

UMUS SOFTLY

MARCH 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Valentine's Day was always a wild time in Chaldea.

The number of Servants that harbored feelings of a romantic intent towards their Master was, quite unfortunately, *staggering*. To those aware of what was developing around them, they would undoubtedly note the atmosphere was more or less akin to that of a warzone. The kitchen was always full of individuals crafting their tasty creations, and tensions between individual Servants rose as they began to view one another as rivals.

But it was all for naught, of course. Chaldea's Master was not one to favor one Servant over the next. They would accept all chocolates equally, giving each gifting party the same smile and thanks regardless of who they were. Was it because the Master was oblivious to their feelings? Perhaps, but maybe they were actually more aware of these tensions than the Servants themselves assumed.

Two of the key perpetrators of these tensions involved the likes of the Red Saber, Nero, and the fox of Blue, Tamamo-no-Mae. They held a rivalry from beyond even Chaldea and were constantly foiling one another's plans regardless of the time of year. Christmas? Nero had bombed Tamamo's intent for a holiday date night with the Master. Halloween? Tamamo had stolen the Master from Nero for trick or treating.

For Valentine's, it was now Nero's intention to thwart Tamamo once more. She just couldn't resist after hearing how amazing the gift Tamamo had supposedly purchased was.

“Umu! Now if I were that ugly fox, where would I hide a present? Under the bed?” She’d been so intent on foiling things that she had slipped into the Caster’s quarters the moment Tamamo had been taken on a farming quest. Her plan? Dispose of the gift through whatever means necessary!

She hadn’t expected to be so on the nose with her first guess regarding the gift’s whereabouts there. It truly *had* been beneath the bed. **“Aha!”** Laying on her side on the cold, wooden floor, she tugged the box free of its hiding place and rose with the pink container in hand. The Saber gave it a shake, and then opened the top to find: **“A potion? A strange gift, but I suppose it must do something wonderful!”**

There was a bottle containing a glittering, green substance. Kind of paltry as a gift if it were only meant for healing, so after putting the box down on the bed, the Servant popped the cork off the container and downed the contents. The gift would be ruined if there was nothing left inside the bottle, right? She’d just put the empty glass back in the box and slide it back under the bed as if nothing had even happened.

Except, this was *all* a carefully calculated trap.

It was all a setup, a trap laid perfectly by Tamamo, who knew that Nero would never resist an obvious attempt at sabotage. She’d made sure that the Saber had acquired the relevant information to lead her here, and the rest? Well, she wasn’t sure if the woman would drink it on the spot or take it back to her room instead. Either way, the results would be the same.

The moment the potion had settled within the blonde’s gut, she was immediately overwhelmed by a wooziness that she could not place. **“HIC! Umu! It seems that the fox brewed something quite strong!”** Now assuming it to be alcoholic, she wondered if the other had in fact planned on inebriating their Master so that she could have her way with them. Certainly, that plan wasn’t lower than the fox would go to win!

Well, actually, not even Tamamo would go that far. She wouldn’t tamper with her Master to get the W. Rather, Nero was tragically mischaracterizing the effects the potion, misled by the wooziness she felt in the beginning.

It wasn’t until its *real* effects kicked in that she would realize, as the world around her began to grow – something quite unappreciated, for her point of view was *already* lackluster for a woman of her age. **“Hm...? Wait! What’s going on!?”** Saber paused and looked around for a moment, the proper fit of the white robes she’d adorned felt to be

slipping all across her skin – suggesting they were somehow growing larger.

“I’m getting smaller!? ...Then, that stupid fox...!?” Perhaps she hadn’t been that stupid after all, for the blonde immediately placed two and two together. She had been sabotaged! That concoction was enforcing some type of unusual effect upon her, wasn’t it!?

The jewelry decorating her body fell to the ground without the sizing of the flesh beneath them to keep it all bound. This included bracelets, anklets, and the many golden bands she had covering her ensemble at the time, each hitting the floor of Tamamo’s room with a *CLINK!* With each passing moment, that ground they had fallen to appeared less and less distant to Nero, the woman removing shrunken feet from now larger heels as a precautionary measure – but once she stepped onto the floor barefoot the amount her stature had diminished was even more apparent.

