

FOR MY NEXT TRICK...

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Every so often, there were events in Chaldea that were just as mundane as could possibly be. And considering all of the fuss that everyone was forced to go through on a daily basis, that wasn't exactly a *bad* thing. Rather than being forced to go out and save the world as they often did, sometimes it was nice to just have a night in enjoying some entertainment provided by one of the many talented Servants that were under the organization's roof.

What kind of entertainment they received really depended on who stepped up in their performance room – a rather ample space with a working stage and a series of connected rooms behind it for the storage of things like set pieces and costumes. With so many writer and artsy Servants with the group by this point in time, it wasn't all that surprising that shows were put on fairly regularly these days.

Well, that, or Elizabeth Bathory would hog the stage to sing before an audience of two or three Servants that actually found her singing to be enjoyable. But fortunately this night was not one of *those* nights at all.

**“AND SO I’LL NEED SOME VOLUNTEERS FROM
OUR LOVELY AUDIENCE! HOW ABOUT YOU
TWO!?”**

The show that night was, of all things, a rather mundane magic show. Simple tricks that were more a slight of hand rather than actual magic, performed by the pretty and talented Charlotte Corday. She had already summoned doves from her hat and sawed a Blackbeard in half, and

now? She wanted to make a pair of audience members disappear! *And that was how Ritsuka and Mashu had ended up on stage.*

Neither of them thought much of it, nor had Charlotte at the time. It was a pretty standard trick. Put the two in a pair of boxes, cover them with blankets, and then when the blankets were removed the boxes would be empty! All thanks to a slight of hand... or it was supposed to be. But Corday was using *real* magic for this one, teleporting the pair back into matching boxes in the back rooms. They were magic items, after all.

Yet... she wasn't able to summoned them back right away. "**Um... Hm! That's strange!**" She could try again later, but for now? They'd be safe in the backroom, so she could just carry on!



"Um... Senpai? Were we supposed to be back on stage by now?" It had been two full minutes since Mashu had felt her position change from the stage to one of the back rooms. Admittedly, Charlotte had told Ritsuka and her about this before the show had begun, so she wasn't taken off guard by it. Corday *had* mentioned that they should have only been stuck in the box for a minute at most, but it seemed that maybe something had gone wrong? **"...Senpai? Is she in another room?"** It also seemed that the two boxes were not housed in the same storage room.

Not seeing any other choice, Mashu pushed the box door open and stepped out into the dimly lit storage room. It seemed this one was housed where the costumes were kept, but as she assumed the second box wasn't there. If the device's teleportation shtick was about to activate again, apparently there would be a ten second delay after a *DING* to notify her to get back in, so as long as she didn't stray too far...

Wasn't something *off* here, though? Why did she feel so *tingly*?

Looking down at the back of her hand, which was the most visible stretch of skin on her body short of her face, she didn't really see anything too off. She had goosebumps, but those could easily have been explained away by the cooler temperature of the storage room. Had she been looking elsewhere to start, however, it might have been more obvious to her. **"Maybe it's nothing...?"** Even though it really *wasn't* nothing.

Mashu's violet eyes sported the most obvious tells, at least right away. Because not only did their shapes change so that they were narrower, more mature, and a little closer to the shapes of a pair of Caucasian eyes, but their colors changed. Purples gave way for a shimmering emerald green that quickly seized them entirely, leaving them to look quite unusual beneath bangs of mauve.

That unusual contrast was only temporary though, not that it was fixed on the part of her eyes. Rather, the color of her mauve bob began to brighten. Beginning with her roots, a shimmering golden blonde seeped into her hairs and swept through to her tips. And, well... Mashu always had her bangs swept over her right eye, so this wasn't exactly something she could *ignore* without being incredibly distracted. Which she was not.

“H-Huh!? What’s going on with my hair...?” She didn't cry out too loudly, but her fingers *did* reach out to comb through these bangs and make sure the dim light of the room wasn't simply playing tricks on her. **“A golden blonde... It almost reminds me of...”** There were plenty of Servants in Chaldea that had blonde hair, but this particular shade appeared to be more reminiscent of a certain king. A king whose eyes her own also already resembled.

And, gradually, along with the *rest* of her face.

While she didn't realize she was doing it (distracted by her hair as she was), she shuffled her jaw from side to side for a moment because it had felt strangely *awkward*. The fact was that her face was changing, as was her skull, and her jaw had felt so strange because it was trying to settle into a slightly different position now that her cheekbones had risen and her chin had narrowed. Her face was left looking a little longer, and her emerald eyes even more European than before. With her nose bigger, not even her glasses sat on her face comfortably any longer.

