

THE LION KING?

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Trick or treating? Am I not a little old for such things, Merlin?”

It had been little more than a passing comment that the Lancer variation of Artoria Pendragon had made a week prior, but it was a comment that had stuck with the mage, Merlin. He was not typically the kind of person that would sympathize with others, but when it came to any Artorias he had something of a soft spot. In many ways he was like their father, even if they didn't necessarily feel that way about him.

In fact, many of them were openly antagonistic towards him.

Still, to hear any variation of the child speak about their age disheartened him some. Most of them hadn't been afforded a normal childhood in any capacity, and while the customs of Halloween had not existed back then, he certainly would have wished that they might enjoy them in the present. Every iteration of Artoria bore a serious personality, but at least the Saber versions could be coaxed into trick or treating with the promise of candy.

The Lancer versions were a little tougher. As old in body as they were in mind, neither the original nor the Alter could simply be coaxed into dressing up in a fanciful costume. The Alter was one hundred percent a lost cause, but the original? With the right costume and motivation, Merlin was certain he could coax her into participating on Hallow's eve.

And so, without her permission, he had purchased her a costume. Custom fit for her *elaborate* figure, it was an overall adorable lion costume that did not reveal any of her skin (*for he knew she would be*

more likely reject his proposal had it done so), and he thought it might be a funny play both on the woman's appreciation of lions and her otherworldly title of Lion King.

“Ah... I messed up.” When the costume had arrived at da Vinci's shop, it had come with a label suggesting that it be washed before being worn. Merlin had taken that advice to heart and had run it through the machine, but he left it in there for almost a *day*, unfamiliar with washers as he was. Overall, the costume had shrunk to the point where it was practically child-sized, and with Halloween being that night? There was no time to order a new one.

“I guess I can likely fix this with a spell...”



With everyone else getting ready for Halloween that evening, the Lancer Artoria Pendragon was in her room awaiting the festivities to start. At best, she was planning on taking some of the younger Servants around door to door throughout Chaldea, not of age to enjoy the festivities herself. She didn't mind it though, that was simply what adults did during this holiday.

Of course, some of the less mature adults would undoubtedly try to trick or treat regardless. Astolfo immediately came to mind, for one. But Lancer? She wasn't the type – and she didn't exactly have a sweet tooth anyways. Not like her Alter self, at least.

Having just stepped out of the shower, she was clad merely in blue sweatpants and a tight-fitting, white shirt. It was the sort of outfit she wouldn't wear around Chaldea for fear of being judged, but she certainly preferred to dress more comfortably while in the privacy of her own room. **“I suppose I should wear my usual garb even if I take a child about...”** Her only other options, really, were dressing down or dressing in a costume – implausible solutions for different reasons.

After using her towel to wipe lingering moisture from her neck though, the Servant took notice of something *off* in the air around her. It wasn't

anything physical – at least not *yet* – but she could sense the presence of magecraft. Considering her Magic Resistance she wasn't concerned... *at first.*

But she was very quickly presented with a great deal of cause for concern, because the outfit she had put on after her shower? Well, before her very eyes it had disappeared, leaving her heaving (*and still slightly damp*) bosom exposed for all to see. Not to mention her loins and the blonde fuzz above them, rendering her thankful that she was alone in her room. “**Hm?**”

Because Artoria had a calm personality, she didn't overreact to her loss of clothes beyond standing there with a stunned look on her face for but a moment. If someone had sought to embarrass her by removing her clothing, then surely they had chosen a very poor time to do so?

The Lancer continued to eye her own bosom for a moment longer though. It might have looked like she was simply gawking as an aftereffect from the shock of seeing her clothing disappear, and yet something *was* bothering her slightly. She briefly felt unsure about it, but were her breasts just a little bit smaller than she remembered? She was accustomed to her nipples poking out farther, at any rate.

Yet they appeared to be a little closer to her chest. And closer... and closer... with Artoria's chin lowering gradually as they seemed to shrink. “**What on Earth?**” Before it hit her that what she was observing had *actually* been happening, about half of the weight in her breasts had faded away. The Servant wasn't exactly distraught about the loss, because she believed they simply got in her way, but any change made to her body without her permission was certainly cause for concern.

Even so, they continued to fade into obscurity. They dipped into the C-cup range and below, ultimately reaching an inferior B-cup sizing that was likely comparable to the bosom size of her Saber counterparts. On the other hand? They ended looking a little fuller because the area around them? Her solid pecs, abs, and even the muscles in her arms? They all softened in a way that immediately made the woman let out an exhale, for all of her strength had faded. Even the rippling muscles in her back that had once supported that ample chest of hers had now flattened.

“**For what reason would someone cast a spell like this? Even though my muscles appear weaker, my Parameters have remained unchanged...**” For such a big change to take place so suddenly, she was certainly wracking her brain over probable reasons. Wielders of transformative techniques were few and far between, and

even then she couldn't imagine why she would be targeted – and to inflict such abnormal changes at that.

Her shock remained tempered even after it began to affect everything from the waist down. Knees bulked suddenly if only because the strength that once supported them suddenly gave way, leaving her to catch herself with the only strength she could muster. Fortunately for Artoria, it gradually grew easier with *less* weight to accommodate.

The weight of her thighs, while ample even with her muscles removed, came to lessen first. Their healthy glow persisted, but their diameter practically halved with the excess fat within disappearing at a heightened pace. This left the gap between her legs, which had once been very minimal, to open *very* dramatically for a moment. Only for this gap to close in slight, for her hips closed in towards each other to continue the very obvious trend of seeing her overly adult figure becoming more reasonable.

