

SANTA'S TRUNK

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Christmas in Chaldea was a conflicting time for Jinako Carigiri. Well, okay, so it wasn't exactly a happy sunshine time for her even under normal circumstances. Shut-ins didn't exactly jump up in the air at the idea of a holiday where spending time with friends and loved ones was expected – not that even when she'd had such obligations she had attended.

What made things more complicated *now* was her status as a Servant, or more like the Divine Spirit that she was bound to. Ganesha was an Indian deity, was it really okay for her to partake in such a holiday? As much as she pondered it, the fact that Santa Karna existed probably *should* have tipped her off that it *was* okay. She still felt like she was walking on eggshells though. Her position was weird!

It wasn't like there weren't other Japanese people hosting Indian deities though. She could have asked Parvati or Kama, but both of those ideas felt dangerous for different reasons. If Kama didn't bite her hand off, Parvati might make her do something terrible like *go jogging*. Both awful, awful outcomes.

And so for the days leading up to the holidays, Ganesha kept to herself more than usual. That meant holing up in her room when her Master wasn't calling on her, sneaking into the kitchen late at night to grab snacks when no one else was around. The only other servant she was communicating with was Osakabehime, and that was because they could do so over game chat.

The days went on without consequence like this, and before long it was Christmas Eve. Like, *late* Christmas Eve. On the calendar it was

technically Christmas Day, but it was so early in the morning that ‘eve’ felt far more appropriate. Choice of words aside, Jinako had crept into the kitchen in the wee hours of the dark just as she had done so every night leading up to it. She had to walk through the cafeteria to get to the actual kitchen unit, but there was someone waiting for her inside.



hadn't she? **“Doesn't this belong to that Caster girl? I guess it makes sense that she would dress it up for the holidays. Hehe... It's a little cute.”** She was thinking of that Caster that was always talking about strange things. Helena Blavatsky, wasn't it?

“But why did she leave you here? Maybe I should take you back to her room on my way back?” Might as well do a good deed even if she wasn't indulging in the Christmas festivities, right? Jinako wasn't a *monster*. Upon reaching out to grab it though, an electric shock jumped from a *barrier* into her hand. One that had been invisible leading up to it. And had that been the jingling of bells she'd heard? **“Ow!?”**

There certainly wasn't any *good* reason for *any* of that. Why would Blavatsky put a barrier around her doll? Why had it *jingled*? A bit of festive humor on the Caster's part? *We could all use a little more festivity, that's for sure!* **“...Huh?”** That certainly wasn't right! She was so adverse to the holidays that she would never dare think something like that! But it had been *her* thought, right? **“I just activated something weird, didn't I...?”**

She sure did!

Slowly, Jinako tried to back away from the doll in question, but after only two steps she had stopped. Every time her foot touched the ground, there was a jingling of bells. She wasn't *wearing* any bells though! In the end the point of the sound was merely to serve as a distraction though, and distract it most *certainly* did.

The thirty-year-old woman hadn't taken any notice at all of what was transpiring beyond the jingling, such as the fact that her long, thick, and

messy hairdo was gradually creepy higher and higher, excess length practically slurped up into her scalp where it then disappeared forever. It didn't simply shorten but thinned as well, hair straightening into a short-cut, but surprisingly uniform style that ultimately hung no lower than the center of her neck. This was all before her hairs were rocked by an explosion of color, one that dyed it all purple almost like a paint can had been dropped upon her.

If this hypothetical purple paint can truly *had* been dropped, then perhaps it was a splash of paint that had jumped into her eyes, for irises succumbed to the exact same phenomenon. All of the brown within them dissipated to make sure her optics took the very same color as her hair, but it was actually *so much more* than that. After all, those eyes just seemed to *pop*, because in actuality they were wider in shape than they had been moments before. Edges had rounded in a way that robbed her of her face's Japanese aesthetic, leaving her overall facial design to look much more Caucasian.

“What did that doll do? *On Christmas Eve of all nights, when I cannot afford to be late!*” Hands that were supposed to be dirty clamped immediately around her lips after blurting out something so out of character, but all of the chip dust and dirt that was usually present upon her fingers seemed to have been obliterated. Even the chewed fingernails brought about by her anxiety had been repaired and inched slightly past fingertips in a way that didn't suit Jinako's preferences.

