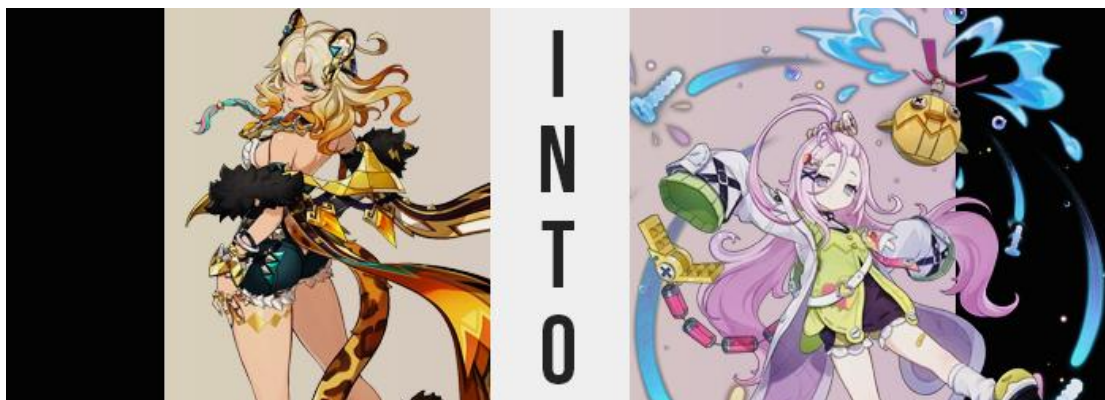


CALLING TECH SUPPORT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“How are you doing?”

“I am doing... fine. Aside from the memory loss, that is.”

“Understandable, so we’re going to see if we can do something about that.” What sounded like a conversation between a doctor and a patient, well... That description wasn’t completely off the mark, but it also wasn’t technically what was happening either. The woman with leopard ears and a leopard’s tail, Xilonen, was *not* a doctor. She was realistically the farthest thing from it. She was a blacksmith that worked at the forge at the Children of the Echoes’ civilization in Natlan’s Tequemecan Valley.

That made her existence sound like a humble one, but she was also the bearer of an Ancient Name and had helped fight in the war against the Abyss that had recently ended thanks to the efforts of Mavuika and the Traveler. Life had finally returned to something quieter... or at least it *had* up until there had been reports of mechanical dolls attacking locals. By her own admission, she *really* hadn’t wanted to get involved if she didn’t have to. She would rather have just taken an afternoon nap.

Alas, after investigating those reports, Chasca of all people ended up on her front doorstep with the Traveler in tow, bringing trouble to her as always. And that trouble took the form of... a *woman*. Well, she was in the form of a woman, and seemed to have the will enough to be treated as a person, but was she *technically* a woman? Not in the traditional sense. She was a robot with a strikingly human face and a clearly robotic body.

Xilonen was a blacksmith, but because of Natlan's technological level that meant she knew a thing or two about machinery as well. The robot didn't remember, well, *anything*, and apparently, she was *important*. As a result, she had agreed to give her a look over to see if she could help in any way. **"Just let me know if it hurts, alright? ...Can you feel pain, actually?"** Either way, she assumed having someone tinkering with your wiring wouldn't feel particularly *good*.



"In a physical sense? No. In an emotional sense? Uncertain. I must also note that because my memory data is damaged, this information may be incorrect." Good to know. Xilonen was confident that she would be able to fix much from a preliminary investigation, but if she could at least get the robot to remember her *name*, that would go a long way in helping them dig up information. **"Is there anything I can do to assist you, Miss Xilonen?"**

Even though she could not remember her name herself, the robot's name was Ineffa and she hailed from Nod-Krai as a machine created by a very talent – and very *young* – inventor. That inventor was probably the only one that truly understood Ineffa's inner workings, at least enough to solve her little amnesia problem, but she was across the waves and Xilonen obviously didn't know where she even came from to draw an iota of that conclusion, particularly when the robot's parts appeared to be sourced from all over Teyvat.

"It's fine. So long as you sit still, I'm sure we'll figure something out." To Ineffa, the woman sounded very confident... at first. But an hour passed without much progress. The two of them passed the time by chatting while Xilonen checked her panels and wiring for clues, but it was clear that the woman of flesh and blood was getting a little fatigued and frustrated by the lack of progress. If only there was a way that she could be of more use...

Not even the robot herself noticed a new process opening up in the back end of her operating system, because she had been programmed to ignore its activation. Her creator had installed it in the case of an

emergency, so that if Ineffa suffered damage and that led to personal distress, that there would be someone nearby to fix her up. It was just that the process was rather *unethical*, so Ineffa herself was left in the dark about it. **“Huh? Did something change? Your eyes are glowing all of a sudden.”**

“My eyes are... glow... ing?”

