

# MYSTIC RECODE

## COMMISSION STORY

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***SLAM!***

Ritsuka Fujimaru jumped, but only because a door had literally just been slammed in her face. Only a few inches from it too, so she had come *extremely* close to eating it. “**I guess she’s pretty mad, huh?**” For someone to have acted like that towards Chaldea’s only Master, you really had to assume that perhaps the Master in question had done something absolutely *terrible*. But that really wasn’t what had happened, not technically anyways.

It had all begun a few weeks earlier in fact. Leonardo da Vinci was in charge of keeping stock of everything within the whole facility that they were presently using as Chaldea’s base of operations. This included mundane things like food and general supplies, weapons and equipment, and even the resources that were allocated for the Master. This included her Mystic Codes.

For the uninitiated, Mystic Codes were essentially special clothes that allowed Chaldea’s Master to use different spells when wearing them. These outfits were important for that reason, and any damage applied to them could ultimately alter their effectiveness in the throes of combat, which naturally could be the difference between surviving an enemy encounter or not. So they had to be taken care of even when they *weren’t* being worn. They had to be cleaned, ironed, the whole shebang. And it was Ritsuka’s responsibility to do so.

Which is where the problems had begun. The big da Vinci had noted to Ritsuka that she hadn’t been taking proper care of them. Things had been busy as of late, and so it had simply slipped her mind! But a week

did then pass, and upon inspection the Caster found that nothing had changed. Another verbal warning. And today, three weeks later, she had noted the same thing. Angry, she had called Ritsuka into her workshop and given her a piece of her mind before slamming the door.



Da Vinci had taken all of the Mystic Codes into her workshop for repairs, *including* the one she had been wearing, and she had left one for the young woman to wear in the interim. A Mystic Code that was a white, blue, and gold dress that was very familiar. It was reminiscent of the dress that da Vinci always wore, except it was much smaller overall. Thankfully da Vinci had only slammed the door to the changing room attached to her workshop, otherwise she would have just been wearing her lingerie outside.

**“This... doesn’t really fit.”** It took her a minute or two to put the dress on, but when all was said and done? It was tight around her shoulders and chest, and since it was clearly meant for a shorter woman, the skirt only fell to the tops of her thighs. **“Is this her way of punishing me? Man, I really screwed up here, huh?”** She honestly *did* feel bad, but so much had been happening lately. I hadn’t been realistic for her to reasonably get all of the work done that she needed to, so some of her tasks had to suffer. But in the end her negligence *had* led to most of the Mystic Codes sustaining damage by the way of some moths having the munchies.

Who had brought moths into Chaldea anyways!?

She was right that wearing that ill fitted dress *was* a punishment from da Vinci’s end. She had wanted to teach Chaldea’s Master about responsibility the only way she knew how: through her own two eyes. While this dress was *part* of it, the punishment wasn’t simply *just* wearing it. There was more to it than that, and yet the full extent had yet to properly take hold.

**“Can I really go out looking like this? There’s gloves and shoes too, but I don’t really want to put them on...”** There was no way they would fit her, right? If the dress was fashioned for someone smaller than her, then she could only imagine the hand and footwear wouldn’t fare much better. Could she even *get* her feet into shoes that were too small for her? Maybe she’d have to wander out into the workshop barefoot... This really *was* embarrassing.

Ritsuka stared at the exit. **“I guess I might as well just face the music. At least if I embarrass myself, da Vinci-chan will at least probably be in a better mood.”** And in her mind it wasn't like she didn't deserve it at *least* a little after she'd neglected her job, for understandable reasons or not. But before she could close that gap and exit the room proper? Something gave the young woman pause. She felt *off* somehow? **“Huh? What's going on here? I've never felt like this when wearing a Mystic Code before?”** It was almost like magic was flowing *into* her?

