

KITSUNE CHANNEL

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It was inevitable that, with time, technology would most certainly improve. Humanity, whether they were humans or races from another world that mirrored them, would always make strides when it came to invention and discovery. Always pushing forward, always seeking to make the impossible possible. Depending on the level of civilization on the world they hailed from, these strides could be world changing or quite minor.

And in terms of the Phasmascape, it was somewhere in between the two. You see, it was a device that had been popularized on the planet known by its locals as Hydaelyn as of late. Magitek had come a *very* long way thanks to benefactors and inventors from beyond the empire that had made the most use of it, and so this wonder device had ultimately come to fruition.

Now, what exactly *was* a Phasmascape? It was a specialized screen that could broadcast both visuals and audio from another scene – whether it was prerecorded or shot live through a special magitek camera. As their reputation grew and more programming became available, Phasmascapes ultimately grew more popularized and it became easier and easier to purchase them from even regular street vendors.

Which was *exactly* what Silvia Kuroi had done earlier that week!

“Now that I’ve finally had time to set it up, it really does take up a lot of wall space, doesn’t it?” The scholar (*and essentially archaeologist by this point*) had managed to put the screen up in her office back home. Despite having acquired it a few days before, she had been so busy with a new batch of artifacts that she hadn’t even had time

to set it up until this moment, but she was glad that she had been able to, nonetheless.

She held a tiny box in her hand, one decorated with a number of buttons. Suitably this device was called a 'clicker' and appeared to be how you controlled the Phasmascape in question. **"I wonder if there are any channels relative to my field...?"** Such was the reason that Silvia had bothered to purchase the item in the first place. If information could be shared to a wider audience more easily with creations like this, then her own academic horizons could potentially broaden exponentially.



Much to her dismay, however? She didn't appear to find much of note. Many of the channels were reporting simple news, some of which wasn't even on the same continent she was on, much less the same city her office resided in. Not that she believed this functionality to be *useless*, but it certainly wasn't the type of programming that she had been searching for. **"Surely there must be some sort of scholar's channel or something?"**

Stubbornly, perhaps because she wanted to justify her big purchase, the red-haired Miquo'te's finger rapidly began to flip through the channels again. Once, twice, she went through all of them several times in the hopes of stumbling across something that might be brand new. Just as she had been on the cusp of giving up, though? Something finally caught her eye.

"What is this?" It hadn't caught her eye because it was relevant to her interests so much as the fact that it had filled the screen with a plethora of bright and varied colors. It was not footage of reality, but what looked to be drawings having come to life. Such an effect could be produced by rapidly flipping through similar yet different pages, if she recalled. But she didn't realize it was a technique that had been applied to Phasmascape broadcasts.

What was depicted through these cartoons was what appeared to be the adventures of a small girl with animal features? Being a drawing, all of her features were weirdly disfigured so that they were 'cute', and while Silv had at first assumed her to be a Miquo'te, closer examination of the tail's puffiness led her to believe it was a fox. Only because she knew a

certain auspice, that is. Eventually the screen changed for just a moment, displaying a logo that read:

KITSUNE CHANNEL

“Ugh, no.” It had been interesting to observe for a moment, but she had better things to do than watch something that appeared to be aimed at children. So she went to flick away again, yet... the channel did not change. **“Oh gods, did I break it already?”** Click as she might, nothing was changing when it came to the Phasmascape’s display. Not even the power button would turn it off! A new cartoon kicked up in the meantime, even as the cat woman walked up to the device to try and turn it off manually. But that *still* didn’t work. **“...I must’ve broken it.”**

Stepping back again, she wondered about cutting off the Magitek that powered it. That most *definitely* would have turned it off, at least. But Silv didn’t exactly get that far. Because she kept getting distracted by the cartoon on the screen for some reason, even if she hadn’t made the conscious conclusion that this was a problem just yet.

But it very much was.

