didn’t fall at all*. Feet hadn’t at all left the ground nor had her body arched, yet her point of view began to plummet at an alarming rate which forced a familiar catchphrase from her lips. **“MIKOOOOON!?”**

With her chin pointed down she could see it happening to her arms: long, delicate bones were grinding against one another as they became shorter and shorter as the speed of the ‘fall’ increased. Fingers turned small along with her palms, and while her large breasts should have drastically obscured her vision of everything beneath them, they remained large only in relative contrast to a form that had already fallen to the height of a child and continued to fall even further.

Legs became a little chubby as fat was drained out to keep their sizing consistent, yet girth remained quite pronounced in her thighs. They were toned and yet, as legs ended up only amounting to little more than fifteen centimeters of what was a meager seventy-four centimeter height, the fat that remained settled in her thighs allowed them to remain pleasantly plump as an adult woman’s might be. Lower legs and feet did not fare quite as well though, as knees were all but miniature and toes had crunched into feet that looked better suited for a doll.

Remaining consistent, Tamamo’s tummy matched the consistent shape of her more potato-like form. It was short but rounded, flowing into her unusually wide hips and butt for a body this size, and as the fox wobbled on tiny tootsies while staring at the mirror, all of her fur stood on end. **“WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!?”** Voice hadn’t escaped reformation however, no longer as shrill as it was before but instead carrying a much more measured maturity.

Despite it all though? She still retained her fox ears and tail, though they’d grown smaller to match her new physique.

She waved stubby arms and flexed her tiny fingers, all while dancing around on stubby, turnip-like legs. She still looked like Tamamo, but like a Tamamo that had been subjected to a very inconsistent shrink ray. **“Even my breasts!?”** They were still pronounced, but being as round as everything else she could say with certainty there was no real sexual

appeal to them. Nipples that had once been quarters were smaller than pennies now!

“Did I get younger? Am I a kid!?” Her size might have suggested as much but her voice *didn't*, and while her face had become a little pudgier as a result of the height regression there was still a woman's maturity to her features. However, much to her demerit her face *was* beginning to change even if it wouldn't lose its mature appeal. It transformed as the dark purple had now begun to permeate throughout the rest of her head of pink.

Every strand tainted by dark grew irreversibly straight and drifted longer -- which wasn't a simple feat since at her current height her pink hair had touched the floor. It didn't simply touch it now though, and was proactively pooling around her body with how incredibly long it was becoming. **“What the?”** The naked Tama-mini tiptoed around her own mane as she pondered how she could even move without getting her hair dirty by dragging it across the ground. And yet this pondering spoke to something else: Tamamo was beginning to take a more calm and measured approach to her transformation. She didn't have the will *nor* energy to overreact, at least not as strongly as she had before.

Almost like her personality was a little *different*.

“Wait, can I not just...?” A thought came to mind. It was like a memory but not quite - a means to deal with her hair, or at the very least keep it off the floor. The woman's vision blurred a moment as she took grasp of a great power within, and one that hadn't been there before, and suddenly her little feet began to raise off the ground.

Responding to the awakening of these powers her eyes had begun to sparkle. Not in hyperbolic sense either: white lights like the stars in the night sky poked up among the gold of her irises, and those irises became darker and darker... but so did the entirety of her eyeballs. Before long they were pitch black with the sparkling lights within giving her an aura that could be seen as nothing less than supernatural.

And with these powers awakened? The rest happened quickly. Her vulpine tail regressed with haste, merging back with her body and leaving her itty bitty booty completely on display. The fox ears upon her head followed after, folding in towards her scalp -- although this was something of a trade deal. For every inch of fox ear lost, an inch of actual ear cartilage poked out from the sides of her head. They grew and grew, ends drawing to long points that were quite evidently not human yet complimented the inhuman design of her body on the whole.

“No I need to... *fight it...*” Floating there she no longer resembled her old, foxy self whatsoever. She was through and through a Harvin, a race of people that should not have existed in the Moon Cell much less Earth. New thoughts and feels kept Tamamo’s response subdued, yet name and memories remained as they were. She was just fighting to retain the will to acknowledge this as who she was. Fortunately that didn’t wane, yet a light began to shine from her forehead to finally complete the cycle.

Her **purple bangs** parted to expose how large her forehead was when compared to the rest of her face, and beneath them a white circle with two white dots underneath it glowed furiously. In that moment Tamamo gave her new personality and mannerisms some quarter, as if she knew following them would be for the best, and she closed her galaxy-esque eyes and kept them shut. Her mind told her it was for the best, lest she wished to bring ruin to this place.