The concept of the woman gaining a cleaner, healthier appearance was one that continued to trend though. All of the excess weight in her body was subjected to it next, and little by little her bulging belly began to regress. While changes to her face and hair easily went unnoticed from her perspective, such a dramatic change in her figure that she could readily see *and* feel (*thanks to a gurgling in her gut*) was easy for her to perceive. **“HUH!?”**

Hands that had been covering her mouth immediately slapped back down to grope her own belly. She could feel the fat slipping away beneath her very grasp, skin tightening around a gut that moved from arguably obese, to pleasantly pudgy, to trim and *almost* fit. **“No way! Is this a *Christmas miracle!*? Why am I so... thin?”** It felt a little less burdensome to talk now too, because her face was nowhere near as chubby. But this left her somehow looking even less like herself facially.

It hadn't *just* affected her belly though. Her previous build had left her with thick arms and thighs, both areas having now thinned dramatically. Even her bust had been so big in part because of her weight. A weight that was now absent, leaving them more modestly sized. But why did

she keep coming back to *Christmas*? It clearly wasn't a Christmas miracle! That doll had cast a spell or something on her!

Fates seemed intent on barring the woman from having a lengthy opportunity to piece together her situation though, as the cafeteria soon began to look *bigger*? No, that wasn't the case, was it? **"I'm shrinking!?"** This was kind of a big deal for her, because for a woman of her age she was *already* pretty short. She couldn't fathom being any shorter! Yet eight centimeters were shaved off her overall height, reflected in everything from her arms to her legs, to her torso.

"No, no, no! But I guess it isn't so bad, being able to move around easier? Much more optimal for delivering presents!" Since when was it in Jinako's nature to look on the bright side? And for what reason was her voice so high? It wasn't immediately apparent to her, but for a viewer? It was plain to see the cause of her change in voice at least. It was one that matched a girl much more youthful than Jinako was, and that was *exactly* what had happened.

It was as if all of the age depicted across her body had been unwound. The weight to her breasts, ass, and thighs that had remained even after her thinning was robbed, leaving her figure meager – just barely enough to tell that she was still female. And her face? Gone were markings of age like acne scars and worn tissue, and instead she bore a youthful glow.

Really, this had erased the last indication of who Jinako had once been. She resembled an entirely different Servant by this juncture, and by the mercy of whatever power had changed her, her outfit (*glasses included*) had shrunk to continue hiding all of the naughtier bits. **"A Santa showing off those parts of herself wouldn't be very appropriate! ...Uh, a Santa? Am I really? But don't I hate Christmas? Hm..."** Fingers rose to her chin as she pondered, speaking in a very confident and matter-of-fact way that was the complete opposite of how she normally was.

Internally, that personality was prevalent. Her mind was but a stew of altered priorities and attitude quirks, but there was something that stood out above all else: *Christmas*. And that fixation provoked her to snap her fingers, a gesture that in turn forced her outfit to dissipate and reform into something much more festive by nature.

It was a largely bright blue ensemble, one that looked very warm and cozy. A knitted jacket overtop a matching, low hanging knitted sweater top. The trim of it all, including her big hood, was fuzzy and white, and beneath the sweater her legs were covered with black leggings. Matching gloves and boots saw too it that her hands and feet were kept warm, and

a big hat atop her head topped it off. Bringing the entire outfit together was a big, red bow upon her breast, as well as a crimson cape that fluttered behind her. Her glasses were nowhere to be seen, but she didn't need them anyways!

“I believe this new form has given me a greater appreciation for the holiday season, but at what cost?” Whether it was body or soul, there was no doubt that the cozy looking young woman standing in the cafeteria now was none other than *Helena Blavatsky*. She could still recall *being* Ganesha, but from her vernacular to her physical design, it would be impossible to mistaken her as such. Not that it mattered, for the new Christmas Rider had no intention of reflection upon that time.

As far as she was concerned, was this form not preferable? Youthful, teeming with energy, exploding with love for the Christmas season? What else could she ask for, really? There was no desire to return to a life of hiding in the dark, nor possessing of a body so rotund.

The doll that had been sitting on the table responded to the woman's energy and soon floated in the air, dancing from shoulder to shoulder behind her. And with a snap of her fingers? Helena conjured a sack of presents as if from nowhere. **“Shall we? There are plenty of good kids that reside in Chaldea deserving of gifts!”**



Enthusiastic nodding was done by the doll.