For one, it kept her eyes off of her relatively cramped office space. She’d only managed to just barely mount the Phasmascape on the far wall, both ends practically pressing up against the connected walls. And yet slowly but surely, the gap between the screen and the walls surrounding it began to grow. For her room was getting bigger, and its contents? Well, they were slowly changing. Many of the artifacts she’d gathered had already disappeared, if not having been replaced by *toy* mockeries of what they had once been.

“What about this show is drawing me in?” Silvia didn’t quite seem to understand. Was it the bright colors? The cute drawings? Was it the obvious concept of a young girl who could transform into a magical girl using a magic rod to fight evil? No, these weren’t really things that would typically intrigue a scholar of her background and renown. Yet the vibrancy that saw every picture move was soon reflected in her eyes – not in the natural sense, but because the colors of those eyes brightened to a shimmering emerald that almost seemed *superficial*... if not for the fact that it was wholly natural.

This marked the beginning of what would be a whirlwind of changes for the ruby-haired Miqu’te, and yet dramatic as they would ultimately be, none of them exactly *registered* with her. This was because every time she even had an inkling of the fact that something was amiss, her

attention would ultimately be drawn back to the show she was watching (*seemingly against her will*).

There were *already* repercussions of this forced ignorance taking shape across her entire body. Or perhaps it would have been better to say they were taking an *absence of shape*? Because if you paid attention to the fit of the woman's outfit, which she most certainly *wasn't*, you could see that certain areas were gradually becoming looser.

Looser and *flatter*, at least which was the case when it came to the front of her favorite tunic – more specifically around the area of her *chest*. Silv had never really held her figure in high regard. It was more or less where it should be for a Miqu'te woman of her age, not leaning heavily towards too big nor too small. And yet the tunic getting looser in *that* area could only be contrived by a shift in that balance, and that change was that her breasts were being robbed of the mass they *did* have. Little by little, the weight that puberty had ultimately bestowed upon her was sucked away, until ultimately? Her chest was just as flat as it had been as when she'd been a little kitten.

But that also wasn't the only part of her body to suffer such a fate. The back, lower portion of her tunic had succumbed to a similar phenomenon, clearly because the cheeks of her ass had seen diminishing returns that were just as drastic. Plump buns saw their skin tighten around masses that lessened greatly, leaving her undergarments dangling loose in a manner that seemed even *more* gratuitous for the tender weight of her thighs went the same way.

While the woman's height had not been touched at all, she almost looked taller thanks to the lankiness her absence of curves provided. Yet her now green eyes were still trained upon the Phasmascape. “**This is getting kinda good...**” Those eyes were practically sparkling, in fact, as the magical fox girl readied her final attack against the monster of the week. There was also something a little off about her vernacular. She wasn't one to short-form things so willy nilly. It was a little childish, and she liked to present as the adult she was.

...But *was* she an adult?

Maybe that question didn't sound all that valid at the moment considering her height, but skepticism quickly *became* valid upon looking at her face. While most of her body's weight had been sapped away, her cheeks were looking fuller and her eyes bigger. At the same time, full lips practically shrunk down to a size that was pencil-thin beneath a nose that soon looked as cute as a button. It was all very reminiscent of the face she'd had as a child – just plastered onto a head that was still a little large for it.

And yet any issues with size versus thinner features and childish visages soon found relief. Silvia's eyes hadn't left the screen in several moments now, which *should* have made it obvious to her just what was happening. After all, standing close to the Phasmascape as she was, her eyes had to keep wandering up higher and higher to keep watching *her* show, for her point of view was dropping dramatically.

Because, naturally, she was *shrinking*. Whether it was her limbs, her torso, or even the size of her head; everything was collapsing at a dramatic rate, sending her overall height spinning down to just under four feet in overall height – excluding her cat ears. This left her body just looking a little plump by the time she bottomed out, with upper legs a little rounded and a belly bump protruding naturally from her gut. Overall, though? There was no denying she was child-sized now. Perhaps around the age of five or six.