“H-Hey!?” Xilonen became terrified she had done something wrong. The robot’s eyes had glowed for a moment, only to slam shut. Had her power supply been cut off? Did she shut down? That would make her job a lot harder and potentially gave her something *else* to fix. **“Come on! Don’t tell me you shut off! *Crap.*”** In a rather crude attempt to salvage the situation, she took hold of Ineffa’s shoulders and gave her a quick shake.

Which, as it turned out, was a mistake. The program that had led to her shutdown had deactivated her *to* provoke someone nearby into come into contact with the robot’s body. And once that contact was established? **“*Tch!?*”** Her tail stiffened and she jumped back with *literal* shock. She knew the risks of touching machines, but she hadn’t expected the robot to *electrocute* her so suddenly. **“That discharge... Did a wire come loose? I guess I’ll need to do the rest with rubber gloves...”** Because she did *not* want to get zapped again.

Fortunately for Xilonen, she wasn’t going to experience a second shock, but *not* because she was going to be wearing rubber gloves. One shock was really all that had been needed to implant some itty bitty nanomachines into the woman’s body, and there were *very* potent. Their effectiveness couldn’t really be understated, considering that if you looked at the woman’s body now, you could definitely tell that something was *off*.

It started in ways that wouldn’t have been obvious to Xilonen and were focused predominantly on her *skin* of all things. The Nightsoul markings that could vaguely be seen against her lightly tanned body succumbed first, darkening to match the rest of her complexion – sealing away the power of her Ancient Name in the process. But the fact that these lines darkened almost felt *pointless*, because seconds later her entire complexion paled until she was even pastier than Kinich. It gave the impression that she both hailed from a colder climate *and* didn’t go outside all that much.

“Now where did I put those... *gloves?*” The woman had started on her short trip back to her workshop, which was only about fifteen steps from the outdoor bench that she’d had Ineffa sit down upon. Yet, about halfway through that trip she found herself adjusting her crop top. And

again. And again. She finally looked down with frustration to see what the problem was, expecting that maybe something had torn. Her crop top was untouched without a fiber or strap out of place. The problem, it seemed, was the *chest* that filled it. “...**Did I drink too much when Granny Citlali came by last night? But would being drunk pale my skin like that...?**”

Was she somehow *still* drunk? *I’ve never had alcohol before... I wonder what it tastes like!* “**Wh... Huh? I drink all the time?**” She shook her head while grasping at her chest, hoping what she’d noticed was just a trick of the light. But the weight of the bosom she grabbed was *definitely* lighter than the D-cup heft she was accustomed to. She was watching them flatten more and more even *as* she stared and held them. Her nipples likewise lost some of their puffiness and became *much* too small, but by that point? Her chest was practically flat anyways. Like the chest of a man...? No, there was still a slight softness to it.

“**How...? Did she do something? The shock?**” Xilonen turned back to face the slumbering machine as if that would somehow provide her with an answer. But unfortunately? It just made her aware that what had happened to her breasts hadn’t been an isolated occurrence. Her tight jeans shorts *slipped* slightly, prompting her to arch her back and reach behind her to grope a pair of ass cheeks that, like her tits, were in the process of deflating. “**Ah...**”

How was the woman so calm? It was just in her nature. She had possessed some semblance of pride in how attractive her body had been, but she somehow felt assured that she wasn’t in *danger*. Even as her ass shrunk into tight nothingness and her thighs thinned in kind until they were about one third of their original girth, the most she could muster was a sigh. *Why would I be all heavy like that anyways!?*

Of course, that increasingly childish voice in the back of her head played a role in her calm. Xilonen became increasingly inquisitive and almost *innocent* the more she transformed. She might have been concerned about not being sexy moments ago, but that was hardly a concern to a mind that couldn’t even care about being ‘sexy’. Rather, she was starting to wonder:

When this is done, I wonder if there’s somewhere where I can get snacks?

“**That... shouldn’t be a priority *right noooooow!?* H-Hey!**” The woman attempted to correct and snap herself out of it, a sharp and sudden drop in her stature left her trailing off and, incidentally, sounding even *more* like a child as the pitch of her voice not only jumped significantly, but didn’t even really quite sound how you might

expect a young Xilonen *to* sound. In tandem, the leopard-colored fur upon her ears was shaved away, on those ears both shrunk and moved down the sides of her head until they were a normal pair of human ears.

It was a phenomenon that saw all of the makeup wiped off a changing face. As her height diminished, so did her head's size while its shape almost became more... *egg* shaped? Her cheeks gained a little weight so that they bore a youthful chubbiness, which appeared to be what she acquired in exchange her lips thinning and turning slightly up, along with her nose becoming as cute as a button. Not even her eyes were spared, growing to take up more of her face while drooping in their shapes slightly. A shade of dull lilac replaced her icy blue irises, and her diamond pupils soon darkened to small, black circles.