**“D-Do I take it off?”** Regular, common sense most definitely said *yes*, but there was something that told her not to. It wasn't a magical power or anything like that, and was actually more relevant to the healthy relationship she shared with da Vinci. **“No, da Vinci-chan wouldn't give me anything dangerous, this must be intended!”** It was the *trust* that the two shared. She couldn't have imagined the Servant ever giving her anything *dangerous*, especially knowingly. And to be fair, really, there wasn't actually anything dangerous about it? But that was technically more subject to opinion than anything.

So then what could that magical feeling of *actual* magic been? **“Could it be that this Mystic Code is just really, *really* powerful?”** But it wasn't like the others had given her powers she didn't natively possess. It was more like they helped unlock something that already existed inside of her and allowed her to use that magecraft. So she could only wonder if the Mystic Code really *was* extra special? And it was! Intentionally so, at da Vinci's behest.

*Isn't da Vinci-chan the best? She is!* While it wasn't all that unusual for Ritsuka to praise the inventor for all of the amazing things she was capable of, at the moment it was coming on a little *thick*. She actually couldn't stop thinking about how great she was. To the point that even *she* felt proud? But why would she feel proud about thinking da Vinci was awesome? There was clearly something wrong here.

And had she noticed what was going on with her *hair*, then she might have realized the breadth of how alarming things were early on. Alas, things went unchecked for far too long because of ignorance that she couldn't *completely* be blamed for. She was so fixated on the tingly feeling that the magic provided while debating whether or not she should seek help.

Back to the hair in question, though? It was *growing*. Little by little the overall length of her ginger locks extended, slowly reaching past her shoulders and continuing beyond. The longer it became though, the wavier her locks seemed to curl. It eventually fell as far as the base of her spine in the back, where much of it dangled loosely. While in the

front? Bangs somehow parted in the center, leaving her forehead almost completely exposed as hair sleekly wrapped around frame her facial features.

The style alone was *already* familiar in a way, but that familiarity only grew as its color began to change. It was initially only a strand or two while Ritsuka continued to marvel at the ill-fitted Mystic Code and the feel of the power flowing into her, but it rapidly became much more than that. Orange changed to a chestnut brown, and while only one or two strands had been the initial victims? Like a wildfire spreading throughout a dry forest, any nearby hair caught flame with the same brown and spread to the next. And before long her entire head was full of soft, silken locks of brown that almost seemed a little *too* perfect.

**“Hm... Knowing da Vinci-chan’s greatness, I guess I was expecting a little more?”** The flow of magic did eventually come to a halt, but the praise the woman was piling on to the inventor in the adjoined room certainly *hadn’t*. Every time she praised her, she felt strangely proud still. Almost like she was talking about herself? But not really. *She was definitely about the Mystic Codes! It’s important to take care of things like that!*

She was seeing eye to eye with her more now, too. Which had been the *actual* point.

The more in line with the Caster’s opinions Ritsuka became, the bluer her eyes turned. It was gradual, but eventually they *did* become an ocean blue in their entirety – and this wasn’t even the most alarming thing *about* those eyes. They were growing in size and rounding in shape, lashes lengthening just a touch to give them all a familiar look. And one that was certainly *European* instead of Japanese.

Her eyes were part of it, but her face overall was all changing consecutively. That exposed forehead soon looked a little more *expansive*, and her face just a touch longer and almost a smidgen more mature with how her lips had swollen and her nose hooked in a manner that was clearly sharper. But more than anything? This face was just as familiar as her hair. And turning to look at herself in the mirror to check if the fit of the Mystic Code really was all that bad? She was slapped with a realization.

**“Da Vinci— Wait...”** She had been surprised to find herself looking at da Vinci’s spitting image... for half a second. Because she just as quickly recalled she was looking into a mirror, and proportionally? That da Vinci didn’t have the Caster’s full figure. She did, however, have *Ritsuka’s own figure*. **“Is that my own reflection? No, it has to be.**

**I look just like her... I sound just like her.**” Because once her face had changed, so too had her voice.

Was this because of the magic that had been transferred into her body? It *had* to be, right? In fact she could picture how that might have worked now – because da Vinci’s intellect had been gradually imprinted upon her as well. Was that why praising da Vinci had felt so good? Because in a way she was praising *herself*? Even then, she could still distinguish the fact that she was *not* the Caster in a literal nor an identity sense.

