

FAIRY FIGHT

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Morgan was not at all amused.

Her stay in Chaldea thus far had been *delightful* when compared to her rule of the sixth Lostbelt. There was no needless suffering here, and she didn't need to rule a people that were looking to tear her apart at the first sign of weakness. But the positives didn't even end there. The Master had summoned others from her Lostbelt that she was happy to see be given another chance. Her Fairy Knights for one, a trio of girls that were victims of the land of the fae – and among them her own daughter, Baobhan Sith. Finally she had a real shot at being happy.

So things had been peaceful. They had been kind to her, and the occasional outing to help with battles didn't at all bother her. But recently? An element had been introduced that ultimately had led to some *issues*, even if those issues had come about because of Morgan's own decision. See, she had brought on another Fairy Knight after the young woman in question had taken her challenge to be accepted as such.

Britomart meant well. She was kind and persistent and was always looking to help the others out. But she could also be *clumsy* thanks to the huge suit of armor she wore a lot of the time. Case in point? She'd crossed a line in Morgan's eyes because of an accident born of her clumsiness. While helping deliver the Berserker a cup of her favorite pudding, she had worn her armor and tripped, spilling all of the contents onto the floor.

And it had been the last cup!

Morgan had wasted no time in scolding the Lancer and had ultimately sent her on her way, which in turn had left her alone with the pudding spill on her bedroom floor. “**Perhaps with some magic I can reverse the results...?**” She was desperate for a solution that could return the sweet, sweet pudding back to its original form so she could consume it.



So desperate, in fact, that the woman acted haphazardly. Typically magic required intent and a chant for casting – at least when it came to more unconventional spells like what she would need to restore the pudding. The chant needed to be clear and concise in intention, yet the words that had passed her lips? They were *neither* of these things. In fact she was so distraught over the great

tragedy that had just befallen her that the words she’d uttered were wholly incomprehensible.

Which she immediately acknowledged was a *huge* issue. “**Damnit.**” Magic had been set off, but the woman had put a stopgap into action in order to prevent it from *doing* anything, which ultimately involved taking the magic and absorbing it into her own person before it could wreak unknown havoc to her surroundings. But in doing so? She had unknowingly subjected herself to its effects. And they would *very* quickly make themselves known.

Morgan, intelligent as she was aside from this blunder, began to look over herself with concern. Had this mis-cast provoked any ill-effects? Initially she didn’t *see* any, but she was likewise looking in all of the wrong places. Because the earliest signs to the contrary were evident in her *hair* more than anywhere.

The tips of the Bererker’s locks had brightened to a bubblegum pink, a color that the woman would never have been caught *dead* possessing in the past. But she didn’t have much of a choice in this case, and it wasn’t like the pink was *dyed* either. It was absolutely, completely *natural*. What’s more, the tips where this color began ultimately curled upward until the base of her hair was left in perfect curled design. With time, the pink not only found its way to her scalp, but it also decorated her brows and pubes as well.

“Hm... Strange.” No, she definitely felt like something had changed, even if she had yet to observe *what*. Likely because everything that *had* changed was still in difficult to observe locations. Like, for example, it was difficult to observe change to *your own eyes* without a mirror proper. Still, the icy blues that had instilled fear in many-a-fairy warmed, a bright red replacing them while the eyes themselves were left to appear bigger and brighter than ever.

The area of Morgan’s face was subjected to more than a simple eye change though, and with time it came to appear *fuller*. Cheeks swelled until they were chubby and almost childishly round, whereas her lips thinned, and her nose turned dainty. Stranger still was what became of her ears, for they pulled longer and pointier, more typical of the fairies of fantasy.

The woman blinked. **“Um, wait... What was strange?”** She shook her head, confused. Had something concerning just happened? She felt *confused*, albeit not at all scared, with her vernacular flickering between her usual stern manner of speech and something much more casual – with a voice that was significantly higher in pitch to boot. **“Wah!?”**

Much more effeminate than it had any business being for Morgan’s usual demeanor, a cry escaped her lips as it felt as if her balance had been compromised. It *hasn’t*, but because her point of view was rapidly dipping it was understandable as to *why* she had thought that. She was shrinking in every aspect imaginable, and that included the adult maturity of her body.

No part of her demonstrated this better than her breasts, which were typically ample but not *excessively* so. They certainly couldn’t have been perceived as excessive once the shrinkage took hold, their fat regressing until her chest was barely pronounced at all. This included her nipples which, while they retained their feminine puffiness, they didn’t really amount to much more than this.