“No, this is the Moon Cell, not an unfamiliar location. I need to retain my mind, and make sure the others do as well.”

There *were* others. She could sense them.

Somewhere else in the Moon Cell...

Hakuno Kishinami had a bad feeling. It had come on suddenly and intensely, and she’d been said to have something of an eerily strong bond with the Servants she was contracted to. At times she knew they were up to no good without a legitimate tell to their actions in the first place, and this feeling was something akin to that. Not that she was in any position to do anything about it.

Altera had taken her adult form and had invited Hakuno out that night. They were spending time at a beach far away from any Servant territory, a peaceful night alone. One might have even called it a date (*Nero and Tamamo certainly had*), but Hakuno hadn’t been too pressed about the title of the endeavor.

“Master, do you feel that?” There was urgency to Altera’s voice as the tanned Hun stood up and into an alert, protective stance. They’d just been sitting near the water, but now there was reason to move. Hakuno could feel it too and nodded to signify as much. It was a thick, sticky, heavy feeling that didn’t belong in the air around them. A foreign energy? It made the both of them feel somewhat exhausted.

Hakuno looked around with suspicion. **“I do. What do you think it... *is?*”** The Master wasn’t one to overreact, but she *did* make an inquisitive tilt of her head to the side once she turned back to look at Altera. She

looked normal. Mostly. But it was the tiny thing that wasn't normal that had struck the human as odd. **“Altera, what’s going on with your hair?”**

“My hair?” Altera was likewise confused but trusted her Master’s ability to observe. So fingers that, until recently, had no naught but bloodshed, reached back to her shoulders where her hair should have hung to pluck a strand. What instead happened was she grabbed a handful out of surprise, for not only was it longer and thicker, once she brought it before her eyes it was a beautiful, golden blonde.

It was already long enough to fall down to her rear, which begged the question of how she hadn’t noticed. Or was the problem more: her mind hadn’t registered the added weight as unusual? **“How? My hair isn’t this long.”** She was pointing out the obvious, but she wasn’t equipped for this situation at all either. Not only was it long and soft, but some of the tips seemed to flow together to be oddly pointed in places. **“But Master what of you? You appear to be a little shorter.”**

Hakuno’s eyes widened with surprise at the statement. She hadn’t even noticed if it were true, but her clothing all but confirmed Altera’s statement. How had she not noticed!? Now that she had been made aware it was so obvious. Her hands had retreated into her sleeves for crying out loud! Not much longer after Altera had pointed it out, the skirt beneath her oversized jacket fell to her ankles without the wide hips needed to keep it upright.

“This cannot be! ...!? That’s strange... for what reason am I speaking so proper?” Not only was she a lot smaller, her voice was also a lot higher. Like a *child*, and looking at her face it might have been easy to fall under the impress that Hakuno *was* a child. But her sudden change in manner of speech? It was refined, and she spoke in a way that one might expect the heiress of a noble family to speak, age be damned.

Rounded cheeks that had grown plump with baby weight now framed her face, eyes bigger and wider than they’d ever been before (*to the point she no longer even looked Japanese*) with glints of turquoise piercing through and inevitably overcoming the browns of her irises. The definition in Hakuno’s lips had likewise lessened, with a tinier nose to boot. If not for the eyes she might have looked like a ten or twelve year old version of herself, but the obscurity was piled on thanks to a bright orange that found her brunette hair lightened to a playfully orange-brown.

“Miss Altera, I don’t feel very well... My! You don’t look very well either.” Putting aside her sudden need to refer to her Servant with a polite title, the moment she pulled attention from herself to look

back at Altera, Hakuno was left further befuddled. The Saber had long, blonde hair in both of her hands, her expression sporting prevalent confusion and concern. But she didn't seem to be looking down at her hands because of the hair as much as she was her fingers.

They were completely pale. In fact, pale splotches had begun to turn up all over the entire length of her body in quick succession. They engorged and spread their influence, and once they had grown large enough they merged into a singular mass of white that ran from head to toe and, most dramatically, stripped the woman of all of her defining markings.

“Master...?” She pointed her question at Hakuno but it was clear she wasn't sure that she actually was talking to Hakuno. Even the word 'Master' didn't feel right; wasn't this just some little girl? Her stomach grumbled loudly, a craving on the mind. **“I'm hungry. I want to eat corn.”** Why corn specifically? She didn't really have an answer, but her words came across about as blandly as they normally did... though her voice sounded to be a little off. **“But what about your ears...? Or mine for that matter?”**

By mentioning Hakuno's ears she'd made herself aware of a twitching in her own. Both girls, in tandem with one another, reached up to feel the sides of their head to realize that yeah, those weren't normal. They'd grown long and pointed like an elf or fairy or, as both of their minds were adjusting to their changing races, a *Harvin*. As the race name came to mind, suddenly their ears didn't feel all that strange. Why wouldn't they have pointed ears? It was typical Harvin biology after all!