“Ah!? I’m tiny!” That was hardly even an overexaggeration. She’d been about 5’7” just moments ago, but she’d dropped down to around 4’3” rather promptly. Her lower body would have been completely exposed if she hadn’t smartly grabbed her shorts with tinier fingers before it was too late, but she’d been given no choice other than to kick off her boots... which she’d childishly done so with the intention of seeing how far she could send them flying. **“Wow! Like fifteen feet!”** An *adult* wouldn’t have been cheering for something like that.

But then again, she couldn’t have been older than *ten* now.

Already so ‘lost in the sauce’, so to speak, she began to work out what had happened to her. **“Nanomachines, huh? From Nod-Krai! ...But why do I know that? I know lots of stuff about machines! And krumkakes!”** Xilonen *felt* like that was something worth bragging about, even though it absolutely wasn’t. Simpler in behavior now, it was much easier for her to just shrug it off. **“Oh well!”**

It was her hair that changed in the final stage, with those long blonde locks already having shortened to remain proportional with the rest of her tinier form. But rather than become even shorter? Her blonde hair fanned out as a faded shade of pink possessed it. It messily split off to the sides – a common hair styling technique on Teyvat, evidently – while a *very* long length of her bangs was pulled back and hung to the left. How... did it stay up like that? **“Oh!”** Well, it had a little help.

The nanomachines couldn’t only alter biological matter. It could affect inanimate material as well, and now that her body was finished changing? The loosely fit scraps of clothing she adorned began to change. She didn’t notice that some materials from a nearby pile were disappearing as the nanomachines broke them up and carried their mass to her body, helping them create even more cloth. It formed a white, lab coat over a green, button up sweater that was split to show off

another brown shirt underneath at the bottom. Her sleeves were so big that they hung past her hands! Otherwise, she had white shorts, white socks, and a pair of yellow-ish green shoes with bolts in the toes. Incidentally, it was a big, golden bolt that helped prop her hair up as a decoration – one of several, as the cross and heart hairclips on the left side of her parted bangs demonstrated.

Perhaps strangest of all? The leopard tail that remained affected to her body *stiffened* and *deteached* from her body yet ended up pinned to the back of her clothing with a mechanical mount. The fur faded and the flesh and bone was segmented with tiny wires separating these four pieces. The skin of these segments hardened into glass, transparently revealing a pink fluid inside of each one. While the tip of her tail? It *opened* into a yellow mouth? No... it looked more like a giant clothes pin with a bolt running through its joint.

“New clothes! But I want something else...”

Was that *really* the time to be daydreaming?

“Mm... Lakkaberry Krumkake... Ah!?” The child snapped herself out of her snack-induced daydreaming session as the girl reminded herself that she had work to do. **“I’m so sorry, Ineffa! I’ll get you all fixed up in a jiffy!”** If there was *anyone* who could repair the robot, it was *Aino*, her creator. Now, *this* Aino wasn’t the genuine article. The *real* Aino was back home at the Clink-Clank Krumkake Workshop, likely stuffing her face with snacks outside of the daily allowance Ineffa had set aside for her before leaving.



The girl began tinkering with the robot, distracted but still more than capable of doing what she was doing without issue. She *was* Aino, but she also wasn’t in a sense? She understood that she’d been transformed and that she’d been... someone else? But she couldn’t really remember *who*. The workshop behind her looked kind of familiar, but only in a ‘déjà vu’ sense. **“Ah, well! I’ll worry about it later!”** Brushing off such an important concern was such a *kid* thing to do.

“Rebooting... Ah. Aino? You came to Nod-Krai to help fix me? But what about your work back home?” The moment her eyes fluttered open, Ineffa bombarded her creator with questions. Aino had *clearly* managed to fix her memory problem, not that this pulled her off

course from the trial she would soon face, but she was confused to see the child standing in front of her. She didn't know what she had *technically* done to Xilonen.

Aino *knew* that she wasn't the genuine article and that it would probably cause problems later, but looking at Ineffa's big old puppy-dog eyes... how could she break her heart? **"A-Ah! Yup! I couldn't just leave you broken, right? C'mon! I wanna see what kinds of snacks the people of Natlan eat!"** A very transparently childish way to change the topic, but Ineffa seemed to find it believable. She stood up and took Aino's hand, after all.

"Alright. And after we should tell the others that I am fixed. Have you seen Miss Xilonen anywhere?"

"Shilo... who? I've never heard that name before... It sounds cool!"

If she *truly* didn't recognize it, then maybe she wouldn't even remember she'd been someone else by the time she 'returned' to Nod-Krai. But oh well! That was a problem for the *real* Aino! ...Assuming Ineffa's secret program didn't cause even *more* problems beforehand.