

MAID SERVICE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Miss Patchouli! Miss Patchouli! Miss Patchouli!”

There was an obvious twitch in the eye of Patchouli Knowledge as she heard her name being called over and over again by Hong Meiling, who definitely *should* have known better. The librarian demanded absolute silence within her domain, and that silence had been no more important than it was in that moment. Because if you looked at the interior? It was clear that she was doing something *important*.

A large chunk of the library had seen all of its shelves pushed to the sides with the floor completely open so that a magic circle could be drawn on it. Patchouli had found she needed more help as of late, and since she had summoned her original servant, Kaokuma, this way before, it had been her intention to summon a second one in the same manner. But it was a spell that required her complete concentration, and she was in the *middle* of it.

“MEILING! QUIET!” The librarian had to break her concentration to try and silence the gate guard, who had been walking closer. Even though she wasn’t always the brightest, Meiling had noticed the circle drawn on the ground and had been careful about damage it as she approached, but when Patchouli yelled? Her *foot slipped*, and she broke one of the lines with a shocked expression upon her face.

The circle had been designed to *not* affect anyone inside of it, that was why Patchouli could float comfortably above it, but with the line broken... **“Um...? Miss Patchouli? There might be a small proble—!?”** She tried to inform the caster, but it was too little too late.

The spell went off before she could even finish her sentence, and the two were both cast in its light and could *feel* it.

Which was a red flag for Patchouli, because she wasn't *supposed* to feel it. It wasn't *supposed* to affect her. Upon realizing this, her gaze shot down to the martial artist that was standing on her circle while looking just as stunned as she was, before glaring right at the damaged line. **"Meiling! You've put us in a precarious position! We need to act fast before we're turned into servants!"**

"...Huh!?" What did *that* mean? In Meiling's eyes, she was *already* a servant of the Scarlet Devil Mansion. She couldn't be much more of a servant than she already was, or at least that was how she saw it. But Patchouli seemed pretty worked up, so she could only assume that it was probably worse than she realized. And it turned out that it was.

"You need to do *exactly* what I tell you before it's too late."



In the end, Patchouli hadn't explained in any detail what would *happen* to them if they didn't move quickly enough and had sent Meiling off on a fetch quest for a crucial tool that they'd need to prevent it. **"Ornate-looking jar, ornate-looking jar..."** She repeated the description the librarian had left with her before sending her deeper into the library. Meiling was the fast flier of the two, so Patchouli had hedged a bet that she would be able to find it sooner.

"Wait, there...!" As she passed a set of shelves, she glanced it down a path that would have required a *very* sharp turn. The issue was that it was a little *too* sharp, and she ended up flying into a nearby bookshelf before she could manage to do so. Fortunately, the shelves in Patchouli's library were so big that she flew right *through* it, but she landed on the other side buried in books. **"Ow..."** She eventually pulled herself out enough and looked at her feet.

Oh, one of her shoes had fallen off!

Naturally, that should have been an easy enough fix. It took her a moment to push the books she had crashed into off of her body before leaning forward to grab the dislodged piece of footwear. She was sitting

up with her legs crossed now, evidently ignoring the fact that she was short on time as she slipped that shoe over her foot. It felt a *little* loose, but she assumed when she stood it would slide back into place. But it *didn't*. In fact, in the process of standing up once more, she not only ended up launching that shoe off her foot and into another nearby bookcase, but she'd almost lost the other one as well.

“E-Eh!?” That was probably a cause for concern, right? Meiling wasn't exactly the smartest woman ever, but she could at least draw the correct conclusion. Whatever was going on, it was definitely related to Patchouli's spell. **“Right! The jar!”** She'd almost forgotten her *master's* orders! **“Wait... Master? Never mind, that's not important right now!”** Figuring out *what* was happening would have to wait! She had to try and *stop* it first!

And so, while keeping her foot towards the front of the one shoe that remained, she began to hurry around the shelf she had crashed through to get back to the path that led her to the jar she'd glimpsed. Which hadn't taken long, but somehow it had taken longer than Meiling had expected? Because she was attempting to push her way towards her goal, she initially was trying not to think *too* hard about it.

But why had she not opted to simply fly there? ...Somehow, she couldn't remember how to use the spell that allowed her to do so.

Even despite the fact that, visually, it couldn't have been more obvious. Every step that the woman took led to the one shoe she had on feeling even larger, but it wasn't *just* her shoe. The Chinese-style dress she was wearing was growing increasingly baggy, her cuffs slipped from her wrists, and her hat fell off. But she pushed on. **“My clothes aren't too big, right? That wouldn't make sense...”** Even so, she didn't stop to check. Especially now that she could see the jar at the end of her path.