She *undeniably* resembled a Saberface, but the way her lips had swollen so full suggested that she was not one of the younger iterations. **“I’m... huh? My voice!?”** There were no mirrors around, and so she couldn't tell based on her own face. But the sound of her voice? There was no denying that she sounded like an Artoria. Her blonde hair had also begun to grow, quickly falling far down her back while bangs lengthened and adjusted so both emerald eyes were left visible. **“This has to be impossible! I can’t actually be— AH!?”**

No amount of disbelief would win out against the continuous changes of her own body, such as the sudden jump in height that saw her balance temporarily compromised and the fit of her usual outfit compromised. As she rose, the skirt of her dress was lifted high off her hips while her

tights were yanked down from her waist, leaving an area of exposed skin around her pelvis and upper thighs – at least aside from her plain panties. “**I grew taller, too? This... isn’t good...**”

It certainly *wasn’t*, but she was also powerless to stop it, and she received a grim reminder as her panties began to feel a little *tight*. “**Oh!?**” Their fabric slid tighter in between her cheeks, because the cheeks in question were growing ampler and ampler with each passing second. She already had possessed a rather enviable rear, but now it seemed to be bloating to better suit her taller height. Before long the cloth was wedged in there, with cheeks protruding out farther than ever. On the other hand, their growth forced her hips to widen, which left a more sizable gap between consistently plump thighs.

The woman, who was now undeniably a young adult in age, lurched forward with a sudden gasp as the tightness of her dress’ top soon increased. She’d been granted a larger ass, and now? It appeared that her already impressive bosom was receiving similar treatment. That said, it didn’t have much room to grow – nor did it really need that space. Without realizing, Mashu had reached her hands out to grab her heaving chest, but it had only really grown a single cup size. If anything, the change was more focused on keeping them perky despite the fact she was a little older now.

“**Huh!?**” Before she could even comment on her new assets, her clothes dispersed into golden particles that left her body, now tall, luscious, and firm, completely naked. But they eventually reconverged, albeit in a different form. From the blue fishnet stockings to matching heels, to the white leotard with golden trim that showed off her cleavage and bellybutton. And from her white cuffs to the bunny ears and crown that held her hair now into a single high ponytail.

She looked like the kind of bunny girl you’d find at a casino.

“**W-Wait, how is this possible!? I became Artoria Pendragon!?**” Not that she hadn’t suspected it during the transformation itself, but now that her clothes had changed into a familiar bunny ensemble, she could not deny how she resembled the



Ruler version of the king in both body and the sound of her voice. She was no longer Mashu at a glance, but instead *Artoria Pendragon* – even if she *was* still acting like herself.

Had something gone wrong with the magic box? That was the only thing she could think of with the chain of events, but oh no! “**What happened to senpai, then!?**” The thought lurched the blonde-haired woman forward, her now ample and exposed bosom doing an uncomfortable jiggle in the process that made her blush. Before she could rush off to check, however? A loud *DING* radiated from the box. This was an emergency! She didn’t want to return to stage through Corday’s trick, but...! For some reason, she couldn’t stop herself from calmly returning. *And then she disappeared.*



In the prop room, housed with a very similar box to the one Mashu had been able to break free of, Chaldea’s Master found herself in a very similar, yet slightly different dilemma. “**Why won’t the door budge!?** **It’s supposed to be easy to open from the inside, isn’t it?**” She had been subjected to the same song and dance, from being teleported into a back room to realizing too much time had passed for things to be going as planned.

But she couldn’t open her door. It wasn’t actually the fault of the box itself, but because in the prop room this box was housed, someone had temporarily place a dresser in front of the box’s door thinking it was just another proper that wasn’t being used. So she was effectively trapped inside. “**I’m sure Charlotte will teleport me back eventually, but it’s pretty claustrophobic in here...**” The only real light was through the air holes poked in and around the box, and there wasn’t really a whole lot of room for her.

“**Did it get bigger in here, actually, or am I going crazy?**” Or that was what she thought. But it almost felt *less* claustrophobic now. Like the box had somehow gotten bigger. That was, of course, impossible. But while change for the box was a non-starter, there was something else that could affect that perception.

The size of the woman trapped inside.

Ritsuka shook her head. She had to be going crazy, right? There was no way that the size of the box had changed? Yet looking up? Not only was the roof of it farther away, but she definitely felt like she had more space on the sides as well. And her clothes felt a little loose... a *lot* loose, actually. Why had her skirt just fallen off...? “**WAIT, AM I SHRINKING!?**”

It had taken her a moment to land on the answer, but *yes*, that was exactly what was happening to her. While her proportions remained constant, her body was quickly decreasing in overall size. Tinier and tinier she became, gloves and accessories falling off of her while her torso was ultimately swallowed up by her jacket. Before long, she was no bigger than a small dog, and she had to pull herself up and out of the mound that was the pile of clothing that once fit her perfectly.

“**How did this Ritsu!? I mean, happen!? How did Ritsu happen to me!? ...Huh?**” From the perspective of a full sized person, her voice would have sounded much squeakier than normal. But she was more focused on the fact that she had begun to shout out the first two syllables of her name instead of the intended word for some reason. What was she? A Pokémon? It was a real head scratcher, but she soon found herself scratching *other* place.

