

SECRET SANTA HELPERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I said I’ll be fine. You don’t need to worry so much.”

It was certainly strange to see *Captain Nemo* of all Servants storm off in a huff, even if his emotions seemed to be largely muted about it. But it was even stranger since not only was it now Christmas time, but he had switched over into his Santa Saint Graph. Evidently, he took the holidays *very* seriously. He was planning on delivering presents to as many people as he could, as the other Santa Servants planned on doing, but he was being a little *hardheaded* about it.

Nemo wouldn’t accept help in general, much less from the other Santa Servants. He had stormed off because the Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka Fujimaru, along with Mashu, had insisted on trying to help him. Their attempts to do so had been met with *this* reaction, however, leaving the two young women a little flabbergasted. **“But we just wanted to help...”** Mashu sighed. He couldn’t do it all by himself! Nemo was *already* overworked!

But Ritsuka’s lips pulled into a little smirk. **“What if we helped him *without* him knowing, then?”** It seemed that she had a backup plan. One that required an alliance with a *very* specific Servant. **“Let’s go find BB, I think we’ll be able to ask her for help!”** It was a declaration that was met with a curious tilt of Mashu’s head. Why *BB* of all Servants? She had a *bad feeling* somehow.

“If I remember correctly, the engine room was around... *here?*” The orange-haired Ritsuka pressed a palm against one of the many push doors that were present within the Nautilus, the submarine



that Captain Nemo utilized as his base of operations. As planned, the Master had snuck aboard the submarine with BB's help, and all three of the girls had set off towards different rooms to enact different parts of the 'HELP SANTA NEMO IN SECRET' plan. An aptly named operation if Ritsuka did say so herself!

Her destination had been the engine room because it was the best place to put a tracking device, at least to avoid it being found. The Nemo Engineers were often too busy to pay attention to every nook and cranny of the room, which more or less worked in their favor. She was pleasantly surprised to realize that she had actually been on the mark about the engine room's location and slipped in the first chance she had.

BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM!

But her string of good luck came to a very sudden end. The moment she passed through the door to the extremely hot engine room? It slammed shut behind her and locked, trapping the Master inside as a loud alarm blared and lights of red and green began to flash. **"Eek!? Did I trigger some kind of alarm!? That probably isn't good!"** At least if her master plan was to be enacted in secret. But she didn't even know the half of it, really.

It was *naturally* hot within the engine room. There was a boiler that was fed coal from a large pile off to the side, and so of course the temperature would be intense. The flashing lights and blaring alarm paired with this heat made for some *very* uncomfortable conditions, and the woman's body had begun to sweat. Even so, it was a little odd. She felt *too* sweaty, like she'd sweat, had it cake on, and then sweated again overtop of it. Like she had been in the engine room for *hours*. Her body odor was tainted with the scent of sweat and coat as black smears appeared across her face and hands, too.

At first she'd thought the best course of action would be to try and force the door open and flee, but she found her attention... distracted. Her ears and brain were enraptured by the sound of the alarm and the light of the lights. **"Is this where... *I'm supposed to be?*"** Until she just stood there, slack-jawed, with the back of her throat getting drier and drier.

As the flashing lights of the alarm were reflected in the woman's eyes, the underlying orange of those eyes was slowly compromised. Their golden sheen dulled in their shades, but they didn't darken. It was more like the orange was gradually being replaced with a baby blue that began at the base of her irises and slowly filled up to the tops like a glass of water. Making matters even *stranger* when it came to her eyes specifically, their *shapes* were altered too. Pinched, Asian eyelids slowly rounded in the corners until she bore a gaze that felt much more *Caucasian* by design.

And this Caucasianness (which is definitely a real word) became far more evident even despite the engine's rooms rather erratic lighting. Her cheeks thinned and her lips pursed beneath a smaller nose, but there was still an unusual *roundness* to her face even though it was technically thinner. It was more like she looked *younger*? Like perhaps a girl around *thirteen* or so, even though she was supposed to be in her twenties.

"It's so hot..." The woman tugged at the collar of her shirt, somewhat snapped out of the haze she'd experienced at first. ***"Hm? What's going on with my voice?"*** It still sounded *female*, but it was a little deeper than it should have been. A change that drew her attention away from what was much more apparent: the sight and sensation of her own *hair* changing.

