

POISONOUS PERSPECTIVE

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY

BY: CHALDEACHANGE



NERO CLAUDIUS -> SEMIRAMIS TWINNING

“Huu... For my Master to leave my cooped up in Chaldea while they go frolicking around a Singularity. How cruel! What if they’re in need of my power? Umu! Or my beauty!” Lips turned into an adorable pout, a tiny Saber clad in red whined to a non-existent audience as she rested her chin on a cafeteria table. Many of Chaldea’s staff and employees had been sharing the space with her not too long ago, but as dinner was finished and the evening went on she’d been left by her lonesome. Such social gatherings filled her joy since she was the type that liked to be the center of the festivities, and despite her overbearing personality in this regard she had collected some degree of friendship with her fellow Servants. Of course, it was only natural!

But being left behind by her Master was depressing. That Ritsuka! Leaving behind a Servant of her quality? What were they thinking!? What if they were in danger and the Servants they had with them didn’t cut it!? Well... if put into mobage terms they would have been a ‘whale’, so it was unlikely they would have needed anything of the sort. But Nero merely thought about where she fit into a picture, not the picture itself.

“You look sad, miss!” Nero’s emerald gaze lifted off the wooden table to find a pair of curious eyes staring peeking over the table’s top. Disheveled white hair rested atop her head, a long scar down her face. The empress knew this child, they’d run quests together before. Assassin. Jack the Ripper. She was a curious girl that had also been a serial killer in life. There was no real threat of her causing anyone any harm as long as she was contracted to Fujimaru. She didn’t hang around for long, or even give Nero a moment to reply as she fumbled with a small chocolate bar in bandaged hands and slid it across the table before bounding off. **“A nice lady gave that to me! Maybe it’ll make you feel betteeeeeeeer!”**

And she was gone.

“Umu! What a good child!” A smile playing across her lips, a slender index finger set itself atop the chocolate bar and she slide it closer to a chin still resting on the table. It hadn’t been wrapped or anything like that and chocolate in her belly wouldn’t replace the hole in her heart from being left behind, but who was she to toss out an offering given to her by a child that clearly understood the depth of her beauty?

It was more like Jack had pitied her, but thus was Nero’s mental state.

CRACK! She broke a piece of the chocolate off and placed it gently on her tongue before withdrawing it into her mouth. She was overcome immediately by the overwhelming sweet and chocolaty taste as she chewed, and before she swallowed she made certain she'd enjoyed the piece to its fullest. She could not squander a gift!

But it wasn't until after she'd swallowed the sweet that she'd noticed it. A peculiar aftertaste? Cherry? Strawberry? What was that?

Poison, actually.

Nero wasn't anticipating something like that to be mixed in and hadn't even considered the possibility. Then again, neither had Jack. A certain Servant had been sending the chocolate around with various poisons mixed in. None were fatal, but there wasn't a much better way to see the side effects than to test them. Cooped up in Chaldea, there were no better subjects than Servants.

"Uu... I don't feel so good." The red Saber whined to herself as she rose from her cafeteria bench, swaying from side to side in a stupor. She was beginning to feel feverish and bloated, and of course she hadn't the foggiest idea why. It wasn't typical for a Servant to get sick but it wasn't unheard of either. **"Was it the choco?"** She hobbled back to her room, expecting some much needed rest to cure her of her ailments.

And yet by the time she'd reached the confines of her room she found herself in a cold sweat, mouth panting as fatigue set in. Being plagued with headaches was a common occurrence for Nero, and yet as the illness intensified they became increasingly more unbearable and it showed in her weary, emerald eyes. *Emerald eyes... Emerald eyes...* **"AH! My eyes!"** She'd dwelt on her appearance in the mirror for a few moments before coming to this realization. They were usually a brilliant green, and yet that brilliance had faded. The shade was duller, and they were beginning to lean away from emerald and more towards a yellow? Gold? They didn't match her hair at all. **"My beautiful eyes! Was I cursed? Is this a punishment for being too beautiful? Have the gods finally turned their ire on me!?"**

Her eyes still heavy, she was practically breathing on the mirror with how closely in she was leaning to squint at her own eyes. She'd yet to notice that her cute, rounded ears were beginning to pull into a point; but she would *eventually*. Nero eventually withdrew from her staring contest with herself to bring attention to another issue: just how ill-fitting her clothing was beginning to feel. She was sweating a lot, so it was possible that the red was just feeling tighter against her skin, but when she factored in the feeling of being bloated she couldn't count out the worst. Whatever *'the worst'* was, at least.

She felt particularly pressured around her chest. Her breasts? Nero prided herself in them. There were plenty of Servants in Chaldea that had her beat in size, and at times it could be rather frustrating. HOWEVER! After her time in the Moon Cell around that fox and BB and the like, she'd grown accustomed to being told she was inferior. Yet she had a simple answer! Hers may not have been the largest, but they were the perkier! An unbeatable firmness of youth! No giant fox sacks could ever beat her there!

Ah, actually, didn't the fox have Shapeshift? Curses!

