

# CAME TO ROOST

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“What... is this thing?”**

Musashi Miyamoto was stumped. Coming back from Chaldea’s cafeteria one day, a strange noise had drawn her attention into one of the smaller private rooms that Servants and staff could rent if they wanted to meet where no one could hear them. The audio had been extremely strange right out of the gate, the general vibe that of a clucking chicken or rooster yet echoing a robotic tone that highly implied it was not natural.

And upon closer inspection? Well, her assumptions had certainly been correct. Standing no taller than her knees, in that private room was something that could only be described as a ‘mecha rooster’ as far as Musashi was concerned. Its sleek design certainly screamed ‘fancy technology’, which made the Servant question its origin.

Had one of the inventor Servants put this together? Da Vinci was certainly an easy suspect, but there was something about the rooster’s aesthetic that made the ronin question that assumption. It was far too sleek? Da Vinci’s inventions usually had a certain look to them that screamed ‘Renaissance inspiration’, where this somehow looked a little more *modern*, if that made sense.

Well, it certainly seemed harmless, so to satiate her curiosity? The Servant crouched down before the machine. **“Hey there! Do you know what I’m saying? My name is Miyamoto Musashi! Maybe you’ve heard of me!?”** No response? That made her feel like she’d just made a fool of herself, and she looked over her shoulder to make sure no one had been watching. There didn’t seem to be, and in fact the door had been closed. Did *she* close it? She couldn’t remember.

When Musashi turned back around to look at the rooster machine once more, however? Its beak was open. **“WAH!?”** Before she could properly react to it, a bright red powder was ejected from this new gap, shooting right into Musashi’s face, and knocking her backwards as a result. As she’d been crouched still, her feet slipped out from under her and she smacked her head on the floor, having inhaled a great deal of that powder. **“What was that!?”**

Now laying on her back, the woman felt rather weak? She could hardly lift her head! Had that been some type of drug? No, if that were the case it shouldn’t have had much of an effect on a Servant’s body, and yet... **“Getting... sleepy... YAAAAAAAWN!”** Before she could count to three, she’d passed out entirely.

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When Musashi awoke, nothing about her situation had changed. She was still in the exact same room, staring at the exact same ceiling. How much time had passed? It was hard to say considering there were no windows. She could have been out for minutes, hours, or even a full day. She just didn’t know. There was one major difference she noticed once she climbed up and back onto her feet, however.

*The rooster was gone.*

**“Huh? How did it get out of here on its own? Did someone pick it up and just ignore me laying on the ground!?”** If so, someone was *incredibly* mean! She immediately noticed that, likewise, she still felt rather weak. It wasn’t like her to get so drowsy, yet her entire mind felt as if she were dancing through the clouds themselves. It made her feel sleepy and disinterested in the world around her, but evidently? The sensation wasn’t enough to distract her from an unusual looseness in the fit of her clothes. **“Hm? What’s...?”**

At first the Saber had assumed her earlier fall had disheveled her kimono around the chest area, and so her index finger reached within the cleavage to tug it up so that it would rest properly across her tits. But it just slid down again. And again. And again. **“Why the heck aren’t— UWAAAAH!?”** The woman finally looked down, and once she did she was shocked to find that her breasts were at least half the size they were supposed to be. **“Hey! What’s going on with my chest here!? They’re meant to be big and round, not— STOP SHRINKING!”**

Both hands ended up shoved down the front of her chest, grasping desperately at her milkers as they continued to diminish even though she’d been scolding them. *...Was she really expecting that to do anything?* Despite clawing at them however, they didn’t ease off in their

regression until she was sitting at a tender A-cup bra size, leaving the front of her kimono so vacant that you could see her bare chest with her hands pulled away, which she did.

**“Nn... That doesn’t look like the chest of a young man, though.”** Musashi was taking solace in the fact that it didn’t appear she was going through a sex change. Her chest was still a little puffy, meaning her femininity likely wasn’t at stake. Though, as she felt her panties begin to feel a little looser... **“Not *there* too!?”**

Her hands immediately shot for her rear. The woman had always been so proud of her figure, that seeing her breasts shrink into naught had been a sever blow to her self-esteem. So, to not get the ample handfuls of ass she’d expected to when she’d grabbed her bum? This could only add to her woes. **“GYAAAAAH! JUST WHAT IS HAPPENING TO MEEEEEE!?”** She squeezed and squeezed, but every time she did so there was just a little less of her tushy to handle. It halved in size, its roundness only comparable to a size it had perhaps held in her teens? Maybe even less than that.