Meiling could *definitely* tell. The fact that her clothes felt increasingly large plus the fact that she felt too slow both pointed to a singular possibility: her body was *shrinking*, and it was doing so in a way that conserved her body's proportions... mostly. It had to be a side effect of getting caught in the spell, so she didn't think about it much more than that.

But the loss of size wasn't exactly as consistent in terms of her body proportions as she'd been hoping. Considering her clothing was beginning to *hang off* of her, it was difficult to discern any changes in shape based on feeling alone. So, she couldn't tell that her breasts had lost some of their heft, as had her ass and thighs. It all made her appear much *leaner*, and it ultimately even targeted the muscles she'd honed as

a martial artist. They inevitably softened away, leaving the woman in no condition to be fighting anyone physically.

The woman's undergarments eventually slipped from her hips, and her dress was now dragging on the ground behind her as she walked. Meiling could see that she was close, but she must have been at least *half* her original size by this point. Each step, burdened by the weight of clothing that didn't fit her, was harder and harder. **"Just a little closer! On my name as... as... Huh?"** What was her name again? And did her voice sound off? Like it was a little squeakier?

She pushed through despite these concerns. It was all the more difficult to push that one shoe forward with her foot now half the size it used to be, but for some reason she was fixated on bringing it with her. **"Just a little more!"** She declared in an almost *childish* way, which might not have been that surprising if you'd gotten a good look at her face. It was a little rounder name. Was she younger? Technically *no*, but the aesthetic of it all gave off that impression. Even her red hair had shortened slightly, reaching the base of her spine rather than her thighs.

Once she was finally in front of the pedestal the jar was on, she stood on her tippy toes. She was just *barely* able to reach it if she stood on her tippy toes, but when she was within *inches* of reaching it? **"WAH!?"** She *fell* or was it more fitting to say that she *dropped*. The shrinking processed hastened and from an outside perspective it looked like she was *swallowed* by her dress, head and all. **"My fault for wearing these stupid clothes! Whose even are they!?"** The squeaks of her grumbling were muffled, because she had practically been stuffed into her single shoe after the weight of her dress shoved her there.

Wait, aren't those my clothes!?! Or...

Before she had a chance to weigh this any longer, she found herself... out in the open again? **"Eh!?"** Well, the big shoe was still there, but everything on top was gone. **"Huh? What even was on top of me?"** Her clothes? But wasn't she dressed in the maid uniform she had been summoned in? A black dress with a frilly skirt underneath an apron, small black shoes, a maid cap... It was all there! She was *clearly* too far gone, because she didn't notice the slits in the back of the dress nor how four white *fairy wings* sprouted from them, eventually leading to her floating higher and higher without needing them.

"Huh? What was my name again? It was like... Ling... something, right?" The tiny *fairy servant* fluttered above the shoe she had crawled out of only moments prior and, after grappling with her identity



problems, she began to resume the task she could only *vaguely* recall being sent there to handle – the retrieval of the jar on that table. The only issue with that was... “**Uh... It’s a little big for a little fairy like me, huh!?**” Because she was so small that she could fit in the palm of a human’s hand! Even so, she flew around it several times before wrapped her arms around its spout. She could only *barely* lift, but she could!

“But that Patchy... person... really wanted it, right? So, I gotta get it, and maybe clean up those books later!” She couldn’t even remember Patchouli’s name, just that there was a woman that was supposed to be her master, after all? She *was* a loyal servant that had been summoned to help around the library, so it was only natural she’d have a Master! She eventually took the jar all the way back to where she’d been told to, but there was no one there...?

“Oh well! Nap time!”



Compared to Meiling, her Patchouli had given herself a much *closer* task. She knew full well the fate that awaited them if they couldn’t prevent the spell from taking hold, as the servants her spell created were loyal and *never* of the same race. They tended to be devils at best, or fairies at worst, which meant if the spell took hold, well... She’d likely need to adjust to a pair of wings. They typically weren’t very *bright*, either.

“The first one should be around here...” She needed five books that contained relevant procedures, and fortunately she had kept them all on the same shelf. Once that shelf was located, it was just a matter of bringing them down, which was simple enough to do with her magic. She could wield it like telekinesis to summon books down to her, and so the first one ended up on the ground beside her with ease.

Not so much the second one, though.

“Hm?” Was it stuck? Try as she might, she couldn’t get the book to budge with magic alone. Odd, but she could still work around it. She floated using levitation magic up to grab it, but it was fine to carry with one hand. She brought it back down to the ground level before returning

up for the third after confirming that her telekinetic magic really *wasn't* doing the trick. “...**Probably a sign that things are worsening.**” Which was doubly confirmed when she had to use *both* hands to pull the third book out.