Morgan’s hips tucked themselves inward, narrowing her gait – which ultimately meant very little seeing as the adjoined regions were also becoming *very little* in size. Her thighs diminished until they sported the bare minimum of womanly weight, and her rump was similar in its negligible sizing.

But in the end her regressed figure was only a *small* part of the loss she experienced. Her clothes had swallowed her whole body, which was unsurprising since she was now *less than two feet tall*, and her figure was more comparable to a preteen – yet it was an adult body for a fairy of her clan. **“Why is it so dark!?”** Her tiny arms flailed about, and from

an observer's perspective it looked like the dress and cloak on the ground contained a rodent of some sort that was attempting to break free.

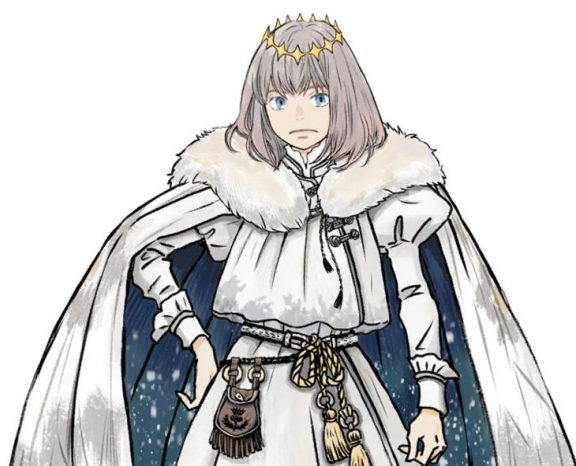
Fortunately for her, the weight of her clothing was lifted. It all began to glow gold, and it compressed against her person until it was little more than a tiny pink hoodie, *extremely* puffy pants, and a pointy-eared hat that had buttons on the front to resemble goggles. The fairy got a good look at herself, and...

“EEH!?! Actually, I don't feel all weird anymore, do I? Huh. Weird.” All of the changes that the fairy had been subjected to not only felt incredibly distant now, but also unbelievable. She was extremely small now, sure. And she wasn't exactly full figured or anything of the like. But why had she thought that she might have once one day been either of these things? *Habetrot* just didn't understand.



Still, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was a little *wrong*. **“Oh! There it is! How could someone spill Her Highness' favourite pudding? She's going to be so sad...”** The culprit could only be the spilled pudding, right? It was the only thing awry with the room! But then the Rider had what she believed was a great idea. **“Maybe if I use magic to make some replacements? But I'll have to have them tested first!”**

Not knowing that anything she made with her magic would carry the same magic that had transformed her.



The Fairy King Oberon squinted at a cup of vanilla pudding that had been gifted to him while he had been reading in the library. Not a Servant that enjoyed throwing himself at others, it wasn't all *that* unusual to find the man alone. He enjoyed storybooks and would often spend time reading them, and evidently Habetrot had realized that – because despite their differences as fairies, she had come to deliver him a 'test version' of a pudding she had been working on. For what reason he did not know. And he certainly didn't *care* either.

“Well, I doubt she’d feed me anything poisonous.” He *was* a bit peckish, and so after dismissing any of his concerns about the contents, he took the spoon that had been given to him along with the cup and took a taste of the sweet vanilla. And ultimately? **“...It just tastes like pudding.”** Should he have been expecting more than that? Maybe not, but Habetrot had really talked it up.

Then again, was pudding supposed to make your entire body tingle?

“Hm?” Seeing as he was alone in the library, the fairy did not offer any additional commentary to the strange feeling that plagued him. It was concerning to be certain, and yet at the same time he couldn’t fathom *pudding* of all things have any ill effects on him. **“Maybe there was something off about the taste after all?”** His body could simply have just been having a negative response to the sugar... or something. It wasn’t worth worrying about.

That said, some cold water was soon splashed onto that rationale. **“Whoa!?”** Because Oberon had suddenly fallen backwards, his back hitting the back of the chair in the process. Which was *odd* because his back *had* been against it in the first place. But it had definitely felt like he was falling, and as he reached down to grab the chair to help stabilize himself? **“Wait, the heck? What’s going on here!?”** He *quickly* realized what was wrong.

His hands had been swallowed by his sleeves, his tunic felt incredibly loose, his cape was in danger of falling from his shoulders, and his pants had bunched up around his knees. Worse even, his crown slid off his head and his feet? They were hardly resting on the floor of the library now. **“I *shrunk!*?”** Not that he wasn’t used to being tiny. He had *that* form after all.