The phenomenon was costly in other areas as well, much to her dismay. One’s thighs had an intrinsic relationship with their ass when it came to where mass gathered, so if her butt were to diminish? Those thighs would have no choice but to follow suit as well. Scrawnier and scrawnier the peaks of her legs became, the muscle she’d built showing more prominently without the softness of those thighs to buffer them.

All of the energy Musashi had spent in reaction to whatever was happening though? It appeared to be taking a toll. Her outbursts were becoming less loud, and she just felt generally drained. But the lattermost point could likely be explained away by the fact that the woman’s strength had been getting sapped away.

There was the matter of the superhuman strength blessed upon her as a Saber, which had hardly been in effect since she’d stirred awake, but her natural strength was being made a victim of as well. The muscles in her arms and legs were fading rapidly, limbs left lanky and sticklike by design, while even the strength of Musashi’s grip weakened. **“I don’t understand! Why is this happening to *mE!*?”** Her questions had resulted in a sharp crack of her voice, one that signaled a permanent change to her tone. **“Wait, what? My... My voice is? I sound like a young girl!”**

*Then again, if not for her height she certainly would have looked the part with her figure as it was.*

A wave of dizziness, out of nowhere, suddenly knocked Musashi back down onto her ass. Or, it should have at least, but just inches off the ground she just kind of stopped after instinct screamed out to stop her from falling. **“H-Huh!?”** She was floating? How the heck!? Even as a Servant she didn’t possess an ability like this one! Then again, she hadn’t noticed that a chair was hoisting her up while tilted back. The power wasn’t to keep herself floating, it was to keep objects afloat.

Musashi just floated there, bum pointed to the ground where her knees bent upwards and her hands drooped down to the side. Was this some kind of levitation? Was *she* doing it? Perhaps it was for the best that she was suspended though, because as if the transformation were unsatisfied with the progress thus far, her entire body began to regress.

**“I’m still getting smaller?”** Somehow calmer about it all than she had been previously, the Saber still cried out in surprise as her fingers climbed farther from the ground, and her footwear fell to the ground from her feet. Bare toes wriggled in the air as they collapsed, the arches of her heels miniaturizing until each foot couldn’t be larger than a big eraser, but then again? It still suited the size of her legs, which withdrew into what amounted to little more than chubby stubs extending from her torso, all swept beneath Musashi’s kimono. **“Too small!”**

Was she becoming a *child*!? She wouldn’t be wrong to assume that. After all, she could see her fingers becoming small and chubby, with her palms baring the same width as her wrists now. The sleeves of her ensemble fell to the ground, revealing limbs that were both stubby and chubby just like her legs. These limbs ultimately ended up highly suggestive of the fate of her torso.

Obscured by the kimono as it was, it was difficult to make out just what was happening to the hub of her body. Just because it was hard to perceive however, did *not* mean that it wasn’t happening. The remaining curves of her body rounded out as her hips were pulled closer to her shoulders, her smaller breasts now looking right at home upon a figure that looked closer to a thick-thighed potato than anything. It certainly wasn’t a design typical of any race in the world the Saber was familiar with, but when it came to foreign worlds...

**“Har...vin? Is that what I am?”** Still floating there, clothing hanging from her like a blanket, she had pondered what she had been becoming. Something deep down had given her an answer - a memory? But that didn’t... **“Who... Who am I again?”** She felt confused, plainly. Her body looked weird, but what should have been unfamiliar was feeling more and more familiar with each passing moment. Did she know how to use a sword? Weren’t swords a little too big for her? Maybe a tiny sword? No, that didn’t feel right...

Her mind still floaty and her head now smaller to match the shrunken size of her frame, discoloration had begun to snake through her mane of violet hair. It was like an explosion of golden blonde that seized its length entirely, sparking a natural growth that saw it all cascade towards the ground behind her as she floated while resting on her back. This hair was soft as could be and *smelled* wonderful, but that scent? It was not one that could be found in this world, for it was the scent of a flower that did not exist on Earth.