Such as her arms, her legs, her torso... “**Why am Ritsu so itchy!?**” her fingernails couldn’t bring the relief she needed, and while it had been immediately clear as to what was causing the discomfort? The cause *did* eventually emerge. *All over her body.* “**RITSU!?**” Fine at first, tiny hairs had sprung up all across her skin. They grew longer and thicker with time, ultimately becoming incredibly fluffy as an orange color settled in over what had initially appeared white. “**Riiiiitsu!? Fur!?**”

The fluffy orange was heavier than it looked, and gradually the young woman found herself incapable of even standing upright within her clothing pile. That said, it wasn’t really the weight of the fur that was causing these complications. As she eventually fell down onto all fours, it was because her hips had retracted and the fit of her leg bones had bent so that they connected differently.

Her legs in general grew thicker above her knees, while below? They shortened until there was hardly a couple of inches between her knees and her feet. Well, if they could be *called* feet? Toes mended together so that she only had three on either foot, each tiny as the size of these feet were hardly any bigger than her eyes. Dark claws were etched from her fingernails, and on the bottom of her furry feet? Little, dark orange paw beans took shape. Because these were very much *paws*, and her hands had undergone the same transformation.

“RIIIITSU!? Ritsu ritsu ritsu! RITSU!?” Try as she might, she could no longer speak in a human language and continued to shout a butchered, if not slightly cute version of her name aloud. On all fours like an animal, communicating like an animal, looking more and more like an animal... it was obvious that her humanity was rapidly becoming compromised.

To those ends, her torso grew a little plumper than it had been before. Her breasts had *already* been hidden by her new fur, but in truth they had flattened into nothing while her nipples had multiplied into four and worked their way down onto her belly. The bright orange of Ritsuka’s hair inevitably lightened to the same palish orange that the rest of her fur possessed, while becoming thicker albeit just as fluffy. Behind her? A tail extended and began to swish back and forth. Which more or less matched ears that pulled up from the sides of her head into a pair of erect triangles with dark orange interiors. Her ability to hear, at least, was increased significantly as a result.

The last bastion of her humanity was her face which, while furry, still retained a human shape all of this time. **“Ritsuuuuu!”** Unfortunately this wouldn’t be permanent, because the woman – beast? – let loose a cry and dropped her face to the ground, where her front paws rested with resistance upon a nose and mouth that were being drawn out into a muzzle. Her nose wettened and became more sensitive, and her mouth was soon full of tiny canine teeth.

Finally, colored bright orange, her eyes bulged out after being relocated slightly to the sides of her muzzle. Their beady appearances could no longer even express her typical human emotions, no matter how many times she cried out. And she was most certainly going to cry out a *lot*.

“Ritsu!? Riiitsu!? Ritsu!” Try as the small, fluffy, orange critter might, she was completely incapable of crying out any sound other than the first two syllables of her old name. Everything about this situation confused her. She was small and furry – an animal. But the sight of the nose between her eyes, as well as the shapes of her front paws, definitely reminded her of one fluffy animal in particular. *Fou*. Except Fou wasn’t this color.



The box was large enough for her to run circles around it on all fours, small as she was, but running did little to ease her anxieties. How did this happen!? Why was she another Fou!? Could she change back!? **“RITSUUUUU!”** Regardless of all the questions she had, there didn’t seem to be any immediate answers. Not to mention a

loud *DING* interrupted her cries. And no sooner than it had? She found her beady eyes temporarily blinded as the door opened, and she stumbled onto the stage once more.

“And here I’ve returned my... uh... What?” Charlotte’s voice boomed, proud that she had finally returned her volunteers to the stage. But when they stepped out of the boxes, they weren’t the people that had entered. From Mashu’s box had stepped Artoria Pendragon in a bunny outfit, her chest pushed out with pride. And the other? Was that an orange Fou? The same hair color as Ritsuka? *Uh oh.* **“Um... Who are you two?”**

Ritsuka could do little more than cry out her name, running to Artoria and sniffing her as if to try and catch Mashu’s scent – which *was* faintly there. But while the Artoria was still very much Mashu in mind, the second she had stepped into the public eye? Something had prevented her from expressing that. It had prevented her from even *acting* like herself.

“Why, I am Artoria Pendragon, of course!” She spoke with the commanding presence of a king, leaving all three women flabbergasted in different ways. Charlotte almost thought they were playing a prank on her, but that couldn’t be, could it? On the other hand, the Fou-ified Ritsuka could tell that Artoria was Mashu, still sniffing her feet, and Mashu herself? Internally, she was shocked by what she had said.

It would take some time to realize that she could only act like herself when alone or in the presence of Ritsuka or Charlotte. Because the spell wanted to preserve the secret of the disappearance trick, which meant she was barred from revealing any of its secrets.

This was going to be a pain in the ass.

“Ritsu...”