The empress didn't feel particularly aroused by this entire situation. She felt sick, and the changing of her eyes had brought with it a great deal of concern. Yet, her nipples stood firm against the white of the leotard beneath her dress as the flesh around its hem began to tease at overflowing. It spilled over in slight at first, and Nero poked at the burgeoning flesh with interest. **"Hm? What's this? Am I finally in my growth phase? I knew I'd catch up to that fox eventually!"** You could always count on Nero Claudius to turn a bizarre situation into a moment of glee.

The growth eventually became too much for the top of the leotard to hold, and at the top of each breast tears began to form in the material that only ran farther and farther downward with each passing moment. Seeing a chance to free her growing girls, the Saber took hold of these tears with her own slender fingers and finished the job, two gratuitous titties bouncing out with nipples and all for everyone to see. She immediately grabbed, reached a hand around each one and gave it a squeeze, fat poking out between open fingers erotically before she slid her hands underneath and lifted each tit up and down, sometimes dropping them to see the ripple shoot through them.

Even then they were still swelling, yet that wasn't the only change taking place. Her nipples had engorged in slight, and the coloring had grown darker; where they'd once been a bright pink they'd taken on more of a brownish hue that better suited a change of skin tone that had swept through her body. No longer did her skin color look quite as healthy as it had before, instead having become more pale. It wasn't sickly by any stretch of the imagination but it certainly wasn't the skin tone of one that spent much of her time outside either.

She stared down at a pair of breasts that no longer looked familiar, thinking about how she couldn't see as far past them as she used to be able to. In the finishing stages of their growth, Nero wrapped her arms around them and found she could barely contain them, the collected cleavage in her arms enough to shelve something in all likelihood. She'd been elated to be getting bigger of course, and yet as she turned to look in the mirror she realized just how foreign it all looked. Her skin, her boobs, her eyes... **"Noooo, my hair as well!?"** Dark locks poured over her eyes, and the complicated bun she usually had tied in the back had come unraveled as her hair had seemingly grown in length. It was long and silky and just kept *growing!*

The sound of another tear in her leotard erupted around her pelvis, surprising Nero and forcing her to bend down to look... or at least try, but as her newly engorged breasts hung downward in front of her field of vision she realized just how inconvenient they were. Sloppily, she parted them with her hands the best she could to see between them -- and it became apparent what had happened. Her hips had begun to widen and the leotard had been put under too much strain. It ripped from the sides inward towards her belly button, and small tears were forming around thigh fat that was making her look less like a young woman and more and more like a woman pushing her thirties.

The waist of her dress still fit snugly over her tummy, but not much seemed to be changing there aside from a slight change in design to accommodate the new width of her hips. Her ass filled out as well, pushing what was left of her white leotard to the limits as it flossed into a pair of soft cheeks and teased her pussy as it rubbed up uncomfortably.

"One of my hairs fell into that batch after all..." A voice from beyond Nero suddenly made her turn around, not taking to account how indecent she looked with her clothes torn and hanging off her now lewder body. It was a woman dressed in black, with raven hair as black as night, pointed ears, and... *wait*. She squinted at the mirror, noting how pointed her ears had become, then back at the woman. Back to the mirror -- her arms and legs had certainly grown in length, hadn't they? Back to the woman once more. Back to the mirror, just in time to see her now golden eyes lose their youthful shape and take on a more mature almost design as her nose narrowed and lips perked up. Back to the woman.

"I'M TURNING INTO YOU!", she yelled, pointing an unfamiliar index finger at the woman in the doorway. Even her voice sounded wrong, mimicking the stranger's own with a much more excitable tone.

"Looks like it. Or, you were. From the looks of things you're a perfect copy now. Aside from that personality of yours." She walked over to Nero, looking her over with an interested gaze. She lifted one of the 'Saber's' breasts with a **"Hm"** and poked at her thighs with an **"Ah"**. Apparently she found this quite amusing.

Nero, however, *did not*. Usually confident beyond compare, being in skin that wasn't her own was making her feel unusually self-conscious. Her mind hadn't been altered at all, and yet this shyness persisted. **"Owowow!"**, she couldn't help but yelp as the woman suddenly tugged her ears. **"Do you**

realize whom you've altered!? You will endure the full wrath of Rome for your transgressions, wench- OW!" SHE'D FLICKED HER FOREHEAD!

"No, and I don't care. As it stands, I'm the only one who can turn you back. But not yet. I want to run some tests." She sounded more like a scientist than a poison mixologist, but was there a better chance to test poisons on your own body than this? **"Be good, and I can teach you all of the pleasures of that body."**

Nero exhaled. She couldn't access any of her abilities as a Saber and had no idea how to wield this Servant's power. She was at her mercy here.

And she'd remain at her mercy for some time later.

Chaldea legend went as follows: occasionally you could find two identical Semiramis' dining together in the cafeteria. A rather unusual story to be sure, but here's where it gets scary. One of the two is always *smiling*, and *laughing*, and... she says **"UMU!"**?

It sounded as if things had turned out for the best.