An entire foot had already fallen from her features, and at four feet in stature only, the emperor was already stomping around. **“How dare she!? How small does she intend to make me!?”** For a regression of her size was *entirely* obvious, and her toga-like dress of porcelain white silk was now only resting upright thanks to gemstone neckline getting caught around her breasts. The detached sleeves had peeled off and fallen beside her, leaving arms completely bare, and the lower portion of the dress now came down past her knees even though it sat at her thighs before.

From Nero’s perspective, the fall was *bizarre*. Things that were closer now seemed quite distance, and continued to get farther away, while on the other hand she was seeing the floor below, as well as the clothing that had fallen and rested there, in much clearer detail. The fine fibers of her dress, the pattern in the floorboard, even tiny speckles of stone that had been drawn in by messy feet; she could see it all vividly.

“Ah!? Confound it!” Her voice was sounding squeakier as time wore on, or at least it would if anyone else were present. Scaling down with her, her voice still sounded completely normal from her point of view. But she had cried out because she had finally regressed to such a height that the gem neckline of her dress could pass entirely around her body, and so it clanked against the ground to leave her completely bare. **“Not that I’m not proud of my beauty, but this is a little much!?”** The ribbon that held her hair up was now far too large for the mane it kept raveled, and so this all naturally came undone with the crimson cloth floating down behind her.

Dropping below the one foot mark, she was beginning to wade slightly within the pile of clothes that had once been hers. She dropped considerably more even still, and before long the piled cloth and jewelry began to resemble walls meant to be scaled, while stones and dirt noted prior looked more like boulders and hills. She almost feared that an insect or rodent might snatch her away, yet as she covered her tiny form up with her arms? The quaking of the ground signified something even more terrifying was on the horizon.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



“AAH!? What in Rome’s name!?” Nero squeaked in surprise, still adjusting to her height of roughly only a single centimeter. The ground shook as if an earthquake, but as the source came into view, she realized that it was something much, much worse. After all, a foot clad in wooden sandals came down what seemed like thirty feet away from her from her point of view, but from the perspective of the one whose foot that belonged to? It was less than even two inches away. “**YOU! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!**”

Looking up, she was overwhelmed by what she saw. Largely because she was getting a shot of the giant’s panties beneath her kimono. But she could make out who it was. It was Tamamo! “**MIKON!?** Oh my, what a tiny little emperor!” The Caster’s shrill voice boomed as she leaned forward like a mountain peering over a human in terms of scale.

Before the Saber could even react, a gigantic thumb and index finger grasped her from above, bringing her the equivalent of twenty stories into the air before dangling her about her breasts. “**Now, what will I do with you? I have a date with Master soon, so I suppose...**” Nero was squirming and kicking around in the meantime. She was shouting this and that, but Tamamo couldn’t make it out with how how pitched it was. “**What was that Saber!?** You want to come on the date too? Well, I suppose I can oblige!” She’d been struck by a great idea.

The skirt of Tamamo’s kimono was so short that all she had to do to reveal her panties and ass was tug them up a little, and so she did that while keeping Nero dangling in front of her. When that was prepared, however? She carefully brought the naked, miniature Servant behind her. “What are you doing, you gross fox!?

 Are you showing me your butt!?” With the hand not holding Nero, she tugged the band of her panties so that the depths of her ass could be seen.

She had an impressive rear, but with Nero as small as she was, it looked no smaller than a large cavern down below. Each cheek, big and round, was tight but bore a softness to its appearance. And as she was lowered closer and closer? She could make out the goosebumps crawling across the fox's skin, a freckle here and there, and the unyielding darkness of the canyon that was her ass crack. Until finally?

“AAAAAAHHHH—MMPH!?” She was dropped only an inch away, her naked body plummeting into the warmth of the fox's cheeks, before the light was stolen away by the panties slapping back against her skin. Her surroundings were dark and tight, but thanks to Tamamo's ass being so soft, she wasn't exactly crushed. She could only writhe to keep herself afloat, fearful that if she fell too far, she would not be able to breathe any longer. It was gross! So gross! But it was also warm, and soft! Nero hated it!

From the depths of Tamamo's ass, the emperor could make out the fox's booming words still, at least. **“Get comfy! We're going on a date with Master! Just hope I don't have to sit on any hard chairs, and you'll be fine!”**

But Nero was more worried about the fox eating something spicy.