“Why, I do believe we're shrinking now!” Again, speaking in an almost condescendingly proper manner, the younger of the two spoke up as she found her clothing becoming even more grotesquely large against her frame. She could see the same happening to Altera, and yet Altera seemed to benefit from her long, golden blonde hair in a fascinating way.

As the Servant became too small for her clothing to fit, the lengths of hair moved as if possessed to catching falling cloth and to cover her breasts and crotch even as they reduced to even lesser sizes than they'd once been. Altera herself didn't even know how she was controlling her hair like snakes - it was all just so instinctive. She hadn't intended to move it at all, but something had told her she *could* and guided her to do so.

Hakuno was all but buried in her jacket in a matter of moments, chubby face peering out from the neck hole with confusion plastered all over her expression once height finally settled at a very jarring eighty-two centimeters. This was very small even for a twelve year old, and twelve

was the age she now viewed herself as so it must have been so. Arms and legs were stubby but mobile, and before long she managed to paw herself out of the pile...

...Only for Altera to lift herself over to Hakuno's side using her hair like legs and wrap the young girl up in her locks to maintain her decency. Altera now recognized herself as a twenty-three year old despite her height of ninety-eight centimeters. Her mind kept wandering to more simple things like corn or farming, things she hadn't been too adamant about before now. Whereas Hakuno couldn't stop dreaming about dolls, tea parties, and a pet bird she felt like had flown away. Her priorities had become so whimsically childlike, yet her demeanor still spoke to her noble upbringing.

Altera sighed. "**Hakuno, we should return to the capital to see what happened...**" Even though it sounded like a pain to the blonde Harvin, she knew it made sense. Although it was important to note that she'd stopped referring to Hakuno as 'Master'. She no longer saw herself as a Servant, and certainly couldn't imagine waiting on such a little girl.

"R-Right! Well, very well! I'll allow you to lead the way, Miss Altera!"

Ever elsewhere in the Moon Cell...

Elizabeth Bathory was up to, well, *not much*. She could have been rehearsing for her next big show, or plotting Nero's inevitable demise. But instead? She was laying on a couch in the cave she'd taken for herself, watching television. Laying on her side, her dragon's tail swished up and down against the back of the leather seat as she stuffed her mouth with cotton candy. She was sulking as she so very frequently did.

"Stupid Saber! Saying I'm just a little girl! I'm way more than that!" It appeared she was pouting over her last run-in with Nero. It had become something of the emperor's new past time to poke fun at Elizabeth's age, no doubt because Nero herself had been so offended by Tamamo's pokes at her height. It was like a cycle of name-calling.

Her moment of self-care was suddenly interrupted by a strange phenomenon reverberating through the air however. It should have been negated by her natural Magic Resistance as a member of the Dragon Kind, but that wasn't happening. It was an invisible, weighted fog that was a special kind of stifling. "**Ehfff!?! What's going on!?!**"

It gave the dragon idol a sense of dread, and her tail stopped swishing back and forth.

SLURP!

“EH!?” It actually did a lot more than stop swishing: it ceased its existence. To Liz it had felt like her tail bone was a pair of lips sucking up a string of spaghetti, except in this case the spaghetti was her black and pink reptilian tail. She jumped up in surprised and turned to get as good of a look at her back as she could, and it was enough to reveal that there was no growth above her butt whatsoever. **“My tail!? MY CLAWS!?”** Elizabeth had been waving her hands around wildly in a panic, but it still took her a moment to realize they were completely flesh with no pink armor on the outside.

Normal fingers, a normal rear... Both hands reached up to grasp her horns and she let loose a sigh of relief when fingers clamped around both of them. Although that relief was a little short lived since in the moment she'd moved to take her hands away, they'd somehow moved the horns as if they weren't even attached to her skull. And come to think of it... weren't the shapes a little off? The right one was too short and the left too long, not to mention the smooth, gentle curves.

“THESE AREN'T MY HORNS AT ALL!” Elizabeth plucked them off in a hurry and held them in front of her. Dark purple with gold trim, a headband running between the two sides: they were little more than an accessory, not a legitimate pair of horns! But for some reason she put them back on her head as if they belonged, every strand of bright pink they touched darkening to black until her entire head of hair had been infected with a much more *normal* hair color.