It initially seemed like she might be in for a head of *blue* hair with how the tips in the back darkened to a royal shade, but it quickly became clear that it was merely Ritsuka's *tips* that had been dyed this color. The orange past those few inches dulled in a much different direction, inheriting a sandy shade that bordered brown and blonde. Her hair wasn't *super* long generally, but even then it now shortened to reach just *above* her shoulders instead of just past them, now with bangs that were cut straight over her now blue eyes.

The temperature in the engine room hadn't improved at all, and Ritsuka found herself wiping the sweat off her face and brow with a jacket sleeve, smudging more black markings across her face in the process. ***"I need to figure out how to get out of here. Or should I shovel coal? Er... Why would I shovel coal?"*** It wasn't like she *worked* in the engine room, right? That would be silly! And yet, something deep down had her questioning if that really *was* the case or not.

Nonetheless, she wasn't allowed very much time to dwell on it. At least not before she began to feel her clothes sliding oddly against her sweat body. ***"Hm? What now?"*** Was she a little too *calm*, maybe? Considering what was happening? Probably. The cause of the strange

feeling her clothing brought about was directly tied to her *height* of all things.

Or at least what was left of it? The woman felt shaky on her legs thanks to her stature rapidly unraveling, shooting her eye level downwards at an almost alarming rate. And yet, as her hands and feet shrunk, and her Caucasian facial features appeared all the more youthful? She hardly batted an eyelash at it, instead seeming to be more *curious* than anything. “**Huh...**”

The clothing she was wearing became incredibly baggy. Height aside, her womanly curves flattened away until she had the physique of a young girl around the age of 11 or 12. In the sense that she hadn't really hit puberty yet, which didn't feel that unusual for a girl who was only 4'11" in height. The very same height as all of the other Nemos. “**Wait, the other Nemos? Mm... I guess that makes sense.**” Did it? She had just been so quick to accept things.

Just like she didn't really pay it much mind as her clothes began to glow and reshape, becoming a brown, fire-resistant outfit with big pants and a button up jacket. Her hair was tied into pigtails in the back, while a *reindeer hat* of all things sat *atop* her head. The girl examined herself quietly, no longer thinking as much about how *hot* it was in the engine room. She *did* belong there, after all.

Eventually, one of the symptoms of the heat did plague her mind though.

“**Rock salt, rock salt, rock salt...**” Rather than fixate on her transformation any longer, the *Nemo Engineer* dressed in a reindeer hat ended up stumbling over to a pile of rock salt stashed in the corner of the room so that she could pick up a piece and lick it to obtain moisture as sweat poured down her body. “**I get it. I'm a Nemo now. But the engine room? It's soooo hot.**” How often would she have to change her small body into fresh clothes with how warm her new outfit was?



The Engineer had *not* forgotten that she had been Ritsuka, but in the grand scheme of things it didn't really *matter* to her anymore. It wasn't like she could function as a Master? Literally *all* of her knowledge was isolated to helping maintain the Nautilus now, and it really just felt *right*. She was just glad that the alarm had stopped blaring, and she could *work* in peace shoveling coal into the engine. The small girl shrugged.

“At least the captain won’t know I’m helping him now, I guess.”



Much to Mashu’s delight, she had actually been given one of the *easier* tasks to accomplish aboard the Nautilus. She was responsible for checking on all of the gifts that had been amassed in the kitchen area, which was a *much* more comfortable position to be in than having to tackle the boiling hot engine room. She knew *exactly* where the kitchen was, too, which made the trip all the easier. But there *was* something that was bothering her about the whole ordeal.

“Where are all of the Nemos?” The captain was able to split himself into all of the help that he needed in the form of various other Nemos. They were always running around, but she hadn’t run into a single one while navigating her way to the kitchen. It was *probably* nothing. Right? At the very least it made getting around unnoticed. But there wasn’t even a Nemo Bakery in the kitchen? Odd.

BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM!

By the time she had reached the center of the kitchen area, knowing the gifts were hidden in the back, the alarm that Ritsuka had triggered elsewhere went off and the entire ship went into lockdown as red and green lights flashed about. **“H-Huh!?”** She could hear the door lock. What had just happened!? Why!? Had they been caught!? Not that she thought the punishment would be all that severe, but it still felt bad to be treated like she’d done something wrong...