“Yay! Go Foxerella!” She bounced around and clapped, ignorant to her changes and actually... Well, her mind had regressed along *with* her size. She was now incapable of doing much more than acting on her emotions and forming simple contents. A flashing magic attack on the screen was enough to get her excited. But with her loss of height, wouldn't her outfit have encumbered her? Not quite, because it had shrunk along with her, changing in design to become a black kimono and shorts. She danced around on a tatami mat floor – *which wasn't something that the floor of her office had* – with all of the elegance of a clumsy child.

But this wasn't even where the magic exuded from the screen ceased its actions. Because the eyes of the child appeared to narrow, an almond-shape making them look more akin to those of Doma and Kugane's natives. There was also a change of color that permeated through her hair and fur. *Black*. All of her beautiful red was robbed from her, and this raven black became the only color of hair that her body possessed. And was there somehow... *more* of it?

At least when it came to her fur, that most certainly appeared to be the case. Had her ears become perkier? They looked to be standing upright with higher reach than they had before. This was because the ears in question had actually stretched, with their tips become pointier, length aside. Perhaps stranger, tufts of super soft, black fur erupted from their middles. This wasn't a trait that Miqu'te ears possessed, at least not to this level. But it *was* something observable in the fox girl on the Phasmascape.

Almost as if she was slowly mirroring the dark-haired protagonist.

And to those ends, a similar phenomenon beset her blackened tail. It's length, once capable of swishing back and forth, firmed up so that it was stiff and actually shrunk a handful of inches so that it was much shorter behind her. The trade-off? The fur of this tail promptly exploded into a blast of irresistible, fluffy, fuwa-ness. This gave the tail a rounded shape before reaching its pointed tip, and there was no denying that it looked very enticing. Why, even Silvia herself snuggled up to her own tail while sleeping in her futon when mama wasn't around!

“Aww, is Pretty Magic Foxerella awlready over!?” With a slight lisp to the way she spoke, the raven haired fox child pouted now that the show on the screen had suddenly come to an end. It was her favorite program on the Kitsune Channel, and she made sure to catch every episode even between her lessons and playing. She was very young, after all, only six years old, and so it wasn't like she had a lot of responsibilities outside of those. Even the memory of her old name was gone, replaced by something different. Kuro. A simple name that was inspired by how black and beautiful her hair and fur were.



Throughout the girl's own transformation, her office had gradually twisted into a completely different location as well. As far as she saw, she was in her family's living room in their secluded mountain village near Doma. Because kitsune were not common, they lived away from the rest of Hydaelyn's society and put on disguises whenever they went into public.

For the girl, she was not yet old enough to have mastered this magic. Isolated to the village, she dreamed of seeing the outside world, and the Phasmascape her mother had bought was the only gateway she had to get even a taste of what the outside world might be. That said, she mostly indulged in the Kitsune Channel's children's programming, a channel made by her own people so that the fox children had things to keep them entertained.

“Sweetie, is your show over? Do you want to come fishing down at the river with me?” Fortunately for the child, before she could get *too* sad about her show being over, a familiar, honey-stricken voice called from the nearby doorway. Her fox ears immediately perked up and she twirled around, face immediately lighting up the moment her emerald eyes confirmed who was speaking.

It was her own mother. A tall and busty woman in her thirties who looked like an older version of the child, who had quite clearly taken after her maternal figure. The woman's smile was warm, and she had come with an enticing proposition. The child enjoyed splashing about in the river as her mother fished. **"The wiver!?! Yay! I wanna go! I wanna go!"** In a way, maybe it was tragic that a mind as intellectual as Silvia's had been reduced to something so simple, but how much could you expect of a girl of her age?

That said, it wasn't as if her intellect couldn't be reacquired. Eventually she would learn how to disguise herself, and she would be able to go into society where she could learn things anew. While she could not remember her past self, as she ran up to her mother's side and hugged her leg, the possibilities for this kitsune child were endless.

And so it was too bad that she would ultimately become so absorbed in the world of her favorite shows that she would claim she wanted to be a magical girl until she was almost *fifteen*.