The change was plain and dramatic, and he’d even gone as far as to acknowledge it. Yet even so, something in the back of his mind played with a different thought entirely. *Of course I am. I haven’t grown taller in years.* Which was a fact about the fairy king that just *wasn’t* true, but as the thought crossed his mind, it was a very easy pill for him to swallow.

“Ngh... What’s wrong here?” Or for *her* to swallow? Evidently this smaller stature was significant for reasons relative to Oberon’s sex, for she squeamishly rubbed her thighs together upon the chair in response to an unsavory tugging sensation within her loins. It was, of course, her sex being altered – memories altered along with them, so she recalled her life as *always* being one of a maiden.

And if her existence was to be one of a girl, then there were adjustments that needed to be made to her body *aside* from a simple change in height. Her waistline had already narrowed along with her height loss, presenting her with a much more feminine bearing in terms of her figure, but it was helped into certainty by a weight that built upon her chest. Nipples rose until they were perky and roughly the size of a quarter, and flesh underneath built until, well... At best they were A-cups that bordered the B-cup threshold, but they certainly weren't all that notable.

Upon her smaller body though? Their small size *did* seem more significant.

She would find her smaller stature made *other* areas appear more abundant as well, for her sitting position on the library chair rose several inches thanks to a joint effort between her thighs and her ass. Both regions were becoming plumper, skin tightened around them while they pushed her body upwards with plusher cushion to support them. It was all concealed by Oberon's robes, but that didn't mean it wasn't there. In fact, some might have even considered it her greatest charm point.

The girl shook her head. "**I was... eating pudding?**" Well, she certainly wasn't *wrong*, she *had* been doing that. But was that really the most important thing that had happened? Shouldn't she have questioned why her voice was so soft and girlish? Yes, but she *didn't*. Just like she didn't question why her hair was growing so long, falling down and pooling at the back of her chair while it all lightened to silver.

Even the mouth through which she had spoken with that voice seemed *different*, with lips plumper and her canine teeth notably *sharper*. Her eyes, on the other hand, had grown bigger and now reflected a golden glow – while brows darkened and took arrow-like shapes that were certainly *defining*. Just as the small, black horns that curled forward from beneath her hairline were. The girl fidgeted in her seat, finding it difficult to move around with her clothes so heavy.

But a golden glow lifted that literal weight from her shoulders. It prompted her outfit to reform into a blue dress with a frilly, blue skirt and a translucent underskirt. Her small breasts were snugly held by white cloth, and matching sleeves were bound to a collar around her neck. It was a very cute and *princely* outfit, one belonging to someone that was as much of a knight as she was a small girl. Of course there were matching panties under the skirt as well!

"That was delightful!" Curt, polite, and matter of fact, the new *Melusine* wasted no time in finishing off the pudding that had been left in that cup. Her small size had certainly been highlighted by the chair

she was sitting on, with legs kicking over the edge, feet just barely touching the ground. But why was it she felt like she could once sit with her knees raised high? One of the cons of being a fairy of her background was that it didn't matter how much time passed, she just didn't grow at all.

But Melusine was anything but ungrateful. She pushed her chair back and hopped off, grabbing the cup and spoon for disposal. "I should give thanks to Habetrot when I see her and let her know that Her Majesty would definitely appreciate the thought." To think that her favorite pudding had been dashed! It truly was a tragic outcome when the king loved her pudding so.



"Of course I'll eat it! You better serve mother only the best sweets!" An arm flailing about at the door of her bedroom, Baobhan Sith watched Habetrot leave after dumping some experimental pudding in her hands. She didn't catch the full story, but there was something about her mother's pudding being dropped and Habetrot wanting to make more? Any goal that

brought benefit to her mother was a good one in the vampiric fairy's mind, so she was happy to oblige.

It was strange though, had Habetrot ever felt *that* familiar to her in the past?

The red-headed woman shrugged in the end, dropping her butt into the cushy mattress of her bed, and dipping her spoon daintily into the pudding. She scarfed the small serving down without pause, and it wasn't until it had been finished that she raised an eyebrow. **"Huh? What was up with that pudding? It tasted... normal. Is she really going to serve that to mother!?"** She hadn't even noticed that it had triggered something *off* within.

“...*Eh?*” Baobhan Sith had been frustrated about the poor treatment Habetrot was about to give her mother, but a strange feeling prompted her to look downwards and stand up. It felt like her dress was a little tight around her chest? Not only that, but weren’t they a little *warm*? The woman glared at her bosom, not exactly sure what was going on. But what was this feeling? It was almost like... pressure? And it was building u— “**EHHHH!?**”

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The Archer cried out with good reason, for the front of her dress tore open and her breasts bounced out – while simultaneously being the *cause* of the tearing in the first place. Flesh had built within her tits and forced them to almost *triple* in size over only a handful of seconds, and erect nipples comparable in size to her own eyes now stood to attention with what remained of the rest of her dress peeling down.