Mashu had the sense to run back to the door to try and open it. But she ultimately only made it a few steps before it occurred to her that something was wrong. The strides of her legs felt like they weren’t carrying her as far as they normally did and paired with the sensation of her clothing hanging loosely on her body— **“E-Eh!?”** Though it wasn’t until her glasses slid off of the bridge of her nose that it *finally* occurred to her.

“I’m getting smaller!?” The woman had probably *already* lost a full head off of her height on her journey downwards towards the very same 4’11” height that Ritsuka had reached much later in her own transformation. In a similar fashion, the young woman’s hands rested against her own chest as the mounds melted away beneath her

increasingly smaller touch. Her hips and shoulders narrowed as she inched lower and lower towards the ground, her feet and hands becoming smaller in kind.

But again, much like Ritsuka? It was more than just the inches that had been shaved off of her body by the time she bottomed out at her new height. **“W-Wait!? Am I a kid again!?”** It was hard to say without a mirror, but upon touching her face with her tiny hands... it felt a little softer? Her lips were thinner too! Her realizations *had* been on the mark. She had slipped backwards in time, back to *before* she had gone through puberty. But she had more or less been placed onto the cusp of it.

It was a shame that her changing Saint Graph would never allow her to *age*, though.

“Hm... It would probably be hard to care for the others while being so small. But I bet I could still... Huh?” It took Mashu a second to realize that not only what she was saying was a little *strange* – because why would caring for others be her top priority in that moment? – but that her voice sounded softer, almost *comforting* in a way. Regardless, it wasn’t *her* voice. Having heard it every day of her life, she knew it well.

She examined the backs of her hands. They were smaller and cuter, but they didn’t look at all like how she remembered her hands appearing at that age. This was a truth that extended to the *entirety* of her 11 year old body, namely because she *wasn’t* just becoming a child version of herself. Her face exhibited this better than anything else, with rounded cheeks pulling into a sharper jaw beneath longer lips. Her eyes glazed over with the same blue as the Nemo Engineer’s, but that probably wasn’t especially surprising.

They *did* now come from the same source fundamentally as her Caucasian traits were enhanced so that she looked more and more like a young white girl. The violet of her hair was all that really remained of her prior appearance, and it was quickly sapped away at the roots by the same sandy blonde that all of the other Nemos possessed. It grew a little longer and sported the same blue tips in the back, but overall? The style of this hair was much cleaner and straighter.

The new Nemo’s blue eyes danced around the kitchen as her clothing began to change. She felt a strange kinship with the cooking space, now understanding where everything was stored, along with a now vivid knowledge of numerous recipes. As if to suit a mind that was becoming much more kitchen-centric, her clothes turned into a red apron overtop a black, button-up shirt and matching pants. Her hair was tugged into

pigtails of her own by red ribbons, but her head was otherwise accessorized by a traditional Santa hat that seemed to go with a green bow tied around her waist.

Now dressed in this Santa hat and a red apron, the new *Nemo Bakery* slowly looked around *her* kitchen. “**That was certainly a strange phenomenon! Hm... I suppose I’m a member of the captain’s crew now? That makes things a little easier!**” Bakery spoke in a manner not unlike an older sister character, even though her body was now *much* smaller than it had been before. Her slight smile was warm and inviting as she stepped delicately over to where the gifts had been stored.



She peered at them until she was satisfied. “**Everything seems to be in order!**” But while this had *technically* been her goal when she had come to the Nautilus as Mashu, new priorities now tugged at her mind as well. Bakery sauntered over to one of the steel tables in the kitchen that were used for food preparation and took out some pans needed for baking fresh bread. “**Which means now I can get to work on everyone’s dinner! The ship will fall into chaos if they aren’t fed!**”

And seeing as it was Christmas, that just wouldn’t do!



“**How exactly did I let myself get roped up in this, again?**” BB didn’t know much about the Nautilus’ layout, just that she had to find the laboratory so that she could make some *adjustments* to the plans that Captain Nemo had laid out for Christmas Eve. The changes were nothing *bad*, just enough to lessen the amount of work that he had to do. It was more of an *optimization* than anything. But BB had no horse in this race, really. She didn’t care much about helping Nemo out, really. But her Master had come to her with a favor. And she just *couldn’t* say no to Ritsuka under any circumstance.