Artoria's ass was left to protrude more prominently than ever before with the gait of her hips so lean, but that was merely a passing fancy prior to the reduction taking place there as well to compensate. It was a fairly substantial reduction too, for her cheeks collapsed in on themselves with no shortage of significance. The skin around them loosened as a direct result of this, and when all was said and done, Lancer's ass? Well, it hardly had any definition whatsoever.

Which was strange, seeing as her thighs and breasts hadn't exactly copped *that* much of a loss.

“Actually, without all of that bulk I feel like I could move around a little more easily.” She turned her back so that she could peer over her shoulder at herself, finding nothing too overly concerning about her body's new design. All of that weight had a tendency to get in her way not only on the battlefield, but during her day-to-day activities. So if the extent of it all was losing her feminine curves to possess a more androgynous figure, well... She was accustomed to people assuming she was a man anyways.

Of course, it wouldn't be that simple. It was simply nonsensical to simply transform her body like that. Not that *any* of this would come across as sensical *after* the transformation completed. Artoria got her first taste of this not even seconds after she commented on how it would be easier for her to move around, because...

Her point of view began to plummet, and with no shortage of vigor at that. **“And now my height?”** For a brief moment the possibility *did* cross her mind: that she might *actually* be becoming her Saber self,

based on her lack of a notable figure. If you threw in a shorter height on top of that, then they would certainly look identical. The issue with that theory? Saber was five feet tall. Lancer not only hit that benchmark, but she was sent into a tumble so that she became ever *smaller* than that. Like *dramatically* so.

“Wait... Wait! This a little too small!” The shorter she became, the higher and softer the woman’s voice became. In fact it grew higher than Artoria was tall, for when all was said and done she was just barely taller than 2’7”. She was left with the height, tiny limbs, and tinies hands and feet of a child. Yet while her face *had* rounded some, her hips still bore a thickness and her chest retained its B-cups comparatively – making her look like a cross between a child and an adult in the strangest, most impossible way.

Well, impossible for most races in the world she knew.

Because there were signs that her humanity was actually being robbed from her. Diminutive sizing aside, there was a curious change in the design of the woman’s ears. They pulled out from behind her hairline, eventually revealing that the tips had turned pointed as they pulled a number of inches out to the sides. They were reminiscent of a fairy or demon’s ears – but they weren’t.

Artoria was in awe of her own body for real now, yet her face now showed some *legitimate* anxiety over it all. **“U-Um... Wait, why am I so small? I’m not a kid... I don’t think...?”** Between her stutter, the softness of her voice, and her more withdrawn body language, it was likely the case that she’d suddenly become a very softspoken individual.

“A-Ah!?” Something changed *very* suddenly, coaxing her to throw her hands out to the side. The cause? Her body, which had been naked the entire time, was no longer so. Instead, she was dressed in a tanned, leather dress with a fluffy, sparkling trim, black tights, and gloves and boots shaped like a lion’s paws. Adding into that lion aesthetic was a hood meant to resemble a mane, a headband sporting lion’s ears, and a lion’s tail attachment with a pink bow. The front of the dress had a red and black tie.

When it came to her hair, it thickened significantly while growing longer in the back. It had shrunken along with her body originally so that it didn’t Rapunzel on the floor behind her, but now it fell to her ankles and was pulled into two *extremely* thick twintails bound by purple orbs skewed with golden arrows. The color even changed, turning to a pale purple while Artoria’s bangs grew to cover her right eye and bunched up at the sides.

Her brows furrowed, the woman examined her pawed gloves before reaching down to pat the rest of it. In the process? Her eyes turned a dark red, the one that wasn't covered by her bangs even more apparent thanks to a shifting in her features that made her forehead appear much larger, and her mouth much smaller than it had been before. “**Why... am I wearing this costume? I don't understand... Wh-Why would someone do this to me? I'm not sure if I can even climb onto my bed like this!**”

She had a number of valid criticisms and concerns about her situation, but the truth of it all? Artoria had become *extremely* adorable in appearance. In a sense she was lucky to have such a well made costume... provided it didn't end up in the wash again.

With the tiniest of bodies, wrapped up in the tiniest of lion costumes, the young woman was one part distraught, and one part at peace with her situation. While she had certainly become child-sized, if her memories were correct she was still a woman in her twenties – merely belonging to a much more miniscule race than her previous humanity. “**I... Hm... What... do I do about this?**” Uncharacteristically soft-spoken for Artoria, she shuffled in place while tugging at her new costume, unaware of the cause of her transformation.



It was Merlin's fault. He had casted a spell to make it so the costume would fit its intended wearer, believing it would change the fit of the costume to match Artoria's proportions. Instead it had changed Artoria's body to match the proportions of the costume, altering her into a form that would fit snugly within the shrunken lion costume.

This was the end result, and the spell had drawn on a race and even *identity* from another world. Fundamentally she was still Artoria, but she didn't think of herself *as* Artoria. The name *Niyon* was what came to mind whenever she thought of herself, even though her past memories and history were still intact. It was simply her body and psyche that had endured a shift.

As Niyon struggled with what to do though, the door suddenly opened, and Merlin crashed in. **“My King, have you by chance seen... Oh!”** His eyes had peered around the room, expecting to find a regularly sized king wearing a regularly sized lion costume that had gone missing once he had casted his spell. Instead his eyes eventually dropped to the floor, where he saw the Harvin in all her glory. **“...Your majesty?”** She was wearing the costume, so was it possible that...? *Oh no.*

“Y-Yes, Merlin...?” Without her usual confidence, she was hardly fit to even look him in the eyes at that moment. She was far too embarrassed, blushing vigorously while looking off to the side. **“Am I to assume... this is your fault somehow?”** Considering the costume and Merlin’s usual personality, she could feel the pieces somehow coming together.

“...If I were to say no, would you believe me?”

“N-No...”

Well, she was the right size to go trick or treating now.

“Gao...”