The Harvin blinked, and while her eyes had been blue when they had closed, when they opened once more? They were a bright crimson that really complimented her golden hairdo. Although, in the end, this was only a small part of what was happening to her face. For, gradually, the woman's eyes parted wide in design, hardly looking Japanese at all by the time they had finished growing. Her facial features on the whole just appeared rounder and more youthful, a better match for this extremely tiny body.

**“Ma... hi... ra...?”** The entire time her head had been changing? She had been trying to remember her name. It started with an M, right? At first she'd thought maybe it was 'Mushy', but who would name their kid that!? So eventually she settled on a less vague memory, one that contained her name. One where she was referred to as *Mahira*. Almost as if responding to this revelation, her ears were then drawn out into long points that poked out from the sides of her head, making her a Harvin through and through. A little strangely though, those ears were covered in white feather plumes on the outskirts, while red lined the inside.

And a sixteen-year-old Harvin at that. It was difficult to tell with a Harvin's biology, but she had gotten younger as well. **“Where am I...?”** These walls were unfamiliar. Why did the door not have a doorknob? Was she trapped in her? Thoughts of a simpler realm had filled her head, but more pressingly? She looked down at her clothes. **“What am I wearing?”**

Yet, in a flash, her entire outfit change. It tightened into a strapless, red tube top with white panties housed beneath a white flap, while black thigh highs hugged her chubby legs and detached, white sleeves with red underneath fluttered from her arms. Accessorizing this ensemble was a number of beads and accessories, the most notable of which being a crimson, beak-like hairclip attached to the left of her bangs complete with two white feathers and a crimson rope, while a similar rope hair tie bound her long, golden locks in the back.

**“Better... but how do I get out. Maybe that panel?”**

Not that Mahira knew how modern locks could possibly work.

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**“This really ruffled my feathers! How do I activate this device...?”** The young Harvin was still floating on the chair in front of the automatic door an hour later. Regardless of what she tried, she just couldn’t get it to open! Even though there was a hand marking on the opposite side of the door, implying she had to float and put her hand there? Every time she did, it just said ‘ACCESS DENIED’.

An alarm had even triggered about ten minutes ago when she’d tried. Something about ‘too many failed attempts’? Did that mean someone was coming to get her now? Was she going to get in trouble? Would they clip her wings!? Mahira didn’t have the foggiest idea what to expect, because she didn’t have the foggiest idea about where she was!

Finally the door did open, and on the other side? There was a familiar face. **“Haa? Mahira? How’d ya end up here?”** A Draph with tanned skin, adorned in a similar style of clothing to the Harvin herself. Was this not...?

**“Kumbhira...? Is that really you?”** The last thing she’d expected to see was someone she knew, especially when this steely room resembled no room she had ever been in before. **“Where are we? Is the captain her?”** She honestly had a million questions, but it just so happened that Kumbhira didn’t seem to have any of the answers to these questions.

**“Uhh... Chaldea, I’m pretty sure? I’ve been here for like a year, did you just get here? I totally thought I was going to be all alone!”** A year!? Was that even possible? The last Mahira could remember seeing her, she... Wait, no? Her memories were still very blurry. She could remember plenty about herself, but trying to think back on her life short of a few key people or details? It was difficult, and it hurt her head. **“You’ll fit right in, though! They’re super kind here!”**

What was the Harvin supposed to make of *that*? Fit in? But this wasn’t home. She didn’t want to become one with this setting, she wanted to return to her original one. **“Wah!? Kumbhira!?”** But before she could express that, the Draph had taken her tiny had and was pulling her along – a simple feat considering she was still floating.

**“Hm?”** Kumbhira was confused by Mahira’s confusion. **“What!? There’s nothing we can do. Besides, I saw your rooster... airship... thing earlier. I was gonna take you to it?”**



**“Clucky!?”** The name just jumped from the smaller girl’s lips. Fond memories of her greatest creation poured in. But, come to think of it? Hadn’t she seen Clucky here somewhere before? She really felt like she’d bumped into it at some point, even though everything was all fuzzy. This new piece of information did improve the Harvin’s mood a little though, and her lips curled into a smile.

**“Yeah, take me to him!”**