“**Shoot.**” And she ended up dropping it. Her strength was waning. Not that she had a *ton* of it in the first place, mind you. As far as youkai went, Patchouli was still stronger than your average human, but much weaker than someone like Meiling that trained her body on top of that. She recognized that she was running out of time, so she had to turn her attention to the fourth book as soon as the third was dropped. “**H- Hey!?**”

She could have easily grabbed them while levitating, but the librarian had begun to even find *that* difficult. She was descending – not by choice but because her ability to use levitation magic in the first place was disappearing. She had begun to softly stutter too, which in turn alarmed her because she was usually such a confident person. “**B-But if I’m changing into one of those, it makes sense that I would... EEP!?**”

Patchouli’s train of thought was interrupted by a sudden pressure – *two* points of pressure, in fact – stretching the back of her dress behind her? Those points were located just beneath her shoulder blades, and she spun around with confusion. It felt like something was *growing* out of those points, and she was soon vindicated as the light purple fabric *tore* under the stress provided by black bones that pierced threw and bent as a thin membrane spread beneath their curved points to create what clearly resembled *bat wings*.

The librarian, however, knew better. “**Little devil wings!? But... O- Oh! Maybe I can fly!**” Those were *undoubtedly* the wings of the low level youkai species; a little devil. Her existing familiar, Kaokuma, was one of these, so she knew what they looked like. Subconsciously it felt strange to view Kaokuma as ‘beneath’ her though. Her mentality was beginning to shift! She had to hurry! It took a moment, but with a little practice she was finally able to flap her wings and pull herself off the floor of the library once more.

Her wings were the most obvious thing that had happened to her, but they weren’t the only thing *to* happen. As she flew up to grab the final two books, the ears hidden by her hair were gradually pulled into very slight points that *remained* hidden despite the little extra bit of length. But that was realistically paltry compared to what was happening to her figure while she grabbed the first book and then reached for the second.

“I n-need to hurry...” Patchouli’s dress had become substantially *looser*. Despite staying inside all the time, she had perhaps the most impress figure among everyone in the mansion. Well, *not anymore*. The front of her dress flattened courtesy of her breasts losing their heft. They shrunk down to *A-cups* even though her height remained unchanged, and a similar phenomenon thinned her legs and flattened her ass until, while still *feminine*, they were clearly lackluster. **“WHA!?”**

These changes dramatically altered her balance, which led to problems as she tried to bring down the two remaining books at the same time. She leaned forward and inevitably *dropped* them as she spiraled out of control and *crashed* in a pile of dust. **“Ouch...”** But when that dust cleared, she wasn’t even wearing what she had been before. She was dressed in a *maid* uniform consisting of a black skirt and white top with long, puffy sleeves. There was an apron worn underneath a long, red tie, and she had black thigh highs over small, black shoes, not to mention a maid cap above her usual moon hair clip. There were even glasses on her face? Had her vision gotten... worse? **“Am I... dressed like Master Kaokuma?”**

Master? Like she was above her!?

While she hadn’t suffered the same amount of size loss as the fairy, the *devil servant* that Patchouli had become was still significantly smaller than before. **“I-I’m the master of this library, right? B-But I’m a servant too? Mm...”** Her personality was much more anxious now, and that didn’t help her keep her thoughts together. Because of this, she awkwardly picked up the books on the ground and hurried towards the meeting place by the magic circle. **“Hurry, Patch! Ling and I don’t have long...”**

It was a miracle that she could still even remember half her name, but that wouldn’t last. She eventually reached where the fairy and the jar were, and the fairy was sleeping right *beside* the jar. **“W-Wake up, Ling! We gotta do this before it’s too late!”** She shouted meekly to wake the fairy up, and while it *did* work?

“H-Huh!? Wha—!?” The fairy woke with such a start that she knocked the jar, which fell onto the ground and *shattered*. **“Oops!”** She exclaimed casually, but the devil’s reaction was far more serious. In fact,



she went dead quiet and her eyes glazed over. The fairy couldn't have known that breaking the chair had shattered any hope of them returning to normal and had led to the devil's last remaining shred of her past life fading from memory. **"Earth to the devil? You there?"**

It took a moment, but the larger of the two servants eventually snapped out of it. **"Y-You idiot! Look at the mess you made! Master's gonna be so mad at us! That jar was really important... I think!"** She *thought*? She couldn't even remember who her master was, just that she was supposed to help around the library with the fairy!

"Huh? Did Master Patchouli summon new familiars?" It was a confusing time for Kaokuma to enter the picture. A devil like her, and a fairy? The new familiars immediately stopped what they were doing and bowed to their 'senpai' politely. Patchouli must have programmed to do that, right? **"Oh! Did you guys break that jar and move those books? You have to make sure you're careful and don't pull stuff unnecessarily, else master will be mad! But don't worry, as your senpai I'll take the heat for you!"**

"Th-Thank you, senpai!"