“**WHAT THE HELL!?**” The fairy knight’s long fingernails sunk deeply into the flesh of her new bosom, their weight extravagant and their sensitivity apparent. But they weren’t even *alone*, they were just what the woman had noticed first. Because her ass had similarly swelled, the crack of her ass swallowing up her panties in the back and forcing cameltoe in the front. Thighs snapped the bands that wrapped around them as they burgeoned too, thigh highs pressing so tightly down on their bulging mass that they created indentation lines. “**Why is my body so... so... so...?**”

Huh? Wait a moment, wasn’t she shocked by her huge breasts and her fat ass? *She supposed they could be a problem in combat and led to a number of clumsy moments, but she’d lived with this figure for a long time, hadn’t she?* Baobhan Sith blinked, letting go of her heaving chest so that it bounced several times due to gravity’s influence. While blinking though, her silver eyes turned blue. “**What am I so worked up over? The pudding?**” Had her voice always been so sweet sounding?

Because of King Morgan? Had her feelings for the king always been so *passionate*? The woman seemed genuinely confused, and it was communicated by a face that was gradually growing fairer in appearance. Her skin color was pinkening for one, giving it all a much healthier and less ‘kind of looking undead’ appearance, but that was prevalent across her body altogether.

No, the changes to her face were much more focused. Fuller lips were much more enticing, and also served to hide that her fangs had shrunk to seem much more *normal*. Her nose grew an inch longer but was also

smoother and bore narrower nostrils. All while her cheeks rounded in an appealing way, and her now blue eyes seemed larger than ever. Throw in the fact that her *already* pointy ears had become longer and pointier, reaching several inches farther behind her, and she hardly looked like the fairy she had been before eating the pudding.

It was important that she still *did* look like a fairy, though.

Her height had regressed an inch and a half, but with so much damage already done to the woman's outfit by her figure, that was hardly a notable change. What *was* more notable were the strands of silver that had begun to emerge against the backdrop of her otherwise crimson head of hair. Like wildfire they quickly caught, spreading from one to the next almost like they were infected.

And all of the infected strands in turn grew. Like a *lot*. That was really saying something seeing as Baobhan Sith's hair already reached to her ass where it curled, but it stretched all of the way down to the floor where it began to pool. Even the curls came undone, locks all *completely* straight. When it came to her bangs they all became fluffy and perfectly framed her face, while her crown? It had long fallen to the ground behind her.

“Why would I be worked up over pudding...?” A playful and ditzzy tilt of her head came as she looked back at the cup that had been set down beside 'her' bed. This personality was so unlike the Archer's own that it was almost shocking. Where was all of the aggression? The haughtiness? It seemed it had all gone the same way her current outfit had, for with a flash of gold it had been repurposed.

Her breasts were still mostly exposed on the end, for her torso was clad in a white gown with an *entirely* open front to show off her inner breasts and her tummy. Yellow accents lined it, with cloth bound to a four-leaf clover on her choker reaching out to gloved arms with silver and gold handguards. The dress portion was short, but it overlapped a pair of tight, white pants that highlighted her thighs and the significant thigh gap between them, whereas eat stop on the floor she took would be highlighted by the clack of her boots.

Fortunately for the silver hair that would have otherwise been dragged across the floor, it had been pulled up into a pair of buns atop her head, the length left in two loose twin tails while a tiara separated her bangs into layers.

“That really hit the spot, though~” Collapsing back onto her(?) bed, *Britomart* almost hit her head off the wall once the weight of her huge tits almost sent her falling farther than she'd meant to. It was a mistake

that wasn't really *normal*. It was the sort of mistake you'd make if you weren't used to your body's own weight. **"O-Oh! That was strange!"** She did eventually push herself back up into a sitting position, her breasts now bouncing from the sudden jump and stop. Why did they feel so *awkward*?



"I guess it's just because I'm so clumsy. After all... Huh?" So caught up in how tired and full she felt after eating Morgan's test pudding, it finally struck Britomart. This room that she was getting comfortable in? It wasn't *her* room. Wasn't it Baobhan Sith's? **"This isn't good! She'll totally yell at me if she catches me in here!"** Their relationship was amicable at best, after all. Even dashing to the door, she almost fell over – but managed to get out before face-planting in the hall.

If *this* all seemed chaotic, then wait until the three met their original selves.