It felt like she had been wandering around aimlessly for a while, but it hadn’t actually been *that* long. “**Oh, wait. Is *this* the place?**” It *was* a door with a nameplate beside it that said ‘laboratory’, so she was probably on the mark! BB was relieved that she could bring this laborious task to an end and practically *skipped* inside after opening the door. Now where was the terminal? All she had to do was—

BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM, BYOM!

A familiar alarm rang out as red and green lights flickered on and off. “...**This is some *very* festive mood lighting, but I’m in a hurry~!**” She just wanted *out*. And to get some much needed praise from her Master in the process! But try as she might? The door wouldn’t budge. “**H-Hey!? Don’t tell me I’m locked in here? I *will* knock this thing down by force!**”

And BB had been *very* serious about that. Yet she was deterred in the end. Not by some secret security features or anything like that. The moment she raised a hand to summon her wand? She became *disinterested* in doing so, like all of her will to damage the submarine’s internal structure had just dried up. “**O-Or maybe I won’t do that...**” It was an unusual backtrack, but the Servant was promptly presented with a more pressing conundrum.

One that she had noticed *immediately*, even though it wasn’t especially apparent to the untrained eye. “...**Huh? Why are my tits getting smaller!?**” BB prided herself in her appearance, namely how *attractive* she was, so anything that *compromised* that was definitely worth a bit of panic on her part. “**Stop, stop, STOOOOOOP!**” But it didn’t matter *how* much she cried out, or even if she fondled herself through the front of her leotard.

Breasts that were basically as large as her head were slowly compressing towards the young woman’s ribcage, fat draining away while her nipples shrunk along with them. What had once been a pair of mountains was soon a set of hills, and then they hardly even counted as a pair of *mounds* with how devoid of shape they had becoming. “***They’re so tiny now...***” She had just been so panicked, but she sounded unusually at ease now.

She hardly even paid the same attention to the deflation of the *rest* of her figure. This largely included the fullness of her ass cheeks as the base of her leotard became extremely loose around a soon-to-be (practically) bun-less ass. Even her *thighs* grew incredibly thin and lanky, showcasing a very similar youthfulness to the woman’s figure that the rest of her body hadn’t quite *yet* caught up with.

But it was only a matter of time.

“**My body keeps changing? How is this possible?**” Her voice sounded softer, and she expressed an uncanny calmness when compared to how BB *normally* acted. The bright purple of her Sakura-

inspired hair dulled across its entire length, inheriting a very familiar color scheme if you'd observed what had befallen the other two women in the submarine. Sandy blonde with blue tips, though in BB's case it didn't shorten *quite* as much. It reached down to the center of her back, whereas her messier bangs framed her eyes.

Eyes that dulled from their original purple themselves. As seen in Ritsuka's own transformation, their shapes rounded into much more Caucasian forms as a greenish blue lit up her irises. They came across as rather *droopy* in design, even though compared to Engineer and Bakery her face more or less became identical. **"I guess all that's left is—"** She didn't even really need to *finish* that sentence.

Her height was all that had really remained of her previous identity, and that dropped down to the same 4'11" as the other two. Smaller hands clung onto an oversized leotard that threatened to show off *way* too much, so she even let out a sigh of relief once her clothes began to glow. The new 11 year old felt the fabric tighten against her body until it was an oversized, brown jacket overtop a black, button-up top and grey turtleneck. Black tights and tiny boots had nothing to do with the reindeer hat atop her head, though silver spectacles that now rested on the bridge of her nose seemed to calm whatever nerves she still had.

"I guess all I need to do is make some adjustments in this ledger... Hopefully the captain won't mind." The sound of the new *Nemo Professor's* voice was airy and laid back, even though her round glasses gave her a more intelligent appearance that some would assume meant she might be strict or serious. After changing some text that *would* alter her new captain's plans, she reached up to adjust the reindeer hat upon her head quietly.



It was *odd*! She could definitely recall being BB up until a moment ago, which was *definitely* a problem, right? But being a member of Nemo's crew just *felt* correct. The Professor had no desire to fight against her new fate, and instead felt much more compelled to begin doing the menial tasks that made up her position as the submarine's professor.

"At least the captain won't be as stressed for Christmas..."

"But I really wonder if its okay to just remain like this?" The three girls didn't even know how to tell which of the other Nemos were victims just like them, so none of them would ultimately bring it up and just go on like nothing was even odd.