The only other traits she had that were seen as inhuman were her pointed ears, but a quick investigation with squishy fingers still found them pointed. It had only been a quick check to see if the points still remained and so it was only natural the Lancer might miss an obvious change, but they *were* a little shorter and thicker than they'd once been, with her now black hair falling all around it in a much thicker and voluminous form.

BYOM! BYOM!

“WHAT NOOOOW!?” The maiden's body was rapidly pulled forward from the torso and then back from her rear, her flesh bouncing around uncomfortably as nipples slipped free of her breast straps and pink and white striped panties were inhaled by the crack of her ass. Wait... her

flesh was *bouncing*? “**B-B-B-B-!**” She could hardly get the word out! She was so shocked!

“**BOOBS!**” Breasts. Real big badonkadonks, bouncing from her chest and unbound from her titty straps. They were D-cups at minimum and Elizabeth’s heart raced with excitement. She’d always wanted a bigger chest! There was *no way* Nero could make fun of her now! Not to mention her ass! Her now big and beautiful ass! Like a giant peach it pushed up the back of her skirt, now complimenting her slightly taller height. She was older, it was evident in her facial features - late twenties?

Twenty nine, specifically.

But Lancer’s excitement was short lived, for she was not destined to retain this curvy, sexy body. It began as the color of her bright blue eyes dulled to a gray chestnut, a beauty mark shaping itself beneath the left eye socket. She began to fall. *Suddenly. Quickly. Dramatically.* “**NO! No! No...?**” Her high energy waned and a calmness that didn’t exist previously took root. It was a calm born from maturity and understanding, and Elizabeth? It felt like she’d had a vision. Telling fortunes? Where had this knowledge come from? This... *responsibility?*

Ninety-one centimeters. Despite the fact that she knew she was twenty nine years old, that was how miniaturized she’d become by the time the shrinking came to a halt. Arms and legs were minuscule but for the length of her body her ass and thighs seemed to still be relatively eye catching in their own right. Her dress had become little more than a towel with tiny hands holding it up, but the headband those horns had been on had shrunk to still perfectly fit her head.

“**Oh no...**” Maturely and with a deepened voice, the once-idol shook her head from side to side. She’d just seen a terrible future. A future where all that had happened? It was about to get worse. But to stop it she would need to travel to Nero’s domain before the next morning, a trip she wasn’t sure she could make on such tiny legs.

“As a responsible older woman, I suppose I have to try.”

The next morning in Nero’s throne room, most of the Harvin’s had gathered thanks to the Saber’s summons. It was just the woman that had greeted them? It wasn’t Nero, not at a glance. She was a short Harvin girl with long blonde hair and a rather comically tall crown, pouting every so slightly at every fellow Harvin that entered that seemed to be taller than her. She carried a large book - the book Archimedes had given her.

None of the Harvin girls in women were clad in much of anything other than torn clothes. No one tailored for sizes like these! **“As you know I am Nero, captain of-- I mean! Emperor of this land!”** They’d all been having episodes like these. Memories that didn’t fit popping into place, but they could be pushed away and corrected. **“This strange incident was unfortunately of my accidental doing, so I have to correct it I suppose!”** She proceeded to read from the spell book, but the timing couldn’t be worse.

Elizabeth, or the Harvin that once had been Elizabeth, ran down the corridor as quickly as her little legs could carry her. **“STOP! DON’T CAST THAT! YOU’LL DOOM US... all...?”** But it had been far too late and the spell affected her before she could finish her warning. All of those memories they’d been forcing out to retain their sense of self? They were shoved back in to eject the memories of their past selves. Elizabeth? Who was that? Wasn’t her name Arulumaya?

It happened to ever single Harvin gathered. Tamamo now recalled herself as Rei, the boss of the Suo family and an immortal. **Hakuno was no more, and in her place there was only Drusilla the spoiled young noble girl.** Altera? **There was only Melissabelle now, the farmer’s daughter with magical hair.** And then there was Nero. Except there wasn’t. Instead, Charlotta, the captain of the Holy Knights instead stood stunned.

“Huh? What was I doing? What is this book? Where... are we?” The Harvin knight looked at all of the other Harvins gathered here. She recognized them all, for they all served upon the Grandcypher from time to time. But she was also a little agitated. Some of them were taller than her! And that Rei!? She was the shortest one but was floating! What a cheater!

Charlotta was so touchy about her height, and these feelings made her feel somewhat nostalgic in the worst way.

Almost like it was those feelings that had led to this situation in the first place.