And that became even clearer over the next few moments, because the dress that most certainly not fit her even a little bit? Its fit had begun to change in all of the right places. This wasn’t even *correct* though, because the size of the dress wasn’t changing. The size of her body was, beginning with her chest.

Now, Ritsuka didn’t exactly covet her own bosom. Her breasts were just breasts, and how big or small they were didn’t exactly matter in the grand scheme of things. Still, upon realizing she had begun to look like da Vinci, a small part of her had hoped that meant she’d inherit her amazing figure as well. But the *opposite* was true, because her breasts were shrinking in size... and shrinking... and shrinking... until they were A-cups at most. **“Aww...”**

In a similar vein, the underwear that had been included with the dress felt more comfortable as well. Because her butt cheeks was becoming more compact, and her thighs a little less meaty. Hips were narrower now, as were her shoulders, and the muscles that had once decorated her body? Well she essentially had to say *goodbye* to those.

**“Wait!?”** Ritsuka’s alarm was eventually set off by how unsteady she felt standing, and gazing into the mirror she could see why. While all of her body’s scars had healed up on an unrelated note, she was instead left gawking as her height slowly but surely was gobbled up. She was growing smaller, and as she did her face began to look increasingly like that of a child. Or, well, a child if they also looked like the Mona Lisa.

It affected her hands and feet just as it did her torso, arms, and legs. Fingers were left petite and child-sized, and in the end? Well, at least in terms of figure she now matched the height she had been bestowed. She couldn’t have been any taller than 4’8” by the time she was done, which was more or less on par with the height of a girl that was around the age of eleven or twelve – which was also an age that she most *certainly* resembled now.

**“I look like da Vinci? And I sound like da Vinci! But I’m so small! I…”**

The girl could hardly believe her senses, and she was most certainly a *girl*. A girl with da Vinci-chan’s reflection, yet she was undoubtedly a child-sized version of the Caster. From her mannerisms to the way she spoke, there were a number of similarities between herself and the workshop Servant. **“B-But I’m not da Vinci-chan, right?”**



This was all *already* incredibly strange, but something about what she had just said was stranger still. Not the *words* themselves, but the *way* she’d said them. She didn’t sound *certain*, and truthfully that was the case. How could she not be da Vinci? She looked like her, talked like her, moved like her, and dressed like her. Didn’t that mean that she had to be her?

But the Leonardo da Vinci she knew was much older, so then she *couldn’t* be her, right? But if you looked like someone, acted like someone, but were younger than them, wasn’t there actually *another* explanation? It was the mental changes that had already taken root that had set her mind off on this weird tangent, and it had finally come to what seemed like an inevitable, yet completely *incorrect* conclusion. **“I’m da Vinci’s daughter? That must be it!”**

Maybe, in a twisted sense, she was *right*. But she also absolutely *wasn’t* right at the exact same time. This hadn’t even been da Vinci’s intention. Having the girl look and act like her had been for the purpose of getting her to understand *why* she took things like caring for Mystic Codes so seriously. There had never been the intention of becoming a mother. Far from it.

Nonetheless, the smaller da Vinci now had it in her head that this was who she was, and memories of her time as Chaldea’s Master were becoming vaguer and vaguer. Humming joyfully to herself, she finally put on her gloves and shoes before pushing the door open and prancing into the workshop. **“Mother! What are you working on?”**

The Caster had eyed the smaller version of herself approaching, and up until that point it had seemed as if everything had proceeded as planned. Right up until the girl had opened her mouth though, it seemed. Because upon being called ‘mother’? She almost bit her own tongue! Was Ritsuka just pranking her as revenge? But she seemed a little too *honest* about it.

**“...Uh oh.”**